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AND THE

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IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

THE management of the National Zoological Park in Washington has recently been attacked in one or two papers of Washington and New York, and apparently on wholly insufficient grounds. A resolution, recently introduced in the House by Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, serves as a text for a disquisition on bad management and misapplication of funds, but no facts justifying the attack are brought to light.

It is true as stated that the bill for the organization of the Park became law May 1, 1890, but as has been duly set forth in the FOREST AND STREAM, there was required a long time to acquire title to the lands selected for the Park, for it was owned by a number of persons, some of whom refused to sell, so that the land had to be condemned. It was therefore impossible to begin the necessary improvements until late in the fall, and the winter weather has made building operations progress but slowly.

It is certainly to be desired that the work should go on as rapidly as possible, for the animals are now suffering greatly from their cramped quarters, and one of the rarest of the animals—the mountain sheep—has died from lack of exercise. It is clear, however, that the animals cannot be removed until quarters are provided for them, and it is stated that it was impossible to provide these last autumn. Moreover, the arrangement of a great zoological park is something that has to be carefully planned. The Park is to be occupied not for one week, but for all time, and care and deliberation are required in making permanent arrangements.

The claim that about three-quarters of the Park is to be devoted to purposes other than the care of the animals is not, so far as we can learn, supported by facts. If large animals, like buffalo, elk and deer are to thrive, they must have plenty of room, and we understand from

high authority that the portion "reserved," or a large part of it, is to be pasture and range for these large animals. If this is the case it is well that it should be reserved. The average citizen would perhaps like to have all the animals shut up in small cages, and wishes to get close enough to them to poke them with his cane, but if the animals are to do well they must have a good deal of liberty so that they can get exercise, and be healthy.

All the facts connected with this Park will probably be brought before Congress before long. Meantime we may have something more to say on the subject.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE end of the last session of the Fifty-first Congress is at hand, and as yet no action has been taken by the House of Representatives on the Senate bill for the protection and maintenance of the Yellowstone Park.

This bill, as it passed the Senate, deserved the support of every citizen. After it reached the House, however, it was amended in Committee and had a rider attached to it, which authorizes the granting of a right of way to a railroad through the Park. The amendment has met with unsparing condemnation from press and public, and has made the whole bill unpopular, giving to people who know but little about the subject an impression that the whole measure is a railway grabbing scheme.

This is not true. As we have repeatedly said, the bill is a thoroughly good one, except for the proposition to grant the right of way to a railroad. If this amendment were cut off the bill ought to pass. Those who feel an interest in the Reservation should understand that this greedy railroad corporation is trying to use this much-needed bill in order to carry through the House its scheme procuring a monopoly of railroad traffic in the Park.

In the upper House of Congress there is but one feeling as to this matter. Senators regard the passage of this bill as of great importance. Senator Carey, of Wyoming—in which State the Park for the most part lies—is said to be heart and soul in favor of the bill without the amendment. In the House the volume of business is so large that it is difficult to bring up this bill. If it could come to a vote, and if members generally could be shown how good the measure was as it came from the Senate, and how bad is the amendment which has been attached to it, we have no doubt that the change would be rejected and the bill passed in its original shape.

In another column we report the action of the Boone and Crockett Club on this subject. The feeling expressed by this organization is shared by similar associations all over the country. The newspapers—so far as we know, without exception—are on the side of law and order within the Park and of the preservation of its forests, its natural wonders and its game. A very large proportion of the more important newspapers have said that the passage of this bill is an urgent necessity.

At this very moment the Park is practically unguarded. Capt. Boutelle, the superintendent, has been ordered into the field on account of the Indian troubles, and Lieut. Edwards, with ten or a dozen men, is left alone to guard the Park.

It is greatly to be desired that this bill in proper shape may pass the House during the present session, but members should see to it that the Senate bill is not used to carry through the railroad amendment. If the railroad company wishes to secure a monopoly of traffic in the Park, it should go to Congress and ask for this privilege on the merits of the question.

The chances of the bill coming up between now and March 4 depends largely on the feeling of the chairman of the Public Lands Committee. It is earnestly to be hoped that he can be induced to bring up the measure.

For about ten years the FOREST AND STREAM has been urging the passage by Congress of a bill to provide proper protection for the Park. We have printed on this subject hundreds of columns from the pens of the men who know most about the Park and its needs. Although the legislation for which we have been hoping has not yet come, our efforts have not been without result. It has been a long campaign of education, enforced—as to a small proportion of the public—by object lessons drawn from the pages of nature's book which lie open in the National Park. A general interest has been awakened in this beautiful spot, and the newspapers of all classes now call frequent attention to its needs. Thus the work

that we have done has told, and we may hope that the day is not far distant when such a bill as is desired by the real friends of the Park may become a law.

THE SUNAPEE TROUT.

IN this number of FOREST AND STREAM will be found a valuable contribution to the history and relations of the golden trout, or Sunapee trout (*Salvelinus aureolus*). It is gratifying to find that so eminent an ichthyologist as Dr. Jordan, after a study of the materials first discussed in this journal by Dr. Bean, agrees with the latter in considering *aureolus* as probably native to New England lakes and not introduced from Europe. Dr. Bean finds the gill rakers in saibling from Bavaria precisely as in the Norwegian specimens. Col. Hodge has pointed out the difference between the two trout in spawning habits and adaptability to domestication. The saibling, however, is said to spawn in lakes as well as streams.

Now we incline most strongly to the belief that the saibling and the golden trout have been sufficiently talked about in technical phrase and we prefer to let these two Dromios rest in their respective haunts unless some brother of the angle will tell us how he went fishing for one or the other or both together.

SNAP SHOTS.

JUST as we go to press the news comes to us from Washington that Capt. Geo. Anderson of the Sixth Cavalry has been appointed Superintendent of the National Park. It is stated elsewhere that Capt. F. A. Boutelle was ordered several weeks ago to take the field on account of the Indian troubles, and it has been supposed for some time that in the spring he would probably be sent to join his regiment in the South, as he would then have served two years as Superintendent of the Park. These two years have been eventful ones for the reservation, and the friends of Captain Boutelle may well look back with pride and satisfaction on what he has accomplished since his appointment. He has worked hard to render the visiting public more comfortable, and has done a vast deal for the protection of the forests and the game. Through his efforts the barren waters of the National Park have been stocked with valuable food fish, and future generations of anglers for all time will rise up and call Captain Boutelle blessed. Captain Anderson, the new Superintendent, is a brave and good officer with a fine record. His service has been mainly in the Southwest against the Apaches and other hostile tribes there, but he has many of the qualifications needed in a Superintendent of the Park.

It is hardly fair to criticize the idea of traveling and seeing the world, but when one attempts to crowd traveling and seeing the world into his fishing vacation he is pretty likely to be disappointed in the one way or the other; either his trouting is naught, or he goes to the streams, the lakes and the woods where he knows the ground. In short, it is with trouting as with everything else, it takes a good part of a lifetime to become familiar with even a small part of the world. Then there is the homelike feeling which begins to cling around even the lean-to in the woods or the tent; we hate to see it torn down, and we all want to see it again next year. Then there is the stream and the pools, the lakes and the bold, rocky shores, where "the trout do hide." There is the very spot where we hooked that large one last year. There is no new spot just like it. Permanent camps are getting to be the fashion, and a good and comfortable fashion it is.

There is an incident of one of the late Dr. Ferber's fishing excursions to Florida, which admirably illustrates the kind heart and unselfishness of the man. On an island in Charlotte Harbor one time Dr. Ferber found a man very ill with typhoid fever, contracted during a cattle hunt in the Everglades. Dr. Ferber devoted himself assiduously to his patient, and by his skill and attention brought him safely through. The grateful man insisted upon the Doctor's acceptance of a small island in the harbor as a reward for his services, but this Dr. Ferber would not hear of. "That island," said he afterward, "came to be worth a thousand dollars. It is not every angling doctor that can pick up thousand dollar islands when he goes fishing."

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

IV.—NICATOWIS.

EVERYBODY knows where Nicatowis is, how to reach it, and what he can get when he is there; but why is it that so few know how to spell it? It is Nicatowis, not Nicatow, nor Nickerstown—as may easily be demonstrated. Nicatow, in Indian, is the fork, and primarily the junction of the east and west branches of the Penobscot at Medway, which itself was formerly called Nicatow. "I asked the fellers down there if that was the place called Nigger-town," said old Derb, the Kennebec cook on the survey of '61, "and they laughed at me." Nicatowis is the diminutive—the Little Fork. It was formerly applied to the confluence of the main stream Passadumkeag and what is now called the Nicatowis Branch. The lake above was Giassopee, or Clear Water Lake, into which flowed Giassobees—Little Clear Water Lake—now corrupted into Gassobeis. This latter name is evidence on its face that a larger lake of the same system, which could have been nothing but the present Nicatowis, must have been called Giassopee, for *is* or *sis* is strictly a comparative term, exactly equivalent to *lesser*. So that not only is Nicatowis a misnomer in its root meaning, but we can prove that another name must necessarily have been applied to the lake, which name was Giassopee. It is now too late to correct the error in names, but the spelling should be reformed to Nicatowis, which is good Indian and represents the correct pronunciation.

Not that hundreds of people do not say *Nicatowis*, but they mean to use the other form. A clear cut and elegant pronunciation is not characteristic of Maine people; they clip and slur their words whenever possible. Strangers usually make too hard work of their Indian, like the one who called Mattawamkeag, Matwampumpkeahac; the native-born soften Passadumkeag to Passy-dunky or even to Parsdunky. Olamon becomes Old Lemon, Nesowadnehunk, Sourdychunk; Chesuncook is Suncook, and Caucomogocosis, familiarly known as "The Sis." No wonder there is difficulty in deciding the proper form. Again sometimes three or four names for the same place are in current use, as Little Telos Lake, which is called Telosilis, Telosinis and Tellisannis, as well as Patagoungamis and Round Pond. Abol also is known by four or five different names. There is no standard authority for either spelling or pronunciation. The State maps and reports are hopelessly incorrect; the pronunciation of the people is hard to catch and often corrupt or abbreviated beyond recognition; most of the Indians themselves do not know what the names mean; and most of the well-intentioned people who have tried to help us out of the mud have only made matters worse by becoming mired themselves. The notable exceptions have been Thoreau and Mr. Hubbard, who have probably done more than all others taken together to give permanence to some of our Indian names and secure for these a uniform orthography. Yet, now and then, though rarely, an error has crept past even their vigilance. For example, to the rounded hill with one sheer side which rises above the wooded level east of Chesuncook, Mr. Hubbard gives the name Sowbunge Mountain, probably copying, and undoubtedly copying correctly, the form given by some lumberman or hunter; but where in Sowbunge does one find the beauty and the elegance of the original Sowangawas, the Eagle's Nest? Who shall say what Mattagoodus and Pattygumpus once were, or whether there ever was any poetry in Crosshuttie?

For sins of ignorance and sins of omission no doubt there is pardon; but what shall be said of people who deliberately rename us; who come on trips of exploration, and, going home, announce themselves the discoverers of lakes which were lumbered and hunted on before they were born; who, perceiving that our ponds are lakes, wrench away the name which some pioneer had left to the pond of his choice as his only memorial, to dub it Echo Lake, or Eagle Lake, or Green Lake? Aren't there enough such prosy names in the world already without prosy people being allowed to make more of them? Better Shin Pond, Tumble-down-Dick, Pollywog and Poke-Moonshine to the end of their days than to be added to the list of Echo Lakes, Long Lakes and Mud Ponds which already exceeds in length the line of Banquo's progeny. Two names, supplanted by accident it may be, should be restored in the next edition of Hubbard's map. Both lie in Seven in Fifteen—Rowe Pond of the map, which is Ross's Pond, named for John Ross, the Bangor lumberman; and Poland Pond so called, which is by good rights Island Pond, as the large island in it shows. The Sapompeag of the map is the Napompeag of the white hunters, but the Indians call it Labombic and say that it means *rope*. These are most likely printers' errors and excusable; but when it comes to malicious rechristening—why, how would you feel if your name were St. Vincent and a stranger told you that it was Robinson, or if not that it ought to, and he would see to it that you came when he called you?

In a country where all communication must be by water, those places are most important which command the routes between the most rivers. Nicatowis does this preëminently. From it, by short carries, one may reach Brandy Pond on the head of Union River, the Sabao Lakes on the West Machias, and, by way of Gassobeis, the Middle Machias Lakes; through these the St. Croix waters are easily accessible. Nicatowis is also not far distant from the head of the Narragagus. Thus it is the highway to all the principal canoeing waters in eastern Maine. Chamberlain in the north and Nicatowis in the east are the two strong points in the Maine woods—and Darling holds the latter, not by accident let us believe.

But Nicatowis itself, though the principal feeder of the Passadumkeag, is on the shorter of the two branches. The other, known as the Main Stream, wanders down a general southwesterly course through broad meadows, rising in ponds, but principally dependent upon its brooks—Brown, the two Taylors, Wyman and others—until it receives the Nicatowis Branch at the Fork about twelve miles below the lake, thence it flows westerly, still through low land and meadows, enlarged by the tribute of the two Lord Brooks, the Mattagascal, Scootahzin and Cold Stream—a placid course, little broken by rapids and only once expanding into a lake, emptying into the Penobscot about thirty-five miles above Bangor.

Last year when Darling was arrested, several news-

papers published the statement that Nicatowis is "fifty miles from the nearest railroad station, and to reach it one must travel over a rough road." Without attempting to state the actual distance, it may be said that we hauled from Enfield to the Gilman House, seven miles from the lake, in four hours and a half, including stops, and the road was as good as any of equal length in eastern Maine. Those who gave the information may take either horn of the dilemma on which they prefer to hang themselves, but these are the facts: it is not a very long nor a very hard day's walk to go from the railroad to Nicatowis.

Though neither a handsome nor an ugly lake, the friends of Nicatowis are safe when they praise its good looks. It has features, and some lakes have none. It is a wooded lake, surrounded by low swells which nowhere approach the dignity of mountains; very irregular in shape, indented with long points and further broken by islands; bounded by hard shores, which, though sheer and without sunken rocks, are nevertheless forbidding to the canoeist and afford camping places only where interrupted by some little beach of gravel or disintegrated granite. It is a granite lake—shores of loose granite, ledges of granite, islands with solid foundations of the best of granite, and a back country full of it. Now granite never has any suggestions of soft corners and cosiness; it is rugged and downright—real New England stuff; on the other hand, it always presents a tidy appearance. It may be because granite abounds that the first impression of Nicatowis upon a stranger is that it is rough but clean. Of its irregularity nothing need be said, for such matters are not made clearer by description. For one item, two sets of narrows divide it into three parts of almost equal length, and these are further subdivided by points into bays and coves, one of which, West Lake, is recognized by a name of its own, while others, like Duck Cove, though smaller, are still of considerable extent. When we went up the lake I attempted to map it, and succeeded fairly well in getting in most of the islands and curves as far as Norway Point, by aid of all the information I could extract from the others as to which were islands and what main land and what was out of sight; but when from Darling's we saw the lake spread out with all its bays and islands, and knew that there was much more unrevealed, my map terminated suddenly with the remark, "And so on, to infinity."

V.—"TO GASSOBEIS AND CAMPED."

When we started Wednesday morning the loons were flying overhead, which we usually account a sign of wind, but we made the run to Darling's with only a light breeze following. We stopped there a moment for old acquaintance sake, but, as Mr. Darling was in Lowell, stayed only long enough to get a view of the lake and to look at the establishment which has been built since father was there last. It seems superfluous to write any description of Darling's—a log house of one room, a lean-to and a loft; situated on a rocky promontory running out between West Lake and the main Nicatowis; clean and comfortable within, and well supplied with tables and benches; but we greatly admired the strong strategic value of the place and in the selection recognized Darling's well-known astuteness. Surrounded on three sides by water it commands an extensive view of every avenue of approach by water, while on the fourth side a cleared field, extending back many rods, is well defended, if one can judge from the lay of the land, by thick and tangled woods, difficult to penetrate.

Gassobeis Stream, for which we were heading, lies about east from Darling's behind the long point which runs out from the east shore, forming part of the upper narrows. The stream is usually rather shallow, so that in several places the passengers commonly have to get out and "farm it" while the guide "waits on her," to use technical terms. But this year the water was high and had been raised artificially by putting in two little dams which flowed out part of the rapids. One of these caused no trouble, but concerning the other there is a tale.

Father is better than a guide book to tell you in advance what you are coming to, for he never forgets a place once having seen it, and he knows Gassobeis Stream perfectly, every rock and turn in it. Accordingly, before we reached the place, he told us of some shoal water ahead, past which he and I must walk. There was a steep bank at the lower end of the carry, he said, and at its head an old dam with a sluiceway built high for gates; below it was a hollow log which Sebattis used to call his cannon. We came to the foot of the quick water. The bank was there with a path running up it through plenty of buckhorn brakes nearly waist high and as wet as rain could make them. We went up the hill and down it, and then the carry dived under water for a space. Father was amazed; that carry never had been flowed in his day. Then I told him that from the top of the hill I had seen a small dam just round the turn below which we got out. "But the dam was not there," objected he, as willing to believe that the water was running up hill as that he was mistaken. Nevertheless a dam I had seen, and this was the flowage of it. So we struck out for the stream, through "squaw bush" (*Cornus stolonifera*), alders and blue joint grass, all very wet and sufficiently thick, got loganned, backed out and tried again, found a place at last where, by venturing on some old, slimy, and presumably rotten, sticks, I got across dry-footed and he with one boot full of water; at last got to the canoe again, Father still insisting that the place wasn't natural. Soon we met bubbles floating down. "That means quick water," said he, "but there can't be any above this, for the dam is the head of things." Then, suddenly, round a turn, as if to speak for itself, up rose the old dam, shining and black as of yore, with the water running through the old sluiceway and Sebattis's "cannon" still there. The dam below, which Father had not seen at all, was one of the temporary affairs, and as Job and I were both strangers to the place our testimony had not served for his enlightenment.

Gassobeis is pretty as such streams go. All navigable streams are apt to be disappointing to those whose ideas are drawn entirely from pictures and their own fancies, who look for noble forests free from underbrush, traversed by clear streams with gravelly beds on which lie "silver scalit fishes."

"With tynny schynand broun as synopar
And chysell talys."

Such are seldom met in real life. Real streams are apt to run through meadows, bogs or flowed land; or if otherwise it is usually the worse for the canoeist. Their banks are thick with alders and scrub growth; were it

not so that would be the worse for the hunter. And their dark waters suggest bullfrogs and mud turtles instead of the red-finned trout which actually inhabit them. The lower part of Gassobeis Stream runs through alder ground and birches; the upper part is a bog brook and must have been a famous beaver country in the old days. Lambkill, sweet gale, leather-leaf, rhodora and all the heaths grow in abundance along the banks, giving a soft and pleasant tone to the landscape. I like bogs; they are very restful to look at, and always mean "plain sailing."

When we reached Gassobeis Lake we found that Father's old camp ground among the Norways on the left had been burned over, and the rain recommencing, we were forced to take the first spot available. Yet not even camping in the rain is a hardship; it only makes work more the livelier. All help in unloading and covering the goods, one looks for the ridgepole, one for the crotches, tent pins are cut from the nearest bush and in how short a time the tent is up. No matter if it is damp at first, it soon dries. And the water shakes off the boughs so thoroughly that the bed is not very damp. It is one of Father's fancies always to have some splits of cedar or a piece of spruce bark or canvas to lay down along the sides of the tent for the double purpose of preventing small articles being lost and keeping the camp stuff dry. We always carry something of the kind in the canoe with us, abandoning it only when we come to a carry. He also leaves on the back tent-pole an inch or two of the side limbs, which make strong and convenient hooks for hanging clothing and guns.

We carry as little baggage as we can and then always have too much. The tent and blankets, a firkin for small groceries and a box for flour and bacon, cooking utensils and clothing make up considerably more than the bulk of the outfit. There is no room in one canoe for three people and the luxuries of camping out, if by these one understands folding camp-stools and rubber air beds, adjustable tables and patent camp stoves, frying-pans with hinged handles and all the other folding and unfolding nuisances which are advertised to make miserable the lives of sportsmen. Place your load with a two-mile carry always in mind, and there's many an indispensable will stay at home in the corner without being missed. When the books and opera glasses and sun umbrellas begin to appear, the old stager knows you are green and pities your guide. Don't take too many clothes. You are persuaded into it in the vain belief that you will want to change now and then, or that when you come out you will want to put on something different from the clothes you have worn and slept in for a month. It is a delusion. Cleanliness is no more natural to the uncivilized man than godliness. You will find that you can always pick out the guide because he is the best dressed man in the party; and, on the other score, after four weeks' jaunting in a rubber bag, your best suit might very well be mistaken for your worst; in either case, all you have on smells of smoke and fir boughs, and will smell of it for weeks to come, though you may be unconscious, so that you need not suppose that your fellow travelers do not know where you have been. If you take extra clothing on chances of getting wet the chances are ten to nothing that if you are wet enough to shift it will be by a general capsize and your spare clothes will be as wet as the others; or you may be drowned and so not need them after all. But if you persist in carrying what you do not want, don't take old ones. "The woods is the worst place in the world to wear out old clothes," say the hunters. For myself I shall never again take an extra dress. With a short skirt for the woods and a long one for occasions, a woman can go into the woods and return as far as Bangor in safety if not without shame. I have tried it.

We do not carry any canned provisions except condensed milk. They are heavy and inconvenient to pack, and we would rather have simpler fare and fewer turns on the carries. Flour and potatoes will preserve life, and the Spartan discipline of being obliged to procure your luxuries or go without them, adds flavor to them. Father declares that when his pole and gun will not supply him something with bones in it, he will no longer go in the woods. So far, for the first day or two, we never have failed at a single meal to have meat or fish of some kind in the kettle, though sometimes thrift has caused the remnants or the supper to coldly furnish forth the breakfast table. But we are not too proud to accept a gift, which helps out sometimes.

FANNIE P. HARDY.

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Woodcock shooting has been my particular and favorite sport for now nearly seventeen years, and never for an instant have I doubted the ability of the bird to produce the whistle with his bill, or correctly speaking, with his throat, which explains why some who have held the live bird up by the bill and hearing it whistle, have naturally thought that the sound was caused by the flapping of the bird's wings. But if you stop to consider, the whistle is one continuous quivering sound, made ever so much faster than the wings of the bird are at the time moving. To produce this continuous unbroken whistle they would have to move with such rapidity that the eye could not follow them. Imagine a kingfisher being able to move his wings quick enough to produce that long shrill chuckle which he gets off just after having darted down and picked up a minnow. This whistle, chuckle or yell of his is done while the fish is being carried in his bill, and we all know that his laugh is not caused by the wings; and the bill being closed to hold the fish the sound must come from the throat.

I turn to my record of woodcock shooting and note that on Sept. 22, 1885, Mayor Brooks and myself were at Nine-Mile River, and that we brought to bag twenty-two cock and five grouse; and on that occasion I recollect perfectly, as we were coming out of the cover to the open field to lurch one of my spaniels put up a cock. I just caught a glimpse and let go, and on picking the bird up found that I had broken one of his wings; so I carried him out to the field, and while we were eating lunch let him run about, as I was interested in getting the position of his tail and wished to see him spread it out and turn it up over his back since I desired to mount one in a correct woodcock position. If I went near the bird up would go his tail, down would drop his uninjured wing, and he

would make an attempt to spring from the ground, at the same time uttering a quick tremulous whistle. I held him up by the bill, when he would make the same sound, and this little chap had only one wing to flap.

I have seen a cock jump up in front of my spaniels and go off without a sound; I have marked him down, put him up again and he has whistled "like a house afire." I have watched them evening after evening coming out of the covers to the roadside to feed. Some would come along quietly without a sound, others again would keep up a continuous whistle. In the May and June evenings, when I have been coming home from a day's trouting, I have watched them start up from the roadside and go slowly up into the air, circling round and round, going higher and higher, and all the time going *two, two, two*, (a noise very similar to a sandpiper's when you start him first from a lake shore). The woodcock would go round and round, making this noise faster and faster, until at last he would burst out into his sharp, long, tremulous whistle, and then come darting down to the ground, and when he would alight down he would squat and then you would hear him—*s-p-e-a-k, s-p-e-a-k, s-p-e-a-k*—a sound like that of the night hawk; and you would hear the other cock round about answering him. After a little while up he would jump and go through the circling performance again, beginning his *two, two, two*, going faster and faster until the sound was merged into his long, quivering whistle, when down he would come to the earth again. Any one who has seen and watched the cock doing as described would never doubt how the sound was produced, and would give them credit if able to make one sound with their throat to be able to make them all. No one believes the *sneep* of the snipe is made by the wings, nor is the booming notes they utter when circling around in the air overhead of a spring evening, as their actions then are similar to those of the cock.

Here is an experiment that was tried some twelve years ago in this city by the late Robt. Narrow, president I think of the association at that time called the Natural Science Association, and by which name it is known at the present day. A woodcock hen was killed, so as not to injure the throat, and brought to the meeting. Two or three of the first large quill feathers were cut off close to one of the wings. The stumps of the quills left in the wing were put into the mouth and blown into hard; result was a sound coming from the throat of the hen similar to that made by the bird when alive, proving conclusively the existence of an air passage from the quill feathers of the wing to the throat of the bird.

HALIFAX, N. S.

H. AUSTIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being interested in birds, and more or less of a sportsman, I have followed this discussion with more than passing interest. According to my small experience, both may be in the right, though I think one more than the other; for, as shown below, it has vocal notes which resemble somewhat the sound produced by a flushed bird.

While walking through a small piece of woods in the middle of May, I flushed a woodcock which flew only about fifteen feet and settled down in the dry oak leaves, which had fallen the previous fall. In her short flight the sharp whistling sound was absent, and instead she produced a twittering which was lower, softer and without that peculiar metallic sound about it; these sounds must have been vocal as they were still continued after she had alighted among the leaves, in plain view, where no motion was noticeable. After looking around in the leaves I found four young birds, so these twitterings may be resorted to only when flushed in some such peculiar circumstances, and may or may not be produced every time the bird is flushed. Even if they were, would be drowned by the whistle, which I take to be produced by the wings, although the twitterings were loud enough to be heard some distance, and resembled the sound produced by a strong-flying bird, lacking the peculiar whistling character.

One day last fall in a game of foot-ball the ball was kicked high into the air, and while in its flight produced a whistling sound which resembled exactly that of the woodcock. On examining as to the cause, I found that the lace had come untied and the ends, some 4 to 6 inches, were hanging loose, which, together with the rapid twisting of the ball, produced the delusive sound.

LAURENCEVILLE, N. J.

A. H. P.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my opinion Mr. Henry B. Nicol, in his article on woodcock, comes about as near to the mark as any of your gentlemen writers. I have killed many of these birds and have watched them in close season for days and weeks, but only once did I hear what I supposed to be a male bird make any noise with his bill when flushed. It was on a very warm day in July, about 10 A. M., and when the bird made the noise he was within 6 or 7 ft. from where I was standing. It was a plaintive cry, something like the *scaipe* of a snipe, as loud, but not as sharp or decisive; it sounded more like *cre-ek, cre-ek*. To emit the sound the bird opened the bill quite wide and was flying at about medium speed, his wings were silent at the time. How can any one doubt that the twitter of a flushed woodcock is produced by his wings?

NEWARK, New Jersey.

J. GANTZ.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a wing vs. mouth whistling, has none of your correspondents noticed the fact that common doves make a round, full, musical whistling note in flying? This they certainly do, both when starting on and alighting from a flight. I have noticed that it is or seems to be coincident with the closing or downward motion of the wings. This indicates that it is made with the wings. Might not an investigation and comparison of this bird throw light upon the woodcock controversy? More anon.

KENTUCKY.

J. S. M.

A GIANT SQUID.—The Halifax Recorder, of Newfoundland, of recent date, contains the following item of the capture of a giant squid: "A huge squid or cuttlefish, 32 ft. in length, was stranded on the beach at Island Cove, N. F., a few days ago. The tentacles were 2 ft. in length and the body larger than that of a horse." By reference to the Fishery Industries of the United States we find that the giant cuttlefishes, which inhabit the North Atlantic and are occasionally stranded upon the beaches of Newfoundland, represent two species the genus *Architeuthis*.

teuthis. Each of these species has a maximum length of 50 ft. and its weight is measured by thousands of pounds. Large individuals are rightfully dreaded by the fishermen on account of their prodigious strength and great ferocity. The sharp curved teeth of even the common squid are formidable weapons of attack and in cuttles—with tentacles upward of 20 ft. in length—the seizing and tearing capacity must be terrific. These giant animals are very useful to the fishermen for bait.

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Officers elected for 1891: President, H. W. Harkness; First Vice-President, H. H. Behr; Second Vice-President, Geo. Hewston; Corresponding Secretary, Frederick Gutzkow; Recording Secretary, J. R. Scapham; Treasurer, L. H. Foote; Librarian, Carlos Troyer; Director of Museum, J. G. Cooper; Trustees—Chas. F. Crocker, D. E. Hayes, W. C. Burnett, Geo. C. Perkins, E. J. Molera, Irving M. Scott, John Taylor.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB MEETING.

THE annual meeting and dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club took place at Washington on Wednesday, Jan. 14, and was an unusually interesting and pleasant occasion.

At the meeting, which was held before the dinner, certain routine business was transacted, new members were elected and resolutions—to be given later—with regard to the Yellowstone Park were passed.

The dinner was held at the Metropolitan Club, and the president of the club, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of the Civil Service Commission, occupied the chair. On his left sat Mr. Proctor, the Secretary of War, and on his right Speaker Reed. Mr. Grinnell sat at the foot of the table, with Mr. Noble, Secretary of the Interior, on his right and Secretary Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, on his left. Among others present were Congressmen Breckenridge, Lodge and McComas, Mr. Arnold Hague, of the U. S. Geological Survey; Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, of Washington; Mr. Brown, of Providence, Mr. Nichols, of Boston; Mr. Deering, of Chicago; Mr. Gordon Cumming, of Virginia, and Mr. Chanler, of New York.

After the cigars had been brought on the president rose, and in a few well chosen words explained the objects of the club and the special reasons which brought this delegation to Washington at this time. This was, he said, to urge the passage by the House of Representatives of the Senate bill for the protection of the Yellowstone National Park. He then read the resolutions which had been passed at the business meeting, which were as follows:

Resolved, That the Boone and Crockett Club, speaking for itself and for hundreds of clubs and associations throughout the country, urges the immediate passage by the House of Representatives of the Senate bill for the protection and maintenance of the Yellowstone National Park.

Resolved, That this club declares itself emphatically opposed to the granting a right of way to the Montana Mineral Railroad or to any other railroad through the Yellowstone National Park.

Resolved, That this club heartily approves of the efforts now being made to preserve the groves of big trees in California and desires to express its thanks to the Secretary of the Interior for his interest in this matter.

Mr. Roosevelt then asked Mr. Phillips, of the U. S. Supreme Court Bar, to state to those present what had been done toward securing adequate legislation for the protection of the National Park and what the present condition of the bill is.

Mr. Phillips's presentation of the case was clear, concise and telling. He called attention to the fact that the organic act establishing the National Park provided no laws nor rules for its government, but while placing it under the charge or the Secretary of the Interior and authorizing that officer to make regulations for its government and protection, it prescribed no means for enforcing the regulations which the Secretary might lay down. Persons interested in the National Park have for eight years been endeavoring to obtain from Congress the legislation which would afford protection in this reservation to life and property, and would prevent the destruction of the forests, natural wonders and the game found within its borders. At four sessions of Congress bills embodying these provisions have passed the Senate, on the last two occasions by unanimous vote. But in the House a stumbling block has always been found in the efforts of a lobby to attach to the bill a rider which provided for the granting a right of way to a railway through the Park. The friends of the Park have fought this amendment from the beginning. It is not so much this particular railroad that they are fighting as the principle involved. If one railroad is permitted to run its lines through the Park in any direction this same privilege cannot be denied other corporations, and it would not be long before this National reservation would be gridironed by tracks. The danger of such a state of things to the forests is well known by all who have traveled among the pine clad mountains of the West and need not be enlarged on here. The importance of passing a bill which shall protect the Park and the equal importance of preventing railroads entering it is felt by every one who has visited that beautiful region, but it is now so late in the session, and there is so much business before the House of Representatives, that it is difficult to see how the bill now in the hands of the Public Lands Committee can be brought up. We desire, however, to interest members of the House in this matter, and if possible to get a vote on the bill, and if among the gentlemen present there are any who can suggest the best means for doing this we shall be glad to hear them.

Some desultory conversation followed, during which a number of questions relating to the Park were asked by gentlemen present, and were answered by Messrs. Roosevelt, Hague and Phillips. Mr. Roosevelt explained very clearly the way in which the fires in the National Park are started and spread, and called attention also to the function performed by the forest floor, which being entirely made up of decaying vegetation retains and gives forth gradually the moisture which it receives from the rains and the melting snows.

Mr. Gordon Cumming spoke of a similar condition of things in Scotland, where pine forests when burning

burn down to the rock, all the organic matter of the forest floor being consumed and nothing being left which will give sustenance to a subsequent growth of timber. He spoke also of the disastrous consequences to the Scotch trout streams which have followed the draining of the peat bogs and meadows through which they flowed. Recently, since the land has become so valuable for farming, such bogs and meadows have been drained with the result that the streams that used to maintain an equable current are now, during times of rain or melting snow, flooded for a day or two and then become almost dry, so that but few fish are obtained where before this draining took place salmon were abundant. Such a condition of things would prevail there were the forests of the Yellowstone Park to be destroyed.

At the request of the president, Secretary Noble spoke somewhat briefly on the lines of his annual report, expressing his personal conviction that the Yellowstone Park ought to be guarded with the utmost care. The vast increase of population in this country, and the way in which the portions formerly uninhabited are now filling up, shows that within not very many years there will be left within our borders no spot where cultivation and improvement by man shall not have taken place. It is quite certain that if such breathing spaces and preserves as the Yellowstone and Yosemite parks are to be retained, legislation necessary to accomplish this object must come at once. Mr. Noble spoke of the value of the forests in protecting the streams which furnish water for irrigation over a vast tract of country on either side of the main range of the Rocky Mountains; of the fact that our large game is rapidly disappearing, and of the necessity of protecting the natural wonders which in the Yellowstone Park are collected in such wonderful profusion. Allusion was also made to the importance of protecting the forests everywhere, and incidentally to the action taken recently for the preservation of the groves of big trees in California. He spoke also of the good service performed by the troops authorized by the Secretary of War to guard the National Park, and of Capt. Bontelle's interest in the matter and good work that he had done. Secretary Proctor, with a good deal of humor, complimented the Secretary of the Interior on his excellent judgment in coming to the War Department for help in this matter.

The president called upon Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, to give his opinion with regard to the rapidity with which the larger indigenous animals of the United States are being destroyed. Mr. Langley stated briefly that so far as he could learn from consultation of the best authorities, the large game of the United States would be practically extinct within the life of the present generation of men.

The president then asked Mr. Grinnell to relate some of his experiences with regard to large game in the West during the years that he had spent there, and the latter gave some facts showing the enormous abundance of buffalo just after the completion of the first of the Pacific railroads, and of the great numbers of elk to be found in much more recent days in isolated localities of the Rocky Mountains. On the other hand, at the present day there is scarcely a place where any one can go with a certainty of finding elk abundant except on, or near, the borders of the Yellowstone Park. The buffalo have been for years practically extinct, so far as the United States goes, the only bands of any importance being in the National Park. Antelope, blacktail deer, mountain sheep, and other species of large game must follow in the footsteps of the buffalo and the elk, although their extinction will be much more gradual.

The discussion of this and kindred subjects was continued to a late hour, when the meeting broke up.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting was held at the United States Hotel, Boston, Wednesday evening, Jan. 14, 125 being present.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the association: Geo. Bruce, Wm. Henry Hutchinson, Chas. S. Stearns, De Forest W. Chase, Geo. A. Cooper, Frank Keene, Francis Tufts, James O. Gray, Erwin R. Graves, Geo. H. Moore, James H. Lake, Dr. J. W. Ball, Dr. W. Hunt, John B. Farrell, Fred B. Rice, Morris F. Whiton, Francis G. Benedict, Geo. H. Kimball, Henry B. Weston. Twenty-nine applications for membership were received.

The committee on game importation reported the fitting up of a large room in which to keep the large number of birds which are expected very shortly, where they can be cared for until distributed in different parts of the State.

It is proposed to engage a room which will be a headquarters for the association, in which a library will be placed and where the members and friends can meet, and in which the different committees can hold their meetings.

Officers for 1891 were elected as follows:

President, Edward A. Samuels, 86 State street, Boston. Vice-Presidents, Hon. Jas. F. Dwinell, Augustus Hemenway, John T. Stetson, Warren Haggood, Edw. E. Hardy, Edw. J. Brown and Geo. W. Wiggins. Treasurer, Frederick R. Shattuck, 44 Kilby street, Boston.

Secretary, Richard O. Harding, 304 Washington street, Boston.

Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.

Executive Committee, John P. Woodbury, Henry H. Kimball, Chas. G. Gibson, Ivers W. Adams, John N. Roberts, Edw. E. Small, Heber Bishop, Edward Brooks, Outram Bangs, W. F. Keith, John E. Thayer and Rollin Jones.

Membership Committee, Edw. T. Barker, Waldron Bates and Wm. O. Blake.

Fund Committee, Benjamin C. Clark, Samuel Hanson and Daniel T. Curtis.

ANTOINE'S LITTLE CORNER.—Framingham, Mass., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have read with so much enjoyment Antoine Bissette's letter in your issue of 15th inst., that I must say a word about it. I think it overlays anything he has written previously, and that is saying a good deal. Full-charged with keen points and apt illustrations it has the merit—not a small one—of being wit and wisdom combined and condensed. That you will give him his "letly corner" every time he asks for it, and that he may apply often, I guarantee is the wish of thousands of your readers, including—F. C. BROWN.

WILDFOWL IN OREGON.—I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While the gunners of the Eastern, Middle and Prairie States are putting their guns away, regretfully bidding the wildfowl shooting of 1890 a farewell, we of the Web-foot State are just beginning to load shells and whistle up our dogs for ducks.

It is true that the game is annoyingly tardy in putting in an appearance this fall, but this is in consequence of the unusually pleasant weather which still continues. But they are beginning to arrive, and while their Eastern cousins have bade you good-bye for the more genial climate of the Gulf these are coming to spend the winter with us. Our best shooting is generally about the holidays, but from the first of November until the following April good shooting may be looked for whenever the weather is favorable. Seldom do our lakes freeze over. When such a misfortune does overtake the migratory feathered game here they simply drop down to the tide flats or go up the Willamette Valley to the stubble fields and patiently await the "thaw." It is, however, unusually severe weather for Oregon when the mud hens fail to keep a good air hole open for their lords and masters, the canvasbacks. By the way, a pension should be awarded the man who invents an active mud hen decoy, for canvasbacks will decoy to a bunch of energetic mud hens when nothing fashioned by the hand of man will induce them to come down.

Not only the woodduck, but mallard and even canvasbacks hatch and rear their young about the grassy sloughs and wapato ponds along the lower Columbia on Sauvie's Island, Sauvie's Island or Sofa's Island for short, who that ever hunted wildfowl in western Oregon has not heard of it? The small boy's ambition and dream and the duck hunter's paradise. The name is as familiar to the hunters of the Northwest coast as that of Chesapeake Bay is to those of the East.

It is an island, as its name would imply, and yet not an island. It is a strip of low land lying in Multnomah and Columbia counties, Oregon, about 17 miles long by 5 miles in width, bounded on the east by the Columbia and lower Willamette rivers, and otherwise an arm of the Willamette known as the Willamette Slough, a deep, turbid river itself that leaves the Willamette proper about seven miles below Portland and empties into the great Columbia at St. Helens. It is a labyrinth of sloughs, wapato ponds and small lakes, the largest, Big Sturgeon Lake, being about five miles long by two in width. If ever nature exerted herself to make a perfect resting and feeding place for wildfowl it was when she got to that part of her labors commonly known as Sauvie's Island. It derived its name from an old French Canadian who settled there in the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hark! hark! what music! from the rampart hills,
How like a far-off bugle, sweet and clear,
It searches through the listening wilderness!
A swan! I know it by the trumpet tone;
Winging her pathless way in the cool evenings,
Piping her midnight melody, she comes.

Every thoughtful sportsman sorrowfully recognizes the fact that the days of game, whether fish, flesh or fowl, are numbered. There is not much said or written about it because it is a painful subject, but it is nevertheless a settled fact, and, the more's the pity. Among the first feathered game to disappear from the face of the earth will be that most notable, majestic and beautiful of them all, the American swan and his cousin, the trumpeter swan. In many places where they were moderately plentiful a quarter of a century ago they are now unknown. Some people pretend, by way of explanation, that they have simply changed their path of migration to less settled districts, but that does not explain the fact there is no place on the American continent now where they are really plentiful, and these good friends of the noblest of all the feathered tribe are called upon to explain their explanation.

The fact is that the swan, like the bison, is a large bright target, and death loves a shining mark. That most graceful, most beautiful and emblematic of royal purity of all water fowl will soon be known only in tradition—a tradition of those other days of hunter life in the half-forgotten past.

Many of the States have undertaken the enactment of laws for the protection of swan, but those laws accomplish no good. The Oregon statutes inform us that it shall be unlawful for any person between the first day of May and the first day of September of each year to take, kill, injure or destroy, or have in possession, sell or offer for sale any wild swan, etc. That sounds like lots of protection; but Great Guns! what hunter ever had the opportunity to do any of those terrible things to a swan in Oregon between the first day of May and the first day of September.

But let us "fiddle while Rome burns" and enjoy the fun while it lasts. We may not be able to do as some of the army officers of Vancouver barracks did on Green's Lake several years ago—stuff pillow cases with straw and with these decoys shoot thirty-five swan by moonlight in one night, but we will do our best toward annihilation.

There is no doubt that a swan is easily fooled. I know hunters that can turn a swan in his flight and bring him within easy range by imitating his call, and when one of a band is downed, the others are easily bagged as a rule. The words of Leffingwell in "Wild Fowl Shooting" coming from the Mississippi Valley are suggestive. He says: "In the Western States this noble bird is almost extinct; they have been comparative strangers, except at rare intervals. Not far in the distant past they were annually seen with us on the lakes and rivers and frequently feeding in immense bayous."

No doubt the swan are more plentiful west of the Cascade Range than anywhere else on this continent. In midwinter Big and Little Sturgeon lakes, Morgan's Lake, Foley Lake and the Big Willot Lake on Sauvie's Island, Green's Lake in Washington (opposite Sauvie's Island) and Willow Bar in the Columbia River are resorted to for feed and rest by swan in considerable numbers. They belong to the duck family, and as is well known, that entire family is very partial to the tender, juicy, nutritious wapato; and while the swan, like the mallard, will not dive deep for food (as do the canvasbacks), they are enabled by the aid of their long, muscular necks and strong bills, to tear the wapatos out of the soft mud of their favorite feed lakes, and thus satisfy their rapacious appetites. A wapato lake used during a moonlit night by swan has the appearance next morning of having been subsoiled by a

drove of ravenous hogs. A full-grown swan will easily devour a peck of wapatos in a single night, and leave a good breakfast of the smaller tubers floating in the turbid waters for the widgeon.

One of the most beautiful of sights is to witness the arrival of their spectral squadrons at Big Sturgeon Lake from the north. This lake is a great resting or loafing place for all kinds of water fowl. The swans have been pursued, abused and deviled so much that they are getting educated. As the winter sets in earnest (i. e., when the rains come) the swans come trooping down from the north and gather at this lake. I have often watched them. The storm clouds and wind give the lake a gloomy appearance. You hear the distant bugle calls, but so far away that the birds, notwithstanding their whiteness and immense size, are not discernible. At last you see a faint, wavering streak of white away in the north among the clouds, more like a glance of the sun through a rift in the clouds than a moving mass of life. They maintain their lofty flight until over the lake, and then with a grand flourish of trumpets suddenly set their wings and descend straight into the center of the lake. Then follows a lot of light talk and a general brushing up. Soon there comes another flock in the same way. As the late arrivals hear their incoming friends, they answer, and then such whooping and trumpeting as makes one's ears ring.

So each succeeding flock is received by those already arrived; and during all this time any observing person can discern more in their whooping and yelling than simply a disposition to make noise.

Swan, like all other water fowl, have undoubtedly a language of their own. Listen to the flute-like tones from the snowy throats of the glad birds, that, possibly, have not seen each other since they left that same lake on their long pilgrimages to the North, telling of their wanderings, their joys and sorrows among the crystal lakes around the pole. When they come in or go out of a lake, it is with a general hue and cry; but while resting or feeding their tones are the purest, sweetest and most melodiously tender imaginable.

May not theirs be a life of love as pure and spotless as their robes of white, jeweled with the most perfect grace and melody.

MULTNOMAH.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 18.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 17.—It was the misfortune of the writer to miss among other good things last week the big game dinner given by Billy Werner to the Possum Club. Report runs that this was a screaming success. The tables were handsomely decorated, two peacocks, a fine wild turkey, the nicely mounted heads of a deer and an elk being among the furnishings of the board. Above the antlers of the elk there towered to the ceiling of the room a genuine persimmon tree, and from a branch of this and suspended by his tight-curved tail there hung a real possum. The menu, nicely lithographed, set forth among other things, "Suckers from the Kow River, 5 ground traps, sauce à la 443," "Kleinman ducks, Elliott (in the sauce)," "chicken from Felton's farm—you may tie it, but you can't beat it," etc., etc. Toasts of the evening were "Sports of the Field," Dr. N. Rowe; "Chicago Sportsmen," H. D. Nicholls; "The Higher Aims of the Sportsman," Wolfred N. Low; "Trap Shooting, Past, Present and Future," Chas. E. Felton; "Sports in General," Harry C. Palmer; "The Anatomy of the Possum," Dr. J. M. Hutchinson. "The Rod and Gun" reply fell to the FOREST AND STREAM representative, but the latter was absent. The Possum Club is flourishing to the point of aggressive prosperity. Mr. Werner is certainly to be complimented upon the success of his banquet.

Mr. C. E. Willard, well known among the shooters of the West, has severed his relations with the Standard Cartridge Co., and this week enters upon his duties as agent in the West for the Colt Patent Fire Arms Co., of Hartford. Chicago will be his headquarters, and he will not travel further west than Omaha.

Mr. C. D. Gammon and Mr. Harry Loveday leave next Monday for a duck shooting trip on the sunk marsh of New Madrid and will shoot there till Feb. 8, when they meet at Cairo the excursion of Northern shooters, now arranging to shoot some matches with Southern shooters at New Orleans and Pensacola.

The removal of the great cattle herds from the Cherokee Strip, I. T., has caused the invasion of lower Kansas by numbers of gray wolves, which are proving destructive to stock.

Buffalo Jones is in the city this week. He has a new overcoat. It looks like dull chinchilla, but in reality it is made of buffalo cloth, woven altogether from buffalo fur or wool. The coat is faced with dark buffalo fur: There is no coat like this in the world. Buffalo Jones also has some photographs of members of his herd, including some nice half-breeds a few months old. The crosses are all doing well. The moving of part of the herd to Salt Lake City was disastrous, and there are only 7 full-blood calves this year against 21 last. This big herd will be exhibited at the World's Fair here in 1893. Three syndicates are figuring about it now. Buffalo Jones is telegraphing Buffalo Bill to-day, out at Pine Ridge Agency, and they are to meet soon and talk over some sort of a scheme for 1893 and the Fair.

The Nee-pe-nauk Shooting Club met at the Grand Pacific and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Morris Sellers; Vice-President, Edward E. Flint; Treasurer, James F. Casler; Secretary, Edward J. Rowley. Directors, Morris Sellers, E. E. Flint, Ira F. Younglove, Charles P. Troego and James F. Casler.

Mr. S. N. Leek, the Rocky Mountain guide mentioned not long ago in these columns, who lives at Jackson's Hole, via Kaintuck, Idaho, writes me, under date of Jan. 12: "We are having a very light winter here, and all kinds of game are doing well. The elk have not yet been driven out of the mountains, and if we do not have any heavy storms before long they will recruit up somewhat. Last winter was very hard on the elk. I would estimate 30 or 40 per cent. of them were winter killed."

The winter in this region continues very mild. The quail will do well.

Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., was in the city last Saturday on a brief business trip.

Jan. 8.—There have cropped out the facts concerning a little affair which the upper circles of Grand Calumet Heights Club have for some time tried to keep suppressed.

Indeed, up to the very last moment, the most frantic efforts have been made to that effect by friends of the interested parties, so much so that only duty to the public could lead me to give the facts at all. The affair occurred last fall, and the actors therein were Dr. H., a prominent dentist on State street, and his friend Mr. Kossuth M. It may be I ought to give the full names, but if the gentlemen don't act just right about this, I can do that later on, so it doesn't make much difference. Well, Dr. H. and Mr. M. were going on an exploring voyage one day last fall. They intended to explore the Grand Calumet River, clear down to its mouth in the briny deep of Lake Michigan. Of course this meant a long trip, and a long trip meant abundant supplies, and that necessitated crowding their boat a good deal, but by careful arrangement they managed to get along. The fishing rods, and the Winchester rifle and the Apollinaris water they put in the stern of the boat, and after throwing some old coats and things over them they made a pretty fair old for Dr. H., who occupied that end of the boat. It is a reprehensible practice, this way of throwing guns loose into a boat, and though these men may resent the censure, it is only just to say that the accident which ensued was just what might have been expected.

The heavily loaded boat made its way slowly down the stream. Mr. M. was rowing, Dr. H. was steering and paddling. The hurriedly arranged seat in the stern was not altogether comfortable, but not much attention was paid to this for some time. The morning wore away. A point was reached five miles below the club house.

Dr. H. became a trifle weary from his cramped position. He reached behind him to arrange more comfortably the articles upon which he was sitting. There was a sudden lurch of the boat. And then, in that way, no one ever knows just how, there occurred the accident which might have been expected. These sickening accidents always are occurring, but they do not seem to teach more caution.

There was a loud explosion, muffled by the covering of coats, etc., which lay uppermost in the stern of the boat. Dr. H. threw his hand behind him.

"My God, I'm shot!" cried he. His face was pale from the sudden shock and pain.

"Are you hurt much, Doctor?" asked Mr. M., himself pale with fright. "Where is it?"

"Here," said Dr. H., setting his teeth firmly together to control the pain, "I can feel the blood running. Pull ashore. I don't know whether you can get me to the club house or not. It is terrible to die here in these sand hills, away from my wife and children!"

Mr. M. pulled the boat ashore and helped his companion out. He was pale, but bore his suffering manfully. "Terribly careless of me!" he murmured.

Mr. M. removed his friend's coat and vest. The remaining garments were indeed wet as he had said.

"Did you—did you say blood, Doctor?" asked Mr. M. "Yes," whispered Dr. H., holding up his hand, "see?" But his hand was white, not red!

A strong revulsion passed over Dr. H. He gulped a little in his throat and sat up.

"Bring that d—d gun up here," he said.

So Mr. M. got the gun. There was no shell, empty or otherwise, in the barrel.

"Count the Apollinaris!" hissed Dr. H. between his teeth.

So Mr. M. counted the bottles. He found one bottle empty. The coats were all wet. The heat of the day, the motion of the boat, or something, had caused one of the bottles to "go off." On discovering this Mr. M. sat right down in the mud, on the edge of the river, and shouted, screamed and yelled, and rolled over and over with laughter. If he had only held still, Dr. H. would have shot him, right there; but after a while he too began to laugh, and soon both were helpless.

The voyage of exploration was abandoned. Dr. H. pleaded with Mr. M. for hours, and the latter promised faithfully never to say a word. But you know how such things are. Three weeks after this, as Dr. H. was sitting at dinner with several members, down at the club, a voice behind his chair exclaimed, "My God, I'm shot!" That settled it. The worthy doctor sprang from his chair as if he had really been shot. Since then he has had no peace at the club, and now this is the latest and the public story of Dr. H.'s adventure with the Apollinaris bottle.

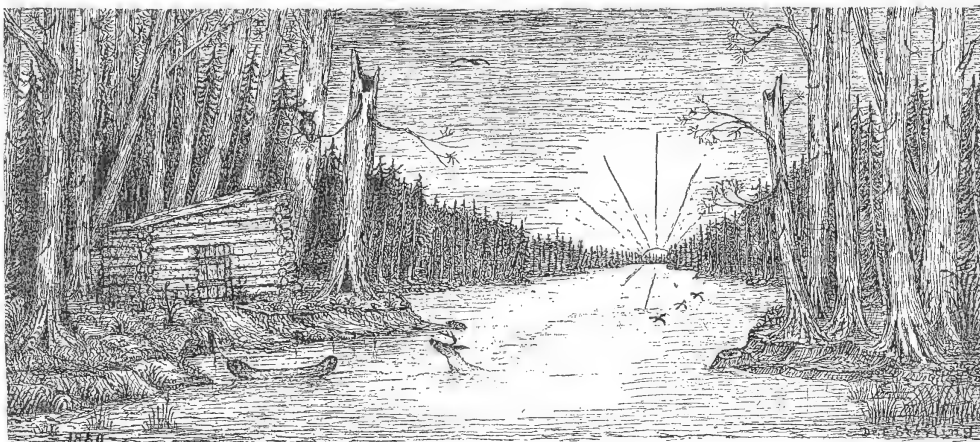
Jan. 19.—The late little trip to the Antioch lakes, though taken for the serious purpose of finding out something about the ice fisheries, was not devoid of its amusing features. We numbered four, a cigar man, a newspaper editor, another newspaper man, who ever since the late Indian troubles has been longing to go out as a war correspondent, and that bronzed and rugged-looking genius of 108 Madison, aged anywhere from 35 to 80, who is generally spoken of in that establishment as "Old Man Hirth." Mr. Hirth was a color-bearer in the late war, but he has not been doing much fighting lately, and we all sized him up for a tenderfoot, and concluded we would freeze him, lose him, and beat him shooting with his own rifle. Indeed, our charitable designs in this matter went so far that, upon the gentleman's expressing his willingness to enter into a little target shooting arrangement, on a jackpot basis, 5 cents a corner, we informed him cheerfully that we would by this means compel him to pay all the expenses of the trip. We were going to have some fun with the "old man." Our backboard ride, three miles or so at midnight, was pretty tough, but somehow the old color-bearer didn't seem to mind it. He was getting along all right. It was a little cold out on the ice the next day, but the rest of us seemed to notice that more than the "old man," and when we heaved the big pickerel out of the hole in the ice he had more fun than anybody. After shooting it full of holes with a .22 pistol, he appropriated the fish and ever after claimed to have caught it by himself, on a pearl spoon. And then he wanted to go rabbit hunting, out in the cold, cold snow, and was disappointed because we wouldn't all go out and ramble with him in the woods. And after that he wanted to shoot at a target, 5 cents a corner, as per our first agreement. We thought we had him then, but it was just the other way, and instead of his paying our expenses we paid his. Never was so disappointing a man to have fun with, though he looked innocent enough, too. We didn't have any fun at all with him, to speak of. He developed an alarming familiarity with a good many kinds of gaits. This week the cigar man is reserved and taciturn about ice fishing, the newspaper editor has a terrible cold, and the war correspondent is sick in bed with pneumonia; but

the old color-bearer, the one we were going to have the fun with, is still selling goods at the old stand, and placidly telling everybody about a pickerel, of constantly increasing size, which he caught on a spoon through the ice, and had to shoot to keep from overpowering him. Mr. Hirth's story of his desperate wrestle on the ice with that pickerel is, I am told, growing to be a weird and thrilling affair, and there is no telling where it will end, for the rest of us are all too sick to go down-town to contradict him. I can't help thinking that the "old man" had more fun than we did on that trip. E. HOUGE.

OHIO'S OLD-TIME HUNTING GROUNDS.

WE here print the first pages of extracts from the hunting diary of a well-known Ohio sportsman, copied and sent to the *FOREST AND STREAM* by the late Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland. In his notes accompanying the extracts Dr. Sterling wrote: "He began the diary when in his eighteenth year, and it contains much of interest relating to the early days of this (at that time) western country, the abundance of game and ways of the pioneer's life. These extracts extend, as you see, to 1842, and relate to hunting in this State. —, the author of the diary, belonged to an old family here, his grandfather coming to the Reserve in 1798, his father in 1800 and himself born here. His father was a regular Indian trader, keeping his stock of goods here and dealing with the red men for a hundred miles around. —, you might say was born in the wilderness. His early education was with the old smooth-bore rifle. He was the best woodman and deer hunter I ever met with; and like an Indian an ordinary shot.

"I inclose a pen and ink sketch, made from memory, of one of the camps on Cass River, Mich., which I would like to have you insert in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Although it was made from memory, a friend who saw it the other day recognized it immediately. The place is nine miles above the county town of Tuscola, and at the time was almost an undisturbed forest. From the cabin the river for a mile downstream was straight as a canal. Above and below the cabin on either side for two miles the river ran through dense hemlock lowlands and swamps, save where a narrow ridge of pine land intervened, on which the hunting lodge was built, as shown in my sketch. It was the best runway in all creation. It would only take half the eye of the common hunter to see what a glorious crossing place for game the camp stood on. — informed me that one day in October he counted 27 elk cross the river where the dugout is tied in one drove. This 'Thumb of Michigan,' as this point between Saginaw Bay and Lake Huron was called in those days, was really overstocked (as civilization advanced north with its clearings. They were here really hemmed in; from here there was no escape, and only the many dense swamps and swales continued the existence of game as long as it did."



THE OLD CAMP ON CASS RIVER.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 3, 1836.—Started this morning in a sleigh for Avon, eighteen miles west, on a deer hunt. Arrived at the Kinney Tavern on French Creek, about 3 P. M., where I made preparations for a hunt. The next morning was clear and tracking in the snow excellent. I started into the woods and soon found many fresh tracks which I followed, but being inexperienced in deer hunting I got no shots, although I saw quite a number. So toward night I returned to the tavern with a live possum I picked up on the way. At night a serenading band of some twenty persons came to the tavern to drink and prepare themselves for the purpose of greeting and doing honors to Mr. F., an old bear hunter, who had just returned from the Columbus State Prison, where he had been serving the State for some time to make amends for passing counterfeit money.

The next morning I started into the woods at the break of day in company with an old hunter; we came to a place in the woods where he said an old buck lived, and if we worked it cunning we might get him; he told me to go to a certain place on a ridge and stand, and make as much noise as I liked in going there, and he would go to another place and stand. I went to the place designated, but made as little noise as possible, and taking my station behind a large chestnut, waited to see what would happen. A short time after being there I discovered an old buck bounding along to the very spot where I stood. After coming within about six rods of me he stopped and looked back on his back track. I took advantage of the opportunity and fired. Immediately he wheeled and ran off into the woods again. I loaded my rifle and went to where he had stood, found blood and followed his track on for about half a mile. I found him between two logs, dead. The old hunter having heard me fire came up, and assisting me we soon hung up the old buck. During the day we saw two bucks fighting, but did not get a shot at them. It now commenced raining, so we hurried back to the tavern. The next morning it was very cold, and as all the snow was gone we returned home to Cleveland, with directions to send our buck after us. The next morning getting up quite early, on going to the kitchen door the first thing I saw was my old buck standing up as straight and natural as life. I took him to my workroom, thawed him out, skinned him and prepared his hams for drying. This was the first deer I ever shot. I felt very much elated at my success in killing him.

Dec. 20, 1836.—I returned to "Avon Center" for another

deer hunt. The next morning after arriving at Fuller's tavern, we struck into the woods and soon came on the tracks of ten deer, all in one drove. After following them a long way we succeeded in killing a fine doe crossing their tracks in front of me. She fell at once, and upon going up to it I found that I had broke its back. I cut its throat, took out its entrails, and cutting a crotch stick, hooked it into its jaw and drew it in the snow some four miles to the tavern. The second day I saw several deer and got three good shots but no deer. My sights, I think, are too fine for the woods, or something else is the matter. However, I killed five porcupines. I found them on the tops of trees eating the bark; they made a very tempting and beautiful mark. The third day I saw great numbers of deer and got several shots, but owing to my bad sights got none.

On the fourth day, the snow still being good, I went out again and soon struck the track of a very large buck. I followed him for five or six hours, saw him several times, but always with his flag hoisted, until luckily I discovered him very carefully coming toward me on his back track. I let him come within eight rods of me when I fired. At the report of my gun he suddenly stopped, looked around a moment, and then bounded off. I had the buck fever when I shot at him, my arms and legs trembled violently, and that, no doubt, was the reason I missed him. I felt so vexed and mortified at not hitting him, I went home the next day, though the snow and weather were favorable. [In the last hunt of the year to "Avon Center" we note from the diary a great similarity to the former expeditions, but we extract a few notes of the most interest.] The deer are commencing to collect in great droves; to-day we saw 10 in one and 16 and 19 in another, but succeeded in getting none. However, toward night we started two does out of a tree-top and shot one, a fine fat animal. The next day started a drove of over twenty deer. After a while, seeing the whole drove only twenty rods ahead of me, getting down in the snow and resting my rifle on my knee, I singled out one of them and fired. Going to the spot where the deer

stood that I shot at I found hair and blood. Following the track up, I at last saw the deer lying down and as I supposed was dead. I placed my rifle beside a tree and was going toward him to cut his throat, when he jumped up and ran off at full tilt. I followed his track two miles or more when I again discovered him lying down. I took good sight this time and finished him. After cleaning him I passed my handkerchief through a hole in his neck, looked at my compass and commenced dragging him in the direction of the tavern. A violent snow storm coming on, I got bewildered and wandered about in the woods till night, when I came out on a road one mile from Beebe's tavern, on the south ridge, eight miles from where I started in the morning. I staid here over night and made arrangements for sending my deer to Cleveland.

On my way back to Fuller's Tavern in the morning I saw many deer and several flocks of turkeys, one of over two dozen, but got none. This day a hunter killed a large buck within fifty rods of the tavern, and not thirty rods from where a collection of some twenty people were burying a man who had been accidentally killed a few days before.

On the 5th day I followed a large drove from daybreak until 2 P. M. without getting a shot. After consulting with myself for a while I concluded to return to the tavern and recruit for the morrow. The next day I started for the south woods. When less than eighty rods from the tavern I started six deer, fired and missed them entirely, three of them standing in a lump, so in the dim morning light as to look like one huge animal. Following in their direction I soon came on the tracks of two together, and in a short time saw one of them standing twenty rods off. I immediately drew up my rifle and fired at it. It never moved. Loading as soon as possible I took aim, low down its side as I supposed, and again fired. This time it jumped and ran off like lightning. Going up to where it stood I found plenty of hair, and following the track a short distance found blood. From the way it tracked in the snow I saw that I had broken its hip. It ran pretty smart for a mile or more, when getting exhausted from loss of blood it lay down very often; jumping up at last very near me I fired and missed, when, being vexed at my ill-success, I took after it without taking the trouble to load my gun, and out-running it caught it by the head and ears and cut its throat with my knife. It proved to be an old doe in middling order.

A rain in the morning gave unmistakable signs of no sleighing and a very bad road home, so we packed up at once and left. So ended our hunting for 1836, and so our first deer hunts.

TRAMPS OF A TENDERFOOT.

II.—MY FIRST ELK.

IT was my first hunting trip to the mountains. We had had a hard trip across the Laramie Plains, as we had walked most of the 125 miles, and now we had been hunting some ten days with but poor success.

It is true we had killed a few deer; and one of the party had even killed two cow elk; and another had scared and been scared by a mountain lion; but game had been scarce and we came back to camp from many a weary tramp empty handed.

I wanted to kill an elk with a fine pair of antlers, and to that end I worked industriously, but only a fleeting vision of three elk at a distance as they disappeared in the brush late one evening had so far rewarded my quest.

We moved camp several miles, hoping to have better success, but no game of account fell to our rifles. Then the boys began to talk of starting home. One afternoon I went to the old camp to get a deer head and scalp that I had forgotten when we moved. The sky was overcast with heavy-laden clouds and occasional gusts of snow whirled around the mountain peaks.

I reached the old camp in due time and secured the head, and started to return. When within about two miles of camp I saw a band of six or eight elk feeding in an open space about half a mile above me on a small stream. Quickly getting into the willows I waded, crawled and worked my way through the dense brush as quietly as possible, until when within about 250 yds. of the band I came to an open space from which they were in full view.

It was a fine sight as I sat there in the brush and watched them as they quietly fed on unconscious of danger. Selecting out the largest one I carefully sighted my rifle, and with a slight pressure of the trigger there was a flash and a roar and the .45 90 bullet had sped on its mission.

Away went the entire band, and the one I had shot at turning squarely around made for the brush opposite.

As he went into the timber with a rush, with head up and antlers laid back, it was a fine sight. Apparently he was untouched, and he moved with proud and even defiant step, worthy the brush of a painter.

I followed quickly, and had not gone fifty yards until I came on him lying prostrate. He was a magnificent specimen and of unusual size.

Quickly dressing him, as it was now nearly dark, I hastened to camp for help to hang him up. We were soon back, and before midnight had his head off and the carcass hung up. This was a proud evening for me. Reader, have you after long and tedious hunting met with like success when about to give up? Then you can realize my feelings.

In my "den" at home there hangs on the wall one of my most prized trophies of the hunt, the mounted head of this "my first elk."

EDGAR, Neb.

THOSE NOVA SCOTIA LICENSES.—Halifax, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of your letter of 4th inst., together with copies of your paper of same date, including communication respecting Nova Scotia game licenses, also a copy of your *Book of the Game Laws*, for all of which accept my thanks. The Nova Scotia laws as published in your book are quite correct, and I will notify you of any changes important for you to know. The Digby hotel keeper has been obliged to refund the money taken by him for the bogus licenses, and the same is now in the hands of the Government, where it belongs. No such thing will be attempted in the future. From a remark in your letter I infer that you think that this man had some authority to issue licenses by reason of having formerly been a game warden and a magistrate. But you must distinctly understand that this is not so. There is no pretense of any such right, and he does not for a moment make such a contention. All licenses are issued at Halifax and sold in the different counties by the clerk of the county. The papers issued by the Digby man are purely worthless. All non-residents are obliged to get them before hunting. It cannot therefore be said that the imposing of licenses is not impartially carried out, since the law requires all to have them. The only difference between one man and another is that one may escape before capture, while another may be caught and fined. But this will always be, to some extent at least.—C. S. HARRINGTON.

KANSAS GAME.—Emporia, Kan.—I think that the Chinese and Japanese pheasants would do well here, and I would thank any of your readers to tell me through the *FOREST AND STREAM* where I can procure some of the birds to put out here next spring. We have fine bottom lands along the rivers, and on the uplands heavy, fine timber and plenty of cover on the bottoms and plenty of feed also; the majority of bottom farms have fine hedges. We have plenty of prairie chickens, and I think as fine quail shooting as could be asked for. I was out for about four hours on Dec. 20 and got a bag of twenty-six Bob White quail, ten rabbits and one fox squirrel. We have worlds of rabbits, both the little gray fellows and the jack rabbit. We were to have a grand chase to-day with the jacks and greyhounds, as we have some of the finest running dogs to be found; but this morning finds everything covered with ice.—G. C. J.

THE MYSTERIOUS TENANT OF A TREE.—Within the limits of the city of New York is a great swamp dense and treacherous the year round. It lies in a tract of country lately set aside by the city and called Van Cortlandt Park. One afternoon in the early spring of 1887, I was poking about among the trees and bushes on the outskirts of this swamp watching a wary hawk and some restless noisy crows that were perhaps beginning to build their nests in the tops of the swamp oaks. Several old crows' nests were found; also one composed of large sticks high among the upper limbs of a swamp oak. I carefully scrutinized the latter through my field glass, and I saw that it was not a new one, yet it was occupied, and the occupant's feathers or fur seemed to wave in the light breeze. I threw sticks at it, but could not see signs of life. A bird would surely have left. Then I pounded the trunk of the tree, thrashed about the tops of saplings and beat the bushes, but still there was no movement. Then I cut a stout stick, a yard long, and determined to climb the tree and find out its tenant. The tree was one of a bunch of four or five that sprung from a common base, and the group was surrounded by water. Small limbs had grown pretty thickly from butt to top, so that climbing could not be difficult. The platform of sticks, evidently a deserted crows' nest, was supported close to the main stem by several limbs and many others grew above and around it. My first impulse was to strike the bunch of red fur with my stick, but the limbs prevented that. All the while it had not stirred. If I could only make it move, perhaps I could deal an effective blow at it. So, reaching out at arm's length, I gave a strong poke into the mass of fur. It instantly arose upon its forelegs, stared a moment in bewilderment and surprise, and the very next instant, with a wild leap, went tumbling over the side of the nest into a pool of water fully 40 ft. below. Then, slowly dragging its tail, it crawled away, wet and forlorn, into a dense growth of brambles out of sight. The mysterious creature was a red fox. Not 40 yds. from this very tree was a railroad track upon which many trains a day had been passing. The home had not been hard for him to reach on account of the numerous limbs which served as rounds to his ladder. Here, he had, doubtless, slept day after day in the midst of civilization, with a feeling of such security that he would not deign to move until a stick was thrust rudely against his ribs. It is commonly believed that foxes resort only to burrows in the ground or holes among rocks. But this individual, with danger on so many sides, was, no doubt, driven by some great necessity to attempt the almost incredible feat of sleeping in a tree-top.—E. T. Adney in *Independent*.

KENTUCKY.—Spencer Co., Ky., Jan. 12.—The shooting season just past has been a very good one. Quail have abounded, and a pheasant has been picked up in the eastern portion of the county, in the hills of Beech and Crooked Creeks, where there is still vast, almost unbroken, forest. Hares have been plentiful, but the sport is so little appreciated that only market hunters have enjoyed it. There is not a beagle in the county. If their merits were known it would be but a short time before hare-hunting would be the most popular of sports. There can be few amusements more interesting than that of having the little trailers drive the hares out of cover where a good shot could pick them off *ad libitum*. The big fish-pond and game-preserve scheme has not materialized. Senator Gilbert has gone hunting a State office, and no one seems now to be pushing the enterprise. I am certain the plan was practicable, and would pay stockholders big interest on their money.—J. S. M.

FOREST AND STREAM POWDER TESTS.—New York, Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to the letter of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold in last week's issue, and also to the complaint of the manager of the American Wood Powder Co., that my Colt gun, which was used in the powder tests at Claremont under your management, was a large 12-gauge, I beg to state that the gun was tested by Mr. J. Dannefer, No. 9 Chambers street, and myself, and it was found a very small 12-bore. A No. 12 was required considerable pressure to go from chamber to choke. I hope this will satisfy those interested in that test as being fair to all concerned, as I did the shooting with my gun on that day without any interest other than a record for my gun.—EDWIN A. SUMMERS.

SNOW AND RIFLE SIGHTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A couple of items, one by "Hunter" and the other by Mr. Lyman, remind me that I have also been troubled when hunting deer in the timber, when the snow adheres to the branches and underbrush, by having the sights of my rifle, both front, open and the Lyman, choked with falling snow, or the view of the front sight obstructed by snow lodging on the barrel, especially so if the snow be damp. I overcome the difficulty by reversing the usual method of carrying the gun; that is to say, by carrying it bottom side upward.—H. L.

A SIGHT ATTACHMENT.—Let "Ahmeek" (issue Jan. 8) take a small rubber ball, such as is used by children as a plaything, cut it in half, or allow two-thirds in one position. In the part used make a small hole to tightly fit over projection in sight. Place in position, and the larger portion being toward face will serve to obviate the trouble complained of. The mode of application, etc., will suggest itself applicable to all peep sights.

At Hagen, in Prussian Westphalia, the attention of an official was aroused by the barking of a dog on the railway. Thinking there was something amiss the man followed the animal, and found that its master, a sportsman, while walking homeward on a low railway embankment, had been seized with a giddiness and had fallen in a state of insensibility on to the metals. Guided by the dog the man soon reached the spot where its master lay and succeeded in removing him. A few minutes later a train passed.—*London Daily News*.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The *FOREST AND STREAM* will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM. Box 2,332, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloam," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE SUNAPEE TROUT.

Salvelinus alpinus aureolus.

FOR some time past ichthyologists and anglers alike have been deeply interested in the question of the name and origin of the splendid trout of Sunapee Lake. Is it a distinct and peculiar species which has always been with us, or is it simply the European charr or saibling which has been lately brought over from Europe? Two of our highest ichthyological authorities have expressed themselves with some positiveness in regard to this matter. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has described the fish in question as a distinct species, under the name of *Salvelinus aureolus*, while Mr. Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, has declared it to be fully identical with the European *Salvelinus alpinus*, the charr, saibling, säibling or ombre *chevalier* of the rivers and lakes of northern Europe. On the supposition of the identity of the Sunapee trout with the European form, its occurrence in the lakes of Maine has been attributed to a recent plant of saibling eggs brought from Germany by the U. S. Fish Commission. The possibility that this trout is a hybrid between the saibling and the European trout or "brown trout" (*Salmo fario*), has been also suggested.

The study of the species of charr is a very difficult one. The specific differences are slight and the individual variations surprisingly great. The presence of a large amount of material is necessary in order to reach any conclusion. Those conclusions which now seem to me probable I wish to present in the most modest manner possible, for they are liable to be wholly overturned when the waters between Maine and Greenland are more fully explored.

For the purposes of the present study, Dr. Bean has very kindly lent me a considerable amount of material, from the National Museum, by consent of Dr. Goode. This consists of the following specimens:

Salvelinus alpinus—10,249, from Europe; 17,456 (two specimens), Bergen; 39,924, Sterling Lake, N. J. (introduced).

Salvelinus aureolus—From Sunapee Lake, 37,408, 37,409, 37,410, 39,384, 39,385, 39,900.

Salvelinus—A hybrid of *Salvelinus alpinus*, male, with *Salmo fario*, female, 2 years old, received from Norway, 17,451.

Salvelinus (nitidus)—34,384, Disco, Greenland.

Salvelinus (arcturus)—36,097, mouth of St. Lawrence River; 37,670, lake near Quebec.

Besides these specimens I have received several specimens of *Salvelinus aureolus* from Sunapee Lake and Dan Hole Pond through the kindness of Mr. A. N. Cheney and others. From Dr. Bean I have also specimens of *S. oquassa* from Rangeley Lake, and of *S. fontinalis agassizii* from Monadnock Lake. There is, however, no present question of the distinctness of the Sunapee trout from either *fontinalis* or *oquassa*, though its relations to the latter are very close.

From the material in hand the following conclusions seem justifiable, and I am pleased to find that these results agree in the main with the observations both of Dr. Bean and of Mr. Garman.

1. In comparing the specimens of *aureolus* with those of *alpinus* I find a very close agreement in all external respects, some of the specimens in hand coinciding, as Mr. Garman has noticed, in almost every detail with one of Dr. F. A. Smith's colored figures of *alpinus* from Sweden. I find, however, the following distinctions constant in these specimens, these differences being substantially those already pointed out by Dr. Bean.

In *aureolus* the gill rakers, 6+11 or 6+12 in number, are quite short, less than one-third diameter of eye, and angularly bent outward, the oldest specimens having them shortest in proportion and most curved.

In *alpinus* the gill rakers are 7+15 or 7+14 in number, longer and straighter than in *aureolus*, two-fifths length of eye in specimens of the same length as those of *aureolus* measured. In form of gill rakers and in all other respects the specimen from Sterling Lake introduced (from Germany) agrees fully with the Norwegian saiblings.

In *aureolus* the pectorals are shorter ($1\frac{1}{2}$ in head) and the dorsal lower than in *alpinus*. In the latter the pectoral is $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ in head.

Other apparent differences, which may depend wholly or in part on the condition of the specimens are these: The hyoid (hypobranchial) teeth in *aureolus* are smaller and in a broader series than in *alpinus*, the stomach a little thicker and the pyloric caeca smaller. I doubt the constancy of these characters. The specimens of *aureolus* are also a little more robust in form, a character of trifling value among trout.

Dr. Day has recently maintained, and he has shown good cause for his opinion, that the six or eight nominal species of charr ascribed to the waters of Great Britain are all forms of one—*Salvelinus alpinus*. Recent continental writers seem to share this view, long ago advanced by Agassiz, who placed all the charrs of Europe, including Iceland, in a single species, *alpinus*. Dr. Day has shown that the species is subject to great variation in the development of the pectorals. None of the European writers have paid much attention to the gill rakers. Dr. Günther has counted in English specimens 9 and 11 gill rakers on the lower limb. If these counts are correct, the number would vary from 6+9 to 9+15. But this count may be questioned, as it is not unlikely that some of the smaller ones have been omitted in Dr. Günther's enumeration. When all these facts are taken into consideration, the only character left to distinguish the Sunapee charr from the saibling is the curved form and perhaps lesser number of its gill rakers.

This problem is complicated by the existence of other saibling-like charrs in lakes of Canada and Greenland. It is evident, too, that some of these are even more like the saibling than the Sunapee trout is, a fact which Dr. Bean has already pointed out in a letter to me.

The specimen above mentioned from Disco, Greenland, is a fine trout, 15in. long, wholly silvery in color, a fact which shows that it was taken in the sea. This specimen

has the gill rakers slender and straightish, 9+15 in number, the longest $2\frac{1}{2}$ in eye. In this respect it agrees perfectly with the saibling, but in the form of the body and the shortish fins (the pectoral $1\frac{1}{2}$ in head) it more resembles the Sunapee trout. This Greenland fish represents the species called *Salvelinus nitidus* (Richardson). This has been thought to be simply the female of a long-finned Greenland trout called *Salvelinus stagnalis* (Fabricius). Perhaps *nitidus* is the female and *stagnalis* the male, or perhaps *stagnalis* is based on river and *nitidus* on sea-run specimens. Apparently the two are not distinct species and I do not see how either can be separated from *alpinus*. Apparently, also, *nitidus* only differs from *aureolus* in having the gill rakers of the *alpinus*. An unpublished engraving of another Greenland trout (*nitidus*) agrees perfectly in form and color with *aureolus*, but the gill rakers are not shown.

In view of all these facts, I have no hesitation in regarding these Greenland charrs as forms of the saibling. That the saibling should extend its range across to Greenland need not surprise us. It is found in all the mountain lakes of Europe from Austria to Spitzbergen. It enters the northern seas and swarms in the ponds of Iceland. In late autumn, in the North Pacific, black-spotted trout (*Salmo mykiss*) and the Dolly Varden charr (*Salvelinus malma*) freely enter the ocean, and they inhabit alike both sides of Behring's Sea. The saibling could as easily reach Greenland from Iceland as to cross to Iceland from the Scottish coasts.

Two other specimens before us are also of interest in this connection. One of these, a young trout, 10in. in length, with parr marks and without red spots, is from a lake near Quebec. The other, 9in. long, was taken in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This specimen is very dark in color, almost like a blueback. It has no red spots and its scales have the silvery lustre which is acquired on entering the sea.

These two specimens seem to agree with each other in essentials. They have straightish gill rakers like the saibling, but their number of these appendages (7+12 and 7+14) is intermediate between the saibling and the Sunapee trout. The pectoral fins are also intermediate in length, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in head in one specimen, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in the other. The opercular bones seem more straight than in any other specimens examined, but this appearance may be due to the fact of the partial drying of the skin over the bones before the fish was put into alcohol. These specimens are apparently intermediate between the saibling and the Sunapee trout, and again intermediate between the Greenland *nitidus* and the Sunapee fish. The specimen from Quebec agrees in all respects, waiving non-essentials, with Dr. Günther's figure of *Salvelinus arcturus*, the "northernmost Salmonoid known," from the northern limit of British America. Dr. Bean has suggested to me that this specimen may be the unrecognized *Salvelinus rossi* of Richardson. This view may be correct, but Richardson's description is so vague that we can only be sure that his fish was some one of the *alpinus* set, with red spots and a red belly, perhaps a *nitidus* or *stagnalis*.

The Sunapee charr is certainly not a hybrid between the saibling and any other species, European or American. The hybrid *alpinus fario*, examined by me, has the scales adherent as in *alpinus*, but almost as large (135 series) as in *Salmo fario*. Its gill rakers, 6+11 or 12, are stiffish and nearly straight; there are a few teeth on the shaft of the vomer (*fario* has many), the species of *Salvelinus* none at all) and the color is very eccentric. The body is dark and is clouded all over with sharply defined yellowish reticulations, which extend on the head and fins. Its coloration somewhat resembles that of a pike. It has neither the red spots of *alpinus* nor the black spots of *fario*.

In this connection we may briefly notice the other nominal species of charr described from British America and Greenland. *Salvelinus arcturus* seems to be a form or variety of *S. alpinus* as already noticed. The same is true of *Salvelinus nitidus* and of *Salvelinus stagnalis*. *Salvelinus alipes* is the same as *stagnalis* and *rossi* probably identical with *nitidus*, as is also *Salvelinus hearnii*. *Salvelinus hoodi* was based on a mixed lot of *Salvelinus fontinalis* and *S. namaycush*. *Salvelinus hudsonicus*, *canadensis* and *immaculatus* are *fontinalis*, the latter name given to sea-run specimens. But for all we know the *alpinus* may run out to sea as well and become *immaculatus* too. *Salvelinus naresi*, from the Arctic regions, seems to be the same as *oquassa*.

If these views be correct we have in America five species of charr, each highly variable and running into many local varieties.

1. *Salvelinus namaycush*.—The Great Lake trout, from Maine to Wisconsin, and Idaho, northwestward to Alaska.

2. *Salvelinus malma*.—The Dolly Varden trout, from the Sacramento Basin to Siberia, west of the Cascade Mountains.

3. *Salvelinus alpinus*.—The charr or saibling or ombre *chevalier* of Europe, from Maine to Boothia and across to Greenland, Iceland and all Europe; a well marked variety being the Sunapee charr (*Salvelinus alpinus aureolus*). Other varieties of doubtful standing are *alipes*, *nitidus* and *arcturus*.

4. *Salvelinus oquassa*.—The blueback, Rangeley Lakes to Boothia.

5. *Salvelinus fontinalis*.—The brook trout or speckled trout, from the Saskatchewan country to Labrador, and south in the mountains to Georgia; its range more southerly than that of the others and not crossing the Rocky Mountains.

As for the Sunapee charr itself we may say that it seems to be distinguished from all the other forms of charr by its gill rakers. It is probably not a distinct species, and it is probably native to the waters in which it is now found, and not an importation from Europe. Should it appear, however, that the saibling in that part of Germany from which specimens have been brought to America have gill rakers like those of the Sunapee trout, this opinion would be reconsidered. Other lakes of Maine, Quebec, Labrador and Boothia must be explored before these questions can be definitely settled.

It is interesting to notice that just as the right of the saibling to be regarded as a native American has been questioned in this country, so has its citizenship in England been also denied.

Dr. Day tells us that in olden times the people were "taught that three sons of the church introduced these fishes into Wales from Rome, and placed two in each of the lakes of Llanberries, Llynnumber and Trevenny,"

Perhaps we are justified in supposing that by the same persons and at the same time two were placed in Sunapee Lake, two in Dan Hole Pond, and two in the sea at Disco.
DAVID STARR JORDAN,
THE UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA, Bloomington, Ind., Jan. 7.

FOX RIVER FISH AND GAME ASSOC'N.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 15.—As many readers of FOREST AND STREAM know, the large and small lakes of what is known as the Fox Lake system, lie about fifty miles to the north of Chicago. The Fox River drains these lakes for the most part, and also supplies them with fish. The Fox River runs into the Illinois River, and the Illinois again into the Mississippi. These lakes, if left unsupplied with other than their natural increase of fish, would in time probably become quite exhausted. The keeping open of the great waterway from the Mississippi up to the lakes is therefore a great desideratum for the Chicago anglers, and for those anglers who live yet closer to these waters. To stock the lakes and streams, and to prevent illegal and wasteful methods of taking the fish from them, is a question of equal or greater importance. Briefly, to do these very things is the mission of the Fox River Fish and Game Association. Time and again attention has been called to this organization in these columns. It is the one and only protective society in the State of Illinois which amounts to a row of blue beans in actual protection of fish or game. It deserves credit. It works. It performs. It does something besides talk. Singular, unique, peculiar, almost startling it is in this regard. What it has done by way of opening up the dams on the Fox, of breaking up netting on the Illinois, and otherwise helping the Fox River chain of waters, has already been recounted duly in this journal.

The Fox River Association held its third annual meeting Thursday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M., at the Sherman House of this city. There was a good attendance. The association is not composed of a union of clubs, but of a union of individuals. Its success is the success largely of private effort, though it is growing constantly by accessions from sportsman's clubs lower down the rivers. As might be expected, therefore, the proceedings were marked by their informal simplicity and directness. The Fox River Association has no style about it to speak of, no pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war, but as a certain esteemed friend would say, it is "with 'em at every station of the road." The brevity and businesslike character of this meeting was delicious. The auditing of accounts was short, the reading of the minutes of the last meeting was short, and the address of President Cole was short, likewise to the point. Mr. Cole said:

To the Members of the Fox River Fish and Game Association:

GENTLEMEN—I can think of no better introduction of our annual report than by quoting from the fly leaf of our book of by-laws: "The objects of this Association are to help in the enforcement of fish and game laws, to press for the enactment of new statutes for the preservation of fish and game, and to see that proper fishways are put in all the dams in the river."

During the first two years our efforts were directed mainly to the first and second objects mentioned above; of the success of said objects you were informed a year ago.

The situation that confronted your directors at their first meeting of the past year was a depleted treasury, and an apparent indifference or neglect on the part of the members generally that was very discouraging to say the least. How that difficulty was overcome you will learn from the treasurer's report.

Not to bore you too much with details we have to report that all the dams in Fox River are provided with efficient fishways, built according to plans and specifications furnished by the Fish Commissioners, except one small dam at South Elgin, where there is an unused canal or sluiceway that has been fitted up experimentally with the understanding that if it does not work satisfactorily a regular fishway will be substituted.

On March 21 last we employed F. L. Buck, of Elgin, and obtained for him an appointment as warden. He covered all the ground from Fox Lake to the mouth of Fox River at Ottawa, and as a result of his work we can report seventeen convictions for the violation of the fish laws and seven convictions for the violation of game laws. He also distributed copies of the laws, posted notices, etc., etc., and warned persons all along the line. And best of all he seized and destroyed thirty-four nets which he found set in different parts of the river. Mr. Buck resigned Nov. 1 to accept another position, after a summer's work that accomplished much for the advancement of fish and game protection that we could have anticipated at the beginning of the season.

We have been told repeatedly by the Secretary of our State Fish Commission, Dr. Bartlett, that our work on the Fox River has been of great help to him all over the State, in that it has aroused a sentiment for the cause that is resulting in the formation of clubs that are giving their attention more and more to this matter of protection.

Before closing we wish once more to revert to the matter of finance. We can do a very little without funds. If all persons interested in our organization would make even a slight effort this fund could easily be obtained. Our annual dues are but \$1 and a life membership costs but \$10. All that is necessary is to send the cash with name and address to the treasurer, as all are eligible and there is no initiation fee. If each member of the Association will make his special effort to procure one or more members, the comparative small amount of cash needed will soon be forthcoming. Respectfully submitted for the board of directors,
Geo. E. Cole, President.

The report of the meeting of the Board of Directors was then made, briefly detailing the committees and the work they had done. Mr. John Wilkinson, minister of the exchequer, then made his report, in many ways the most important of any. Mr. Wilkinson showed the budget to be as follows:

CREDITS.	
Cash on hand, beginning of year.....	\$153 35
Annual dues.....	57 00
Life memberships.....	250 00
Contributions.....	229 70
Total.....	695 05
EXPENDITURES.	
Prosecuting cases.....	25 00
Patrol warden F. L. Buck.....	478 57
Printing and postage.....	35 35
Examining dams.....	35 67
Hauling fish for planting.....	8 00
Total.....	603 19
Balance on hand.....	91 86

The report offers quite a good showing. The "contributions" named among the sources of income contain among them the following: James W. Nye, \$5; White & Wills, sporting goods dealers, \$5; James H. Fisk, sporting goods dealer, \$5; H. N. May, \$5; A. G. Spalding & Bros., sporting goods dealers, \$25; Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., \$25; the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., sporting goods dealers, \$25; the John Wilkinson Co., sporting goods dealers, \$25; E. J. Lehman, \$25; the Fox Lake Fishing Club, \$101 (which shows the prominence of this club in the work); C. F. Hills, \$10; through C. F. Hills and Geo. E. Cole, \$30; Geo. E. Cole \$24.70, and others. In return for above, memberships in the association were issued to the extent of \$95, but the total available cash from this source amounted to \$229.70. Thus it may be seen that in some instances at least, both firms and indi-

viduals have given cash as help in a worthy project to help preserve fish and game.

The Fox River Association, however, does not claim to do much in the way of protecting game. The less it does the better. It is doing some work on fish. It ought to stick to this, especially in its own younger and weaker days. All conservative business thought shows the folly of branching out into many lines of business. One business well pushed is better. In a beautifully worded resolution the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association resolved to "conjoin" with the Fox River Association, in courtesy to its committee present. The "conjoin" business ceased when the meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association adjourned, just as everybody knew it would cease. The State association is an admirable body in its own way and for its own purposes, but it does not genuinely and honestly class game protection among those purposes. Since it does not and cannot claim such purposes, what has the Fox River Association to gain by acting with it, since its own purposes are those of protection and nothing else? The union would be only one of courtesy, and not one of practical and mutual interest. Let the Fox River Association saddle itself with no complicating responsibilities, but run free in its own field of practical results. Beyond its own feeling of courtesy in the matter, none will see the force of this quicker than the State Sportsmen's Association. Indeed, it would be better if the Fox River Fish and Game Association should strike the word "game" quite out of its name as well as out of its purposes. Let others pay for wardens to watch for illegal ducks, and let this association attend to the fish. The sense of this is apparent. The only wish behind it is to see this association go on and not go back, and present at least one decent chance to a newspaper wanting to chronicle an occasional bit of success in practical protection.

Directly bearing on all this was the report of the committee on game, Messrs. Baird, Burket and Hamburger. Mention was made some time ago of the cases brought by Messrs. Baird and Bartree against the South Water street men, Henry Sloan and J. B. Brousseau, for selling illegal game. In his report Mr. Baird told how he and his assistant didn't do anything in these cases. He scored the fat-witted Brusewitz, the Chicago warden, roundly, as did others also.

Mr. Hills, reporting for the committee on fish, tersely announced "There was pretty good fishing last season in the Fox Lake country."

The committee on legal and political action had little to report. Mr. Hertz spoke at some length upon the advisability of having a bill introduced prohibiting the abominable practice of fishing through the ice. Mr. Hertz told of one Elgin party who in three days caught 2,800 lbs. of fish in Pistakee Lake last December. The extent of the outrages was not generally known, but if known the Legislature might pass a prohibitory law. Mention was however called to the fact that previous efforts in this direction had been unavailing.

Messrs. Prussing, Burkett and Glenn, appointed committee on election of the board of directors, retired to confer, and in their absence the president called upon State Commissioner Bartlett. Dr. Bartlett was received with enthusiasm. He stated that the Fox River Association was the first organization that ever gave him any help in his work, and its help had been notable. He complimented the association highly. Dr. Bartlett had found that usually the men who complained the most about game violations were the most ready to object when he came to enforcing the law in their neighborhood. There had, however, been some work done, and thanks to this conjoint work we could now look upon a waterway open to fish from the Mississippi up to the lakes, no dam in the whole distance being now an obstacle to the fish. On the Illinois River nothing could ever be done till the last year. In that time over 500 nets had been destroyed and seventy convictions secured. It was deplorable that the Legislature had given an appropriation of only \$2,000. The fish wardens had to depend solely on fines for revenue. One warden, failing to make his case in justice court, had been arrested himself and nearly thrown into jail. Proceedings in justice courts had been found useless, and the Commissioner had adopted the plan of seizing the nets and letting the other fellow do the suing, which brought the cases into the Circuit Courts. Thanks to the aid of the president of the association, the Commission had been enabled to buy a little steamer of its own, and it now patrolled the Illinois River very thoroughly. In the work of propagation, 40 carloads of matured fish had been distributed, besides fry. Dr. Bartlett deplored the putting in power of such idiots as the Chicago warden, Brusewitz, but had no doubt that a petition to Gov. Fifer would lead to his prompt dismissal. The system of district fish wardens was working very well, the Quincy warden doing especially well. Replying to a question from Mr. Hills in regard to the cutting off and netting of fish that had run out in high water into the Illinois River sloughs, Dr. Bartlett replied that this was formerly practiced largely. The Commission had taken up one net so employed whose wings were 1,200 ft. long. Another net was 1,000 ft. long. "You must get hold of the net," said he, "and confiscate that, by holding it for storage" pending suit. He had seen four acres covered as a drying ground by the hoop-nets of one firm. Market-fishing is carried on in the Illinois to a terrible extent." Dr. Bartlett also favored a law against ice fishing.

Dr. N. Rowe, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, was called on, and contrasted the history of game protection with that of fish protection. The way of the game protector he had found a thorny one. He would favor a bill to put the matter of game protection in the hands of the Fish Commissioner. He favored a condensation and concentration in the work. Instead of many bills and measures we should unite, both associations standing on some plain and simple measures.

Mr. Cole pointed out the obviously unwise and impractical features of an effort suggesting any such double work for the Fish Commission under that or any other name. Co-operation might do, but amalgamation would be highly unwise, and would defeat the purposes of both fish and game protection. The suggestion met with no favor.

The FOREST AND STREAM representative detailed the extent of the ice fishing in Lake Maria, Lake Catharine and Channel Lake as witnessed on a recent trip and mentioned the outrageous fish pens of Lake Senachwine, on the Illinois River, where masses of diseased and half

dead fish are crowded together for weeks at a time and laded out for shipment as the market dictates. It was suggested that the association make members of the summer resort men along the upper lakes and then induce them to stop their ice fishing.

The committee on election reported and recommended the following to constitute the board of directors for the ensuing year: From Pistagua Lake region, Coroner Henry L. Hertz and Clarence A. Knight; from the Northwestern Pleasure Club, John Stephens; from Fox Lake Fishing Club, Chas. F. Hills and Geo. E. Cole; from Crabapple Island region, John Wilkinson; from Mineola Club, L. M. Hamburger; from the East Shore region, Geo. R. Davis and O. J. Weidner; from the North Shore region, Jas. Gardner.

The board of directors will early meet and elect the officers of the association for the ensuing year.
E. Hough.

FISH AND GAME IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Hunting this season was pretty good here. Some of my friends who joined me were very successful. The greatest drawback on those from a distance was the mild weather; when they killed a deer or two they had to cut short their hunt to save the game. Turkey were unusually plentiful. I attribute it to the favorable winter of '89-'90. We had some bear this fall, but none of my party had the luck to bring down any. I have had the good fortune to kill three nice bears since you were with us; one weighed 226 lbs. My eleven-year-old boy killed a very large wildcat near my deer park during the month of December. My brother John also came across a wildcat killing a small deer this last hunting season. We have some good trout streams, or at least they are considered so by all the anglers who have tried them. Mr. A. F. Rees and Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, of New York city, have tested our streams to their satisfaction. One is known as Wate's Run. The largest fish are never longer than 15 or 16 in. A stream called Trout Run, about three miles west of me, is noted for its good trout fishing. I don't know what the best specimens taken out weighed, but a friend and myself on one occasion took out of a pond, or hole as we call it, 23 nice trout in one day, the largest 16 in. long. There are two more trout streams only a few miles from my place. One is styled Stony Creek and the other is known as Pond Run; both are beautiful, cold and clear streams. Capon River, four miles distant, is a splendid black bass stream; it contains a vast number of fine bass, the largest weighing 5½ to 6 lbs. I hope it will be our luck to have you visit us another hunting season. Should you have any friend who wishes to catch trout send him here and I will give him good attention. I have built a new and comfortable dwelling since you were with us, and am better prepared to entertain my friends.
T. B. WILSON.

CAPON IRON WORKS, West Va.

[The home of the Wilson brothers, in Hardie county, has long been noted as a hunting locality, and we can testify, from personal experience, to the hospitality of the people and the abundance of deer, turkeys and pheasants. Capon Iron Works is best reached by the B. & O. Railroad to Woodstock and thence 12 miles by horse over easy mountain trails. The cost of boarding is merely nominal. Deer are driven to guns posted on their runways.]

A CARP'S DINNER.

MIRABILE DICTU! Strange things happen in far-off places. It is not uncommon in opening fish to find various and divers sundries within their maws. On Lake Superior the great lake trout, the *namaycush* of the Ojibbewas, seem to always be ready and willing to accept any of such things as are thrown from the cook's galley of the steamers and sailing vessels which plow its pellucid waters. It is not uncommon to find a fork or spoon, beef bones, potatoes, broken wine glasses, corn cobs, and even a bunch of keys are among the treasure trove from their omnivorous collection bags. But now a carp comes to the front as a container of the neatest outfit of anything yet seen on the great unsalted sea. On Christmas morning Capt. McCormick, an old salt and fish man, saw two fine large German carp on sale in Duluth. Struck with their appearance, and thinking to please his friend, the Doctor, he purchased one and sent it to him with the compliments of the season. Of course the Doctor was pleased with the gift and ordered it tabled. You can imagine the astonishment of all when it was opened to find within a silk-lined case containing a large meerscham pipe and cigar holder, all in good order, too. It was a genuine carp, imported from Germany, of the variety called *papier maché*. The Doctor has it yet carefully preserved, and the smoker's apparatus, too, which he shows to his friends with very great pleasure.
R. O. SWEENEY, SR.

DULUTH, Minn.

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In September, 1888, the Messrs. Hanlon, Prof. Siler, of Harrisburg, and Mr. C. H. Sangrey, of Washington Borough, in eight hours' fishing caught 93 "salmon," or pike perch, and 10 bass. One of the salmon weighed 8½ lbs., another 6 lbs., and a number ranged from 3 to 5 lbs. The largest of the bass tipped the beam at 4½ lbs.

In September, 1889, near Creswell Station, Messrs. John Yeley and W. B. Charles took from a small area of water (not more than 300x40 ft.), 68 "salmon" in a few hours, the largest weighing 5½ lbs., and the entire catch averaging 4½ lbs.

During the season of 1889, a royal specimen of the Susquehanna "salmon" was taken with rod and line near Mud Island, by Mr. John Keech. This fine fish was one of the largest of its species ever taken from the river, in this locality, and weighed 11½ lbs. 2oz.

In July, 1889, Messrs. Sangrey and Brush caught, in two and a half hours, 22 "salmon," the largest ranging from 3 to 5 lbs. in weight.

June 15, 1890, Mr. Harvey Brush took in about three hours fishing, 16 bass, one individual weighing 3½ lbs.

In the month of July, 1890, after being out one day for about eight hours, Messrs. W. B. Charles and John Myskin caught 20 "salmon," the largest 2½ lbs. in weight.
STEHMAN.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, MILLERSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 13.

ANGLING NOTES.

It is a well known fact that fish are not half as particular about tackle as fishermen themselves. A trout will sometimes rise to a bit of red flannel or white rag as quickly as to the most careful imitation of a natural insect. While it would no doubt be better to have our flies more correctly named, particularly those which are copies of insects, we all know it would not add one particle to their killing qualities.

A correspondent in one of the weekly papers asks why the imitations of natural flies are not scientifically named, and mentions the General-Hooker as an example. This fly, wrongly called Seth-Green, was first tied by John McBride, of Caledonia, N. Y., who died many years ago and therefore cannot give us an explanation; but the probabilities are he did not know the proper name, and we take it there are few, if any, of our anglers sufficiently posted in natural history to give the correct appellation of the many flies to be found along a trout stream. If there are such we should be glad to have a list, and will do all we can to bring it into use.

With the exception of the white-miller, gray and green drakes, black-gnat, stone-fly, coudung and a few others, the correct scientific names are unknown to most of us.

Then again the names of these flies have been known and accepted by anglers and dealers all over the country for many years, and a change would naturally create much confusion.

Unfortunately for the "school of exact imitation," the majority of flies that the trout prefer are what are called fancy flies and have received fancy names from the individual who first tied them. Take for instance the scarlet-ibis, grizzly-king, queen-of-the-lake, Jenny-Lind, blue-jay, silver-doctor, Montreal, Abbey, and a host of others which are known everywhere as the most taking flies in use, what do they represent and why do trout prefer them nine times out of ten to the closest imitations?

And with bass and salmon it is still worse. With these fishes it seems to be more a question of color than anything else and the flies they prefer are made up of the most startling combinations of all the hues of the rainbow, and pages have been written trying in vain to explain why they take them and what they take them for.

There are now several anglers trying to obtain natural flies for the purpose of having them imitated and we may be able later on to give the result of the experiment. One of the greatest difficulties will be the fact that each section of the country will be found to have its own variety of flies, to say nothing of the variation in size on different sized waters.

In the meantime trout and bass will go on taking the old favorites notwithstanding the absence of the big Latin and Greek names. One step in the right direction would be to educate people to mention fishes by their right names and thus correct the confusion that now exists. In own part of the country a big-mouth black bass is called a trout, while a few miles from there the same fish is called a chub. In Florida a spotted weakfish goes under the name of sea trout, and in some sections wall-eyed pike are known as salmon, and so on. Writers to the various papers and magazines are to blame for this, if they would call "rabbits" by the correct name of hares, and not speak of "partridges" when talking of ruffed grouse, etc., people would soon adopt the correct nomenclature of fish and game.

SCARLET-IBIS.

ANGLING RETREATS OF MAINE.—I.

GENERALLY those who have written about the Maine forests, streams, lakes, ponds and softly-running brooks have been visitors from abroad and not residents of our own Pine Tree State.

In attempting to inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM of the certain retreats in the woods of Maine, where large numbers have and many more may enjoy the pleasures of camp life, trout and landlocked salmon fishing, and the shooting of large and small game, I have no apology to offer. Being a near resident to the places and scenes which I shall attempt to describe "I know whereof I affirm," and I hope these lines may lead others to these green and sylvan woods, grand old mountains and charming ponds, lakes and rivers, there to enjoy the delights which I have myself experienced.

The immense throng of city denizens who are vacationists for weeks and months, and who are devoted followers in their annual pilgrimages of Peter the Apostle and the sainted Walton, are assuredly multiplying in the American nation. Many seek the seashore and yet numberless others the mountains and quiet nooks of the hill country. Others are charmed by green fields, clear skies and fine scenery, but all of them are fascinated by the adoring trout and gamey salmon in the remote forest lakes, around which dwell the fleet deer and where the moose has his own abiding place.

Owing to the fact that more than one-half of the area of the State of Maine is yet covered with a verdant forestry, that one-tenth of its broad domain is inland waterways; that its vast forests are inhabited by the game of primitive times, and its waters by the fish of the aborigines, and that nature has fashioned within our realm some of the grandest scenery in the world, we are rapidly becoming the summer home for countless dwellers in the great marts of the republic.

In all of northern Maine there is no portion that is more entirely a beautiful lake country than is the north-western part of Piscataquis county. Within a radius of ten miles of Munson are some thirty or more lakes and ponds where spotted and lake trout are abundant.

Here the tourist can select just such an outing as his health will permit or his tastes and inclinations may dictate. He can tarry at a modern and well appointed hotel and drive over pleasant country roads, feasting his eyes upon delightful landscapes, to a different trout pond each day for weeks, or he can penetrate the lone wilderness and camp beside the still waters in nature's own lodges and repose upon cedar "twigs" and spruce branches under aged forest trees, amid the

Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches and the voice
Of distant waterfalls.

It is occasionally suggested by visitors and strangers that we who are domiciled amid all this wealth of grandeur and wild beauty, among these lakes of trout and near the stealthy retreats of the moose, deer and bear, do not entertain a just appreciation of what has been so lavishly bestowed upon us. But this is, I believe,

an imputation without foundation. From the rough old hunter and weather-beaten trapper, whose homes are among the spruce trees, to the more favored sons and daughters who are "to the manner born" all have an abiding love for the mountains, lakes and forests. As evidence of this I cite the following lines from the pen of a Piscataquis writer of some note, Anna Boynton Averill:

My native wilds! For years untold
The morning touched your hills with gold,
The north wind swept your fragrant glooms,
And bore the larch and pine perfumes
Across your lakes of lily blooms.

The fir, the hemlock and the pine
Sang on the heights—and moss and vine
Made many a far, dim valley sweet
And shadowy, for the shy fawn's feet.

In silvery solitudes, the loon
Laughed with the echoes, and the moon
Made splendor on the mountains, when
The Storm King slept, unseen of men.

O woods, and lakes, and wandering streams!
Ye have awakened from your dreams.
Your sweet breath blew abroad. Beware!
The gay world comes and finds you fair.

Will all wild things take wing away?
I ween I would an' I were they.
Up these deep waterways I'd fare,
If I were wolf, or moose, or bear,
Or bird, or fawn, or fox, or hare!

O Northern wilds! you surely hold
In your great heart some refuge old,
Safe hid and far and deep and dumb,
Where the gay world will never come.

J. F. S.

MUNSON, Me.

OTSEGO BASS TAKE THE HOOK.

OTSEGO Lake has lately closed. Upon the ice, about six inches thick, and within fifty or one hundred rods of the village may be seen already a solid clump of fishermen's huts, twenty-five or thirty in number, each having one or two occupants. All are busy from morning till night, though the sport is very unequal, and, as the "shorts" aver, very inequitably divided. About half a dozen "experts" seem to get the bulk of the dainty spoil. The huts are huddled together, not because the bass are confined to any particular locality, for the lake is full of them, but because they are lured to this spot by immense numbers of the tiny lake-shiners, which are set free in each hut under the ice, and upon which, contrary to all former theories, they seem chiefly to subsist.

The fish, some of which reach a weight of three or four pounds, but average less than a pound, are taken partly on the bottom, but mostly near the surface, and in plain sight, which fact, as they are hard pullers and lightning-like in their movements, adds greatly to the fascinating sport.

As they are now biting freely, the daily capture amounts to about one hundred and fifty fish. Although at times hundreds may be seen at once, not one will touch the bait. The very next instant, perhaps, or if moved by a common impulse, they will dart after it, almost en masse, like a school of perch.

To watch their strange gymnastics during their wanton moods produces an excitement as agreeable in itself as it is impossible to describe.

The fish all find a ready market at fifteen to twenty cents per pound.

Only yesterday afternoon I purchased five, weighing together six pounds, from a young man who had twenty-four in his basket, all of them taken within a few hours previous.

In reply to the question, "Did you see many more than you caught?" he said promptly, "About a million." To save my reputation, as well as that of FOREST AND STREAM, I have, on careful reflection, decided to make a deduction of one hundred and ten, which would leave the number that he actually saw nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety! This is the exact truth—but let it not be forgotten that even "truth lies in the bottom of the well!"

ELIHU PHINNEY.

ANTE BELLUM OYSTERS.—In a book entitled "Our Twin Cities," published at Norfolk, Va., we find the following characteristic reminder of the superior size of Lynnhaven oysters in the "good ole times befo' de wah." A visitor has been commenting upon the excellence of some oysters placed before him by a sable cook in a Norfolk restaurant, and to him the cook replies: "But, Mas' Boss, you had order seen them Lynnhavens befo' de wah. I use ter cook fer Mas' Bray Walters—him dat died in de great pestilence. 'Jerry,' he said to me one day, Mas' Bray did, 'dere's a Baltimo' man done bet me a basket ob champagne he could eat a dozen Lynnhavens fer lunch any day. Now, I want you to fix him. Then he whispered in my ear, Mas' Bray did. So I sent him up a nice dish fried in crumbs, and by'm bye Mas' Bray called me up in de dining-room, and dere sot de Baltimo' gentleman stalled at eleven, and one piece still left, and acknowledging de corn. Mas' Bray said, 'Jerry, tell the gentleman what he has eaten; he says he has only eaten eleven oysters, and is ready to pay the bet.' 'Mas' Boss,' says I, 'you ain't eaten no oysters!' He jumped up with a big 'dam!' and say, 'You black rascal, what in the botheration you been feeding me on?' 'Sot down, Mas' Boss,' I said, 'sot down. Nothing gwine ter hurt ye. You only done eat eleven pieces ob one ob dem big Lynnhavens.'"

POTOMAC RIVER FISHES.—Yellow perch are moderately common in the Potomac, but there is a scarcity of eels and catfish. The Evening Star reports the capture of more than thirty barrels of white perch near Lower Cedar Point under peculiar circumstances. The fish appeared to have come to the surface to bask in the sun and were chilled and blown ashore by a sudden change of wind to a gale with low temperature. Schools of white perch are benumbed in this way not infrequently, but in regions further to the southward, as, for example, in the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, the baleful influence of cold winds is a common and fruitful cause of mortality among fishes.

PROTECTOR HAWN.—Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Anglers' Association of Syracuse have had three victories in one day. One, the appointment of Harrison Hawn as State Game Protector; and the others convictions of two of the worst illegal fishermen on Oneida Lake who run from ten to eighteen trap nets; they were fined \$100 each. We have another important case this week which is a test case and every means will be taken to defeat us. The members are wild with joy to-day. Should not think Mr. Blackford would appoint such a man as Mr. Hawn if Mr. Collins's words were correct. The Commissioners know what they are doing; they mean protection. You will see clearer waters than ever in Central New York. The fact is, a certain few have not wanted to give the Association credit for what they have done. We claim we have accomplished more than any other association for the short time we have been engaged in this work. Three cheers for the Commissioners, also for Pres. Blackford and J. Warren Pond.—ONONDAGA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.—Sullivan County, Pa.—Only a few deer have been taken during this winter. They are like the shadows of the past, here to-day, gone to-morrow. I celebrated my 66th birthday in that region trout fishing. Three of us caught about 200 small ones and they gave us rare enjoyment notwithstanding their small size. I have not yet been able to satisfy myself as to whether the wall-eyed pike and our yellow bass are identical. The resemblance between them is very great. Mr. T. F. Brown caught a yellow bass, which measured 31 in. in length and weighed 13½ lbs., at Brownstown, in October last. I did not have time to fish for black bass, but went out twice with a spoon hook for pickerel, I caught 13, and one of them was 24½ in. long. He gave me exquisite pleasure in landing him. Altogether the spoon fishing is exhilarating, for success depends upon vigilance and activity.—GEO. W. LUNG.

WASHINGTON ANGLING ASSOCIATION.—At a recent meeting of this association the election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the choice of Dr. Smith Townsend as president; W. K. Mendenhall, vice-president; Theo. Friebus, secretary; W. P. Pearson, treasurer, and Samuel Einstein as manager. Steps were inaugurated for stocking the Potomac River below the Great Falls with small-mouth black bass. Resolutions were adopted expressing regret at the untimely death of Surgeon-General Baxter, one of the best known and beloved among Washington anglers.—T. (Washington, D. C.).

QUEBEC FISH AND GAME PROTECTION CLUB.

MONTREAL, Jan. 13.—The annual meeting of the Fish and Game Protection Club was held in the club's rooms on St. Francis Xavier street on Saturday afternoon last. The president, Mr. George W. Stephens, occupied the chair. The following report was read by the secretary, Mr. A. N. Shewan, and the important recommendations therein contained were unanimously indorsed by the meeting:

Your committee have much pleasure in presenting the annual report of the club for the year 1890, which is the thirty-second year of its existence. In many ways it has been a memorable year in the life of the club, and it is necessary for those who have an interest in the preservation of game and game fish to rally to its support, for although we have good laws they are scarcely enforced, at least in this Province, except through the action taken by a club. The unfortunate failure of the Fish and Game Club caused a very large number of the members of that club to withdraw their names from the F. and G. P. C., forgetting that the two clubs, though very similar in name, had totally distinct objects in view; that of this club being exclusively the carrying out of the laws for the protection of fish and game and the watching of new legislation affecting these subjects, while the Fish and Game Club, an organization, having for its chief object the drawing together in a social way of the genuine sportsmen of this province, and its only connection with this club is that every member of the Fish and Game Club must be a member of the Fish and Game Protection Club. It would certainly be a pity to see the Fish and Game Club stop, but we are happy to say there is little fear of this, as thanks to the energy of some of its old members, there is every reason to believe the Fish and Game Club will soon be in a better position than ever before, and be, as it has been for years, the chief support of this club.

Notwithstanding what has been said about the loss of membership, this has been, perhaps, the busiest year the club has had since its foundation in 1858. During its auspicious forty-five years it has been taken up by the Police Court for infractions of the fish and game laws, and it has failed to get a verdict in its favor in but two. We think this the largest number in one year since the organization of the club. As these actions have not all been taken in the district of Montreal, courts have been held for the trial of cases at L'Assomption, Chateaugay and Beauharnois. The club has had to take Judge Desnoyers to these places, entailing a large amount of extra expense. Could the local justices of the peace be trusted, it would not be an expensive matter to have those tried in the district where they occur. Of cases tried outside the city six were at Chateaugay for unlawful netting, in five of which a verdict was had for the club; in the three tried at L'Assomption the club was successful in all; there were four cases at Beauharnois for shooting duck out of season, and three convictions were had, sentence in one case being suspended. The success that has attended the club in these cases is due in a large measure to the efforts of Mr. W. S. Walker, who has acted as attorney for the club during the past year. All these precautions have entailed a considerably increased expenditure, and the smaller membership of the club has caused the funds to be at a lower ebb than they have been for a good many years. It is to be hoped that the members who take an interest in our fish and game will endeavor during the next year to see that the membership is largely increased, so that our successors may not be hampered for the sinews of war.

While your committee has been doing its best to prevent actual infringement of the law, it has also tried to stop what it considered bad legislation. At the annual meeting last year attention was drawn to the fact that a bill was before the Quebec Legislature lengthening the open season for duck shooting during the spring to the 1st of May. As the club had, after years of effort, got the close season for duck changed to the 15th of April—a small concession, and certainly not enough in the opinion of any one conversant with the subject, to save the breeding ducks, it was determined to oppose the bill, and for the purpose a deputation was named to go to Quebec, but the bill was rushed through so quickly that it became law before they got away. However, petitions against the proposed change were forwarded to Mr. John S. Hall, M.L.A., who acknowledged their receipt on Jan. 30, but as they came too late he could only present them so that they were taken to show to the Government in this regard legislation was tried in the session of the Quebec Parliament just closed, when a member introduced a bill allowing the hounding of deer at certain seasons of the year. The bill, however, was defeated in consequence of the opposition of Messrs. Mercier, Boyer, Tallon, McShane and others. The thanks of the club are due to these gentlemen in the matter.

On March 13 a general meeting of the club was called to see if any steps could be taken to put a stop to the unlawful slaughter of ducks on Lake St. Francis—chiefly by Americans. Several plans were suggested and the secretary wrote to Hon. Mr. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands of Ontario, stating the facts. In acknowledging the receipt of this letter Mr. Hardy stated that the Government was not taking any steps in this regard, and through the newspapers we see that the Ontario Government has appointed a Game Commission and that the Lake St. Francis matter has been before them. It is to be hoped that the incoming committee will be able to come to such an understanding with the Ontario Government so that all parts of Lake St. Francis can be effectually guarded from poachers and pot-hunters. It is the opinion of these gentlemen to shoot without license in the part of Lake St. Francis which is in Quebec, and when they see any danger of arrest betake themselves to the Ontario part of the lake and laugh at our game wardens. On June 14 Messrs. Atwater, Boul-

bee and the secretary went to Ottawa and had a long interview with the Hon. Mr. Tupper, minister of fisheries, and his deputy, Lieut.-Col. Tilton. As a result of this interview the committee were desired to submit to the Government in writing what the club wished. On July 7, by authority of the committee, a letter signed by the president, vice-president and secretary was forwarded to Col. Tilton and is still under consideration of the Government. To the principal points in this letter special attention is called. They are as follows:

1. That Chatauguay, de Lisle, and Beaudette rivers have fishways put in, and that the sawdust act be strictly enforced in these rivers.

2. That the number of licensed nets on these rivers be reduced at least one-half, and that no netting licenses be issued within ten miles of Montreal, this limit being reserved for rod and line fishing.

3. That Missisquoi Bay be closed to net fishing for five years from May 1, 1891.

4. That the mesh or net used be not less than 2 in. on the square when wet.

5. The club desire to ask the appointment of Alfred Marsolin as fish warden, to act in concert with John Morris, of St. Lambert, over the whole district mentioned above, and that local wardens be abolished in these localities.

6. That the close seasons for lake (gray) trout and brook trout commence at the same time, Oct. 1, and end at the same time, May 1, except that after Ash Wednesday people in the country be allowed to catch fish for their own use.

7. That the close season for bass, maskinonge and doré end the same time, June 15.

With regard to section 2, a great many think that we ought to try and get all netting abolished from the Cascades to Bout de l'île, in the St. Lawrence, and on all waters washing Montreal Island and Isle Jésus. Were these concessions granted, there is no doubt but in a few years there would be good fishing with rod and line for thousands in Montreal who have only a day or half a day at a time for an outing.

At a meeting of your committee on the 6th June, it was moved by Mr. Boyer, and seconded by Mr. Atwater, that application be made to the Quebec Government for an appropriation to assist the club with its work. For various reasons this application has not yet been presented, but your committee think that, considering the work the club is doing, and what it has done in the past, it is far more entitled to recognition from the Government than many clubs which receive assistance from the Government in this city. A writer in the daily press a short time ago suggested the propriety of our provincial Government issuing gun licenses—persons not belonging to the province already have to pay, or are supposed to pay, for leave to shoot in the province—but though the idea of issuing licenses for the right to shoot was a very good one, the writer's idea of statistics must have been very vague, when he fancied that a revenue of \$300,000 could be got thus. If he had said that a revenue of \$30,000 could be obtained he would be within the mark and the Government would not only be able to pay complete and reliable men to look after and preserve our game and game fish, but leave a surplus for the Government, and license to shoot need not cost more than \$2 or \$3 per annum.

A statement of the financial position of the club will be submitted to you by the treasurer, and when the amount of work done during the past year is taken into account we think we are justified in saying that the work has been done with due economy. For the reasons stated at the beginning of their report the membership is smaller than it has been for several years, and it is to be hoped that the members will make an endeavor to add to their number. In this connection the thanks of the club are due to Mr. Boulter, who has been indefatigable in obtaining new members.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George Boulter; Vice-President, T. C. Brainerd; Secretary, A. N. Shewan; Treasurer, H. A. Becket. Committee: I. H. Stearns, L. A. Boyer, George Horne, A. A. Wilson, W. H. Parker, T. V. R. Brown, H. W. Atwater, H. R. Ives, A. Boyer, M. L. A. T. Ham, G. W. Stephens, A. Dawes, E. L. Clarke, E. A. Cowley, Dr. Finnie.

Fishculture.

REARING TROUT FOR MARKET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in your issue of Jan. 1 an article by Mr. Milton P. Peirce on "Failure of Trout Culture," in which he kindly asks you to name a solitary person who has made a success in raising trout for the market.

If Mr. Peirce will take the trouble to visit the Clear Water Trout Ponds, at Carolina, R. I., owned by Messrs. J. W. Hoxie & Co., or the Old Colony Trout Ponds, located here, I think he will at once be convinced that trout raising is a success. Messrs. Hoxie & Co. have for the past five years marketed 10,000 lbs. of trout a year, besides what they have sold to sportsmen, and they will have that amount to sell next year, and all from artificial hatching.

Pardon me if I state what I am doing at the Old Colony Trout Ponds. I have in two of my ponds some 15,000 trout which will be two years old next March. These trout will average $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each next April, and therefore weigh not far from 7,500 pounds. I propose putting nearly all of them on the market next spring, keeping only enough over to breed from next fall. I have also, in addition to the above, some 5,000 lbs. of two-year and three-year-old trout, from which I have taken 1,000,000 eggs during the past season. I have also, in addition to the above, some 50,000 trout fry of last season's hatching; many of them are now five inches long. I shall stock my ponds anew with these fry (or yearlings) they will be in the spring) as soon as I dispose of the older fish, and these the following year will average $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each.

To give an idea of the amount of food such a stock of trout will eat, I will state that I am now feeding 300 lbs. of meat daily to them.

I am aware that there have been many failures in trout raising, and probably very few have made it a success, but it is either from the want of proper facilities or because they failed to give it the care and attention that is necessary to success.

PLYMOUTH, Mass.

W. L. GILBERT.

MICHIGAN FISHCULTURE.

WE have received from the Fish Commissioners of Michigan a copy of their ninth biennial report for the period extending from Dec. 1, 1888, to Oct. 1, 1890. This is unquestionably one of the most valuable of the excellent series of reports published by this Commission. It comprises 216 octavo pages and 23 plates. The half-tone illustrations of fishcultural stations and operations are among the very best that we have seen, and the plates accompanying Prof. Reighard's memoir on the development of the wall-eyed pike have been very satisfactorily reproduced by one of the relief processes.

We are unable for want of time to give more than a passing glance at the contents of this valuable document, reserving its detailed examination for another occasion. The report contains statistics of the fisheries, accounts of new work accomplished and of the routine work of the fishcultural stations, details of the scientific work involved in the examination of the waters, notes on the habits of important food species, data concerning the complete success in stocking streams in which trout were not native, record of the planting of the species propagated and a list of hundreds of streams which have been stocked with brook trout since 1885 and were thrown open for fishing May 1, 1890.

The principal article in the appendix is the one already referred to by Prof. Jacob Reighard on the development of the wall-eyed pike, but we must defer the consideration of this and many other important items until a future time.

SUCCESS OF FISHCULTURE.—The following estimate of the value of fishculture and the protection of fish and game is from the inaugural address of Gov. Tuttle, of New Hampshire: "The artificial propagation and free distribution of food and game fishes is an undertaking of economic importance to the State. It is no longer an experiment, for

it has been fully demonstrated that it is a proper and profitable work for the State to engage in, and should receive the encouragement it deserves. The excellent trout, black bass and landlocked salmon fishing which our 300 or 400 square miles of lakes and streams afford attracts many visitors to our State, and prolongs their stay. The total number of young fish distributed the past year is 1,761,000. The great increase of deer in the northern part of the State is the result of their protection, and of a better observance of the law. It is claimed, and is probably true, that there are more deer than sheep in Coos county. Towns should select men who will faithfully execute the laws protecting fish and game during their breeding season. I recommend legislative encouragement of the work of this Commission."

REARING TROUT AND CARP TOGETHER.—Mr. Philo Ogden, of Durango, Col., has discovered that he can rear carp and trout together without detriment to either. During the large portion of the year the trout feed chiefly upon insects, many of which are very destructive to young carp, and in the winter when there is a scarcity of insects the carp settle down into the mud and the trout satisfy their appetites with snails and minnows which do not hibernates. Both trout and carp are doing well for Mr. Ogden.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 20 to 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the Louisiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at New Orleans, La. A. E. Shaw, Secretary, Box 1688.

Jan. 20 to 25.—Dog Show of the Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Augusta, Ga. A. H. Vorderlieht, Secretary.

Jan. 21 to 26.—Dog Show of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Elmira, N. Y. Carl Hart, Secretary.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. P. Capers, Secretary.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fiftieth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Secretary.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Secretary.

March 16 to 19.—Tenth Annual Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C. J. L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

CHARLESTON DOG SHOW.

THIS interesting little show was held in connection with the South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Though advertised to commence Jan. 13, it was not till the next day at 3 P. M. that everything was in ship shape for judging. Owing to the great distance from Northern kennels and the season of the year, the entry list was, as might be expected, not a very large one. At the same time the class of dogs present was far ahead of anything yet seen so far South, and must have been gratifying to the promoters of the affair. In a sense, the dog show was a sort of side show to the great gathering of poultry and chicken raisers, who literally swarmed from all parts of the country, but we fancy that, judging from the attendance, the dogs proved even a greater attraction than the roosters to the people of Charleston. A continual stream of visitors passed through the aisles nearly all the time the show was open, and no doubt the benches proved a success financially. The 160 exhibits were benches by Spratts Co., of their usual efficient manner, and the feeding was properly and carefully attended to. The hall was tastefully decorated, and this combined with the neat benches made a very pleasing effect. The disinfecting was efficient, for at no time, though the weather was warm and very humid, was there the slightest smell. With more experience in such matters, several little items which require attention to constitute a perfect show will, no doubt, be properly attended to in future.

The dogs were benched without regard to their proper numbers and in few cases did the bench number correspond with the tag on the dogs; and another time it would be better to put the prize labels up as soon after the judging as possible, as it is hardly fair to the visitors of a show to expect them to pay their money and then be no wiser when they came out, as to which is the winner, than when they entered the building. Mr. McInness, who looked after the dog show more particularly, was courteous and obliging to a degree, and I trust these few hints will be accepted in the same spirit in which they are given. Like many other undertakings the proper running of a dog show cannot be learnt in a day. Many well known dogs were present, but I would have been better pleased had more local ones been entered. Here is a good field for the dispersion of surplus stock from Northern kennels, collies and St. Bernards in particular. With Mr. Diffenderfer's nice team of St. Bernards this breed did not lack in quality and the Oriole Kennels made a good show with their fox-terriers, nearly a dozen of which were entered. Pointers and the setter classes, especially Irish, were well filled and, of course, with the Philadelphia contingent, well represented. Some good dogs put in an appearance in the terrier and pug classes. Spaniels were also a display of good quality. Dr. H. Clay Glover judged the pointers and setters and H. W. Lacy the rest of the classes. In none of the classes was the competition very keen, so their duties were comparatively easy.

No mastiffs were entered, and here I may remark that the club made a mistake in giving the bulk of the prize money to the challenge classes, for I am certain had they left out the challenge classes and devoted the "kudos" to the open division, a larger number of entries would have resulted, though where they could have put them would be difficult to say, as the hall was just comfortably filled as it was. With these few remarks I will proceed to a review of the awards.

ST. BERNARDS.

were the first to enter the ring. The struggle lay between Warwick, Jr., and Lord Baltimore, as Bawn of Kendal's lack of condition, want of markings and faulty hind-legs put him out of the hunt, though given vch. Warwick, Jr.'s, better head, color and limbs sufficed to put him ahead of the giant Lord Baltimore, who, though he has improved since Baltimore, is too long in face, light in color and straight behind to make him very formidable. In the bitch class two nice ones from the Maryland Kennel secured the money. Pleiad, recently imported, made her first appearance in this country, and though she is not a crack, still she has many

good points, principally in head, bone and depth of body. She beats Blodwen considerably in bone, though one foot turns out rather badly, still her nice markings and typical head just put her ahead of her kennel mate. The other entry was too poor to notice. In the puppy class a fair little bitch in Roulette, a bit long in head but nicely marked, took the prize and was afterward sold to Mr. E. Penge, the owner of Bawn of Kendal.

In smooths the only entry was the well known and typical little dog, Lord Hector, a sort of pocket edition of his handsome sire. This win will now put him in the challenge class.

ROUGH COATED.—Challenge—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Kemble's Warwick, Jr.; 2d, W. Stewart Diffenderfer's Lord Baltimore. Very high com., E. Penge's Bawn of Kendal. Bitches: 1st, W. Stewart Diffenderfer's Pleiad; 2d, W. Stewart Diffenderfer's Blodwen. Puppies: 1st, W. Stewart Diffenderfer's Roulette. —SMOOTH COATED—Dogs: 1st, W. Stewart Diffenderfer's Lord Hector.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Only two appeared in this class, and being good big black dogs, the one with the thickest head got the prize. Newfoundlandians need attention in Charleston as well as elsewhere. The prizes should really have been withheld, as their coats were too curly.

Dogs and bitches: 1st, James O'Cameron's Rover; 2d, John Amengual's Carlo.

DEERHOUNDS.

Only one entry, and this a well-known winner—B. S. Dering's Nora, described in our Toronto report. She was nicely shown.

Dogs and bitches: 1st, B. S. Dering's Nora.

DALMATIANS.

I was surprised to meet two fairish specimens of this neglected but handsome breed. The dog, Jeff, was by far the best, both in head, legs, feet and spots, though both are splashed too thickly on shoulders and loin.

Dogs and bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr. T. W. Tuggle's Jeff and Bell.

GREYHOUNDS.

Two very fair dogs turned up in Balkis II. and Monarch. The former, a son of Mother Dendike, has the faulty back ribs and feet of his dam, but beats the other dog in head and legs. In bitches a better than either was also shown by Mr. Whiton in Spinaway, who looks like going a bit. She is by Lord Neverstille out of Partera. She completely smothered her opponent Fanny, whose Italian greyhoundy look and poor condition ought really to have put her out of the money altogether.

Open—Dogs: 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' (L. C. Whiton & Co.) Balkis II.; 2d, Dr. John May, Jr.'s Monarch. Bitches: 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Spinaway; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Fanny. Best in the show, Spinaway.

POINTERS.

In the heavy weight class for dogs a rather heavy and coarse dog, Alto, won, over Bruno, beating the latter in head, legs and ribs. In the corresponding bitch class Jess had things to herself; she is faulty in head and front. In the light weight dogs Pommy Sec had a somewhat easy win over Boss of Hall's Island, which latter I think just about takes the Spratts in nomenclature, he loses to the winner in ribs, head and legs. Two very nice bitches turned up in the next class, and it was a rather even match, though eventually Lady Graphie's better barrel, shorter back and more showy action, just beat the sweet-headed Rosa May, who has one of the nicest heads I have seen for some time; she is a daughter of the well-known Fritz, and has won several prizes in the South. Daisy, vch., is straight in stiles, wild eyed, and a bit out in front. Rob Roy, the puppy, was a poor one.

Dogs: 55 lbs. and over—1st, H. B. Briton's Alto; 2d, R. Graham's Bruno. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Kemble's Jess. Under 55 lbs.—Dogs: 1st, N. H. Hyland's Pommy Sec; 2d, T. S. Inglesby's Boss of Hall's Island. High com., W. W. Power's Toby. Bitches: W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphie; 2d, J. P. Cartwright's Rosa May. Very high com., W. St. J. Jervy's Daisy. Best pointer, Pommy Sec.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

A good looking son of Roi d'Or was returned the winner in the dog class, and barring a trifling lightness in muzzle, little fault can be found with him, as he looks a workman all over and fit for any company. Carlton Pero, second, is too coarse and heavy in head, though good in legs and feet. Dashing Kent, vch., is too straight-faced and wide in front. In bitches Tick, the winner, is a nicely made one, though small, also a bit light in muzzle, beats Molly in pasterns and form generally. Rosa Brown, h.c., beats the c. card Lotie, in head and body, the latter being too coarse and heavy throughout. Tick was the only entry in puppies.

No challenge entries. Open—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Dessausure's Sam Slick; 2d, J. W. Kimble's Carlton Pero. Very high com., J. W. Kimble's Dashing Kent. Bitches: 1st, H. A. Bridge's Tick; Woodbury Kennels' Molly; B. McInness's Rosa Brown. Com., A. B. Connor's Lotie. Puppies: 1st, H. A. Bridge's Tick. Best English setter, Sam Slick.

IRISH SETTERS.

In challenge bitches two good ones faced the judge, both stars in fact—Molly Bawn and Ruby Glenmore. It was a tight go between them. Ruby did not show herself well, but the only advantage she has is in color. Molly just beating her in character of head and front, Ruby being somewhat weak in pasterns, and also is not so good in hocks as the winner. Molly looked quite gay for her years; in fact much better than she has for some time. Eight showed up in the dog class, but outside of the winners there was little merit. Kildare, well known, would have been an easy winner but for his condition, for his typical head is all that pulled him in a winner; he really ought not to have been shown so poor in coat and flesh. Merlin loses in shoulders, head and neck, though good in body and bone. Eleo, reserve, is a taking little dog, though lacking a trifle in type, but is of good color. Jack Heywood, vch., loses in head, too. Jerry C. is coarse and light in color. In bitches Jeanette, an old friend, was placed rightly over Leda Glencho, also well known, in her present shape, the latter appearing with her bag all down as if in whelp, not looking by any means the clean-cut animal that won at Baltimore last spring. Winnie II. is well known, and Madge, vch., has a fair head only, but nice body and front. Lulu, though entered, was absent. Rosa, c., is off color and small.

Challenge—Bitches: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Molly Bawn. Reserve, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore. Open—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Washington's Kildare; 2d, B. H. Price's Merlin. Very high com., reserve, Seminole Kennels' Eleo. Very high com., N. P. Colson's Jack Heyward; C. H. Hemme's Jerry. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Jeanette; 2d, W. W. Kendal's Leda Glencho. Reserve, N. L. Washington's Winnie II. Very high com., J. W. Kemble's Madge; Com., Sunset Kennels' Rosie.

GORDON SETTERS.

Challenge bitches saw the well-known Roxie, in fair bloom, the winner in the absence of Rose. In open dogs Duke of Kent is just fair, a bit heavy in head, good legs and feet. The other entry had no part of the necessary 62½ per cent. In bitches Viola, light in eye, fair head, might be better in tan, was alone.

Challenge Class—Bitches: 1st, H. F. Smith's Roxie. Open—Dogs: 1st, J. S. Gans's Duke of Kent; 2d, withheld. Open—Bitches: 1st, Jos. F. Gans's Viola.

SPANIELS.

In the dog class there was only one with much pretensions

to type. Black Diamond, looking in good shape, easily defeated Tuck, who is too curly coated and far too long in the legs. In challenge cocker bitches that nice little cocker Novel was alone, she was nicely shown. Black Duke only just succeeded in getting in front of Banjo, who is a little too cobby at present. Duke just beats him in bone, and is cleaner in neck and shoulders, where the other is too short and heavy. Banjo is shorter backed but not so straight in coat. Idea had an easy win in bitches, she has filled out nicely since Ottawa. Bessie W., though not in good flesh, beat Hasel Obo in coat, which is too curly. In any other color Red Doc, well known, was alone, and so was Beauty, who is too much out in front.

FIELD SPANIELS—Dogs: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Black Diamond; 2d, L. L. Martin's Tuck. Challenge Cocker—Bitches: 1st, George H. Bush's Novel. Open—Dogs: 1st, B. F. Lewis's (agent) Black Duke; 2d, W. Barnes's Banjo. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Geo. H. Bush's Idea and Bessie W. Very high com. W. Barnes's Hasel Obo. Any other Color—Dogs: 1st, W. Barnes's Red Doc. Bitches: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Beauty.

COLLIES.

Bonnie Brae was alone in the challenge class for bitches, she was hardly in her usual bloom. Roslyn Dandy far outclassed the others in the dog class. Dr. May's dog is too thick in head, but is in nice coat. The others were the usual out of town type. In bitches Mischief's nice body and coat won the prize, though her head is too short and thick; Beatrice is better in this respect, though far from correct. The others, though nice in coat, were very faulty in head, eyes and limbs. Beatrice won the puppy prize without competition.

Challenge—Bitches: 1st, W. D. Hayes's Bonnie Brae. Open—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy; 2d, Dr. John May, Jr.'s —. Com., Chas. Inglesby's Rex Maximus and Kirby S. Tupper's Charleston Scott. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Mischief; 2d, Dr. John May's Beatrice. Com., A. P. Hazard's Rowena and Albert Bertling's Coomasie. Puppies—1st, Dr. John May's Beatrice.

POODLES.

Dr. S. G. Dixon's black dog Paris won the only entry, and were he clipped would be just a fair one.

PUGS.

Bob Ivy, in challenge dogs, was alone, and looked as well as I ever saw him: he improves with age. Vesta also had matters to herself in the corresponding class. Bradford Rowdy just managed to secure the blue ribbon, being in better condition than Kash, Jr., who excels him slightly in head and body. In bitches Nellie Bly, a little above herself in flesh, somewhat easily beat the long-muzzled Daisy K., and Nelly got all she deserved with h.c. She is faulty in head and body. In puppies, Kash, Jr., despite his condition, won easily over Nellie.

Challenge—Dogs: 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Bitches: 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta. Open—Dogs: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Bradford Rowdy; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Roger S. Harrison's Nellie Bly; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Daisy K. High com., Frank R. Street's Nellie. Puppies—1st, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.; 2d, C. A. Montague's Nellie.

BULL-TERRIERS.

In dogs Woodbury Kennels' White Stubbs was alone; he was looking well. Meg Merrilies also won in her class without competition, though a wash would have done her good; she was otherwise in fine shape, and Stubbs was almost fit for a battle.

BASSETS.

Associated Fanciers' Mauprat was alone and looked truly disgusted when the secretary asked "What in heaven's name is that thing?"

DACHSHUNDE.

B. F. Lewis's now well known Gill was alone and won; she was looking sleek and well.

BEAGLES.

Little Duke, shown fat, but as lively as ever, had the challenge class to himself. Count, in open dogs, is too long and straight-faced and a bit on the large size. Prince Fay was absent. Quite a nice little bitch in Flossy turned up in the next class and was far ahead of Countess Fay in head and body. Spider, h.c., is a bit large and coarse. Baby, though a rather nicely made one, is a bit pig-jawed. Snow was over size—15½ in.

Challenge—Dogs: 1st, H. Bennett's Little Duke. Open—Dogs: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Count. Bitches: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Flossy; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Countess Fay. High com., H. J. Bennett's Spider. Com., Sunset Kennels' Baby. Puppies: 1st withheld; 2d, Sunset Kennels' Baby.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Challenge dogs had the old-time Blemton Volunteer for the winner, looking well, and in the corresponding class Blemton Brilliant, getting a bit wide and thick, was also alone. Suffolk Risk's good front and long punishing head put him ahead of Oriole Trap, though the former looked a trifle leggy alongside him. Boots is a fairish one, nice head but a little long cast in body; feet are also faulty. Blemton Ransack is far too thick in head, otherwise a nice cobby, good-legged little fellow. In bitches, Verdict beats Marjoram in legs, feet and bone. Vice, though too small, beat Nelly in coat and back. Hillside Diana loses in skull, too thick, and also in legs and feet. Hillside Marchioness is almost blind in one eye from an ulcer, but has nice body, legs and feet, and would have been placed higher but for the eye. Two fair little puppies were shown, and Marchioness had again to fall back for the above reason.

Challenge—Dogs: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Blemton Volunteer. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Blemton Brilliant. Open—Dogs: 1st, C. L. Wilton's Suffolk Risk; 2d, Oriole Kennels' Oriole Nap. Reserve, E. P. Jervey's Boots. Very high com., Oriole Kennels' Blemton Ransack. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Verdict; 2d, Oriole Kennels' Blemton Marjoram. Very high com., Oriole Kennels' Vice. High com., C. D. McCoy's Nelly. Com., A. E. Shaw's Hillside Diana. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Oriole Kennels' Oriole Rage and Oriole Dixie. High com., A. E. Shaw's Hillside Marchioness. Though several wire hairs were entered and shipped, they did not arrive at the show.

IRISH TERRIERS.

The old stager, Lewis & Jarrett's Burnsides, had it all to himself; he was in full feather.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

Sunset Kennels' Fanny Fern, an old winner, was alone in the challenge class. In bitches, Sunset Kennels' Brawnie, rather a nice one, was the only entry and was given the prize. She is a bit short-faced, but good in coat, bone and body.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

Rochelle Kennels had no competition against their The Senator in dog class. It is not too much to say he was in much better shape as regards flesh, but his coat will need special attention for New York. In bitches English Lady is a nice stamp of bitch, not so good in markings as the dog, but better in ears and condition. Fancy lacks pencilings and thumb marks and her tan is washy.

Open—Dogs: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' The Senator. Bitches: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady; 2d, Miss Clara Ritter's Fancy.

SKY TERRIERS.

Clifford A. Shinn's well-known Sir Stafford had the challenge class to himself and was shown in very nice shape. In open dogs the well-known Lovett scored alone, and in bitches

Lady Countess, light in color, but in better coat than I have seen her before, had no competition. Afterward Sir Stafford and Lovett came together for a special. The former won, beating the latter in head, ears, length of body and bone.

Challenge—Dogs and Bitches: 1st, Clifford A. Shinn's Sir Stafford. Open—Dogs: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Lovett. Bitches—1st, M. H. York's Lady Countess.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

A. P. Hazard showed two fair ones; the winner, Fedora, is too full in the skull, but has better legs and feet and depth of chest than the pup Dan.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.

Only a fair little toy-terrier showed up in this class, and if the hair can be kept on it would do to show elsewhere.

SPECIALS.

Best kennel St. Bernards, Maryland Kennels; fox-terriers, Oriole Kennels; spaniels, Geo. H. Bush; beagles, Sunset Kennels; best St. Bernard, Pleiad; best fox-terrier, Suffolk Risk; best black and tan terrier, The Senator; best Skye terrier, Sir Stafford; best Newfoundland, Rover; best sporting dog, J. P. De Saussure's Sam Slick; best non-sporting dog, Sir Stafford; best English setter, Sam Slick; best Irish setter, Kildare; best kennel in the show, Geo. H. Bush's spaniels. H. W. L.

SOUTHERN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOC'N TRIALS.

Monday, Jan. 12.

THE trials held at Lafayette, La., did not open favorably, as the weather was cloudy and windy. Toward noon it was warmer, getting cold again toward evening. Owing to recent heavy rains the grounds were unfavorable and very heavy for walking. Cover was very heavy, especially so in the bottoms, and rendered good work almost impossible. The birds are very wild, and consequently little satisfactory work can be done. The Members' Derby closed with six entries.

WUN LUNG AND THE GHOST.

F. F. Myles's English setter dog Wun Lung and Omer Villere's English setter dog The Ghost; the latter by Bob McCargo—Winnie D. They were put down in an open field and ran for half an hour, Wun Lung doing best work on birds, being staunch and using good judgment—one of the best puppies I have seen. The Ghost, on the contrary, was not up to his work, flushing and chasing several times. Wun Lung won easily.

ROMP AND JESSE JAMES.

Mr. J. K. Renaud's white pointer dog Romp with Mr. F. F. Myles's black, white and tan dog Jesse James, by Yazoo—Dimple, were cast off at 9:17 and ran until 10:02. Romp did most of the work on birds, two bevs being found. He had better pace, range and judgment. During the heat he unfortunately cut himself in the foreleg on a wire fence, but stuck to it quite pluckily and eventually won. Jesse James was not under good control.

NELLIE BLY AND YUM YUM.

Mr. F. F. Myle's English setter bitch Nelly Bly, by Bruce—Enid, against C. A. Geison's Yum Yum, starting at 10:15 continued till 10:51, then ordered up till other ground was reached at 11:05, when they were sent off again. Soon after, birds were flushed by horsemen in an open cornfield. The dogs were worked to them, each scoring a point, though they ought to have scored more. Nelly had best speed and range, but her work on birds was not good. Nelly was declared the winner at 12:15 P. M.

Second Series.

WUN LUNG AND ROMP.

These two were sent away at 12:56 in an open field, Romp showed signs of the cut he had received, and, though game, he could not do his best. He found the two bevs in the heat, doing best work on birds, working with rare judgment, but this did not overcome the better pace, range, style and single-point work of Wun Lung, who eventually won, with nothing to spare.

Nelly Bly ran a bye.

Third Series.

WUN LUNG AND NELLIE BLY.

Luncheon over, at 2:26 these two were put down for first money. Wun Lung pointed a sparrow. Then pointed staunchly near ditch—his actions denoted great excitement—and a possum was found. Mr. Miles amused himself and others by holding it up by the tail. Nelly then tried to locate birds but failed. In the same cottonfield Wun made a flush, he next stopped to wing and made a point, bird flushing directly afterward. He then roared a bird some distance and secured a good point. Nelly followed with a point, but nothing was found. Dogs ordered up at 3:12. Wun Lung won. He was better in style, pace and range, though there was little work done on birds by either dogs. This decided first money.

By request of those interested the club's officers consented that the other prizes should be awarded without further running. The judges then placed Romp second. Nelly Bly and The Ghost dividing third. Thus ended the Derby.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

F. F. Myles's Wun Lung beat Omer Villere's The Ghost. J. K. Renaud's Romp beat F. F. Myles's Jesse James. F. F. Myles's Nelly Bly beat C. A. Geison's Yum Yum.

Second Series.

Wun Lung beat Romp.

Nelly Bly a bye.

Third Series.

Wun Lung beat Nelly Bly and won first prize.

Romp, second.

Nelly Bly and The Ghost divided third.

THE ALL-AGED STAKE (MEMBERS').

The running of this stake began at once and dogs were drawn to run as follows:

Omer Villere's pointer Crocket against J. K. Renaud's pointer Romp.

A. Cardona's pointer dog Dan against R. B. Parker's setter dog Glen.

F. F. Myles's setter dog Bob McCargo against Omer Villere's setter bitch Queen Ella Noble.

R. W. Foster's setter dog Capt. Bethel against F. F. Myles's setter Ben Hur.

J. K. Renaud's pointer Lottery against F. F. Myles's setter bitch Nelly Bly.

Omer Villere's setter dog Lee against F. F. Myles's Winnie D.

F. F. Myles's Gordon setter dog Stubble against N. T. Harris's setter bitch Dimple.

As Mr. J. K. Renaud had to serve as judge, they were not run in the above order. He withdrew his entries of Romp and Lottery. The running followed as given in the following account.

First Series.

GLEN AND DAN.

Mr. R. B. Parker's English setter dog Glen and Mr. A. Cardona's liver and white pointer dog Dan were put down at 3:36. This was a long and unsatisfactory heat on bad grounds, with heavy cover, giving dogs hard work with little satisfaction to judges, as they could with difficulty see the work done. Good work was impossible. Glen was the

better in pace, range and style, doing best work on game. Dogs ordered up at 4:50. Glen won. A start for town was then made. But as a bevy was soon flushed, which settled in an open field quite near, the next brace was then called and was sent on. Messrs. Harris and Renaud were the judges.

BOB M'CARGO AND QUEEN ELLA NOBLE.

F. F. Myles's English setter dog Bob McCargo and Omer Villere's English setter bitch Queen Ella Noble had a short run, but little work. The Queen found a point, was steady and retrieved. She had better speed, though Bob McCargo had better range.

BEN HUR AND CAPTAIN BETHEL.

R. W. Foster's English setter dog Captain Bethel, by Gordon—Blanch, against F. F. Myles's English setter dog Ben Hur, by Paul Gladstone—Lottie, were cast off at 9:10. Shortly after, birds flushed in a cornfield. The bevy settled in heavy cover. Sending the dogs in each secured a point. Captain working in open, made a point and Ben Hur was called up to back, but nothing was found, but the Captain had been held too long and bird had ample time to get away. Ben next pointed in corn, the Captain backed well but spoiled the good work by drawing in ahead. Nothing was found to the point. The dogs were then taken up and moved quite a distance and put down again after 43m. In corn a single bird flushed, Ben pointing a bevy; Mr. Myles shot and killed; Ben broke shot and made an indifferent retrieve. The heat then ended at 10:53 in favor of Ben Hur. This decision was rendered too quickly, as really not enough work had been done. Captain's good speed and range offset Ben Hur's limited work on birds. At this point Mr. Renaud withdrew both Nelly Bly and Lottery in order that he might judge.

LEE AND WINNIE D.

Omer Villere's English setter dog Lee against F. F. Myles's setter bitch Winnie D. were cast off at 11:07. Lee started off with a flush, then pointing some remaining birds, but in a short time he moved on and flushed. Winnie, going at good speed, dropped to a point, the birds soon after flushed wild. Moving on to cotton patch Lee pointed and Winnie backed; roading on Lee finally located birds in weeds by a ditch; flushing birds, Lee started to chase but stopped to order. Each made a flush, near hedge, on scattered birds. Lee followed with a point on some birds in hedge, and heat ended 11:20. Lee winning, having done the best work on birds. Winnie was better in pace and range.

CROCKET AND NELLIE BLY.

Omer Villere's Crocket against F. F. Myles's English setter bitch Nellie Bly (Bruce—Enid), were put down at 11:49. Mr. Foster acted as judge instead of Mr. Harris. The dogs were given a long heat in order to decide their merits. Finally, at 1:33, they were ordered up for want of merit, and were consequently out of the race.

DIMPLE AND STUBBLE.

N. T. Harris's English setter bitch Dimple against F. F. Myles's Gordon dog Stubble. At 2:12 this brace started off at a good speed, ranging wide. Dimple found first, pointing a bevy in a cotton field. She was steady to wing. Moving on she soon pointed another bevy, winning the heat at the end of thirty minutes. Dimple worked her ground well. Equal in speed and range. This brought the first series to a close.

Second Series.

GLEN AND QUEEN ELLA NOBLE.

Cast off at 3:15, the heat commenced in a cornfield. Glen soon flushed a bevy and was steady to wing. Glen pointed a single one of the scattered birds; it rose quickly afterward. He next pointed and a single bird got up behind him. Queen came around that way and pointed the remaining birds of bevy. Glen was entitled to the credit of the find, the birds flushed, a few at a time, beyond the briars. Queen afterward made an undecided point. Then each dog pointed false. The next work was in a cornfield, where Glen pointed and birds flushed. The birds were followed into heavy cover and flushed as one of the judges rode in. In the open Glen pointed twice and flushed once. The heat soon after ended, Glen winning. He was best in style, speed and range.

BEN HUR AND LEE.

This brace was cast off at 4:40, running 38 minutes. Neither ranged well. Lee did the best work on birds found, making three points. Ben nothing. Neither did good work. Lee won. Dimple having a bye in this series, ran it out.

Third Series.

GLEN AND DIMPLE.

They started in a cornfield, Dimple pointing a bevy. Glen coming up, scented, drew on and flushed, and was a little uneasy, stopping to order. The remaining birds then flushed wild; going to scattered birds Glen pointed and Dimple backed, then moved on. Glen started to chase when birds flushed, but stopped to order after going a few yards. Dimple next made a good point, Glen following with three points on singles. Dogs ordered up at 5:52. The heat and first prize was given to Glen, a bad decision. Dimple besides having the best range and speed and work generally of a high class, had credit of a find and point on a bevy and a good point on a single bird, while Glen's points were on single birds of the bevy Dimple had found, and his work was not of the quality of hers and should not have been placed over it. Dimple proved herself the best dog in the stake, and should have won first. Lee had a bye in this series.

Fourth Series.

GLEN AND LEE.

They started about 11:07; weather was quite warm. Lee first pointed in a cottonfield; nothing found. After going some distance Lee pointed again and Glen backed; he moved on, Glen roared, then drew on, pointed a bevy, and was steady to shot. Glen was better in speed, range and style. Dogs ordered up at 12:10, Glen winning.

Fifth Series.

LEE AND DIMPLE.

The deciding heat for second prize was not a long one, the point work being about equal, Dimple winning by her superior pace and range. Lee was then awarded third.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Glen beat Dan.
Queen Ella Noble beat Bob McCargo.
Ben Hur beat Captain Bethel.
Lee beat Winnie D.
Nelly Bly and Crocket (ruled out).
Dimple beat Stubble.

Second Series.

Glen beat Queen Ella Noble.
Lee beat Ben Hur.
Dimple a bye.

Third Series.

Glen beat Dimple.
Lee a bye.

Fourth Series.

Glen beat Lee and won first prize.
Dimple beat Lee and won second prize.
Lee was awarded third prize.

Wednesday.

The day was very favorable for good work. A start was made about one mile to the east of the town. The judges were N. T. Harris, Omer Villere and Dr. Clegg.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

First Series.

PINK B. AND BRUNETTE.

J. A. McCargo's English setter dog Pink B., by Startle S.—Clio, handled by R. P. McCargo, and J. J. Manson's black pointer bitch Brunette, handled by J. E. Watson, were sent away at 9:21. Pink B. had an easy time of it, doing the best work on game. Speed, range and style was altogether in his favor, Brunette ranging poorly, dogs up at 11:08.

DAVE B. AND JENNIE MAY.

J. A. McCargo's dog Dave B., by Startle S.—Clio, was handled by R. P. McCargo, and F. R. Hitchcock's English setter bitch Jennie May, by Roderigo—Bo-Peep, was handled by J. M. Avenet. They were put down at 10:17, May first finding and pointing a single in good style near a hedge row; further on she flushed. She then made a point in a cotton field, flushed and chased. Dave then pointed a bevy, which flushed while May was being brought up to back. Pace and range about equal. Down 30m. Dave was given the heat.

RUPERT AND MAMIE G.

P. E. Gregory & Bro.'s English setter bitch Mamie G., by Bryce—Dora Gladstone, was handled by G. R. Howse, and J. M. Avenet's English setter dog Rupert, by Roderigo—Bo-Peep, handled by owner, were cast off in pretty open ground. Mamie was the first to find and point a bevy, afterward finding a wounded bird left behind. As it fluttered away she tried to catch it—it was excusable in a puppy. She next pointed a single. Rupert followed with a point on a bevy, Mamie backed; both steady to shot. In a cornfield further on Mamie pointed a single. At the same time Rupert was making a point. At 12:07 the heat ended. It was rather a near thing. Mamie had slightly the best of the other in speed and range, and won.

A move was made for lunch.

FINGAL AND FOLLY.

J. E. Dager's English setter dog Fingal, by Toledo Blade—Lady Gloss, handled by D. E. Rose, and J. M. Avenet's bitch Folly, by Roderigo—Countess House, was handled by her owner. They were cast off in open ground, neither dog doing good work. A bevy was marked down, but owing to the whistling and calling the birds rose wild. Fingal then pointed, and was held on point some time for Folly to come up and back—birds moved on. Fingal roamed some distance. Folly then flushed the birds. A point was then made by Folly, but nothing found. Fingal pointed a single. Dogs ordered up at 2:47, both showed good range and speed. Folly was not under good control.

OUR PET AND NELLY BLY.

B. M. Stephenson's English setter dog Our Pet and F. F. Myles's English setter bitch Nelly Bly, by Bruce—Enid, was handled by S. J. McCartney, and our Pet by his owner. They were cast off at 2:52 in the open. The heat was all one-sided. Our Pet doing all the work on birds, and was best in all other respects, and, of course, won. Ordered up at 3:15.

WUN LUNG AND MARGUERITE.

N. T. Harris's English setter dog Wun Lung, by Capt. Bethel—Fay, was handled by S. J. McCartney, and D. E. Rose's Marguerite, by Gath's Hope—Sue J., was handled by owner. Dogs started at 3:17; Wun Lung starting very fast, having great speed and good range throughout the heat—he is a good puppy. He did the best work on birds, winning the heat rather easily. Mr. Harris (owner) excused himself from judging in heat.

GRADY AND JIM B.

R. M. Smith's English setter dog Grady, by Yazoo—Dimple, was handled by R. P. McCargo, and R. E. Lutz's Irish Setter Jim Batey was handled by G. R. Howse, and sent away at 3:57. Jim pointed first and secured another soon after, Grady then flushed a single. Jim B. was best in speed and range, though both were only fair. Ordered up at 4:25; Jim B. was declared the winner.

FOX D. AND TRIXEY BELTON.

R. P. McCargo's English setter dog Fox D. was handled by owner, and W. J. Baughn's bitch Trixei Belton, by Duke Belton—Nellie Gray, handled by owner, were put down at 4:43 in the open. Fox pointed a bevy in a cornfield. Trixei followed with a point on a single bird and then flushed it. Moving on both pointed on a bevy. Fox flushed an outlying bird and the balance flushed wild. Both then pointed about the same time, moving on they roamed, and the bird before Trixei flushed wild. Fox D. was given the heat. The pace and range was fair, that of Fox the best.

Second Series.

PINK B. AND MAMIE G.

They started at 5:22 and run twenty-eight minutes, leaving the heat undecided. Mamie had pointed a bevy, Pink B. two singles. Range and pace slightly in favor of Mamie G. Dogs were then ordered up until morning.

Thursday.

The day opened cloudy, very wet under foot, having rained hard during the night. On this account hunting was done on the higher ground run over yesterday. It fortunately cleared off by noon. The unfinished heat was the first one called. A late start was made within one mile of town. At 10:12, after a short run, both dogs winded birds. Mamie to the left about 15yds. away. She proved to be nearest the birds, and roading down a corn row, a single bird flushed wild. Mamie pointed a single just to the left. Pink came up in time to see the flush and make a short chase. Moving on Mamie pointed the bevy again, but it ran on. The dogs roading nearly a quarter of a mile away. Mamie stopped just in time to avoid a flush. Crossing cotton patch Mamie found again, and roading on he got one point, others flushing wild ahead. Mamie had the best range and speed, Pink B. the best style. Mamie won.

DAVE B. AND FINGAL.

This brace was put down at 11:14 in a cornfield. Fingal made an unsteady point, Dave backing well. Fingal moved on, pointed again, this time a sparrow, Dave B. proving a good backer. After a short run in at the lower end of the cornfield Fingal pointed on foot scent; no bird found by Mr. Rose. Near by Dave B. pointed a single in good style, and near fence afterward secured another point and two flushes. Dogs ordered up at 11:35 to find better ground. Dogs were put down again at 12:12. After about a fifteen-minutes' run Dave B. flushed a bevy in a cornfield. Following them Fingal pointed near a heavy cane thicket, where two birds were seen to light; nothing found. Crossing the fence Dave B. found a bevy. Following scattered birds he made two points on singles. Fingal was better in range, speed and style, but did not get to the right places at the proper time. A little point work would have won him the heat.

WUN LUNG AND OUR PET.

Cast off at 10:04; Wun Lung going very fast. Pet made an undecided point, Wun Lung backing promptly when called up. Pet moved on in time to avoid a false point. Soon after she made a point on larks—again Wun Lung backed—dogs ordered up at 1:30 to go to lunch. After lunch, and a 10 minutes' run, she pointed and moved on, Wun Lung near by pointed and soon moved on. On the next hill Pet pointed and then moved on, roading birds, she secured a point and a flush. Both dogs then roaded to the edge of cotton patch, when birds flushed. Returning both dogs were found on point, Wun Lung, as he was in the best position, very likely secured the point first. After flush of birds, dogs were sent

into corn, when Pet flushed a single. In sedge grass, near corn, Wun Lung pointed a bevy in fine style, part of the birds flushed wild. Pet coming down in front of Wun Lung flushed the balance of the bevy. Moving on Pet flushed a single and then pointed false. Near by Wun Lung pointed a small bevy of birds. Pet was unsteady to wing most of the time, Wun Lung steady throughout. He hunts his ground with the judgment of an old dog, is very fast and thoroughly staunch. Wun Lung was declared the winner.

JIM BATEY AND FOX D.

This race did not last long, Jim B. doing all that was done in cornfield bottom; handler called point just as the birds got up. Jim B. moved on a little distance and made a good point on balance of bevy. After 10 minutes' run he pointed another bevy at the edge of woods; he was kept on point for Fox to back. He became rattled by the calling and whistling and put the birds up. He won the heat easily.

DAN B. AND MAMIE G.

Mamie G. was the first to find and a point was said to have been made. Moved on and swinging round ahead of birds she pointed again; birds flushed. In the meantime Dan B. was brought round and on the left side of road, through cotton patch, both dogs pointed. Moving on Dan B. located a single, making a stylish point. Five yards ahead he pointed another single. Further on Mamie G. struck scent, roaded quite a distance, and finally flushed a bevy very close to her. Dogs then ordered up and heat given to Dan B. Mamie G. was the best in pace and range, but not very obedient. Dan B. was thoroughly staunch and was better in style.

WUN LUNG AND JIM B.

Wun Lung was best at all points—much the best in speed, range, and style. His point work was the best. After 30 minutes' run Wun Lung was given the heat. This closed the running for the day. Wun Lung and Dave B. are down for first place to-morrow.

Friday.

Weather cool and cloudy; the grounds worked over not so good as those of yesterday and day before. A large part of them were more or less covered with water between the cotton rows. The first heat of the day was to decide first prize in the Derby. The start was made at about 8:47, two miles south of the town.

WUN LUNG AND DAVE B.

Dave B., after a short run, pointed in cottonfield and two birds were flushed; Lung backed. To the left Lung pointed, moved on, but failed to locate. After about 10 minutes' run both dogs made points, each having a bevy. Wun Lung ran in and flushed. Dave B. was steady to flush and shot. They were then ordered up after 30 minutes' run, Dave B. winning first prize. It was decided to run Mamie G. and Fingal to decide which should run Wun Lung for second money.

FINGAL AND MAMIE G.

Cast off at 9:32 in open cottonfield. Soon after a bevy was flushed by boys running through cotton. After some further running Fingal pointed a bevy, Mamie backed well and then left it. Just afterward she roaded the bird and finally located it nicely, but moved around, jumping in to flush. Fingal afterward pointed, bird flushed between Rose and the dog. Fingal better in style, Mamie best in range and speed. Fingal was given a rest before running against Wun Lung for second money, by running two heats in the All-Age Stake.

FINGAL AND WUN LUNG.

This heat was decided in 30m. Wun Lung, after 10 to 15m. run, pointed a bevy after flushing an outlying bird. Following the scattered birds Fingal pointed single, was steady to shot and was well backed by Lung. Dogs ordered on and each made a flush. Fingal was then awarded third.

ALL-AGE STAKE.

The All-Age Stake closed with 16 entries.

HOOSIER BEN AND BEN HUR.

W. J. Baughn's English setter Hoosier Ben, by Roderigo—Rufra's Cross, handled by owner, and F. F. Myle's English setter dog Ben Hur, by Paul Gladstone—Lottie, were put down at 10:25. They were slow and had good opportunities for good point work. Ben Hur possibly making one point. Ben made several but flushed too much. He was fair in pace and style. At the end of 30m. the brace was ordered up for want of merit. Ben Hur did not seem himself at all.

DAISY HOPE AND TRIBULATION.

W. W. Titus's English setter bitch Daisy Hope, by Gath's Hope—Daisy F., was handled by D. E. Rose, and B. M. Stephenson's pointer dog Tribulation, by Beppo III.—Lass of Bow, was handled by owner, and were cast off at 11:10, both going at a good pace. The heat throughout was a good one. The spotting system shows itself in a case like this to be the only fair rule under which to run these trials. Daisy Hope was the wider ranger. There was little difference in speed if any. Tribulation had the best style. Daisy did most of the point work, which included the finding of a bevy. Neither did any flushing. The heat was as good as any of the meeting. If spotting system was used Tribulation would certainly have another chance. This is a hint to the management for future use.

CORSAIR AND JACK.

B. M. Stephenson's English setter dog Corsair, by Dan Gladstone—Haidee, was handled by owner, and R. P. McCargo's English setter dog Jack, was handled by owner and cast off at 1:50, both going at a good speed. Corsair the faster and ranging widest. Corsair did most of the point work and won rather easily in the allotted time, 30m.

CAPTAIN BETHEL AND MARK.

R. W. Foster's English setter dog Captain Bethel, by Gordon—Blanche, and C. J. Thompson's Irish setter dog Mark were put down in cotton and cornfield. The ground was wet and heavy under cover in corn. Two points on singles were made in thirty minutes by each and Captain Bethel a questionable flush of a bevy. Captain was much the best in pace, range and style. Mark seemed afraid of horsemen and spectators. Captain Bethel was given the heat.

TENNESSEE CHARLEY AND FRED GATES.

B. M. Stephenson's English setter dog Tennessee Charley, by Fred W.—Ida S., was handled by owner, and Hamilton and Jackson's English setter dog Fred Gates was handled by D. E. Rose. They were cast off at 3:07, both starting wild, Charley having best pace and range, Fred Gates not going nor working in his usual form. Working for some time with little result. Tennessee Charley pointed a bevy. Fred came in from a cast and made a point some yards ahead and right in the middle of the birds; both steady to flush. Moving on Charley found another bevy. Fred repeated his performance, coming from the left again, dropping to a point in cotton row about three yards ahead of Charley. Fred ended the heat by a point on a single. Charley won the heat.

SIMONIDES AND ANTONIO.

N. T. Harris's English setter dog Simonides, by Gath's Hope—Gladys, was handled by D. E. Rose, and J. M. Avenet's English setter dog Antonio, by Roderigo—Bo Peep, were cast off in cottonfield, both going fast and ranging well. After running some time Antonio pointed on foot scent, going further on, he pointed a bevy in edge of sedge grass, and afterward got a single. Going down a corn row at speed he flushed a single. He afterward put up another. Crossing a ravine he got two points on singles. Simonides did not do much, seemed out of sorts, making a flush or two and one

possible point. Antonio was declared the winner when time was up.

GLEN AND BRUNETTE.

R. B. Parker's English setter dog Glen was handled by R. P. McCargo, and J. J. Manson's pointer bitch Brunette was handled by J. Watson. These two were sent off for 30 minutes, but no birds were found, though Glen was far superior in all that constitutes a field dog, and was awarded the heat. This brought the work to a close for the day.

Saturday.

CASSIO AND STUBBLE.

The morning opened cloudy and cool. Wind in the west. A start was made at 7 o'clock, but as Stubble's handler was not on hand we started without him, and the heat was given to Cassio.

Second Series.

DAISY HOPE AND STUBBLE.

They were put down less than a mile from town in cotton and cornfield. Both started fast. Daisy found first and pointed a bevy in good style. She retrieved well to a kill. Some distance to the left Corsair pointed and then roaded to a flush, following with a point on single bird. Corsair came in ahead of Daisy Hope while she was roading and flushed a single bird, and two flushed ahead of Hope. Going to another field Corsair flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds Daisy pointed a single bird. Daisy was the winner after 45 minutes run.

TENNESSEE CHARLEY AND CAPTAIN BETHEL.

Captain Bethel flushed a single bird after some hard work. After a run of nearly a mile, Captain Bethel pointed a bevy. Charley coming in from the left side, down a cotton row, wheeled to a point. Neither dog could see the other. A large bevy flushed to a thicket but was not followed. Another long run, when Capt. Bethel pointed some distance away, but before handler could get to him he moved on and a bevy was flushed near. Charley then, to the right, pointed a single. Then Bethel flushed. After a short run, dogs were ordered up and Charley won.

ANTONIO AND GLEN.

They were put down at 10:35 in cottonfield, where the last brace was ordered up. Both started at a good gait, Antonio the more stylish and wider ranger. Glen was supposed to have flushed a bevy in cotton patch, and bevy settled in woods. Antonio did all the finding in fine style. Glen made one point to his discredit by refusing to back and taking Antonio's point. At the end of 30 minutes Antonio won.

Cassio ran a bye.

Third Series.

CASSIO AND DAISY HOPE.

Cassio ran a good heat. Daisy did badly, not doing her usual work at all. She scored a false point soon after starting. After a short run Cassio pointed staunchly 200yds. away; the bevy flushed wild, but he retained his point until Avenet got to him; he tried hard to get up the birds, not knowing they had flushed. Moving on each secured a point on a bevy, and Daisy retrieved a bird killed by Rose. In sedge grass Daisy made a flush. Moving on to cornfield bottom both dogs passed near a bevy, which was flushed by horsemen. In the same sedge grass Daisy made a flush, then a point. Cassio followed with a false point. This ended 30-minute heat. Cassio was given the heat. Daisy did not go in her usual fast style, putting little spirit in her work, while Cassio was just the opposite.

ANTONIO AND TENNESSEE CHARLEY.

They were cast off at 12 M. in a cotton patch. Antonio hunting with judgment found a bevy. Avenet flushed but missed. Further on, in cornfield, Charley pointed and moved on after running birds; he finally located a small bunch. Antonio having made cast to the right came in 40yds. ahead of Charley and wheeled to a point; two birds were flushed. Going to the left and through hedgerow to the next both dogs were found on a point. Each handler claimed what proved a false point. A little further on Antonio pointed. No bird could be found by Avenet, though a little further on a single bird was flushed. A long run ensued, when Charley in sedge grass flushed a single, just after Antonio had pointed a rabbit near by. In cotton, Charley and Antonio were found on a point; a single was flushed to Antonio's point, but Charley moved on; a bevy flushed near by which he should have pointed. Antonio then won the heat. He was much the better in speed, range and style.

ANTONIO AND CASSIO.

At 1:22 Antonio and Cassio were put down to run for first prize. Cassio soon made a flush of bevy. Shortly afterward Antonio was missed. It was some time before he was found in an adjoining field on a point. A bird was killed when bevy was flushed. Antonio did not retrieve, though Cassio brought it nicely. A few birds were marked down in sedge grass. Going on, Cassio flushed a single, Antonio meanwhile making a point on another near by, bird flushed and killed, Cassio retrieved. Going on to cornfield bottom Antonio quickly made good points on two beves. Antonio won easily in half an hour.

SIMONIDES AND TENNESSEE CHARLEY.

These two were put down to see which should run Cassio for second place. The dogs were put down in a cornfield, and before going a hundred yards Simonides dropped to a point. It proved a large bevy, and settled in a thicket hedge where it was impossible to go. After a run of fifteen minutes more Simonides was given the heat.

CASSIO AND SIMONIDES.

Simonides kept up his good work in pace and range. He pointed one bevy and two singles. Cassio flushed a bevy and pointed one. His pace and range was also good. After running half an hour Simonides won second money. Cassio and Tennessee Charley then divided third. MAX.

GREENVILLE, S. C., DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly permit me to say to your readers, in answer to numerous inquiries on the subject, that the South Carolina Kennel Association is a member of the A.K.C. and that wins at our coming show will "count." In addition to the regular and special prizes offered in our premium list, Mr. E. M. Armstrong, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has kindly donated the following specials to be competed for at our show, viz.: A handsome cup for the best Irish setter bitch in the show; a handsome sporting dog collar for the best Irish setter dog or bitch; same for best three Irish setters owned by one exhibitor; same for best Irish setter dog in open class; same for best Irish setter bitch in open class; same for best brace of Irish setters owned by one exhibitor; same for best bitch of any breed in sporting classes. Our entries close Jan. 20.

F. F. CAPERS, Sec.—Treas.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 12.

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.—[Special to Forest and Stream].—New Orleans, Jan. 20.—This show opened to-day with about 200 entries, and they are as fine a lot of dogs as can be found anywhere on the bench. Among the exhibitors are J. M. Avenet, B. M. Stephenson, James Hennessey, B. F. Lewis, Fred P. Kirby, H. F. Peck (Orleole Kennels) and John Naylor. H. A. Bridge, superintendent, is looking out for the interest of the dogs. Molly Bawn was sold to H. F. Peck to-day. Price private.—O.

DOG CHAT.

THE Canton, O., *Repository* tells this little story: One part of the bench show held in the Tabernacle last week, had an amusing ending on Monday. As is usual on such occasions, the people taking a hand in a demonstration of that kind became enthusiastic on one point and must do something immediately to satisfy themselves. Accordingly a number of the owners of different dogs organized a fox hunt. They procured a wild fox and repaired to the vicinity of Hurford's Hill. The party had about thirty-five dogs of various breeds and colors, and including the foxhound which had taken first premium and which the owner claims to be the best in the country. According to the plans the fox was to be given a start of half an hour. All impatient for the hunt, the fox was released. Away he went. Then came the wait. But in the mean time a fox hunt, without the "half hour start" clause, was gotten up and a farmer with his two sons let loose their three hounds, and, of course, had the fox in short order. Imagine the disappointment of the hunting party on seeing the triumphant return of the smaller crowd with the emblem of victory, the fox's tail.

We hear that the Pittsburgh dog show arrangements are coming along nicely, and that premium lists will be out in the course of a week.

A meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America will be held at the coming bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club. All members of the club are requested to be present, as business of importance will be transacted.

The American Pet Dog Club at their recent meeting passed resolutions in favor of the proposed dog hospice for New York. We hear that the *Herald* is perfecting its arrangements to form this hospice. It will be under a board of directors consisting of gentlemen well known in society and sport. We believe that Dr. Glover will be the veterinarian. It is the intention of the organizers that the management of the undertaking shall be in the hands of men familiar with kennel matters. This is the best and only way to succeed.

The National Beagle Club is on the warpath and fully intend to show that their club is not merely a post in the gap. At Boston they will give \$20 cash for the best kennel of four beagles, a \$10 piece of plate for best dog in open class and the same for the best bitch. Best novice class dog and bitch will each have a similar piece of plate, and for the best dog or bitch in the show another \$10 piece of plate will be given. The following gentlemen have contributed to the donation fund: Messrs. H. L. Kreuder \$25, F. W. Chapman \$20, O. W. Brooking \$15, with more to follow.

At Baltimore a piece of plate, value \$15, will be given for best kennel of four, a \$10 piece of plate for best dog and the same for best bitch. Pittsburgh is to have the same.

Owing to the pressure on our columns this week, several letters must lie over, including this week's batch of the cocker controversy. There is a good deal of the Irishman's pig in the latter, despite every precaution it will persist in running the wrong way. This little recess will allow those taking part in it a chance to cool off and think better of it. Hereafter anything which may savor of personality and which does not pertain to the question under discussion, will be rigidly excluded.

A correspondent writes that the following are the officers elected by the Dayton Kennel Club for this year: Pres., Gustav Sanders; Sec.-Treas., Dr. D. G. Porter; Directors, Charles G. Stoddard, Thomas B. Hannah, E. F. Cooper, Charles Whealen, Scott McDonald, D. G. Porter and G. W. Sander; Shooting Committee, Scott McDonald, T. B. Hannah and Gustav Sander. Messrs. Gustav Sander and Charles Whealen have sent South six pointer puppies, six months old, by Luck of the Goat out of Meteor's Trinket, to be trained for the Southern Field Trials Derby to be run next winter. Dr. Moebus, of Alabama, is handling three of the puppies, and Nat Nesbitt, of Mississippi, has the other three.

In order to accommodate exhibitors who are anxious to show at New Orleans, as well as at Greenville, the South Carolina Kennel Association has decided to postpone the opening day of their inaugural show to Jan. 28. This will make the show days the 28th to 31st instead of 27th to 30th, as advertised, and the judging to commence on the 29th instead of the 28th. The entries close Jan. 20.

Some good black and tans are being dispersed throughout the country, evidently proving that this smart terrier is gaining ground in public favor. Dr. Foote writes us he has sold Rochelle Knickerbocker, winner of second, Boston and New York, and first, Buffalo, 1890, to Mr. Michel Hilgert, St. Joseph, Mo. That nice-looking daughter of Meersbrook Maiden, Rochelle Nadij, second, Detroit; third, Toronto; first, Ottawa, and first Danbury, finds a home with Mr. Joseph J. Lang, of Buffalo, N. Y.

In connection with this sale it may be noted that these terriers are from the first litter of black and tans Dr. Foote ever bred. They are by champion Vortigern out of champion Meersbrook Maiden.

We learn from Mr. Chas. D. Cugle, the secretary, that the following have been elected as official judges of the Bull Dog Club of America: Chas. D. Cugle, Box 602, Baltimore, Md.; E. Sheffield Porter, 38 Hillhouse ave., New Haven, Ct.; John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.; Jas. Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.; Wm. Mariner, 405 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis. Bench show committees, please take notice. The first annual meeting of this club will take place at the New York show at 8 P. M., Feb. 24. Though this club has kept very quiet lately as to their doings, it is not too much to say that their first move has put them in the first rank with a bound, as a glance at the very liberal prizes they will offer conclusively shows. Their efforts certainly deserve the support of all those who in the slightest way lean toward that good old breed—the bulldog.

It will probably interest our readers to know that Spratts Co. have just received at their kennels at Northvale, N. J., the three Barzois, Ivan, Czar and Czarina, owned by Mr. Paul H. Hacke, of Pittsburgh, and expect to receive early next week Zloem and Prokaza from England, on account of the same gentleman. All five dogs will be left with them to prepare for the coming shows of the National Greyhound and Westminster Kennel Clubs.

The premium list of the fifteenth annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club has been out some time. The club has been liberal as usual. The large breeds and those of most importance in our shows have the same amount of money as last year, in fact all the classes to the number of 177 are well treated. It is only in the matter of entry fee that there may be some grumbling. This has been raised to \$5 for a single entry, and \$3 each additional one. In the case of those breeds where the prizes are \$20, \$10 and \$5, etc., this is all right, but in the \$10 and \$5 classes it cuts down the profits to the exhibitor somewhat. The puppy classes for mastiffs and St. Bernards have a limit of 18 months, and we hope this will be the means of keeping the very young ones away and let in those dogs which, though well developed, are hardly able to cope with their fully-matured

competitors in the open classes. It is in the special prize list that the show is extremely rich, and which illustrates better than any one can write the development of canine interests in this country. Such a display of special prizes as are set forth, both by the W. K. C. themselves and the different specialty clubs, must be particularly gratifying to those who have the true interests of dogdom at heart. The bench show committee is composed of Messrs. Thomas H. Terry, Winthrop Rutherford, F. R. Hitchcock, H. B. Cromwell and Fred Hoey. The judges we have already named, though we hear that Mr. A. D. Lewis will not officiate in the collie ring. Spratts Co. will bench and feed as usual, and a new disinfectant will be used in Walker's Soluble Creosote. Mr. Mortimer will, in the course of a week or so, take up his quarters at the old stand, and be ready for the entries which it is confidently expected will exceed those of any previous year.

We hear that the taking of testimony before the referee in Malcolm vs. Maryland K. C. has been going on during the last week. Both sides seem to have no fear of the result, and the struggle will evidently be a bitter one. By the way, we hear it is dangerous work to mention "Manhattan" in the presence of the M. K. C. secretary.

We hear that the boys at the Canton, Ohio, show wanted their prize money on the last day of the show, as usual, and because it was not forthcoming they took their dogs out of the building at 4 P. M. Saturday, and the management only took in \$2.25 at the gate in consequence. Several of the boys were "dead broke," not having even enough to get home with, having depended on their winnings to see them through.

The fanciers of Columbus, O., are talking of having a show in May, after the big shows are over. Big money will be offered, and there is little doubt but that it would be a success.

We understand that the Rochester people are negotiating with the Buffalo Kennel Club to have a show one week after the other. How would it do for those two clubs to join forces for one show? Thus a good one could be given, for we are sure that exhibitors would rally to them.

We learn that the crack greyhound Gem of the Season has been imported at a large price.

Mr. Sears informs us that Sir Bedivere is expected to arrive on the 24th.

It is our painful duty to record the recent death of two well known fanciers. Mr. James Lindsay, who died Jan. 13, may be said to have done as much as any man in this country, in his quiet way, to bring forward the collie to public notice. In the early 80s and before the advent of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, his kennel was one of the best. Many of his dogs were purchased by the Chestnut Hill Kennels of which he was the first superintendent. Since then he has taken little active part in shows, though still a member of the N. J. K. C. and the Collie Club. Another gentleman the news of whose death will be received with much regret by his many friends, is Mr. Nathaniel Seabury, of Providence. As secretary of the Rhode Island Kennel Club and delegate to the A. K. C. he was well and favorably known. New England circles have lost a good friend. He died after a very short illness on Sunday, Dec. 21, of typhoid fever.

Mr. W. J. Comstock writes us that he has received, per S. S. Nevada, the Irish setter bitch Dunmurry (E. K. C. S. B. 23,143), from the kennels of E. J. Charley, Seymour Hill, Dunmurry, Ireland. She was whelped May 16, 1888, and is by Smith's Napper out of Kate. Dunmurry has won first, Bangor, 1889; first, Edinburgh, 1889; first, Birmingham, 1889; first, Great terrier show, 1890; first and silver medal with Mars for best brace at the Great terrier show, London, 1890, and first, Sligo, 1890. She has thus won seven points toward becoming a champion. In the press notices in England she is mentioned as the best specimen brought out last year. She will be shown at New York, and we trust that Mr. Comstock's pluck will not get the same set back that it did last year in the loss of Breda Florence. Mr. Frank Comstock received by the same steamer the two black and tan terriers Jasper and Louie, so that now this kennel will make a strong bid for the prize at New York.

Maryland Kennel Club has succeeded, through the Governor, in securing a splendid building for their show next March. This is the Fifth Regiment Armory. It will comfortably hold 700 dogs, and will be a great improvement on the one last year.

During the last nine months Mr. Phister's greyhounds have done some tall traveling. Coming originally from Colonel North's kennels at Eltham, they journeyed to London; from London to Liverpool; from Liverpool to New York; from New York to Mr. Phister's kennels at Walnut Hill, Cincinnati; from there to Denver, Col., in charge of the Rookwood people; from Denver back to Emporia, Kas.; from Emporia to Great Bend, Kas., a distance of 150 miles, on foot; at Great Bend they took part in the annual meet of the American Coursing Club; from there to Hutchinson, Kas., where Nettiefield divided the sweepstakes; from there back to Denver, Col.; from Denver direct to San Francisco, Cal.; from San Francisco to Merced, Cal., where they again coursed the fleet-footed jack rabbits; from Merced back to Frisco, returning from Frisco via Great Bend to Lexington, and from Lexington direct to Cincinnati, making at a rough estimate something like 11,000 miles, or nearly one-half the distance around the world in nine months. We are pleased to say that barring a little weakness Norwegian is himself again. They will be on hand at the New York show.

The Mayor of Charleston tendered the visitors to the show an excursion round the harbor on Friday, the 16th, which was very much enjoyed by both the dog and chicken men, the latter, with their better halves, predominating twenty to one. The trip lasted three hours. Steaming out to Fort Sumter, which lies almost deserted in the bay, the company scattered over the ramparts and loading themselves with curiosities, shells and pieces of the gun carriages, passed a pleasant hour while the soldier guide expatiated on the stirring times which the old fort had seen during the ever memorable contest. Then we steamed up the harbor past Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney and the Battery, and then up the Ashley River some miles, then back again to the wharf on the Cooper River, when every one expressed themselves as delighted with the courteous attention and the pleasant trip.

Our suggestion that charges against individuals brought before the A. K. C. should be accompanied by a deposit has met with unqualified approbation. The Gordon Setter Club delegate will bring the matter before the club, and Mr. Vredenburg will make the suggestion in his annual report next month. It is a much needed reform nowadays when kennel interests and transactions are spreading so rapidly. The secretary thinks it should not be less than \$20.

The entries for the National Greyhound Club are coming in quite satisfactorily, some 80 greyhounds being already entered. In the challenge classes a bronze medal will be

given as second prize. Speaking of this club, we hear that a protest has been filed with the secretary of the A. K. C. against the inauguration of a greyhound stud book. Maintaining that as this specialty club is a member of the A. K. C., it holds itself bound to uphold the Kennel Club Stud Book, but by having a private stud book such will be inimical to the interests of the A. K. C. publication. If the strict reading of the constitution is adhered to, no doubt it will result in either the N. G. C. A. giving up the A. K. C. or the Stud Book. They will most likely have to do one or the other.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dog matters in Washington are in a flourishing condition, and general interest in the bench show to be held on March 17, 18, 19 and 20, is daily increasing. Nineteen new and enthusiastic members were recently elected at the annual meeting. Under the efficient management of the bench show committee, which is composed of busy and pushing members, the event promises to be a very memorable record in canine affairs in this, the national capital.

Extensive arrangements will be made to bench between 400 and 450 dogs. The premium list will be liberal, and such as to insure desirable entries, both as to number and character. There will be 115 classes and \$2,100 will be awarded in regular prizes. The specials will also be attractive, and if dog men of the country don't fill the classes, it will not be because liberal inducements have not been held out to them.

In addition to the prize list, the character of the building in which the show will be held, is unique, and far surpasses most buildings in which dogs are shown on similar occasions. It is the Washington Riding Academy. The riding room is above the ground and is a very spacious affair, is 107ft. long and 98ft. wide, without an obstacle or a break from wall to wall. In this space the dogs will be benched. Around this space, and about 15ft. from the floor, is a neat comfortable gallery, capable of comfortably seating about 700 persons. This gallery is the only obstacle to break the clear elevation to the roof, which is 60ft. high, splendidly lighted by windows running around the 3 sides of the building, and is also lighted and ventilated from the roof. The building is heated by steam, and the temperature can be perfectly regulated to insure health and comfort to man and beast—in fact a perfectly heated, lighted and ventilated bench show—a thing not generally met with. A line of cars passes the door and is easy of access. The bench show committee has for some time held under consideration what is likely to prove a novel and very attractive feature; and it has now decided to undertake the experiment.

On the fifth day, after the dogs and benches have been removed and everything cleared out, except the ring inclosed for Prof. Parker's troop of trained dogs, which will give two performances on each of the four days, and will also be retained for the fifth day, there will be a grand fox drag or chase with hounds, horses and riders. There will be about 25 hounds, 7 or 8 riders, dressed in gay colored satin suits, and they will jump the hurdles and ride after the hounds. This performance will be followed by an exhibition of the troop of trained dogs, and will wind up the show. This will be the first performance of the kind ever held at a bench show, and the managers hope it will prove a great attraction and a social event. A famous local pack of hounds will be entered for the exhibition. The prize list will shortly be ready for distribution, and any information regarding entries, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by the secretary and members of the committee.

FREDERICK S. WEBSTER, Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12.

GORDON SETTER CLUB MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a special meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club of America, held at 1293 Broadway, this city, Jan. 10, the following members were present: Dr. H. Clay Glover, Dr. J. M. Lordly, L. A. Van Zandt, Dr. John H. Meyer and Dr. J. E. Clarke.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. On motion of Dr. Meyer the delegate to the American Kennel Club was instructed to ask that body to request bench show committees to drop the term "black and tan" setter, using only Gordon for the class. It was moved that the delegate be instructed also to bring a motion before the A. K. C. requiring that all Gordons in future shall have three generations of Gordon ancestors instead of 62½ per cent. Moved that the delegate to A. K. C. bring a motion before that body requiring that in future all charges brought against a member shall be accompanied by a suitable deposit (\$10 or \$15). Moved by Dr. Meyer that inasmuch as Mr. Harry Malcolm has used all his endeavors to discourage competition at bench shows and field trials, in direct conflict to Section 11 of the by-laws, he is a detriment to the club, and he therefore respectfully suggests that he be requested to resign his membership therein. The secretary was instructed to communicate with the Massachusetts Kennel Club in the matter of specials at their show, stating that the finances of the club do not warrant their offering a money special, but that they will use their best endeavors to make their show a success.

The resignation of Dr. Meyer as a committee of one on bench shows and field trials was accepted with regret.

Communications from Clarence M. Johnson and the Duquesne Kennel Club were held for further consideration. The resignation of Mr. J. D. Sperry was accepted with regret, and Mr. James B. Blossom was elected to fill the vacancy thus caused in the executive committee. Election of members followed, and the following new members were elected: Messrs. W. S. Lee, Abm. Quackenbush, Carlton C. M. Hunt, C. H. Pepper, Geo. Bleistein, B. Frank Hall and Chas. S. Hirst.

A committee of three were elected to consist of Dr. H. C. Glover, James B. Blossom and L. A. Van Zandt, to be known as the bench show and field trial committee. Returning to new business the following additional specials will be given at the next Westminster Kennel Club show, Feb. 24: \$5 to second, third and fourth, open dog and bitch classes; \$5 to first and second, novice class.

The meeting adjourned until Jan. 14 at 7:30 P. M.

L. A. VAN ZANDT.

YONKERS, N. Y.

MURDER OF HELEN KELLER'S DOG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nothing in mastiff breeding has ever given me the pleasure that it did to give a puppy to the little blind mute Helen Keller, and no dog of my breeding ever made me as proud of it as did this one by its faithful devotion to its owner, refusing to eat and whining over the house for some days after her departure; and you can judge of my wrath at hearing that the poor inoffensive animal had been shot by a policeman in the common of Sheffield, Ala., by virtue of a city ordinance providing for the killing of all dogs not accompanied by their master. As to the brute that shot the dog, and the greater brutes who enacted such a brutal ordinance, I will heap coals of fire on their heads by hoping they may see this and know what the distressed child said: "They could not have known what a good dog Lioness was or they wouldn't have done it." Sun enactments are disgraces to any civilized community. The right to suppress useless vagrant dogs is unquestionable, but that right must be exercised with discretion, and the requirement of reason and justice is that the dogs be taken and held a reasonable time for redemption.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Jan. 13).

THE BULLDOG CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding special No. 9 for best stud dog and special No. 10 for best brood bitch, offered by the Bulldog Club of America for competition by members only at the New York show, entries for the above two specials closing with me Feb. 12, inquiries have been made as to whether any extra charge is made for these. I desire to make public the reply that no extra charge is made for these or any other specials offered by the Bulldog Club. We wish to encourage American breeders, and only stipulate that owners must be club members to compete for prizes offered by the club. We have several unique surprises in store, and intend showing specialty clubs and the public in general what it is to boom a breed and encourage breeders.

Our charter membership closes Feb. 9. Until that time members will be admitted for \$10, yearly dues; but after that date it will cost \$15 initiation fee in addition to the \$10 dues; so those interested in bulldogs had better join now and save the \$15. Only those who are paid up members by Feb. 9 (day of closing of New York entries) will be entitled to compete for club specials at New York. By the way, I wonder if all your readers have noticed what is offered for bulldogs at New York? Four solid silver cups, value \$550; eleven solid silver club medals, value \$110; twenty cash prizes, value \$118; making a grand total of \$773 in eight classes. Can any one ask or wish for more inducements to show a dog? Fifteen specials, twenty cash prizes, challenge, weight, puppy and novice classes. Who could want more? Every one who owns a bulldog or bitch and is a member of the club has a chance at these specials without extra charge, and if he neglects to join us and enter each and every one of his kennel at New York before Feb. 9—well, he'll be sorry or I will miss my guess. In addition to the specials offered at New York, we will offer club medals at an Eastern, Southern and Western show this spring; so all owners, intending owners, or those interested in the breed ought to get in on the ground floor as charter members for \$10 before Feb. 9. All our money goes into specials, so the more members this year the more specials next year. Join now and save money.

CHAS. D. CUGLE,

Sec'y Bulldog Club of America.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 17.

BINGHAMTON DOG SHOW.

[Special Report.]

THIS little show was held Jan. 6 to 9. As entries did not close until the night before the show they had no catalogue, therefore it is impossible to give the names of all the dogs that were at the show. Greyhounds and fox-terriers were very good. Dunrobin Kennels' greyhound bitch Maud Torrington won the special for best.

The winner in open class fox-terrier dogs brought out a new one, Dot, by Seminole—Dot II., a nice cobby little dog, best of coat, legs and feet. He is owned by Mr. Wheeler, Hotel Crandall, Binghamton. Of course the advocates of the big whippet style of fox-terriers will say it was wrong, but of what use is a fox-terrier unless he can go where a fox does, and a fox can go into any hole he can get his head into? Clarence Rathbone and John A. Logan, Jr., showed some fine terriers.

W. L. Washington won three firsts in Irish setters, but if Mr. Bowman, of Elmira, had been there to handle his bitch Quail, she would surely have won in the open class. I consider her the equal of any Irish setter bitch in America. The great oarsman Charles Courtney appeared in a new role, that of exhibitor in the pointer class, and he surely has a good one in a 14-months-old son of champion Graphic, a good all-round dog with the exception of his Graphic stern. Graphic, Jr., is a dog that is sure to make his mark.

Mr. A. J. Skellie's Spot and Dr. Wesley Mills's Devon Nell were equal first in bitches. Nell is the best, but was shown in poor shape. Four good deerhounds and four very fair English setters were shown. The dog that attracted a lot of attention was the Welsh terrier Rowton Vixen, lately imported by "Nanquott."

ROCHESTER NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the article on Flour City Kennel I should have written Miss Caution instead of Lady Caution and Judge is a son of Beaufort instead of a son of Beaufort. Judge is his kennel name, he is registered as Beaufort, Jr.

Mr. Whitney also owns another mastiff which, being at his barn, I did not see. He is called Horace and is by Minting out of Duchess.

I also misunderstood the name of the Irish setter I called Belford, it should be Balfour.

It is very disagreeable to make such errors, but I have no excuse to offer and therefore I beg the space to correct them. The cockers are Obo stock.

There will be a bench show in connection with the first annual exhibition of the Ontario Poultry and Pet Stock Association, to be held at Canandaigua, Jan. 20 to 23. The premiums will be the entry fees (\$1.50), less 50 cents for each entry, divided into three prizes of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. It is understood that several dogs from this city will be there, including some of Mr. Whitney's, who will probably also exhibit at Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and New York.

Without doubt he has as good stock in his kennel as there is in the country and the older breeders must look to their laurels if they would not be worsted.

OSCEOLA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 16.

MICHIGAN KENNEL CLUB SPECIALS.—Editor Forest and Stream: We would like to know what the Michigan Kennel Club are going to do about the kennel prizes won at their Detroit show? The entries were all made in good faith and should be paid as advertised in the leading papers; it is now four months since the show and there are no signs of a settlement yet. Up to the day of judging the dogs, we (the exhibitors) were led to believe that we were to receive cash prizes, but on that day they substituted plated cups in lieu of cash. We would at the present writing be satisfied with silver cups but it seems bad taste to offer plated ware.—EXHIBITORS.

BENCH SHOWS AND JUDGING.—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 19.—Editor Forest and Stream: The remark in my letter, which you had the kindness to publish in your last issue, contains an error about the judging of great Danes at Philadelphia in 1889. Mr. James Watson informed me that he judged that class then, and it is not more than right for me to declare that I never heard nor read anything derogatory to that gentleman's character. I received information that the individual I alluded to judged at Philadelphia in 1887 or 1888.—J. H. H. MAENNER.

HAS ONLY ONE CURL.—Columbus, O., Jan. 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: You will please favor us by correcting a mistake in the report of the Canton, O., show. In speaking of Penrice, the winning pug, it says he has a fine double-curl tail, which is not right; his tail is single curled, but is very tight and could not be carried better, as will be seen in all the Eastern shows the coming season, where many lovers of pugs will have the pleasure of seeing the proudest little dog that has ever stepped into the ring to be judged.—T. A. HOWARD.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Pauline Burr. By James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J. for white and orange English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1890, by Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—L'vallette) out of Latonia (Count Noble—Dido II.).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Gyp—Bow Bondhu. Wm. H. White's (Walnut Hill, Mass.) English setter bitch Gyp (Bowen's Ned—Bowen's) to Gordondale Kennels' Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep), Jan. 6.

Lillian Bondhu—Prince Kent. L. A. Pearl's (Hampton, Conn.) English setter bitch Lillian Bondhu (Buckeliew—Frolic Bondhu) to Gordondale Kennels' Prince Kent (Royal Kent—Princess Dot), Dec. 26.

Lone Star Beauty—Brazos. J. Leicht's (Beeville, Tex.) pointer bitch Lone Star Beauty (Lightly's Jeff—Heaslip's Zipp) to Truheart's Brazos (Spring—Daisy), Dec. 23.

Dell—Count. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Dell (Everest—Sequa) to his Count (champion Apollo—champion Miranda), Dec. 7.

Bayardere—Lion. G. Y. Patterson (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bayardere (champion Bayard—Brunhilda) to E. H. Moore's Alton (champion Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura), Nov. 18.

Flo—Champion Bradford Harry. Chas. N. Symonds's (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flo (Bright—Pan) to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), Jan. 6.

Peggy—Portwood Tiger. Wm. Hickey's (New York) bull bitch Peggy (Boxer—Boss) to J. H. Matthews's Portwood Tiger (Paul Clifford—Hussey), Dec. 23.

Gordon Nell—Munkland Ranger. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Gordon Nell (Malcolm V.—Dina) to his Munkland Ranger (Munkland R.—Beaulah), Dec. 14.

Bell—Munkland Ranger. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Bell (Tom—Cremone) to his Munkland Ranger (Munkland R.—Beaulah), Nov. 28.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Kitty. Edward Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Kitty (Ben—Fortune), Jan. 15, five (four dogs), by his Vertigern II. (champion Vertigern—Luce).

Sandy. Edward Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish terrier bitch Sandy (champion Dennis—Sandygort Vm), Jan. 13, six (two dogs), by W. J. Comstock's Mars (Benedict—Ierne).

Jessie Jones. The Loup Kennels' (Broken Bow, Neb.) Irish setter bitch Jessie Jones, Jan. 13, ten (seven dogs), by their Jerry Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid).

Lady Leeds. C. S. Baker's (New York) St. Bernard bitch Lady Leeds, Jan. 10, five (three dogs), by C. Pfilderer's Marks (Courage II.—Irene).

Genesta. J. W. M. Cardeza's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Genesta (King of Kent—Hors), Jan. 12, five (three dogs), by his Dick of Delphos (Dick—Floss II.).

Daisy Hunter. J. H. and J. A. Hunter's (Sanborn, Ind.) English setter bitch Daisy Hunter (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), Jan. 1, three (one dog), by Shelby Hudson's Dad Wilson.

Ruby Whistle. B. O. Van Bokkelewe's (Seattle, W. T.) English setter bitch Ruby Whistle (Pegbid—Lady Athol), a litter by owner's Blackbell (Jean Val—Sheena Van).

Floe. B. O. Van Bokkelewe's (Seattle, W. T.) Irish setter bitch Floe, Dec. 25, thirteen (eight dogs), by his Mars.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Stella. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 20, 1889, by Vertigern out of Luce, by Edward Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., to Charles Wilson, Chicago, Ill.

Mollie O. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Nov. 3, 1890, by Carless out of Jessie Lorraine, by David Larson, Elgin, Ill., to John B. Whalen, Sycamore, Ill. Also a pup of same litter to Walter S. Davis, Jacksonville, Ill.

Pilot. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Oct. 25, 1889, by Munkland R. out of Maid, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to Dr. S. Fleet Seir, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dandy. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1891, by Grouse out of Rose, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to J. C. Sterns, Hartford, Conn.

Duke. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Aug. 12, 1890, by Munkland R. out of Maid, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to F. S. Wilson, Boston, Mass.

Brandy Boy. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Dec. 12, 1889, by Clipper out of Lady Watson, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to H. H. B. Angell, New York city.

Roxie. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Dec. 12, 1889, by Clipper out of Lady Watson, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to A. H. Kyle, Passaic, N. J.

Ty. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Dec. 12, 1889, by Clipper out of Lady Watson, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to William Rogers, Stockbridge, Mass.

Lord Fauntleroy. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped May 16, 1889, by Clipper out of Mavis, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to H. H. B. Angell, New York city.

Fre of Lee. Sable collie dog, whelped July 16, 1889, by Glencairn out of Fannie Brown, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to D. A. Hayes, Johnstown, N. Y.

Lady Watson. Sable and white Scotch collie bitch, whelped June 16, 1887, by Glenlivat out of Nellie McGregor, by C. G. Hinckley, Lee, Mass., to Geo. Sherman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Cock Robin. White bulldog, whelped March 2, 1890, by Portwood Tiger out of Grik, by John H. Matthews, New York, to F. Willard Roby, New York.

Ino—Nellie Dale whelps. Liver and white ticked pointer dogs, whelped Sept. 7, 1890, by Ino out of Nellie Dale, by Lyman W. Clute; one each to Isaac T. Broadie, Peekskill, N. Y.; A. M. Sargent, Brownsville, Pa.; Geo. A. Ward, Glenville, N. Y.; Frank J. Gleason, Burr Hills, N. Y.; Lemon and white, one each to John Dawson, S. Benedict, N. Y.; A. M. Sargent, Brownsville, Pa.; John A. Dewese, Denver, Col.; and a bitch to John A. Dewese, Denver, Col.

PRESENTATION.

Girl. E. Link, Terre Haute, Ind., black pointer bitch Girl, by Joe Pape out of Topsy W., to S. B. A. Watson, Jersey City, N. J.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

T. DE C.—Will you kindly tell me what can be done for a setter dog that is always losing his hair? He seems in good health. Ans. Rub the dog well with a mixture of one quart lard oil, a quarter of a pound sulphur lard, and a quarter of black antimony. Let this stand for two or three days, then wash off with warm water and castile soap. Repeat if necessary.

BROOKLYN.—As a constant reader of your valuable journal I take the liberty of troubling you for some information pertaining to a valuable Gordon setter which I have owned for some time. That the animal is a valuable one I have no doubt, as several gentlemen of good authority have so stated their opinion, and particularly as she answers faithfully to the description of a thoroughbred Gordon setter as given by "Stonechange." What the animal's pedigree is I do not know, and furthermore I have no way of possibly finding out. Now what I would like to know, as the animal is a bitch, is there any way in which I can secure for her offspring in the future, should I choose to breed her, any kind of a good pedigree. I would also like to obtain your opinion as to what is the best mange cure on the market, and as to whether it makes much difference if the mange be of the follicular or syphilitic type. Ans. Time, and by breeding your dog's offspring to dogs of recognized pedigree is of course the only way your dogs can acquire a pedigree. You cannot manufacture one. You could enter your bitch at a show held under A. K. C. rules by listing it in the Kennel Gazette for a 25-cent fee, and should it win at a kennel club show it is entitled to a free registration in the A. K. C. Stud Book, and there gets a registered number. Glover's mange cure is a good remedy, it will do for either kind of mange, and so will the others advertised in our columns.

D. T. G. Binghamton, N. Y.—I want some advice from you regarding a dog. It is a collie, about seven months old. We have tried to be very careful with him in bringing him up, and

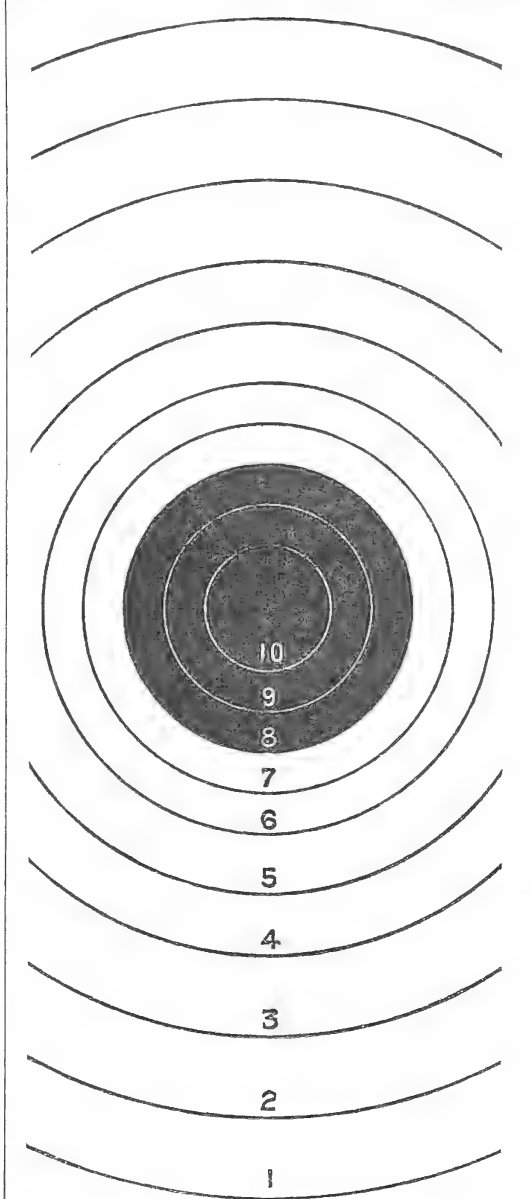
have him broken very well to the house. He has one very serious fault, which we have been unable to overcome, &c., running away. When he is in the house he will always come when called, but out doors will sometimes go deliberately away from us and be gone ten or fifteen minutes. On one occasion I whipped him severely when he ran away, while calling him, but do not believe that has done him very much good. In all other respects he minds beautifully. If you can suggest a remedy it will be a great favor. Another thing, he is a very poor eater. I don't think he averages six ounces of solid food a day, and that bread and butter with very little meat. Ans. We should advise you to take him out with a long chain or strap attached, and should he show any inclination to leave you, check him sharply with it, at the same time make him understand that he must come to heel when ordered. When you think he understands what is required, unchain him, and should he still wish to run off when called back, punish him. He will no doubt with a little careful handling very soon understand what you desire. Give him a two-grain quinine pill every other night for a week.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MANHATTAN CLUB SCORES.

The following is the result of a very lively rifle match, which came to a close Thursday, Jan. 15 at the new Manhattan Athletic Club ranges, after two weeks of very close shooting. The conditions were any .22cal. rifle, position off-hand, at 14 in. bullseye counting 8 and 10 distance 125 ft. The prizes were three handsome silver cups valued at \$85, \$60 and \$30 and a Stevens .22cal. pistol. The match was a very closely contested one as to second,



bird and fourth place up to the last day, when Capt. Money succeeded in drawing from sixth to third place. Two firsts were taken by Dr. W. R. Pryor very early in the match and he was never headed, making two 8's. Following are the scores in full: W. R. Pryor.....87 87 86 86 430 A. R. Angell.....75 75 70 68 285 S. Smith.....80 84 84 84 328 H. C. Shriver.....74 73 71 68 284 Capt. A. Money 85 83 82 79 327 J. C. Devereux 72 71 71 69 283 S. Slag.....85 80 80 79 324 R. H. Smith.....70 70 62 52 212 C. Summerville 81 78 75 397 C. W. Minor.....67 64 62 55 249 J. D. Foot.....76 76 76 75 303 H. T. Sinclair.....65 60 58 55 248 J. C. Taylor.....77 76 75 74 302

THE ZETTLER SHOOT.—The three days' shoot at the Bowery range, on Jan. 12, 13 and 14, was a fine success. The out-of-town organizations which were represented were the Queens Rifle Club, the Miller Rifle Club, the Williamsburgh Shooting Society, the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, and the Franklin Rifle Club, of Hartford. Of New York clubs the Harlem Rifle Club, the Turtle Bay and the Empire Rifle Club sent some good men, who all went home with prizes. It was expected that Newark would send a few of its representatives, but Mr. Wiegmann, of the Our Own Rifle Club, arrived on Wednesday, as the sole Newarker, and, after shooting a few scores, put up two of 75 each in rapid succession. Shooting lasted until after 12 o'clock, when the bullseyes were measured, and President Walther handed the prizes to the different winners. The scores were as follows: Twenty-five-ring target, two scores to count for the first 5 prizes: L. Flach, M. Dorrier, H. Holges, J. A. Boyken and G. D. Wiegmann scored 150 points and divided the first 5 prizes. H. Walther, A. Stahl and C. Huch had 75 to their credit and took sixth, seventh and eighth prizes. For the remaining 7 prizes there were 12 contestants with scores of 74. The 73 class was made up of 7 shooters, and 72 was scored by 10. The prize winners on the bullseye target and their scores, every degree measuring 14 inches, were as follows: H. Hodges, 9, G. E. Janzer 11, B. Walther 12.5, G. D. Wiegmann 12, M. Dorrier 18, C. G. Zettler 14.5, V. Steinbach 14.5, L. Vogt 118, L. Flach 20, J. A. Boyken 20.5. The other close scores were: Overhager 32, Baumgart 48, M. B. Engel 24, U. T. Keyes 52.5, Bodenstab 38, Lovelace 44.5, Pop 27, J. D. Miller 21, Busse 24, Capt. Devey 41, Kleinbub 29, Ross 83, Stahl 46, Klingelhofer 23.5, F. Fabarius 31.5, B. Zettler 22, E. Fisher 22.5, W. Vorchach 32, Weiss 24.5.

THE TRAP.

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NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by GURDON TRIMBULL. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST and STREAM.

Canoëing.

W. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, JAN. 10.

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the W. C. A. was held at the Wellington, Chicago, on Jan. 10, Com. D. H. Crane presiding. There were present of the committee, Com. D. H. Crane, Vice-Com. N. B. Cook, Rear-Com. O. A. Woodruff, Sec'y-Treas. J. H. Ware, C. J. Stedman and G. H. Gardner. Messrs. J. R. Bartlett and H. D. Crane of the Regatta Committee were also in attendance. In addition to the foregoing the following members of the Association were present by courtesy of the Executive Comm. The Hon. G. W. Gardner of Cleveland; Geo. B. Ellard and Chas. Weeks, of Cincinnati; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; G. G. Case, S. B. Mettler, J. H. Helmer, Jackson, Mich.; H. C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.; C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; W. H. Crawford, Dayton, O.; Geo. M. Munger, O. F. Munger, H. C. Waters, C. W. Lee, N. H. Cook, W. M. Dunham, A. W. Kitchin, and C. S. Shaw, of Chicago.

The first subject presented for discussion was the location of the next meet. A motion was at once made and seconded that the meet next summer be held at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, as formerly. A short talk was indulged in regarding the feasibility of locating the camp at Les Cheneaux Islands, near Mackinac, thus affording new waters for cruising. However, the great amount of rain and actual cold expected to be experienced by such a radical change, in addition to the inaccessibility of the proposed site, made it a rather one-sided question. Besides, a general fondness for the old camping place was expressed by those present, and a call for the question brought out a unanimous vote in favor of Ballast.

A formal observation disclosed the fact that should the camp be held from July 11 to 26, inclusive, moonlight evenings would be enjoyed during the whole period, and a unanimous vote quickly settled these dates as the time for the next meet. Col. J. R. Bartlett, as chairman of the regatta committee, then presented their report to the meeting, preceding it with a few remarks giving reasons in favor of the proposed programme of races. By recommendation of the regatta committee, and consent of the Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, the donor of the cup to the Association, the Gardner cup was declared open to Class C canoes, thus making this a free-for-all cup race. Some very pretty racing should result, and the future holder of this cup can congratulate himself upon his prowess, for competition between the classes is keen and a victory in this race now means a supremacy of the whole fleet.

A motion was then made that the programme of races and amendments to the sailing rules as proposed by the regatta committee be adopted, which was carried unanimously.

It was proposed that Article I. of the by-laws be amended by the addition of the following: "Every member attending the annual W. C. A. camp shall pay one dollar for camp expenses." Adopted unanimously. This was followed by an informal discussion regarding some minor questions, after which a motion to adjourn prevailed.

J. H. WARE, Sec'y-Treas. W. C. A.

PROGRAMME OF RACES FOR 1891.

- No. 1. Paddling, Class I, 1/2 mile. Record event.
- No. 2. Paddling, Class II, 1/4 mile. Record event.
- No. 3. Paddling, Class III, 1/8 mile. Record event.
- No. 4. Sailing and paddling, Classes A and B, 1 1/2 miles; sail first half mile, paddle second and sail third. Record event.
- No. 5. Sailing, for Gardner cup, free for all classes, best two heats in three, each heat to be two turns of the course, or 3 miles. Record event for A and B.
- No. 6. Sailing, for the W. C. A. Trophy, Classes A and B, best two heats in three, each heat two turns of the course, or 3 miles. Record event.
- No. 7. Sailing, for Longworth cup, Class C, best two heats in three, each heat two turns of the course, or 3 miles.
- No. 8. Sailing, man overboard, free for all classes. At a given signal crew to take a paddle overboard to leeward, pick it up and continue on course after the time.
- No. 9. Sailing, passenger race, free for all classes, 3 miles. All races will be governed by the W. C. A. rules.

The racing rules were amended by the addition of the following, relating to the cup races:

RULE XXV.

- Sec. 1. Each cup race shall consist of three heats; each heat shall be two turns of the course, or three miles, and shall be sailed within one hour and thirty minutes to be counted. No two heats in any race shall be sailed the same day unless directed by the regatta committee.
- Sec. 2. A canoe not winning one heat in three shall not start for a fourth unless such canoe shall have made a dead heat.
- Sec. 3. A dead heat shall be counted in the race, and shall be considered a heat which is undecided only as between the canoes making it, and it shall be considered a heat that is lost by all the other competing canoes.
- Sec. 4. Whenever each of the canoes making a dead heat would have been entitled to terminate the race had it won said dead heat, they only shall start again.
- Sec. 5. A canoe must win two heats to be entitled to the cup.
- Sec. 6. When more than one canoe remains in the race, entitled to be placed at the finish of the last heat, the second best canoe shall receive the second prize, if any there be.
- Sec. 7. In deciding the rank of canoes other than the winner, among such as remain in the race entitled to be placed at the conclusion of the last heat thereof, the several positions which have been assigned to each canoe so contending shall be considered as to every heat in the race. That is, canoes having won a heat and made a dead heat, better than a canoe that has won a heat only; a canoe winning a heat, better than one making a dead heat; a dead heat better than no heat; a canoe that has been placed second one heat better than a canoe that has been placed third any number of times.
- Sec. 8. When two or more canoes appear equal in rank in the summary of the race, they shall cast lots for the second prize, if any there be.
- Sec. 9. In case these provisions shall not give a specific decision as to second prize, the judges of the race are to make the award according to their best judgment, but in conformity with the principles of this rule.

The Chicago C. C. is modest and doesn't wish to say a word about the dinner that followed the meeting, but really the letters of compliment which have been pouring in from guests now returned to their homes are not to be gainsaid, and history will not have it any way except that the city by the lake has surpassed all similar efforts up to date. As the Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, of Cleveland, expressed it, "Chicago has out-Chicagoed herself." Unbiased judgment must say that she has done very quietly and unpretentiously, and with the modesty which is the better part of a genuine hospitality.

When Manager Bemis, of the Richelieu, cast his eye over the tables up in the big domed banquet hall of that famous hostelry he smiled in a way to do one's soul good. "These are the prettiest tables I ever set," said he. And he sent for a photographer. To-day there are extant pictures of the Greek cross table of that memorable banquet, showing the little round table in the center with the four chairs of ebony, and the four light arrangement of the choicest linen, the rarest cut-glass and the finest silver the Richelieu ever laid before a guest, the most distinguished. The purely material processes of eating and drinking became refined and spiritualized at this Greek cross board. Moreover, the close and compact arrangement brought all the party close together and well within reach of the silver, lutelike tones of Chairman Marks. The menu—but will it not bring tears to the eyes to discuss such good things, gone forever? The menu is worthy of reproduction, but black and white will not reproduce the soft tones of the copper etching, and only those who sat at the board that night may know the true fitness of the quaint designs, conceived by the committee on arrangements, which fell here and there upon the air. The sword of each guest was blazoned on his menu, and doubtless it would take much time to induce any member present to part therewith. The card showed a very definite programme for the evening, further borne out by the very clever idea of the printed "Songs of the W. C. A." neatly folded in. Among these songs were historic ones, such as these: "There is a Tavern in the Town," "America," "Golden Shippers," "Hear dem Bells," "Put on your Gold and Silver," and "And Lang Syne." The list of these tunes is part of every heart that sits by a fire and sings, and being provided here with the words, which sometimes prove elusive, the boys all sang—and how they did sing! In canoeing there are no comparisons. Each new experience is the best of all. The C. C. C. banquet to the W. C. A. is only the last best thing; yet probably some days subsequent to this almost any one of the young and old boys will turn a retrospective page of this pretty little menu, memorial and pro-

gramme of the evening will smile as he thinks of the time, and, murmuring, "It was a corker."

The tables were spread for forty-eight, and up to the last moment it was thought that nearly that number would be present. Sickness kept some guests away, and letters of regret came in till only forty good men and true sat down at the hour appointed. Among others there were present the following from without the city: Hon. G. W. Gardner, of Cleveland, O.; G. H. Gardner, Cleveland, O.; Col. J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, O.; G. B. Ellard, Cincinnati, O.; H. C. Morse, Cincinnati, O.; C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, O.; T. T. Goff, Cincinnati, O.; Chas. Weeks, Cincinnati, O.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.; W. H. Crawford, Dayton, O.; H. D. Spencer, Bloomington, O.; S. B. Mettler, Jackson, Mich.; G. G. Case, Jackson, Mich.; John Helmer, Jackson, Mich.; H. C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.; C. S. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; The Chicago contingent included Commodore D. H. Crane, Messrs. L. S. Marks, C. H. Ward, C. W. Lee, P. F. Munger, N. B. Cook, F. S. Waters, G. M. Munger, Dr. Mattheson, N. H. Cook, H. C. Waters, H. B. Black, W. M. Dunham, A. W. Kitchin, H. B. Cook, D. M. Lord, R. P. Marks, C. E. Stevens, E. S. Shaw and W. E. Lewis.

Telegrams and letters of regret were read from Mr. Porteous, Com. Dorland, Vice-Com. Vinton, Sec'y Brazer, Vice-Com. Gaddis, Shiras, Clark, L. B. Palmer, Grandpa Gates and many others.

The arrangements of the evening were perfect, and more need not be said as to that. But credit should be given the C. C. C. committee, who had the arrangements in charge. Messrs. J. H. Crane, C. J. Stedman, D. H. Crane and J. B. Keogh, or those of them who did the actual work, are to be congratulated. This journal would be remiss in courtesy did it not return sincere thanks to Purser Lee for an assistance unusual and kind.

As was mentioned, Mr. L. J. Marks was in the chair. Mr. Marks is a young man of tall and dignified appearance, and a brown and bending eye. Mr. Marks is different from most men in an amiable and unassuming way. Each speaker in the middle of each extremity and with brains at both ends did it. As presiding officer and toast master, Mr. Marks made a blooming success of it. It may have been due to his great natural dignity, or to the obvious wish to follow out a definite programme, or indeed most likely to the good sense of all present, but it is certainly true that up to the very last moment the ladyless assemblage was orderly and quiet, and of danger sail, and looking for the number by courtesy and full attention. Let other banquets bear this in mind, especially in conjunction with the singular fact the party sat down to dinner at 7:30 and did not rise till 1:30 the following morning. Of the whole six hours there was not a dull moment, and yet there was never a boisterous word. It may be in bad taste to comment on this, but any one knows what such comment really implies of complaint to canoeists as a class.

It was late in the evening when the mandolin orchestra was shamed into temporary silence by the silver voice of chairman Marks, who requested Col. J. R. Bartlett, of Fremont, Ohio, to arise and make some remarks about the "W. C. A."

Col. Bartlett was "stuck" on Ballast Island, where the past misadventure had been held. In fact, to such an extent did his addressiveness attain that he burst into a wild lyric strain of poetry about "Old Ballast." This made him feel better and he told why he liked "Old Ballast" and the W. C. A. The Colonel will never forget how, a few years ago, when he was a perfect stranger at the meet, he sailed across the stormy waves up to coast of Ballast and was received with yells of "Bartlett! Bartlett!" from men he never saw and had never seen him before. They had spied the heraldry of his coat of arms, and looking for his number in the Year Book recognized him in advance and called out "What's the matter with Bartlett?" Col. Bartlett thought there was only one Ballast Island and never would be more than one W. C. A. He sat down to take on more ballast amid prolonged applause.

Mr. H. C. Waters, a Hyde Park canoeist, whose baritone voice is so heavy that he can't take it out sailing, was him, now gave a very pleasant vocal solo, and then Mr. R. P. Marks responded to the toast "Our Guests." Mr. M. G. Nixon was to reply to this toast but was by sickness prevented from attending. Mr. Marks was summoned on short notice and out of hand made a rattling address of welcome which added a cubit to the stature of every non-resident present. Ag. J. H. Crane, of Cleveland, O., was to reply to this toast but was by sickness prevented from attending. Mr. Marks was summoned on short notice and out of hand made a rattling address of welcome which added a cubit to the stature of every non-resident present.

While sitting here to-night I have gone back in fancy to those vacation days in the waters of Put-in-Bay, and I see the little Ina puffing back and forth from point to point, freighted with excursionists; the white-winged canoes scattered here and there over the surface of the water, scudding before the wind; the boat-house landing alive with canoeists preparing for a sail, with the incessant clatter of the oars in the water; the tinkering with his tackle; a gang of thirsty fellows around the bar of one of the Chicago tent, waiting for the "experts" to mix them a glass of ice water; groups of twos and threes of hungry stomachs wending their way toward the dining-hall after one of those dinners which would make Mrs. Richelieu turn green with envy; and lastly, the old camp fire around which you pass the hours till late, with a song and so on. As to finally introducing the subject of what would have happened if any one of us had dared to appear on Ballast Island in dress suit. I imagine he would have received such a ducking as has not been seen since our good friend Mr. Cook upset in that unfortunate race last summer.

Permit me to say that I hope your association will continue its prosperity, both in sailing between Classes A, B, nor C, and should you grow so big as to finally introduce the "D" class, I promise to buy the Great Eastern and join your association. Permit me also to thank you for your courtesy and hospitality, and to congratulate you as an association in having as part of your organization such a company as the Chicago Club to furnish such a dinner as this we have risen from, but what else could you expect if you had the honor of such a well appointed kitchen, such artistically decorated Wares, and such a choice of food, as the W. C. A. is pretty hard to beat and a Crane that every good house-wife must admit is admirably well placed.

Mr. C. S. Shaw, a Canadian canoeist, who is a close relative of Orpheus, now sang a brave baritone ballad. In this way, Mr. Waters and Mr. Shaw alternated throughout the evening, one or the other singing a solo after each speech. Never was a nicer evening.

"Brotherhood of Canoeists" was upheld by Hon. Geo. W. Gardner, of Cleveland, O., much beloved by all of the craft. Mayor Gardner is the head of the syndicate which owns Ballast Island, the scene of the Western meets, and his uniform kindness to canoe people has endeared him to the hearts of all. He arose and uttered a few words, and Mayor Gardner responded.

"Mr. Chairman and Friends: Another leaf has been taken from the calendar. The log of the past season, full of the most happy recollections, has been closed, and we open the new book for records such as can come only from the great outdoor world with its lurid charms for genial gentlemen, who, possessing pluck, skill and staying quality, are, in the gentlemanly sport peculiar to the Brotherhood of Canoeists, the owners of the greatest strength from contact with the free forces of the universe, wind, waves, rain and sunlight, and courting contests in manly antagonism. There is something healthy in this brief return to the state of nature from which modern life is so remote; to paddle or sail from the artificial into the natural world which is before us, is to outlive and outgrow our civilization.

The days may not always be glorious in bright sunshine and fleecy clouds, but the canoe's life brings out genius in model, strength, outfit, rig and buoyancy that rises to every sea, begetting romantic charm and attractive excitement—strength for the weak, health for the sick, hope for the despondent, appetite for the dyspeptic, peace for the weary, joy for the moody, and immortality for the mortal. The days may not always be glorious, though it may grow heavy at times and show the weak points, muscle, or with sail, which may cause an intimate absorption, satisfying the most credulous, that water is very wet, yet the web and woof of his enjoyment is so beautifully woven as to remain with him—a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

There may be those of us who have been a trifle lubberly at times, but I don't know how many of us are a travesty upon the brotherhood as sailors or gentlemen, and it is just as probable that we all of us, at all times, might not be quickly recognized, because of the nut brown exposure and little bits of sun-burnt cuticle, covering spots not otherwise enveloped in tugs peculiar to us as canoeists, but we do not lay claim to an excess of dignity, never listle there may be a smack of it, when we say we are sailing and paddling, and that we are not of our association—neither will we bulge or magnify non-essentials, for that would be to forget our unity of purpose.

While but comparatively few excel in athletics, constant exercise is the best of food for physical well being. That physical culture, hand in hand with mental development, brings the most desirable results must be admitted, for such of the popularity of the older colleges of the East, especially, is due largely to the attention given to the different athletic sports, prominent among which as a permanent feature is aquatic. If it were otherwise the mental development would be built up at the terrible expense of vitality, and results are, we have sportsmanlike and gentlemanly contests attracting large interest throughout the country, which cannot in all its connections and associations be deemed an

extravagant development of certain lines or prejudicial to a perfection in other faculties.

"In the capacity of brotherhood there is much material of interest to all to be worked up by reflective studies in camp-fire and experiment for action under paddle and canvas.

"It is something marvelous, the great accession to the ranks of canoeists all over the country. There is a belief that to the thousands who have thus been attracted there is a fascination that cannot be withstood.

"One adherent of the A. C. A., who for a decade past, have been in line of steady growth in membership and progress in all that is implied in modern canoeing, who can give us so much in song, sketch and story, are entitled to receive, and we hereby tender to them our hearty congratulations. Their activity has been a stimulant to this, the younger association, and though not our Alma Mater, for we 'babe' her—when we can—we plead guilty to being accessories to the accomplishment of an object as an organization, and in this there is an accepted unity of purpose in the entire brotherhood of canoeists.

"I am reminded, as we sit by this bountiful board enjoying the generous hospitality of our brothers of the Chicago C. C., who have gathered the brotherhood from many of our local clubs for a season in communion of the most pleasant character imaginable, of the feeling of personal regard co-existing in the brotherhood of the Western Canoe Association, to which we all claim the closest allegiance.

"May this friendship ever continue, for with it will follow not only an assured success, which has been attained, but a lesson taught us from the past of the possibilities of the future. And now, my brother canoeists, the order is given me. 'Your watch being week'—I will say and go below.

Mayor Gardner's remarks upon the regatta association, the A. C. A., were received with continued applause.

Mr. P. F. Munger was called upon to assume the responsibility of replying to the delicate proposition "Our Sweethearts and Wives." Mr. Munger said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It is so many years since I have had any experience of the former half of this subject, that I can hardly speak by the card. I have heard of lady's choice, of a summer girl, the sea side girl, etc., but the sweetheart that I used to know of was the old fashioned, all around girl. It may be that the new style also includes the canoe girl. I have been thinking how I could say something funny on this subject, for it is impossible to talk that is most liked on an occasion like this; but being a married man, I will say, I prefer them as they are, and that the characteristic that chiefly distinguishes the wise man from the fool is the ability to profit by experience, I have concluded that I will not attempt to say anything funny about wives. It is a subject that must be approached with respect and discretion.

In its romantic phase this topic has often been presented with wealth of imagery and poetical inspiration, that for me to assume to say one word that had not already been said, or to add one jot or tittle to the love and devotion due our wives and sweethearts, would be like carrying coals to Newcastle or sprinkling perfume on the violet.

But there are sides of this subject that are delightfully human rather than idealistic, and all the more refreshing for being so. The rose is no less the queen of flowers because it has a thorn, and our dear ones are not always angels except in name. And now we stop a moment to consider how graciously an all wise Providence has ordered this thing. If they really were angels they would be so good that we could not appreciate them; and then how embarrassing upon taking a friend home unannounced, to find that your wife has been out fishing to try a pair of new fashioned wings and had taken her hasty launch. No, we prefer them as they are, with enough of the worldly admixture to give life a zest.

"To those of us who are not looking backward, but like the Irishman have their experience before them, our subject is surrounded by a halo that discloses only the colors of the rainbow or the brilliant glow of sunset tints. But to those of us who know the sweetest part of life is the wife and the present are discernible the more subdued but less evanescent colorings which denote the presence of the qualities that make life happy and without which beauty is a mockery.

"Perhaps it was an error not to have included the wife in her more important character as mother in the toast, for to the mother is due the inculcations in our impressionable minds of a respect for the wife, and the respect for the wife is the basis of the early maternal corrections, applied to that part of our anatomy that most appealed to our understanding, this banquet board would not be honored to-night by the presence of so many men eminent in their chosen walks of life, nor by so many more of us who are willing to set the world on fire, but don't know how to do it.

"The great interest evinced in the recent political agitation in Kilkenny is an unconscious evidence of the esteem in which we hold our womankind. Not that the idea of pugnacity or quarrelsomeness, which the mention of that famous Irish locality suggests, has any connection with our peace-loving subject. Oh, no! But it is a fact that our wives are the most potent and orthodox of the world in their own sweethearts no doubt expect to be.

"It is interesting to note the development of a timid, trusting, dependent sweetheart. At first her horizon only has scope to take in her hero, who is so competent to paddle his own canoe and would like to take her aboard too. In due course of time they ship together in the matrimonial canoe, and glide down the placid river of life mid banks fringed with perfume laden flowers, sweet fleecy clouds, in canoes and dandies and horses, objects familiar to all cruisers. She soon tires of only being a passenger and for a more active participation in the work. She assumes a paddle and becomes indeed a helpmeet. The placidity of the waters is occasionally disturbed by rapids and storms, but our fair paddler, gaining confidence from her experience, not only assists but takes a hand in the guiding, and occasionally is the sole pilot, though our brave captain is so complacent in the thought that he is doing all the steering himself.

"Milliner Rapids and Hired Girl Dam, (which by the way is a dam with a great big D) are safely passed, and even banquet shoals by dint of hard work are gotten through, and the little craft comes to rest at last in the tranquil bay of domestic felicity, stirring occasionally to be sure by puffs and squalls, but nevertheless a safe harbor of rest.

"Yes, to our wives and sweethearts we owe much that goes to make life worth the living, but most to the wife. She beautifies, adorns and makes attractive our homes; she mends our socks, sews on our buttons, tells us not to stay out late, deprecates the necessity of our attending a banquet from which she is barred, and she gives us a kiss smells our breath when we get home.

"But there are times when it is so much more pleasant to contemplate her in the abstract; when (let it not be recorded to our shame) distance lends enchantment. That this is such an occasion, and that this accounts for her absence here to-night, I leave it to each guilty conscience to determine."

"Ballast Island" was the theme which gave Mr. Geo. W. Ellard the inspiration and touching talk. Mr. Ellard was one of the founders of the A. C. A., and one of the early commodores. The boys listened with the closest attention to his every word and applauded him to the echo when he had concluded. In the course of his speech Mr. Ellard remarked:

"There have been, from time to time, some slight murmurings of discontent. There have been some who seemed to have a desire for pastures, such as I mean waters, new. But their grievances were mostly imaginary and passed away, or were passed away like the shadow of a summer cloud. Some few have left us, and I sorrow for it as we all do. But if, after this meeting, any member desires to try the Feejee or the Falkland Islands, or the newly-acquired German possession on the Gilbert or Marshall Group, I will only say 'Joy be with you,' but I don't think you will blame me if I say 'You were missed.' The Irishman will blame me in the language of his native poet, that his is the first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea; and I claim for Ballast that she is an emerald in a sapphire setting, with a sword and a foliage as green and fresh as nature's hand can make them, and surrounded by waters, bright and sparkling, as 'deeply, deeply, deep, deep blue,' as the Bay of Naples. I never visit Ballast but I feel as if I had got a reward of my life's labor. I never leave it but with keen regret, and as the outline of the island fades from the view I feel, with the old ode to Venice, 'What sweet recollections cling to my heart as thy fast-fading shores from my vision depart.' Shipmates, I have a sentiment to offer, and I will ask you to fill your glasses and drink to it with me. To the W. C. A. Island—the birth place of the W. C. A., the cradle of its childhood, the home of its manhood and the haven of its age!"

The toast to "The Press" was to have been acknowledged by the FOREST AND STREAM representative, but he being absent through sickness the reply was made by Mr. H. D. Spencer, a back-slidden newspaper man, who is now studying law at Bloomington, Ill. Mr. Spencer is a canoeist and a rattling good speaker withal. He showed the intimate relation between the press and the honorable sports of the field.

"The Ace of Clubs" was the closing formal speech, and Mr. J. B. Keogh made it one of the pleasantest. The ace of clubs is the totem of the Chicago Canoe Club, and the sign by which it conquers and the token of a top-card organization. Mr. Keogh recounted in a series of amusing anecdotes the adventures whitherto

the burgee bearing this strange device may lead one. He convulsed his hearers with laughter and applause, and left a pretty keystone to the oratorical evening.

The body assembled now sang with great gusto that cheerful air "Put on de Golden Sword," led by Mr. Crane. Then followed stories and song, and song and stories. The two big punch bowls got a trifle more hollow looking. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and finally, amid a grand circular war-dance, the air of "Home Sweet Home" prevailed, and the entertainment which this Chicago boys had so hard and so successfully tried to make a pleasant one was at an end. E. HUGH.

A CANOE CRUISE DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA

[Concluded from Page 526.]

LOOKING over the waters we both questioned about Commodore, and were disappointed to see him dodging the rocks through the shore channels. Then casting our eyes down the river we saw Mac and Ed resting on their paddles as though nothing extraordinary had happened. It was the work of but a few moments till we had our canoes hailed out, standing in the meanwhile in water up to our waists to keep the canoes from having holes bored into them by being dashed on the ledges by the reaction of the numerous whirlpools. During this pleasant operation exclamations came from the Doctor: "My good nicker-plated rudder gone. Well, and where is my hat? Yes, and I busted my hatch, and the bulkhead is gone!" And looking further he found that he could not find the things that were saved in a much shorter time than he could sum up the lost, as the saved were far in the minority. As for me it did not matter, as this was not my first swamp. Vaulting into our craft we ran the second rapid, and were then surprised to see the others up at the station now at Shenk's Ferry.

At their hail to come and get a drink of coffee we went in, were soaked and muddy to perke of the refreshments. While sipping our coffee we were entertained by an old craftsman, filled to the brim with Highspire whisky. He made us miserable by his praise of himself; how he ran the channels in this and that stage of the water, until we were glad to pay for our coffee and leave.

Our next thoughts were turned toward a camp for the night. We encountered rough water for two miles, when we ran in on shore at York Furnace, preparatory to establishing a camp. There we could find no wood, but on looking just opposite on the island we saw an elegant spot and plenty of fire-wood; so we at once re-embarked. Landing, we had to carry our things about 150 ft., but were well repaid for it, as the spot was situated on a bluff and the grass high, which made the most delightful camp since the start. After taking everything out of our canoes and turning the over on the pebbly shore, we carried our possessions up to the camp site and then started a roaring fire.

In the meantime a smaller fire was lighted and supper put on. A rope was then stretched around the camp-fire, and on it we hung our clothes and blankets. By the lantern's light in the tent which we pitched, we prepared to bunk for the night. This night, amid all the hardships that the day brought to us, was the most enjoyable. We had as beautiful a place as the eye of man ever rested on, seemingly surrounded, on account of the many curves that the river takes, by the most picturesque mountains.

Just before turning in, we had a view of the most beautiful night scene. Far away to the east on the top of the long ledges of mountains, could be seen a light, looking in the distance like a huge camp-fire of some huntsman. After a little waiting we could see it creeping up and up, now and then hiding from view, behind the thick foliage, and at last our waiting was rewarded, as the moon, the beautiful orb of night, rose from behind the mountain top shining in the valley in all her glory. "Well, I am going to turn in, I am tired," came from Mac, and following suit we all turned in and were soon resting in the arms of Morpheus.

Thursday, Aug. 13, found us up at 6:30, and we wrote some postals and handed them to the ferryman who came across to the hotel on the west shore. Breakfast over, we again packed up and started on our journey. We encountered rapids at every hundred yards, and after running a mile of very rough water we rounded the bend near Suquam station. There we went through some heavy waves that necessitated a stop to bail out. Just here is where the two channels of the bay meet, and the water runs between a mass of boulders, lowering above the water's edge to a height of 50 to 75 ft. The water is so pure and at McCall's ferry, two miles below, is said to be 100 ft. 150 ft. deep. The river is also full of curves, and with the rapidity of the current, the whirlpools and the eddies are abundant, making paddling difficult and tiresome.

Paddling through this wild stretch of country, we observed on our right a beautiful club house, situated on a very high bluff, overlooking the river, and on the left a fine view of the railroad. We found it to be the Midway Fishing Club, of York.

A short distance further down we passed McCall's Ferry, at which place we saw a number of fishermen and, of course, propounded to them the same old story of how far it was to different places below and whether we would encounter any rough places, in answer to which they told us a book full, but we knew in a short while that they told us only a few fisherman's tales. The river below gradually widens out and takes a straight course, and as the wind was blowing with terrific force against our faces we moved uncomfortably slowly.

Doctor turning in his canoe called out, "Do you hear that, fellows?" and it needed no explanation, as coming from far in the distance could be heard the roar of some falls or rapids, we knew not which. Working along under such a head of time, we sighted the head of the rapids and were soon upon them.

The Doctor headed for shore and we all followed and got out and examined them. After holding a council we again took up our paddles and in two hours, by wading, paddling and lifting our canoes over large rocks, we succeeded at last in covering the hundred yards of the worst rapids we had to contend with. After inquiring found them to be the noted Cully's rapids. The distance of three miles to Fite's Eddy was covered in a short time, at which place we made a brief stop and inquired further of the river.

At this point it is wide and along the Lancaster side is very swift. We skirted close to the shore, as the trees overhanging the river and making a dark path, we were going along at the rate of 6 or 8 miles an hour. Back at Cully's Mary and I tied our cravats to our penants to dry, but as we were nearing Peach-Bottom, 4 miles below Fite's Eddy, Mac found both pennant and cravat gone and was without that piece of attire for the rest of the trip. After landing at Peach-Bottom and tying our painters fast to an old steamboat, we got out and went up to the hotel and made a purchase of some milk and sandwich, the sandwiches measuring about 8x3 in. Disposing of this lunch we went back to the canoes and helped our commodore to pack up, preparatory to shipping home. Our hearts full of sorrow for poor commodore we cast off our painters and amid farewells, ending up with the club yell, Rah! Rah! Rel! H. C. C. and a tiger, we moved off.

The run from Peach Bottom to Bald Friar, miles below was a very fascinating ride, the water being so pure and clear. After passing Bald Friar it was difficult to find a channel through a fish dam, which made it necessary for us to get on a small island and examine it from below. Launching our canoes again, we ran the dam without any trouble and we were now on the alert for a so-called Hollow Rock, a dangerous place, which we had been cautioned about at Peach Bottom. Hearing the roar of heavy rapids ahead of us, and not seeing the river for a considerable distance below, we knew that we had a very steep rapid to go through, or else we were nearing the breast of a dam.

The idea of dropping suddenly over a falls was not pleasant, so running to the left, we stopped on a neck of land, and there the Doctor and I got out and waded to the edge of the turmoil. We found it to be a sudden drop of 100 ft. The water being so pure and beating itself into foam, making such a noise that to hear one talk was impossible. Tramping back and getting into our craft, the Doctor started out and struck the channel and went through like an arrow, for it seemed but an instant until he was in smooth water, waving his hat for use to come ahead.

Mac pushed off, but on account of a small whirlpool was unable to manage his canoe, and he was stuck in his log, went over backward, but strange to say, bobbed up at the foot in shipshape condition. Ed concluded still to change the mode of running rapids by getting into his canoe, while I kept hold of one end with a rope, which nearly ended in a ducking for me.

Left to myself, I had to manage the best I knew how, as the other boys were below me. I was wading along the shore until I got to the head of the rapids, where I was stuck more or less difficultly and succeeded in skirting along the shore, making the run without accident.

Coming up with the boys, I found that they had ascertained from several men on shore, that the place which we had just come through was Hollow Rock, which was a surprise to us, and a very agreeable one. Now, from information gathered along the route, we learned that after passing Hollow Rock we had nothing more to encounter in the way of rapids.

Strong head winds and a slight rain make us a little discouraged, and to find a suitable camp was our next ambition.

The current of the river takes a sweep to the right about one-quarter mile below Hollow Rock. Here we found ourselves on the right hand shore and soon approached a large frame bridge that crosses the river. Seeing a number of surveyors, we inquired the name of it, but they did not know—"Just arrived," they said, and it was not until afterward that we found out that it was the Coneywango bridge, opposite Coneywango Station on the P. D. and C. R. R.

Paddling from under the bridge Mac said, "Look down there, see that bridge, that's Hayve de Grace, I'll bet a dollar," and far in the distance we could see a span of the bridge at Hayve de Grace. This sight revived the boys' spirits, and further down could be seen an island, where we concluded to camp for the night. Passing through a succession of small rapids, we heard Ed grumbling to himself, and found out that he had hit a rock and stopped. Working on down, we ran in on the island that we set out for as our stopping place, and Doctor got out to reconnoiter, but pronounced it unfit for a night's stay, and as we had few if any provisions, we decided, one and all, to go over to shore and buy some food and camp there. Sailing the action to the word, we went across, and while Mac and the Doctor went on a foraging expedition, Ed and I took a nap. The boys reappeared laden with a dozen ears of corn, a dozen eggs, two quarts of milk, and a loaf of bread, all for the sum of 50 cents.

Cruising along the mainland for a short distance we ran in on shore. Carrying our canoes up the grassy bank we made our fire, preparatory to getting supper. This being accomplished, supper was laid out. Mac and Ed attended to that part of the program, while the Doctor and I put up shelter for the night. Supper soon over, we covered up the canoes and their contents carefully, as the sky was dark and the air was heavy, cautioning us to make ready for a rain, and rain it did before we were ready for it.

Ed intended to sleep in his canoe, but was so long in making his cot that the rain cut him short, and hence he had to sleep in the tent with us. It poured all night, and on rising in the morning I found my canoe half full of water after all the trouble I took in covering it up.

Breakfast was prepared with difficulty, as the wood was wet; but after Doctor exercised himself in coaxing and blowing he got the fire under way and cooked some coffee and eggs. About this time a little pickaninny appeared among us so suddenly that we cast our eyes upward expecting to see a few more drop off the trees overhead. By questioning the little dark-skinned fellow we found out that he could get us some milk, and forthwith we sent him for it with two jars. A few minutes' wait brought the pickaninny and then we sat down to breakfast. The eggs in particular at this meal were very good, and we were too sorry that at that late day we found how good a cook the Doctor was.

Those eggs were the only things he cooked on the trip, and we praised them up so as not to discourage him if he should ever attempt it again. Clearing up the remains of our breakfast we gave them to the small African, who to repay us, took our utensils up to his house and had them scoured and cleaned, the first time they had been so since they came out of the factory. Packing up our kit into as small a space as possible, as we would reach our destination in an hour's paddle we launched our canoes. In the meanwhile the youngster came down with his fishing rod, and after some persuasion I got the loan of it, and in a short time caught him a fine string of fish much to his amazement and delight. An old fisherman said, "You are a good fisherman, and got out to sea," and the little fellow he called them. In answer to our inquiry of how far it was to the port, he said it was 3 miles, as he sailed up and down every day.

Pushing off we paddled off around the curve and saw Port Deposit ahead, but the distance was only one-half mile, so we put that fisherman's lie down with the rest.

Our run to port was pleasant, and the waves were rolling up from the bay, making our light craft bob up and down like so many corks.

We made a landing opposite the station, and at once went up to the hotel and there took a bath and brushed ourselves up in our nearest.

Crossing the street from the hotel we got shaved and there it was done and the trip.

The Doctor and I expected to go on, but on account of being poisoned on my hands and other impediments, much to Doctor's discomfiture, I decided not to. We just had time to get our canoes to the station and to buy our tickets when the conductor shouted, "All aboard," and we started homeward. TRU-DE.

THE HOISTING SAIL COMPETITION.

We have received from Mr. Zerega the following conditions governing the contest for the prize offered by him: For the best hoisting and lowering rig, competition to take place on July 6, from 1 P. M. until sundown. Place, Brooklyn C. C.; judge, Mr. W. Stephens, whose decision shall be final. Contest open to the members of New York C. C., Brooklyn C. C., and the canoe clubs of the Passaic River. Entries to be made in writing and to be sent to Mr. W. P. Stephens, at the office of FOREST AND STREAM. A second prize will be offered if five, and a third if ten entries are made before April 1. Conditions governing the contest are as follows: Rig to be hoisted and lowered in 10 minutes; sails to be hoisted and lowered in 10 minutes; and the contest to be determined by points, which are to be counted as follows: Perfection in hoisting, 3 points; perfection in lowering and properly furling, 3 points. Perfection in balance (to be determined by sailing without rudder and with fixed centerboard or centerboards, over a short course to windward and to leeward, 3 points; merit and beauty of design, 1 point; neat and seamlike finish, 3 points. Possible score, 17 points. Should the score of any boats tie, such boats must be rejected, and on the same day if possible. Double entries permitted, but only one prize awarded to any competitor. Reading not considered.

MASSASOIT C. C.—The Massasoit wigwam in Boston Harbor, was aflame with life and enthusiasm on the evening of Jan. 12, on the occasion of the annual banquet of the Massasoits. Gaily decorated for the occasion was the club-house, which stands isolated on the margin of the bay, looking on to the sometimes rippling, sometimes surging waters, the scene of so much summer activity and pleasure, surrounded by a large company of yachts and sailboats, whose towering masts constituted a forest in the midst of which the pile-built wigwam is successfully hidden from the rude gaze of an unsympathetic public. After some time had been spent by the Massasoits, the neighboring Puritan and the Lynn Sagmores in fraternal chat, the more serious business of the evening was taken in hand, and the canoeists sat down to a delicious banquet. About fifteen guests and ten members were present. After the spread the tables were removed and a lantern exhibition of club camps and cruises was given by Mr. Benedict. The club house was tastefully decorated with flags, paddles, etc., and a very enjoyable evening was passed. The fine club house, built on the "knoll," Wilson's Point, was finished too late for any formal opening last season, but the members have under consideration races and a reception for Decoration Day next.

THE TURTLES' SLEIGHRIDE.—On Jan. 9 the Mohican C. C. had a grand midwinter frolic, under the leadership of Capt. Winné, an expedition in two large sleighs to the club's summer house down the river, where Mate Wheeler and his aids had gone in advance to prepare fires and a feast. The hill near the house was converted into a toboggan slide, lighted by a bonfire and Chinese lanterns; the canoeists bringing toboggans with them. Music was furnished by the banjos and guitars, and a grand feast was spread in the pretty little club house, the party reaching home very late. Capt. Winné has not only gone far toward reviving the old-time spirit of the Turtles in summer but he has kept the club alive and used all winter.

PURITAN CLUB.—Prospect meeting, Jan. 17, officers elected: Com., Edw. S. Gilmore; Vice-Com., J. S. Dean; Rear Com., Jos. E. Hill; Treas., Lotthrop Dodge; Sec., James W. Cartwright, Jr., 611 Washington street, Boston; Board of Directors, above officers and Francis J. Baxter and Samuel A. Brown; Membership Com., Geo. R. Underwood, J. E. Hill, J. S. Dean; House Com., E. S. Gilmore, Howard E. Jepson; Bus., J. R. Roberts; Fin., J. S. Dean. Condition sound. Prospects bright. Fleet comprises 20 canoes, 5 canoe yavls, 6 new in 1890.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division; J. B. Agnew, Trenton, N. J.

Pachting.

SINGLESTICK RACING IN 1890.

THE 40 FT. CLASS.

WHETHER or no the past season in the 40 ft. class has justified the brilliant predictions of last winter and proved a great success, our readers may judge for themselves from the accompanying table of races. This must be plain, that the races have surpassed in number those of any class in previous years, that a large proportion of these contests have been spirited and exciting, and that there is nothing in the results of the season of 1890 to contradict the conclusions drawn in 1889 as to the superiority of the moderate type of sail boat over all others. The promise of the winter was unusually bright, while many of the old favorites, Bansee, Chiquita, Baboon, Xarx, Pappoose, Nympha, Gorilla, Alice and Verena, had retired from the racetrack, and though but three new boats were building to replace them; these were all racers and of the latest model and build. At the same time there were still a number of the '89 boats that were preparing for another trial, Liris, Marquita, Tomahawk, Minerva, Helen and the untitled Choctaw. Nearly all of these were undergoing important alterations, mainly in the direction of Minervaizing.

Helen was altered by raking her sternpost, cutting away the forefoot, lowering her ballast and the substitution of an entirely new sail plan; Marquita was also taken in hand in the same way, her ballast being lowered by recasting in wider piece of her entire keel, and two extra tons added; Alice was altered by raking her sternpost, cutting away the forefoot, lowering her ballast and the substitution of an entirely new sail plan, including an outfit of Laphorne canvas. Tomahawk was but little changed, being painted black in place of white, but the hull being unaltered. Minerva was unchanged in hull, but had a new suit of Laphorne canvas and new gear, her sails being the same. Before the season began, the boats were owned, being sold by Admiral Tweed to a brother-in-law, Phelps Carroll, owner of Gorilla, Capt. Charles Barr still retaining command of her. Another of the '89 boats was Choctaw, a Burgess centerboard, similar to Nympha, completed late in the season and not raced that year. Her owner, Mr. Arnold Thayer, proposed to race her, and she was fitted out early in the season.

The new boats, those mentioned, were from Mr. Burgess's designs, the first of them, being for Messrs. Charles F. and George C. Adams, former owners of Pappoose and Baboon. Gossoon, the new craft, was a keel boat, like both of her sisters, but considerably narrower, being but 12 ft. extreme beam, or 6 in. less than Pappoose, a boat 4 ft. shorter. The construction, with aerated sails and oak frames, was considerably lighter than the previous Burgess boats, and she was fitted throughout with every effort being made to save weight in hull and rig. In marked distinction to most recent yachts, she, like Volunteer, weighed less than was estimated, floating above her lines and with a waterline of but 39 ft. 6 in. when finally raced, and this after she had been coppered in place of the usual bronze paint. A sister boat, Gossoon, was a C. H. W. Foster's Ventura, a centerboard boat of deeper and narrower model than any of her predecessors, and with the same construction as Gossoon. She was but 12 ft. 6 in. beam, about 2 ft. less than Nympha and Verena, while her draft was about 7 ft. 6 in. Beside these two built by the Lawleys, another centerboard racer, one foot wider and not quite so deep as Ventura, but of the same construction, was built by Plegrass for Mr. E. D. Morgan. As each of these boats differed from the old ones as well as from the other two, they formed an important addition to the 40 ft. racing fleet.

The first race of the year was the little sweepstakes on May 30, between Helen and Ventura, won by the former, at Marblehead; but the real opening of the season was in the sweepstakes of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. on New York Bay, a week later. Although the race had been long announced and entries made, the boats preparing for it, yet the race day, June 7, found the fleet all be-lated, only Minerva and Choctaw being anywhere near the line at the appointed hour. The conditions of the race included a one gun start at 11 A. M., waiting for no one, but when the gun fired only two yachts out of six entries crossed. Liris finally came down with a broken boom, and was disqualified. Minerva's race was 1:30 astern of her; Tomahawk was so late that she soon dropped out, while Marquita broke her hobstay on the way from Bay Ridge to the line, just below the Narrows, and could not start. Though the wind was light and variable there might still have been a good race had the boats crossed with the gun, but as it was the last day of the season, led by Minerva, steering Minerva's first time by Mr. Bryan Alley, with Choctaw, steered by young Mr. Fish, anywhere within 5 m. of her astern. This continued until the Hook was reached on the way in, when by some clever work with the tides Liris, steered by Mr. Lovejoy, cut in ahead, being first at Buoy 10, with Choctaw just astern and Minerva third. A few minutes later there was no less than a three-way finish, Minerva finally finishing ahead, while Choctaw took the second prize. Liris succeeded in making up all of her handicap, making the best time over the course, but as all times were taken from the gun this counted nothing. The race proved little, through the variable conditions and the very uneven start.

The main cause of the delay was the overmeasurement of nearly all the boats. Liris, Minerva and Choctaw, in particular, running so far over 40 ft. that it was necessary to strip them very close to get them in. This caused much delay in the two or three days preceding the race.

Only two days later Minerva, Liris, Helen and Choctaw met again in the spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. in a fairly good breeze, Liris and Choctaw being within a minute of each other, Minerva showing being within a couple of minutes of the winner; but it was evident that though much better than in her first year she had no place with Minerva. She started at once for Boston, afterward sailing one race on June 17 against Ventura, who beat her; this ended her racing and she turned cruiser.

Only three races started in the Atlantic Y. C. annual regatta of June 17, but one of these was Minerva and another Chispa, a yacht that had never raced, though out of all of the previous year, and reputed to be very fast, a good contest was promised, an added feature being the presence of Choctaw, who had been sailing very well in the brushes about the bay. Though the weather was rather too fine for good racing there was a very fair race between the three, Minerva being a good deal in the lead nearly all day. Minerva was the victor, but she was, however, a very excusable blunder she went on the wrong side of a channel buoy, thus being disqualified. The corrected times showed her nearly 5 m. ahead of Chispa, but her blunder gave first prize to the latter. Mr. Carroll at once challenged Com. Lawton for a match and the challenge was accepted, the race being arranged for June 23, for 2:30 p. m. but when the day came Mr. Carroll had gone off cruising in Minerva and the race was never sailed.

The Corinthian Y. C. regatta followed the Atlantic, Minerva parting her hobstay within a few minutes of the start, and withdrawing after an ineffectual attempt to repair damages. This left Choctaw, Tomahawk, Marquita and Broncho, the latter not finishing. Choctaw won, with Tomahawk second. Next day in the first race of the new York Y. C. Minerva was ready at the line, beating the other three by over half an hour.

All the races thus far had been sailed in light breezes and smooth waters, but two days later, in the annual regatta of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., there was a strong wind from S.E. and a roll of sea from the Spit out to the Scotland. A cold drizzle of rain made the day anything but cheerful save to racing men. With a long beat from off Bay Ridge to the Scotland, something that is a notable exception over this course; there was a fine race for the spectators. The event of the day was the sailing of Marquita, though she had shown considerable improvement over her first year in the previous races, especially in the way she carried her canvas, she had won nothing better than three third places in as many starts; but on this occasion she broke up, and soon left behind Minerva and Liris astern. She gained some advantage from the rain, which only made her old cotton mainsail set better, while it spoiled for a time the new English canvas of Minerva and Liris, but the main factor was the very skillful handling of Mr. Burgess himself, who was in command for the day. She not only carried her canvas better than the other two, but in the seas outside the Hook she went along dryer and easier than either. At the same time Minerva was within her allowance of her all day, and would presumably have won in any event, but her chances were improved by the loss of Marquita's topmast at Buoy 10 on the way home. Off the wind in this breeze the loss was comparatively small, and barring the mishap Marquita could hardly have gained enough to give her a chance to the lead.

In addition to the regular prize, the Leland cup, with Com. Center's prize for her helmsman, Mr. Alley. On the following Monday a special sweepstakes for the 40 ft. class was sailed by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. only Minerva, Choctaw and Liris starting, though the day promised well for a race, with a moderate S.E. wind. This was deceptive, however, as the wind fell to high five tricky. Minerva won without any particular effort, winning the regular prize and the Carroll cup of '89, Liris and Choctaw making a hot race astern, finishing even after a most complicated series of luffing matches across the bay, Choctaw consequently taking the race on corrected time. This finished the

Nos.	Date.	Club.	Measurement and Class.	Knots.	Minerva, K.	Mariquita, K.	Liris, K.	Helen, K.	Chispa, K.	Gossoon, K.	Tomahawk, K.	Choctaw, C.B.	Ventura, C.B.	Moccasin, C.B.	Broncho, C.B.	No. of Starters.	Wind and Weather.	Notes.
		Beam.....			10 6	13.4	13.4	12.6	13.4	12.	12.	14.6	12 6	13 6	12.6			
1	May 30..	Marblehead, sweep.....	S.	16				1						2		2	Light, clear....	
2	June 5..	Seawanhaka, spring.....	S.-W.L.	26	1		3	4			w.	2				5	Mod., clear....	Liris, Helen and Tomahawk handicapped.
3	June 7..	Larchmont, spring.....	S.-C.L.	21	2	3	1	4								4	Fresh, clear....	
4	June 17.	Massachusetts, annual.....	S.-W.L.	20									1			2	Mod., clear....	
5	June 17.	Atlantic, annual.....	S.-W.L.	28	p				1			2				3	Mod., clear....	Minerva disqualified, wrong course.
6	June 18.	Corinthian of N. Y., annual.....	S.-C.L.	26	d. w.	3					2	1			w.	5	Mod., clear....	
7	June 19.	New York, annual.....	S.-W.L.	26	1	3					2	4				4	Drift, clear....	
8	June 21.	Seawanhaka, annual.....	S.-W.L.	28	1	2	3									3	Strong, rainy....	Moderate sea outside, Leland cup.
9	June 23.	Seawanhaka, sweep.....	S.-W.L.	26	1		3					2				3	Light, clear....	\$25 sweepstakes and Carroll cup.
10	July 4..	Marblehead, sweep.....	S.	24						d. w.			n. t.			4	Light to mod..	Thelma 1, Millicete 2, Gossoon lost topmast.
11	July 4..	Larchmont, annual.....	S.-C.L.	21	1	3	2					w.				4	Light, clear....	Gould cup and cash prize.
12	July 11.	Eastern, annual.....	S.-W.L.	24	2				1				w.			4	Strong to mod..	Pappoose withdrew.
13	Aug. 2..	New York, cruise, 1st Lin Cup.....	S.-W.L.	24	1	4				2		5				5	Mod., clear....	
14	Aug. 5..	New York, cruise, 1st run.....	S.-W.L.	34			2			1				d. w.		3	Strong, clear....	Moccasin broke tiller. One prize for the two races.
15	Aug. 7..	New York, cruise, second run.....	S.-W.L.	27	1		3			2				g. w.		4	Light, clear....	Moccasin grounded.
16	Aug. 8..	New York, cruise, special.....	S.-W.L.	18	2	3	4			1				d. w.		5	Light, clear....	Special race, Newport.
17	Aug. 11.	Corinthian of New York, sweep.....	S.-C.L.	25	1	3	4			2		6	5	d. w.		7	Mod., clear....	
18	Aug. 17.	Beverly, open.....	S.-W.L.	20	1	2				3				d. w.		4	Light, clear....	
19	Aug. 18.	Corinthian.....	S.-W.L.	24	4	2				3			1			4	Fresh.....	
20	Aug. 19.	of.....	S.-W.L.	24	1	3				2			4			4	Strong.....	Hemmenway & Thayer cup, for winner of series (two out of three races).
21	Aug. 20.	Marblehead.....	S.-W.L.	20	1							2				2	Light.....	
22	Aug. 23.	Marblehead, m.....	S.	21½	2					1						2	Mod., rainy....	Mod. sea. These matches sailed under mean of N. Y. and Eastern allowances.
23	Aug. 23.	Marblehead, m.....	S.	20	2					1						2	Light, clear....	
24	Sept. 3..	Marine and Field, fall.....	S.-W.L.	29											3	3	Light, clear....	Sasqua 1, Polly 2, Broncho 2.
25	Sept. 6..	Marblehead, m.....	S.	20						1			2			2	Light, rainy....	
26	Sept. 8..	Marblehead, m.....	S.	24						1			2			2	Light.....	
27	Sept. 6..	Larchmont, fall.....	S.-C.L.	21	1	2	3									3	Drift.....	
28	Sept. 8..	Larchmont, sweep.....	S.-C.L.	21	1	2	3									4	Light, clear....	Jessica finished fourth.
29	Sept. 9..	Marblehead, m.....	S.	20						d. w.						2	Light, fluky....	Millicete wins \$200, Gossoon broke gammon.
30	Sept. 10.	Eastern, fall.....	S.	24									1			4	Strong, stormy	Heavy sea, Alga 2, Thelma 3, Millicete 4.
31	Sept. 10.	Larchmont, m.....	S.	21	1		d. w.									2	Strong, stormy	Heavy sea, Liris broke tiller.
32	Sept. 11.	Larchmont, m.....	S.	20	1		2									2	Strong, stormy	Heavy sea.
33	Sept. 12.	Larchmont, m.....	S.	27			2									2	Strong, clear....	Heavy sea, match won by Jessica.
34	Sept. 13.	Manhattan Athletic.....	S.-C.L.	20		1	2									2	Strong, rainy....	Private match decided on this race.
35						1	2									2		
Starts.....					23	15	16	4	1	16	3	8	12	5	2			
First.....					15	2	1	1	1	7		1	3					
Seconds.....					3	3	1			4	2	1						
Total.....					18	5	2	1	1	9	2	2	3					
Total of prizes.....					15	3	2	1	1	6	1	2	2					Full-faced figures indicate prizes.

Nos. 14 and 15. races on runs of New York Y. C. Cruise, count as one race.

S, $\frac{L + \sqrt{SA}}{2}$; C. L., classed by corrected length; W. L., classed by waterline; s.o., sail over; g., grounded; d., disabled; w., withdrew; n.t., not timed; p., disqualified; m., private match.

races in New York Bay, with Minerva easily first and nobody in particular second.

On July 4 at Larchmont Minerva, Liris, Mariquita and Choctaw were the starters, in a light and fluky race. Minerva won by over 2m. from Liris, with Mariquita far astern and Choctaw withdrawing. In addition to the regular prize Minerva won the Gould cup.

Thus far nothing had been heard from Gossoon, but she had been sailing about Marblehead to stretch her sails and gear. Her first race was the July 4 sweepstakes with Ventura and the two 46-footers, Thelma and Millicete, in which she lost her hollow topmast when holding the lead in the middle of the race, disabling her completely. Ventura did poorly in this race and was not timed. The meeting of Minerva and Gossoon was looked forward to with an interest almost as deep as that of the Cup races, but unfortunately the first race, the Eastern Y. C. annual, on July 10, was a failure, not being sailed to a finish. In the light and variable winds through which the yachts drifted all day, Gossoon did rather the better work, while her sisters, Ventura and Pappoose, were far astern of Minerva. Next day there was a fine breeze and a tumble to the waves, making good racing; Gossoon and Minerva running and reaching the first twelve miles with but 18s. between them; but on the wind Gossoon gained over 3m., winning by 2m. 20s. corrected time. Ventura beat both the others down wind, in part owing to her sailing her own course while they were fighting in company; but on the wind she did very poorly, finally giving up. Pappoose also did not sail the race out, these two days being her only trials during the season.

Following this race, which still left sufficient uncertainty to make the coming contests very interesting, was a hull of three weeks before the forties met again in the New York Y. C. cruise. Gossoon sailed in the Golet cup race, doing very well for her size, but the first class race of the cruise was for the Iselin cup, \$250, sailed off Newport, 12 miles to windward and return, on Aug. 2; the wind being but moderate with a clear day and smooth water. Starting 4m. after Minerva, Gossoon had nearly caught her within the first 20m., and all looked for a clear walk-over for the Burgess boat, but after this sudden gain Gossoon failed to carry out the programme, and at the turn was still a little behind her time, which little in the long run home she failed to make up, Minerva finally winning by 49s. This was the maiden race of the centerboard Moccasin, and though she was but third, being 10m. astern of Minerva, it is the best out of her five starts. Mariquita, though again steered by Mr. Burgess, did nothing in this race save to beat Choctaw, the two never being fairly in it with Gossoon from the start.

Liris was with the fleet in cruising trim, and did not enter this race, but she took part in the two runs from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford, and from that port to Newport. On the first run only Gossoon, Liris and Moccasin started, Minerva having put into New Bedford for a topmast to replace one lost on the run to the Haven, which does not count as a race. Liris was delayed shortly after the start by going to the assistance of a yacht in distress, while Moccasin broke her rudderhead and withdrew. On the second run she was again in hard luck, taking the ground and being towed off, which put her out of the race. This race was being fowed off by 3m. 5s. Mariquita and Liris were never in the race, being over 15m. astern of Minerva at the finish, while Moccasin varied proceedings by smashing her centerboard and giving up.

The Corinthian Sweepstakes followed the close of the New York cruise, as last year, the course and conditions, even to the wind and weather, being practically the same. The starters were Gossoon, Minerva, Mariquita, Choctaw, Liris, Ventura and Moccasin. Minerva, with Mr. Will Fife on board, though he took no part in the sailing, was in trouble before the start, carrying away some of her topmast gear, and crossed the line 10m. astern of Gossoon, with a handicap of 5m. In actual time she beat Gossoon nearly 4m. on the windward leg of 8¼ miles, lost half a minute on the final leg, a reach home. Thus, in actual time, she did the best work of the day, but her big handicap made her official elapsed time 2m. 18s. greater than Gossoon's. This is so near to her allowance from Gossoon that it was a matter of very close measurement between them as to the winner, and a lengthy correspondence has resulted between the club and Messrs. Burgess and Adams. We understand that by the official measurements of Mr. Hyslop for both boats, which it was agreed in advance were to govern this race, the prize goes to Minerva by a few seconds, but in so far as the merits of the boats are concerned this is a small matter in view of her large handicap which she succeeded in working off. Mariquita made the best showing of the year in this race, save in the Seawanhaka annual, being third boat, and within one minute of the leaders. Liris was a couple of minutes astern of her, while Ventura and Choctaw were never in it. Moccasin broke down and withdrew, as usual.

The race now shifted to Marblehead, and the Beverly Y. C. gave a special race for the forties, after which the Corinthians of that pretty port followed their brothers of New York in a repetition of the very successful series of the year before. The Beverly Y. C. race was sailed on Aug. 17, the course being 10 miles to windward from Marblehead Rock and return, the weather being light and fluky. Minerva was 9min. ahead of Mariquita at the outer mark, and nearly 15 ahead of Gossoon the fourth boat, Ventura, parting her obstay and withdrawing. Minerva finally beat Mariquita by 11min. and Gossoon by 15min.

This year there were 3 instead of 5 races in the Corinthian series, the prize being a \$300 cup presented by Messrs. Augustus Hemmenway, of Choctaw, and Bayard Thayer of Pappoose. The first race was very much of a fluke, Ventura beating Gossoon 17min. and Minerva nearly 23min. in 24 knots, Mariquita being second. The second race, in a strong breeze and sea, was won by Minerva by 2sec. only from Gossoon, Mariquita being 3min. astern and Ventura 7. The sail-off between Minerva and Ventura, in a light and baffling wind and some sea, was won by Minerva in 24min. for 20 knots, thus giving her the cup, as in 1889. Up to this time Minerva had beaten Gossoon five times out of eight races, or counting the Corinthian sweepstakes for Gossoon, as was claimed, the score would be even. To settle it finally, Gossoon challenged Minerva for a series of three private matches for \$100 per side, the mean of the allowance of the Eastern and New York clubs to be used. In the first race, on a rainy day with a strong wind and a good sea, Gossoon won by 5m., and on the second, with a moderate breeze and less sea, she won by nearly 4m.

The rest of the racing of 1890 is soon told, Gossoon and Ventura sailed two private matches off Marblehead, Gossoon winning both, then she started in a private match with the 46ft. centerboard Millicete, losing her gammon iron when near the end of the race and with a good lead. This kept her out of the Eastern fall regatta, the last event of the year at Marblehead, in which Ventura was classed with the 46ft. boats, beating them by the aid of their own tardiness in starting, all but she being handicapped badly.

The season ended at Larchmont, where several particularly good races were sailed. The two club races of Sept. 6 and 8 were sailed in light and fluky weather, though Minerva won both very

easily; but they were followed by two days of rough sailing in a N.E. gale, the races being both private matches between Minerva and Liris. In the first Liris broke her tiller, being obliged to give up, though Minerva completed the course in the worst weather in which the forties have yet raced. Next day the weather was still worse, Minerva sailing with three reefs in and Liris two, Minerva winning by 7m. Next day Liris sailed a private match with the 46ft. Jessica, and was again beaten, the race being mainly running and reaching in a good breeze and disturbed water. A day later Mariquita and Liris met for the last time in the regatta given by the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York, an organization which has lately included yachting and canoeing among its many specialties. Mariquita and Liris decided also a private match by the result of this race, both prizes going to Mariquita.

This ended the season in the 40ft. class, the total results being summed up in the table. As in the previous tables, we have counted the first places won, whether each carried a prize or not, and also the second place where four or more started. We also give the actual number of prizes won by each yacht, including special cups. Leaving out Chispa's percentage of 100, through a total of one win to the same number of starts, Minerva stands at the head, with a score of 15 first places for 23 starts, or a percentage of .65, Gossoon being next, with 7 firsts to 16 starts, or 44 per cent. The others are so far behind these two that no comparison is necessary. Between Minerva and Gossoon the score of 10 races stands 5 to 5, so that honors are even but it would be very unfair to Minerva, the single representative of Mr. Fife, to compare her only with one picked boat from the large Burgess' fleet.

Through the season three new racing boats sailed against Minerva: Gossoon, Ventura and Moccasin; 11 races being sailed, of which Minerva has won 6, Gossoon 4 and Ventura 1. In competition against the entire Burgess' fleet, in 21 races, Minerva has made being 14 firsts, 4 seconds, 1 fourth and 1 break down, beside which is the Atlantic Y. C. regatta, in which she outsailed two of the other boats, though disqualified for a blunder. She and Gossoon stand so far ahead of the fleet that the doings of the others is of secondary interest.

The Burgess' centerboard boats have done nothing, showing a total of 4 first places for 25 starts. Choctaw has once beaten Tomahawk and Mariquita; the new Ventura, though pluckily and persistently raced, has once beaten Minerva and Gossoon, the race being a fluky one. Moccasin's achievements are limited to a third place out of 5 starters and 4 breakdowns. Mariquita has been considerably improved by the alterations in her keel and ballast, and has been very steadily raced, but she won only a single race, that with Liris on Sept. 13. Her best work was in the Seawanhaka annual, but beyond that her next achievement was only a third prize in the Corinthian sweepstakes. She has, however, succeeded in beating Liris, coming in ahead 5 times out of the 8 races they have sailed together. Liris has but one first to show for a large number of starts, beating Minerva once in the early part of the season. Gorilla and Alice have also joined the cruisers.

This year's racing has settled the fate of a number. Helen has been sold for a cruiser, Pappoose has been sold to race on the lakes, where she will be in the 46ft. class, with the 20-rater Vreda; Mariquita is for sale, her owner having a new Burgess 46-footer under way; Minerva is also for sale. Choctaw has already been sold for a cruiser, as well as Awa, whom we have not included in the table as she has sailed only a few local races. Liris is now being altered for cruising, a cockpit and wheel being added.

The future of the class for 1891 is yet uncertain, but the Boston 46ft. boom has not reached such formidable proportions as to threaten the complete extermination of the 40ft. class; a new 40 is promised from a design by Mr. John B. Paine, who has been so

successful in the 24ft. Swordfish and the 20ft. Hornet, and she would doubtless enliven the racing if built. Gossoon may be expected to go a little faster in her second season than in her first, while Minerva is not yet beaten off the field. Her old skipper, Capt. Chas. Barr, has found a new berth, and she herself is for sale, so it is uncertain whether she will be raced at all, and if so, how well she will be sailed. The only new boat thus far is the Paine craft, Mr. Burgess having orders for 40ft. and 30 racers, but no forties, while New York is building nothing at all.

FOREIGN YACHTS IN AMERICAN WATERS.

FOR ten years after the first races for the America's Cup, in 1870-71, British yachts were unknown in American waters; now and again a large steamer or schooner called at a few ports in cruising, but racing yachts, and especially small craft, were unknown. In 1881 Madge was sent out here by Mr. Jas. Coats to race with American yachts, the result being now a matter of history. Madge was followed by Maggie, Stranger, Ullida, Genesta, Clara, Galatea, Shona, Delvin, Thistle, and later by Minerva and Jessica.

Under a provision of the Revised Statutes of the United States, Section No. 426, all of these yachts have been allowed the same privileges as American-built craft, including an immunity from tonnage charges, whether used about the coast only or on the seas. In the cases of Madge and others that have been imported by steamer, import duties have been collected, but in all other respects they have been as free as American yachts, their owners in some cases flying the American yacht ensign. The exact status of these vessels has never been clearly defined, but as a matter of courtesy that is common among nations they have been accorded the usual privileges of pleasure vessels.

Within the past two weeks a very important bill has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Frye, of Maine, which reads as follows:

"A bill to regulate the rights and privileges of pleasure vessels and yachts of foreign build and ownership.—Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Section 426 of the Revised Statutes is hereby amended by the addition after the word 'tax' of certain provisions contained in the words following, to wit: Any such vessel, however, remaining in the United States a longer period than six months in any one year, or sold to or becoming the property of a citizen of the United States, or chartered from the owner, shall become subject to duties at the rate of twenty dollars per gross ton, and if navigated in the United States shall become subject to a tonnage tax of one dollar per ton at every port at which she may arrive. Any vessel, whether used as a pleasure vessel, yacht or otherwise, and whether of foreign or domestic build or ownership, not documented by the Government of the United States and not otherwise provided for by law, found navigating between district and district, or between different places in the same district, shall be liable to a fine of \$100. Any vessel not documented as a yacht of the United States, displaying the yacht ensign prescribed by law, shall be liable to a fine of \$80."

The provisions of the proposed law are plainly expressed and easily understood; in the case of visiting yachts, such as Genesta, Galatea and Thistle, they will be allowed to sail in American waters for ten months in any year, but no longer; for instance, if Lieut. Henn should pay another friendly visit in Galatea, as he did in 1886-7, arriving in August of the former year and staying until October of the latter, he would be compelled to pay duty on his yacht about \$1,800, and beside this a tax of \$80 to \$90 at every port at which he called, besides being liable to a fine of \$100 every time he got under way.

In the case of such yachts as Minerva, Clara and Jessica, owned by Americans, not even the six months grace is allowed, but if the proposed bill becomes a law these yachts will be compelled to pay duty, and after that will be unable to leave their moorings. Their owners will have the choice of breaking them up for the lead and copper, or of making house-boats of them.

The hot competition which has been carried on for years be-

tween American and British designers will be very quickly ended, not by honest victories over the British craft on the race courses, but by the cheaper and simpler process of prohibiting them from sailing at all. With Clara out of the way Anconada, though she has never beaten the cutter, can claim to be the fastest of her class. In the same way any possible danger of a defeat of the new Burgess 46-footer by Jessica, will be removed. In the 40ft. class, as we show elsewhere this week, the honors of the year go to Minerva, she and Gossoon being even in the races in which they have met, while she has beaten all the rest of the class easily. With her out of the way Mr. Burgess can safely claim the supremacy in the 40ft. as well as the 46ft. class.

The proposed bill is an admirable complement to the new deed of gift; that document virtually stops racing in the larger classes but still fails to reach the case of small yachts like Clara and Minerva, which have crossed the ocean and beaten the home craft. All of this is remedied by the new bill; it will still be possible for British yachtsmen to send their yachts over here for a short time, but why should they trouble themselves to do so when it is evident that Americans do not want international races and have taken all possible means to protect themselves from challengers in any class?

Should the bill become a law foreign yachtsmen can place but one interpretation upon it and its fellow, the new deed of gift; that they are not wanted on this side and, though there are certain conditions under which they may come, their absence will be much more precious than their presence.

The great factor in the advance of American yachting since 1880 has been the continual presence and competition, often with success, of the British yachts. Madge and her sisters, down to Minerva, have served as models, their good points have been closely copied, their bad ones have shown us what to avoid; now that we have presumably learned all that is possible from them, it is proposed to remove any danger of further defeat by prohibiting them from racing.

The proposed bill is an excellent one—for the pockets of American designers and builders—but it is a most unjust one to the many American owners of imported yachts, who are robbed of their property without redress. We do not know who are behind the bill, but we look for its condemnation at the hands of every American yachtsman who values fair play before any false claims for national supremacy gained by barring out all rivals.

The greatest hope for American designing lies in free and unrestricted competition with all nations, and not in a system of protection which handicaps all rivals and restricts competition to American craft alone.

ICE YACHTING.—On Jan. 16 the race for the Van Nostrand Challenge Championship Cup of America was sailed on Orange Lake, the course being 20 miles, 10 rounds of a 2 mile course. The wind from the north, light to moderate. The starters were:

Scud, J. Darby..... 1 22 43
Windward, Chas. Higginson..... 1 27 28
Lady of the Lake, Wm. Pinkney..... 1 28 22
Dragon, Chas. Merritt..... Disabled

Dragon led for the first 4 miles, when the clew of her mainsail carried away, and she withdrew, after which Scud, the famous Shrewsbury boat, won easily, as above. The judges were: Judge Charles F. Brown, of the Second Division Court of Appeals; Dr. A. A. Waldron, Gardner Van Nostrand, ex-Alderman B. B. Moore and Vice Commodore Willett Kidd.

HUDSON RIVER Y. C.—Officers, 1891. Com., H. F. Allen; Vice-Com., I. E. Drew; Treas., R. V. Freeman; Sec., Harry Norton; Meas. R. Murry; Fleet Surgeon, A. W. Becker; Steward, J. T. Hufnagle; Trustees, W. L. Brigham, B. Alexander, J. Stilger, A. A. Buchholz and Conrad Roth; Finance Committee, J. Langerfeld, Frank Drescher and Rufus Darrow, Jr.; Representatives to the New York Y. R. A., R. V. Freeman, J. Stilger, and H. F. Allen.

NEW YACHTS.—Mr. Burgess has an order for a 26ft. l.w.l. boat for Holland. Lawley & Son have an order for a 51ft. steam launch. They have in frame the Belmont and Vanderbilt boats, and will soon have the Thayer boat timbered.

BAY OF QUINTE.

THE alteration in the ballasting of the sloop Norah, which I foreshadowed in a former letter, has been made. Seven thousand pounds of lead have been taken from under the floor, cast into a keel and placed on the outside. A good job has been done by Mr. John Allen, our local shipwright, who has, by various devices, most sensibly strengthened the backbone of the yacht and fitted it for the burden which has thus been imposed upon it. This work has been done in anticipation of a challenge from the Atlantida for the Fisher cup, which Mr. Bell has seemed good reason for believing that his fine craft can successfully defend.

Nothing has as yet been done to the Atlantida; indeed, it is questionable if they have as yet matured their plans. Let me tell them, that to have a chance of winning the Fisher cup they must put their craft in better trim than she has ever been.

Thus, you see, we will have some interesting races between our two big ones, which are certainly the fastest yachts on fresh water.

Appropos to the proposal at the L. Y. R. A. meeting to expel the B. Q. Y. C., it seems to have been made with the object of arousing to action the old standbys of our once-famous and powerful record of any club in the world. This once splendid organization, which was the means of reviving genuine yachting on Lake Ontario, was unfortunately in losing by removal some of its most useful members; gradually dry rot set in, and now the association is, if not dead, at least moribund. I have, however, hopes that a better spirit will prevail during the coming season. As to the indebtedness to the L. Y. R. A. the money could be raised in half an hour to-morrow morning if only some one would undertake to do so—but there's the rub.

PORT TACK.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., of Marblehead.—Officers elected on Jan. 14: Com., B. W. Crownshield; Vice-Com., Gordon Dexter; Rear-Com., F. B. McQuesten; Sec'y, Everett Palmer; Treas., J. E. Rhodes; Meas., Howard Whitcomb. Executive Committee, Wm. S. Eaton, Jr., F. E. Peabody. Regatta Committee, Geo. C. Adams, W. W. Keith, Geo. A. Stewart, Geo. W. Mansfield, Wm. P. Fowle. Membership Committee, Arthur Binney, W. A. Harvey, S. W. Sleeper, W. N. Merriam, J. W. Hodgkins. House Committee, F. A. Seamans, F. M. Wood, Henry Sargent. Board of Officers, Daniel Appleton, W. N. Merriam, Fred L. Rhodes, Lawrence Whitcomb, G. W. Mansfield.

BROOKLYN Y. C.—Officers 1891: Com., R. F. Sutton, sloop, Mull; Vice-Com., Chas. E. Simmons, White Wings; Rear-Com., Geo. P. Lyons, Grace; Meas., H. W. Kilbourne; Pres., D. Reilly; Sec'y, Wm. Gagger; Treas., W. H. Buck; Membership Committee, A. G. Walden, Wm. Dodman and W. A. Taylor; Regatta Committee, G. W. Hume, A. S. Rischoffer and J. V. P. Shields; Trustees, E. H. Chandler, Albert Clunan, John Cottler, P. H. J. Geaunot, George P. Foote, E. C. Fitzgerald, Claude Berrard and R. C. Hopkins.

LYNN Y. C.—Officers, 1891: Com., F. E. Baker; Vice-Com., S. L. Saunders; Sec'y, F. E. Newhall; Treas., J. W. Altwill; Meas., A. W. Hay. Directors, E. B. Newhall, H. L. Parker, J. W. Haines, E. H. Taylor, W. E. Neal. Regatta Committee, H. P. Armistead, C. H. Crowell, J. H. Tutts, C. R. Cuss, E. C. Smith. Membership Committee, W. A. Estes, Frank Holbrook, Arthur Putnam.—F. E. Newhall, Sec'y.

A NEW 46-FOOTER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has just completed the design for a 46ft. keel racer of about 13ft. beam and 10ft. 6in. draft, a very handsome boat of the modern type, with clipper stem. It is not decided whether the yacht will be built.

NAUTICAL MAGAZINE.—With the 60th volume of this standard periodical, beginning with Jan. 1891, the size of the book is considerably increased. The number contains more than the usual amount of practical matter concerning commerce and navigation.

ROSALIND.—Mr. C. S. Eaton's 30-footer has been sold to Horace F. Smith, of Germantown, Pa. Mr. Eaton has now a new 65ft. steam yacht at Lawley's.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The annual meeting of the Corinthian Navy will be held on Jan. 27 at the Marlborough Hotel, at 8 P. M. MABEL F. SWIFT.—This sloop, designed by Mr. J. Borden, has lately been sold to Com. Rowe, Columbia Y. C., New York.

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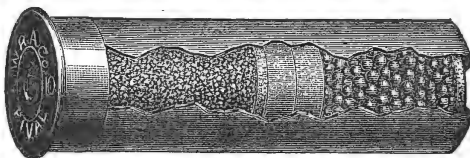
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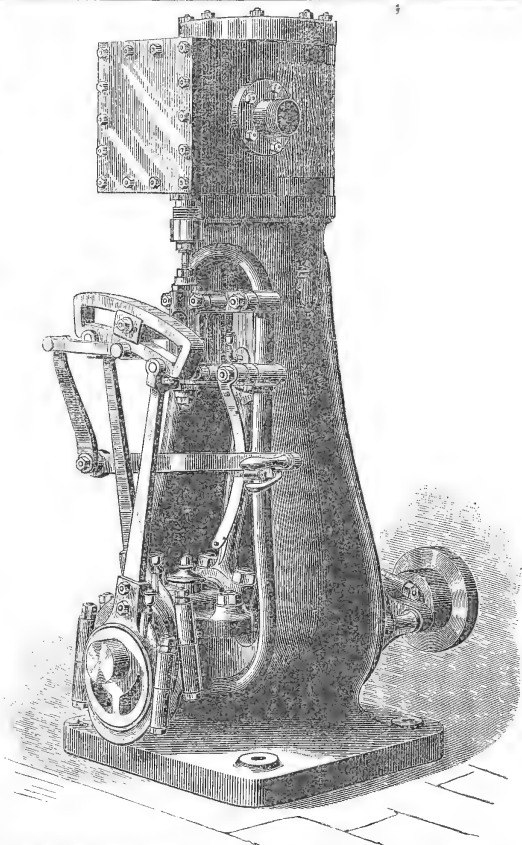
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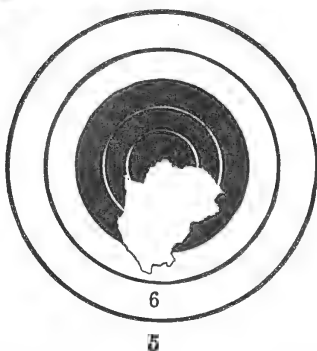
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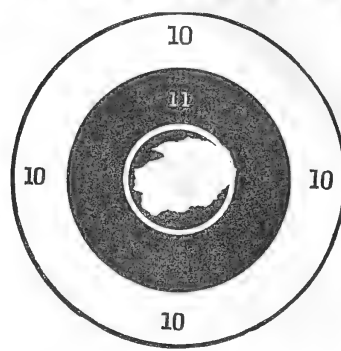
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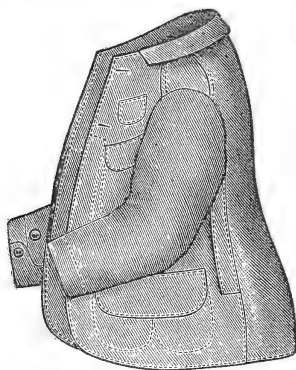
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THE PERSISTENCY OF PESTS.

FROM the sowing and planting of his seed, almost, indeed from the turning of the furrow, the farmer enters upon a contest with the weeds, for a place in which his crops may grow, and if he or the crops are not vanquished, as the weeds never are, the warfare continues till harvest time.

While he, with infinite labor, prepares the ground and sows his seed with all care, praying that drouth may not wither nor floods drown it, and that frosts may not cut down the tender plants, the winds of heaven and the fowls of the air scatter broadcast the seeds of the noxious weeds, or they lie dormant in the ground awaiting opportunity, and then they germinate in sterile places, fence corners and nooks of the wayside, and flourish alike in scorching sunshine and in sodden soil.

They defy the latest and the earliest frosts, grow with their roots in the air; and cut down, spring up, grow on, blossoming and ripening their seed in creeping stealth and even unscathed by blight; and so flourish in spite of all unkindliness of man or stress of nature, that the husbandman wishes they might by some freak of demand become the useful plants, his present crop the undesired ones.

Somewhat of the position that weeds stand opposed to the plants which the husbandman depends upon for his livelihood, vermin hold toward the beasts and birds, upon which the sportsman depends for his recreation.

While they whose protection men endeavor to maintain during the season of procreation, and at times when scarcity of food prevails, decrease often to complete extinction, the vermin, whom the hand of man is always against, continue to increase and multiply or at least hold their own.

To them as to the weeds nature seems to deal a kinder hand, and spares, even nourishes, while she destroys their betters.

The snow crust, that walls the quail in a living tomb, makes a royal banquet hall for the pestiferous field mice, where they feast and revel in plenty, secure from all their enemies, feathered or furry. It impounds the deer, but gives free range to the wolf and to his as pitiless two-legged brother, the crust hunter.

The wet seasons that drown the callow woodcock and grouse work no harm to the ravenous brood of the hawk and owl, nor to the litter of fox, mink or weasel. Wet or dry, hot or cold, the year fosters them throughout its varied round.

Winged ticks kill the grouse, but the owl endures their companionship with sedate serenity and thrives with a swarm of the parasites in the covert of his feathers.

The skunk has been in bad odor since man's first acquaintance with him, and has always been killed on sight as a pest that the world would be the sweeter for being rid of. In later years the warfare against him has received an impetus from the value of his fur, but though this has gone on relentlessly for a quarter of a century, or more, his tribe still live to load the air with a fragrance that incites the ambitious trapper to further conquest.

All the year round all the farmers and their boys wage war upon the crows, but each returning autumn sees the columns of the black army moving southward with apparently unthinned ranks, while, year by year, the harried platoons of ducks and geese return fewer and less frequent.

Those detested foreigners, the English sparrows, increase and multiply in spite of bitter winters and righteous persecution, while our natives, the beloved song birds, diminish in numbers.

Thus on every hand we find the undesirable in animated nature, the birds and beasts that we would gladly be rid of, maintaining their numbers, while those whose increase we desire are losing ground and tending toward extinction.

The prospect for the sportsman of the future is indeed gloomy, unless he shall make game of the pests and become a hunter of skunks and a shooter of crows and sparrows. Who can say that a hundred years hence the leading sportsmen of the period will not be wrangling over the points and merits of their skunk and woodchuck dogs and bragging of their bags of crows and sparrows?

SNAP SHOTS.

THE second International Ornithological Congress will be held at Whitsuntide, 1891, at Budapest, Hungary. Those who expect to attend should be present by May 16, and names will be registered and detailed programmes issued on and after May 14, at the central office of the National Museum. The programme as stated is as follows: May 17, opening ceremony of Congress and exhibition; May 18, formation of special committees and sections; May 19, reading of papers and special committee work; May 20, concluding session of the Congress; May 21, commencement of excursions. The sections into which the Congress will be divided are as follows: Systematy, Biology, Anatomy, Avigeography, Oology, Migration and Economical Ornithology. Persons who intend to read papers should advise the committee of the precise titles of their contributions and the sections before which they will come before April 30. Such communications should be addressed to the Hungarian Scientific Committee, National Museum, Budapest, Hungary.

The Audubon monument fund, which was set on foot two years ago, has languished. The committee of the New York Academy of Sciences having the undertaking in charge have secured a design of a monument to cost \$10,000. The scheme of making the subscription a national one appears to have been abandoned; and it is now proposed to make an effort to secure in New York 100 subscribers who will contribute \$100 each, and to have the monument completed and dedicated next October.

In our columns of Dec. 25, 1890, we called attention to the effort in northeastern Pennsylvania to accomplish the repeal of the law framed for the protection of pickerel from Dec. 1 to June 1, which period covers their spawning season. Some newspapers of Montrose and other

towns in the same county are advocating a change of the law and one of them goes so far as to recommend the seining out of all pickerel weighing 4lb. or upward. Mr. G. W. Bunnell, of Auburn, joins us in defending the wisdom of the act in question and he has recently expressed his opinion in one of the newspapers mentioned. Our confidence in the gentlemen who influence legislation in matters pertaining to Pennsylvania fishes is such that we feel sure of the wisdom of their action, and there ought to be no question as to the necessity of protecting spawning fishes. If the pickerel is a favorite with any class of fishermen let them show their appreciation of it by applying to its care the same common sense principles which govern their treatment of other animals.

Readers of early volumes of FOREST AND STREAM will recall the series of hunting sketches contributed by El Cazador, in which were quaintly described the experiences of an old Californian woodsman. Their author was Maj. H. W. Mitchell, of Los Angeles, Cal., a man of high standing in the community, and one who as sheriff had won the admiration of his fellows for his proved courage and brave discharge of his duty. Intelligence of his melancholy death has just come to us. With two comrades Maj. Mitchell was deer hunting on the Los Angeles River. A deer had been wounded and the three hunters separated to pursue the game. Shortly after this one of them, seeing what he took to be the deer, shot twice; and running up discovered that he had killed Maj. Mitchell. Thus by an irony of fate, alas! not infrequent, a brave man who has dared and achieved heroic endeavor and gone unscathed through rivers of peril, meets death at last by some ignominious cause.

The enterprising citizens of Southern Pines, North Carolina, have issued a proclamation inviting the whole country to join them in "a week of old-time Southern sport," beginning Feb. 4. The enticing programme maps it out thus: Wednesday, reception of visitors. Thursday, quail hunt. Friday, rabbit chase. Saturday, squirrel hunt. Sunday, services at white and colored churches. Monday, wild turkey hunt. At night, coon hunt. Tuesday, fox chase. Wednesday, deer hunt. This programme will be interspersed with a "Southern barbecue, a possum supper and banjo picking, dancing, singing, mouth organ and reed playing by colored men and women." And we will add on behalf of the citizens' committee that any reader of FOREST AND STREAM, who cannot make it convenient to be present on this occasion, may find ample solace in reading the third page of coon hunting literature, which will be given in our issue of Feb. 5.

In our issue of Jan. 1, President Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission, wrote in reply to the charges by Mr. John D. Collins, of Utica, that Protector Drev had been discharged because he intercepted illicit shipments of fish to Mr. Blackford:

I challenge Mr. John D. Collins to produce the proof or evidence for his statements, or stand convicted of being a willful and malicious slanderer. I also challenge him to produce any evidence that I have ever done anything as a buyer or seller of fish that has been inconsistent with my position as a Commissioner for the State of New York.

Five weeks have elapsed, but Mr. Collins has produced nothing to substantiate his statements. There may have been people who read these charges, and not knowing the character of the Commissioner believed Mr. Collins. Who believes him now?

There was a time when, of all newspapers, the New York Sun was noted for the crispest and pertest and tersest paragraphs of news. In those days Mr. Dana surely never would have allowed the vicious circle-round-the-owl-and-finally-twist-its-head-off style which converts "a number of fishermen" into "a number of gentlemen interested in the sport of luring the finny tribe from the deep by the means of hook, bait and line."

In their report for the year 1890, just to hand, the Massachusetts Commissioners report that the operation of the non-export game law, enacted last year, has already shown excellent results, having practically stopped the invasion of the Commonwealth by men from other States for market-hunting. It is gratifying to learn that common carriers have shown themselves in hearty sympathy with the law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THROUGH THE OLYMPICS ON AN ELK TRAIL.—I.

BEFORE the Olympic region, between Puget Sound, the Straits of San Juan and the Pacific, has been fully explored; ere the trout have been all caught out of the streams and lakes, or the elk and deer exterminated—while the country still has the charm of the unknown and is an object of some interest and curiosity—let me give your readers an account of a tramp that I took with two old schoolmates in the latter part of August, '89.

One of my comrades we will call the Cayuse—he was so designated among ourselves because of his former connection with a periodical whose brilliant but very brief career in Seattle is never to be forgotten, *i. e.*, the *Spotted Cayuse*. The other was the Marine, a name given him in gratitude by certain friends who had suffered shipwreck through his skill in the management of a catboat. I, too, had a nickname, but can only remember that it was uncomplimentary and emphatically inappropriate.

For a month the Cayuse and I had lived royally at the Marine's ranch on the shore of Lake Cushman—so-called from the old trapper Cushman, who first hunted the valley of the Skokomish—the home of trout and wild duck galore and delicious. At least the trout were delicious. The ducks, I grieve to say, we never could, for some reason, approach readily enough to taste, though we tried our best. I imagine they were exceedingly tough and full of small shot.

For a long time we had intended to go through the mountains, which, at that time, were totally unexplored. Parties had gone part-way up, but none, so far as it is known, had ever reached the top of the main divide—and I may safely say that we were the first to do so.

However, it did us no particular good to be the first, so if anybody feels wronged by the claim, and thinks he got there ahead of us, he is very welcome to the distinction.

Our trip was delayed a long time, because the Marine had a house to build, and, whenever a start was proposed, said that he could not spare the time, but must get to work on his house by Monday next.

But the summer was nearly over, and we were told that a party of three were going up, and would be glad of our company.

The three were experienced woodsmen, and the chance of going with them was too good a thing to miss. So we set out, leaving the Marine's house in the misty future—where it stood for a long time after.

Our friends were: Vick, a settler of the Skokomish Valley; Cross-eyed Chris, a trapper and backwoodsman in general, who had had part of an ear bitten off in a fight, and who must have stepped straight out of a dime novel of the old school; and Joe, a logger.

I'm not sure that they wanted us—for they started off very early one morning in a pouring rain (one of the luxuries to which the "glorious climate of Puget Sound" constantly treats its admirers from August to June following) and they gave us only about an hour's notice. But, whether they wanted us or not, I learned on that expedition that the woodsman in the wilderness is a host in his home, and whatever these three could do to make it pleasant and comfortable for the rest of us they did with a hearty goodwill.

Not having time to get ready, we started as we were. The plan was to trace to its source the Skokomish River (which flows southeast from the mountains through Lake Cushman and empties into Hood's canal), thence to cross the divide to the source of the Quinalt River (which flows southwest, widens into Lake Quinalt and seeks the Pacific at Gray's Harbor). The hunting was good on the mountains; we meant to stay there a while and shoot elk and bear otherwise to push on down the river to Lake Quinalt, where there is a Siwash reservation, and explore the country between.

The first day was a hard one. The rain came in torrents; and after we passed Butler's cabin, the last one up the river, and about four miles from the Marines, our way led through the thick underbrush; and every bush we touched meant a new drenching.

At noon we halted and took a short but appropriate lunch. Joe carried a tin pail hanging loosely from the handle of a frying-pan which protruded from his pack. He was repeatedly warned that he would lose it; and when at last it rolled over the edge of the cañon into the river our delight knew no bounds. Not so much for the opportunity of saying "Told you so" as for the chance afforded us of welcome rest, while Joe retraced reluctant steps to a point where the river could be reached and there waited the advent of the fugitive, which sank just before it could be reached.

What a stream the Skokomish is—from the Siwash *skoookum*, mighty, and *mish*, river. Small in volume, but tremendous in force; water of a hue like clear beryl, torn here and there into purest foam.

Through the valley it roars—down the foothills it thunders in heavy falls and rapids—high in the mountains, a thread of ice-cold water, it goes ringing and rippling down long cascades into rocky basins and through the echoing woodlands—till one lying half awake in camp, seems to hear a troop of joyous beings laughing and singing on the hills above him, and falls asleep to dream of old Greece. No wonder—if their Olympus was like ours—they peopled their hills and groves with bands of choral nymphs and laughing satyrs. The voice of the mountain stream is sweet and clear, wild and unearthly in the night—but hold on! Pegasus would fear his wings to pieces in this thick underbrush, and if I don't look sharp I shall follow Joe's pail down the rocks. And who will swear for me as Joe did for his pail?

And so we stumbled on—worn and weary out, till the huge hemlock and fir and cedar towering above the land in the pride of their 300ft. of height grow darker still, and the clouds shut down about us and night came on chill and heavy with the rain. Then we are glad to put down our packs—a good 50lbs. each strapped to our shoulders—ham and bacon, flour and salt, sugar and dried apples and baking powder, cartridges, cooking utensils, tobacco, etc., etc., all rolled up in our blankets and tightly bound for compactness—glad to lay down our heavy and, so far, useless Winchesters, while Vick and Joe cut logs and brought pitch knots for the fire, and Chris undid the packs and prepared to cook supper, and the rest of us cut boughs of young balsam and piled them thick upon the ground for a couch. A blanket spread lengthwise over

these, and the rest of the blankets over the six of us abreast, for covering, formed our bed. Three of us spread the tent—an A just big enough for our party—and cooked a good supper, and the camp-fire roared and crackled and lit up the tall columns of the trees about us and showed the dripping arches of our dark green roof, far overhead.

The trunks were overgrown with thick moss, and moss hung long and heavy and wet from the boughs of the vine maples, and in it along the trunks and lower branches of many trees grew graceful ferns that hung still and feathery in the windless air. A fairy scene on a gigantic scale.

The Marine and I passed a thoroughly uncomfortable night, listening to the snoring of the Cayuse and the three backwoodsmen, while the Cayuse's dog—a beautiful setter whose name I forget, 'twas something like Boots—crawled to and fro, wet and mournful over our prostrate forms.

Early in the morning Chris arose and awakened us with a tremendous yell—to which I attribute the fact that we saw no game till that evening—and we rose reluctantly, ate our breakfast and started again, with packs somewhat lightened. Now we had come well into the foothills, and traveling was no joke.

We could not go close by the river, for the stream was rushing through a deep cañon for below us, the hill sloped so steeply toward the brink that walking along the side was very hard on the joints, and the ground was slippery with fir needles. Huge fallen trees, often 8 or 9ft. thick at the base, blocked our way, and a heavy undergrowth of blueberry bushes proved a serious difficulty, both because it was hard to push through them, wet and tangled as they were, and because the Marine and the Cayuse would stay behind to indulge their fondness for the berries, and then call to the rest of us to show them the way. (I understand that they make similar complaints, but will not waste time in denying them.)

We went in single file, the unhappy man in front, who ever he happened to be, shaking the bushes as he went, to take the edge off the inevitable shower bath that the leaves held in store for us.

Our object was to find the elk trail—the path which the elk have made descending, generation after generation, to the valleys in the early snowtime and returning again when the heat of summer drives them back to the peaks, to feed secure from flies and drought in the rich green pastures that lie near the eternal snow. When they herd in the river-bottom (by which I do not mean the bottom of the river; 'tis the Western phrase for the valley through which a stream flows, and the low lands near its mouth) they stand huddled together in the snow like cattle, and, like cattle, can be shot down. But the settlers have hitherto sternly forbidden any wanton destruction of the big game, killing only what they needed. But since tradesmen have set a high price on the antlered heads, I fear the poor "mooolock," as the Siwash call the elk, will soon be either exterminated or reduced to a race of Amazons.

In summer it is almost impossible to get near them, and if a man would follow them up the hills, he must endure heavy toil and much hunger, but he will generally sleep well and soundly o' nights, if he can find a level spot to lie down in.

In the course of centuries they have succeeded in making a very respectable path, not passable for any beast of burden, but a man can follow it if he wants to. And such a path we were trying to find; for this is the only way of traveling such country as one must go through to reach the heights.

Now the Marine and I had made a previous exploration of the river, a little beyond the cañon near whose head we now were, and had been deterred from further discoveries only by the fact that we needed more solid sustenance than huckleberries, and had rashly eaten up our provisions. Besides, it had been necessary for us to go back at that time with view to initiating the construction of the projected house.

On that occasion we had traveled some distance by the elk trail, and, therefore, both knew where to find it. The others, however, did not put entire confidence in our guidance, for each of us had somehow an entirely different idea as to where the trail was to be found.

So they waited while the Marine and I, each confident that the other was wrong, set forth to find it. We lost ourselves and each other, and found no trail. But after we got back to the party we pushed on at haphazard for a while, and at last all came on it at once.

We also found a spring, which was most welcome, for wet leaves don't go far toward satisfying a thirsty man, and since we had been obliged to leave the river we had had no water. At some distance above the cañon the trail led down to the river and disappeared. Probably the elk go straight up the river bed at this point, a feat which was rather beyond even the long legs of Vick; for the stones in the river are covered with a thin, transparent slime, and too slippery to walk on where the current has any force, even though the water be shallow. So we slipped and tumbled across the stream and some way up the opposite slope, then pushed our way along through bushes and over the loose rocks as best we could.

Our position was as follows: The hillside barely escaped being perpendicular by the least possible slant. The ground gave very poor footing, being composed of a loose soil and flat, slaty stones that had slipped down from the crest. This was overgrown with a thick mass of alder and vine maple, each stalk growing down hill on a slant from the roof for several feet before it began to curve upward. The only way was to hold on tight near the roots and crawl between the stems.

Several hundred yards below us roared the stream between its precipitous walls. Where the alder and vine maple left off below us were jagged rocks that had rolled from the heights above, overgrown for the most part with roots and bushes, so that the space between them formed well-set man traps and greatly endangered the legs of the unwary. Along the stream and over the rocks was a rank growth of a delectable plant, rightly called "devil's club"—a bush with a broad innocent-looking bright green leaf shaped like a maple. The underside of the leaf and the whole stalk is covered with thorns from one to three-quarters of an inch long, finer than needles and breaking off easily to attach themselves to the unfortunate person who touches them. In short, the plant is a sort of vegetable porcupine. I shall never forget the first time that I cast myself down to rest among these innocent shrubs. Above us the hill kept its

steep slant and thick growth of bush and then went right up in perpendicular walls of rock.

We pushed ahead, Chris fighting his way through the brush like a cat, Vick winding his long limbs in and out with singular speed under the circumstances, Joe pushing away like a thick, sturdy little bull by main force and the rest of us profiting by their excellent examples.

Toward evening the bed of the stream became accessible again, and the flow of water was now so small we could travel in it, but icy cold. Joe was the only man who spoke. He was the profanest man I ever saw and the fittest at this time for spokesman. Then we found ourselves in open air and under the clear sky—for the rain had stopped—before us the sharp peaks of the first range in near view.

We crossed a clear field, a broad green meadow where there was a great village of marmots—or "mountain beaver" as they are called—an animal really much like woodchuck, but larger, and at a distance rather resembling the beaver. Brown, shaggy, short bushy tail, very good to eat. The only one I ever saw was shot by the Cayuse on a former expedition among the foothills. At that time we spent a great part of two days and several nights close to a multitude of their holes, but that of the Cayuse was the only one we saw. Yet in the morning every hole had a little handful of freshly plucked leaves in front of it. The Cayuse killed his just at dusk.

We crossed the field and were going down a steep bank to another branch of the Skokomish—a mere brook near its source. Joe, who was ahead, called out, "Fris boys, there's a bear!" I was sliding down behind him having fallen at the top of the bank, but caught a bush and stopped, but before I could see the bear or get a footing I felt a tremendous thump in the small of my back from the Marine, who had also slipped. The bush broke and away we went. At the same instant right over us the rifles of Vick and the Cayuse went off, and Joe below us, and we arrived in a heap at the bottom in time to see the bear vanish at the top of the opposite bank. He was badly wounded and left a great trail of blood behind him, but though we hunted till nearly dark it was not to be found.

Then as it was too late to find a better camping ground we had to stay where we were at the bottom of the gorge close by the stream. There was just one place where we could lie abreast and have a fire at our feet, and this we covered with brake and small bushes, which we cut with our knives, but the stubble was too sharp for comfort. The place too was not as level as it had looked and we so situated that our line as we lay extended sideways down hill. We did not pitch the tent but used it as an extra blanket. As the man at the lower end of this reposeful couch was crowded out by the weight of the others above him, and rolled off, he would pick himself up and start over again at the upper end of the bed—just as a small boy rises to the head of his class—the next turn following his example in due course.

As we ate supper the crisp wind from the peaks made us shiver in our wet clothes. FRANCIS DANA.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

IV.—THE LAKE OF PLEASANT MEMORIES.

GASSOBEEIS is a lovely lake. High land compasses it. On one side the hills rise toward Sabas. In the north Duck Lake Mountain shows a changing side, green or blue, mellowed into purple by the sunset. The lake itself is rather more than two miles long by a mile width, surrounded by hard, dry shores, free from deciduous wood, green and inviting. Near the shores the water is shoal, and the ice, forming on it in past ages, has taken up all the large rocks save a very few and carried them into the sea-wall on the shore, leaving the bottom hard and clean. In this shallow water, especially near the outlet, the lake is grown up to rushes and water lilies, the former dressing it till it looks like a grass field, the latter in their season making it a parterre of hundreds of acres of the loveliest blossoms. Trout are the fish here; the only pickerel which I ever heard to be caught was maimed and deformed that it was probably dropped here by some fish hawk flying over from Fourth Lake. Gassobee is a paradise for small game; all wild things seem to love it. The ducks sail off among the rushes conversing with each other, the deer wade out into the shallows to feed and escape the flies, and the bears follow the shores for cranberries and huckleberries in their season.

Here Father had a camping place just to his mind. Many pleasant memories clustered about it, and whether he thought of it in summer or winter it was always home and a quiet haven after stormy Nicatowis, hot and a clean caravansary after the slime and desolation of Fourth Lake. Here they could get all the ducks they wanted and trout from the pool on the stream, or venison if they wished it. Here, after the blankets were spread down after supper and the fire built up for the night, H. Sebatiss used to repeat that story whose repetition never wears, the old "Sung um joyfully," always preluding the tale with the query, "Never we told it you that time how she sung it 'Joyfully' Old Isaac?"

Gassobee seems to belong to Sebatiss more than any one else. He, too, loved it well. He enjoyed the "great deal scenery" and the good living, and he often expressed the wish to Father that their wives might there to share it—"our women," as he used to put it with an air of pride and ownership. He frequently told the story of his courtship, dwelling with satisfaction on the times when he "was great deal favor with old folks specially young ones." He was a man of fine sensibility despite the two hundred and sixty odd pounds of flesh which obscured the inner light to strangers, alive, beauty, exquisitely humorous, softer-hearted than even the generality of woodsmen. "These hard hearts," which Lear complains, find few hiding places in the woods; is there a cure in nature for them? Sebatiss would not indulge in even the brutality of kindness when that kindness could only save his own feelings. "We cut y' t'roat tomor' mornin'," he said to the baby seal that he starved for lack of milk, but for the night he fondled and made it happy. He was a consummate raconteur. With how much pathos he told the story of the death little Johnny. With what appreciation he described the man to whom he sold the blackfish oil, so that Just himself seemed to wink at their deceiving such a judge of a fish. A literary instinct guided him to the telling point of his narrative, and he grasped them with a firm har-

repetition he used when effective, but never the aimless retrogressions of the ignorant and unskilled; when he digressed it was to express some quaint, original thought or call up some philosophical question. He never doubted that his stories were worth hearing and he never apologized for their length. He was a master of the use of details and had to tell long stories. He never quarreled with his genius nor cropped the tail of his Pegasus. If his audience got to sleep under a double number he reproachfully asked, "What for you gone sleep? Why you don't gone wake?" and began again at the point where he judged the thread had been broken. Hunting stories, his trials as governor, old legends, stories of porpoise shooting at Quoddy and tales of the sea were in his repertory; and all began alike with, "Never we told it you that time when—" as if all had been many times rehearsed to different audiences. Ahwassus, the Bear, the other Indians have nicknamed him. He says that bears can talk, but won't. He always talks to them when he meets them, calls them cowards, says they understand Indian because they look ashamed. Brother to brother it must be when they meet—the Indians were right in calling him Ahwassus, the Bear; each big, and fat, and strong, with brown faces and little eyes, strong sense and sagacity. It was Gassobeis that revealed thee, O Sebattis Wassus. We got two ducks and some berries while at Gassobeis' time, but nothing else except a box. Ducks were not abundant here this year. Toward evening we heard the west a strange, rumbling noise, not thunder—the sky was clear—a distant, low-pitched sound that seemed as much in the earth as in the air. The others said it sounded like rolling logs from a brow landing. But I could liken it to nothing except the noise in Lorna Doone, which rose from the moors at eventide and died away in wailing. In the morning, after the fog cleared, we made ready to go to Machias. True to his principles, never to lug an extra pound, Father began his preparations by sorting out all that we could leave behind. Even from our load there was a considerable pile laid aside to be hidden—all our spare clothes, except boots and stockings, for one thing, and our best hats, which were stored under the box found the day before. We took with us only the necessities of life, and as few of them as possible, only a week's rations of flour, pork and potatoes, and no luxuries except a gallon can, which was used indifferently for spring water, berries and to keep small game from flies, and two grape baskets, which are convenient for such small stores as tea, salt and pepper—in all two turns apiece including the canoe. When we set out the wind was east and the sky but half clear. Loons were flying. We made our way to the head of the lake and found the carry without difficulty by steering just to the left of the last island. With this direction in mind the carry is not hard to find, for it is a winter road leading straight down to the lake across the bog.

GASSOBEIS CARRY.

There is a story, now water-logged and condemned but still afloat, of the notoriously profane man who was so taken aback on discovering that the tailboard of his cart was out and his load of ashes was distributed the whole length of the hill, that all he could say was, "Swearing won't do it justice." More might be said of Gassobeis Carry—nothing more apposite. I have seen all sorts, but though there may be worse carries, I have yet to see that kind. It isn't as blind to follow as some, nor as rocky as some, nor as long as others, and possibly not quite as wet; but in its palmiest days its water privileges were nearly equal those of the famous Mud Pond Carry, and in its variety, which age does not wither nor custom stale, it completely distances that much condemned place. Yet in the encouraging guide book phrase, "Even ladies have been known to undertake it." But an unincumbered man or even a woman ought not to complain of anything short of impassability. The tune changes when a man must stagger along over rocks, roots and swamps beneath all the load he can rise under, or still worse with a canoe on his head, than which no Eastern despot was ever more prompt to make one's neck the price of a misstep. From Gassobeis to Fourth Lake is not only a hard road but a long carry, not less than two miles—two good Maine miles at that, says Father, who has lugged on it these many times. We have several kinds of miles here—the hort mile, the mile, the long mile, and "the good long faine mile," which is the Scotch mile and a bitcock.

At the beginning of the carry the load was bound up into packs and lugging bands adjusted. I had secured my coats and buckled them to my bag—which by a long and persistent course of obstinacy I have secured the right to carry myself—and had just tied a pair of shoes beneath, when the fraud was discovered and the shoes seized as contraband. However, being rear guard, it was possible to secure something else, the can and a hatchet perhaps, after the advance was already on the march. Off we started one foot before the other, at a pace very like a trot for one no taller than myself, Father at the head of the train, Jot next under a hump like a camel's, my mackintosh and rubber boots in the rear; through lambkill and rhodora waist high and wetter than ordinary water; over a footing of sphagnum so thick and yielding that it was like walking on a feather bed laid on springs. There was a quarter of a mile of that carry, and, in spite of predilections for bogs already expressed, I think there are better places for carries. Up hill we posted as if on the king's business, over stones and fallen trees, nor stopped until we reached the height of land; fairly long stages, made as quickly as possible, and short stops, is Father's rule for carries; rest in walking back for the next load.

"What will you have for refreshments?" I asked, as they went back for their second turn. "Ice cream," said Father. In their absence I provided them the best substitute which the woods afford—a heaped handful of mowberries (*Chioenes hispida*). The tiny vines were natted over the old crumbling logs and all bore pearly berries. I had never before seen it fruiting so abundantly. This is the nonesuch of our berries, a little too good and rare for common use, but unequalled when enjoyed separately, when the gust is allowed to linger on the palate until the full savor of its spiciness is dissolved. It is the crowning achievement of the heaths—the most emblem of them all, pure in blossom and fruit as the snow from which it gets its name, delicate in all its structure, shy in its habit, and although hardy and evergreen wherever it is, reaching its full perfection only when it finds root and support, yea, and its life in that on which it lavishes all its graces and beauties and excellencies.

The second stage was short, extending only to the fork

in the road where the index on the dead pine points to the left and the Machias Lakes. On the left before you reach this is a "bear-biting tree," a pine, I believe, which Father pointed out to me. I should not have noticed it myself; and, indeed, it was not until I had seen half a dozen such, that I was able to distinguish them from trees which had been shot at, scored with a pick-hand-spike or otherwise accidentally injured. The marks, which are from 8 to 8 ft. from the ground, are often overgrown and pitchy, and would not be taken by any one but an expert for the work of an animal. They are found in firs, pines and spruces, most frequently in the former, and invariably, Father says, in trees that have a conspicuous place along some road or carry, at the fork of logging roads or the edge of a landing—never in the deep woods. The marks are made by the great canine teeth which are set in so deeply that they rend the tree as if a rifle ball had been shot through the side. Usually the same tree will be bitten many times by bears of different sizes or else several trees not very far apart will be marked. "Tell the man who made that," said the old Greek painter, pointing from his friend's drawing to his own more perfect one, "that the man who made this would like to see him." Because these trees stand in prominent places and the bears always rise to their full height in biting them, it has been supposed that they indicated, like the old Greek's line, the identity of the author. The tree on this carry has proved the correctness of the supposition. Several years ago when carrying across to Machias, Father examined the tree carefully; returning a few days later, he was surprised to see a new bite so far above all the others that its height astonished him. Closer investigation of a mossy log at the foot of the tree revealed the tracks of a very large bear, who, shrewder than the rest, had stood on the log while making his mark. It was a plain challenge to the world of bears to bring forward some one taller than that. I wonder whether he ever saw it afterward and remembered his own cunning with an inward chuckle, for no doubt they do remember.

The third stage was long, very long it seemed, extending even to the cross-road to Unknown and the Hemenway farm. It is this that gives the carry its bad name—rocky, mossy, slippery, the holes between the rocks filled with moss and water. Then there are slippery skids in the way just frequently enough always to catch you unawares, fallen trees here and there, and a good bit of swamp embellished with sawgrass, tall brakes, moss, rotting and slimy skids, hussocks which promise good footing till you land on them and water which may be mid-leg deep and may be a good deal deeper. By the time the swamp is reached, the lugging bands have slackened and the pack has begun to sag; you would raise your hands to relieve your throat of the band which is choking you, but both are full, every cramped and aching finger hung with a separate article which cannot be set down, and on you go splashing doggedly through the water or jumping from hussock to hussock, while the pack sinks lower and bounces harder and chokes more with every jump, and the mosquitoes which sit on the alders here from March to December rub their bills on their sleeves and pitch into you, seeing that you can't help yourself. A mosquito has no regard for the rules of the game. It may be your luck when you cross this carry in the dry season of 1891 to be able to call it pleasure. I admit that I could smile at it while experiencing it in wet 1890; but not even my wildest dreams of pleasure include Gassobeis Carry until it has been averaged in with so much else that the proportion of Gassobeis is infinitely small.

We took dinner at the cross-roads—less dinner than table decorations, for while the men had been lugging their second turn the woods around had paid tribute to me. Although it was well along in September the "ivory-leaf plums" (*Gaultheria procumbens*) of the year before were still hanging beneath their glossy leaves.

The fourth stage was short, memorable only because the cold which had been following all the way across the carry now overtook me and proved a misfit several sizes too large. It was the old story of taking too good care of one's self. To avoid getting wet I had worn my mackintosh and this was the result: The long skirt clinging to the wet rubber boots at every step doubled the exertions of walking, the rain on the bushes wet it from the bottom nearly to the waist on the inside and the perspiration condensing on the shoulders wet it from the top downward nearly as far. It was, in fact, a dripping rubber sheet. Constant exercise while waiting and careful wiping did not avert the mischief. Henceforward I eschew rubber garments unless it is actually pouring. Better by far be wet and stay wet, cold and miserable than be forced to cool off too suddenly. It is a poor constitution that can't stand considerable of the former, and the strongest should not be expected to undergo the latter.

The Machias end of the carry is even less cheering than the Gassobeis terminus. The journal calls it "an unwholesome-looking place," and in my own mind it is associated with the Ancient Mariner and "a million million slimy things." When you get here you will wish you hadn't come. Marshes half a mile wide extend back to the "dry kyle" which fences the woods with dead trees, standing or fallen, grim, gaunt and gray. Loose-strife tangles the wet marsh and lily-pads and "moose-ear" half cover the stagnant stream which twists about without rule or direction, too lifeless to run straight. The place is given over to pickerel, mud turtles and "slimy things that crawl with legs." Penobscot people call it Penobscot Brook, but Machias folk seem to know it best by the name of Cy's Gulch, an appropriately outlandish name, for gulch is a term seldom heard here and this is anything but a gulch.

FANNIE P. HARDY.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"WHY, Jim, you don't seem to kill anything, what's the matter?"

"The birds are wild as the wind and rise clear out of range."

"But you haven't shot at one over 50 yds. to-day."

"Well, that's a long distance."

"But you told me your gun would kill about every time at 80 yds."

"Well, the fact is, I've got such a ternal headache that I can't shoot worth a cent."

Natural History.

THE PORCUPINE.

YOUR clever correspondent, L. J. Flower, asks, "Can any one tell us of any good this animal does or state any sufficient reason why it should not be killed on sight?"

I propose therefore to accept the challenge and give a few reasons, appealing in the first place to history, by which it will be seen that as great Rome was once saved by the cackling of geese so the life of a distinguished missionary, who was traveling through the forests of New Brunswick in the winter of the year 1677, was saved by means of a pair of porcupines. This missionary was Father Christian Le Clerc and he was on a pastoral visit from Nepisiguit to the Miramichi, called then the Saint Croix. The party consisted of himself, a French gentleman and an Indian and his squaw. They were lost in the woods.

The party, the members of which were absolutely without food and nearly starved to death, had fallen in with another Indian who had dreamed of having killed a moose, and who had assured Father Le Clerc that this dream would bring them on a moose's track, and that they soon would have plenty of food. But here is the continuation of the story in Father Le Clerc's own words, which I have translated into English: "In order to confound his extravagant credulity and to convince him (the Indian) of the care which God takes of his servants, providence permitted us when we were thinking least of it to find two large porcupines about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. These animals, which resemble the hedge-hog very much that one sees in France, were denned in the hollow of a tree, whose bark, as it served for their food, they had eaten. Each commonly has his own den, and our Indian was as much surprised as we were to see them denning together. The first one which was taken they loaded upon my shoulders to take to the squaw who had already lighted the fire, in order to do the cooking in the kettle. We made a good meal of it; the soup seemed as savory to us as a good consommé, and we in reality experienced the truth of the proverb which says that there is no better sauce than a good appetite.

"We carried the other porcupine to the camp of our Indian, where he found eight persons in whose attenuated and fleshless countenances could be plainly seen the little nourishment which they had taken, and the hunger which these poor unfortunates had suffered for the month that they had been camped on the bank of a river (N.W. Miramichi), where they had fished trout in very small quantity. They had but five of these for their whole provision when we arrived where they were. These were placed in the pot with our porcupine, which we ate together."

The Micmac or shore Indians are very partial to the porcupine as an article of food, the Abenakis not esteeming it so highly, much preferring the flesh of the muskrat, which the former Indians do not care about, indeed the Micmacs call the Abenakis (of St. John River at any rate) muskrat or musquash Indians.

The Indians make use of the quills of the porcupine, which they dye to ornament their birch bark boxes with. Some of this work is very pretty. When the white hunters of our forests find a porcupine they very often make use of his flesh for food. The black cat or fisher is very partial to the flesh of the porcupine, and will dare all the dangers of his quills to secure one; and the hunter often finds that the fisher which he has captured carries some of these quills in his hide.

The porcupine is very fond of fat or grease of any kind. It frequents old camps, and one almost always sees some part of the *deacon-seat* on which grease has been spilled gnawed away by the sharp teeth of this animal.

I admit that the porcupine does eat the bark of trees. I do not think, however, that he girdles them so that they die. His chief food in winter seems to be the leaves and small boughs of the sapling hemlock. He is a good climber, but slow; in fact, he is a very slow walker and his movements are far from graceful. As Mr. Flower says, the porcupine can strike quick and dextrous blows with his tail. I have cut a piece of beech and stirred up a porcupine in his den by means of it, and on withdrawing the stick found the hard wood filled with quills which had been driven into it by the animal's tail.

With Mr. Flower I admit the damage which one of these animals can do to a field of buckwheat, but I do not think that they are specially notorious for trespassing on man's domain, chiefly confining themselves to the forest. They are very fond of making their dens among loose rocks. The interior of Nova Scotia, which is very rocky and has little soil, is the best ground which I have ever seen for porcupines.

EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, Canada.

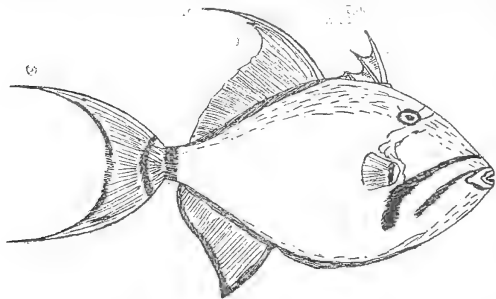
WILD GEESE.—San Luis Potosi, Mexico.—In California I often heard the Hutchinson goose, that is the small one marked like the Canada "honker," called brant. I occasionally saw white ones there, but they were not so abundant as the white-fronted or laughing goose. This is the variety we have here in Mexico. I saw in a flock of them not long since one that showed white, but I could not tell whether it was a different kind or not. I have never seen either the Canada goose or the Hutchinson here, though I remember that in the National Museum at the City of Mexico there is a Canada goose labeled "Toluca Valley," a point near that city. This museum has quite an interesting natural history exhibit, by the way, though the specimens are wretchedly mounted, and visitors usually take more interest in the antiquities.—AZTEC.

BIG HORNS.—St. John, N. B.—In your paper of Jan. 15 I see that Dr. C. B. Parker mentions, in an account of a moose hunt in Kibby Valley, that they killed a moose whose antlers spread a little over 4 ft. 8 in., blades of the horns 12 in. wide, evenly balanced and each containing 11 prongs, and pronounced by good authority as large as any on record. I would like to mention one that was in this city last fall, which tops the list in this country. A Mr. Smith, of Bear River, Nova Scotia, in last September shot two moose inside of twenty minutes, which were mounted by J. H. Carnell, of this city. The largest horns measured 5 ft. 4 in. spread, blades of the horns 15 in. and 34 points. The other one was but a little smaller. Can any one beat this.—R. O'S.

THE BLUE-STRIPED TRIGGER FISH.

LAST October while in New Hampshire we learned from Mr. Charles Bassett, of the firm of George B. Appleton & Co., Boston, Mass., that a curious fish had been taken at Wood's Holl, Mass., and forwarded by his firm to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, at Cambridge, Mass. From Mr. Bassett's description we easily recognized the fish to be one of the trigger fishes, a species of *Balistes*. The fish was exhibited by Messrs. Appleton & Co., in Boston, and attracted much attention. Recently we have received from Mr. R. O. Harding, Secretary of the Massachusetts Association, a letter inclosing a description of this trigger fish by Prof. Samuel Garman, of the museum above mentioned.

The blue-striped trigger fish is only an accidental visitor as far north as Cape Cod. It is common in the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies. The fish is remarkable for its shape and the peculiarities of its teeth and stiff dorsal spines, the first of which resembles a trigger in shape and can be immovably fixed at will. There is a figure in the Fishery Industries of the United States of a related but less handsome species, *Balistes capriscaus*. This illustration will give the reader a good idea of the



general form, but the blue-striped species (*capriscaus*) has the lobes of the tail fin much more produced than in the *capriscaus*, and may readily be distinguished by its colors. The general color is dark brown; there is a vivid blue ring on the snout and each side of the head contains two parallel stripes of the same color. The dorsal and anal fin, and the root of the tail fin, are also marked by a blue band. The outer margin of the anal and caudal fins are blue, and there is a crescent-shaped band of the same color a little behind the root of the tail. The other species (*capriscaus*) has been taken as far north as Wood's Holl a number of times. Its color is a uniform dull grayish-brown. The small size of the mouth of the trigger fishes and their large and projecting teeth would not suggest their adaptability for capture by hook and line, but in the spring of 1885, when the steamer Albatross was at Cozumel, Lieut. Asher C. Baker, of that vessel, demonstrated the fact that the species can readily be taken at the surface by using small hooks baited with cut clam or pieces of fish. In the Bermudas the common trigger fish is considered as a valuable food fish, but in the Gulf of Mexico, according to Mr. Silas Stearns, "in regions where it is not eaten it is regarded as a pest by the fishermen from its habit of stealing bait from their hooks. Its manner of taking the bait is rather peculiar, for instead of pulling the line backward or to one side it raises it upward so quietly that the fisherman does not perceive the motion, and then, by careful nibbling, cleans the hook without injury to itself."

The *Balistes capriscaus* is known as the leather jacket at Pensacola, and it is considered one of the most difficult fishes to land, because its sharp and powerful teeth enable it readily to cut the line or break the hook. The skin of the trigger fishes is used as a substitute for sandpaper in Florida, the Bahama Islands and the Bermudas. Our figure is from a drawing by Mr. Harding.

WHAT THE A. O. U. HAS DONE.

AT the eighth annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, held at Washington last November, Mr. J. A. Allen, who has been president since the founding of the Union, delivered a retrospective address touching briefly on the work done by the Union since its origin. We are now in receipt of the text of the address, which has just been printed.

Mr. Allen speaks of the organization of the Union in 1883, and of its being an outgrowth of the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge, Mass., which had turned over to the Union its quarterly journal, then known as the *Nuttall Bulletin*, and what has since become the *Auk*. One of the earliest tasks which presented itself after the founding of the Union was to reconcile the differences which then existed in regard to the nomenclature employed by ornithologists. The result of the labors of its committee was the publication of the octavo volume of 400 pages which embraces a Code of Nomenclature and the Classified Check List of North American Birds, the importance of which is everywhere acknowledged. The work of the committee on the Status of the European House Sparrow is well known. The information which it gathered has been turned over to the Division of Economic Ornithology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The same may be said of the work of the committee on the Geographical Distribution of North American Birds, which almost at once outgrew the resources of the Union.

At the second congress of the Union a committee was appointed on Protection of North American Birds. The work of this committee was humanitarian and utilitarian rather than scientific. It did much to enlighten public opinion in respect to the extent of the destruction of birds for millinery purposes and its lamentable results. On this subject it published two bulletins, secured the enactment of excellent laws for the protection of birds in several States and co-operated with societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in protecting birds. It was also the origin of the Audubon Society, with its widely scattered chapters, and of numberless lesser societies especially devoted to the protection of birds. The influence it exercised, directly and indirectly through the public press has been beyond estimate. Within a short time after the publication of its first Bulletin, song birds, and in fact our native birds generally, nearly disappeared as adjuncts of the milliners' art, and the consequent decline in this country of the "feather trade" forced several of the leading dealers in bird skins for millinery purposes

into bankruptcy. There is no doubt that to the direct and indirect results of this committee's energetic crusade are largely due the markedly improved sentiment respecting bird slaughter for millinery purposes, and its great decline in this country during the last four or five years.

The important work done by the Union's journal, the *Auk*, is fittingly referred to, and then Mr. Allen passes on to a consideration of the activity in ornithology in the last seven years, and the work done by its individual members.

The Union has had a steady growth, and at the beginning of the last congress had on its rolls 49 active, 25 honorary, 68 corresponding and 253 associate members. Active and honorary members are limited to 50 and 25 respectively.

ZOOLOGICAL PARK APPOINTMENT.—Mr. W. H. Blackburne, who has long been connected with Barnum & Bailey's Circus, has been appointed principal keeper of the Zoological Park at Washington, D. C. Mr. Blackburne has had a long experience in caring for caged circus animals, but the conditions in a zoological park are somewhat different, and just how well fitted he may be to take charge of such a park we do not know.

THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON.—The eleventh anniversary meeting of the Biological Society of Washington was held in the lecture room of the Columbian University on Saturday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:30 o'clock. The retiring president, Professor Lester F. Ward, delivered an address entitled "Neo-Darwinism and Neo-Lamarckism."

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

IN ENGLISH FIELDS AND COVERS.

AT a recent dinner party my neighbor amused me with a description of an American gentleman's first shooting party at Sir John's. The whole account indicated how little is known by some, otherwise well-informed, Americans about this favorite English sport. The fact that the American wore thin boots to go tramping through the covers, and that when a rabbit was shot by one of the company he plunged into the underbrush to fetch it, were signs of ignorance that the Englishman laughed at, but he admired the determined manner in which the Yankee proceeded to question every action with the evident object of gaining information. For those who are unable to enjoy a "personally conducted" investigation a few words may not be out of place.

Preserving and shooting are not matters of a moment. Throughout the summer the gentlemen of the house anxiously inquire into the welfare of the birds and the prospects of autumnal sports. The game keeper watches with practiced eye the conduct of the game, he keeps the pheasants confined in wire inclosures in the breeding season, employs the barnyard fowls to hatch the eggs and then tenderly rears the young birds. He provides proper food for all and, mayhap, lays a dainty trail of raisins to tempt birds from his neighbors' preserves.

Game licenses are obtained (costing about \$10), new sporting dogs are added to the kennels, and before the first September sun has risen all is in readiness. The master appears in stout tweed breeches, his great boots strapped about the leg, a close-fitting cap covers his head, a cartridge bag is slung across his shoulders.

The season opens on the first day of September, and the favorite guests are invited for shooting on this occasion. The master has a large enough party staying in his house or he asks some other "guns," who drive over from their distant country homes, bringing their wives or daughters with them.

By 10:30 A. M. the sportsmen are started across the fields with one or two sporting dogs—setters, retrievers or terriers—at their heels, while the keeper and his assistants follow at a respectful distance. They march on till they reach the appointed turnip field. At the word of command the dogs set to work; back and forth they go, with noses close to the ground, till on finding a scent the setter strikes the proper attitude, the sportsmen come up just as the birds either scuttle off through the furrows or fly up as marks for the ready guns, several of the covey fall and the rest are off beyond reach. The dogs are again sent on and another covey is soon up. As the party pass on following the game, the keeper and his assistants pick up the birds, and the netted bag with its canvas lining soon grows plump if sport is good. Occasionally the terriers are urged into a hedge and a couple of white tufts flicker by, and a brace of rabbits or hares is presently gathered in by the keeper.

The ground game, i. e., rabbits and hares, are the perquisites of the tenant in whose hedge the "pussies" are shot, endless controversies arise as to the ownership of the different sides of a hedge, for the tenant farmer, if he is of a poaching disposition, will set his guns on the wrong side of the hedge, and perhaps entraps some birds to which he is not entitled. Meanwhile our shooting party is working its way through the fields to the spot appointed for lunch, which is taken picnic-fashion, *à fresco*, or eaten under cover, if the day proves too damp for an out-of-door collation. A substantial meal it must be, as the men are sure to be "as hungry as hunters." And ten great hampers reveal many seasonable delicacies. The ladies have joined the party here and listen to the story of the day's sport.

"What were you doing lying on your back, Harry, up in that field?"

"You would have done the same, Jack, if a fellow pointed his gun at you."

"That reminds me, chimes in another, you know what a shot Smith is, he nearly killed me the other day."

"Exactly, I think he must have a grudge against us and wants to annihilate the family."

The month passes away and the fields are shot over several times a week and then "Master" joins other shooting parties, sometimes taking with him his own man and dog, but only on rare occasions, though I have heard of a man developing great popularity at this season, because he has a favorite sporting dog. Often the Master comes home enraged with some poaching farmer who has shot every one of a covey that were known to frequent a dis-

tant field, and to-day when the Master went to bag them he found only a heap of feathers.

October commences, perhaps, with a bright autumnal day such as are so common at that season in America, but unusual here. To-day the pheasant shooting opens and the Master and his friends drive off to the covers on the hill, to the thick grove of larches with a scrub oak undergrowth, where the shy birds hide. The party now is augmented by a number of beaters, who with stout cudgels lay about them in the underbrush to frighten up the birds. The guns divide, some going into the thicket with the beaters and the others stand outside, a gunshot apart, moving gradually around the covers. The birds, when started, fly up and the bright plumaged cock forms a mark for the sportsman, but his mate is often spared for breeding another season.

The ladies are out to-day and go round the covers with the outer guns until some take fright at the spent shot that rattles around them like hail and they retreat to a safer vantage ground. Sometimes a drive is instituted. This sounds much more complicated when described than it really is. Two parallel paths or "drives" have been cleared through the covers with by-paths connecting them. The beaters with two sportsmen start at the upper end of the place between the paths, while two guns are placed at the ends of the first by-path; these shoot at the game as it flies before the beaters. As the latter approach where the guns are stationed the sportsmen move on to the next by-path and whistle their signal to the beaters, who continue to drive on the game. In this way the covers are shot over.

As the season advances the game grows shyer and scarcer; naturally enough, you would say if you saw the bags brought in and had an opportunity of entering the well filled tidy larder—but sometimes the sportsmen are lured away by hunting or other amusements till the lady of the manor threatens to follow the old fashion of serving a dish of spurs when the larder is depleted.

The November days are so short that little shooting can be accomplished, but the wild pigeons afford a variety in the sport, for after a day's work, when few partridges have been secured toward sunset, which is very near 3:30 P. M., you may see the guns vending their way toward a group of trees, in which it is rumored the pigeons roost. Sometimes they have luck enough to bring in a brace, but the birds are shy, though often on a Sunday they will perch boldly near the house, for they seem to know that is a "close" day for them. These birds are a very acceptable addition to the larder, for when well cooked and highly seasoned they form a most palatable dish, even preferred by some people to other game.

Toward Christmas the cry of the wild duck is heard, and a sharp watch is kept near the ponds on which they alight; they sometimes pause a couple of days in their flight or in favored localities they will spend the winter.

Shooting continues all winter until the close time for most game begins, on Feb. 2; but even then the spring affords rook shooting; this usually is in season toward Easter, when the young birds are about a month old. Not only are the old birds too "smart" in hiding behind the boughs of the trees, high up in which they have built their clumsy nests, but they are far too tough to be eaten. There is not the same prejudice against them that we have for crows, for the rooks are granivorous birds. I had, however, imagined rook pie to be a very untempting dish, but when urged to eat some by those who liked it I was surprised to find the meat very delicate, not unlike that of pigeons. Only the breast is used in the pie, and the skinning and preparation is a difficult process.

There are some matters of etiquette connected with shooting that should be mentioned. For instance, when one is invited to join a shooting party none of the game that falls before his steady aim becomes his, but belongs to the owner of the place, but occasionally the "master" may present a brace of birds to some lady of the party whose larder he may suspect is not already well stocked. Sometimes the clergyman of the parish does not care for the shooting on his glebe and gives it to the "squire," who, as a rule, keeps the minister's table supplied with game. Each guest at a shooting party is expected to tip the keeper and his assistants. Often a gold piece is slipped into the keeper's hand. If he has had his horse put up in the stable a coin is given to the groom. So thorough-out all shooting is an expensive amusement; with the cost of guns, cartridges, licenses and fees, a pretty heavy drain is made upon the purse, even where one has the shooting with his house and does not have to hire from a neighbor; even when he has his own preserves he may have to buy the privilege of shooting over some little farm that divides his fields. Still there is little complaint on the score of expense, as the English are so keen for this amusement, and an American soon learns the ropes and enjoys the sport thoroughly if he gets a chance.

FRANCES B. JAMES.

WILDFOWL IN OREGON.—II.

NOW the boys must choke down their indignation and deal gently with me while I pay my respects to the great blue heron. Not that he is a game bird in any accepted sense of the term, but a duck lake or slough in this country (or, in fact, almost any other) without this quiet, dignified form stuck at respectable intervals here and there would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Not being an ornithologist myself, I will call your attention to Webster's description of a heron, to wit: "A wading bird with long legs and neck." I guess Mr. Webster is correct. That's about all there is of him, and the grotesque figure at the bar fills the bill.

Hérons, we are told, are distributed over nearly the whole of the civilized world, but in this particular part of creation they are known to the hunters by a less euphonious appellation. These solitary sentinels are created, of course, for some good purpose, but the average hunter has not yet discovered what that purpose is. Certainly not for food. Possibly for taxidermists to experiment on. The pot-hunter can tell you one thing for which they are most excellent—warning ducks of impending danger. How many boys there are that can tell you of lost opportunities on ducks, coupled with an expletive for the benefit of these long-necked, keen-eyed monuments. Many a "kid" and even mature pot-hunter has crawled through mud and saw-grass hundreds of yards to get a raking shot at a half discovered flock of mallard, teal or woodcock feeding in some secluded nook out of the wind, only to be greeted at the supreme moment by that infernal, blood-curdling, agonizing yell that can be compared to nothing else that ever greeted the human ear. Those who have

never heard it can read Dante and draw on their imaginations. But the ducks understand its meaning and away they go. They stand not on the order of their going, but go at once.

Probably no chapter on wildfowl shooting ever before even complimented this bird with an obituary notice; but his very meanness entitles him to some consideration, and his stoical indifference of the opinions of hunters in general makes him game. If you want to laugh the biliousness out of your system lie down close in the grass when you see one flying your way, particularly if he is flying low. Wait until he gets over you, then jump up, swing your hat and yell. You don't need to shoot. Save your ammunition and you will have just as much sport. He can neither go forward, backward, up nor down. In his great effort to do something he succeeds in doing nothing, but to double up and open out like a big jack knife, or in other words, "hump himself." If you don't believe it, try it; it is really funny.

Many a good joke could be told about this bird of ill-omen which might compromise the reputations of some of our best hunters.

On one of the trips of the old hunting boat Gold Dust to Sauvie's Island one of these hoodoo birds was tipped by some hunter, probably on an old grudge. After the bird struck he solemnly gathered himself up, plumed himself, shook the mud from his heels and boldly started to walk across the meadow to a neighboring pond. Some one on the waiting boat discovered him, and in a short time the crew, from the engineer down, armed with every conceivable weapon except a gun were in hot pursuit, believing that they were about to capture a young sandhill crane. Finally a discharge from a stick of cord wood brought the game to bag, and had it not been for blunt Judge Whalley, who came aboard late and not in on the scheme, that crane would certainly have graced the table of some quasi-nimrod.

When they are wounded there must be exercised in approaching them. Their apparent quiet indifference to their fate bodes evil. That long, pointed stiletto-like bill, so handy in picking up small fish, frogs, lizards, etc., when held in reserve and used at the proper time on the unsuspecting sportsman or setter, makes a most profound impression. Instinct and long experience in calculating distances and studying opportunities has rendered them efficient. Never let your dog go near one when the bird is wounded. Like Josh Billings's mule, the heron will stoically bide his time. Charley Johnson, one of Portland's most enthusiastic sportsmen, can give inquiring ones further information on this point. Charley is one of those earnest hunters who find more than simple killing in the sport of hunting. Well, he crippled one of these birds, and its glossy plumage and calm look of confidence imbued him with a desire to bring the bird home alive, presumably that he might be the better able to illustrate points of beauty in the despoiled creature. He took his seat in the boat, with the prize nestling between his knees, while Capt. Riley plied the oars. Charley proceeded to expatiate upon the ornithological subject at hand, the captive all the while looking him in the face with what was assumed to be ill-concealed gratitude. Finally Charley reached the end of a long sentence and a period was needed. The grateful bird furnished one square on the bridge of Charley's nose. It was the opportunity heretofore mentioned and the bird was equal to the occasion.

But something about geese, ducks and snipe will probably be more interesting to your readers and in my next I propose to tell them something about the most wonderful country in the world for game of this character.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

S. H. GREENE.

[The first paper of this series, published last week, was erroneously signed "Multnomah."]

LOADING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of Nov. 27, I stated that I agreed with one of your contributors that heavy charges of powder would bring larger bags of game than light charges; that I had experimented with light and heavy charges; that I used 4 to 4½ drs. in a No. 12 gun, and 5 drs. in a No. 10, and that to overcome the recoil from such charges I padded the sleeve of my coat, etc. The object of heavy charges is range and penetration.

That item has met with criticism, and one of your contributors, Dec. 27, say in substance that a 28 or 30in. barrel No. 12-bore will not burn that amount of powder. He is much mistaken, or the ordnance department of the U. S. Army, and the manufacturers of fixed ammunition and those who use it, are much "off." I presume those critics will not claim that the ability to burn powder decreases as the size of the bore is increased. The bore of a No. 12 gun is about .4in., or .75. There are 7,000grs. Troy in lb. avoirdupois, making 27.3grs. to the dram. The standard U. S. cartridge for .45 rifle contains 70grs. powder. Let us state the following problem and solve it. If a .45-cal. will burn 70grs. powder, how much will a .75-cal. burn? .75x.70+.45=116.6+27.3=over 4dr. powder. It does not follow that because the Government standard is 70grs. a .45-cal. will burn no more than 70grs. Some of the fixed ammunition manufactured by the

Winchester Repeating Arms Co. for .40cal. Ballard, Sharp, Remington and single-shot Winchester rifles contains 90grs. powder, which, by the foregoing method of stating the problem, shows that a No. 12 will burn over 6dr.

Again, take the Winchester express single-shot rifle, .40, the shell for which is charged with 110grs., over 4dr., making over 7dr. for a No. 12 bore.

The critics may say those rifles were long-range. Exactly so, and that is one of the objects of heavy charges; or they may say the barrels were 32in. in length. Then take into consideration in the computation that length, and still it will be found a No. 12 will burn much more than 4dr.

Some of the Winchester repeating arms, model 1886, .45, length of barrel 26in., use 90grs.; .40, 82grs.; .50, 110. Taking the latter caliber and amount of powder in stating the proposition, and it will be seen that a No. 12 bore, 26in. barrel, will burn over 6dr. powder. The question discussed above is not how much powder a man can stand under, but how much will a No. 12 bore gun burn.

Comparatively but a few men, unless they were hunters for the market, have had a greater opportunity, and improved it, than I have to hunt quail, prairie chickens, ducks, geese, swans and sandhill cranes. From 1855 I have lived within four hours' drive of Beaver Lake and the Kankakee swamps and marshes—that paradise for the hunter until within a few years. I have had hunting friends visiting here by the score, who sported as much as myself. We all learned by experience to use heavy charges of powder, as there would be, of course, a good-natured spirit of rivalry among us. There was so much

ing their hounds, and have a hunt with him, good-naturedly chaffing him by saying they would beat him in the hunt.

My friend wanted my gun for that hunt. I let him have it and some shells loaded with 5dr. of powder and No. 9 buckshot. Afterward I received a note from him, saying he had gotten away with his Kentucky friends; that he killed five deer at six shots.

I learned to use heavy charges of powder and pad my sleeve under the following circumstances. One fall, about 1856, thousands of pigeons one day came into a small body of timber near town for mast. Soon there were over seventy guns, estimated at that, in the timber. The firing was about as rapid as could be made. I was present with a 12-bore gun, made for me by W. W. Billingham, Rochester, N. Y.

There were so many persons in the timber shooting that I could not obtain all the shooting I desired; some fellow would run in between me and the bird and fire.

I then charged my gun with 4dr. of powder as an experiment, and when a fellow would run in ahead of me when a bird came around, I would fire over the head of the interloper and get the bird. Without that heavy charge I could not reach the game. I made so many and successful long shots that day as to attract attention. The success was supposed by the spectators to lie in the superiority of the gun. On that occasion all I had to protect my arm from the recoil of the gun was the sleeve of a linen coat and a shirt sleeve. When I quit shooting my arm was much bruised and painful. After that I padded my sleeve.

In thirty-five years of shooting I never had my head affected but twice. On one occasion I was at the lake shooting from my boat, which I ran into the flats for cover. I used two guns. I returned to camp for dinner with over an hundred head of ducks, geese and brant. The game was wild, and of course I made many miss shots, taking chances. After dinner I went out again, feeling perfectly well; but after firing for a few times had to quit for the day, the firing hurt my head so much.

On the other occasion I was shooting at a pond, where the game came in for water from time to time during the day from their feeding grounds on the grain fields. I had to lie on the ground on my left side and without cover, the color of my clothing blending with the earth, and had to shoot from that position. I had fine sport, ending up with a serious headache. A friend with me occupying a like position came out about the same way.

The only wonder is that in shooting so much I have been so free from unpleasant results. During the fall that I speak of shooting from this boat I fired away at ducks, geese, brant and swan over 75lbs. of shot, saying nothing about the amount fired at quail and chickens. That amount, however, was rather more than an average for a season.

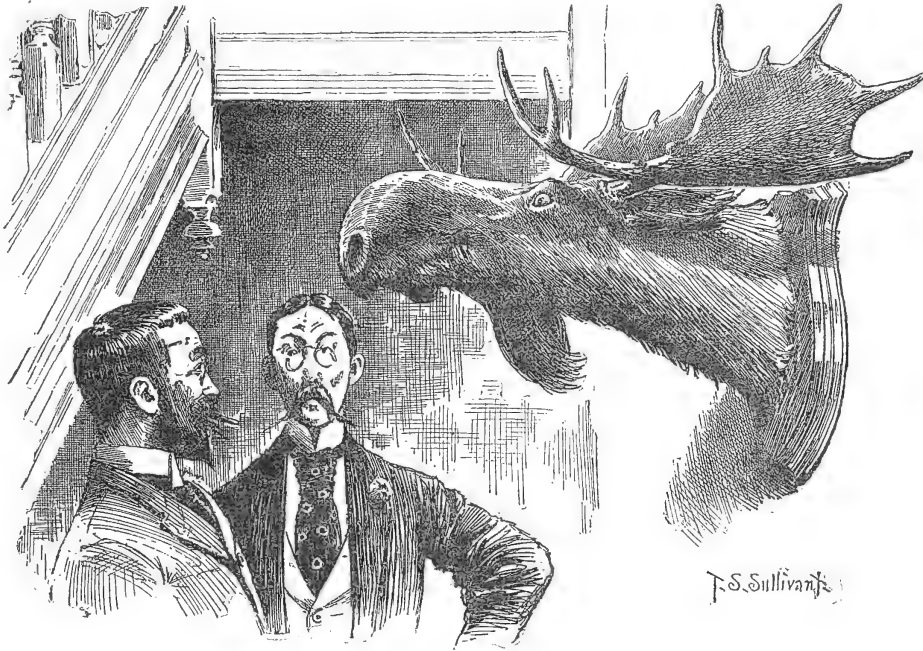
My friends and myself were able to have good guns, and had them; knew what good powder was and used it; used different brands and size of grain, grains of the size of the Hazard No. 4 Gov. shooting to FFG. We found of course that the coarse grain would not produce as great a recoil as the finer, with us the finer was the more effective.

There was one thing upon which myself and my sporting friends did not agree. There were about as many opinions as friends. This was as to the best size of shot to use for ducks and geese. After considerable experience and observation I became satisfied that the disagreement was occasioned by the different guns, one gun shooting one size of shot better than another size, each man judging from the shooting of his own gun. If game is so near that (figuratively speaking) you can rap it over the head with your cane, light charges will do, but in a day's shooting, when some of the game is at long range and some at short range, the man who uniformly charges heavily, everything else being equal, will come in at night with the larger bag of game.

Some of your readers may say, I seem to have had considerable experience in shooting on the wing, and as much has been said in your paper about the method of holding the gun, would like to know mine. The method I use is common with all my sporting acquaintances. When the bird is flying across the line of aim we aim at the bird and continue to carry the gun at the aim until the gun is discharged. If the shot is a long one aim higher than ordinarily, on account of gravity. If the bird is flying very rapidly, and it is difficult to take a good aim thereof, we do as well as we can and at the instant of pulling the trigger throw the aim a little ahead of the bird.

I never have had these methods fail me but once. Three friends and myself were up the river for ducks. We camped near a point where the river made a large bend in the form of an ox bow. The point of turn to the point of the return of the river to assume its natural course was about 200yds. across and open. The river up stream from the turn for a mile or more was nearly straight. That day there were many small ducks, the name of which I do not know, but called here by sportsmen "lightning flyers," on account of their rapid flight. My three friends went up the river in a boat, and obtaining good cover commenced shooting; they were good shots and fired many times.

I took position between those points and commenced shooting after my usual method, and fired many times



AS DELICATELY PUT AS POSSIBLE.

Bristow.—Funny thing about that moose. He was at least a mile away when I plunked him, and I hit him within an inch of the spot I aimed for.

Gordon.—Was he standing or lying?

Bristow.—Standing.

Gordon.—There's the tremendous difference between you and the moose, Charlie.

[From Life.]

shooting that the game would become shy, and hence the necessity for shooting at long range.

Sportsmen here accustomed to use heavy charges would shoot at game that a man accustomed to use light charges would not think of shooting at, and they enlarge their bag of game. A man who is accustomed to use heavy charges with a padded sleeve never thinks of or feels recoil.

I would not dare to use a 7lb. gun with such charges. In fact, my sporting friends in those days would not take such a gun as a gift on condition that they use it. Our guns ranged in weight from 9½lbs.

I have an excellent 12-bore gun, weight 8½, made to order, in which I use 4 to 4½dr. I had a 12-bore, 32in. barrels, an excellent gun, which I charged with 4½dr. It weighed 10½lbs. My 10-bore guns were 32in. All my 12-bore were 30in. The result of my experience and observation is, there is nothing gained by length over 30in. In the shot barrel, No. 12, which I use in hunting deer, I now use invariably 4½dr. powder, 9 buckshot, wadded. This standard with me is the result of over thirty-five years' experience.

I have had friends from abroad on visit with me, with light guns, for the purpose of shooting at the lake and marshes. Those guns were invariably failures then, by reason of the inability to use heavy charges of powder. On such occasions I would let the friend use mine.

When ducks would run plenty here our boys and young men would camp out in squads for a few days' hunt at different times. On one occasion, as a squad were about starting out, one of the boys came to me and said the other boys were continually "getting away with" him; that he had a good heavy No. 10 gun, and he did not think he was nervous, and asked me for advice. I told him to charge his gun with 5dr. powder and 14oz. No. 4 shot, and to stuff his coat sleeve with rags so as to break the recoil. On his return he called on me and said, "Mr. L., I did as you told me, the gun kicked like thunder, but I got away with the boys this time."

I spent a few days in southern Missouri with a friend in hunting deer and turkey. They usually hunted deer on horseback with hounds. I had a 10-bore shotgun with me, and occasionally put in a few days hunting quail, and made some long shots which my friend admired. While there that friend received a note from some of his friends abroad, saying they would pay him a visit, bring-

but killed nothing. I could see up the river a sufficient distance to see the game approaching in season. They all flew about the same height above the ground.

I finally adopted the plan, when I saw the birds approaching, of aiming about the line of flight, keeping both eyes open; and when the birds were within about 15ft. of the line of aim, fired. By that method I obtained about three birds at five shots.

My friends returned to camp, but had killed nothing. One of them came out where I was shooting and commenced firing. He was as good a shot as myself, but killed nothing. Finally he inquired how I managed to hit the birds. I informed him. He tried the experiment and succeeded as well as I did.

That friend said that when he and the other two friends were up the river in that boat, distant about a mile, they would shoot, and then it would seem that about as soon as their gun was discharged they would hear the report of my gun, the flight of the birds was so rapid. H. S.

THE DOG FOR GROUSE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In yours of the 8th Mr. Gordon wants to know what kind of a dog to get for hunting "partridges," which scare him "out of his boots" when they get up all of a sudden. Though this is doubtless a figger of speech, the first requisite in the business is for Mr. G. to conquer the tendency to get panicky, for unless he does, dog or no dog, he will get very few birds. And I would advise him to persist in shooting on the wing whether he gets any game for a while or not. He don't want to pot-shoot birds. I know he don't. He says so. If he did he'd get a little whiffet of a dog that would scare a bird up into a tree and then stand and bark until his master sneaked up and murdered it. I'm very glad he is above such practices. Let him persevere until he shoots his first bird artistically, when he will find that he hasn't anywhere near arms enough with which to hug himself.

He wants to "know somewhere near where a bird is." That's laudable. I don't blame him. It is one of the first things to know when he is afield, and as he can know much better with the assistance of a good dog, that is what he ought to have. But what breed? That opens up considerable of a subject as regards grouse shooting. I have hunted "partridges" a few, in widely different sections of our country, under many varying conditions, with setter, spaniel and mongrel, and although I know that I shall be tabooed by a large class of spaniel men I advise Mr. G. to get a setter. I do this not because I own one and can't see any good in any other dog, nor because I own a cocker and can't see anything admirable in him. Oh no! Far from it. Money could scarcely buy him. If ever the hackneyed appellation "merry little cocker" fitted like a "duck's foot in the mud," it does in Tobe's case. He is the jolliest, good natureddest, indefatigablest, perseveringest, untringest, little black ubiquity on legs there ever was. As a house dog he is a treasure, when he doesn't get suddenly sick, as he does sometimes before you can open the door. Even then he does his best to get out in time. He is wonderfully intelligent and sensitive, and a good watch dog. He is the terror of stray cats, though with our white Malt-aby he is on the very best of terms, and has heaps of fun. He is several years her senior, and of course as becomes a well-bred dog submits to many indignities complacently, though he knows very well when he has just about rations enough for his own use, and she suggests a division thereof. It is very amusing to see her, as he is soberly jogging along thinking of something important, make a sidewise spring or two and land on his back, where she goes through the motions of using teeth and claws with a great show of business, and when he rolls her over and over on the floor, his only show as much as was hers. But his funniest caper is with stray curs. He knows that I have a great aversion to such and if he sees one on the premises, from the window, sounds the alarm forthwith, but if he is outside when one arrives, and I am not around, the way he hobnobs with that dog, and puts in the time for all it is worth is funny to see, but let me appear suddenly on the scene, and trouble begins. With snarl and spring and back up Tobe attacks the nuisance with all the fury his little skin will hold, working himself up to a desperate pitch, which has a surprising effect on the interloper, which is unable at once to determine whether it is for fun or keeps, or to account for this sudden change in the weather. A small dog is generally panic-stricken at once and makes for neutral ground, but a larger one hesitates to show the white feather, seemingly saying, "You little whiffet, what do you mean? If it was'n't for your master I'd twist your neck for you," and then trots off stiff-tailed, unless demoralized by a whizzing stone or stick. Tobe follows to a judicious distance, though never so far as to be beyond reach of the reserves, and then trots proudly back saying by all his demeanor, "I'm the boy that can clean 'em out."

He has been taught a number of cute tricks, but I think his specialty is the tea-party performance, in which my little daughter also appears. A little table is set and loaded with various goodies. Tea or coffee is poured. Tobe hops into a little chair at one side, and is fitted with a napkin underneath his chin. He has a little plate and saucer, from which he takes the solids and liquids, but never presumes to touch anything until helped. He prefers tea or coffee well sweetened. As he sits there with head slightly dropped watching his mistress from under his eyebrows, his attitude and expression are very comical, which, of course, provoke laughter from the audience. Then the bud of a tail wags good-naturedly, and Tobe says evidently, "That's all right. As long as I'm having a good time and feed, you're welcome to all the amusement you can get out of the performance." But when he wants something very badly indeed, and can't ask for it in English, comes and sits down by me, resting his chops on my leg, and steadfastly gazes at me with his beautiful hazel eyes, I capitulate then and there, and am ready each time to make affidavit that a good dog is one of Heaven's best gifts to man.

Tobe is a working cocker and came from J. Otis Fellows's kennels over four years ago. There is no mink-weasel-otter type about him. He is a business chunk. He stands something over a few inches at the shoulder, more than that from occiput to caudal, which latter is just half long, is jet black with exception of star in breast, is finely feathered, has wavy coat, weighs as much as he ought, and is as plucky a little treasure in bush, windfall,

briers or brambles as ever stood on legs. He had a pedigree and has it yet, I guess, though I have lost it.

So much for a cocker. Would I swap him for a setter? Ask my youngest olive-branch, if you want to get into difficulty. Yet I do not hesitate to aver my belief that I can get more grouse with a well-broken setter than with a cocker. Briefly these are my reasons: With either dog, close in-working is necessary. A cocker flushes the bird, you know not when nor where. Be you never so watchful, it will too often take you unawares, and generally at great disadvantage, as regard cover of bush or tree. As to this point of flushing, whether the bird goes away or into a tree, honors are even between the dogs. A keen cocker will too often get just a little too far away before you are aware of it, and then, of course, is just when he flushes the bird. A well-broken setter is just one point ahead on a point. He shows just as surely as the cocker when scent is hot, and if he flushes, you have equal chances as with the little dog; if he points, you choose your own position. Of course a grouse will not always lie to the dog, but there is always the possibility of its doing so, and this makes the setter, in my estimation, much more desirable. I am considering the grouse only. If quail are about, that is additional reason why a setter is preferable. I would choose a rather small-sized dog, for then they would be not much more objectionable as house companions than the spaniel, and other things being equal, they are just as good hunters. Let Mr. G. get a well-bred setter puppy not over two or three months old, and with all the patience he can beg, borrow or steal, train him by Hammond's method, and he will in all probability have a dog that will be a constant delight. *Verbum sap.*

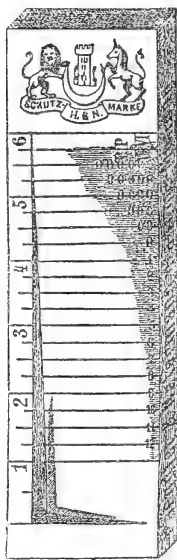
I notice Mr. Bishop's correction anent the grouse-hawk incident and criticism by me. I am glad to be corrected, and am glad Mr. B. is with me. We always like to be in good company, you know. We'll shift the responsibility where it belongs and try and read the lines more correctly next time. O. O. S.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I read with much interest your editorial in the issue of Dec. 18 and headed "Shot Count and Weight."

German gunners have been endeavoring for several years to establish a standard set of gauges for both soft and chilled—here called hard—shot, but have so far only partly accomplished the desired results. The initial steps were taken by the most prominent sporting club in the country, the Allgemeine Deutsche Jagdschutz Verein (General German Game Protective Association), and several shot manufacturing concerns have since adopted the standard fixed by the club. Of course this standard



only refers to and covers the question of the size, not the weight of shot. I annex a very simple and cheap shot measure (price five cents) as used in this country. This measure has on the left near the larger figures a narrow groove, in which ten pellets of shot are placed in a row. The number of the shot thus measured is now visible on the right, the diameter on the left side of the measure. For instance, by placing ten pellets of standard shot No. 5 in the groove the line touched by the last (tenth) pellet will point to No. 5 on the right and figure 3 on the left side of the measure, the last figure showing that the diameter of each pellet is three millimetres. Each additional size either reduces or increases the diameter by just one-fourth of a millimetre. As will be seen shot No. 5 is 3, shot No. 1 4 millimetres in diameter.

This simple measure is a never failing gauge for fixing the size of shot, but as to securing a uniformity for weight does not cover the object sought for by gunners. In cases where also a uniformity by weight is desired gunners here resort to the shot counter, an apparatus nearly as simple in construction and handling as the shot measure, and no doubt known also in America.

By changing the millimetres into fractions of inches the same can easily be converted into a measure suited for America and American shot.

In the same number of your paper referred to before appears an article headed "The Ohio Season." I must confess that to one living in a country where the laws are enforced regardless of person or standing the account rendered by the Dayton gentleman in relation to the violation of the game laws in that State are an extreme surprise. When the game season closes here it is closed; and neither the gunners nor farmers, boys, pot or market hunters will dare to violate or defy the law. Market and pot-hunters are fortunately unknown in this country, and farmers are not permitted to hunt on their own grounds unless these grounds cover 300 acres in an unbroken or undivided piece; thus only a comparatively small number of farmers enjoy the privilege of their American brothers, and these few do and must respect the game laws the same as the rest of the hunters who have rented their hunting grounds.

It is true we have some game poachers in Germany, but the mischief done by them is comparatively small.

A violation of the game laws is punished here by a fine, imprisonment, and if it is a bad case, by a withdrawal of the hunting permit for a time of two to five years. Every one carrying a gun is obliged to take out a hunting permit or license, and these are only granted to men who have never been convicted of any criminal offense.

Game dealers are not allowed to place on sale any kind of game for which the season is closed. Dogging or chasing game on horseback is prohibited by law.

Our game laws are a blessing for all true sportsmen, and through them Germany still offers great sport to gunners.

ARMIN TENNER.

BERLIN, Germany, Jan. 2.

A WORD FOR LIGHT GUNS.

AFTER all the best gun for this country is the one that is the easiest to carry." So spoke my hunting companion as we toiled somewhat slowly after our dogs up a rather steep side hill one day in October several years ago.

We had experienced one of those unsuccessful days that sometimes fall to the lot of the shooter in Connecticut, at least, and now near its end, after having looked everywhere we could think of in vain, we were making toward our team and for want of better occupation for the mind were discussing the relative merits of the different styles and weights of guns.

My shoulders were aching somewhat from the steady all-day pressure of an 8½lbs. 12-bore Bonehill at the time and the remark set me to thinking. For that day, at least, a two-pound gun would have killed as much game as either of us had in our pockets; taking the days as they ran would not several pounds less than I was then carrying furnish me much more comfort and perhaps almost as many birds.

For twenty-five years I had carried as heavy a gun as I could tramp under and loaded it with as much powder as I could stand back of, and at no time had I ever done any very remarkable execution among the birds.

The "bird hunters" of my boyhood days, before the era of breechloaders, all carried light guns, 14, 16, 18 and even 20-bores, as I remember them, and yet their game bags (pockets were not so plenty then as now) were always well filled, and if such guns would kill game then why not at the present time.

My early instructors were fox and squirrel hunters, and troubled not the whistling woodcock (which whistle aforesaid is certainly made with his wings) nor the whirling quail (which does not whir with his beak any more than the woodcock whistles with his), and no gun was worth the room it occupied in the house unless it shot double Bs well. So 30 inches of barrel, No. 9-gauge and about 10lbs. in weight made up my first shooting piece, and the black and blue marks on my growing shoulders at the end of a day's hunt did not at that time lessen my admiration for that terrible engine of destruction.

A few years later, after my earliest canine friend had gone, not without deep regret on my part, to the place where all good dogs go, even if they are of unknown pedigree and hunt "varmounds" alone, I obtained a setter pup, and finding that my 30in. barrel struck too many trees when trying to point it in the direction of the July cock, I cut off 4in.; but still it was a solid arm, and I had quite come to believe that the occasional long shots which I made with it could be duplicated by nothing lighter. So the breechloaders which succeeded it patterned after it much in weight, if not in other respects.

As I shoved the one I first mentioned into its case and then into the wagon a half hour after the above remark of my friend, I wondered still more as my shoulders felt the relief from the strain, whether or not he was not right. "The bulk of our birds fall dead, if they fall at all, inside of 30yds. Five times as many are missed clean at 20yds. as are killed at 40. Why will not a light gun kill at those distances? It will. I will buy one." So I reasoned and resolved, and resolving so I did. First I bought, still a little fearful of the result of the experiment, a cheap 16-bore, marked J. Manton, weighing about 6lbs. I shot it two years, and although I felt that I must load it so heavy that the recoil was very unpleasant and kept alive the physical dread of a gun which had stayed by me for twenty years, and caused me to miss more birds than all other causes put together, still I killed more birds in proportion to the number of shots with it, than with anything that I had owned up to that time.

The experiment working so well, I gave that gun away and bought a 16-bore Tolley hammerless, which, after I had cut it off to 36in., weighed 6½lbs. About this time I became a convert to wood powder, and my shooting at once improved 50 per cent., part of it due to the fact that the new gun fitted fairly well, and quite a good share of it to the fact that I could now pull the trigger without at the same time pulling as though I wanted to run away from the gun; for now, for the first time in my life, I was shooting a gun that did not "kick."

For two years I carried it and was fairly well satisfied. With 1½oz. of shot and 2½drs. Schultze powder it gave as good pattern as any 12-bore gun that I had ever seen, and the penetration was always sufficient for all ordinary distances, with no recoil. A year ago last fall, however, I chanced to step into Von Lengerke & Detmold's, on Murray street, and there for the first time saw a Franco-cote featherweight 12-bore hammerless, 26in. barrel, 5lbs. 14oz. I heard their story about the performances of the gun, handled it, and said get me a 16-bore, 5lbs. weight, and I think I shall have the best gun in the country for upland shooting. One of the members of the firm said he thought such a piece would certainly be there before the next season, but the months rolled by and it came not.

The mischief had been done as far as I was concerned, however; a 5lb. gun I must have, if not in 16 then 20-bore. I tried our American makers, but could get nothing better promised than 5½lbs., but on the 20th of September, five days before the season opened, Squires, on Broadway, received a shipment of Greeners among which was a 20-bore, 26in. barrel, 4lbs. 15oz. gun. I had no special predilection for the Greener, but wanted a gun of that weight, so I bought it and found both barrels full choke; for what purpose they were so made I can't conceive. However, that didn't trouble me much, for I soon took practically all of the choke out of the right barrel and modified the left somewhat, and then started to shoot the gun. Before going to the fields I targeted it carefully and worked at the bore until, loaded with 2drs. of Schultze powder and 1oz. of No. 8 shot, the right barrel distributed 150 pellets evenly over a 30in. circle at 40yds., and the left barrel 250 and 260 on the same circle at the same distance.

I tried no sheets of paper for penetration, but after studying the face of the board fence upon which my papers were placed for a minute, and finding that the shot were driven into the pine boards out of sight, I said "this will kill birds," and spent no more time on that branch of the subject. The result of the season's shooting fully justifies the prophecy then made. With no gun that I have ever had in my hands have I ever made so good an average on quail, woodcock and partridge. Nor have I ever killed birds further than with this toy. During a week's hunt in Virginia I met many shooters

who in the morning handled the "pop gun" with amused contempt, and at night, at the end of a day's shoot, looked at it with astonishment, after having seen bird after bird fall before it quite as far away as they could kill them with their 12-bores.

There is no peculiar merit in this particular gun, but I think that it is true that any 20-bore gun with a proper charge will give very nearly as good penetration as an 8-bore, though, of course, not being fitted for so much shot. Probably $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ of an ounce of shot would give better penetration with this than the full ounce does, but I want the spread of the ounce and I get penetration enough to kill and do not care for more.

If, however, it is true that I lose anything in penetration by laying aside the cannons I used to carry, I certainly gain more in handiness of weapon and lack of fatigue of body and consequently precision of aim than I lose.

This gun is always in my hand, and not being shifted wearily from one shoulder to the other just as an old partridge starts. It comes to the eye in a second with an untired muscle supporting it, and the bird is very lucky or very wild that gets 30 yds. from its muzzle before the shot are after him.

Possibly with black powders the recoil when loaded for good penetration would be uncomfortable, but the days of black powder are numbered, and with the nitrates will come back again the light guns, with the era of breechloaders displaced. Four years ago I met a couple of fellows in Litchfield county returning from a two days' hunt with eighty-five woodcock and partridge in their wagon. "Why don't I have as good luck as you?" said I. "You use too big a gun," said one and passed me over his 20-bore Pat Mullins. "Can you kill partridges with that?" I said. "I think they die of fright when I point it at them," he replied, "at any rate, there they are." And he was right; there they laid, the biggest bunch I have ever seen killed by two men in the same time.

20-BORE.

ROCHESTER AND VICINITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A committee from the Monroe Sportsman's Association went before the supervisors of Monroe county last Friday. Supervisor Page introduced the following resolution:

No person shall shoot or otherwise kill, or have in his or her possession, except alive and for the purpose of propagation, any quail, except during the month of November in each and every year; and any person violating this section shall be subject to a fine of \$25 for each offense. For partridge, grouse or pheasant, the close season is fixed between Dec. 31 and Oct. 1. That for woodcock between Nov. 30 and Sept. 1. Any person selling the various named birds out of season, or snaring or trapping the same, shall be fined \$25 and committed to jail for thirty days. No person shall hunt or kill any of the said game upon any farm or lands without permission of the owner or lessee; and any violation of this section will subject the transgressor to a fine of \$25 and thirty days in jail.

The committee was granted the privilege of the floor and W. S. Kimball, W. H. Bowman, R. R. Fanning and ex-Supervisor J. H. Brown spoke in favor of the protection and propagation of game, urging the board to pass the resolution presented with that view.

The board will consider the resolution next Thursday. One thousand quail of the 5,000 contracted for arrived last week. I have seen them and they are a splendid lot of birds. Only a few have died and those mostly from overeating before they were supplied with gravel, as a post mortem examination of a number of crops and gizzards showed. They will be divided into lots of twenty-five and each bunch will have a coop by itself.

It is settled that the Association will also procure a number of pheasants from Oregon. It is to be hoped that these birds will be absolutely protected for a number of years.

Does this association mean business? Well, I rather think so. Mr. Redmond's assertion, made in this journal some months ago, that "Rochester comprised favorably with any city as a sportsman's center," bids fair to prove true.

I inclose circular and card prepared by the Monroe Sportsman's Association for circulation among the land owners of this vicinity. The executive committee proposes to get a list of the farmers, and by this means insure a large membership. But it is also intended that parties living in other counties should become members, therefore the association, through the FOREST AND STREAM, invites all who are interested to communicate with the secretary, Mr. Edmond Redmond, who will send the circular and other information.

OSCEOLA.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 26.

A PENNSYLVANIA DECISION.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. S. L. Boggs, of Pittsburgh, for the full text of the following decision, to which reference was made in our issue of Jan. 15:

COMMONWEALTH } Western District, No. 217,
vs. } October Term, 1890,
WM. WILKINSON, } Quarter Sessions of
Appellant, } Allegheny County.
PAXSON, C. J.

The defendant was convicted in the court below of a violation of the game laws. The jury found, specially, that he had in his possession for sale, and exposed for sale, in the city of Pittsburgh, on the eighth day of February, 1890, twenty quails. But they also find "that said quails were not killed in the State of Pennsylvania, but were ordered by telegraph by the defendant from a firm in St. Louis, Missouri, where it was at the time lawful to kill and sell said quails; that said quails were so ordered on December 23, 1889, and were delivered by the Adams Express Company, and paid for on December 30, 1889, by the defendant."

Upon this state of facts the court below entered judgment for the Commonwealth upon the verdict, and sentenced the defendant to pay a fine of two hundred dollars (\$200) to the Commonwealth; or in default thereof, to undergo an imprisonment of two hundred days.

The proceedings were founded upon the ninth section of the act of June 3, 1878, Pamphlet Laws, 161, which enacts that "No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any quails or Virginia partridge, between the fifteenth day of December, in any year, and the first day of November next following, under a penalty of ten dollars (\$10) for each bird so killed, exposed for sale, or had in his possession." A later act changed the time of killing quails, but that is not of importance.

By the thirty-fifth section of said act, it is provided: "In all cases of arrests made for the violation of each and any of the foregoing sections of this act, the possession of the game, fishes, birds, animals, fowls, nets or other devices provided for or so mentioned, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of said act."

The manifest object of this act was the preservation of game within this Commonwealth. We cannot assume that it was intended to preserve game elsewhere. And it would be a forced construction to hold that it was intended to exclude from our market quails or other game killed in other States, where, by the laws of those States, the killing of them was lawful. A careful reading of the language of the act shows that it applies only to game killed in this State out of season. "No person shall kill * * * any quails." This means that no person shall kill quails within this Commonwealth, except during the period allowed by law. The law was not intended to have any extra territorial effect, and if it was, it would be nugatory. After prohibiting the killing of quails, the act further declares, "or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, etc." What does the word "same" here refer to? Clearly, the antecedent game, the killing of which had already been prohibited. The plain meaning of the act, as we view it, is, that no quails shall be killed in this State between the dates specified, and no person shall have in his possession, or offer for sale, any quails so killed in this State.

The construction claimed for the act by the Commonwealth, would render any one a criminal who lawfully killed quails in another State, and brought them here for his own use. It would be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of this act, and, if he could not show in a defense that he killed them outside of this Commonwealth, he would have no defense at all.

The matter is too plain to require elaboration. The judgment is entered for the defendant below, *non obstante veridicto*.

MAINE DEER INTERESTS.

THE bad slaughter of deer in Maine by hounding the past season, I am afraid, is already being followed by the crust-hunters. The feeling is that the Commissioners are powerless to hinder this crust-hunting till new laws are passed, or at least till new appropriations are provided by the Legislature now in session. The crust-hunters feel that the hounders have had more than their share of the game, without molestation of the law, and now that the hounding season is over, they must destroy the few deer left in their yards, hemmed in by the deep crusted snows. Already the snow is very deep in the woods, and the deer have been driven early to the yards. Each of the latter snow storms have been followed by a rain, and the snow has been solidly crusted over. I saw several deer in the Boston market the other day—just arrived from Maine. They had not been killed many days; certainly since the close season began, Jan. 1. It is only reasonable to suppose that they had been crusted in the deep snow. What will be the result to the Maine deer if this is to be kept up nearly three months longer? The deep snows last in that northern region till well into April, and the crust-hunters are fond of plying their nefarious sport late, for the reason that the weather is not as cold and the snow is deep enough to enable them to catch every deer in the yard in a very short time and with very little trouble. This crust-hunting is not done by sportsmen. Indeed, it is not generally done by the guides who work for sportsmen in the open season. It is done by the shiftless drones of the towns and villages, who are too lazy to hunt deer in a reasonable way. But worst of all, it is done by the skin-hunters, who get a few dollars for moose and deer skins. They take all there are in the yard, reckoning that it will be their only chance; and little they care for game in the future. I would not trust them, even if the last pair of deer in that State were in the yard and the skin hunters knew it—I would not trust them to spare their lives for the sake of the game of the future. No. They would not spare them. They would kill them and get the few dollars their hides would bring.

The Governor of Maine has appointed a committee on fisheries and game that will be very likely to propose wholesome amendments to the fish and game laws, amendments in line with the recommendations of the Commissioners. This comes from the good sense of Governor Burleigh, but what form of law the lumber people will allow to be carried through is a question.

SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The undersigned hereby offers the sum of \$40 to any person who will furnish evidence that will lead to the conviction of any person or persons, engaged in illegally killing deer in the towns of Dixfield, Mexico, Roxbury, Carthage, Weld, or Byron, Maine, during the winter of 1891. Also \$10 reward for killing any dog engaged in killing or chasing deer; the last offer holding good until further notice.

N. C. LOCKE.

SALEM, MASS.

VERMONT FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.

RUTLAND, Vt. Jan. 28.—At the meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League held here on the 21st inst., there was a good attendance from abroad, and the reports received indicated that the League were the full sympathy of the public, and that its usefulness is widely recognized. Henry R. Dorr, president, occupied the chair. A. J. Merrill, W. R. Peake and W. Seward Webb were appointed a committee to investigate the cost and practicability of importing game birds from foreign States or countries; and to suggest proper legislative measures for the protection of such game birds if procured. At the suggestion of Walter H. Childs, of Brattleboro, the chair was authorized to appoint a committee of three for the purpose of consulting with associations in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut, with a view of securing legislation to improve the fishways at Holyoke and other points on the Connecticut River, so as to permit the passage of salmon and shad to its headwaters. H. R. Dorr, Chas. C. Warren, M. S. Colburn, Wm. Walker and J. W. Titcomb were appointed a committee to confer with the fish commissioners and fish and game associations of neighboring States in regard to securing uniform laws for the protection of fish and game common to each. The president, secretary and treasurer were appointed a committee to decide where the annual meeting will be held, with power to appoint sub-committees to arrange for a banquet at that time.

The matter of providing ampler fishways in the Connecticut river is of larger interest than is generally appreciated. The nets stretched across the river in Connecticut, and the dams in Massachusetts, prevent the passage of salmon and shad to the northern waters of the river, where, perhaps, the finest salmon pools in New England are ready to be reoccupied by the fish with which they were formerly populated before the stream was blocked.

Among the members of the league present from out of town were Hon. W. R. Peake, Bristol; Hon. Hiram Atkins, Montpelier; and Charles F. Orvis, Manchester. C. H. Wilson of Glen Falls, N. Y., was also present. Mr. Wilson, whose nom de plume,

"Gantrio" is familiar to New England sportsmen, is an earnest worker for fish protection in Vermont, and is always a welcome guest among Vermont fishermen.

The Vermont Fish and Game League now numbers 122 members. Its outlook is excellent, and the general interest in the protection of fish and game which the organization has aroused indicates that substantial benefit to the State will result from the work of the league. The bill which Congressman Grout has introduced appropriating funds for the location of a fish hatchery in Vermont was brought to the attention of the league, and his efforts in this direction, which are expected to be successful, are heartily appreciated.

The annual meeting of the league comes in the month of November at which time the league will undoubtedly celebrate the close of its first year's work with a banquet. WHELOCK.

LEGISLATION AT ALBANY.

[Correspondence of Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, Jan. 26.—Assemblyman Bush has offered the following which has been passed by the Assembly, ex-Speaker Husted declaring that the resolution was just and important: *Resolved*, That the Committee on Public Lands and Forestry be and it is hereby authorized to undertake and prosecute during the present session of the Assembly, a general inquiry concerning the administration of the laws in relation to the Forest Commission, and to report what, if any, changes in the present laws are necessary to better protect the forests belonging to the State, with power of itself, or by any sub-committee of its own members, which it may appoint, to summon witnesses and to examine them under oath, to send for and examine books and papers and to hold hearings at such places as it may deem proper, and the committee is hereby authorized to employ a stenographer.

Assemblyman Beakes has introduced a bill making the season for hunting deer in Sullivan county from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, and allowing venison to be sold from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15.

Assemblyman Brundage has introduced a bill appropriating \$5,000 for a fish hatchery at Urbana.

Assemblyman Rice of Ulster county, has introduced a bill to repeal the act of 1887 for the preservation of shad in the Hudson River.

It is thought that the statement made against Mr. Basselin, one of the Forestry Commissioners, in regard to the map of the Adirondack Park, will force his resignation as a member of the board. The fact that he is alleged to have been the one defining the park so far within the line defining the wilderness, just at the very point where, in Herkimer county, it would leave his own territory outside of the park, shows that, as a Forestry Commissioner, he is unfit to have in charge the great interests of the people relating to the Adirondack Park. A man with such interests as Basselin ought never to have been appointed to the place, and it is said that the other members of the Commission have all along been blamed for things that Basselin insisted upon and which their own judgment told them were wrong. In this case, however, it looks as if Basselin had insisted once too often, and that he will have to go. It is said that Gov. Hill has been ready to have him go for some time past, but that he would rather have the move made by Basselin than to make it himself.

THE CHATHAM FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.

OF CHATHAM, MORRIS CO., N. J.

THE annual dinner of the Chatham Fish and Game Association was held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, at the Fairview House, Chatham, N. J. The officers of the association are: Geo. Shepard Page, President; W. W. Ogden, Vice-President; William Elder, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Page presided. An excellent dinner was served, at the close of which the president referred to the extremely favorable position occupied by the grounds of the association, its rapid growth in membership, very eligible location of its grounds and for trapping and shooting. He urged the necessity of incorporation, the liberation of quail and other game birds, in order that the extensive grounds controlled by the association might be more liberally stocked. The territory of the association is contiguous to the upper Passaic, mainly on the line of the townships of Chatham, Hanover, Madison and Summit. Eight thousand acres are now under lease. Farmers willingly grant the association consideration of the ground for a number of years if the association to post warning notices against trespassers, or employ wardens in the open season and allow shooting only to members of the club and those to whom permission cards are given. As these grounds are so near New York, Jersey City and Newark, they have been overrun by sportsmen and poachers, and the game had been largely shot off. Since the creation of the association, the section afforded has resulted in a marked increase in the quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, ducks and rabbits. Comparatively few persons unsupplied with the tickets of the association now visit the ground. The sport, therefore, during the past fall season and during the present winter, up to the first of January, has been very good. The wide expanse of meadows and wet ground adjoining the lower Passaic affords an ideal feeding ground for many varieties of ducks. It is only necessary to plant wild rice in order to secure a great increase in the number of the ducks, as well as to make it an extensive breeding ground for them. It is the intention of the association to plant wild rice at favorable points.

Mr. William Elder confirmed the favorable report of the president, based on the establishment of a home, centrally located at Chatham, where the meetings of the association could be held, and with opportunities for athletic sports, such as bowling, lawn tennis and billiards, a library of books and papers pertaining to field sports, and adapted as a meeting place not only for the members of the association, but also for their families. He stated that the association had no debts, and there was a good balance in the treasury.

Mr. W. W. Ogden, in a very interesting manner, replied to the toast, "Field Sports in the Passaic Valley." He believed that no other association of the same character could say that it numbered among its members a sportsman who had frequently shot over the same ground now controlled by this association in the company of Frank Forrester. This could be said of Mr. William T. Budd, now in his eighty-first year. He gave many remarkable experiences, in some of which he had taken part. He believed that the great scores of forty or fifty years ago, among game birds, could be repeated, with proper protection and re-stocking. He referred to the remarkable success of six guns on the 3d and 4th of July, at the opening of the woodcock season and within a recent date, when 120 quails were killed, at this within ten acres of ground, and within a mile and a half of where the association was now assembled. He believed these grounds to be more favorable for a larger variety of game birds than any other of which he had knowledge. He had no doubt that the area of leased ground could be easily increased, and that the twelve square miles now controlled could be readily quadrupled. He alluded to the stocking of the Passaic with black bass by the State many many years ago, making it now one of the best waters for that game fish in the vicinity of New York.

Mr. Charles Lum, in a very humorous speech, replied to the toast of but one word, "Punch." He was followed by the Rev. C. N. Church, Messrs. Yeaman, F. H. Lum, Pool and W. H. Lum, the closing remarks to the ladies being appropriately responded to by Mr. J. H. Jepson, of Newark.

Mr. F. H. Lum, in a very practical speech, advocated that immediate steps should be taken to secure ground and erect a home for the association. He suggested that bonds for \$50 and \$100 bearing 5 per cent interest be created, and emphasized the suggestion by agreeing to take a portion of the amount himself. His proposition was warmly indorsed by other members, the result being that a liberal percentage of the entire amount was subscribed for and a committee appointed to carry into effect the recommendation. Several new members were proposed. A committee was appointed to incorporate the association, also a committee to secure quail and liberate them in the early spring. The secretary was instructed to send a remonstrance from the association to the Legislature to protest against the enactment of the proposed law for the State of New Jersey, prohibiting the shooting of quail for five years.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a circular giving a list of Dr. H. H. Henshaw's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—4 dm

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,532, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

POTOMAC RIVER BLACK BASS.

ONE evening about the middle of April, 1888, my two brothers and four friends decided to take a trip to the Big Falls of the Potomac River, fourteen miles from Washington, and try the bass, which to our great delight we found by numerous inquiries had been biting very freely for the past ten days. We made arrangements to meet our three friends at Riggs' Hotel at 2:30 the following morning. We all parted in high glee, and started home to get together our tackle. It is useless to mention to our readers how slowly the hours passed. While overhauling our tackle I found my leaders about worn out. My brothers, whom we will call Mollie and Gordon for short, wanted more hooks, sinkers, lines, etc., so we all decided to go down town to M. A. Tappan's and get a supply. We hadn't been in there five minutes, when in walked Walter J., one of our party, and one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen among us, to get a new line. The door had hardly closed, when Lewis, Bert and Lapin arrived. We were all together again for the second time that evening. After talking fish and fishing tackle for an hour, and buying about twice as much as we needed, we parted again, to meet in four hours and thirty minutes. All of us hurried home to get what little sleep we could. Mollie set the alarm, placing the arrow at 1, as he was to go for a team some distance off.

We had but fairly gotten into the land of dreams, where I was sitting on a large rock overlooking the big eddy at the falls, quietly fishing, when the click of my reel began to hum; all of the boys were crowding around me, as I was playing the big fish with the air of a professional and saw him break water for the first time, when I jumped out of bed and heard the last echo of the alarm clock and saw my brothers climbing out of bed. While Mollie had gone for the team and I was getting everything together, Gordon had the little oil stove in operation and soon had a pot of hot coffee, eggs, bread, butter, etc., when in walked Walter and Lewis to breakfast with us, instead of going to the hotel, and very glad we were to have them. In a few minutes we heard the rattling of a team, and sure enough it was Mollie. After eating breakfast and waking every one in the house, and I expect one or two houses on either side of us, we put our traps in the wagon, piled in ourselves and started on a brisk trot for the Riggs House.

Drawing near we saw Bert and Lapin waiting for us. They soon got in, and, everything being ready, we gave three loud cheers, Mollie tightened the reins and spoke to the horses without effect, tried again with the same result, jerked the lines, but no good. The driver then applied the whip, but instead of going ahead the horses went straight up and down. Things began to look serious and unpleasant, as several persons were standing around watching our efforts to make the horses move on. We all got out, patted them, talked kindly to them, said a few bad words, but still they stood in the same place. Things began to look blue sure enough, for we wanted to reach the fishing grounds by daylight and had no time to spare. I thought of the twitch, which I had tried before with good effect, and with the aid of two lead pencils and a stout piece of twine the horses were soon moving up the avenue at a brisk trot. The twitch was then taken off, I jumped in and we went along for half a mile when the nags stopped again. I repeated the same operation with good effect, until half way to the falls, when it had to be repeated. The boys proposed that I should continue right along holding to the twitch, but I didn't see it in that light. We finally arrived at the hotel about a half hour before daylight, and found a dozen others ahead of us.

We put our horses up and started to find bait. We did not have to go far, as three or four men at the hotel had plenty to sell. Minnows 15 cents per dozen, and crawfish 25 cents per dozen. After everything was in order we, with about twelve or thirteen others, lounged around the veranda, waiting for daylight. Pretty soon one of the attachés of the hotel made his appearance and asked how many of us wanted breakfast, which would be ready at 7 o'clock, and not getting an encouraging reply he said, "Gentlemen, it will be useless for you to go to the river before 8 or 9 o'clock, as the bass do not bite until about that time." Out of the nineteen or twenty fishermen that stood around twelve bit and ordered breakfast. At the rays of light we started for the big eddy, about 300 yds. away, and when we reached it we saw four natives hauling in bass at a great rate. They already had about fifteen fish. It did not take us long to get our tackle in order, and seeing that the fishermen before us were using crawfish we used the same bait. I made the first cast of our party, and my bait had hardly time to reach the bottom when I hooked a fish. By the frantic rushes it made and the way my pole bent all attention was turned to me, and lines were taken out to give me room to play my fish, and all waited for results. I gradually worked my way around to a little strip of sandy beach that extended about 15 ft. in length and about 7 ft. back to a wall of rocks; all the time my line was cutting the water from right to left, now taking in line as fast as possible as he makes a dart toward me, and giving him more line as he makes for the other side of the eddy, and it is all I can do to keep him from under those rocks to the left. Now for the first time he breaks water and throws himself into the air. "What a beauty," comes from all as he disappears again, while I am wondering if I am going to land him or lose him. At last he is pretty well played out; occasionally he would make a rush from right to left, and after a big fight I had him within 6 ft. of the sandy beach. Not having a dip-net I had to land him on the beach and finally pulled him in. When out of the water fully 12 in. on the beach he made his last effort to free himself and succeeded. Now, it was a race between us, and I rushed into the water after him, as he was flopping and splashing around. I kicked and scooped with my hands with the hope of again landing him and partly succeeded once, but he finally slipped between my legs into deep water and was gone. I half wished I hadn't come fishing, but what's the use getting mad, there are lots more in there. So I took all jeers and fun poked at me by the rest good-naturedly. We all baited

and cast in again, and for three-quarters of an hour what glorious fun we had, standing on the narrow strings of beach side by side, not having enough room to make half a cast. When two or three hooked a fish at the same time, then there was a general mixture of lines and fish causing a number to be lost. Finally the number of our crawfish was reduced to two. The lucky ones, Gordon and Bert, who had those, caught three bass, while the rest of us had to content ourselves with minnows, which proved poor bait that day, as the bass would not touch them. At the edge the basin or outlet on the opposite side sat a lone fisherman about 45 ft. above and directly over the water. He was using a stiff home-made rod and crawfish for bait. He was fishing on the edge of the swift-running water, and about every hour he hooked and hauled up a beautiful bass. The fish he caught were about the size of shad and would average about 4 lbs. in weight.

As no more crawfish were to be had, and we hadn't had a bite for two hours, we spread out our lunch, after which we lighted our pipes and took a sun bath. Some of the boys were soon sleeping soundly and the rest of us tied a light rope around the leg of B., and taking a half hitch around the leg of L. we made fast the other end to the leg of M., and then went off to see if we could find some angle worms, getting about two dozen. Gordon, Walter and Lapin took the old stand on the beach, while I climbed over the rocks to the other side of the pool, to try my luck. Baiting and casting in, I soon had a nibble, and then a bite, and in half a minute I had landed my fish; another cast was made with the same result. After that the fish would not bite. Gordon, becoming desperate, started off to get some crawfish if there were any within a mile or so to be had. After an absence of half an hour he came back bringing 15, which he bought from a boy for 25 cents. He had to pass where the sleepers were, and got to them just in time to see L. try to turn over and disturb the others, who in turn began to twist and kick, and in a few seconds they were all in a heap, each one trying to free himself from the others.

After they were straightened out we again turned to the fishing, and were at it but a short time when Gordon hooked a large fish which was making his line cut the water in great shape. At the same time I had a bite, but dropping my rod and calling to Walter to attend to it, I went to the assistance of Gordon, determined to help him save that fish if possible. While Gordon was playing the fish, which we could see was a large one, he cleared the water three times and showed himself in the air. Walter picked up my rod and landed a 4 lb. bass. Gordon's fish was about played out when he hauled him out on the beach, but as he touched the sand one flap with his tail freed him from the hook. I was expecting as much, and had stationed myself close to the water's edge, and threw myself on the beach parallel with the water, as the fish made desperate efforts to get away. Gordon soon had him on the string. Then we all examined and admired the fish, which we concluded would weigh over 2 lbs. With this last instalment of crawfish we took seven bass, and after using all of our bait we decided to leave for home.

Lewis had his camera along and photographed us among the rocks. Upon counting our bass we found our total catch was 23 fine fish. Gordon caught the largest by three-quarters of a pound. Walter claimed to have taken the greatest number, and to prove it he said he had cut a wedge-shaped piece out of the tail of each fish he caught. This gave him two-thirds of the whole catch.

We held a council of war upon this and came to the conclusion that he not only cut his own fish, but one-half of ours also. He protested and so did we. As the majority rules, we divided the catch equally. We packed our things in the wagon, and threatened to make Walter ride the off horse home if he didn't keep quiet about those fish. Our horses stopped at the foot of a hill and would not stir until we unhooked and changed them; by this we knew that they had been hitched up wrong all the time, for we had no further trouble with them. As I look at the photograph upon the wall before me now it seems as if it was yesterday. If I am here the coming summer the fishing season will find me at the falls, or at Goose Creek, a few miles further up the river, as often as my time will permit. In the latter stream there is fine bass fishing at times.

I have just finished packing my grip and will start for a two or three-months' trip through Florida, and I shall try to furnish the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a few fishing notes from that State.

CLIFF.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BASS IN CALM AND STORM.

WE had driven one August morning some four miles through a delightful Maine region, where from hilltops commanding views of the White Mountains in one direction and the winding waters of the Sebago Lake system in the other, we pitched down into little valleys and runs with the clustering branches of beech and maple meeting and interlocking overhead, and caught now and again the rippling music of a trout stream pouring its yellow-brown waters over some mossy log. Less traveled roads and lanes branched from our course, with rich, grassy swards growing luxuriantly between horse path and wheel ruts. The golden rod, midsummer's mile post, was beginning to light its golden torch wherever the sun had penetrated. A flock of young grouse, which scurried from the road ahead and peered out at us from under a low-branching hemlock as we passed, too, indicated by their size that autumn was approaching with no uncertain tread; but later on, when we sat at anchor, our light boat mirrored in the unruffled bosom of as gemlike a bit of lake as ever "nestled amid hills," and mopped from our faces the outpouring sweat, we could contemplate coming cold without regret. I can easily picture the look of disdain on certain countenances when I acknowledge that we were still fishing for bass with grasshoppers, but such was the fact nevertheless. Previous trips to this water had demonstrated that these particular bass were addicted to "hopper eating," and with nothing else could we tempt them; so hoppers it was.

While the boat lies motionless and we expectantly wait for a coming bass I will introduce you to our party. That fellow in the stern, whose jovial face is swelling and blistering in the hot sun, is a tailor, alias Fatty—a fellow who will turn out at any hour of night to go on a fishing trip and come home happy whether it has been a "fishing day" or not. He with negligee shirt adjusted in such regular folds with tie so scientifically knotted and

steel-colored gloves which are attached to his shirt sleeves with court plaster, is a counter-jumper—one who affects to dislike angling, but has taken the trip "just on Fatty's account." The other occupant of the boat is the writer, and for obvious reasons I cannot say much in praise of him, therefore I desist. A reel suddenly clicks, the counter-jumper's rod bends and vibrates, an angry bass leaps in the air, scattering many-hued drops of water into the sunshine and again seeking its element, where it exhibits all the feats set down in the repertoire of a good healthy bass; all in vain, he is soon in the landing-net and a minute later pulls down the scales at 2½ lbs. Whiz! whiz! It is some ten minutes later, and again it is the counter-jumper's reel that is screaming. Again there is a fine bass shaking himself in the air, but when he drops beneath the surface the line falls slack, there is no graceful bend continued in the rod, a dead grasshopper floats where the late combat was carried on and the counter-jumper resumes his seat in silence and seeks for a new hook in his tackle box.

"Too bad, C., you lost him," says Fatty. No answer, oh no, he cared nothing about fishing, not he. Fatty and the writer had both had more or less luck when noontime had come. While eating our lunch amid the bores of forest trees with the smell of fern and balsam as appetizers, mutterings of thunder came to us from up Mt. Washington way.

"Now, boys," remarked the writer in a sort of paternal way, "we may get a heavy shower this afternoon, I will do as you say, fish it out or start for home now; for my part I am a thorough countryman, used to the elements, and a ducking more or less counts for nothing; but with you it is different, and I am ready to stick to the fishing or give it up," and he tried to put on such a look and air of superiority as we should presume some veteran plainsman might assume with the freshest of tenderfeet. "Fatty and I have our mackintoshes, and I think we can stand it," said the counter-jumper. "Yes," assented Fatty, "and you can have a rubber poncho by going to the carriage for it." "No, thanks," said the writer, as indignantly as if he had been offered a nursing bottle, for he had a settled belief that the shower would "go around."

We were soon anchored at our favorite grounds, but the fish had evidently not returned for the afternoon session. Up in the northwest was a large bank of black, threatening clouds, rolling up larger and larger; their every movement seemed to force out roars of thunder, which increased in volume as the storm approached. Flashes of lightning rent the clouds asunder like sheets of flame and then darted away among the hills in zig-zag lines. Several crows perched on a dead pine gave forth discordant cries and then sought the deeper woods. A broad-winged hawk circled overhead, its under parts looking satiny white against the murky blackness of the storm cloud. A few uncertain puffs of wind and then down from the northwest, bowing huge trees before it and whitening with foam the lake's surface, came wind and storm in united fury. Suddenly objects but a few rods away were shut from view, and like a deluge the rain struck us. The others had drawn on their mackintoshes, but the writer had pinned all of his faith on a shooting coat which had once been recommended as waterproof; but that day was past, for the first sheet of water that fell penetrated to the skin and left him gasping as he used to in his boyhood days when he endeavored to hasten the season by "goin' in swimmin'" within a fortnight after the departure of the ice, but this, however, was a more continuous gasp, for each succeeding sheet of water seemed colder than the preceding. However, other matters demanded attention: there was a tugging at his rod, which denoted the presence of a bass of no mean proportions, and, too, the boat was drifting shoreward at a rattling pace considering that it was dragging an anchor.

"Net this fish for me quick C.," cried Fatty excitedly. The counter-jumper picks up the net and his own reel begins to chatter like an alarm clock. For a few minutes the air seemed filled with vibrating rods, leaping bass, thunder, lightning, rain and excited exclamations. A huge tree on shore was heard to fall with a tremendous crash: our boat was now filled with water to the thwarts and pulling in our dragging anchor we guided her on to a sand beach, where she was soon emptied, and now, wonder of wonders, there were five bass more than when we took our noontime lunch, yet none had any recollection of catching but the three we had taken, almost simultaneously, in the height of the storm. Evidently some one had soon excited to know when he caught fish, but we shall never know who. The storm for the present had passed and we again anchored and cast in our grasshoppers, but there was no response from the depths below. We were admiring the puffs of fog hanging to the hillsides when again from the northwest came indications that another installment of the storm was nearly due.

"Boys," said the writer, with becoming humility, "I said earlier in the day that one ducking, more or less, didn't matter to me, but when it comes to taking two, more or less, I weaken; let's go home." "Agreed!" the others exclaimed; up came the anchor, and away we pulled for the landing, impelled to haste by the increasing thunder peals. Once ashore, we made a break for the farmhouse, where we had left our horse, and just as the storm again broke we entered the barn with rods, lunch baskets and fish. The writer was not possessed of a dry thread and it was with a feeling of great thankfulness he espied an empty shortsack in one corner. Three holes were quickly cut in it, off came the wet shirt and on went the improvised one of shorts sack. It was a poor fit, but it was dry; it was rough in texture, but that same roughness created a friction that was not unwelcome to a cold body, where "goose flesh" had reigned supreme; it was minus sleeves, but no sleeves were better than wet ones that clung to you like court plaster, and what it lacked in ornamentation Fatty, the tailor, supplied by weaving into the front a delicate lacing, shredded from a corn leaf. The storm ceased, the sun reappeared, and we drove home over a road washed clean as a floor.

J. C. MEAD.

NORTH BRIDGETON, Me.

NORTH BRIDGETON, Me., Jan. 20.—We are now so buried in snow that very little ice fishing is being done in this section. Landlocked salmon fishing at Sebago Lake usually opens the fishing season in Maine. This usually comes on about the first of May or directly after the ice breaks up.—M.

CARP IN LAKE ERIE.

WHILE passing through the fish market in this city about two years ago I saw exposed for sale a German carp. It was about 20in. in length and weighed 12lbs. It was a scale carp, very dark in color, and very beautiful. I asked the dealer, and he said the fish was caught in the nets set out in the lake from this port. I did not see any more or hear of any others being sold in the market until within the last two weeks, when they have been plenty. These were caught in the lake at Port Clinton. They were mostly about 7in. in length, and varied from the mirror to the scale varieties. One was very large, and much like the first one I saw two years ago. Some of the others had no scales; others had a few very large scales, while others were covered evenly with the regular carp scale. I have no means of knowing how they got into the lake; but the interesting fact is, that they are there in great numbers and are thriving wonderfully. They sell at the same price as the yellow and blue pike caught in the lake. Being grown in such pure cold water, their growth is not as rapid as it would be in warmer water; but the flesh is firmer and of a better quality. This goes to prove that if it is difficult to stock the streams and ponds and lakes with what are considered better fish, they can soon be filled with carp; and while they may commonly not be as fine a table fish as some others, there can be no doubt that they will adapt themselves to almost any circumstances and thrive well where others would not do well at all. There was a great craze about them when they were first introduced, and now we have gone to the other extreme. As a people, we are too notionate and impulsive. We all go crazy over something new to-day and drop it entirely to-morrow. Now, while the carp, when raised in some stagnant little puddle, may not be very desirable food, it is just what any sensible person would have expected. It is stating a fact that cannot be controverted when I declare that these fish, when raised in pure water and on good food, are very firm in flesh and excellent for the table. There are literally thousands of acres of water scattered throughout our country, which are now furnishing scarcely any fish, which would, if planted with young carp, in a few years furnish tons of good edible fish to thousands of our people who are scarcely ever fortunate enough to get any fresh fish of any kind. If they can live and thrive as these have done, among the millions of carnivorous fish, they can live anywhere. HOMERUS.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

ANGLING RETREATS OF MAINE.

II.—THE MONSON LAKES AND PONDS.

THE township of Monson is situated in the northwestern part of Piscataquis county, which has within its limits the largest and most magnificent sheet of inland water (Moosehead) wholly within New England, and the highest and most famous mountain in the State (Katahdin), often erroneously placed by map makers and writers in the adjoining county of Penobscot. Monson is fourteen miles below the foot of Moosehead Lake, ten miles west of Sebect Lake and six miles north of the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad, being connected with this line by a narrow-gauge road. It is only twenty miles by rail to the Piscataquis terminus of the Maine Central system and twenty-five miles by rail to that great highway of nations, the Canadian Pacific Railway. This town is about 1,000ft. above the level of the sea, and the air is pure and healthy. Hay fever and all malarious diseases are entirely unknown and impossible in this region.

Three-quarters of its territory is yet an unbroken wilderness, and many of its highest hills are still covered with a native growth of spruce, fir, cedar, white and yellow birch, poplar, pine, maples, ash, hemlock, etc.

The largest sheet of water within its borders is Lake Hebron, more than three miles in length, at the foot of which nestles a pretty and picturesque village. Here is a summer hotel of grand proportions and excellent facilities, and on its shores are summer cottages. A local company are selling cottage lots, and quite a large number will be built here during the season of 1891. This lake is surrounded by mountains and sloping hills of forestry farms and pleasant farm habitations with the lofty and pine clad peaks of Russell and Bald mountains in the adjoining town of Blanchard standing as grim as sentinels over all. The landscape from any point of view is delighting and pleasing.

It contains the spotted square-tail trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), ranging in weight as high as 5lbs. Lake trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) are often taken which weigh 6 and 7lbs., and some weighing 8lbs. have been caught here within a few years past. The spotted trout rise to a fly, and a favorite method of taking them is by trolling, sometimes with flies and sometimes with a single hook baited with anglerworm. The lake trout fishing is usually in about 40 or 45ft. of water, with minnows, shiners and small chubs for bait. The natural supply of fish here has never been depleted by poaching, and in addition to this several hundred thousand trout fry have also been planted.

Taking lake trout with a light rod and reel is exciting sport for one who has no scruples against being dubbed a common bait fisherman, for they are very gamy. Their meat is nearly white and exceedingly sweet and tender. The Fish Commissioners of the State planted European whitefish here four years ago, and they are seen in large schools and are beginning to be taken by our own people.

Sail and row boats and canoes of all descriptions are on the lake, and the steamer Molly Tomah makes hourly trips during the summer season. Besides Lake Hebron there are within this town twenty-three or twenty-four other ponds, as follows: The two Spectacle ponds, Tibbets, McLarign North Pond, McLarign South Pond, Bell, Lillie, Ward, the Twin Doughty ponds, Strout, Doe, Duck, Monson or Goodale, Squaghuign, Meadow, Jacobs, Thatcher, Curtis, Doughty Bog Pond, Juniper and Eighteen Pond.

The two Spectacle ponds are in the northwest part of the town on the county road to Moosehead Lake, the old highway passing over the narrows between the two. They are designated as Spectacle East and Spectacle West ponds. Their name was derived from their shape, both being round and the two together resembling a pair of eye-glasses. Dense forests surround them and spotted trout are plentiful in each. The eastern or lower one is the larger one, it being one mile from the narrows to its foot. The Rev. O. F. Stafford, D.D., now of Deering, Maine, secured some liberal catches there in the season of

1889. Trout are sometimes taken there which weigh 3 and 4lbs. each. Its outlet is a rapid stream emptying into Monson Pond and from thence into the Wilson River.

Childs Falls, a beautiful and grand looking cascade in the wilderness and which have long been of interest to the tourists, are on this stream. They are some 40ft. high and rush and tumble over huge piles of slate rock. The lovers of brook fishing frequently traverse its banks for the lively brooklet trout and are always well rewarded for their undertaking.

On the west side of the road to Elliottsville plantation about four miles from Lake Hebron is Meadow Pond, one-fourth of a mile from the highway. This is a pretty little pond, covering fifty acres or more of land entirely surrounded by old growth forestry and is in shape nearly round. Trout weighing 2 and 3lbs. are often taken with a fly at this pond.

About one mile through the white birch woods in an easterly direction from Meadow is South Pond, another famous and popular resort for fly-fishermen. This is considerably larger than the former. These trout are remarkable for their superior beauty and very small ones are rarely taken. The outlet of each of these ponds winds through forestry and the forest waste and ruins of ages to Wilson River. J. F. S.

MONSON, Me.

AMERICAN TROUT FLY IMITATIONS.

I HAVE been thirty years a fly-fisher, and during that time have been an amateur rod maker, and always tie my own flies. I have just finished a black bass minnow, and trout fly-rod, of bois d'arc, as presents to friends. Getting up these fixings I call angling indoors and take almost as much pleasure in it as in catching fish. I have now a nice little trout stream on my own farm and can enjoy and study these beautiful fish at will.

For many seasons I was resident physician at old Rawley Springs, on Dry River, which, take it all in all, is one of the finest trout streams in this country. The trout are larger than in any stream at the South, except Greenbrier. The casting is as unobstructed as on an open lake. There are no flies or insect pests of any sort at all. No stream affords finer opportunity for studying mountain trout in their native place.

One summer, at Rawley, I made up a fly at random, using some remnants of floss and feathers, just what I happened to have, at the request of a friend, to show his wife how a fly was made. When it was finished it was thus made: Lower third of body golden yellow, upper two-thirds dark red floss, this tipped and ribbed with gold; hackle black center, red tips (coch-a-bondu); wings, the striated feathers of lesser blackhead duck. To show that trout would actually take this fly I went, after sunset, to a pool, near the springs, used by gentlemen as a bathing pool, and at the first cast took a splendid trout 13in. long.

For years I have found this fly the very best for the larger trout of Dry River. I tie one with the wings on a No. 8 Carlsh Kirby for stretcher, one without wings, Palmer fashion, on a No. 10 Aberdeen for dropper, and with that cast, after sunset, I have caught more big trout than with any other I ever tried. The same combination tied on No. 3 and 5 Sproats is splendidly killing for black bass.

Now what is the original insect for which theoretically the fish mistake that fly? Held in the fingers dry, or pinned to a card, it recalls no insect known to me, but on a very short line cast, as in fishing, and drawn close to your feet as you stand in water knee deep, in the dusk of evening, it does exactly resemble in appearance a common firefly or lightning bug. Taking the hint, with a specimen before me, I tied one which was an exact imitation and after thoroughly testing the matter I came to the conclusion that the original form was much more attractive both to trout and bass. I therefore abandoned the lightning bug theory. I now suspect (a "working hypothesis") that the above described fly is easily seen and not suspiciously gaudy, and the fish take it for something alive in the nature of a bug good to eat.

In order to see whether the trout were feeding at that hour on any fly of the like resemblance to any artificial fly I examined the stomachs of all the big ones I caught. I found that they mostly contained crawfish, small minnows and worms; no flies.

Therefore, I started another "working hypothesis," to wit, during the daytime these big trout are bottom feeders; certainly you can't get one of them to rise to any kind of artificial fly in any of those much-frequented pools until it is nearly dark. At dusk they begin to feed on the surface, and at that hour an experienced angler will generally get the largest one in the pool at the first cast, the fly being bright enough to show well and not gaudy enough to scare the fish or rouse their suspicion. That is the very hour when the air is full of lightning bugs. Yet I have an idea that fish don't like lightning bugs, for using them as bait I find to be a dead failure.

If my opinion that the largest trout are bottom feeders by day and surface feeders at night is correct, this will account for the well-attested fact that they are very rarely taken in the day time, either in Dry River or any other, and are taken almost to the exclusion of smaller sizes from dusk until it is too dark either to see how to fish or to avoid treading on a rattler or copperhead. Hence also we may understand why the antipodal hour at the other end of night—that is to say, from dawn to broad daylight—is not near equal to that from dusk to dark.

I begin to feel almost a stranger to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and would not at this time venture upon their patience with anything fishy, except that I know that like that "time-honored Lancaster," of whom we read, angling hath an "infinite variety, which time cannot wither nor custom stale." Out of my experience by many waters allow me just to suggest that I never put a tail on a fly any more. I dress them as near nothing to be anything, as well, say a leading actress of the day. Most flies have too much body, too much hackle, too much wing, too much tail, too much everything. I hate, I despise, I do detest a big, loose, hairy, feathery, gaudy fly, and I am fully convinced that not only trout, but even big-mouthed black bass are of the same mind that I am. A happy New Year to FOREST AND STREAM and all its readers! And now, if nobody "jumps on me" about this I may have something else to say about the big trout of Dry River at another time.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

GREENLAND ESQUIMAUX FISH HOOK.

WITHIN a few minutes after the bark Argenta, plying between Philadelphia and the Arskut Fiord, Greenland, in the cryolite trade, had moored at her docks at the Danish settlement called Ivigtut, an Esquimaux came over the gangway carrying a string of Arctic codfish. This was on Sept. 25 last. The Arctic codfish was described and pictured very interestingly in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM, as well as the method of catching them through the ice on the Alaska coast. It is likely, therefore, that the Greenland method of taking them in open water may be interesting to sportsmen as well as naturalists.

The Greenland Esquimaux uses what is probably the largest hook in the world for the size of the fish taken, for it is about as long as the fish itself. The one here pictured had been in use for several years, but was still in good condition for work. It is more properly a jig than a hook, for the fish are always caught under the gills or the belly by the hook. Its length over all, not counting the seal-leather loop to which the line was fastened, is 10in. The points of the hook are 2in. apart. Beginning at the top there is a piece of hollow bone 1in. long in which the loop is secured by two dowels, or treenails, passing through and through the bone and loop. These pegs are accurately fitted and, though slender, are of ample strength.

Next to the bone is a wedge-shaped piece of greenstone, of the kind used extensively by the Esquimaux in making their seal-oil lamps. It is 2in. wide at the top, by 4in. long and 1in. wide at the bottom. But while it tapers from the top down when looking at it square in front, it is more than a quarter-inch thicker at the bottom than at the top. Why this peculiar form was given to the stone I could not learn, because I could not talk the language or find an

interpreter who could make the owner understand what I wanted to know, but the owner said greenstone was used because it was the color of the water of the fiord.

The lure consists of four seal teeth and a bit of red flannel fastened with strings and pegs to the face of this stone. They hang loosely so that they will flourish about as the jig moves up and down in the water.

The two hooks were secured together by casting some lead about the shanks, and the lead was then smoothed off, flattened on top and lashed to the bottom of the stone. The joints, like the scarf between the bone and the top of the stone, showed first-class workmanship.

As appears from the illustration, the hooks are barbed, but in catching the fish the hooks, I was told, rarely penetrated as far as the barb. The hooks are obtained from the whites.

The fish were at that time caught in water about 300ft. deep, but at other seasons are found in much shallower water. I saw one Esquimaux fishing from his kayak. He lowered the hook on the end of a linen line, that was about the thickness of a carpenter's chalk-line. When it reached the required depth, that is within two or three feet of the bottom, as he explained by holding his hands about as far apart as he could reach and then within about two feet of each other, he began jiggling the line up and down, lifting it say six inches and lowering it again and occasionally raising it a foot or more. My Danish companion said a white man could not tell when a fish was on the end of such a long line, but I guess a white man could learn to tell if he tried long enough. When a fish was caught it was hauled up and strung on a line of seal leather. I did not see one hauled out, for the fishing was bad that day and my time limited, but I was told that the fish seeing the lure waving about ran their noses against it and were then caught as the hook was raised up.

There were three ships at Ivigtut while I was there, and they were supplied with all the codfish the crews wanted. The Esquimaux wanted hard-tack or tobacco in exchange, but commonly took hard-tack. There was no regular price. The native brought a string of fish—ordinarily a dozen or so—and got sometimes one dozen and sometimes two dozen sea biscuits in return, according to the humor of the ship's steward. The fisherman always went away smiling, whether he got much or little.

The owner of the fish hook offered it to me for a plug of smoking tobacco. JOHN R. SPEARS.

WHITEFISH AND TROUT.—At the station of the U. S. Fish Commission at Alpena, Mich., the total number of whitefish eggs collected during the spawning season was 50,920,000. Of this number two employees of the Commission took 1,920,000 from Dec. 1 to 6, at Beaver Island, Lake Michigan. The loss of eggs during December was only six per cent. of the total. About one-third of the eggs were obtained from fish caught in gill nets. The temperature of the water ranged from 33 deg. on Dec. 1 to 32½ deg. on the 31st. On the last day of December there were available for distribution from the station at Northville: Lake trout eggs, 2,500,000; brook trout eggs, 140,000; Loch Leven eggs, 120,000; Von Behr (*S. fario*) eggs, 220,000.

SOMERSET, Ky., Jan. 17.—Our hunters are devoting most of their spare moments to the quail, but I notice that while in the earlier part of the season bags of from 35 to 50 were numerous, the number now averages 10 or 12 per day. Our fishing club members are only waiting for the river to get in good shape, as the pike and wall-eyed pike will bite most any day this time of the year.—R.

ANGLING NOTES.

LAST week the FOREST AND STREAM spoke of the disadvantage anglers labor under when fishing for the first time in strange waters. There is probably nothing so conducive to a well-filled creel as a thorough knowledge of the waters one expects to fish, be it lake or stream. This applies particularly to trout fishing, though to a certain degree true of all kinds.

No matter how much experienced an angler may have had, or how well he fishes, his first visit to a new locality is apt to prove unsatisfactory and a disappointment. There are often long stretches of good-looking water that hardly contain a trout, while some insignificant backwater, generally overlooked, may teem with good fish.

These little backwaters often have a small spring trickling in at the further end, and if carefully fished, particularly in warm weather, will yield some very handsome trout.

There was a stretch of still water on the Lycoming, right in the village of Ralston, Pa., which the writer for the first few visits never thought worth fishing, as it was so public and close to several dwellings. Coming back a little earlier than usual one evening I thought I would try it, and to my surprise I took several unusually large and well-fed trout. Probably every one had neglected it for the same reason I had.

As all anglers know, these fish are very partial to certain spots in the stream: a good pool will almost always contain a big trout who seems to be the boss of that locality. If he is caught, another will be found there inside of twenty-four hours. As the season advances these fish change their location and seek the headwaters or pools into which cold springs empty. Often these springs are at the bottom of the lake or in the bed of the stream, and therefore hard to find; so that sometimes parts of streams that have plenty of fish early in the spring are entirely barren in warm weather. These places can sometimes be located by watching them just before sunrise, when a little mist will be seen over these cooler spots.

Then, again, there are often good localities up the smaller streams. I remember such a one up Frozen Run, near Ralston, where it empties into the main stream. It was but a little rivulet, that looked entirely to insignificant to be worth fishing with the fly; but one day when the Lycoming was swollen by heavy rains and fishing was impossible, I walked up for a mile, tempted more by the big strawberries than any prospect of trout, when suddenly I came upon an old, deserted and half-decayed mill pond, surrounded by woods. The water was dark and clear, and a nice bit of white sand beach at the upper end afforded room for a back cast. I killed nineteen beautiful trout before I left that afternoon, and on every subsequent visit to Ralston I always tried that lonely little mill pond away back in the hills. SCARLET-IBIS.

CONNECTICUT RIVER PIKE.—Albany, N. Y.—When I was at Greenfield, Mass., last week, a party there told me he had caught maskinonge in the Connecticut River. When I intimated that they must be northern pike he said he saw one caught weighing 35lbs. Have you or any of your contributors any knowledge of this fact?—DEXTER. [We find in Dr. Goode's "American Fishes" the following statement concerning reports of muskellunge in this river: "It has frequently been said in print that muskellunge were introduced into a pond near Bellow's Falls, Mass., in 1838, and that they have since escaped into the Connecticut, where they have become abundant. This is a great mistake. I have examined several of these would-be muskellunge from the Connecticut, but all of them proved to be over-grown pike. This species probably does not occur in the Connecticut." The pike is credited in Germany with a maximum weight of 70lbs. Frank Buckland saw an example weighing 36lbs., and a Scotch specimen of 72lbs. is recorded. Continental Europe is said to have furnished an individual weighing 145lbs. There is no doubt that the pike under favorable conditions reaches the weight referred to by "Dexter," and the probability is that the Connecticut River specimen belonged to this species. The capture of such a fish must have been a sight worth seeing.]

Fishculture.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISH COMMISSION WORK.

WE have received the report of the Commissioners of Fish and Game, of New Hampshire, for the year ending Dec. 1, 1890. The popular appreciation of the work of fish breeding is amply manifested by the greatly increased demand for young trout. Eight years ago 60,000 fry were allotted to the whole State, but now fully twice that number are distributed in a single county. The work of the Commission is devoted chiefly to the cultivation of indigenous fishes and the introduction of species whose adaptability to New Hampshire's streams and lakes has been established. The lake trout has reached a high standard of excellence in Newfound Lake, due to its large size, the color and flavor of its flesh and its game qualities. The Commissioners hail with delight the increase in the number of fish and game leagues in various parts of the State, because "they create a healthy sentiment in regard to the necessity for a close season for fish and game, and a due regard for the game laws in the localities where the leagues are established, and educate the people to a better knowledge of the value of the streams and lakes in their section of the State."

The ponds and lakes of New Hampshire have an area of nearly 800,000 acres, exclusive of Lake Winnepesaukee, and the rivers and creeks are estimated to cover 100,000 acres more. The Commission has a list of 558 ponds and lakes, including a description of the bottom, their area and the kinds of fish found in them. Pickerel, perch and humpbacks exist in 321 lakes, black bass have been introduced into 113, landlocked salmon into 73, and in 39 ponds brook trout and lake trout are native. The good results of planting lake trout and landlocked salmon are plainly evident in Sunapee and Newfound lakes, which furnish as good fishing as can be found anywhere in New England. The landlocked salmon reach a weight of 16lbs. and the lake trout about the same. This remarkable growth is attributed to the abundance of landlocked smelt introduced as food for the trout and salmon.

The Commissioners called the attention of the Legislature to the desirability of examining the waters of Great Bay with a view to the cultivation of oysters, which at one time existed there in large numbers, but have now, by overfishing or dredging, become extinct.

Many complaints have been received of the great damage done to numerous fine trout streams by sawdust and mill refuse. This is a matter outside of the Commissioners' jurisdiction and must be considered by the Legislature. It is stated that many of the purest and coldest streams, which abounded with fine trout a few years ago, are now so polluted by a foul mass of decayed sawdust that the vegetation has been destroyed, the insect life exterminated, and the trout driven away. The Commissioners quote a statement to the effect that not only are fish seriously injured by sawdust, but that epidemics of typhoid fever have been traced to the pollution of the water by organic matter such as bark, sawdust and sewage. This is a subject which is attracting a good deal of attention and causing a vast amount of discussion, and it is certainly deserving of complete investigation and control by legislative action.

The report of Col. Elliott B. Hodge, a member of the Commission and superintendent of the five hatching stations, follows that of the Commissioners. Col. Hodge records as many as 50 salmon at one time in the large pool, below the falls at Livermore. Sixty salmon were taken and placed in the reservoir at the Plymouth hatchery. Two hundred thousand eggs were obtained from these salmon in October and the fish were returned to the river. Many salmon were seen spawning in the river late in October.

"Many of these fish were smaller than usual for this river. Some of the females, which gave spawn, would not weigh over 6 or 7 lbs. The largest male taken weighed 25 lbs., female 20 lbs." Over a million brook trout eggs are now being developed at Plymouth, an increase of 300,000 over 1885. Col. Hodge bought upward of 6,000 wild trout, measuring 4 to 8 in. in length, for \$3 per hundred delivered at the hatchery. Since the adoption of the landing nets for salmon and brook trout, described in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 30, 1890, not a single fish has been injured by handling and fungus has been entirely absent. Losses of trout were occasioned at Plymouth by kingfishes and minks. Thirty of the former were caught in traps during the last season.

The total distribution of fry for 1890 was as follows: Brook trout, 644,000; lake trout, 535,000; Loch Leven trout, 23,000; Alpine lake trout, 8,000; saibling, 4,000; California trout, 20,000; golden trout, 102,000; Penobscot salmon, 240,000; landlocked salmon, 180,000; total 1,756,000.

At the Bristol station, which was completed in September, 1889, 525,000 eggs of lake trout were taken in Newfound Lake. These were hatched and planted in the lake at a total cost of about 22 cents per thousand. At Weirs, where the fish are much smaller than those in Newfound, 260,000 eggs of lake trout were obtained. At the Keene station no eggs have yet been collected. Breeding ponds will be constructed in the spring and supplied with a stock of brook trout.

Illegal fishing is still practiced in New Hampshire and spearing on the spawning beds is still exerting its baleful influence on the fish supply of the State. Numerous arrests and convictions have been made with salutary effect on the public regard for protective laws. The fish and game detective, Mr. H. P. Chadwick, reports violations of the laws in relation to lobsters and the arrest of five individuals in Rye, Nashua and Portsmouth, who paid fines ranging from \$20 to \$120 and costs. He finds that the lobster laws should be amended so as to make it an offense to catch and sell egg bearing lobsters. Hunting and fishing on Sunday are on the increase, much to the annoyance of church going people. Before leaving this subject we must call the attention of our readers to the fact that the Alpine trout above mentioned is a recent introduction by the U. S. Fish Commission from Switzerland. It is a black spotted species related to the common fario, which is now so well established in its new home in American waters.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 27 to 30.—Inaugural Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Greenville, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary.
Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore. M. J. Stewart, Secretary.
March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh. P. W. E. Littell, Secretary.
March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.
March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.
April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Mumhall, Secretary.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 2.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Southern Field Trials Club. T. M. Brunby, Secretary, Marietta, Ga.

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. A. C. Wilmerding quotes me as having stated that Doc was not for competition at New York, 1890, because "he was afraid of Jersey." What I actually did write was that Doc "was probably afraid of Jersey." Without authentic information I could not have said for certain why a dog did not compete, so I qualified the statement. Mr. Wilmerding's explanation that he owned Doc at the time of the New York show is quite satisfactory. It was on account of my not having noticed that the dog had changed ownership that I thought it probable he had been kept back so as not to meet Jersey. The statement is cheerfully withdrawn and I apologize to Mr. Wilmerding for having made it.

Mr. Wilmerding expresses much surprise that I should have fallen into the error of saying that Mr. Mercer owned Doc. If Mr. Wilmerding will refresh his memory I think he will find that Doc was recently in Mr. Mercer's kennels, at Ottawa, and that he was advertised in the stud over Mr. Mercer's signature. If this be true there is scarcely room for great astonishment, as it was this that misled me. It is not perfectly clear to me why Mr. Wilmerding attaches so very much importance to these comparatively trivial matters, yet ignores the fact that Mr. Mercer, over the signature of "Gothamite," has made misstatements about certain judges and certain dogs for no other apparent reason than that of forcing Mr. Wilmerding's and Mr. Mercer's dogs into prominence and keeping them there. While I can readily understand why Mr. Wilmerding is particularly anxious to see "a calm and non-combative series of communications on the cocker," I must confess to being somewhat disappointed that our president should be so deeply concerned about trifles, yet entirely indifferent about things which sap the very life out of dog shows and make the judging of dogs worse than a farce. Possibly Mr. Wilmerding has been informed that a prominent fancier will move that, in the event of Mr. Mercer not retracting the willful misstatements he has made, he be expelled from the Spaniel Club, and in anticipation of this is reserving his energies for a thorough investigation of the matter before that tribunal. But many of his old admirers are not only greatly disappointed but

orely grieved that he did not come out with a strong denunciation of the course pursued by one who is known to be the man that recently had charge of Mr. Wilmerding's dog Doc.

Let me suggest that your correspondents keep their remarks within a reasonable distance of the pivotal question, which is not "cocker type," but truth versus what Mr. Wilmerley has correctly designated as slander. In the very first communication published in this discussion Mr. F. H. Mercer, over whom our Hunkin friend calls the "anonymity" of "Gothamite," asserted that Mr. Watson and myself "started the long and low craze" in cockers, whereupon in a letter free from "personalities" or comments of any kind, I demanded proof to support that assertion. Mr. Mercer, instead of producing evidence or retracting his misstatement, sent for publication in this paper, still concealing himself behind the shield of "Gothamite," an answer which has been generally condemned not more on account of the trickery so manifest on the face of it than for the writer's tacitly admitted low estimate of the good sense and intelligence of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Here is his peculiar reply: "To Mr. Chas. H. Mason would say that I don't propose to spend several hours looking up his writings to convict, and don't need to, because it is a well known fact that he has borne a leading part in encouraging the long and low craze."—FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 18. Mr. Mercer did not propose to spend several hours to look up my writings because there are no writings which would sustain him to look up. Then why did he not say so? And why did he drop the word "started" and ask us to take leave of our senses in believing him that "started" and "encouraging" have one and the same meaning? Would a truthful and genuine dog fancier resort to such devices?

Mr. Mercer's next move was to get an advertisement out of me to help the Doc boom. (I am good enough to be quoted and misquoted when the use of my name will help the boom, but when my criticisms are unfavorable why then they are worthless and the writer of them is a very wicked man.) This is how Mr. Mercer, now over his own name, puts it: "He [C. H. M.] 'spotted' champion Doc for a good one several years ago, repeatedly saying that were he in condition the prize money was at his mercy."—FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 18. Now, had I "repeatedly" said that prize money was at Doc's mercy I would tacitly have admitted that Doc was the best cocker in America. "Repeatedly" would likely take in all the reports I have ever written on the dog, because I have not criticised him more than three or four times. If Mr. Mercer had stated that upon a certain occasion, when Doc was shown against one competitor and that competitor a deteriorated one, I reported that the prizes would have been at Doc's mercy had he been in condition, then Mr. Mercer would have written the truth. But neither Mr. Mercer nor anybody else could show by an atom of evidence that I "repeatedly" stated that prize money was at Doc's mercy, because in only one report have I written anything of the sort. Mr. Mercer knew this and so was unable to "find time" to look up a criticism that needed no looking up because every sportsman knew where to find it. I will quote this report so far as it pertains to Doc, to show Mr. Wilmerding and others the kind of argument Mr. Mercer has resorted to since this discussion commenced:

"Obo II. did not turn up for competition in the champion class for dogs, leaving Brant and Doc to fight out the battle. Brant won, but it was condition that took him to the front. His skull has thickened considerably, causing his weak muzzle to look lighter and snipier than ever, and he is not nearly as good as was when he made his debut at Buffalo last year. Doc was light in flesh and his coat all out of condition. What a pity that men should throw prizes away when they have them at their mercy."—FOREST AND STREAM, April 12, 1888.

This is the "repeatedly" that Mr. Mercer could not "find time" to look up, the statement that was distorted so as to make it appear that in my opinion Doc was able to beat any cocker on the bench. But that I did not consider Doc the equal of the cracks was demonstrated when I placed him behind Miss Obo II., Jersey, and probably one or two others. The following report is further evidence that there has been no inconsistency on my part in regard to this dog:

"In the challenge class for cockers those old competitors, Miss Obo II., Chloe W. and Doc, again faced the judge. We have been strumming it into spaniel men for the last two years that neither Chloe W. nor Doc is within striking points of Miss Obo's form; but, notwithstanding this, Mr. Wilmerding has on three or four occasions placed Doc over Miss Obo. We are pleased to find that at this late hour in the day he has come over to our way of thinking. Miss Obo II. won with many points to spare. Between Doc and Chloe W. it is a very close thing, and we were prepared to see either of them win. On this occasion Doc, on account of his having been considered better than Miss Obo II., took second. Chloe W. is as good as he."—FOREST AND STREAM, March 14, 1889.

Having written this I could not, in justice to either FOREST AND STREAM, exhibitors and breeders of spaniels or myself, permit Mr. Mercer's trickily worded advertisement to go unchallenged; so I again demanded evidence to support what I knew was an incorrect statement. Mr. Mercer's reply was on a level with his conduct since this discussion opened. It displayed the same disposition to sneak out and evade the question that has characterized every answer he has made to my questions. A straightforward and manly acknowledgment of an error (and it been one) was all that would have been needed to right a wrong and insure respect, if not success. But Mr. Mercer does not seem able to give a straight answer unless it is forced out of him, and so he tried the old dodge. This is it: "I think it was in a report of one of the spring shows of 1888 that I observed the remark by Mr. Mason: 'I have the paper somewhere among hundreds of others, and when I can find time shall look it up.' For the rest 'hearsay' is all I have to go on." Is not this a disingenuous attempt to shirk the real question? My request was for evidence in support of the untruthful assertion that I had "repeatedly" said that prize money was at Doc's mercy. How could a critic in one report of a dog show "repeatedly" state what Mr. Mercer has asserted? If Mr. Mercer had been sincere he would have acknowledged his error instead of trying to make us believe that criticisms which could only appear in a number of reports had appeared in one. If he was particularly anxious to score a point over me he should, for the time being, have discontinued his juggling tricks. He might by his method of arguing make 2 and 2 into 22, but in his little contract with me he may not find it an easy matter to make one into two.

Mr. Wilmerding will see from this brief review of the origin and progress of this discussion that cockers are not the theme. The thing began by Mr. Mercer ("Gothamite") making a misstatement about me, and could I do anything else than show he had made a misstatement? I asked for evidence to sustain a groundless assertion. That evidence was not forthcoming and never will be for it does not exist. Such being the case I deemed it only proper to expose the "Gothamite" (Mercer) scheme to get rid of certain judges and dogs for reasons which must be apparent to everybody. Mr. Mercer's friends now appeal to you to have the discussion switched on to a siding. This, of course, is done with a view to saving the little that is left of Mr. Mercer and his arguments (?), but like the Doc boom it will not go through. Nobody said a word about "personalities" when Mr. Mercer (imagining that he was safely concealed by the mask of "Gothamite") made speakish and untruthful statements about men and dogs. Nobody shouted "personalities" when Mr. Mercer tried to juggle his false accusations through the smallest of holes. No correspondent considered his conduct anything but the ethics of controversy, or his absolutely misleading and vindictive utterances anything but the commencement of a "calm and non-combative series of communications on the cockers," or at least if a correspondent did

consider Mr. "Gothamite" Mercer personal, he tacitly indorsed him by saying nothing then and a great deal now. It was a part of the racket. Why then, when some of us make incontrovertible statements are these statements called "personalities"?

Nobody is more opposed to the introduction of personalities into a discussion of any subject than I am. But when a man has proved by his own statements, over his own signature, that no sharp curve is too sharp for him to take then I want to show what he expects to find on the curve; and I fail to see why tracing truthfully and consistently every step leading to that curve should be considered personal. More especially do I fail to detect anything personal when every statement made is borne out by that man's written and printed testimony. Mr. Mercer's case must be disposed of before the cocker discussion can be renewed and surely I have a right to demand this. Using a pseudonym, he has made statements which neither he nor anybody else can verify. These misstatements ought to be retracted and a most ample apology made before the writer of them is allowed to discuss either dogs or any thing else.

Mr. Mercer's mistake, of course, was not in writing his first letter over a pseudonym. He had a perfect and indisputable right to do that provided he started in with an honorable motive. But he had no right, no one has the right, to make a misstatement about others, neither over a pseudonym nor over his own name. And no one, having made such misstatements, either ignorantly or purposely, can refuse to retract his misstatements when they are shown to be such.

I need not add that if a writer is genuinely concerned to deal with facts, to get at the truth, to discuss a question as truthful gentlemen discuss it, to give others their exact due, he will not require prodding to hasten to correct such misstatements as in this particular case "Gothamite" (Mercer) has made about Mr. Watson and myself and also about certain dogs.

Mr. Mercer's conduct thus precludes self-respecting people from noticing anything he may write or say in the future, until he shall have retracted and apologized. Nobody can possibly be benefited by discussing dog matters with men who distort facts, evade real issues, and put forth arguments which are not only empty of points and knowledge, but silly as well.

CHARLES H. MASON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To briefly reply to Mr. Chas. H. Mason's letter, which is clearly pointed at me under the supposition that I am "Gothamite," I say that, first, I do not and never did own Doc. Second, as I own the Clumbers which would be Johnny and Drake's most dangerous opponents, I cannot comprehend of myself it would be to me to depreciate judges that are inimical to them. Mr. Mason wrote in 1887 that he did not profess to be a judge of Clumbers. Since then he has seen only my dogs, and it seems to me he assumes a good deal in writing as he does of a subject on which he does not assume to have authority. Third, I have no interest whatever in the sale of "The Spaniel and Its Training," consequently its advertisement would be of no benefit to me. Fourth, I have not purchased a cocker for some years. Fifth, I did not get a couple of dogs four years ago from Mr. Vieth. Sixth, Johnny and Drake, who Mr. Mason infers I got in '87, I got in August, 1884, and they were not my first Clumbers. Seventh, in 1885 I was breeding Clumbers and cockers, though Mr. Mason states that I did not own a dog prior to 1887. Eighth, I have been to more than six dog shows in my life. Mr. Mason's apologies are now in order.

F. H. F. MERCER.

OTTAWA, Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"It is, I believe, untrue that I 'repeatedly' said prize money would be at Doc's mercy if the dog were in good condition. Therefore, I call upon Mr. F. H. Mercer to produce proof, etc."—Chas. H. Mason in *Forest and Stream*, Dec. 29, '90.

"Doc was light in flesh and his coat all out of condition. What a pity it is that men should throw prizes away when they have them at their mercy."—Chas. H. Mason in *Forest and Stream*, Dec. 12, '88.

Some more parallel lines for the printer to worry over. Mr. Mason appears to forget that I have announced my readiness to withdraw the above noted statement should he deny the impeaching. It would be well for him to reserve some of his preaching for home use and to practice a few of the axioms he preaches. He has made several statements about me personally that are entirely at variance with the facts, but I have yet to read an apology or retraction from him. In a letter not yet published by you I have shown in detail how woefully he has erred, not to use a stronger term, in his two-column letter of a fortnight ago. It is unnecessary, therefore, to touch on the questions therein dealt with, here.

The Clumbers, as usual, bear the burthen of Mr. Mason's song, so I suppose I must consider what he says. With many apologies to your readers, therefore, I shall refute some of the statements which he defies me or any man to prove untrue.

1. Never having read "Our Prize Dogs," Mr. Mason's criticisms therein of Johnny and Drake could not have influenced me in retiring the former (the latter is not retired.) Johnny was retired before "Our Prize Dogs" was published. "The well known Clumber spaniel Johnny has been retired from competition on the show bench."—*Forest and Stream*, July 5, '88. Thus we see that the criticisms in "Our Prize Dogs" could not have affected the retirement of champion Johnny, while Drake not having been retired, the criticisms could not "result in his withdrawal from the show bench." 2. Johnny and Drake have never competed for a prize since "Our Prize Dogs" was published, therefore they could not win them. 3 and 4. I will leave time to answer. 5. Judging from Mr. Mason's standpoint, winnings in England, Snow, having won first at Birmingham twice, first Barn Elms and many other prizes, must be considered "a good dog" (bitch). I owned her some time prior to 1889. 6. It would be profitless to consider.

Mr. Mason claims most of the credit for the importation of Boss III. and Bromine. Let us see how much he deserves of it. In '87 I secured the then invincible champion Psycho, Cynic, Snow, Cherie, Clover and a couple of other crack English Clumbers to come to this country. From some hitch or other the arrangement, most regretably, fell through. This evidences how matters stood with me long before Mr. Mason commenced his "downing" campaign. Mr. T. C. Bate, who imported Boss III. and Bromine, never read, and probably never heard of, Mr. Mason's criticisms on the American Clumbers. He was thinking of going in for dogs in the spring of '89. I happened to be in his office one day on a visit to his brother. Johnny was with me, and Mr. Bate expressed admiration for him. The talk went on to dogs and ended in my lending him several dog books to read, and especially articles by me in various publications, on Clumbers. He caught the fever, bought a pair of young bitches here and later imported Boss III. At that time I am sure he had never heard of Mr. Chas. H. Mason. After Boss arrived I received a letter from Mr. H. H. Simmons, of Sevenoaks, England, offering me Bromine and Snow. I went to Mr. Bate, by dint of perseverance, persuaded him to import the former. I have Mr. Simmons' letter in which he thanks me for my kindness in having sold Bromine for him, and states that Mr. Bate had written that he purchased her only on my recommendation. I had the good of the breed sufficiently at heart to rejoice at this important addition to the spare ranks of American Clumbers. Who then is entitled to "claim credit for the importation of Boss III., etc." Mason or Mercer? Although Johnny and Drake, for good

and sufficient reasons, were not shown against Boss III. and Bromine, I showed others against them, even in the face of certain defeat, thus Mr. Mason's statement that I did not exhibit against Boss III. and Bromine is untrue.

Mr. Mason says that the question before the house is whether "Gothamite" and I are one and the same. Pardon my obtuseness, Mr. Editor, but really I thought the "question" was the "Cocker Spaniels of 1890." [It is supposed to be.] Some people are extremely fond of giving advice to others. Mr. Mason is one of them. "Give and take" is fair play. Let him then act up to his asseverations. Having made "statements which he cannot substantiate" he must now, if he has the courage of his published convictions, apologize and retract.

F. H. F. MERCER.

OTTAWA, Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading the various letters, and taking them into consideration, are we not to conclude that this was a discussion started for a selfish motive and not for the good of the breed? Mr. Mason has followed the originators of the scheme quite sharply. Mr. Mercer now admits he knows who "Gothamite" is, which I have never doubted. They have seemed to chime together so nicely in their letters right along. He now wishes to have personalities dropped. Should this not have been thought of at the start? Mr. Mercer states in reply to my letter that "I have only Mr. Mason with me, quoting Mr. Watson as indorsing Mr. Fellows's nice little bitch Velda," a specimen I have no recollection of a single spaniel man insinuating was not a good one, and not honoring Mr. Fellows for producing such. His indorsing her is no evidence that he indorses Mercer's views. Facts and those proved to be such are accepted as evidence I believe. Mr. Mercer has made the statement, "I should have liked to have seen Dolly Obo placed over Jersey in the challenge class." Right there I have him, for at that same show Mr. Watson positively stated that Dolly could not beat Jersey, an opinion that any competent judge would indorse.

His statement, "There is not much to be said in answer to Messrs. Willey, Nelles and Mason on the question of the cocker type. Our views of what a cocker spaniel should be differ so entirely." There is no question on that point. Whether Messrs. Mason, Nelles and myself are right, or Mercer, I will leave it to your readers' good judgment. He admits he was unknown as a dogman before 1887, yet claims he has now been breeding. I take it from his letters, about nine years, in all this time where has he produced a good specimen? If my advice—to show his knowledge before posing as a critic—was, as he terms it, a piece of impertinence, what shall we say regarding this would be self-appointed teacher and critic!

He wishes to know why Jersey should be called a typical cocker. During the season of 1890 my dogs were exhibited at three shows only, namely, New York, Boston and Buffalo. At Buffalo and New York was placed the \$100 silver cup, donated by the American Spaniel Club, for the best American-bred cocker. Under Mr. Wilmerding as judge, Jersey won that cup at New York, and again at Buffalo under Mr. Mason. Having won this cup twice, and being the only cocker who ever has won it, that certainly entitles him to all the honors I have claimed for him. Yet this is the dog which "Gothamite" or Mercer has designated as the fish-headed, sway-backed, weak-jointed, almost coatless and lifeless Jersey. Mr. Mercer refers to my not judging, to imply that my services were not in demand, I suppose. I will say that I have no desire to officiate in the ring. I have refused many times to judge at our most prominent shows, moreover I have no desire to pose as an authority or assume Mr. Mercer's position. My reputation as a breeder has been won in an upright and honorable manner. My spaniels which I have exhibited have won their honors in honest competition, as every honorable exhibitor should expect. I have not aspired to rush into print in every paper that would publish my letters, and then blowing myself and dogs into notoriety. A dog which requires these has no place in my kennel. How well I have succeeded as a breeder and exhibitor the record of shows and pedigrees of the most noted cockers now on the bench will show. I frankly admit that there is room for improvement, and it will be my aim in the future as it has in the past to make it smaller. I think I know the weak spots as well as any person who gives them a casual glance now and then, but to devote my time discussing and criticising them with every erratic critic, I must decline.

J. P. WILLEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The contribution of "Gothamite" in your issue of Nov. 20 has brought a veritable hornet's nest about his ears, more than realizing, I fancy, whatever anticipations he may have had of creating a stir in the spaniel community. There can be but one opinion of the writer who conceals his identity in a discussion where his opponents are advocating their opinions over their own signatures. Should these letters *pro* and *con* (too many issues, are there not? Stick to the text, gentlemen) be kept up I trust he will have the courage and manliness to discard his *nom de plume* and stand upon the footing of his past record alone. We can all decide then whether it entitles him to our favorable consideration or otherwise. If, however, as Mr. Mason very distinctly alleges, "Gothamite" and F. H. F. Mercer are so closely connected that they have never been separated, we must be resigned to see "Gothamite's" utterances like the famous letters of Junius, "pass into history, shrouded in mystery."

His statements to the effect that Messrs. Mason and Watson started the "long and low" craze, is certainly not correct. With dogs of this type placed before them to judge, they in a degree indorsed it by granting prizes, but how could they have done otherwise? It is undeniable that the fancy for breeding a dog with a long back and short legs has been carried to excess, but nevertheless a reversal to "Uncle Dick's" hobby would in my estimation be leaping to the opposite extreme and is more to be avoided than recommended. "Gothamite" is pleased to pass severe strictures upon Jersey. It is rather remarkable that none of the well-known judges who from the time Jersey made his *debut* in the show ring until to-day, have been awarding him ribbons, discovered these grave defects, which the all-discerning "Gothamite" has brought to light. Let me say my dear "Gothamite" (or "Ottawa-ite," whichever it may be), that when you can put your finger on another "fish-headed, sway-backed" dog like Jersey, do it at once. It won't be necessary to go to New York and pick him out from the array of talent at the bench show in this instance. Rescue him from obscurity anywhere, and he will give you the reputation you so sadly lack. With reference to Mr. Mercer's Clumbers it appears to me that the criticism passed upon them by Chas. H. Mason resulted at least in the importation of fresh blood to recruit the renowned Ottawa Kennels (as Mr. Mercer with charming modesty says the best in the world). Whether the lot shown at Ottawa last year, which comprised some fifteen specimens, represented the pick of his kennel or not I cannot say; it is safe to assume that they did, but among them all there was only one Clumber, Bromine, who won second prize. The rest were most emphatically an inferior collection.

To look at cockers again; Doc, that much-praised, much-maligned little dog, has, as I have frequently said, very few good points. His head is typical and his ribs are well sprung. Outside that his greatest friends, if they be judges at the same time, can say nothing favorable to him. When we want to establish a new type, for heaven's sake let us not turn to Doc as a model.

I have written these few lines not because I have a desire to embroil myself in the current dispute; on the contrary,

this is my last letter, lent more as a protest against the inconsistencies of "Gothamite" and in support of Mr. Mason's attitude throughout. Judges of his stamp, fearless men with the courage of their convictions are what we want. Mr. Mason may at times be incorrect in judgment, but his influence and arguments are, and during my acquaintance with him have been, nearly always on the right side.

G. BELL.

TORONTO, Jan. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now the question that must interest you spaniel men really the most of all is who is "Gothamite?" His identity means \$500 for the American Spaniel Club IF—

This club will get five hundred cockers from the great and only Mason, if "Gothamite" is not Mercer, but alas, if it be proven that "Gothamite" is Mercer, then will said club experience the heavy loss of said five hundred cockers, because of its not gaining that which it anticipated. Truly Mr. Gothermer is not Mercite, and we know it, or *vice versa*.

However, Bre'r Mason may just as well shove that five hundred along and we will hold it "pending investigation," for fear Bre'r Peshall might lay hands upon it and work it edgewise into the "Peshall gig," 12-28 28, or that Bre'r Vredenburgh should manipulate it to swell the A. K. C. funds for 1890. Five hundred is small and the gazing committee would never see it.

But, all this seems to have very little bearing on the text "Cocker Spaniels of 1890." Just the same, there is pretty nearly as much here about dogs, and nearly as much about other people, as in some of the letters we have had before this. Yours for peace,

SLY DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Before writing the few subsequent words, I might say that, except by letter and having purchased a few puppies, also having had the stud services of two of their dogs, I have no acquaintance whatsoever with any of the spaniel men now engaged in the cocker controversy.

That Mr. F. H. F. Mercer and "Gothamite" cannot possibly be one and the same person, I think the following is conclusive proof. "Gothamite" writes in his letter dated at New York city, Nov. 9, issue *FOREST AND STREAM*, Nov. 20, "I never saw spaniels judged so badly as at Toronto, etc. There, in open black dogs, a nice puppy, Kildare, got nothing whatever. This is so promising a dog that I feel sure under his new name, Obadiah, he will appear prominently in the prize lists of future shows."

"Gothamite," by the above, certainly implies (in fact says) that he was present at the Toronto bench show, and saw the cocker spaniel Kildare. Mr. Mercer writes, issue *FOREST AND STREAM*, Dec. 18, "Unnoticed Obadiah (*nee* Kildare) I have not seen, but Mr. Geddes recently showed me his photo, and if it is to be relied upon, he is indeed a nice dog." I have no interest whatever in Kildare more than wishing the little fellow well, having sold him to Mr. Geo. Bell, of Toronto.

HENRY B. NICOL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I looked in vain over your issue of the 22d inst. to see if Mr. C. H. Mason's offer of \$500, in your previous issue, had been accepted. Evidently the sum was not large enough to draw the badger. His hair has been too carefully overhauled and he has now gone on another tack.

The time has now come for "Gothamite" to acknowledge the fair Dominion of Canada as his home, and that his criticism of Jersey, even if dictated, was not more to belittle Jersey than to draw attention to the wonderful and (on paper) invincible Doc, who, since his fifth year and change of ownership, seems to have developed qualities which the best judges failed to detect when he was in his prime.

E. M. OLDHAM.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One writer on the "Cockers of 1890" says in *FOREST AND STREAM*, "There has been no general improvement of late." This I doubt, and to prove it I will offer a special of \$10 for the best cocker bitch in the show, provided Miss Obo II., the best bitch of 1889, and Bene Silk, are entered to uphold the above quotation. The rest I feel safe in trusting to the younger, and I trust, improved bitches.

I will also offer \$10 for the best type of cocker for field work, both to be awarded by Mr. Watson or "Uncle Dick" Fellows, the two best posted cocker judges in this country to my notion. These specials are to be competed for at the Cleveland Kennel Club show in April next. I should like to hear from Messrs. Willey, Whitman and others, if my offers meet their approval. I am glad to see you shut off those who insist on making this question avenues of personalities.

A. W. PANCOAST.

AUBURNDALE, Ohio, Jan. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mercer, by failure at once to deny the charge that he is "Gothamite" has thereby admitted it. Such being the case he will see that he must without delay withdraw his original statement regarding Mr. Mason and myself. Viewed in the present light of facts, Mr. Mercer has placed himself in an unpleasant position, but he has only himself to blame, and it should be a warning to other novices to be careful how they write on subjects they know nothing of. I now await Mr. Mercer's retraction and apology.

JAS. WATSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read the various letters on cocker spaniels in your paper of late I wish to say I fully indorse Mr. C. H. Mason's views, especially his article in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 1, on the improvement in cocker spaniels during 1890. When one enters into a discussion on cockers, with as able a man as Mr. Mason, it is quite necessary to be fully posted on the subject before starting to discuss.

GEO. H. BUSH.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I predicted that "Gothamite" would "break his young neck" I had no idea that Mr. Mason would put an end to his inglorious career as neatly and speedily as he did. Now that one-half of this inexperienced young man has been retired, Mr. F. H. F. Mercer is doing the talking for both, and a pretty mess he is making of it. His telling us that he knows who "Gothamite" is on a par with most of his other statements, it is inclined to be funny. If Mercer does not know Mercer, who does know Mercer?

There is no getting away from the general belief that in all human probability a nice little scheme was planned to boom a dog and a judge at the expense of better dogs and vastly better judges. But for Mr. Mason's clear-sightedness that scheme would surely have been put through.

Look here, Mr. Mercer, "cocker type" is out of the question. "Gothamite" made untruthful statements about two of our best judges and "slandered" the best cocker dog in America. Mr. Mason, Mr. Watson and little Jersey each have a reputation to lose. Before you can be permitted to discuss dogs we want to know: Did "Gothamite" concoct a scheme whereby the cocker spaniel Doc was to be placed over Jersey? Was it a part of that scheme to push Mr. West to the front to the exclusion of older, more experienced and better judges? Did that scheme provide that misstatements should be made about Mr. Mason because he placed Jersey over Doc, and about Mr. Watson because he did not think well of certain dogs owned by Mr. Mercer? Shall a writer in an entrenched position be permitted to make statements he would not dare to over his own signa-

ture? Did anybody besides "Gothamite" have a hand in that scheme? When these questions have been considered and dismissed, the subject of cocker type can be discussed in a friendly way by those fanciers who are content to state facts.

Mr. Wilmerding wants peace. "Sly Dog" wants peace. Sly dogs as a rule are sly. The writer wants peace, but it must be peace with honor. There can be no honor without justice; so he signs himself yours for justice, OBO.

JANUARY 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cocker spaniel discussion has gotten into a most deplorable condition. Beginning as a discussion of cockers, it is now only a discussion of personalities. It had been hoped that the miserable squabbles between Messrs. Washington and Covert had so surfeited readers that writers would take heed to their ways, but these hopes do not promise fruition.

THE ONLOOKER.

[The foregoing letters indicate a consensus of opinion among spaniel men that "Gothamite" should withdraw his erroneous assertions respecting certain judges. Beyond such a "personal statement" from him, we shall permit no further "personalities," but communications relating to "Cocker Spaniels of 1890" will be welcomed at any time. Our idea of a discussion of this sort is something that will settle for all time the question of proper cocker type, the difference between a small field spaniel and a true cocker.]

DOG CHAT.

AT the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Duquesne Kennel Club, held at the Hotel Schlosser, on Jan. 20, the following gentlemen were selected, and the officials of the club for the next year will be: President, S. L. Boggs; Vice-President, J. O'Hara Denny; Treasurer, W. E. Patrick; Secretary, W. E. Littell. Board of Governors: John Moorhead, Jr., J. H. Lyle, Dr. J. S. Phillips, J. O'Hara Denny, W. E. Littell, John M. Chaplin, and J. O. Horne. Bench Show Committee: J. O. Horne, J. O'Hara Denny, W. E. Littell, John Moorhead, Jr., and F. H. Denny. At the coming dog show, March 11-14, Mr. John Davidson will judge English, Irish and Gordon setters, pointers and greyhounds. Mr. James Mortimer will judge mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, Chesapeake Bay dogs, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, dachshunds, fox-terriers, pugs, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous classes. Mr. Joseph Lewis will judge beagles, foxhounds, bloodhounds, Bassett hounds, King Charles, Blenheim, ruby, Prince Charles and Irish water spaniels. The list of specials that will be offered at their show is particularly large, but want of space will not permit of our publishing it in full. Among the principal ones are kennel prizes of \$20 for mastiffs, St. Bernards, both breeds, collies, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, foxhounds, pugs, beagles, fox-terriers, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, cocker spaniels and deerhounds. Nearly every breed gets a cash special of \$5 to \$10, and the specialty clubs are liberally represented. Doubtless this list will be materially increased before the show, so that the coming exhibition will have quite an old-time flavor about it in this respect at least. This club has adopted something new in their letter head. This is a small circle with the Duquesne Kennel Club, Pittsburgh, March 11 to 14, in the middle, and radiating from the outer edge of the circle are twenty lines on which are printed the number of hours distant from Pittsburgh of twenty of the principal cities that have kennel clubs and are principal kennel centers.

Messrs. W. J. and Frank P. Comstock and Edward Bicknell have joined forces, and claimed the name of Narragansett Kennels for their kennel of Irish and black and tan terriers, schipperkes and Japanese spaniels. Mr. Comstock writes us that the black and tan terrier Louie, recently imported, whelped a nice litter Jan. 17, by Jasper (Sir Edward II.—Lloyd's Rose).

It strikes one as peculiar that the Newfoundland does not receive more attention at the hands of breeders and exhibitors in this country. Besides being one of the handsomest breeds, they are noted for their docility and the many occasions in which they have displayed their intelligence and bravery in rescuing people from a watery grave. Only last Wednesday we read of a child ten years old, living at Berlin, who, while trying to lift a pail of water from the mill pond, overbalanced herself and fell into deep water. The family dog, a Newfoundland, heard her screams as she rose to the surface the second time, and jumping in, succeeded in catching her by the hand and so swimming with her to shore, where, dragging her half way out of the water, his bark for help was quickly answered and the child was saved. Many stories of a like description could be told of this noble animal. That he is appreciated in England is proved by the large classes one sees at the different shows. While many are casting around for new breeds to boom, why not try and raise some of the older and more deserving to their proper position.

Spratts Co.'s imported "bench raiser," M. Murphy, has evidently impressed the good people of the South, for we find him dubbed Captain in one of the New Orleans papers, where he seems to have pleased both chicken and dog men with the benching arrangements.

The greyhound Volunteer, owned by Mr. H. P. Thompson, of Toronto, Can., died last week from a ruptured stomach. He had won several prizes.

A noted great Dane in Canada, Mr. Roedler's Lord, imported from Germany and considered the best dog of the breed in Canada, was poisoned recently. His record was: 1st, London, 1888; 1st, London, Toronto, and vhc., New York, 1889; and second to Melac at Toronto, 1890. Death has been busy among the best dogs in Canada, for we have also the news of the death of the noted black cocker Sensation, owned by Mr. J. W. Bunting, of Toronto. She was literally a sensation, for though of unknown pedigree, under Mr. Bell's careful handling she swept the decks at the New York show of 1889. Though she has gone off considerably the last year or so she has still done a good deal of winning. She died in parturition.

The Hamilton Kennel Club was to have another members' show last Monday for terriers. Mr. Geo. Bell was to be the judge. We hear that the Canadian division will come down in full force at the W. K. C. show, bringing with them a large entry of dogs, of course the majority of which will be spaniels. We trust that when they get together the pipe of peace will circulate and the proper type of "cockers of 1891" will be the only topic discussed.

One of those provoking slips of the pen made us state last week that Sir Bedivere would arrive on the 24th instead of sail on that date. It was all the more provoking in that it caused two well-known St. Bernard men to take profitless journeys to Boston to see the crack. There is some little consolation to be drawn from it however. Two other kennel papers had it right, so it only proves that the dog men look to FOREST AND STREAM for their news. We promise these gentlemen therefore to square matters at New York when we meet. Sir Bedivere's latest price is \$12,500—Next.

An auction sale of dogs in the show was to take place at

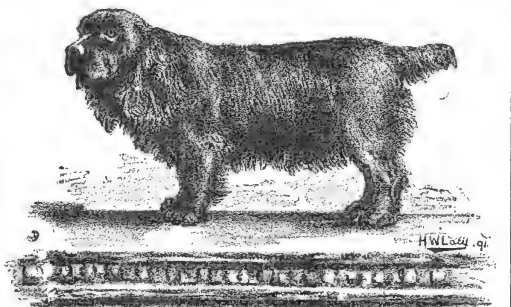
New Orleans on Saturday evening last, and no doubt a good many of the northern dogs will change hands, especially in the terrier section.

There is trouble in the round-headed bull and terrier camp at Boston, and dire threats are made by one disappointed exhibitor of keeping his dogs at home this year. It is needless to say that he did not win last year. Though these dogs are as identical to Boston as it's baked beans, it would be no great loss were the classes done away with. There is precious little satisfaction in either judging them or showing them, for no one seems to know on what lines they are to be judged.

Mr. Purbeck is practical, he denies the rumor that he paid \$3,000 for the greyhound Gem of the Season and adds that he would not pay that sum for any dog on earth, and he's not far wrong.

Mr. Keyes, of the Rideau Kennels, Ottawa, Canada, will accept our thanks for the pleasing photo of his good little cocker bitch Rideau Flossy. We shall publish it as showing the difference in type two acceptably good cockers may be, as type goes at present.

Our illustration this week is the noted black cocker bitch Idea, owned by Mr. Geo. H. Bush, president of the Buffalo Kennel Club. Idea is by King of Obos (Obos II.—Darkie) out of Snow II. (Obos—Snow), and was bred by Mr. Geo. Bell,



of Toronto, Can. Her winnings are: 2d, open, 1st, novice and puppy classes, Toronto, 1890; 1st, open, puppy and novice classes, at Ottawa, 1890; 1st Charleston and 2d New Orleans (to Bessie W.), 1891. These are the only times she has been shown. While she has her faults, she is still one of the best of the "Cockers of 1890."

Mr. B. F. Wilson has the sympathy of his fellow breeders in the loss of that grand sire of field dogs, the English setter Count Noble. This noted dog died at Seavickley, Pa., last Wednesday morning. The dog was taken sick immediately after eating his dinner and, despite all the doctor could do, death claimed him. Count Noble was imported by Mr. D. C. Sanborn, of Michigan, since whose death he has been in the possession of Mr. Wilson. He was whelped in August, 1879. Sired by the noted Count Wind'em, and claiming as his dam the well-known Nora, his pedigree was of the bluest. It was on the field and as a sire of field trial winners that this dog must be ever remembered. In 1880 he won the National Derby. In the Brace Stakes with Nellie he won second prize. In the Pennsylvania Trials' All-Aged Stake he divided first money, and was third in the Fairmont, Minn., Trials. A few only of the noted dogs he has sired can be mentioned here, among them recur to us such names as Gath, Roderigo, San Roy, Prince Noble, Jr., Roger, Bohemian Girl, Katie Noble and King Noble. Following so soon after the death of Gladstone, the English setter breeders have indeed sustained a loss, though in the natural order of things he had almost lived beyond his powers.

Mr. Jarrett, manager of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, arrived home last week, bringing with him from England five dogs. Instead of bringing Christopher he chose a youngster by Edgbaston Fox out of Purity that is said to be a hard nut to crack. Roslyn Sensation also returned with him. The noted field trial Irish setter Tearaway, for Mr. Geo. H. Covert, of Chicago, also came in the same vessel.

A meeting of the advisory committee of the A. K. C. will be held this evening (Wednesday), when several important charges against different members of dogdom will be investigated.

We hear that those stars of the fox-terrier world, Venio and Vesuvienne, are now at the kennels of Mr. John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass. If this is the case, competition in fox-terrier classes will be lively this spring.

The W. K. C. has opened its office at 44 Broadway for receiving entries and transacting business connected with the coming show.

At the auction sale of dogs at New Orleans, buyers were few. Fred Kirby was the auctioneer. Bull-terrier White Stubbs brought \$150 and Warwick, Jr., ran up to \$1,600, as it is said, but was withdrawn. The highest bid for the English setter Dimple was \$1,000—rejected. Another sale was to be held on Sunday evening.

The newly formed Whippet Racing Club, whose existence has been brought about through the exertions of the editor of *Canine World*, will hold its first meeting next month. A 200yds. handicap will be run with \$500 added money. This ought to draw the best dogs in the world, and such prizes at meetings properly conducted, will soon place whippet racing among general sports to be indulged in by high and low, as they may desire.

To show what an extensive affair Mr. Cruft's coming great terrier show is to be, we may mention that there are 477 classes provided for already. Strange as it may seem, bull-terriers, in the schedule, had only one class for dogs and bitches; this has been attended to by request.

It is very likely that some wire-haired beagles will be seen at Boston. A certain beagle man proposes to import some, if they can be secured.

Mr. W. L. Washington, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has made another valuable addition to his kennel of Irish setters by the purchase of the beautiful champion Irish setter bitch Molly Bawn (5841), who for years was the undefeated champion of the American benches. She was bought at the New Orleans bench show (exclusive mention of the purchase through Mr. Peck was made in our last issue), and has been bred to Mr. Washington's Kildare, who has now won his way into the challenge class under five different judges. Molly Bawn is six years old. She was sired by champion Glencho out of Biddy, and is well known to all lovers of sporting dogs. She has a record that had never been equalled up to the time it was made. Her principal winnings are too well known to need repeating here. Molly Bawn is also a thoroughly broken field dog. With the addition of Molly

Bawn Mr. Washington will be able to bench four entries in the challenge classes at the New York show.

Mr. Littlefield, proprietor of the Lake View Kennels, writes: "Your kennel department far surpasses any other paper in this country. But as an advertising medium I derive the most profit. It reaches a class of readers that I have tried through other papers to find—those that appreciate a good article and are willing to pay for it." We do not solicit encomiums of this sort, but when they are received spontaneously and with a request for further advertising space, they are always gratifying and prove that our claims are just.

We learn that the special prize list of the Washington City Kennel Club's coming show in March is increasing rapidly, the latest additions being a cup for the best fox-terrier in open or puppy classes, and a cup, value \$30, which will probably be given as a kennel prize for St. Bernards.

They draw things pretty fine sometimes in English courts. A well known coursing man recently answered a summons before a London police court for not having his greyhounds muzzled in the street. He claimed exemption from the muzzling order, under a clause that said greyhounds and deerhounds, among other sporting dogs, were exempt from wearing muzzles when being exercised and in charge of a competent person. The judge held that taking the dogs along a public street, though led by a chain, to their exercising ground, was not part of the exercising. That commenced when the fields are reached, and that the dogs must be muzzled till they got to the fields. The defendant contended that according to "Stonehenge" and other authorities, walking along the roads was part of greyhound exercising. The question was purely a technical one, and the defendant was fined 2 cents and 50 cents costs. This decision, if adhered to, will affect packs of hounds such as the Queen's when they go out to exercise.

The American Spaniel Club will appoint a competent person to look after the club members' entries at the New York show, and if this supervision proves successful it will be continued at subsequent large shows.

Our attention has been called to a pamphlet issued by Dr. W. W. Bradley, who has a grievance against the Associated Fanciers. In it he sets forth under oath before a notary public in North Dakota, that last August, having received special list No. 12 of the Associated Fanciers, he purchased two dogs from them, Dom, an English mastiff, and a certain St. Bernard. He sent the company \$100 with the request that the dogs be kept till Sept. 10. They agreed to these terms and accepted the money, stating that Dom weighed then about 143lbs., though in the list he is quoted at 150lbs., and that the dog would win in a second class show. He wrote the company to express the dogs to Ransomville, N. Y., where he then was, on Sept. 10. He waited there till the 14th, but no dog arrived nor did he hear from the Association. He then wrote them to express the dogs to Buffalo on the 17th. He arrived there on the 18th, but no dogs had come. He then wired them: "When and where can I find my dogs?" He says that repeated messages were sent asking for an answer. It was not till the following Saturday that he managed to get an answer by telephone, that they had not answered the telegrams because they supposed he would receive their letter, explaining that the St. Bernard got away while being taken to the depot, but that they would ship Dom, the mastiff, that night at 7 o'clock. On the Monday he again wired to both their office and kennels, and found that no dog had been shipped to him. Not hearing anything further, he then left for his home, Milnor, N. D. On the 29th the Associated Fanciers wrote him, "No doubt you consider the Associated Fanciers the greatest frauds on earth, and I do not blame you. Here is what I am willing to do—to send you the mastiff and the St. Bernard, if he turns up. If he does not turn up, we will ship another and a better one; also to pay all your expenses, if reasonable, or to refund you your money if so desired and pay your expenses." Mr. Bradley then wrote them demanding payment of the \$100 and \$15 expenses, at the same time forbidding them to send any dog, as they had not filled their contract. He says that in defiance of this they expressed to him on Oct. 27 a mastiff (?) in good flesh that weighed 101lbs. He refused to accept it, as it was not the dog he had bought. He has not received any part of the money he sent the company, nor anything on account of expenses. This is sworn to before Chas. E. Wolfe, Notary Public of Sargent county, N. D. Two other men swear before the same notary that they weighed the dog and found it to be 101lbs. and in good flesh. This is Dr. Bradley's sworn statement of the affair, and as these pamphlets are being scattered broadcast, it behooves the Associated Fanciers to state their side of the case, as the above certainly demands it. We have received several letters on the subject from people inclosing affidavits as to Dr. Bradley's good standing and character.

Mr. Mortimer writes us that the following specials have been offered for the W. K. C. show in February: Besides the Gordon Setter Club's specials, which have already been published in these columns, Mr. Rowland P. Keasby, of New York, offers \$10 for the best field spaniel brood bitch, to be shown with two of her get, the get only to be judged, and open only to members of the Spaniel Club. Also the American Spaniel Club sweepstakes of 1891, for field spaniels whelped in 1890, will be decided. Entry fee \$3 each, with \$10 added by the club, to be divided as follows: Forty per cent. to winner, thirty per cent. to breeder of winner, twenty per cent. to second, ten per cent. to third, open to members only. Entries close Feb. 9. Also a sweepstakes for cocker spaniels, with the same conditions. All entries to above stakes to be also entered in their respective classes at their show. Entries to be made with the secretary of the American Spaniel Club, Geo. H. Whitehead, 441 Chestnut avenue, Trenton, N. J. N. Rowe offers the American Field English Setter Cup, value \$100, for the best English setter in the show. We are asked to correct an error which appears in their premium list concerning the old English Mastiff Club's Forty Guinea Cup. The latter is offered by the old English Mastiff Club, and not the American Mastiff Club, and is for competition among the members of the former club. There will also be a class for great Dane puppies under 18 months old and another for bull-terriers under 20lbs. weight. The management will gladly divide any class by sex where five entries of either sex are received. Mr. Daniel Downey, of Boston, offers \$10 for the best Yorkshire terrier, bred in America.

We have not space to spare for the publication of Mr. Watson's letter to the *Fanciers' Gazette*; suffice it to say that in heaping his mountain on their mole hill he has left nothing of them in sight to swear by.

Mr. R. F. Mayhew has the satisfaction of having got two kennel papers into a legal snarl owing to his remarks about Mr. Krehl, of the *Stock-Keeper*. This gentleman has brought suit in the High Court of Justice in England against the *Fanciers' Gazette* for the publication of Mr. Mayhew's letter. In the issue to hand of *Fanciers' Gazette* they make an ample apology in the following terms: "We consider, on a re-perusal of the letter, that it contains an attack on Mr. Krehl's character which should not have been made. We desire, therefore, to repeat the expression of our deep regret to Mr. Krehl that the *Fanciers' Gazette*

has been made the vehicle for such an attack on him, and in the frankest manner possible to apologize for the pain caused to him by the publication of the letter in question." The position of the *Fanciers' Gazette* strikes one as very like the cat in the monkey and chestnut episode.

"Nutteracker," in the English *Stock-Keeper*, has been warned by that paper to attend strictly to American news and leave personalities and a discussion of our poor judges alone for the present. By the way, why don't "Nutteracker" rechristen himself "Phonograph?"

Just as we go to press we have received the premium list of the Maryland Kennel Club's show, March 3 to 5. The prizes in the principal breeds are liberal, \$10 for each sex in challenge classes and \$15, \$10 and \$5 in many of the open classes. With the growing interest in terriers and toy spaniels, we think that bench show committees might help them along by making the prizes in these classes somewhat larger. The entries close Feb. 18 with Mr. W. Stewart Diffeffer, 220 North Charles street, Baltimore, Md. We have also received a number of premium lists and blanks, which can be had on application. Judges will be announced later.

America will claim another crack King Charles spaniel shortly. This is Ben Lomond II., a grandson of champion Bend'or.

Mr. F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Iowa, in sending us an advertisement says that he has added a number of new bitches to his kennels, and expects to handle dogs quite extensively. He also adds: "I congratulate you on your improvement in your kennel columns." Thanks.

We are always pleased to see extracts from *FOREST AND STREAM* published in other papers when due credit is given, as such straws show which way the wind blows, and where our contemporaries look for the latest news in kennel circles. We are sorry to find our esteemed contemporary, the *Philadelphia Item*, so regardless of the ethics of journalism as to clip biddie, for instance, our Indiana Field Trial report and Mr. Brailford's letter on the late field trials. Such practices are misleading to say the least, and below the dignity of such an enterprising paper as the *Item*.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

When Addison K. Strong cruelly shot and mutilated my handsome pointer Troy and Recorder Darwin acquitted him of the charge of "cruelty to animals," following Strong's testimony that he had loaded the gun with fine shot to "tickle" the dog up with no intention to kill, and the affair had been reported in your columns (March 6, 1890) Mr. Wade, of Hulton, Pa., took the matter up. He stated that he failed "to see where the judicial officer was so stupid," and on the face of the returns Addison K. Strong had his "respects and congratulations," and he wished he would become doggy (March 20). In last week's issue Mr. Wade condemns in rather strong terms an officer of Sheffield, Ala., who in plain pursuit of his duty as a public guardian killed a mastiff (a breed that Mr. Wade has said scares both human beings and horses) that, vagrant-like, was roaming the common in that town. Hadn't Mr. Wade better use a little of that cool deliberation that he advised in such cases? And as for putting one's self in another's place I can plainly imagine what he does in a case where he is entirely wrong. Wrong from the fact that the only blameworthy person in this case is the one who had the dog in charge and neglected to observe the ordinance which, however unwise it looks to us, may have become a necessity in a Southern community. I can truly sympathize with the sadly affected Helen Keller, as my pointer was the companion of a little one, who when the poor dog lay riddled with shot and his ear blown off, said of the aggressor: "He was a mean, mean man, for Troy was a good dog." W. H. MURPHY.

OGDENSBURG, Jan. 26.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S MEET.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The regular annual meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at East Wakefield, N. H., commencing Feb. 9 and continuing for a week or ten days. At the beginning of the meet the annual election of officers will take place and regular business of the club be transacted, after which daily hunts will be the order. As the snow is deep it would be well for visitors to provide themselves with snowshoes; and as good fishing through the ice is convenient those liking that sport might put their fishing gear in their outfit. Arrangements have been made to accommodate all comers at two taverns close to the railway station, and board will be \$1 a day. Mr. Samuel Kershaw, the hotel proprietor, will look out for hunters on their arrival.

East Wakefield is on the Conway division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and can be reached from Boston by either the Lowell, Nashua and Rochester, changing cars at the latter place, or the Boston & Maine and Conway division. From western Massachusetts the best way to go would be to take the Worcester, Nashua & Rochester, changing at Rochester. The Maine members would find it most convenient to take the Portland & Rochester, changing at Rochester.

East Wakefield is in the foothills of the White Mountains and a noted place for foxes. One hunter killed ten in a week there last October. All members of the club are urgently requested to be present on Feb. 9; and any fox hunter in good standing from any part of the country will be given a hearty welcome. A. C. HEFFENER, Vice-Pres. B. F. C.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Jan. 21.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

HERE is a lesson that all writers on canine matters would do well to profit by. No writer in that field stands as high as "Ashmont," not only on medical matters, but in every department of canine affairs. "Ashmont" shuns controversial writings on any point, never doing any unless driven to it, and then confining himself to the defensive. This may seem a summary relegation of other writers than "Ashmont" to secondary positions, but is not the statement strictly correct?

Mr. Mason and Mr. Watson are totally at fault in their ethics as to the wrong of Mr. Mercer setting forth one view over his own name and another over the name of "Gothamite" (presuming for illustration's sake the fact is so). An anonymous writer has no standing as to facts; no reader is supposed to attach any weight to anonymous statements of any kind whatever. It would be ridiculous to hold any other view. This is shown by the occasional incident of an editor indorsing the personal character and knowledge of an anonymous writer as a statement as to fact is made. So supposing Mr. Mercer has stated opposing views in a dual capacity, where is the moral wrong? If he stated aught as within his knowledge, as a fact he was testifying to, and that statement was not his own belief, he was wrong, and on this point I am not prepared to speak, but if his statements were general or inferential it is ridiculous to attach obliquity to him for it. Not only is this true in morals and ethics, but it is abundantly supported by precedent. Nothing is more common for a writer who wishes to arouse active interest in a subject than his engaging writers to oppose his views in print, thereby keeping up an interest in

the subject that would otherwise die out. I knew of one of the most distinguished dog lovers in England, a man far above even the suspicion of double dealing, who engaged and paid a writer to oppose his arguments, simply to arouse interest in his efforts to revive a practically extinct breed. I furnish the editor with the names and perhaps he will kindly indorse my statements. [Our correspondent's statement is correct.] I am the most surprised and pained at noting Mr. Watson's taking this position, for surely an overhauling of the "Porcupine" writings will develop just what he hypocritically blames Mr. Mercer for.

The receipt of the Westminster Kennel Club's premium list has reminded me of a forgotten duty. Gentlemen all, lift your hats to Mr. J. Otto Donner, president of the W. K. C., and to Mr. W. H. Child, delegate of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. The retirement of two such men from active participation in kennel affairs was the most discouraging cloud in our skies, and their return promises better things to come. The miserable, degrading, petty squabbles over grievances, the making of kennel interests mere vehicles for the gratification of petty personal spite, and conversion of a ruling body in kennel affairs into a mere instrument for personal gratifications could never have happened with such men as Messrs. Donner and Child active in kennel matters. What a gratification to such men as Messrs. Moore, Sears, Perry, Fay, Smith, Porter, Hemingway, Hearn, Thompson, Huntington, etc., etc., this bow in the clouds must be? What a "National Kennel Club" a confederacy of the New England, Westminster, Philadelphia and Mascoutah kennel clubs would make? THE ONLOOKER.

EASTERN COURSING CLUB'S MEET.

THE second annual running meeting of the Eastern Coursing Club was brought off on the 20th of January, and may be regarded as marking the beginning of real coursing in the East. The club decided in December last to hold its annual meeting in January, and a committee which was appointed at that time immediately began preparations which culminated in an enjoyable meeting of representative Eastern coursing men, and in the prettiest coursing that has been seen east of the Missouri.

The ground selected for the coursing has plenty of cover for the hares, and having been given perfect liberty and sufficient time to become accustomed to their surroundings, it was only needful that there should have been a larger number of hares to have made a delightful day's sport. The difficulty in finding the hares, added to the hardness of the ground, made it impossible to conclude the running, and after going through the card once, the stake was divided among the six dogs remaining in. It is a pleasure to record that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was not represented at the meeting. The case would certainly have gone very hard with them had they sought to interfere, for the coursing was done in the open country, and the hares proved quite able to take care of themselves.

One interested spectator, who had never before witnessed any coursing, said, that after thinking it all over he could not understand why the S. P. C. A. should interfere to prevent coursing, in which the greyhounds, running by sight only, either catch their game quickly and kill it instantaneously or let it go free to a safe retreat, and at the same time make no objection to the hunting of hares with packs of beagles, in which the element of cruelty is so much more apparent.

It is thought by many that the society would not have interfered with coursing last year had it not been for the meddlesome activity of a member of the society from New Jersey, who invaded Long Island soil with the avowed purpose of putting a stop to coursing at any cost. His success was not very gratifying, for at the close of the season he went home with the verdicts of three Long Island juries, which declared that there was no cruelty in the sport. The fact that the Jerseyman referred to is supposed to be at present very busily engaged in "doggy" matters of far more personal interest to himself than coursing may possibly account for the absence of the S. P. C. A.

The dogs entered for this meeting were of much higher class than those that ran last year, running dogs having taken the place of dogs only fit for the bench show. Dr. M. H. Cryer, of Philadelphia, a true sportsman, who was brought up near the classic Waterloo ground, judged the meeting and gave perfect satisfaction to all.

Mr. J. Black's imported bitch Dolly Dollar did not have a chance to show what she might have done under favorable circumstances. She was slipped with Mr. R. Lambert's Sweep, but the slips breaking, the dogs were picked up after running strapped together for a short distance, and being started a second time ran a fluky trial which could hardly have been satisfactory to either owner. Grace Briant had the foot of Waverly, and in the early part of a course of moderate length, scored a number of points which the fawn had not had time to wipe off when he turned the hare to the bitch to kill. Mr. A. L. Page's handsome black dog Charles Davis acquitted herself creditably, and very decisively beat Mr. Growtage's Zoe in a long and interesting course in which the hare outran both dogs and went to cover.

Thanks are due to the owner and to the tenants for their kindness in permitting the coursing to take place over the estate. If a few men would combine and purchase this estate, and stock it with hares, they would not only place coursing upon a firm basis but would have an excellent investment. Let some wealthy patron of coursing now come forward and the success of the sport will be assured beyond a doubt.

SUMMARY.

American Field Club Stake, for all ages, at \$10 each, National Greyhound Club rules, 13 subscribers:	
Mr. J. H. Watson's f. b. Dry- beat	Mr. W. Schumacher's red dog Colonel (absent).
Mr. M. Murphy's w. bk. b. Lucy Dashwood beat	Mr. N. Q. Pope's (absent).
Mr. R. Beard's w. d. Romp beat	Mr. N. Q. Pope's (absent).
Mr. A. L. Page's bk. d. Charles Davis beat	Mr. W. B. Growtage's r. b. Zoe.
Mr. F. Hemming n's (Mr. Black's) r. b. Dolly Dollar beat	Mr. E. Lambert's bk. w. d. Sweep.
Mr. F. Hemming n's (Mr. J. Black's) h. k. b. Grace Briant beat	Mr. E. C. M. Fitzgerald's f. d. Waverly.
Mr. C. Reinhard's bk. b. Cheerful State divided.	Girl a bye, dr. l.

J. H. W.

THE O. E. M. C. CUP.—New York, Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At the Westminster Kennel Club's fifteenth annual bench show, to be held in New York, Feb. 24 to 27, and at the third annual dog show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, to be held at Chicago, April 8 to 11, the Old English Mastiff Club's forty guinea challenge cup, for the best in all mastiff classes, will be competed for. This competition is restricted to members of the Old English Mastiff Club, entry fee \$10, one-half of which goes to the winner. Entries for the Westminster Kennel Club Show, to be made before Feb. 15 with R. H. Derby, 9 W. 35th street, New York city; for the Mascoutah Kennel Club Show, before March 15 with R. P. H. Durkee, Tacoma Building, Chicago, Ill. For the committee, R. P. H. DURKEE, R. H. DERBY, F. T. UNDERHILL.

DEATH BY DISTEMPER AT LEXINGTON.—Charlottesville, Va., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Mr. Dexter has lost another valuable pointer from distemper, Moonshine, litter sister to Rip Rap. Ought it not to be compulsory for handlers attending field trials to report any suspicious cases of sickness among their dogs to the field trial authorities?—C. E. McMurdo.

NEW ORLEANS DOG SHOW.

THIS show opened Jan. 21 and continued till the Sunday night following. There were in all about the same number of dogs benched as at Charleston. Many of the winners, in fact the majority, were the same that won in that city. Several of the decisions were upset, though, notably the placing of Bessie W., the cocker spaniel, over her kennel mate Idea, and Blanton Trap the fox-terrier, over Suffolk Risk; but then if judges were all of one mind, where would be the fun of exhibiting. It is this delightful uncertainty that creates the charm—to the winners. The attendance was good, and the people of New Orleans seemed to take great interest in the fine collection of dogs present. The bloodhound Jack the Ripper was an object of great interest, and especially as he secured the special for best dog in the show.

The appearance of Mr. J. M. Avent with his noted field trial setters and American foxhounds, served to increase the quality in those classes. The catalogue was hardly so well arranged as it might have been. The benching and feeding in the hands of Spratts Co. was well done, and the Sanitas disinfectant kept the building free from offensive odors. Messrs. John Davidson and J. M. Tracy did the judging. The list of winners is as follows:

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. O. V. Steinwer's Tiger (only entry). Bitches: 1st, C. Huber's Nellie (only entry). Puppies: 1st, C. Huber's Nellie (only entry).

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Kemble's Warwick, Jr.; 2d, M. G. W. Scott, Jr.'s, Major S. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. G. W. Sentell, Jr.'s, Major S.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Brinley Silvester's Norail GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Master, Rich. Bitch: Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Miss Rose.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Troubador; 2d, Woodhaven Kennels' Balkis II. Bitches: 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Spinaway; 2d, Rookwood-Landseer Kennels' Clipsetta.

POINTERS.—OPEN—OVER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. Hennessy's Bowshaff. Very high com., Omer Villere's Crockett. —OVER 50LBS.—Bitches: 1st, Mountain City Kennels' Rosa May; 2d, Anthony Vajtas's Lady Kate; 3d, J. W. Kemble's Jess. —GRANDS.—UNDER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Hyland's Pommer's See. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, B. M. Stephenson's Tribulation; 2d, F. F. Myles's Weston (only entry). —UNDER 50LBS.—Bitches: 1st, J. Hennessy's Thilma; 2d, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic. Very high com., B. M. Stephenson's Tennessee Sue.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. M. Avent's Roderigo; 2d, N. T. Harris's Don Roderigo. Very high com., J. M. Avent's Church. High com., Omer Villere's Robert L. Lee and H. G. Baughman's Hoosier Ben. Com., J. M. Avent's Antonio. Bitches: 1st, J. M. Avent's Miss Thompson; 2d, C. A. Gessen's Yum Yum. Very high com., W. Mayroune's Topsey II. and F. R. Hitchcock's Jennie May. High com., Omer Villere's Queen Ella Noble. Com., H. J. Baughman's Trixie Belton. Puppies: 1st, H. A. Bridge's Tick; 2d, H. J. Baughman's Lufra B.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Geo. H. Covert's Dick Swiveller. Bitches: 1st, W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. L. Washington's Kildare; 2d, Geo. H. Covert's Red River Glench. Very high com., T. H. Price's Merlin. Bitches: 1st, W. L. Washington's Wynnie II.; 2d, J. A. Logan, Jr.'s Jeannette. Very high com., W. W. Kerdall's Leda Glencho. High com., Geo. H. Covert's Tillie Bori and Glidella.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. Bitches: 1st, W. S. Hammett's Rose.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, F. F. Myles's Stubble; 2d, J. Hennessy's Romulus. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Blossom; 2d, Jos. S. Gaus's Viola.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. M. Avent's Foxes Rock and Rob. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. M. Avent's Flora and Nellie.

SPANIELS.—FIELD—1st, B. F. Lewis's Black Diamond.—COCKERS.—BLACK—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Geo. Douglas's Black Dick; 2d, 1st, Geo. H. Bush's Novel.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. Barnes' Banjo. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Geo. H. Bush's Bessie W. and Idea. Very high com., W. Barnes' Hazel Obi.—ANY OTHER COLOR—Dogs: 1st, W. Barnes' Red Doc. Bitches: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Beauty.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. D. Hayes's Bonnie Brae.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. Bitches: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Mischief; 2d, G. W. Sentell, Jr.'s Beulah S.

POODLES.—1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Paris.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Gilt.

BULL TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' White Stubbs. Bitches: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Mez Merrilies; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Dinah.—OTHER THAN WHITE—1st, N. T. Harris' Helen.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. Bennett's Little Duke.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Count. Bitches: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Flossy; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Countess Fay. Puppies: 1st, B. F. Lewis's Baby.

FOX TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dog: Oriole Kennels' Blanton Volunteer. Bitch: Oriole Kennels' Blanton Brilliant.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Oriole Trap; 2d, C. D. Perry's Suffolk Risk. Very high com., Oriole Kennels' Blanton Ransack. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Oriole Kennels' Verdict and Blanton Ethel. Very high com., Oriole Kennels' Beveridge Heate and Blanton Vice. High com., Oriole Kennels' Blanton Marjoram and Dixie Kennel's Marchioness. Com., Dixie Kennel's Hillside R. Puppies: 1st, Dixie Kennels' Hillside Marchioness; 2d, E. W. Kirk's Shot.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' The Senator. Bitches: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' English Lady; 2d, Clara Plittler's Fancy.

SCOTT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—J. H. Naylor's Rosie.—OPEN—Bitches: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Brownie.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Lovett. Bitches: 1st, M. H. York's Lady Countess.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, John Cummins's Dandy.

DANDIE DINMONT.—1st, N. E. Hoff's Border Dandy.

FUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dog: Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Bitch: Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Bromback's Bradford Rowdy; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr. Bitches: 1st, R. T. Harrison's Nellie Bly; 2d, H. T. Coltman's Lady. Very high com., Woodbury Kennels' Daisy K. Puppies: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Lewis & Jarrett's Burnside.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OVER 25LBS.—1st, Mrs. R. V. Ratchford's Jack the Ripper (bloodhound). —UNDER 25LBS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Mauprat (Basset).

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Woodbury Kennels' Tillie. Among the special prizes for dogs were two for the best dogs in the show. The prizes were \$25 for the first and \$10 for second. The judges awarded the first special to Jack the Ripper, the bloodhound, owned by Mrs. R. V. Ratchford, of Jackson, Miss.; second prize to the pug dog Bob Ivy, owned by Dr. M. H. Cryer, of Philadelphia.

SIR BEDIVERE AND ALTON.—Boston, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of the 15th inst., the following appears: "Notwithstanding all this talk about Sir Bedivere, it must be remembered that there is a dog in this country yet undefeated in the best company, and who has not yet met the champion; this is Alton." Thinking the writer of the above had been misinformed, and being under the impression they had met, I took the trouble to look through a file of the *Stock-Keeper* (English) and found that they met at Windsor (St. Bernard Club show), June, 1889, and competed for the 100 guinea challenge cup offered for the best dog in the show. Sir Bedivere won this, beating all rough and smooths, including Watch, Alton and others; he also won the Halsey Trophy, Watch being his nearest rival. I also find that they met at Manchester, March, 1890, and competed for the 25-guinea Deakin challenge cup offered for the best non-sporting dog in the show. At the ring-side were the St. Bernard champion Sir Bedivere, British Monarch, the bulldog champion; Metchley Wonder, the collie, and Alton, Mr. Smith's winner in the open St. Bernard class. Again Sir Bedivere won, thus repeating his victory of the previous year. Metchley Wonder won the reserve.—F. A. BACHELLER.

BULLDOG CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

New members to the Bulldog Club are coming in slowly. Six new members have been added in the past few days. They should come in more rapidly than that. Quite a few are inquiring, and saying that they will join before our charter membership closes Feb. 9, but it is liable to slip their memory, and when Feb. 9 has passed and they find that they have missed the chance to join with us as a charter member for \$10 dues, and they remember that after that date they are required to pay \$15 initiation fee, in addition to the \$10 dues, they will be sorry that they did not come in a week before rather than miss connections by a day.

Remember, \$7.75 is offered at the New York show, in the way of cups, medals and cash. Remember, "members only" of the Bulldog Club compete for cups and medals offered by the club at the New York show, or any other show, so join us at once, and be sure and fill up bulldog entries at New York at the same time. We will issue a special "souvenir" catalogue at New York, giving full particulars of each and every entry of bulldogs owned by the club.

Members' dogs inserted in this "souvenir" will have their full pedigree printed out, and one page allotted to each entry. Entries for this "souvenir" cost nothing, provided you are a member of the B. D. C., as only members' entries will be admitted. Understand, this "souvenir" has nothing to do with the W. K. C.'s catalogue. Entries for the New York show must be made in proper form to Mr. Mortimer, and of course they go into the W. K. C.'s official catalogue. The Bulldog Club's "souvenir" is a private affair of the Bulldog Club, and is for "members only." Don't delay, but join with us, all you who in the slightest way are interested in that good old breed—the bulldog—no matter whether you are an owner or not. We want 50 members by Feb. 9, and 50 bulldogs entered and shown at New York. It is possible and not asking much, so why not?

CHAS. D. CUGLE, Sec'y.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 26.

GORDON SETTER FIELD TRIALS.—New York, Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was considerable discussion at the meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club on the 10th inst. upon the subject of bench shows and field trials, the result being the election of a committee of three to be known as the Bench Show and Field Trials Committee, as published. Part of the duties of the committee will be to confer with the Irish Setter Club, with a view of arriving at some concert of action in arranging for next autumn's field trials, obtaining a judge, grounds, etc. As a meeting of the Irish Setter Club is called for at the New York dog show next month, and subscriptions are being made by Irish setter men for field trial purposes, it is hoped that much practical good may result from this timely agitation of the subject, and that clubs may have formulated some good plan by the time the show is opened. If we all pull together there must be success. Subscriptions from Gordon setter men are promised also for their field trial fund. The Gordon Setter Club's special prizes at Madison Square Garden amount to \$65 in money, making, with those offered by the Westminster Kennel Club, \$280 in cash; in addition to which there is the American Field's silver vase valued at \$100, to be competed for by Gordons owned by members of the Gordon Setter Club six months before the opening of the show, Feb. 24 next. These inducements ought to draw out a large exhibit of Gordons. Let every lover of that beautiful setter send his best animals, and after the show do his best to make the coming Gordon Setter Field Trials a triumph.—MEMBER OF THE GORDON SETTER CLUB.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

English Lady.—The Senator. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch English Lady (Gordon—Bess) to the Senator (Patrick—Pink), Dec. 23.

Belgians.—Mrs. W. J. Comstock's (Providence, R. I.) Irish terrier bitch Ballyrath to his Mars (Benedict—Jerne), Jan. 4.

Katie Connor.—Mrs. W. J. Comstock's (Providence, R. I.) Irish terrier bitch Katie Connor (Benedict—Breda Florence) to his Mars, Nov. 23.

Thistle.—Superbus. C. Wagner's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Thistle (Barry—Lucy) to Wetz & Zerwick's Superbus (champion Phinlinton—Lady Ouslow), Jan. 23.

Nellie Bolton.—Ted Llewellyn. Forest Kennels' (Croton, N. Y.) English setter bitch Nellie Bolton (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton) to W. B. Peet's Ted Llewellyn (champion Druid—Jessie), Jan. 16.

Little Nell.—Dick Swiveller. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Little Nell to his champion Dick Swiveller, Dec. 30.

Gliddie.—Dick Swiveller. G. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Gliddie to his champion Dick Swiveller, Dec. 15.

Stella IV.—Red River Glencho. G. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Stella IV. to his Red River Glencho, Dec. 13.

Jill.—Brant. Dr. Nicol's (Cookstown, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Jill (Doctor—Lucy) to C. M. Nelles's champion Brant (Obo II—Bonita), Jan. 17.

WHEELS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lontie. F. P. Comstock's (Providence, R. I.) black and tan terrier bitch Lontie (champion Beaconsfield—Nelly), Jan. 17, two (one dog), by his Jasper (Sir Edward II—Lloyd's Rose).

Vol. E. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull bitch Vol (Ogracous—Volante), Dec. 15, six (three dogs), by Mr. Dutton's Sheffield Monarch (champion British Monarch—Sheffield Bess); three bitches and one dog since dead.

Biddy Clare. L. N. Hilsendegen's (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Biddy Clare (Eloche, Jr.—Meg), Jan. 14, sixteen (five dogs), by his Dan O'Connell (Sarsfield—Coe F.).

Lalla Rookh. L. N. Hilsendegen's (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Lalla Rookh (Eloche, Jr.—Bessie Glencho), Jan. 18, nine (five dogs), by his Dan O'Connell (Sarsfield—Coe F.).

Kildare Ruby. G. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Kildare Ruby, Jan. 4, ten (five dogs), by his champion Dick Swiveller.

Edgewood Belle. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Edgewood Belle (Prince—Nell), Dec. 17, eight (four dogs), by Fred Hinks's Regent (champion Ambition—Queen of Spain); four dogs since dead.

Venom Queen. E. R. Thompson's (Troy, N. Y.) bull-terrier bitch Venom Queen (Trenton Baron—Venom), Jan. 1, eight (seven dogs), by F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess II.).

White Daisy. R. H. Cannon's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch White Daisy (Bendigo—Rose), Dec. 27, nine (six dogs), by F. F. Dole's Hinks (White Sam—Duchess II.).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Bob Gates, Jr. White and orange English setter dog, whelped July 5, 1889, by Bob Gates out of Flo MacInn, by E. Thurio, Newburyport, Mass.; sold to Geo. W. LaRue, New York.

Blue Ridge Belle. White and orange English setter bitch, whelped July 4, 1889, by Wild Rake out of Miss Nellie G, by Harry Walter, Mineral Point, O., to Geo. W. LaRue, New York.

Swivellerette. Red Irish setter bitch, by G. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to C. M. Acklen, Washington, D. C.

Count Swiveller and Princess Royal. Red Irish setter dog and bitch, by G. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to C. M. Rounds, San Antonio, Tex.

Princess Swiveller and Gen Royal. Red Irish setter bitches, by G. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to Thos. M. McKee, Jeanette, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

C. H., Nanticoke, Pa.—I am the owner of a fine setter pup, six months old. She appears to be stunted in her growth, as there are others of the same litter that are as large again. Please let me know through your columns what I can do for her. She eats well but is very thin. Ans. She probably has worms. Fast the bitch for twenty-four hours, after having administered a dessertspoonful of castor oil, then give half a drachm of area nut in a pill of lard, an hour afterward repeat the pill and if in half an hour or so the worms are not ejected give another spoonful of castor oil. For a week or so after feed soft food, such as soups etc.

M. F. S., Troy, N. Y.—Will you kindly answer the following: 1. What are the symptoms of distemper shown in a St. Bernard puppy 6 months old? 2. What is the proper treatment of such disease in such a dog? 3. My dog has been very loggy for the past week and his bowels have been very loose. He has also lost his appetite. What can be the matter with him? Ans. 1. The symptoms of distemper are: First a dullness and disinclination to exercise, loss of appetite and a watery discharge from the eyes and nose, accompanied by sneezing; then a husky cough and fever, the latter becomes higher, nose hot and dry and inside of eyelids become inflamed. If not attended to the discharges from nose and eyes become so thick that the eyelids are glued together and crusts form round the nostrils, and the breath smells offensive. Unless taken in hand these signs of distemper become accentuated and more than likely complications ensue, resulting in death. 2. Directly symptoms of distemper appear, give the dog a small dose of castor oil, then an eight-grain quinine pill. This will often moderate the fever, if not give the following every two hours and discontinue when the fever goes down. Dose one teaspoonful.

Tr. acouite rad.gtt. xxx
Potass. chloratis.3 i
Ammon. mur.3 ss
Spts. eth. nit.3 i
Aqua3 i

Remove the discharge from nose and eyes by bathing with a solution of borax and water. Keep the dog in warm and well-ventilated quarters and feed on nourishing soft food, such as broths, milk and beef tea, made in your own kitchen. A little raw beef chopped up is often eaten when everything else is rejected. 3. He may have distemper. Anyhow, give him a two-grain quinine pill twice a day, feed no solid food and report result.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range yesterday with a large attendance of riflemen. The conditions were good, with a light 6 to 9 o'clock wind. Good scores were made in most of the matches. Following are to-day's scores, distance 200 yds., Standard American target, re-entries allowed each week:

All-Comers' Rest Match.			
T Warren.	106	M. May.	102
A. H. Ballard.	106	B. Loring.	97
D. C. Lyman.	105	A. N. Mann.	98
W. Peters.	105	I. B. Thomas.	95
All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.			
W. Charles.	81	A. Sharp.	69
S. C. Sydney.	78	T. B. Smith.	69
W. Charles.	83	P. M. Smith.	76
C. M. Howard.	82	A. N. Mann.	76
D. Gray.	78	S. C. Sydney.	75
		G. A. Stevens.	75

NEW YORK PISTOL CLUB, Jan. 24.—The New York Pistol and Revolver Club's weekly meetings at their headquarters, 12 St. Marks place, are always well attended, and this evening was no exception to the rule. The scores: Six shots on the Zettler amateur target, possible 60 points, 40ft. distance: A. Stein, 45cal., 57, H. Orhl, 38cal., 54; B. Walther, 44cal., 54; G. H. Janzer, 38cal., 53; J. Walz, 22cal. pistol, 53; F. Hecking, 38cal., 51; V. B. Daly, 44cal., 51.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB, Jan. 22.—The membership of the New York Rifle Club and the work done by the members on long and short range are increasing slowly but surely, and the club will soon be in a position to give some of the crack organizations in this city and in New England a hard tussle in a team race. At the regular gallery shoot of the club on their range at 12 St. Marks place this evening, 63 entries were made. The result showed that the allotment of handicaps by the executive committee gives the experts and the beginners a very even chance. The 25-ring target reduced for 100ft. distance was used. The handicaps and best scores of each man were: Dr. E. Chaboudon received 7 points; 234; T. J. Dolan, scratch, 238; I. M. Herrington, 1 point; 239; J. Dine, 6 points; 235; V. B. Daly, 7 points; 235; J. Dannefelt, 12 points; 234; T. J. Loyd, 5 points; 233; N. O'Donnell, 8 points; 230; Dr. Cantrell, 15 points; 229; Major Shorkley, 7 points; 222; Mr. Chaplin, 15 points, 220.

EXIT BALLARD.—The Marlin Co., for some time past makers of the Ballard rifle, announce that the making of this rifle is to be discontinued, and that orders for parts will be taken subject to the articles called for being in stock.

CONLIN'S EXPERTS.—The rest rifle match that has been going on at Conlin's gallery, corner of Broadway and Thirty-first street, was ended Jan. 23. It was for five gold badges, distance 100ft., any 22cal. rifle, expert targets used, the three best scores to count, made in ten days' time. To give an idea of how close the shooting was a silver half-time will cover all of the winner's shots. The match was very closely contested; there were 30 entries. The following are the five best that were made, possible 70: G. L. Williams, 68, 68—203 G. E. Jantz, 68, 68—194 J. E. Elliott, 68, 68—193 C. M. Donley, 68, 68—194 J. B. Burr, 68, 68—193

A new match will commence Jan. 28 and end Feb. 7, 7 bullseyes, rest shooting with rifle for elegant gold badge.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Feb. 17-20.—Annual Winter Tournament Davenport (Ia.) Gun Club. Live birds and mammals. Assisted by J. F. Kray, Sec'y. March 24-26.—Detroit Gun Club Tournament, with Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

April 28-30.—New London (or New Haven) Inter-State Association.

May 5-6.—Algona (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John G. Smith, Sec'y.

May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Inter-State Association.

TOURNAMENT DATES.—New York, Jan. 21.—We would like to claim dates in fixtures for the Detroit Gun Club tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers and Dealers' Association, 24th, 25th and 26th of March. Dates for either New London or New Haven tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers and Dealers' Association, 28th, 29th and 30th of April. Dates for Washington, D. C. tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers and Dealers' Association, 19th, 20th, and 21st of May.—STANDARD KEYSTONE TARGET CO., H. A. PENROSE, PRES.

ALGONA, Ill., Jan. 21.—The Algona Gun Club will hold a shooting tournament May 5 and 6, targets and live birds, open to all.—JOHN G. SMITH.

BRE'ER GAWGE AND MR. ELLIOTT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 24.—Once more it has been pretty well demonstrated that there can't any Kansas City airship sail into this place and carry off a great big bird. Bre'er Gawge, of Kansas City, again administered a severe rebuke to one Mr. Elliott, of Kansas City.

Early in the week, as was announced duly, Mr. Elliott arrived in Chicago. He wanted to shoot a match and he wanted to shoot it right away. He didn't wait to wait a minute. He had made no previous announcement of his coming, but he wanted to get a match right off, and if one couldn't be concluded he was going home that evening. This method of procedure was a trifle unique in the eyes of serious men, but it had this advantage: if Mr. Elliott could not get a match inside of 24 hours he could go back to his Kansas City friends and say to them: "You see these men, George and Abe Kleiman, beat me before when I was out of form, but when I am in good shape I can't get on a match with either of them. They're dead scared of me. It's too bad I can't get a decent race to shoot when I want to. But I had to come back without one."

Now that is just what Chicago ought to have done with Jim Elliott. He ought to have let him go back and wait awhile. Abe Kleiman said to me, "I am in a jump to shoot a match with you every time you boys call on me," said Abe. "I don't have to shoot Jim Elliott every time he asks me to. Let him go get a record first, and then send up word about two days ahead of time. I may think of it. The Kleiman family is running itself, and it ain't no regular match box with the lid wide open and a sign 'take one.' I've been in jail for two weeks, over there in a jury room. I don't want to shoot Jim Elliott. I ain't going to—not unless he gets me mad." Abe added the last rather reflectively, and pounded down the wads in the shells he was loading with a suspicious amount of energy. "George shan't shoot him, either," he said a moment later. "George is sick and not fit to shoot. Besides, don't like the principle of this thing. We ain't champions, but we got a right to make the silver cup champion, and a record before we beat 'em any more. Jim shan't beat anybody since we beat him. All he has done was to go down home and go into training and practice all the time. You fellows that talk match ought to know that you are betting against the other man's game. George shan't shoot him, and I won't. Not unless I get mad."

And George said he wouldn't shoot him. But the first thing Abe heard was that George had agreed to shoot Elliott, 100 birds, \$300 a side. Thus, doubling his bet, Mr. Elliott stood a chance to save his original losses. And thus he had to stay over till Friday and had to shoot the match. The matter was not of George Kleiman's making or seeing, but was concluded by friends who backed him and who felt sure he would win.

Three years ago George Kleiman was a physical giant, a man of large frame, robust and heavy. He has had a heart trouble for ever two years, and to-day one who had only seen him then would not know him. He is gaunt, thin and slender-looking. Yesterday he stood in the cold wind looking pinched and blue, and almost as if he were about to be shot. As the race went on, however, it became certain that he would win, his more intimate friends passed among the crowd and whispered, "Boys, be careful and don't pick George up on your shoulders if he wins, for you might hurt him." That is the kind of a man who beat Jim Elliott a little while ago, and beat him again yesterday, who, many of his friends think, can beat him at any station this side of the river Jordan.

So far as could be judged by his looks, Mr. Elliott was in perfect health and condition. It is to be presumed he thought himself in form, or he would not have come up from Kansas City. At any rate, he shot a game and nifty race, and showed himself a shooter all the way through. He stood to win the race, and ought by betting judgment to have had the favor in odds of 5 to 1. But he did not, however, it would be unwise to lay such odds on him, or perhaps even to call it even. His record is gone, as against these two men. They have beaten him three times straight. He is not a champion. His title by virtue of a certain cup he holds is simply a bitter emptiness and significant of nothing but the unworthiness of the prize. His championship is a mere name. On Kansas City records he would not make him equal, even should the Chicago boys adopt the policy of giving him another chance to retrieve his honor, which they will hardly do. But while certain prejudices in favor of George Kleiman, from a respect for his modesty and unpretentiousness, and contrasted with that arrogance of success which led Mr. Elliott to think himself the invincible champion of America, led to the extent of the Chicago boys' beating Abe Kleiman, "Why, on hard birds I outclass you boys 7 or 8 birds in the 100," I won't the less think that no writer, through local or other prejudice, ought to jump on a defeated man. Mr. Elliott has the sympathy of many here. His defeat here are in a way of more value to him than twice as many victories. He is learning something from his defeat, and he is likely to gain more respect had before. He has many qualities to make him a popular man. About three more defeats and he will be a rattling good fellow. There are plenty of people who can't stand too much prosperity, and it's no disgrace to be one of those for a while, if you fall out of it in time. Meanwhile, do not let any innocent think Jim Elliott is not a pigeon shot, for he is. On Kansas City records he is a better shot than George Kleiman, to-morrow, he could not beat Abe Kleiman there. He could beat Charles Budd there, but not in Chicago, on hard winter birds. There is much talk to-day here about who is actually the best pigeon shot of America. Barringer Carver and perhaps Bogardus, it is very probable that, in a series of 100-bird races, enough to properly test the matter, he would show himself a better shooter than the New York shooter for money in the country. This is quite aside from the "championship" business, however.

But about Bre'r Gawge and Mr. Elliott. FOREST AND STREAM and everybody else had been making so much fun of Bre'r Gawge's Prize Machine gun that he grew afraid of it. On Thursday he got hold of a new 12-gauge Greener, belonging to Koll Organ. This gun had never had a shot fired through it. George used it in several little wars and killed a lot of 38 birds. On Thursday he got a new 12-gauge Greener. The latter had begun to shoot open, and George couldn't get the bulges around the muzzle pounded back to suit him. He concluded to shoot the Greener, which fitted him pretty well in the race. Would any other man have gone into such a race with a gun he had shot once before? This alone was a risky business, as events in the match showed clearly. Mr. Elliott, however, his hand was stronger, and he shot the New York used Schultz shells of Abe's loading, 7½ chilled Tatham in the right, soft Chicago 7s in the left.

The attendance at the grounds at Watson's Park, Burnside, was the largest seen for years, and much larger than that brought out by any State tournament. There were about 400 people on hand to see the match, and many more who came to see the fun. Pulling and neighboring work people towns was on hand, and from this occasional cheers were heard when Mr. Elliott missed a bird. The Chicago men did their best to stop this disgusting feature. Next time a half-dollar entrance fee should be charged to cut out this rabble. The race was a gentleman's affair, however, no open betting being tolerated, and all the gentlemen present, and the victor was a gentleman. The victor was a gentleman, and the enemy's territory. No one was up from Kansas City. Considerable money was wagered, and Mr. Elliott had supporters in the crowd to the extent of a good many hundred dollars, among these being several Chicago men.

The day was cold. The birds were good and strong, the great bulk of them being starters of many of them extending far into the day. There is some talk that Elliott was favored by the birds. There always is such foolish talk, and there always will be men who think they can look at a detailed score and figure out just what each man ought to have done. I don't believe in such stuff for a minute. In the score appended the direction of each bird has been given carefully, but no such score can faithfully represent a race, because it can't describe the quality of the work. Two birds may be marked "D," for "driver," but one may be very fast and one very slow, so that the proper credit of the kill is quite lost. The public is wisest which believes that these two men shot at birds on the average practically equal. Brilliant and phenomenal kills were nearly equally distributed. George Kleiman saved two birds here and there, but he lost the bird that he lost two just over. He also lost an incomer, dead just across the line, which he failed to gather through sheer carelessness. Had these three instances been different in the tide of pure luck, not skill, Elliott would have won. Thus may be seen the exciting nature of this match, and its fairness, and its evenness. We must look away from the detailed score, careful and accurate as it is. George Kleiman can win more races than J. A. H. Elliott, because he has the better theory of shooting at the trap. In this race he used his second quicker than he was ever known to before, but he never fired it in the air. Elliott's style is due to make him lose, sooner or later. A model in position and brilliancy, he still has that foolish Eastern "bang-bang" notion too deeply settled in his head. A close observation showed that Elliott lost the effect of his second time in the 100 birds, too deeply where there wasn't any bird. This was on his 9th, 10th, 11th, 16th, 20th, 29th, 53d, 74th and 82d. It is true that of these nine birds his first barrel stopped all but one, but suppose a bird had recovered and gone out, as may well happen? You do not see this "bang-bang" theory in the Kleiman shooting. Used to careful shooting on

Editor Forest and Stream:
It has occurred to me that it would assist the members of the regatta committee in forming their opinions as to what constituted a "general purpose canoe," if some of those interested would send their views either to members of the committee or to be published in the FOREST AND STREAM.
Now is your time to kick, boys! before we put a shoe on you which pinches. If you have a good suggestion please share it with the committee.
[We will be glad to give space to a discussion of this important subject.]
W. G. MACKENDRICK.

PURITAN C. C.

THE following invitation has been sent out by the Puritan Club. We should be surprised if it was a very late hour before the "drill" was "all over." Greeting—Dear Sir: You are cordially invited to be present at the first winter Pipe and Beer Night of the Puritan C. C. at their club house, 821 East Sixth street, City Point, Boston, Mass., on Saturday evening, Jan. 24, 1891. Strictly "Stag." Old clothes. Amusement from 8 P. M. to —. JAMES W. CARTWRIGHT, JR., Secretary.

The following report has since been received:
The sighing of the wind among the bare branches of the tall poplars on the grounds had ceased. The moon threw a soft light over everything, being especially beautiful as one glanced seaward, where with the exception of its bright glaze, it dimly lighted up the bay, so that one could see plainly points at quite a distance.

An old square house on the edge of the bay was brightly lighted, and sounds of merriment could be heard issuing therefrom.
As one drew nearer the sounds assumed a more distinct character, and if, as in the case of the writer, he had "stepped on Jessup's Neck," he recognized the familiar strain "Gib me, Oh gib me, Oh how I wish you would, dat water million growin' on de vine."

It was the first winter "Pipe and Beer Night," of the Puritan C. C. given to its boating friends on Jan. 24.

Upon entering the lower story of the house, the visitor was confronted with the bright glare of numerous lanterns, by the light of which the fleet was to be seen calmly reposing each upon its berth. There were many types of canoes, from the razor-like trim of the hot-bellied Old Calamity, some brand new, and others rusty enough to look like the ancient Mayflower of the 1620 Puritans, which noble ship has been chosen in fac-simile as the totem of the club.

But the busy hum of many voices in the rooms above, forbade a very long sojourn with the fleet. Finding the stairway and the light from lamps, Japanese lanterns, etc. The light was not brilliant on account of the density of the fumes of tobacco rising from many pipes, and the newcomer noticed a couple of sturdy canoeists busily engaged in shoveling the smoke out of the open doorway.

Tables and chairs were conveniently scattered about, and seated at the same or standing in groups conversing, were our confrères in our glorious sport.

The long clay pipes, and glasses of amber tinted beer, threw one back to the times of Van Twiller and Stuyvesant in New Amsterdam; but the language was not Dutch, being good plain English, with plenty of laughter to make the aged broomed rafters of the club-room ring. The voices sank to a low hum, as the sounds of the guitars accompanied the voices of "Happy John" and his companions, colored minstrels procured for the occasion. Their songs etc. were well rendered to the evident enjoyment of the guests, who numbered about sixty.

On the table lay the keg running an almost steady stream, to quench the thirst of the dry canoemen, and a light lunch was prepared for all who desired a fondation.

Each new comer entered he was relieved of overcoat, etc., and then presented to Com. Gilmore, the newly elected head of the Puritan tribe, Vice-Com. Cartwright of the Eastern Division, a member of the club made every one at home and at ease as he circulated among the aquatics assembled.

One by one the lights went out, and the room was soon dark, save that the space occupied erstwhile by a door to the back room of the house, was a brightly lighted blank.

Once more the strains of the "Water million growin' on de vine" sounded forth, and simultaneously a stereoscopic picture of Jessup's Neck with its array of tents, flags and other features, fell upon the screen. One could almost see W. marching around in his shirt-tail at the long line of campers, headed by the "rag" Harbor "water melon" band. More views of the meet were shown including the three K's, Ko-ko, Kraemer, and the Ko-ko-ko, and to the partakers of last year's, came the solemn vow to be present at next year's meet, "if it took a leg."

The third keg was rolled in amid the tumultuous applause of the now patriotic canoeists, and they let the eagle scream with a will.

The evening passed, songs and recitations, and the great and only "razzle-dazzle" dance by "Bob" Webber of the Lawrence C. C. and Secretary Cartwright of the home club.

Slowly the men withdrew in time to take the 1 A. M. horse car to the city and the P. and B. night was ended by their songs as they took their sheets close aboard, and luffed round the corner, some having their painters hitched to safer though slower going craft.

Thus it is that canoeing lasts the year round and between the men springs that bond of good-fellowship so characteristic of our sport.
P. E. N. PUSHER, MDCLXXXIV.

PRIZE FLAGS FOR CANOE RACES.

FOR many years it has been the custom in the American Canoe Association to confine the prizes, other than a few trophy cups, almost exclusively to silk flags, the majority of these being made and presented by members or by ladies interested in the Association, or by the various clubs. Nearly all of these flags are of amateur make, in fact it has been found many among our readers who have in their possession flags made by themselves or their friends. We would be glad to have from some of them directions for the work, describing the proper materials for field and trimming, the mode of cutting and sewing, embroidery, mounting, etc. Some of the old regatta committee men can perhaps tell us just the sizes of flag that are needed for first and second prizes, and if any wish to exercise their artistic taste in preparing designs for the use of those who can make the flags, but have no talent in designing, we will be very glad to publish them. The present is the season for such work, and we hope to hear from many who can give hints and suggestions in the matter.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.—On Jan. 22 a meeting of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division was held at the fencing rooms in New York, Vice-Com. Dorland presiding. Beside the members of the committee several of the ex-officers of the Division were present by invitation of the vice-commodore. A number of matters connected with the Division were discussed, the principal being the regatta. It was decided to hold it from June 25 to July 6, the old ground camp at Chesapeake Creek being the favorite location if it can be obtained. The regatta committee presented a programme of races and an appropriation was made for the expenses of the prizes, etc. At the same time it is desired that canoeists shall furnish prize flags, as in the past, as it is difficult to obtain suitable prizes. The regatta committee was requested to consider the practicability of organizing a Division crew for a war canoe race, such as was proposed by Mr. Barney, the idea being to use one of the war canoes now owned in the Division, appointing a captain of the crew, who would select his crew from members of the Division at the A. C. C. meet. In connection with this scheme it was also proposed that the Atlantic Division should offer a prize banner to be competed for each year by war canoes from each Division, at the same time challenging the other Divisions. The question of increasing the membership and of interesting unattached canoeists within the Division was carefully discussed, and it was decided to prepare a circular to be sent throughout the Division, stating the nature and objects of the A. C. C. and the manner of joining it.

NARRAGANSETT BOAT CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Narragansett B. C., at Southwold, R. I., on Jan. 24, the following officers were elected: Pres., Hiram Kendall; Vice-Pres., John Shepard, Jr.; Sec'y, Chas. E. Hudson; Treas., Chas. W. Rhodes; Capt., Chas. H. Gurney; Lieut., Frank A. Sheldon; Governors, Jas. S. Aborn, A. E. Flint, Jeffrey Davis; Auditor, Frank Bowen. The membership of the club has been one of the largest during the season of 1890; the easy facilities which the cable tramway has offered for reaching the club house bringing a large increase. The burning of the boat house on Dec. 6, 1890, cast a shade of sorrow on the club, as there were a great many valuable prizes in the shape of silver cups, silken banners, etc., which were destroyed that cannot be replaced. However, a large, elegant and substantial club house will be erected in the spring (if the plans that the building committee have accepted are any criterion) that will recompense in some ways for the loss of the old one. With a new boat house and present excellent accommodations for reaching it our next season promises to be most prosperous.—CHAS. E. HUDSON, Sec'y, P. O. Box 1037, Providence, R. I.

IANTHE C. C.—The annual dinner of the Ianthe C. C. was held at Morello's, in New York, on Jan. 24. Com. Lawson, Vice-Com. Dorland, and several other guests were present, in addition to a full attendance from the club.

CRESCENT C. C.—The annual election of the Crescent C. C., of Greenville, N. J., was held on Jan. 14, the following officers being elected: Com., Dr. O. F. Coe; Vice-Com., Edward W. Edgerly; Sec'y, Joseph P. Greaves; Treas., Wm. J. Hillier. The club has been making progress in losing its house and a number of boats by fire, its members are in no way discouraged. Plans for a new house have been accepted and steps taken to begin work as soon as possible.

THE A. C. C. SUPPLEMENT.—The first supplement to *Sail and Paddle*, containing all the A. C. C. news from the regular January number, has been sent out to all A. C. C. members who are not subscribers to the paper. With it is inclosed an application blank with a statement of the nature and extent of the Association, and directions for applying for membership. These supplements will be issued through the year.

A. C. C. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Edward S. Gilmore, Charlestown, Boston; Lander M. Houé, Edwin S. Webster, Boston. Atlantic Division: Otis D. Goodall, Washington, D. C. Central Division: E. W. Delano, Rochester, N. Y.

HARTFORD C. C.—The annual meeting was held Jan. 20 and the following officers elected: Pres., Dr. G. L. Parmelee, Treas., W. B. Davidson; Sec'y, F. B. Lewis; Com., J. D. Parker; Executive Committee, the above officers and E. H. Crowell.

Yachting.

ANOTHER CRUISE IN THE VELMA.

ON July 3, 1890, about 10 P. M., the little cruising cutter Velma* left Lynn for a trip down the coast of Maine for the third consecutive year. The night was clear, with a good moon and a very light air in the harbor. We intended to anchor at Nahant and leave early in the morning, but an old sea was setting in upon Bass Point, and we thought it would be uncomfortable to lay there the first night, so we sailed around Nahant with a breeze of air and laid our course for Cape Ann Lights. The Lynn Y. C. cruised to Essex Rocks and were to be there on July 4. As we drifted by Shag Rocks a sloop came out between them and the shore, carrying a big clubtopsail. We had thought to take things easy through the night and carry lower sail only, but that changed our minds; so we sent up our club also. We had three men and a boy for the crew, but the skipper and boy steered all night, as the others did not feel just right inside. The breeze freshened quite a deal and sent us along well with started sheets; we kept the sloop's sail in sight until nearly daybreak, and when near Thatcher's Island Lights found we had passed her, as we kept off shore and held a better wind.

We passed Cape Ann at 4 A. M., and the sloop led us into Rockport harbor, where we got breakfast. Starting again at 8:30 we went across Ipswich Bay, and entering Essex River dropped anchor at 11 A. M. where the tide ran very strongly. In the afternoon the steam yacht Trio came in with two boats in tow, another came in later, so we had quite a fleet. Next morning we found ourselves a cable's length down stream, the strong tide had broken our anchor, and we had dragged until we got into a weaker current.

We had a clambake and fireworks and enjoyed ourselves well for a couple of days, leaving on Sunday morning at 11:45 in tow of the Trio. She cast us off when over the bar, and we stood across for Portsmouth with a light wind and set spinnaker. After a while we ran into Little Harbor and anchored near the Westworth at nearly 6 P. M. where we found plenty of water at all tides. In the morning we drifted out past the bell buoy at 10 A. M., and started down toward Portland; the wind was very light all day and dropped entirely at 5 P. M.; we were then near Cape Porpoise with the tide about half out, we towed into Cape Porpoise Harbor easily against the tide, although the coast pilot said it ran strong, but after having crossed with the tide ran the other way, and the Kennerly thought it rather a light one. We picked up a mooring which a fisherman showed us and had a nice berth for the night.

We started out in the morning under lower sail close hauled, with a heavy breeze from S.W., made a couple of tacks and shaved close by Old Prince at 7:30, and started sheets and set topsail. The wind came strong and the water rose, but we were hung on to the topsail until the mainmast ringbolt began to draw out. The boat's painter was made fast to it, and the jerk in the heavy following sea started it out, as it was not through a beam as we intended to have it. Securing the ring with a lashing, we took in the topsail and let her drive, passing Cape Elizabeth at 10:45, having made nine nautical miles in one hour and a half, better speed than we thought the little boat capable of.

We passed Portland Head and ran up the channel and around the breakwater at noon, and beat up toward the yacht club and anchored; quite a contrast to the year before, when we were nearly four hours getting in from Portland Head near midnight and in a heavy rain. Wednesday day was a morning and Tuesday we went up to the city and back, Friday one of the crew left for home, and Sunday another left, leaving the skipper and boy alone.

Monday we shipped as mate Mr. H. E. Feineman, who had been with us twice before, and leaving Portland at 3 P. M., with a good south wind, we ran up to Potts Harbor and anchored in the entrance to the Basin at 5 P. M. The wind was strong and we were hung on to the morning, beating out against the tide with a very light air. Coming out of Mericenne Sound we got a heavy wind and sea, made a number of tacks to get by Turnip Ledge, and eased sheets for Cape Small Point. The sea was breaking very heavily on Bald Head Ledge, we went inside and passed Seguin at 8 A. M. the wind and sea were heavy until we passed the Cuckolds and ran into Fisherman's Passage. In Musquogus Bay alone until the rain ceased. We passed a big yawl with topsails aloft bound in toward Booth Bay, then the wind got very light and ahead at times; we went by Egg Rock Beacon and through Davis Straits and anchored at Port Clyde at 4 P. M.

On Wednesday, July 10, we left early with a light wind, and anchored at Green's Landing at 7 P. M. In the morning we went ashore and left the old stove burning, it took to smoking and plastered the fo'castle and part of cabin with soot, so that soap and elbow-grease in abundance were required to clean things, but finally we were snugged up and started out at 2:45 P. M. with very light air, but caught a good breeze in Jericho Bay and went through York Narrows at 6 o'clock, then lost the wind and finally picked up a mooring in Mackerel Cove, Swan's Island, at 7:40 P. M.

In the morning it was blowing fresh, and some fishermen who came in said it was rough in Blue Hill Bay; so we close-reefed the mainsail and set the small jib and beat out around Cranberry Point; and after starting sheets shook out the reefs. We passed Bass Head at 10:50 and beat into Mt. Desert Passage against the tide. We had a succession of calms and nice breezes in Frenchman's Bay and dropped anchor in Bar Harbor at 7:30 P. M. Uncle Sam's war ships were here, and the Eastern Y. C. fleet was at anchor in the Harbor. We started out next day, wind light, then calm, and afterward it began to blow strong and rain heavily; we had got down to the jibs and were close-hauled trying to get out of the bay. At last we hove to under topsail and finding after a while that the storm gave no signs of letting up we headed across to Schoodic Mountain, and running up Winter Harbor rounded the point to the right and dropped anchor in Mosquito Harbor near a small fishing schooner at 4:30 P. M.

Next day we left early with a light wind, which we lost in Frenchman's Bay as usual, and then some time afterward got a nice breeze, and as we passed South-west Harbor some of the East Y. C. fleet came out. Bayader and Sea Fox stood out to sea, but Gitana and Chiquita went by Bass Head into Blue Hill Bay, where we followed them and went through Casco Passage and anchored at Green's Landing at 1 P. M. The skipper went ashore to buy provisions and found the stores closed, when it dawned on him that it was Sunday; so he soon got aboard and started out at 2 P. M. The light was blowing from the East Penobscot Bay, and we close hauled for Widows Island; could just lay our course and drifted along into the Thoroughfare and came to anchor at North Haven at 7 P. M. just astern of Gitana. Soon it rained and then cleared off and was fine in the night.

We started out early next day with a fair wind, which held until near Andrews's Island, then drifted through the Westport channel, passed the Red Buoy at 2 P. M. and stopped at Port Clyde at 12 P. M. We went ashore and stocked up with grub. Leaving at 2 P. M. we went to through Davis Straits with a head wind, and finding we could not lay our course for Eastern Egg Rock, we went

by the Red Buoy on the Keys, and with light winds went near Gangway Rock and Franklin Island Light, and hauled sharp on the wind for New Harbor. We passed close to Crane Island and the North Light, and when we were near the light we saw the wind was falling, we ran down by Cross Island and into Marsh Harbor, where we anchored at 7 P. M. We were well provided with charts and pilots; in the daytime we sailed by the Atlantic Local Coast Pilot, as the coast was described well and we were able to make many harbors that we would not have ventured into without its aid. In thick weather and at night we sailed by Eldredge's Coast Pilot, as we knew that was correct data for the night.

Next morning, with the tide and a breath of air, we went by Pen-aquid through Fisherman's Island Passage and outside of Seguin at noon. We then had a light breeze and passed outside of Half Rock at 2:50 and got to Portland Head at 5 P. M. and anchored in the harbor at 6 o'clock.

Wednesday, July 23, we left Portland in company with a sloop; we beat out around Cape Elizabeth in a heavy wind and sea that worked into a regular smoky sou'wester; we got along well until near Richmond's Island, where we got it very rough. The sea was very sharp and the worst the skipper was ever in, although he had fished all around St. Lawrence Bay from June until October; it broke over us at times, and a sharp one filled the tender. The masts and bowsprit were blown into the after lock, and after oilskins, the skipper yelled "Help," and the mate ran on deck instantly, as he never heard the skipper call for help before. We hauled the tender alongside and managed to save one pair of oars and the spritsail, and were afraid we should have to leave the tender, as she might drag us on the rocks; but the little cutter towed her along the right and the water partly ran out over the stern. So we were able to start sheets, and after a new and the west point of Richmond's Island and into the harbor, where we anchored at 2 P. M., and dried our clothes in the bright sun. We went ashore and crossed the island to the cliffs and watched the heavy seas break over the ledges, thankful that we had passed them as well as we did. We would probably have got along better to have kept further off shore.

We sailed out in the morning with light wind which died away, and then the fog shut in very thick; we drifted around and the fog lifted before noon, and after passing Wood Island we got a good breeze and started sheets a little. We were at Cape Neddick at 5 P. M., and kept on for Portsmouth, but we lost the wind, it was calm for some time, and then the wind started in from the west for the next two days.

Saturday, weather was foggy, and the schooners came running in for a harbor, it was at the time of the cyclone at Lawrence.

Saturday night the clouds broke away, but it was still foggy. It was clear in the morning and we left early in company with the cutter Millicent and a fleet of schooners. The wind was light and ahead, we struck a heavy squally breeze near Friday and the schooner was entirely when past Thatcher's Island at about 2:30 P. M., and we towed into Gloucester in company with Yashti, and anchored just below the Lighthouse wharf at 10:30 P. M. The night was clear and the moon shone brightly. Next morning the mate left on the cars, and the skipper and son started for Lynn. A bright clear day with very little wind until we got to Half-Way Rock, then a fair breeze took us by Nahant and into Portland, and we were at home again.

THE MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.

THIS club, which was located on the Schuylkill River at Norristown, Pa., not far from Philadelphia, has been in existence after four seasons of good racing, on account of internal dissensions. In spite of natural disadvantages from the narrow river and the squally winds, the club has been quite prosperous, a number of races being sailed each year with good entries, the fleet comprising various small craft, such as tuck-ups, duckers and canoes. The usual difficulties of handicapping a mixed fleet of small boats, and the racing was established on a very satisfactory basis in this respect, which makes it all the more to be regretted that good sport has been spoiled by lack of harmony. So far as we are aware, the main source of the troubles lies in the fact that the race committee was composed of men directly interested in the competing boats. While this is sometimes a necessity in small clubs, the active members being a small number, it is very undesirable, and as a result, an exceedingly difficult matter for any one, however fair he may be, to give an impartial opinion in a case in which he is personally interested. We would advise the parties in the present case to adjust their differences if possible and reorganize the club with a race committee composed entirely of non-racing and disinterested men, at the same time overhauling their rules if necessary in order to avoid any unfairness. Such a course will be more satisfactory in the end than to abandon all racing. The following report of the dissolution of the club, which we have been compelled to shorten somewhat, was furnished by the secretary:

The Montgomery Sailing Club was organized in March, 1887, and the racing during the past four years has been very spirited. Canoes, duckers, tuck-ups and hikers raced in one class under handicap rules. Slight changes have been made at the beginning of each racing season; but the allowances have been practically the same throughout the four seasons, although based on different rules at different times. The handicaps for the last two seasons have been based on sail area, the value of sail being computed at 2 seconds per square foot per mile.

At the beginning of the season of 1890 it was decided to hold the best ten races of each boat to count for the championship. The winner of each race received 10 points, the last boat one point, and the others according to the order in which they finished. The summaries of several of the earlier races were published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Everything went smoothly until the first half to windward.

The smaller boats, which were given their time at the start, were hardly away before a very severe storm swept down the river.

Four tuckups and one sharpie (Stranger), 15ft. boats, with cat rigs, 162ft. area, were hovering about the line but very sail set. Some of the captains were of the opinion that the race should be postponed. In an endeavor to have the race postponed. Finally Com. MacAllister, captain of the Stranger, made a signal indicating his decision that it should be a go. The starter displayed his signal and the boats were off like greyhounds. By the time that the leaders had made a couple of tacks heavy black clouds were looming up in the west, and soon the rain poured down in torrents, accompanied by flashes of lightning and piercing flashes of thunder exceeding anything that we have experienced in this locality for many years. The wind increased to a gale, and every one of the boats ran ashore and dropped sail. The storm soon passed over, and was succeeded by a light breeze. What were the racers to do?

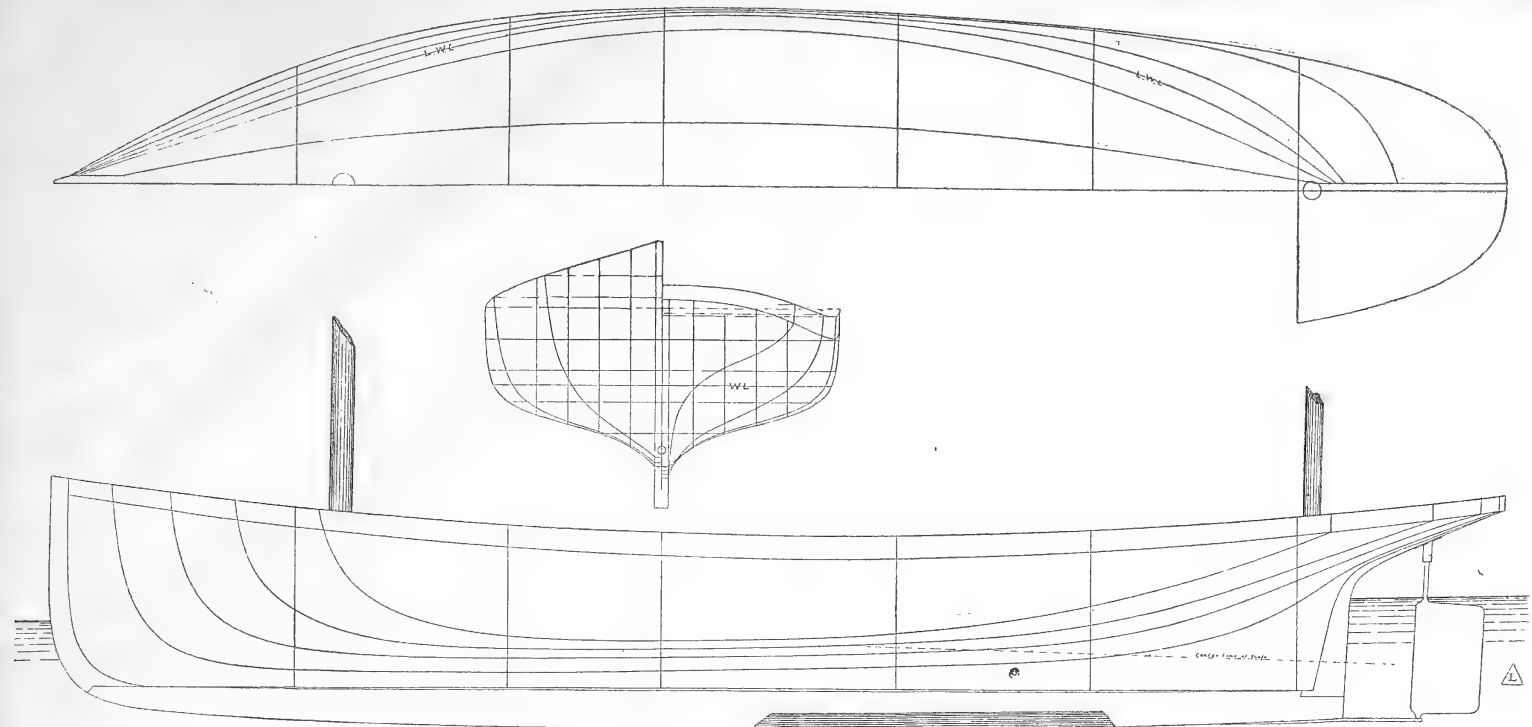
Every boat had been brought to a standstill by stress of weather, and the crews had landed and taken refuge in houses along the shore. There was no agreement among the contestants to

proceed. The commodore, being a contestant in the race and a member of the race committee, did not call the race off. In this dilemma, Captain Ritter, of the tuckup Volunteer, approached the commodore and asked how about the race? The commodore answered, "We will sail it off next time." The Commodore made the signal, and the race was on. Afterward several parties claimed that they thought the race was lost, and that they knew nothing of what the commodore had decided in regard to it. As will be seen later on, the question as to whether the Commodore had the right to say that it would be sailed off, was one of the most important questions the club was ever called upon to decide.

The number of points to the credit of each boat up to this time was as follows: Nellie, 56.93; Stranger, 52.51; Igitious, 49.83; Volunteer, 44.92; J. S. Lever, 33.89; Vesuvius, 25.51. Volunteer had been sailed in three races by her owner, Fred Whitman, and on one occasion she had stopped to pick up the crew of a capsized boat, and thereby lost her position in the race. She did not start in one race, so that she had but six races to her credit, and in one of these races she had won, but one point, while the other leading boats which she had sailed for their credit. Geo. W. Ritter, one of the best sailors in the club, had given up sailing his canoe after the first three races, and had taken the Volunteer for the balance of the season. He had sailed her in the last three races and scored 28.71 points, which was more than any other boat had scored in the same races. It was therefore evident that the Volunteer was in the same straits. The race days had been fixed at the beginning of the season, 13 races and no more, and 10 races to count for the championship.

The race of Aug. 3 had been lost through lack of wind, so that the Volunteer had already lost two races, and had one record of 1 point which she wished to throw away in making up her record for the season. To do this she had to make every race during the balance of the season. The Nellie, Stranger and Igitious had each 7 races to their credit, and could therefore afford to lose two races

*The lines of the Velma, 17ft. l.w.l., were published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 31, 1889, with a cruise; the second cruise being published on March 6, 1890.



AUXILLIARY NAPHTHA LAUNCH FOR CRUISING.

THE AUXILIARY NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

NEARLY a year since, on Feb. 13, 1890, we published the interior plans and description of an auxiliary naphtha launch, the Etcetera, an experiment in the way of naphtha launches that has proved quite a success after two years trial. The accompanying drawings, for which we are indebted to the builders, the Gas Engine & Power Co., of New York, show a newer craft of the same description, now building for an extended cruise from the coast to the Great Lakes. This yacht will be rigged like the Etcetera, with mainsail, jib and mizzen, the model including sufficient keel for sailing purposes. The dimensions are:

Length over all.....	35ft.
L.W.L.....	31ft. 3in.
Beam extreme.....	5ft. 6in.
L.W.L.....	5ft. 1in.
Draft extreme.....	3ft.
Least freeboard.....	1ft. 8 1/2 in.
Sheer bow.....	1ft. 9in.
stern.....	8 1/2 in.

The frame is of oak, the timbers being all steamed and bent, and every care is taken to secure the strength which is so important in a cruising craft. The interior arrangement will be similar to that of the Etcetera, but the cabin will be smaller in proportion to the added length of the boat, giving accommodations for four men; the large open cockpit will be fitted with a tent and awning under which the cooking will be done and where part of the crew will sleep, except in very bad weather. The motive power will be one of the new ten horse-power naphtha engines, placed in the usual position, in the stern, thus leaving the greater part of the boat unencumbered by the engines and boiler. A small lead keel is provided as a steadier. In such a boat a party of three or four can spend the summer in cruising of the most enjoyable sort, finding their way at will by river and canal to almost any part of the country, and cruising in these craft is becoming more popular. The cleanly and compact nature of the fuel, and the ease with which it can be obtained, are great points in its favor.

SENATE BILL 4821.

THE proposal to exclude by legislative action the foreign-built yachts now racing in American waters has thus far met with general condemnation from the yachtsmen of New York; and though Boston has not yet been heard from, her sailors will no doubt oppose the measure as soon as its full import is fully understood. We quote the following from the report of the Commissioner of Navigation for 1890, lately published:

"Yachts of Foreign Build Used in the United States.—Considerable complaint has been circulated by the press and otherwise because foreign-built, but American-owned and chartered yachts fly the American yachting ensign and are freely used in the United States to the exclusion of vessels of American build. The practice granted by Section 4218, Revised Statutes, which allows any yacht to leave a port without a clearance if the foreign nation to which it belongs grants a similar privilege.

"It will be seen that this privilege may easily be abused, and that vessels might be introduced with a view to their remaining in the United States permanently, without payment of duties, something that was obviously not contemplated by the law. The existing legislation upon the subject is vague and complicated, and this office has experienced much difficulty in solving the various riddles presented relating to the matter. The Bureau has not held that these vessels may be retained for use here, and considers that such use would be an offense against the laws. A contrary opinion is expressed by interested parties. The regulations governing yachts state that such vessels, navigating without documents become subject to disabilities. No case involving disputed points has been submitted to the courts so far as this office is aware, and the question as to what disabilities are incurred, therefore, has not been judicially determined. To allow the free importation of these vessels into the United States would be unjust to builders here. Additional legislation seems necessary, and it is suggested that section 4218 be amended by the addition thereto of the following provision:

"Any such vessel, however, remaining in the United States a longer period than six months in any one year, or sold to, or becoming the property of, a citizen of the United States, or chartered from the owner, shall become subject to duties at the rate of \$20 per gross ton, and if navigated in the United States shall become subject to a tonnage tax of \$1 per ton at every port at which she may arrive. Any vessel, whether used as a pleasure vessel, yacht or otherwise, and whether of foreign or domestic built or ownership, not documented by the Government of the United States and not otherwise provided for by law, found navigating between district and district, or between different places in the same district, shall be liable to a fine of \$100.

"Any vessel, not documented as a yacht of the United States, displaying the yacht ensign prescribed by law shall be liable to a fine of \$30."

We have had occasion to follow very closely the history of the introduction of foreign yachts in America, a matter only of the past ten years, and in this time we have found little or no complaint on the part of yachtsmen or of the press, against the presence of these craft. The fact is generally recognized to-day that to foreign competition alone is due the great stride in American yachting from the ancient wooden tubs of the seventies to the Volunteer and Gosson of the present time. It may be that there are builders, or even designers, so blind as to favor for temporary gain a measure like this, but the great body of yachtsmen, together with all interested in the production of yachts, are well aware that international racing and the sharp competition of foreign designers is the life and stimulus of American yachting.

This is an era of protection, and if other industries are to enjoy its alleged benefits it would be unfair to exclude yacht building, and a tariff on yachts would be no more unjust than on other foreign products. On this point, however, the logic of the report is very much at fault, and in no way in harmony even with the theory of protection.

Any possible injustice to yacht builders, as suggested by the report, could be overcome by the imposition of a duty on foreign built yachts, such as the proposed bill calls for. It does not follow, however, from any of the premises that it is necessary, after a man has paid duty on his yacht, that he must be prohibited from racing or even sailing her in order to protect American builders. Granting that, as stated, "to allow the free importation of these (foreign built) vessels, would be unjust to builders here," then all that is necessary is to make them subject to duty; which, once paid, they are free to sail at will. To impose on them a tonnage tax which would so tie them up in red tape that they would be unable to sail from port to port with the fleet of native built craft, is a serious injustice; but the act does not rest even here. There is no provision by which a foreign built yacht can be documented as a vessel of the United States, so that the whole sum and substance of the act is to hamper as far as possible yachts of genuine foreign ownership which may visit temporarily American waters, and to prohibit entirely the ownership of these yachts by Americans.

This sort of protection goes far beyond the mere builders and reaches the designers, and while these gentlemen are no less entitled to the benefits of the protective system than other American citizens, we have not found any yet who are looking for a handicap in their favor in their contests with the designs of the Clyde.

We have studied carefully the voluminous report of the Commissioner of Navigation, covering a wide range of subjects relating to American shipping, but we fail to find a word for yachts or yachting. The sole mention of this most important subject is in the form of recommendations such as those above, for restrictions and penalties on American as well as foreign pleasure craft. There is not a word in favor of such exemptions and privileges as might easily be conferred on pleasure vessels without injustice to merchant craft or conflict with the shipping laws; but on the contrary the attempt is made to force the yachtsman into compliance with laws made for large merchant vessels and not for yachts. Not only are Minerva and Clara placed on a level with the ordinary tramp "lime-julcer," but their American sisters, though faring much better, must comply with the same laws that were made for the coaster and the collier.

THE MEASUREMENT OF SAIL AREA.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. has for a year past used the Seawanhaka rule, or $\frac{L \times S \times A}{2}$ as its basis of allowance, but as the fleet is composed of catboats and sloops, the former rig including most of the racing craft, the method and measurement used by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has been replaced by a measurement of the actual area as nearly as possible as given in the following report of the club measurer at the annual meeting this month:

To the President and Members of the Brooklyn Y. C.:

The fleet of the club at the end of the year 1890 comprised 52 craft.

Of this number the following are measured: Vida, Homing, Faustina, Bess, Carrie, Seneca, Irene, Erminie, Union, Seminole, Minnie, Grace, Manhattan, Alice, Ponchito, Alma, Myra, Gertrude, Mull, Luna, Grimalkin, Kildoe, Rose; total 23.

The following are partly measured, by which is meant sufficient measurements were ascertained to rate in case of entry for a regatta: Mamie, Chief, Josephine, Siren, White Wings, Mabel, Owl, Ray, Iroquois, Isolda, Daisy, Gipsy. Studied total 15.

The following have not been measured: Bijou, Effie, Phoenix, Gorilla, Sunbeam, Sophia, LeClizaine, Marquita, Aimee, Gladiator, Lotus, Wacondah, Sinbad, Zeolus, Circe, Decoy; total 16.

I have the pleasure to report also that measurements have generally given satisfaction, very few indeed questioning accuracy, and a moment's explanation satisfied them; hence the club can be congratulated on the absence of disputes and protests arising from questions of measurements, especially as the last season was our first experience in combining or compounding sail measurements with hull dimensions.

Concerning my experience as measurer last season I have found no angular measurements of spars of mainsail yachts bearing resemblance to the S. C. Y. C. for sloops, cutters, etc., can be relied on for giving satisfactory results for our requirements of actual area.

Concerning our rule, actual area for mainsail yachts, I have found difficulty in getting true measurements. At the commencement of my work I took second and third measurements of several yachts to ascertain whether a satisfactory mean could be determined on the basis of the absence of disputes and protests arising from questions of measurements, especially as the last season was our first experience in combining or compounding sail measurements with hull dimensions.

For the future I would recommend measuring mainsail yachts as follows: Ascertain length of gaff and boom each from after side of mast to end of each—the luff (when gaff is hoisted as closely as possible to throat halliard block on mast)—from the underside of the gaff jaws along after side of the mast to top of saddle or lower band of gooseneck, the distance from upper point of luff measurement to the end of the boom and the distance from the lower point of luff measurement to end of gaff when peaked up full extent sail permits, and make a draft to scale and calculate area.

Concerning measurements of other rigs I find the square root of sail measurement generally exceeds the load waterline, which places a tax on the boats. The "compound rating" is the rule of other clubs, and has for a base line an establishment of equality of load waterline and square root of sail plan as delineating a medium rigged boat. We can be scarcely accused of having yachts carrying immoderate sail area, yet the rule puts us somewhat in that position, as most of the boats are taxed. Respectfully submitted, R. C. HOPKINS, Meas.

FORTY OR FORTY-SIX FEET.—Mr. John B. Payne has a 40ft. as well as a 40ft. design ready, and is not decided which to build from.

during the balance of the season. One member of the race committee gave it as his opinion that when a race was once started there can be no recall. The captain of the Volunteer said he would not abide by any such decision, inasmuch as he had been informed by the commodore that the race would be sailed off, and requested that a meeting of the race committee be called. This was done, and the captains and some of the members of the crews of the leading boats were invited to be present on Aug. 12. The commodore admitted having made the remark that the race would be sailed. Capt. Ritter stated that if the commodore had not given him this assurance he would have gone on and finished the race after the worst of the storm was over. After a long discussion it was decided to resail the race on Aug. 17, which was done, the regular races of the series following as arranged.

About one month previous to the close of the racing season Capt. Fred. Rochell gave notice that he would enter protest against the resailed race of Aug. 17 being counted in the championship series, basing his protest on a claim that he was informed at the meeting of Aug. 12 that without this race the Volunteer could not make ten races, and that in the interest of fair play he had consented to resail the race; but later he had ascertained the fact that the Volunteer could make ten races by counting the race in which she had gone to the assistance of the tuck-up J. S. Lever, which was capsized, and which race netted the Volunteer one point. This question was not acted upon by the race committee, as it was well known that any such action would result in a deadlock in the committee, which is composed as follows: E. P. MacAllister, Commodore; Fred. Rochell, Vice-Commodore; E. A. Leopold, Secretary; Albert Rochell, Tinner. The Rochell brothers would have voted that the resailed race should be thrown out, while the other members of the committee would have voted that the race was legal.

A meeting of the club was called Oct. 14 for the purpose of deciding the championship question and awarding the prize.

Capt. Rochell, after making two protests against Volunteer, which were not allowed, objected to the resailed race being counted in the record, on the ground that he had not been notified by the commodore that the race was off and would be resailed. On the other hand, it was contended that the race could have been continued after the storm had the commodore so ordered, but that he ordered a resail at a future date.

A long and heated discussion followed, during which it became necessary at times for the older members of the club to inform some of the hot-headed youngsters that the question must be settled by argument and ballot, and that a resort to any other means of settlement would not be allowed. It was suggested that the Volunteer and Nellie sail one race to decide the championship, but neither would agree to this. It was then proposed to give each a prize, but they would not accept. Mr. William Rochell, Sr., the oldest member of the club, proposed that we "sail it all over next year." This was not agreed to. Five of Mr. Rochell's sons are members of the club, and they were all present. After about two hours' discussion a call was made for a report of the record of each boat for the season. The secretary reported as follows:

Boat.	Captain.	Points.	Races.
Volunteer.....	G. W. Ritter.....	89.42	10
Nellie.....	Fred. Rochell.....	87.29	10
Stranger.....	E. P. MacAllister.....	73.54	10
Islands.....	J. E. Hallman.....	71.43	10
J. S. Lever.....	J. S. Lever.....	42.64	10
Iola.....	Geo. Walker.....	31.37	7
Vesuvius.....	Alfred Rochell.....	29.52	6
Gracie.....	E. A. Leopold.....	26.42	10
Sadie.....	G. W. Ritter.....	22.44	3
Starlight.....	W. M. Mairs.....	20.03	4
Priscilla.....	J. E. Palmer.....	11.06	2
Mary L.....	W. Schnipp.....	7.70	2
Lizzie B.....	N. McCoy.....	7.78	5
J. S. Frith.....	W. M. Sullivan.....	5.00	3
Pennsylvania.....	J. S. Frith.....	4.76	2
Scott.....	J. Adamson.....	6.00	3
Flying Eagle.....	W. Shine.....	1.00	1
	J. Reeb.....	1.00	1

A motion was made to accept the report as read. The motion was lost by a vote of 9 to 6. The treasurer reported all debts paid and a balance of \$21.18 in the treasury. Moved and seconded that the club disband. Carried unanimously.

E. A. LEOPOLD, Sec'y and Treas.

THE "COUPE DE FRANCE."—The permanent organization of the Comité de Yacht Français, to which we have lately alluded, has been completed, and a meeting was held on Jan. 6 at the office of *Le Yacht*, at which it was resolved to establish a cup to be called the "Coupe de France," as a prize for an international yacht race in French waters, under the rule of the "Union des Sociétés de Navigation de Plaisance Maritime." The race will be sailed in 1892. A public subscription, which promises to be successful, has been opened to secure funds for the venture. The immediate end, of the committee is to foster the construction of racing yachts in France, as the first step toward a successful participation in international racing.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—At the meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet on Jan. 19, the following officers were elected: Com., Oswald Anderson; Vice-Com., Walter Thompson; Sec., Harold S. Forwood; Treas., John A. Starr; Regatta Committee, Dr. Theodore S. Ledyard, J. M. Williams and Dr. F. S. Grant.

CHOCTAW.—The new owners of Choctaw are Hon. C. F. Brown, of the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association, Com. H. C. Higginson and Mr. G. Van Nostrand, of the Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club.

SULTANA, steam yacht, Mr. T. L. Park, is reported by cable as having grounded stern foreward on a rock in the harbor of Port Mahon, Island of Minorca, in a heavy gale, the extent of the damage not being stated. On Jan. 27 she arrived at Marseilles.

WENONAH, cutter, is reported sold by Mr. Jas. Stillman to H. C. Cook, of New Bedford. Wenonah was one of the first large cutters built in this country.

THE DOCUMENTING OF AMERICAN YACHTS.

WHILE the laws of the United States have been in no way fair to pleasure craft, imposing on them restrictions originally intended solely for military vessels, the interpretation and enforcement of these laws has been for some years carried out in a liberal and accommodating spirit by nearly all officials, from the highest to the lowest. Within the past year, however, a great change has been made, the existing laws being enforced to the letter, and this winter certain further changes have been proposed which will impose added restrictions on pleasure craft.

In 1887 it was decided by the Treasury Department that no yacht was compelled to take out papers of any kind, nor would papers be granted to any yacht under 20 tons. In the following year it was decided that the Commissioner of Navigation should be specially charged with the decision of all questions relating to the issue of licenses to vessels; by virtue of which authorization pleasure vessels have since that time been placed on a par in many respects with merchant ships.

Not only were licenses made compulsory in vessels over 20 tons, but the limit has since been reduced, and last year in some districts all yachts over 5 tons were compelled to take out licenses, and to comply with the requirements of the law in regard to name, anchor lights, number on main beam, and similar details.

Yachtsmen will be well to take notice that every yacht over 5 tons must take out a license every year, and yachts over 20 tons must be enrolled as well under penalties as follows:

SYNOPSIS OF LAWS REGULATING THE COASTING TRADE.

Vessels of twenty tons and upwards must be enrolled and licensed; if less than twenty tons, licensed only.

The license, in every case, is granted for one year, and must be surrendered within three days after its expiration; or, if it expires while the vessel is absent from the district, within three days after her arrival; or, if it expires when the vessel is not in use, the owner should surrender the license and report the fact to the Collector. The penalty for neglect, in either case, is fifty dollars. If the vessel is sold, lost, or abandoned, the fact must be reported to the Collector with a surrender of the marine papers, or, should they be lost, report of such loss should be made. A report must also be made of any accident, collision, or casualty causing loss of life or injury to persons or property, within five days, under a penalty of one hundred dollars.

The tonnage of every documented vessel of the United States and official number awarded, must be carved or otherwise permanently marked on the main beam; when omitted the vessel will incur a penalty of thirty dollars.

Captains are required to exhibit their papers when demanded by an officer of the Revenue. The penalty for refusal is one hundred dollars.

A vessel found with a forged or altered license, or making use of a license granted to another vessel, or engaged in any trade other than that specified in her license is liable to forfeiture.

If the license of a vessel expires while she is in a district to which she does not belong, the fact should be reported to the Collector of the Port, and the law providing for such cases complied with.

Temporary registers, enrollments and license, issued to vessels when absent from home ports, should be delivered to the Collector within ten days after arrival within the district in which the vessel belongs; penalty for neglect, one hundred dollars.

Vessels entitled to the coasting trade and report the fact to the States laws engaged in the coasting trade or fisheries without papers are subject to a penalty of thirty dollars at each port of arrival.

The name and home port of the vessel must be painted on her stern with white, yellow or gilt letters, three inches long, on a black ground. Steamers, in addition, must also have the name on each outer side of the pilot-house, and (in case the vessel has side-wheels) on the outer side of each wheel-house, in letters not less than six inches in length, under a penalty of twenty dollars for licensed, and fifty dollars for registered vessels. The use of any name other than that in the license or register subjects the vessel to forfeiture.

Every change of master must be reported to the collector of the port, and indorsed on the license register, under a penalty of ten dollars for licensed, and one hundred dollars for registered vessels.

The Atlantic sea-coast is divided into three great coasting districts: The first extends from the eastern boundary of the United States to the northern boundary of Georgia. The second from the river Perdue, the eastern boundary of Alabama, to the Rio Grande. The third extends from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Gulf of Mexico.

Licensed vessels under twenty tons, in ballast, or laden wholly with American goods, or with distilled spirits, or foreign goods, in packages as imported, not exceeding four hundred dollars in value, or foreign goods the aggregate value of which does not exceed eight hundred dollars in value, may trade from a customs district in one State to a customs district in the same State, or to an adjoining State, and a vessel of twenty tons burden or more, so laden, may trade from one customs district to another in the same great district, or from a State in one great district to an adjoining State in another great district, without entering or clearing; but such vessels must be provided with a manifest, under penalty of twenty dollars; or if any part of the cargo be foreign goods, under penalty of fifty dollars.

Any vessels engaged in the coasting trade must enter and clear, except under the above circumstances.

Registered vessels are required to clear and enter when departing from or entering any district, either with cargo or in ballast, unless from one district to another in the same or an adjoining State on the coast, in which case they are exempt, unless laden with distilled spirits or foreign goods, the aggregate value of which exceeds \$800.

The enrollment and license expire whenever the ownership, rig, size or employment of the vessel is changed, and the change must be reported and new papers obtained.

Boats and lighters not masted, or, if masted, not decked, employed in a harbor, exclusive of boats under five tons in burden; canalboats, without propelling apparatus of their own, while employed in voyages wholly or partly on the canals or other internal waters of a State and not carrying passengers; and flat-boats, barges, and like craft, not propelled by internal motive power of their own, on the rivers or lakes of the United States are exempt from the laws above mentioned.

In his last report the Commissioner of Navigation makes the following recommendations:

"A change of law for the marking of vessels' names is desirable partly for the public convenience and partly to liberate ship owners from the objectionable restraints of the present statutes.

"The recent international maritime conference considered this subject of marking names and concluded to recommend the rule recited in the bill to follow, which has been introduced for passage by Congress. The recommendation of the Conference will doubtless be adopted by all nations. But there is a better reason for our adoption of it than even this one. Ship owners are now at liberty to consult their tastes or their economy in marking their vessels' names. Many of them desire to put on carved letters, but are prevented by the law. The bill now before Congress, and its amendment, June 23, 1874, which provides for 'painting' the name 'on' or 'upon the stern.' By the steamboat law, section 445, the name, in addition to being 'painted' on the stern of steamboats, must be 'placed on the pilot house and wheel house if there be one.' Thus the pilot and wheel house names may be of carved or ornamented letters. The special law for yachts, 1883, provides that 'such vessels shall have their name and port placed on some conspicuous portion of their hull.' By this bill it is proposed to treat all vessels as having the same rights and privileges, regardless of how they may be propelled or for what purpose used.

"There is now a fine of \$50, half going to the informer, if vessels' names are not put on the stern with a paint brush, on a black ground in white or gilt letters, or on a light color on a light ground; and, while securing distinctness in the public interest, the new law will allow the owner to exercise his taste in painting his ship, steamer, schooner or yacht without fear of an informer or the dread of a revenue cutter. The bill requires 4 in place of 3 in, for minimum length of letters. This will increase the size of the letters one-third. Perhaps the most important amendment of the law in the public interest is the requirement of name on each bow. Often it is, that the stern cannot be conveniently, or possibly seen, and there is no way to learn the name. In the case of accidents in navigation it is very important to know the names of the vessels concerned. Many offending vessels have escaped justice for the want of the stern name being on the bow. The bill seeks a small amendment of our statutes, but it takes small strokes and light touches to work out perfection. This bill will perfect the marking of vessels' names, and, in this particular, bring our laws abreast of the age.

"A Bill to amend Section 4178, Revised Statutes, providing for the marking of vessels' names at bow and stern.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section forty-one hundred and seventy-eight of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended to read entire as follows:

"The name of every documented vessel of the United States shall be marked upon each bow and upon the stern, and the home port shall also be marked upon the stern. These names shall be painted or carved and gilded in Roman letters in a light color on

a dark ground, or in a dark color on a light ground, and to be distinctly visible. The smallest letters used shall not be less in size than four inches. If any vessel of the United States shall be found without these names being so marked, the owner or owners shall be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each name omitted; Provided, however, That the names on each bow may be marked within the year eighteen hundred and ninety-one. The draught of every documented vessel shall also be marked upon the stem and sternpost in feet, in Arabic or Roman numerals. The bottom of each numeral shall indicate the draught of that line."

As we understand this, it applies in all its provisions to yachts over five tons, as well as to merchant vessels. A yacht of about 25ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam, and 3ft. draft would measure nearly five tons.

There is so little in common between a pleasure craft and a merchant vessel, a racing or cruising yacht and a working schooner, clipper ship or a fishing boat, that there is no ground for the assumption on which all laws are apparently based; that these various vessels can be fairly classed together. Nearly all of the restrictions now placed on yachts are entirely unnecessary and might be removed with no loss to the Government or to the merchant marine, and with great benefit to yachtsmen. The value of a large and successful pleasure navy to a maritime nation is sufficiently great to warrant Government support; but yachtsmen do not ask even this, all they want is to be let alone as far as possible, to be freed from useless restrictions and allowed to follow their sport freely as long as they do not infringe on the rights of others.

A NEW YACHTING ORGANIZATION.—It is proposed by a number of the younger yachtsmen of Boston to form a new yacht club, similar to the "Mud-hook" Yacht Club of Scotland, which has its headquarters on the Clyde. The Mud-hook Club, so-called, has no club house, and the annual dues are nominal. Every year the club has a series of several days' racing, at the time when the schedule of English races brings the racing fleet to the Clyde. Only yacht owners can belong to the organization, and the membership is composed particularly of the owners of racing yachts. After the series is completed a big barge is secured, which is anchored in the stream. A band of music is engaged and a sumptuous dinner gotten up by subscription. At this dinner the prizes for the various yachts are presented to the owners, and speech-making and general jollification are in order. The dinner of the Mud-hook Club is one of the events of the season, and is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasant anticipation. The members of the club hail from all over the United Kingdom. They wear a galvanized watch chain, with a small anchor or "mud-hook" attached, which forms the insignia of the club. Into this chain the members wear small golden charms, such as individual helmsman's prizes and the like. The Adams brothers were guests of this club when they were abroad in 1889, and they have long thought that such a club would add to the interest in yachting in this country. Charles A. Prince has taken up the matter and is the prime mover in the present effort to establish such an organization. It is proposed that the club have a headquarters at Cambridge-Sen, where possibly a small and inexpensive club station might be maintained. Races will be given during the summer, which, with the races of the Eastern and Corinthian yacht clubs, will make things lively on the North shore. Probably the 46ft., 40ft., and 30ft. classes will receive the most attention, as they are the chief racing classes at present, and from these classes most of the members will be drawn. Such a club composed of men like Mr. Prince, the Adams brothers, E. D. Morgan, C. H. W. Foster, August Belmont, the Carroll brothers, A. Hemenway, Cornelius Vanderbilt, C. A. Longfellow, F. B. McQuesten, A. B. Turner, Bayard Thayer, Archibald Rogers, W. P. Fowle, William Whitlock, Gordon Dexter, and other owners of fast craft, of their sizes would stimulate interest in yacht racing next season and would make the regatta week off Marblehead an assured success.—*Boston Globe.*

ROCHESTER Y. C.—At a meeting of the regatta committee of the Rochester Y. C. on Jan. 15, the following programme was arranged for the coming season: May 30, opening cruise to Sudus Bay. Captains report on board flagship at 8:30 A. M. Start will be made at 9:30 A. M. sharp. This will be a cruising handicap to Sudus Bay for a pennant. June 1, sailing day and squadron regatta. Captains report on board flagship at 8:30 A. M. Start at 9:30 A. M. Refreshments to be served at the club house in the evening. June 18, ladies' day. Captains report on board flagship at 1 P. M. Start to be made at 1 P. M. Dancing, etc., in the evening. June 25, club race, general handicap for trophy provided by Com. White. Start to be made at 2 P. M. July 3, annual cruise. This is the program for the coming season. Captains report on board flagship at 9 A. M. July 30, Lake Yacht Racing Association regatta; usual entertainment and refreshments in the evening. Aug. 6, club regatta; Aug. 12, club regatta; Aug. 20, club regatta; Aug. 27, club regatta. The last four races to be for points, and the yachts scoring the greatest number in the four races to receive prizes as follows: 1. yacht, cannon; 2. a pair of marine glasses; 3. a yacht compass; 4. a barometer. Sept. 30, ladies' day, dancing, etc., in the evening. At the present time there are three catboats from designs by Burgess, to be owned by Messrs. Leary, Clark, Bennett and Reeves; Commodore White has purchased the sloop Onward, of Providence, R. I., which will be the flagship, and it is rumored that there will be several additions to the fleet. The club house is to be finished, and the company has indicated the coming season will be the liveliest here since the organization of the club.

ROBERTS BOILERS.—The Roberts Safety Water-Tube Boiler Co. report orders for 26 boilers within the past two weeks, 8 being from California; in addition to which they have an order from Riley & Cowley for a boiler, with 105 sq. ft. of grate surface, to be placed in the new Yale launch for coaching the Yale racing crew. This boiler is to carry 250 lbs. of steam pressure and the launch is guaranteed to make 14 miles an hour for a distance of 40 miles. This makes the third or fourth launch that has been built for this purpose and it will probably be the first one which will fully come up to the requirements, as a combination of the Roberts boiler, a Riley & Cowley triple expansion engine, and a hull built by Sam Ayres can hardly be excelled. The eight boilers for California were ordered by the California Yacht Club, which Company has made the test of one of them in a launch on San Francisco Bay in connection with a Wells compound engine. They reported that the expected speed was 9 miles and the actual speed 14½ miles.

AMERICAN Y. C.—The American Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 20 at Delmonico's with Com. Lawrence in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., Archibald Watt; Vice-Com., Chas. H. Osgood; Rear Com., Frank R. Lawrence; Sec'y., Thomas L. Scovill; Treas., George W. Hall; Fleet Surgeon, Charles H. Deane; Messrs. Chas. H. Deane, Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N. Trustees—John P. Kennedy, Washington E. Connor, William H. Starbuck, Edward H. Wetherbee, Clement Gould, N. Louis Tunis and William I. Quintard. Regatta Committee—George W. Hall, William S. Alley, Ezra S. Connor, J. Howard Wainwright and Walter J. Price. It was decided to hold a regatta on July 4 for naptha launches, the sailing regatta on July 6, and on July 18 a regatta for the large steam yachts.

THE NORTON STEAMER.—Beyond a vague and unconfirmed report that the vessel had been seen passing Gibraltar on Dec. 18, nothing has been heard of the steamer F. Norton, which sailed from New York for France on Nov. 23. The little vessel was entirely unfitted for such a voyage, and it is more than probable that she will never be heard of.

A NEW YACHT CLUB.—The Audubon Y. C., whose quarters are at 1521 street, Hudson River, New York, has elected the following officers: Commodore, George C. Radford; Vice-Com., Fred Dickson; Fleet Captain, Henry Madden; Treas., Thomas Latham; Financial Sec'y., Fred Van Riper; Corresponding Sec'y., William Elliott.

BOATS AND SKIFFS.—Mr. John J. Boeke, whose advertisement appears on another page, is now making a specialty of the St. Lawrence skiff, a boat that is coming into great favor about New York. His list also includes various classes of boats and canoes.

YACHT AND BOAT HARDWARE.—We have received from M. E. Blasier & Co., of Utica, N. Y., their new and complete catalogue of brass work for yachts, boats and canoes.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—On Feb. 21 a complimentary dinner will be given at the Y. C. who has labored with such success for the advancement of the club.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—At the annual meeting on Feb. 4 a number of important changes will be acted on, the principal one being the change of name to Philadelphia Y. C.

REBECCA, schr., has been sold by W. A. Gardner to F. M. Hausung, of New York.

LAPWING, cutter, has been sold by Dr. G. H. Tilden to C. C. Davis, of New York.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden. U. S. Hydrographic Office, Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price \$1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. H. C., Hudson, N. Y.—We have no means of finding out the dog's name.

E. L. S., Elgin, Ill.—It is against our rule to give advice as to which is the best kennel.

J. W. G., Springfield, Pa.—Choose the hammerless; the weight you name is heavy enough.

F. T. J.—You will find quail, hares and wildfowl. We cannot speak as to abundance.

W. M. C., Minnesota.—You will find deer and some moose in the northern forests of your State.

A. B., Brighton, England.—We know of no published list of naturalists in America that would answer your purpose.

R. C. D., Jersey City.—You can do accurate shooting with the .41 so far as lightness is concerned. The action is reliable.

N. R., Westerly, R. I.—For a grizzly bear country and guide to show you the bears write to Jack Munroe, Robare, Montana.

STEWART.—Kindly give me the addresses of one or two English breeders of wire-haired beagles. Ans. G. H. Nut, Fulbrough, England, and R. L. Lest, Lancaster. You had better write to *Canine World* to forward the letters, as we do not know their proper addresses.

J. S.—1. Choose a modified choke, for all-around work. 2. For patterns of Greener and Francotte guns see reports of FOREST AND STREAM tests in issues of Aug. 1, Sept. 12 and Dec. 12, 1889. 3. The 7½ lbs. gun, 30 in. barrel, 12 bore, will answer for ducks. 4. Both actions have their adherents.

C. S.—Please inform us whether there is any person or firm manufacturing an automatic cartridge loading machine to be run by steam power, such as are used by the companies now placing loaded shotgun cartridges on the market. Ans. We know of none but those controlled by the companies.

W. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—Please inform me how to use No. 11 wads in loading 12-gauge paper shells? I find I cannot use them without tearing and bulging shells. Ans. If your gun is bored true to size a No. 12 wad will answer. This you can decide by trial with a wad in the barrel. With a proper loading tool a No. 10 wad can be placed in a No. 12 shell.

TAXIDERMIST, Paterson, N. J.—1. You may learn the prices of guns by corresponding with any of the dealers whose addresses will be found in our advertising columns. 2. Wilson snipe are protected in New Jersey except during the months of March and April, and between Sept. 30 and Dec. 16. 3. It is forbidden to kill kingfishers "for the purpose of preserving or stuffing the same as an article of ornament or apparel."

N. C. B., Georgia.—1. Will a full-choked gun become swelled or enlarged by continuous shooting of ordinary charges? 2. How do you think black powder compares with the smokeless varieties in point of hard hitting and close shooting? Ans. 1. Yes. See article on page 512, issue Jan. 15, entitled "A New System of Boring Shotguns." 2. It is more uniformly effective.

SPORTSMAN, Washington, D. C.—Could any of your many readers kindly tell me whether they know of any of our grouse having been taken over and tried in England, and if so with what results? They should be hardy, and being a grain feeder do well. Also as to where one might be able to procure the birds and what price per pair? Any information will be gladly accepted.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. What would be considered a good target for a 16 to 20-gauge plain cylinder gun at say 40 yds., 30 in. circle, loaded with 10 shot? 2. Is it true that guns that have the gauges cannot be made to shoot hard unless they are choked? The gun should get about 60 per cent. of the shot in the circle. Count a sample charge of shot. 2. Choking helps pattern and penetration, but the latter is more influenced by the charge and the loading.

R. O. S., St. Johns, N. B.—Would you kindly give me a good recipe for gun cement for fowling? Ans. A century or two ago, in "Fly-rod and Fly-tackle," recommends shoemakers' wax, gas-fitters' wax, and better, marine glue, a combination of rubber and shellac. Gutta percha gum (to be had of dentists) is excellent, or the rubber cement used to paste patches on shoes. The gutta-percha gum will require twenty-four hours to harden. 3. How do you think of the quality of the ink used in the columns of your valued paper if any reader can give me a receipt for a "dead oil finish" for a gun stock. I have tried two or three different finishes, but none are satisfactory, as my gun stock is rough and checked from the last rain. Ans. "Hints and Points" recommends to dissolve a few crystals of permanganate of potash in water and rub well into the wood.

F. E. C., New York.—1. I have an English pointer called Frank. I think he is about ten years old. He was sired by imported Frank, dam, Devonshire Lass. I want to have him registered, but have not the pedigree of Frank and Devonshire Lass. Can you help me out in the matter? Ans. Neither dog is registered. You had better write to Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., as he, in 1883, bred Devonshire Lass to a 34½ lb. dog named F. E. C. at Newbury. Vt. 1. 34½ lbs. F. E. C. powder, 14oz. shot an excessive charge for a 7½ lb. 12-gauge gun? 2. What is the heaviest charge that can be safely used in such a gun? 3. Is buckshot safe to use if it will chamber in the muzzle? 4. How should the above gun be loaded for ducks? Ans. 1. No; but quite enough for any work the gun will do. 2. About 4½ lbs. powder and 14oz. shot. 3. Yes. 4. 34½ lbs. powder, 14oz. No. 8 shot.

THE WANT AN IDEAL SPOT.—Tuleo, O.—Can some of your readers kindly inform me, through your estimable paper, where two lovers of nature would be apt to find a suitable camping site, located on small wooded lake or stream, where small game and fish are not a rarity? We desire a good all-round camping place to visit yearly. We have searched for such from year to year and while never failing to be rewarded in some measure, the ideal spot has as yet failed to materialize. Our leisure time is the month of September.—L. Y. W.

A. E. B., Philadelphia.—Do you consider that the rifling of a gun would be injured by the use of a cartridge shorter than that for which the chamber is adapted? For instance, the .45-70-500 cartridge is designed for use in chambers for a .45-120-300 and the question which direction would the accuracy of the shorter cartridge be impaired under these conditions? Ans. The shooting with a cartridge shorter than the one for which the rifle is chambered would very likely be irregular. The bullet does not take the rifling each time it takes.

W. H. M.—Can you let me know through your columns the pedigree of the fox-terrier Blenton Brash, No. 14,622. I think, but am not positive about it? Ans. Blenton Brash (14,722), by Blenton Rubicon out of Blenton Bedlam, he by Regent out of Rachel; Regent by Royster out of Ransom, by Brockenhurst Rally out of Rollic; Royster, by Brockenhurst Rally out of Jess. Blenton Bedlam, by Lucifer out of Village Belle, he by champion Splinter, out of Kobbler, by Dugdale, he by Duke of Diamond; Dust, Splinter, by Dickon out of Sutton Veda, by Tackler out of Grady; Dickon, by Hagonston Dick out of Mettle II.

FILL-COKE, New Westminster, B. C.—I have just shot a gun for a customer at a piece of paper 37x26 in. I am 10-bore, 32 in. barrels, both full-choked; charge, 4½ lbs. C. & H. Diamond powder and 14oz. No. 2 shot. There were 143 pellets (actual count) in the charge, and it put 94 with right barrel and 98 with left barrel into paper distance 40 yds. Is this a good shooting gun? Could a full-choked gun be made to shoot closer than this? Pattern was well distributed. Ans. Your gun accounts for about 67 per cent. of the shot in an area of 962 sq. in. In a regular testing circle of 30 in. there are 706 sq. in., and a satisfactory gun ought to account for two-thirds of the charge in the 30 in. circle. A choke ought to show a closer pattern. Test patterns on the regular 30 in. circle, and then comparisons with other tests are quickly made.

R. B. P., Cambridge, Mass.—Will you kindly answer the following questions through your valuable columns: 1. A poodle bitch, now a year and nine months old, showed signs of being in heat a year ago, but has not come in heat since. Do you think she will come in heat again? If there is anything wrong with her can anything be done to make her come in heat? She has not been spayed. 2. Are there any Irish wolfhounds in this country? 3. What does "reserve" for a prize mean in a dog show? 4. Is the round head bull and terrier, for which there were classes at the Boston show last year, recognized as a breed in the A. K. C. S. B.? 5. What is the rule for rating of British Yacht Racing Association boats? 6. Are yachts "rescued" if they are given the next best dog for the same reason? 7. The Y. R. A. rule is length on waterline added to sail area, and sum divided by 6,000, or 6,000 = Rating.

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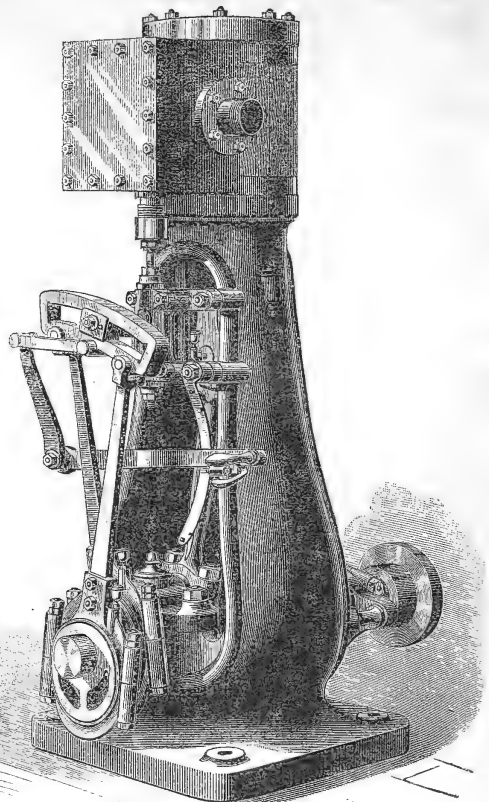
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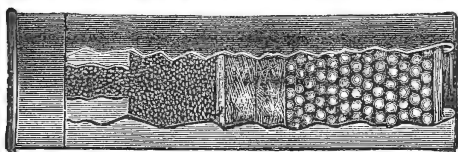
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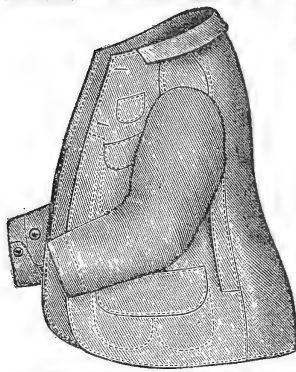
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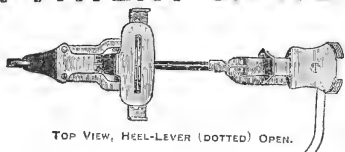
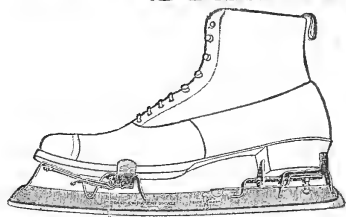
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FISHCULTURE IN ALASKA.

THE report recently issued by the Fish Commission on the Salmon Rivers of Alaska, brings into prominence the question of preserving the fisheries on these rivers by Government control. This matter is one that can be taken hold of without difficulty at present, and the seizing and holding these streams and permanent control and regulation of the fisheries will interfere with the rights of no one, and need cost nothing.

The science of fishculture is a modern one, and it is only within a few years that we have learned much about it. One of the chief difficulties encountered in carrying on the work of stocking and preserving streams has been the existence of vested rights, which have made it in many places practically impossible to do work which should be effective and lasting.

In Alaska no such difficulty exists as yet. There the streams visited by the salmon for spawning run through territory which belongs to the Government. There are practically no settlements, and a law which pronounced the fishing rights in these streams to be the property of the Government would injure no one. Such a law ought to be enacted. It should provide for the leasing for a term of years at public auction, the right to capture fish in these streams, such fishing to be carried on under the eyes of an inspector of the Government, who should see that it was so conducted that fish should be allowed to ascend the rivers in numbers sufficient to keep up the rate of increase.

The money received from such leases should be turned over to the United States Fish Commission, and by it applied to fishcultural work in Alaska; that is, to the establishment of salmon and trout hatcheries on important streams in that Territory. If carefully worked out in detail and properly managed, a plan such as this would insure the permanency of the salmon fisheries of Alaska, and would pay all its own expenses and provide a constantly increasing revenue for carrying on for all time the work of fish-

culture in Alaska, and on the northwest coast of the United States.

As at present conducted, the salmon fisheries of Alaska are often managed in a most wasteful fashion. There is one case for example—in Karluk Bay—where the salmon assemble in vast numbers before ascending the Karluk and numerous rivers of Alaska peninsula and the Cook's Inlet region. Here they are caught so continuously and greedily that comparatively few are left to ascend the streams, and the fishing in these rivers is already seriously affected and will ultimately be ruined. When this has been accomplished, such streams will have to be restocked and at a very considerable expense.

The chief salmon rivers of Cook's Inlet are the Kenai, Kassilov, Ninilichic and Sushitna. The excessive fishing at Karluk, it is thought, affects the supply and the reproduction of the salmon in these and numerous other streams in the route of migration. In 1889 and 1890, fully one-half of the entire pack of Alaska salmon was obtained at Karluk. The effect of continuing such exhaustive fishing will in all probability be the practical extermination of the fish, at least so far as profitable operation is concerned.

If any action is to be taken by Congress on the lines here suggested, it should be done with as little delay as possible. The time between this and the assembling of the Fifty-second Congress could be profitably employed in draughting a bill which should cover the points already referred to, and any others which might be suggested by Col. McDonald, and those most familiar with Alaska and its fisheries, and such a bill should be introduced and passed at the earliest moment possible.

In the event of long delay on the part of the Government, not only will the expensive process of restoration become necessary, but, in all probability, the natives of Alaska, whose main food resource is being ruthlessly squandered by the present injurious methods of fishing, will have to be fed by the Government or will starve. We cannot lay too much stress on the need of prompt action in this matter, a need which must be evident to any one who will acquaint himself with the magnitude of the salmon industry and its future possibilities.

We have heard a great deal of late about the importance of preserving the Alaska seal fisheries, and the value of this industry has not been over-estimated, yet it cannot be doubted that the salmon fisheries of that Territory are worth more in money to this country than are its seal fisheries.

NO EXCLUSIVE RIGHT.

WE have always contended that if a right of way should be granted to one railroad to run through the National Park, it would be impossible to refuse the same right to others. There would be a wild rush for franchises on the part of a number of corporations; the reservation would be gridironed with tracks; along each track would be a little line of settlements, forests would be burned along each line, and the game frightened away and often destroyed. The view that we have taken is confirmed by a petition forwarded recently by the citizens of Gallatin county, Montana, to Messrs. Power, Sanders and Carter, their representatives in Congress. These petitioners ask among other things that Congress "grant a general right to all railroads through the National Park to the New World Mining District [the Cooke City mines] with such restrictions as may seem proper, and urge that no exclusive franchise be granted to the Montana Mineral Railway Company, so called, or any other company, for the reason that such franchise would in our opinion retard development and become a great burden to the miners who, because of their isolated situation, in order to prosper must have the fullest benefit of cheap transportation, which we believe will be soon realized, if the way is not barred by further legislation, and a liberal general right of way bill is granted through the Park by Congress."

This is one very good argument against the monopoly endeavored to be created by the amendment tacked on to the Senate bill by the Public Lands Committee. No such exclusive franchise should be granted by Congress to any corporation.

But no railroads should be allowed in the Park. We repeat what we have so many times said before, that there is a good prospect of a railway being built up Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone River to Cooke City; but if such a road shall not be built, and if it be insisted that the most available route to the New World Mining Dis-

trict is up the Yellowstone from Gardiner or Cinnabar, then let the northeast corner of the Park be cut off from the National reservation, and let all railways that wish to build to Cooke have the privilege to do so over this portion of the public domain.

THE NEW YORK GAME BILL.

THE committee on codification and revision of the New York game and fish laws presented the draft of the bill proposed by them to the Legislature last Thursday. We print the full text. The bill will be examined with an interest by no means confined to New York. Other States have laws which are complex, obscure and contradictory; and now that New York has set the example others may well follow and provide simpler and consequently more effective laws.

As a whole the work has been well done. The proposed measure, it is true, is of great length, but the several sections are clear, concise and consistent. Specific changes with respect to open seasons are shown by this comparison of the old law and the one proposed:

	Present.	Proposed.
Deer.	Aug. 15-Nov. 1.	Aug. 15-Nov. 1.
Hounding.	Sept. 1-Oct. 20.	Sept. 1-Oct. 11.
Wildfowl.	Sept. 1-May 1.	Sept. 15-March 1.
Quail.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.	Nov. 1-Jan. 1.
Hare.	Nov. 1-Feb. 1.	Sept. 15-Jan. 1.
Woodcock.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Sept. 15-Jan. 1.
Squirrel.	Aug. 1-Feb. 1.	Sept. 15-Jan. 1.
Ruffed grouse.	Sept. 1-Jan. 1.	Sept. 15-Jan. 1.
Brook trout.	April 1-Sept. 1.	May 1-Sept. 1.
Salmon trout.	April 1-Oct. 1.	May 1-Oct. 1.
Landlocked salmon.	April 1-Oct. 1.	May 1-Oct. 1.
Black bass.	May 30-Jan. 1.	June 15-Jan. 1.
Muscalonge.	May 30-Jan. 1.	May 20-Jan. 1.
Salmon.	March 1-Aug. 15.	March 1-Aug. 15.

The deer season remains the same; but the hounding season is nine days shorter; jacking is forbidden; and does are protected. Spring shooting of wildfowl is prohibited, the season closing March 1 instead of May 1. The season for hares (rabbits), squirrels, ruffed grouse and woodcock are made uniform; and the quail season remains the same.

The most important change in the seasons for fishing is that which restores the date of May 1 for the opening of the brook trout season throughout the State, except on Long Island, a change for which, as we have frequently said, there is not good reason, so far as the waters of the State south of the Adirondacks are concerned. Other noticeable changes are those which make the lawful trout size 7 in. and the black bass weight three-quarters of a pound.

The committee has at one fell swoop exterminated the famous race of "gall mules," and restored the gallinule to protection. The use of the name "partridge" for ruffed grouse, however, is a sad blunder, which we are surprised to see.

It is to be presumed that the Commission had some reason for the proposed change in the Fish Commission, the number now five being reduced to three; but it is a serious question if three men could do the work so well as five. The business of the Commission is growing more burdensome. The members of the board are asked to perform this public service without remuneration; and the work is at present so divided among the five Commissioners that each one has his special branch of it to attend to in person. The affairs of the Commission are in this way well administered and we fail to see how the interests of New York fishculture are to be advanced by making the duties of each individual member more onerous.

A further consideration of some of the details of the proposed measure must be reserved for a later issue.

We thought we had the best thing out in the tarpon fishing of Florida, but the sailors of Her Britannic Majesty's warships are getting very creditable sport off the coast of Madagascar, a fish being taken there lately whose dimensions were: Length, 6ft. 2in.; girth, 4ft. 4in.; weight, 360lbs. The fish is described as a species of rock-cod, and was hooked by the tindal of one of the ship's boats, who finding he had a big fish on got into a punt, and allowed himself to be towed down the harbor. After half an hour's sport some officers went to his assistance, and an hour later succeeded in getting a line through the monster's gills and towing it back to the ship.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

POVERTY, KINDLING WOOD AND PHILOSOPHY.

PENOBSCOT BROOK enters Fourth Lake a little to the left of its head, Fifth Lake Stream a little to the right. The two would meet almost mouth to mouth were it not for an island of a few acres which stands between them; and the island itself would have been a point still further separating the streams, had not the land behind sunk in times past so that now there is only a wilderness of moose-ear above water. In former times this island had been Father's favorite camp-ground, and he did not like to pass without seeing it again. He and Sebattis had camped there; he and John Spearer also; there Sebattis had lost his necklace of turtle's claws, and there Lonz as he stood on the shore fishing would swing his pickerel almost into the frying pan or make them run up the beach their whole length after the bait.

We turned out of our course to view the place, but Jot and I having no personal associations to be revived remained in the canoe, occasionally swinging the buel toward the rush bed in front and thinking what an altogether dismal place is Fourth Lake. A hurricane of last year had uprooted the pines along the shore of the island forming a barricade of brush, and on his return Father reported that the cleared space behind was much more extended than formerly and the facilities for camping correspondingly less. Still the old spot looked so familiar and inviting that, although it was not yet 2 o'clock and the lake was calm, he decided to camp.

The fact is that five years before he had hidden here some favorite kindling wood, fat pine the like of which never had been seen in all the country, so black without, so yellow within, so pitch-imbued that even the heat of the sun drew from it great resinous drops; and he had always wanted to go back just to burn that wood. With such an attraction there was nothing to do but to camp. And yet it is my strong impression that before work was begun Father disappeared among the fallen pine brush and drew forth a piece of the shell of an old pine, five feet long perhaps and an inch or two thick, black and mossy and as heavy as if it had lain at the bottom of the lake for the last century. He was proud of it, but a more unprepossessing piece of timber never was seen.

If we camped on account of so small a matter as kindling wood facilities, the decision never was regretted. Four days and a half we stayed there in rain and wind, and yet the elements did not touch us nor the supply of "creatures with bones" fail us. Thus speaks the journal: "Friday—Rained. Lazy. Ate pickerel. Duck stew for dinner. Killed spiders. Had a cold caught on the carry. Saturday—When it rains one can eat and sleep, but there is no time to write journal. It rained a down-pour all night and blew like a piper. Father went out in it to see that the canoe was tied so that she could not blow away. It leaked a little through the tent, but none ran under us. My cold took most of my attention. * * * We washed a little, read a little, fed a little and fished pickerel until the pole broke. Sunday—Clear and beautiful; even after two days' confinement we enjoy staying. Monday—Still rains. * * * As provisions are likely to run low before we get back, Father and Jot went over to Shaw's on Dobey to get potatoes, sugar, salt, flour, etc. I stayed at home mending. When they came back they brought two wood ducks which Father had shot. Stayed in the tent all the P. M. and fought flies. Tuesday—Still foul weather, but we shall wear it out yet."

But we enjoyed our camp here, although every rainy day shortened our vacation and put our desired end further out of reach, diminished our scanty store of provisions and increased the probability that the hidden stores at Nicatowis and Gassobeels were spoiling. But present ease counts for considerable; with good wood to burn, a tent sheltered from the winds, a soil so porous that no amount of rain could saturate it and a never-failing supply of fish just off the landing, there was nothing desperate in the situation. Like our kindling wood, it looked a good deal worse on the outside than it really was.

If we had a good time here it was not on account of the weather, as has been shown, and certainly not because of any luxuries at our disposal except leisure; three people are seldom incumbered with so little of this world's goods when they can have all they want. Our pillows were our spare boots and rubber coats, our candlestick an empty cartridge; we had nothing to sit on except the bag of potatoes and a box which we had found; we had neither cards nor games, and our whole library consisted of one *Harper's Magazine*, "Emerson's Essays," and two very thin pamphlets by Thoreau and C. D. Warner. We lacked even our usual copy of the Maine game laws, which we carry because of the satisfaction it gives when we learn that we have done the right thing in the right time. Indeed, we had very little of anything except pickerel and kindling wood, and none the less we were happy.

There is, of course, no virtue in this self-denial, although it contains a grain of philosophy which may explain our contentment. The secret is that we had nothing to take care of. We had bought our leisure at the price of all our unnecessary possessions and we were satisfied with the bargain. Money is only a convenient fiction, the real purchase is always effected by a barter of time for something which we fancy that we want more. Would you have a new hat or a new book? Then how much time will you give for it? Five dollars does not represent its cost to you, but the amount of time which you must take from your sleep or from your study to earn the five dollars does. Increasing our wants, our leisure diminishes; increasing our leisure, many wants must go unsatisfied. All this is very trite and world-old; the Greek poet far back in the shades of antiquity sang, "The gods sell all good things at price of toil," but in order to realize its truth we usually have to get away from our neighbors. Living in a world where independence is less common than the boast of it, our ideas of what we cannot live without become super-saturated with our neighbor's opinions of what we must have in order to be respectable. We spend, dress, travel, not to please ourselves nor to give pleasure, but to purchase regard. We are the slaves of our possessions, pay the bond-servants of our conveniences also. Even the labor-saving contrivance insinuates itself into our lives as cleverly as the camel of the

fable pushed its way into the tent of its master, it has such good excuses for being there, it will give so much more exactness and leisure; it ends by making life mechanical and ten-fold more burdensome; instead of handwork and free thoughts, the drive of the sewing-machine; instead of the easy-traveling quill, increased correspondence and the galloping typewriter. If bustle, hurry and push are the best of life it is well to make getting the aim of it and use the latest machinery, but if our leisure seems delightful, why not, instead of submitting to the thralldom and slaving for these our servants, buy them off? We can live without them if we only will think so. Go into the woods and let them follow if they dare! For all questions concerning the freedom and growth of the individual where can such satisfactory answers be found as in the woods? From this quiet hermitage the world has a very different aspect, as if we beheld it from the summit of a lofty mountain and saw it spread out below us, all its crooked ways made plain, its rough ones smooth and its jarring din subdued by the distance to a gentle humming. Here we can learn how a man's life is more than food or raiment and how it consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Evidently many who go into the woods have not learned this. From the tin cans and empty bottles left behind it is plain to be seen that they could not feel themselves happy without everything that could be lugged, dragged or in any wise conveyed up stream and across carries. The only limit to their wants is the inferiority of man flesh to horse flesh. Of course it is no more commendable for Socrates to be proud of the holes in his pockets than it is for Alcibiades to be proud of his new coat; he that hath not a kerosene lantern ought not to despise him that hath one. But to insist on having all the accustomed comforts, to imagine that one's greatest pleasure lies in ingrafting upon the woods life a manner of living not adapted to the situation, shows how little sympathy for the woods is in the man, and foreshadows his almost certain disappointment. The possession or relinquishment of the things themselves is significant only as it reveals the man. He who will not trust the native balsam to give sleep and healing, clings to his inflatable rubber bed. He never learns anything about the woods, though he will talk most feelingly on the "hardships" of camping out. The criminal lawyer, who is one degree more cautious, carries a straw bed with him, and this is his verdict: "It may do—for the young folks—but there is little pleasure—in it. The anti-cipations—ex-ceed the real-izations. There are aouts a-bout it. The beds are not what they should be—and the cooking—is not—always—cle-an." But the two college students whom we knew only as "the plucky boys," who had crossed Moosehead and run down the whole West Branch—fair running, too; not wading—knowing nothing of canoeing, except what experience had taught them on the trip, though alone and with scarcely a handful of baggage apiece, and no food to speak of, said not a word about hardships and "outs," but insisted that they had a good time. This is a life of extreme individualism and self-dependence, and he enjoys it most keenly who has most faith in his own resources and who depends upon himself rather than on the baggage which he carries.

On the one hand then, our contentment in the woods depends on our freedom to invent and imagine, and we declare with honest pride that no boughten article could be half so fine as our rather unsteady makeshift, which requires a little private propping; on the other, having few possessions, each acquires a higher value in our eyes. The empty box which we always expect to find near every camping place and which serves as a table, chair, and wash bench, is a finer acquisition than the most intricate folding camp-stool. The kindling wood which we had on the island was more satisfactory property than government securities. It had given us the pleasure of anticipation in the winter evenings at home when Father told us how he had hidden it against his ever going there again—he has many a cache of that kind or some other through the State, and many of them mouldered years ago, though he could still find the places; then the pleasure of discovery, to find it still there after these years; of satisfaction because it was better than had been boasted; of pure aesthetic gratification because it had so much beauty locked up in it. Whether, if we had gone in well supplied with patent kindlers, distrusting the existence of our own wood or our power of finding it, those four rainy days on the island would have been equally enjoyable, cannot be told, but it is not improbable that such faint-heartedness would have destroyed our good hope and marked the time as a "hardship" of the sort at which guides curl the lip a little. Our wood, however, was something more than an old black slab which started the fire in the morning and hastened the cooking; it had in it a powerful genie—for genii are made from the fire element, you know—which came out whenever a bit of the wood was laid in the fireplace, and not only busied itself about the humble tasks which were expected of it, but quite transformed our meagre belongings with the graciousness of its company, cheered us by its geniality, took to philosophizing occasionally on its own account, and sometimes lectured on life, art, and ethics, to those of us who cared to listen. We burned it sparingly, not stingily, because we liked to see the genie, but as if its right to existence was as good as our own; watched the dense, black smoke, the fierce, yellow flame and the pitch frying out of it, watched it and spoke often of its beauty and good qualities, and no one ever hinted that the remark had not all the charm of novelty.

ON THE MEAN ESTATE OF FOURTH LAKE.

Fourth Lake is about four miles long by a little less than half as broad, and as uninteresting as a butter statue. It has no features to speak of; three streams are connected with it, too sluggish to be called tributaries, and a horse-back walls the eastern shore. Of sand the shore, the steep bank of sand too and of gravel brought here ages ago by the ice—about all the solid land to be found; the land which was always here, miles and miles of it, is largely under water. A few small islands in the lake on a foundation of solid ledge, by contrast with the main shore, strengthen the impression of mistaken economy and general ruin resulting; as if the bottom had dropped out of the region some ages since for lack of good underpinning. Fourth Lake is so unlike the rest of the world that it makes one feel as if he were his own antipode and bound to stand on his head in order to keep up the illusion. Any one who has lived on clean Penobscot waters,

where there is good slate and granite under all, doesn't know what to do with such a Dutch country, and hasn't even a name by which to curse it. Bog it is not, nor swamp, nor marsh, nor meadow, but literally "sunken land;" we of the Penobscot have nothing, unless on the Mattawamkeag, which is not known to me, like this flat desolation of moose-ear, traversed by dead streams of labyrinthine crookedness and overhung of mornings with thick mists and the smell of rotting vegetation. The water is brandy-colored, full of suspended black particles, probably washed from the decaying moose-ear; not fit to use until it has been boiled.

The maps say that Fourth Lake lies north and south, with its outlet to the north; but I beg leave to differ. In September the sun doesn't rise in the north, and by the sun that lake lies about northwest and southeast, with the outlet in the latter direction. We didn't set a compass to determine it, but there are things which one knows without the help of the dictionary; and north is in every good woodsman's head so firmly fixed that he will believe his own instinct against map and compass, disregarding both if they don't agree with him. "Map's wrong," he says, and off he goes following north in his head, as true as the wild goose. He doesn't stop to look at the branches of the trees and the moss on the rocks and the other signs of the story books, he himself is a magnet. But it makes very little difference if the maps of this region are not correct as to direction, for there is no direction to anything here. Even the water doesn't know which way to run; you can paddle up Unknown for the better part of two hours, facing every point on the card, and then not get where you can see out of the moose-ear, or put foot on dry land, or get to any place where, if the year is wet like this year, you can swim, wade or walk ashore.

Unknown is the third stream which connects with Fourth Lake, the largest, longest, dreariest of them all. It winds down from the Unknown Lakes, the crookedest stream in the world, unless perhaps Thoroughfare Brook on the Allegash; and, after neglecting two or three gaps in the horseback by which it might have forced a passage to the lake, enters on the left side about half-way down. It is a wilderness of moose-ear, a mile wide at least, fenced with dry kyle—that is, standing dead trees—and fish-hawks' nests. Sebattis used to call it "his farm," it is so flat and wide. The moose-ear, by way of explanation, is the *Pontederia cordata*, better known elsewhere as "pickerel weed;" but as with us the *Brassica peltata* and the various kinds of *Potamogeton* are called "pickerel weed," it seemed best to retain the hunter's name, bestowed because the leaves resemble the long, narrow ears of the moose, both as more exact and more apt; for the *Pontederia* is not, commonly speaking, a weed. In single specimens the moose-ear is a beautiful plant, and as it grows on the margins of ponds in clumps of shining green, as clean and crisp as a calla, with spikes of purple bloom dotted with gold, and played round by sportive insects, it is a pleasant, summery sight; but hundreds of acres of it, left on slimy flats by subsiding waters, or half submerged by the rising floods, browned at the tips and twisted by frost, looking (as Jot used to say) "as if it had been struck by the Spanish mildew," are enough to make one hate a place. Fourth Lake is the rubbish dump of creation; all the world stuff left over after the work was finished was dropped here—all the quag, deadwood, moose-ear, horsebacks and odds and ends not used in polishing that artistically uninhabitable country between Union River and the Machias; only here instead of bogs, barrens and boulders we have the impassable sunken lands of Fifth Lake Stream, Penobscot Brook, the outlet, and chief of all—of Unknown.

There is a hungry, swallowing look about Fourth Lake; like some of the monsters of which we read it seems to be trying to cover its victims with slime, after which the swallowing may be taken as a matter of course. It is entirely in keeping that it should be the greatest rendezvous for sea serpents in the State.

According to the newspapers the sea serpent—he is always called the *sea serpent*, because he couldn't possibly be one—swarms about this lake; his chief business is to keep its waters boiling with his gyrations and to exhibit for the benefit of chance spectators. He is seldom less than 30 or 40 ft. long by the time the story gets to the Portland papers, and as he rolls out of water he leaves a wake behind him proportionate in length to the credulity of the onlooker. He has a way also of raising his head 3 or 4 ft. above water, and no one ever fails to tell how it shines in the sun. In one of the back numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM* he crossed to a neighboring lake and carried off the body of a lumberman, breaking a 2 in. hawser. At times he goes on shore and gorges himself on deer, and his track has been seen on the snow in winter when he came out to frolic on the land! The length of the tales and the veracity of the observer are always equal, according to the newspapers. Even though experienced hunters smile and say that the Fourth Lake sea serpent wears an otter skin and that his more common antics are precisely those of three or four otters playing together, the serpent has now been on duty for so long a time that he should be relieved and suffered to share the honorable retirement of the dingmaul, the side linger and the walrus which used to frisk and gambol in the neighborhood of Chesuncook in the dimly historic period of thirty years ago.

A premium might safely be put on Fourth Lake as the most unattractive piece of scenery in the State, to which not even the efforts of the sea serpent have been sufficient to draw a crowd. Any one not professedly a pot-hunter has no reason for going there. But that is just why we were there; our first and chiefest care was to get something to put in the kettle, and that can always be provided here. In the summer there must be many deer in the moose-ear land; in the old days, what a paradise for moose. The lake is full of eels, great ones, that come up to the water's edge during the night and carry off all the refuse they find, of white perch with usually blue throats, and of pickerel to tell of whose excellence would require a separate chapter. We had expected to get all the ducks we wanted, but the water was so high that even a woodduck could see all over the country, so that it was impossible to paddle up to them. And, besides, they are scarce, having been drawn north, we were told, by the wild rice planted on Mattagodus and other Mattawamkeag waters. In the old days, in four successive mornings, Father once shot and saved twenty-eight ducks, which was all they could eat or give away, although Sebattis had a very pretty faculty for putting a great deal of good victual where "the bugs don't got him." A

few still come late and go very early, and after sunset one may hear the good-natured *wack, wack, wack*, of the black ducks and the sharper *wee-eeek* of the wood-ducks as they feed among the moose-ear.

FANNIE P. HARDY.

CORRECTION.—In issue of Jan. 29, *Sabao* for *Sabas*; most school maps erroneously print *Subac*. Also I wrote *Ahwassus* (Penobscot Indian for bear) when *ahwasus* would be more accurate, since it is pronounced *ahwaysoos*; but the shorter form, perhaps more commonly heard in conversation, is *wassus*, pronounced *wasssoos*.—FANNIE P. HARDY. [This is manifestly the name "Awahsoose," familiar to readers of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" as the *nom de plume* of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson.]

THROUGH THE OLYMPICS ON AN ELK TRAIL.—II.

BEFORE dawn the sky was again clouded, and again in the early morning we set out in the pouring rain up the mountain side and through the thick woods.

By and by an occasional gleam of sunlight through the branches showed us that the rain was over. We kept straight up hill—almost perpendicularly up hill—climbing with hands and feet, crawling over and under the fallen trunks; and about 10 o'clock in the morning suddenly came out in the open. We turned to the southward; behind us were the dark and dripping woods; before us a broad green slope of meadowland, here glistening bright green in the sun, there brown with heather; and a little below us lay a little valley on the hillside with a clear pool of water. We made for the valley and lay there in the warm heather. The place was full of a spring-like fragrance. Low blueberry bushes with exceedingly sweet fruit grew here and there. (In the woods the blueberries are very large—nearly as large as cherries, but sour for want of the sun.)

We lit a fire and feasted, and spent an hour or more in the valley drying our clothes and looking about for tracks of animals. The one drawback to perfect happiness was a yellow jacket's nest situated inconveniently near the little pool.

A little before noon we took up our packs and went on over a hill into another valley; but before we had gone far Vick and Joe saw another bear, which they pursued. The Marine, the Cayuse and I rested well content under the shade of a lone cottonwood, for the sun was hot when it had a chance.

Straight above us towered a sharp peak of rock suggestive of a wide view into the mysterious land beyond—the unexplored region in the heart of the Olympics, where the Indian dare not go, and where white men had never been, or had left no record if they had. The Siwash have a legend of a fierce interior tribe, who slay, and perhaps eat at sight, the way-worn traveler—a tribe strong in magic arts and invincible in war. But this I fear is merely an excuse to avoid climbing the mountains, for the Siwash is probably the laziest savage on the face of the earth. His legs are small and weak and his head large and heavy, and as soon would a pollywog take a salmon leap as an ordinary coast Indian a good healthy climb.

But to return to our own sufferings. Chris and I went on up the peak, and the Cayuse, stimulated by that emotion which in the other sex is curiosity, but in ours is that praiseworthy love of exploration that leads to all great discoveries, came with us. The Marine lay for a while content with his surroundings, but soon joined us on the peak. What a sight it was! The air was clear, for the long rain had driven off the heavy cloud of smoke that covers the Olympics in summer for months at a time, and the sun was bright. It shone on the Sound, far away to the eastward, gleaming like polished steel, and Hood's Canal like a narrow silver ribbon threading the dark wilderness of forest. Beyond them, the old volcanic shafts of Rainier and Baker raised their towering forms, mantled in white, like gods in peace and purity and majesty, and the slender cone of another mighty peak stood on the horizon, circled just below its summit with one wreath of rosy cloud.

Below us the north and south forks of the Skokomish, with their several branches, wound away between the hills, their course marked by the brighter green and fuller foliage of water-loving trees and bushes—a pleasant contrast to the fir and cedar. On the further side of the peak, looking eagerly, we saw the frowning wall of the main divide—the great range that parts the waters of the Pacific from the waters of the Sound—on one side of which the rivers flow east, on the other west. The peak whereon we stood was the end and summit of a long spur projecting southward from the main range. Parallel to this ran another higher spur, ending in a sheer wall of black rock, that rose thousands of feet straight from the bottom. This was connected with our peak by a lower and heavily-wooded hill, and between the rock wall opposite and the base of the hill was a deep chasm.

Within the inclosure formed by these two spurs and the main range lay as fair a valley as the eyes of man has ever seen—warm in the sunlight—green with the moisture of the later snows, the snows that yield only to the heat of midsummer. From the meadows below rose a light steam here and there, to seek the clouds or hang in mist wreaths round the crags above.

A stream ran through the valley, rippling and splashing down from the main range, then in the valley spreading out into a chain of little lakes, clear and green as emerald, then through the chasm at the base of the immense cliff, in white rapids to the Skokomish with a rush. We sat and looked.

Presently our comrades joined us—they had not come up with the bear. And they sat and looked too. But by and by, with a parting glance at the eastern side of the Olympic slope, at the dark sea of forest and gleaming water, and the mighty peaks of the Cascade Range beyond, we went down upon the long ridge which connected it with the divide. During the afternoon we saw two large bears, neither of them within range. One, indeed, offered the possibility of a shot; but it is hard to judge the distances in such places, and though Vick took all due care in aiming, there is small reason to suppose that he hit him. The bear, however, abandoned the delights of a blueberry thicket where he had been sitting and revelling in the berries, and went off to the valley through the brush in huge jumps, with a loud squeal of eminent disapproval. He looked for all the world like a gigantic flea on the craggy back of the mountain.

We rested a while, later in the afternoon, on one of the open slopes that now became frequent as the hills grew more precipitous—places where the woods years ago had lost their footing and fallen away into the valleys, leaving sunny pastures for the deer. We split up and hunted in the open among the rocks, but found no deer that day, though the tracks were many; and toward evening descended into the valley and encamped near its head. The valley was full of the tracks of animals—bear and deer, but especially cougar—and those of the others were so frequent and so much fresher than the deer tracks, that it seems probable the savage brutes had driven the deer out of the valley altogether. Several of us went out to look for the Cayuse who had disappeared, and as I went down the valley I saw a bear vanish with a crash up the mountainside.

There was a slight knoll in the lower valley above one of the little lakes, and it was thickly crowded with bushes. I could distinctly hear a large animal moving about through the brush. I could see nothing of the beast, and was almost teased into firing at the sound as it dodged me round and round the knoll, but remembering a former occasion, when I had looked for the cause of such a noise for a long time and found it to be the Cayuse, I refrained. On the occasion to which I refer, the Cayuse and I, each firmly believing the other to be a bear, and thirsting for his life, had spent a large part of an afternoon in trying to locate one another in the brush, and had finally come face to face, one on each side of a clearing; with cocked Winchester ready to fire. Our wrath was great and lasting—and I take this opportunity to warn the reader that in this kind of hunting it is most important that each member of the party should tell the others where he is going to hunt, and that they should give each other a wide berth. For it would be excessively difficult to carry a wounded or deceased comrade down the Olympics, and under such circumstances mortifying as well. Nothing came of my hunt—the noise stopped suddenly and I could find no trace of the animal.

Meanwhile Vick and Joe had found the Cayuse, who had been having a little hunt all by himself; and we went back to camp, where we thoroughly enjoyed supper, and made our plan for the next day—to stay in the valley and hunt and rest before trying the divide.

As the night was clear we did not pitch the tent, but used it as a blanket. Accordingly, as soon as we went to sleep the clouds crept softly up and the wind came sweeping down from the cold heights; and we woke to find it raining heavily. The climate of the Pacific coast, among its other superior characteristics, possesses great cunning in thus catching a man at a disadvantage and thoroughly soaking him when he is trying to sleep and has neither a roof over his head nor a change of raiment. In this respect it is the Eternal Spring that Puget Sound real estate advertisements boast of, but not that part of spring which the phrase generally is intended to suggest to the mind of the reader.

We got up early and spent much of the day in getting together the pitch-knots that lay on the hillside opposite—relics of the fallen woods—and piling them on our huge fire. During the morning I hunted; so I believe did the Marine; but the game apparently had the good sense to stay indoors in such weather. Chris and Joe, however, went out later and came back toward evening with a doe which Joe had shot. He had also killed a buck, but it fell in an almost inaccessible place; and when he went back for it next morning either wolves or cougars had torn it to pieces.

An old raven flew back and forth over the camp and croaked dismally. But when we had the deer dressed and cooking we cared not for the weather or the melancholy prospect, for it was the first time for a month or more that any one of us had tasted fresh meat, except the marmot above mentioned; and fresh meat, after a few weeks of bacon and ham and fish, is a luxury that surpasses the masterpieces of the most inspired culinary genius. It's worth starving a while to try it. Such was the principle that guided the actions of the famous old gentleman who was seen once a week at Parker's eating salt viands with dogged Anglo-Saxon perseverance. When impertinent curiosity got the better of an observer, who asked his motive, the answer was: "I begin to eat salt meats, sir, at seven o'clock, and by doing so persistently—persistently, sir—I acquire by ten o'clock a thirst that I would not take fifty dollars for." I doubt if that man would have bought one of our appetites when Joe's doe appeared.

That night I found a little cave in the rocks, and having carried coals there from the camp-fire in the two frying-pans, I soon warmed the rocky walls with a bright blaze, and had a more peaceful night, far from the snoring and kicking of which only a camp is capable.

The next morning after a search for the lost buck, we went on up the main divide. At the head of the valley was an easy ascent to a narrow opening between two peaks. Here we rested and looked down on the western side of the range.

Thousands of feet below us, in a deep gorge, ran and roared (like Sir John) a good-sized stream, which from our bearings and from the fact that there was but one river on that side that could spring from so large a source, we knew to be the Quinalt. So we were really on top of the wall. A spur of the mountain on which we stood, divided into five or six peaks, formed a horseshoe bend at the head of the gorge. Directly across the river from our position was a huge mass of a mountain, several of whose tops were higher than those of the main divide. This stood within the bend of the spur, and stretching away to the north in a gradually declining range, was broken several miles further down by a deep gap. The river ran nearly round this mountain, flowing from the other side of it, and following the horseshoe bend eastward toward our point of view, then turning northward along the range and finally flowing westward through the distant gap, and southwestward to seek Lake Quinalt and the Pacific. We proposed to cross this stream, and stood for some time gazing down upon its deep channel and listening to its sound—not in a sentimental way, but because we did not know how to get down there.

Finally we turned back a little and kept northward along the main range, following the course of the stream below us and hoping to find some possible way of descent. I soon found one, not only possible, but inevitable. We were somewhat scattered now, looking for a way along the ridge—above us sheer rock, below a steep slope of thousands of feet, broken here and there by shelves. I went too high and lost the rest of the party, and in looking about in slippery places for their trail, lost footing

and found myself shooting down the track of an old landslide. Bits of loose rock rattled about my ears and the little bushes tore out of the loose soil as I clutched them; but I landed, after a coast that put the best kind of tobogganing in the shade—breathless, hot, slightly bruised, disgracefully tattered, but otherwise all right, on a shelf below.

"Oh! how unlike the place from whence I fell!"

But I was in a worse position than the hero of Milton's narrative, for my companions had not shared my fall, and were not soon discerned. A "shelf" here does not mean a narrow ledge of rock, but a comfortable stretch of level ground that breaks the slope. Here was a bright moist little meadow, surrounded by woods. The soft ground was full of the tracks of elk and deer. Where were my friends?

I shouted. No words can tell the bitter mockery that the echoes can put into their tones when they answer a man who has lost his way and finds himself alone in an utterly unexplored country—where the foothills are mountains and the trees are towers.*

All this immensity gives a man an indescribable sense of his own insignificance, when he is left alone and has time to think of it, and the echoes rub it in. I shouted, and every mountain seemed to have a great voice of its own, echo after echo came ringing back, from near and far, sharp and clear from the rocks above, deep and loud from the sounding woods, and far below me the river laughed. After the tumult—and that phrase is no exaggeration—had subsided, I gave up calling. A very belated echo came back from the valley, and thinking it might be an answer I went in that direction. A good elk trail led toward it, and it seemed likely that the others had discovered the trail further up the mountain somewhere, and had descended by it. But this proved a mistake; for they could not have done so without leaving a track here and there; and nothing had passed over this trail for days apparently. I called again with the former result, and it turned out afterward that the others never heard a sound, having gone round to the other side of a peak which entirely cut them off from my voice and its echoes, and having been pushing through brush at the time which would have prevented them in any case from hearing. I turned back to the foot of my slide and waited, for as I carried certain provisions highly important to the cuisine of the expedition, I knew that they would want me at lunch time. If not, I could push along down the Quinalt to the reservation.

In a very few minutes I heard Chris far above me. He had come back to pick up the pieces, and I had a hard climb to reach him, up a place where the soil was pretty firm, digging heels and rifle-butt into the ground and pulling up by the bushes, testing each one first, for many of them came out.

The rest of the party were rather discouraged. They were still running about on top of the ridge looking for a place to get down and they would not profit by my discovery and slide. The Cayuse had hurt his knee severely but kept bravely on, refusing to lighten his pack or take any assistance.

We followed the elk trail, that ran along the ridge, for a while, hoping it would take a turn toward the valley. Vick suddenly came upon a bear in an open space among the bushes. His rifle proved to be out of order, and for the first time since he had had it missed fire and the bear ran off with a grunt. At last we took our necks in our hands (not literally but as one does his life) and trickled (if I may use the expression in connection with solids) down the steep descent. The Marine had secured a firm hold of the bushes and a slight rest for his feet. Reveling in the unwonted security of his position he looked up and saw the Cayuse, who was descending triumphantly, sliding at a comfortable angle. The Marine thought he was falling and calling out, "You're all right old boy, I'll stop you!" caught him by the leg as he came. The Cayuse kicked like the beast from whom he takes his name, and down they came, tumbling and rolling through the brush. They brought up on my shoulders and I joined the avalanche, which proceeded merrily till a tree stopped us. The other three were far ahead, but at last we found them by the side of the Quinalt. There we had a hasty meal.

It was growing very cold, and had begun to rain again so we started up the opposite slope. This was the hardest work—except the alders on the foothills—that we had—so steep that we were obliged to stop and rest at about every 30 yds. When we had made a thousand feet or so Joe became aware that he had left his cartridge belt by the stream. The Cayuse, the Marine and I would almost have given our ears not to have heard his remarks. There is no imagining what he would have said had not Vick produced the belt, which he had seen and saved.

All the rest of that day we climbed and climbed; and the work grew harder as we went. Not that we could get more tired or the hill much steeper without our falling off, but the brush was thicker than ever—dense blueberry bushes growing seven or eight feet high sometimes, with gnarled tough twigs locked together. And every bush was dripping, for the rain had now poured heavily for hours.

As we came toward each successive shelf we thought it must be the top; and at each one we were disappointed. When at last it grew too late to go on, not a single level spot could we find for a camp. The best place that presented itself was good in every respect but one. There was plenty of comparatively dry wood; there was balsam for our bed and running water near by, but the pitch of the ground was so steep that we had to drive stakes and lay a log against them on which to brace our feet when we lay down, which we did as usual six in a row. It was comfortable enough for a while. But in the night the camp-fire, originally built at a safe distance, transgressed and burnt off the stakes, so we had to get up and brace our log all over again. FRANCIS DANA.

* My friend, the Marine, was in his early youth a mighty hunter of eggs; and would climb trees where none of us, his comrades, dare aspire, and would enchant us when he came down with tales of what he saw at the top. Soon after he settled in the West he wrote home that "there was just one trouble with the country, that, although there were plenty of trees, they were quite useless, as not one of them was small enough to be climbed, even with irons!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Ad.*

Natural History.

A PAIR OF PET LIONS.

PREVIOUS to making up country trips in South Africa I always laid in a supply of calico dresses and pound packages of tea to serve as presents for the wives of the Boers in the outlying districts. Tea is used by them only in cases of sickness, and the donation of a calico dress is always met by an interchange of dairy and hen roost products. In one of my trips, while in the neighborhood of an old vrow, finding that the larder needed replenishing, I jumped on my shooting pony and cantered over to her house, followed by my Kaffir henchman "January," carrying a basket containing the tea and dress. The noise of my pony's hoofs on the sun-baked earth caught the old lady's ears and she met me at the door with the exclamation:

"I'm so glad you have come!"

"Why?"

"Because I have a pair of young lions for you."

"Where are they?"

"Knocking about the house somewhere."

I immediately dismounted, handed the reins to January, started indoors, and finally brought up in the kitchen, where I found the whelps asleep on the hearth. On asking how they were captured she informed me that some two weeks previous her son had shot a lioness, and finding her in milk, hunted around until he picked up the youngsters. I immediately bargained for them with the understanding that they were to be given all the milk they would drink, not teased, and kept until my return, some three months ahead. The tea and dress were then produced and January had to enlist the services of one of the farm Kaffirs to assist in carrying to the wagons the butter and eggs which were received in exchange.

On my return I found they had been partially weaned, which was fortunate, as it would have been impossible to get fresh milk for them daily. Taking them in my arms I started toward my cart, which had been driven up in front of the house, for the purpose of throwing them on my bed; but the oxen bolted on, catching scent of them, and it required a deal of patience before they would allow them to be loaded. On coming up with my train of wagons, loaded with antelope, gnus, etc., the cart was prudently kept some distance in the rear, for fear of a stampede of the teams, and it was fully a week before the oxen became thoroughly accustomed to lion odor. The whelps would pass the time while traveling lolling about on my bed, which I shared with them at night, but so soon as we stopped and the oxen were turned loose for grazing their heads would be thrust out from the front of the cart waiting to be lifted out, so that they could have their customary game of romps with the dogs and myself.

We had reached the more thickly settled portion of the country when one day, just as we were outspanning, a couple of young Boers cantered up to the wagons, one of whom carried a fine chacma seated behind him. On dismounting the reins were handed to the baboon, who had seated himself just in front of the horses, and I started for the cart in search of the "square rigger," i. e., gin flask, in order to pave the way to purchasing the baboon. On reaching it the heads of both whelps appeared, expecting to be lifted out, as was customary. On catching sight of them the baboon gave a scream, the horses a snort of terror, and each one took a separate path across the veldt, followed by a pair of blaspheming Boers. I saved my gin, but lost the chance of buying a fine chacma and sulkily refused to join in the usual frolic.

The trip home was made without further incident, and on arriving the youngsters were allowed the run of the house; but at night they would persist in sharing my bed with me. After having been nearly smothered by a trick which they had of lying across my face, I finally compromised matters by arranging a cot alongside my bed with a stout wire screen intervening. Of course the arrival of the young lions was soon noised about, and I did not lack company, especially on Sunday afternoons, when my establishment resembled a miniature zoological garden, and the female whelp seemed to select just such occasions to play pranks on the bipeds of her own sex. Her favorite ambush was under the table of the dining room, the door of which opened on the passage way through the house. So long as males passed, or females escorted by males, she would remain quiet, but as sure as a single female, or a party of them, attempted to pass through, she would spring out and crouch just in front of them, invariably causing a hasty retrograde movement, accompanied by a series of screams. Once while in the rear giving some directions to the Kaffirs, I was startled by a piercing shriek, and turned just in time to see a frightened female dart out of the back door and come at racing speed toward me. In so doing she had to pass directly under a tree, in which was chained a baboon. So soon as she was fairly under it, the brute dropped on to her shoulders, whisked off her bonnet and wrap, and was up on his perch again in a jiffy. She dropped in a dead faint, and before I could dash some water into her face and bring her to her senses the bonnet and wrap were torn into shreds, and on looking toward the house I could see the head of the lioness lying over the doorsill, seemingly enjoying the mischief she had caused. On another occasion, hearing a series of suppressed screams in the house, I hurried in and found a trio of young ladies standing on the dining table, with their skirts pulled up to about the regulation ballet length, and tightly drawn about their limbs, while the lioness was crouched on the floor just in front of them, whisking her tail and acting precisely as if she intended to spring up and occupy a portion of their retreat. Picking her up I carried her into my bedroom, and on my return found that the young ladies had managed to get down without any assistance, and were hurrying out the front door without saying good-bye.

Fearing that something serious might occur if I allowed my pets their liberty any longer, I had a large cage constructed, and for the first week or two was forced to spend a greater portion of my time in it with them. The male did not worry so much, but the female fretted constantly, and the only way I had of quieting her was to go in and lie down, using the male for a pillow, while she would stretch herself alongside of me with her head resting on my chest. A short time after confining them I found that they were shedding their milk teeth, a very painful operation with all cat animals. The female did

not suffer so much, but the male's upper gums became so much swollen as to almost close his eyes, and I determined to lance them. Placing him squarely on his back, with my left hand I opened his jaws, and with a knife in my right quickly slashed one gum, springing aside immediately, as I expected a wipe from his front paws. Much to my surprise he never made the slightest attempt to injure me, but gave a grunt of relief, rolled over on his side and began sucking the blood from the wound. The other gum was served in a like manner with precisely the same actions, and the next day I had the satisfaction of seeing the swelling much reduced, and in a short time it entirely disappeared.

No doubt many of my readers will suppose that my pets only served to get me into scrapes, but I have a very distinct recollection of one instance in which they managed to get me out of one. I was hailed one day by the sheriff, who informed me that he had a summons in his office for me to serve as a jurymen. I tried to beg off, but he was inexorable and said that he had no discretion in the matter, so I told him that the first time he happened out in my neighborhood to drop in and serve the paper. A few days afterward he rode up to my gate and I called January to open it for him, while I hurried out through the back door and made for the lions' cage. But a short time elapsed before I heard him calling for me, and on my answering he gradually found his way out to the den, in which I was seated on the male's recumbent body, while the female sat behind me with her chin resting on one of my shoulders. As soon as he saw me he sprang back and yelled out:

"For Heaven's sake! Come out of there!"

"Hand that summons in here and I will do so."

"Do you want my arm torn off?"

"No; but I want you to make a legal service of that paper by handing it to me."

"I shall not take any such risk, but I will tear it up if you will only come out and save me from seeing you torn into pieces."

"All right, do so, and I will try to get out alive."

The paper was torn up and I stepped out of the cage, much to my friend's relief, whose nerves were completely quieted by a resort to the "square rigger."

A short time subsequent I met the judge in the street, who wished to know if my mode of dodging jury duty was the one commonly practiced in my own country.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

AN UNSEASONABLE RAIL.

EASTON, Md., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write to ask if it is not very unusual to find a specimen of the Virginia rail (*R. virginianus*) as far north as this locality at this season of the year. The specimen referred to is *R. virginianus*, and not the common sora or Carolina rail (*P. carolinensis*).

It was captured in rather a singular manner. I have a friend who has a terrapin pond, and being annoyed by the muskrats burrowing in the banks of the pond, he set a number of steel traps for them, and found the bird caught by the leg in one of the traps. It is a male bird in full plumage and in fine condition, which would go to show that it was not from being wounded or otherwise injured that it failed to migrate with its fellows. I am having the bird mounted on account of finding it at this season, and it is a remarkably fine specimen.

These birds are rare with us at any time, although we formerly had the common sora by thousands in its season. Although killing these birds in great numbers every season, it has been an unusual thing to kill a *R. virginianus*.

While on the subject of rail, can any of our sportsmen account for the sudden and great falling off in the numbers of these birds since 1883? Up to that season we had them in countless numbers on our marshes, but since that year they have been scarce. I should attribute it to over-shooting if the diminution had not been all at once, and the rail having the immense amount of cover it has ought to be protected, one would think.

SINKBOAT.

[It is, we believe, quite unusual to find rail of any kind so far north as Maryland in winter. At the same time it must be confessed that we do not know very much about the habits of these birds. For example, up in Connecticut it is the popular belief that the sora all go south at the first hard frost in autumn, and it is unusual to find them on the rail grounds after Oct. 1. Nevertheless in high coarse sedge and reeds on the edge of the salt water these birds are occasionally killed, being flushed by accident up to Dec. 1. Here in the north we have always found *R. virginianus* rare as compared with the Carolina rail.]

THE PERSISTENCE OF PESTS.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Jan. 31.—A wolf which had destroyed upward of seventy sheep was recently poisoned in the town of North Burgess.

Two foxhounds owned by local hunters recently fell victims to poison which some careless individual had set out for the bushy-tailed prowlers.

Foxes are numerous beyond precedent in this neighborhood despite their pursuit by hunters. Seven "reds" were one day recently on foot before three hounds, within two miles of the city.

Foxes are said to be very numerous in the vicinity of Newburgh, some twenty miles east, and on Tuesday Mr. John Jackson sighted a beautiful silver gray one. They are so tame that they have been seen playing with the dogs in the barnyards.

A short time ago two students from Queen's College, Kingston, who were visiting at Odessa, trapped a black fox, and received from a furrier in Kingston \$90 for the pelt. Another was captured on the fourth concession of Hungerford last week. The animal has become almost extinct in this section, and the skins are said to be worth from \$100 to \$150 each.

A silver fox was shot in Hungerford township a couple of weeks ago by Mr. M. Cronkright and sold to Mr. Alf. Dulmage for \$75. The fox is a native of Labrador, and only two have ever been known to be shot in Hastings.

In order that your readers may avoid the mistake of your correspondent, who, after navigating Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence in an open boat, described the shores of our beautiful bay as in a state of nature—a country that has been settled nearly a hundred years and has been all but denuded of its forest—let me state that the whole of the region above referred to is one of the oldest settled tracts in the Province.

R. S. B.

FLORIDA BIRD NOTES.

BISCAYNE BAY, Fla., Jan. 25.—For the last two weeks this far southern section of country has been alive with robins. As the oldest settlers have never seen these birds here before, they excite great interest and curiosity. They are fat, saucy, and so tame that one may approach within a few feet of them ere they take wing. They seem also to be very quarrelsome, and fight so fiercely among themselves that in two cases, coming under my personal observation, the vanquished bird has died within a few minutes after the battle.

The native birds seem much disgusted by the presence of these intruders, and the mockingbirds are devoting all their energies to chasing them.

I heard the first song sparrow about a week ago, and the bluejays have been with us for the past two months. Never have I seen so many crows as now fill the woods and line the beaches about here. Their battles are with the buzzards, and when a dozen or more of them get after one buzzard the latter has a poor show. O. K. CHOBEE.

BREEDING OF BEARS.—Van Buren, Ind., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish information about the breeding habits of the black bear, as I have a male from Wisconsin, a female from Michigan, three years old next spring. They have been kept together in a cage since I got them as cubs, weighing 16 and 14 lbs, respectively. On 25th inst. there was a cub found in the cage dead and partly consumed. I judge it was destroyed by the male, and will say I have never seen anything to make me think there was any prospect of any increase or I would have separated them sooner. How many cubs does the female bring forth a season? Are all at one time or some time between? What is the usual time of the year they bring forth their young? What is the period of gestation? and do the males destroy the young?—M. D. [As we have more than once said, but little is known about the breeding of bears. It is certain, however, that the cubs are usually born in January, that they are from one to three in number, and that young bears produced in confinement are often destroyed by the parents. While in charge of the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati, Mr. Frank J. Thompson succeeded in breeding black bears, and an account of this occurrence from his pen may be found in FOREST AND STREAM XIII., p. 605. From this it appears that the young are born naked, that they are blind for forty days after birth, and are carefully watched by the mother for nearly three months. We would suggest your separating your bears early next winter and giving the female every opportunity to make herself ready for the possible event.]

REDUCING THE SPARROWS.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I recently scored the fifteen hundredth English sparrow which has fallen to my Stevens .22 since April, 1888. What would the natural increase of the birds have probably been meanwhile, if unmolested?—K. [The data given are not accurate enough for us to figure on with any degree of definiteness. The sparrow is supposed to rear four or five broods of from four to six young each in a season. We think that the natural increase of the sparrows which you have destroyed might safely be placed at from 15,000 to 20,000 as a minimum. We commend this question to our mathematical readers.]

LINNÆAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—A regular meeting of the society will be held at the rooms of the American Geographical Society, No. 11 West Twenty-ninth street, Friday evening, Feb. 6, 1891, at 8 o'clock. A paper will be read by Mr. F. M. Chapman, entitled "The Mammals of the East Coast of Florida," and one by Mr. Leverett M. Loomis, entitled "An Historical Sketch of South Carolinian Ornithology."—JONATHAN DWIGHT, JR., Secretary.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A TRIP TO THE CAUGILON MOUNTAINS.

THE last week has been the most successful from a sportsman's point of view that I can call to mind during the six years that I have been hunting over Texas and New Mexico. We have certainly on other occasions killed larger quantities of game during a shorter space of time and without so much work to get it, but never did we have so much condensed fun in one week. Three years ago we killed six bears and a black-tailed buck in two days. We had eight or ten white-tailed deer in camp at one time, while hunting in Val Verde county, Texas. And the numbers of turkeys that have now and then fallen in our way have been sufficient to supply a large camp nearly all winter with meat. However, I have been more pleased with the reminiscences of this September week than any other on record.

Our party consisted my friend E., Andrés, a Puebla Indian; a Mexican cook and his son to herd the burros; an old half-breed Navajo Indian-Mexican, a faithful servitor of long standing, whom we will call G.; a gentleman from Philadelphia, Mr. Johnson, and his friend Mr. Pickin, and myself. J. and P., who were out for pleasure, and had heard of my camp, came over to consult me on the subject, so it was settled that they should come with us and see how they liked it. Accordingly we took in two or three more days with the trout on the Rio Brazos, during which time several large fish were caught, weighing from four and three-quarters down to half a pound, then we moved to the Ceobilla Plaza, near which the Mexicans informed us several bears had been killed and more been seen. Next day we started out to locate our game. We had ridden quite six miles without receiving any encouragement. At last, however, we came on the track of a large bear and cub. Shortly afterward we found more sign and the carcass of one not long killed. Thinking this good enough to try we returned.

The next day found us camped near the head of a bright little trout stream, known as the Rio Caugilon. Our two friends traveled in a buckboard, and as any one

who has tried it must be well aware, this mode of locomotion when applied to the mountains and entirely off any road requires some skill and plenty of practice; consequently they did not make it quite as soon as we did with our burros; however, they were in time enough, for after pitching the four tents we all went out for a two-hour hunt before dark. Andrés saw and wounded slightly a fine silver-tip, which, however, got off. Next morning we took after the wounded bear, but the dogs soon lost him, and we tried another track with similar effect; then they followed one at full cry, and we followed them for six or seven miles, only to find that they had overrun the one they started on and were running an old one. Of course they were wild and somewhat out of practice, but the dryness of the ground was against them as well; our horses being a little tired we returned. I was anxious that our two friends should see the dogs on their best behavior, for they were quite new to the sport and did not know what to expect, consequently I was not a little annoyed at the day's proceedings.

That evening we went out without hounds. J. and E. were the first to hide themselves in the oak brush, at elevated points where they could see all around without being seen. Just as the sun was about to go down, out of the oak brush, about 600 yds. from the observatories, stalked an immense brown bear. "What an odd-looking horse," thought J., who, however, soon discovered his mistake when bruin began to pace across a small flat between the hedges of brush. J. at once made off to where he expected to meet his highness. E. had, however, also seen him, and lost no time in circumventing such a beauty. No sooner did the bear show his nose than E., who is an old hand, dived into obscurity and was lost to view. So it came to pass that when E. was within shot, but not in sight of his prize, "bang!" went a .50-95 express close to him, and before he could ascertain the cause, "bang! bang!" rung out two more shots in quick succession, and all was still. Hastening to the spot whence came the sound of firing, imagine E.'s disgust at finding his big bear dead, and killed, not by J., but by Andrés, who they thought was hunting in quite another direction. He had, however, sneaked out, and with his usual luck stumbled plump on top of bruin without waiting long and patiently for the chance, as the others had done. J. arrived soon afterward somewhat out of breath (for by his figure one might think him fond of good living when at home); he had seen another, but smaller, bear on his way down, which he fired at and missed. He seemed rather astonished at the size of the dead one, and solemnly declared he had never seen one nearly as large, either stuffed or in any of the zoological gardens.

The next day we took the hounds out again and soon found a track, but whether the ground was too dry, or what, I knew not, possibly the large flock of sheep interfered with the scent, anyway, the dogs would not or could not run; so home we went again. Next day we stayed in camp to rest the horses and hounds, but did not feed the latter. I caught 150 trout in an incredibly short space of time; they were not large, in fact a half-pound fish was rare; but they were not very small and jumped at the flies with avidity. P. killed a few mountain pigeons, some ducks, and a grouse, and Andrés secured a young gobbler.

The following morning was a glorious success long to be remembered in the annals of our bear hunting. We started at about eight A. M. and turned our dogs loose on a track about a mile from camp, some rain had fallen during the night and the scent was perfect. To my horror and disgust, the hounds circled round in the brush and then split in all directions. What could it mean? I must confess I fully expected another blank day, but made up my mind to follow. J., G. and I took one branch, Andrés, E. and P. the other. We had six dogs with us, or rather well in front of us, for they were rapidly ascending the mountain on our right, when G. let out a yell, the cause of which was a large brown bear breaking cover near the summit, but considerably ahead of the pack, who were after another one. Spurs were instantly and effectually applied, G. and I reached the top where we met J., who had gone round another way, the bear had just passed him, but owing to the thickness of the brush he could not fire. There was not a dog within a mile of us, they having torn off down the hill again after another as fast as their legs could carry them. Quick as thought I ran to the edge we had just climbed over and blew my horn with all my might; a dog answered me, and soon I could see them away down below. However, after tooting till my veins began to swell and my breath to depart, I was rewarded by the appearance of six dogs coming up again. In a few minutes they were on bruin's trail and off we went. Not more than 40 yds. from here they split again, but we followed the bunch of three who were after the bear we had sighted. A two-mile gallop through quaking asp, pine and fallen timber brought us to the edge of a cañon, on the other side of which we could hear the dogs baying in one place. Here I stopped to fix my girth before going down. G. and J. rode on and found him sitting across a limb about 15 ft. from the ground; J. dismounted and plugged him in the cranium. Death was instantaneous, G. was then despatched for a jack-ass, on the arrival of which we returned with our three hounds and the bear.

On nearing camp we met two more donkeys coming out. E., P. and A. had been having a rollicking time. While standing in an open space listening to the dogs, which were split up, a big cinnamon broke cover close to them with only one hound behind him. E. dismounted and fired; knocking him down, but he arose and fled in a hurry, as did E.'s horse. After a chase the pony seemed ashamed of his fright and allowed himself to be captured. E. at once galloped off in the direction taken by the bear and arrived in time to see Andrés fire and drop the bear from his perch in a small pine tree. E. then laid down his rifle and went to work with his skinning knife. While thus engaged he heard the hounds yelling at no great distance off; and looking up saw a brown bear pass close to him and disappear before he had time to run for the rifle. There were no dogs with the beast and he got clear away. This time he returned to his work with his Winchester, and lucky it was that he did so, for in a few minutes a two-year-old black bear came out with three dogs at her heels. E. took a quick shot and wounded but did not stop her. Then came a chase. P., who had also seen this bear, got there first, but having only a shotgun and buckshot wisely waited for A., who shot her as soon as she treed. All this happened within an hour, and by 10 o'clock we were all in camp, except

four dogs, which I believe had more bear. Toward evening a Mexican came and told us that one of the hounds had kept a bear treed since the morning at some distance from where we killed the last two; he had no gun and was obliged to leave it, and it was too far away for us to get there before dark. This dog was barely a year old and had not seen a bear before. About midnight the other four dogs returned, one at a time. Five grown bears that we know of left that patch of brush at once; how many more might have gone off unobserved is hard to tell, but P. was sure that the country was full of them. One dog had the pad cut off her foot and another had a swollen face from the fray.

The next day we had a good run for about three miles. I was left behind trying to cut off the bear's retreat, while unfortunately he took off in the wrong direction. E. got there first, and thinking he was alone with the exception of a strange Mexican, who joined him, did not wait; I was not 100 yds. behind, but too late to save my dog, for when E. fired he wounded the bear, which fell off his resting place and instantly arose to his feet, scattering the pack like chaff before the wind. I arrived just in time to see the fatal shot, and there was poor little Julie, a stump-tailed hound, running about with her entrails hanging out. The excitement of the chase had evidently prevented her from feeling, for she was barking and playing around, wagging her stump of a tail for all she was worth. I then called her to me, and finding the intestines bitten in pieces, I saw no hope but to put her out of her misery before any reaction set in. Towser, a yearling hound, fastened on the bear's nose for about a second, but judging from his appearance he will prefer the opposite end of the next bear, for although not seriously hurt, he looked very much like a man whom I once saw after a prize fight. The bear was a large male cinnamon. We packed him home with Julie, to whose memory a monument was erected.

The following day we did not find a track till about 9 o'clock, and then I thought it not fresh enough, so we rode off to look for another, when Andrés, who had been left behind, fired two shots and we retraced our steps; he had seen and shot at, but missed a big brown bear. The dogs were soon uncoupled and ran straight away for a good six miles at racing pace, it was all we could do to keep them in hearing; and when we pulled in our horses J. and I were alone, the others being a long way behind. On coming to the spot where the dogs had bayed, we saw a large brown bear standing on an immense limb, not more than twenty feet up; he looked so much like coming down that we fired at a greater distance than usual, the consequence being that he came down in an extremely lively style. Having a shot through the jaw and one leg broken, he could not get at the dogs well, and as we ran in I shot him through the side and dropped him, and I gave him the *coup de grace*.

The next day we took a rest, having got six bears, five of which were males and above the average size. P. shot a turkey, E. and I caught trout, while J. rode off in the evening to wait by a bear wallow that we had discovered in the vicinity. When he returned this was the tale he told. On arriving at the water hole, he selected a hide from which he could shoot any animal while bathing, and waited. Soon he began to think. His past life, with all its sins, pleasures, fortunes and misfortunes, floated before his eyes; a twig snapped just behind him, and on turning to see the cause, he found himself staring into the small green eyes of the cinnamon bear he had come to meet. Both were astounded, and took a good look at each other to be sure there was no deception. The bear, however, was the first to grasp the situation, and what did he do? Rise on his hindfeet and with a blood-curdling roar dash his enemy to the ground? Oh, dear, no; he skeddaddled and left J. wondering how it was he had never shot him. However, it was too late now, and J. knew well how useless it would be to follow. So he simply remained where he was, only with his thoughts running in a slightly different groove. Here was J. standing bolt upright in the brush, looking keenly about him, when he discovered that another bear, and much bigger one, had stolen a march on him, and was trotting down to the bath in full view. J. thought he would wait till he came nearer and make certain of this one, so slowly he began to sink into the brush to be completely hidden, but this very action attracted the attention of those restless little eyes, and bruin made a plunge, leaving big claw marks in the ground as the only sign that he had ever been near the place. Some bullets flew after, but did not find him. This was too much for J., who got on old Tuskey and galloped home.

The next day we ran the dogs there without success, and the next day J. and P. attended to home industries, and used lots of soap. E., G., A. and I went out and turned our dogs loose on a good looking track. E. and A. followed close on their heels, but G. and A. made for the top of the hill, from where we could guess their destination and possibly take a cut on them. G. was in front of me, and when just at the top I saw him trying to get his gun out of the scabbard, but it was no go. A beautiful black shining bear trotted by us as if there was nothing on earth to bother him, and was gone in the dense quaking asp before either of us was ready for him. I yelled, and blew, and fired my gun off for the hounds, but not a dog appeared this time; they had struck a bunch of deer and were going to have some fun; they came in the next day, good for nothing. That night the rain came, and we had two or three inches of water all around our beds. In the morning our friends, P. and J., departed on business bound, and we rested. The following morning we had another very long run, and finished with a kill for G., who got there just before us. This bear was also a male, brown, and of good size; the hide measured 7 ft. 7 in. by about 4 ft. That evening while in bed a skunk came into the tent, so I got a trout and poisoned it. Next morning E., whose procobis is extra sharp (and ought to belong to an inspector of nuisances), woke up at about 3 A. M. I always lie well covered, and therefore was enabled to declare my ignorance of any extraordinary smell, and my desire to sleep, thinking that he would remove the cause, which I soon became certain was not far off. However, he did not, for like many human beings he could not endure to see me rolled up apparently asleep when he could scarcely come anywhere near the tent himself. I could not keep the farce up long though, and determined to find it myself, so I arose and soon found the creature under a box near our beds. We moved camp next day for another range of mountains.

A. P. F. COAPE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—Grand Calumet Heights Club held another meeting last night. The tenure of the club on its present grounds remains uncertain and unsettled, although the club has very strong legal rights which would make a sale of that property or an attempted eviction of the club an exceedingly puzzling bit of work for the syndicate purchasers with whom negotiations are now progressing. A committee was appointed to confer further.

The much-talked-of bill for the suppression of pigeon shooting in Illinois has finally been introduced to the State Legislature now sitting. The record of bills introduced this morning reads as follows: "By Senator Bass—Providing for the suppression of pigeon-shooting and similar sports, making the penalty for indulgence in such sports \$50. The bill does not apply to the shooting of game in its wild state." It is suggested to the worthy Senator that his name would be practically as euphonious and more appropriate if he would drop the front letter of his name. Senator Wright, too; he is all wrong. He has introduced a bill "allowing the use of seines for fishing in navigable streams and in streams emptying into navigable streams." We are apt to have some solid chunks of wisdom now, and our beautiful code of laws may be further reformed and adorned by the artistic granger legislator.

Mr. Bird, of the Grand Calumet Heights Club, last night gave me the incidents of a singular and pathetic lake shore tragedy. He was walking along the beach of Lake Michigan not long ago when he came upon a dead sea gull. Examining it, he found protruding from the jaw a large fishhook, quite a length of the line being still attached. The bird had evidently tried to free itself of the hook by scratching at it with its foot, and at some stage of this effort the point of the protruding hook had passed through the web of the foot. The bird was thus pinioned with its foot against its mouth. How long and slow the subsequent struggle for life no one knows, but here the waves had tossed upon the beach the record and picture of the tragedy.

Messrs. Marshall and Metcalf, named earlier as having gone to Mississippi after quail, went to Trenton, in that State, and had elegant sport, averaging 35 or 40 birds a day. They complain of the handicap of close choked guns, and they had only black powder shells with them. There are still a few people left who retain the folly of closely choked guns for field work, and some of them even shoot black powder at quail yet.

They seem to be getting the greyhound fever out in Dakota. The following I notice in this morning's dispatches. "MITCHELL, S. D., Jan. 28.—The most exciting sport ever held at Mitchell occurred to-day in the coursing races between two greyhounds, Nig, belonging to J. W. Seaman, and Tulu, belonging to McDermain & Smith. Jack rabbits were the prey, and there were three races. In the first race Tulu scored eight points and Nig five and a half. In the second Tulu scored seven and Nig five. In the third race Tulu scored seven points and Nig sixteen. Total, Tulu 22, Nig 26½. The third race was an exciting chase of four miles. This gives Seaman the \$200 prize. H. G. Nichols now challenges Seaman's Nig to run his hound Bly in similar chases in April."

There are spiketails and sawbills in small numbers now on the lower end of Lake Michigan. The present rainy and lowery weather should soon give us mallard shooting on the Kankakee. We are having no winter at all to speak of in the banana belt.

I think it was rather hard of Jim Riley, when the telegram announcing the last defeat of Elliott by George Kleinman in the pigeon match here was received at Kansas City, to say, "Well, I reckon Jim'll come back to wearing the G hat again now." Mr. Riley really oughtn't to talk that way. Yet there is a homely philosophy in his remark which all good sportsmen might study.

John Gillespie, of the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., has been very sick and is only now getting around. Doctor's bills come high, and it costs funds to travel, but really now, I think John will go South for a week or two and rest up. It looks that way. Those people indefinitely but generally known as "the boys" think John ought to go, you know, and what they say, goes. There are worse folks in the world than these "boys."

Jan. 24.—Mallards have appeared on the Kankakee marshes. The winter here has been mild. Mallards are shown in the markets. They come from Paw Paw, Mo.

Messrs. W. A. Van Brunt, of Horicon, and Fred Merrill, of Milwaukee, were in town this week en route for a six weeks' trip at quail shooting in northern Mississippi. They had with them five setters and pointers and five beagles, among them some bench and trial winners. The beagles they are taking down for fun at the cottontails.

I am often asked where to go for good quail shooting in the South. John Watson, of Arcola, La., can take care of hunting parties and assure them good shooting. Holly Springs, on the Illinois Central Railroad, is a good point, and Amery, Miss., the old field trial point, is good for birds. Magnolia Station, about 100 miles north of New Orleans, is another good place.

The members of the East and West trap-shooting company of the U. S. Cartridge Co., who made the big trip last winter, organized into a society known as the "Iolanthes." A reunion was to have been held at Dayton, O., the 27th of this month, but this has been postponed as other plans are on foot. An interesting bit of shooting news is thought to be concealed in this postponement, as will transpire later.

Mr. Rolla O. Heikes arrived in the city last Monday morning and has entered upon his duties as Western representative of the Standard-Keystone Co. His family will come on to their home here within a month.

Jan. 31.—On the corner of 18th street and Wabash avenue, in this city, is a grocery, in the window of which I have often seen the mounted figure of a white animal. Once I looked at it more carefully. It was the figure of a deer, but the coat was a snowy white. Everybody has heard of white deer and knows the superstition about them. I never knew of the actual killing of an actual white deer, and doubted the genuineness of this. I asked for Mr. Tebbetts, senior member of the firm. Together we examined the "white fawn," as it is called in the store. The genuineness of the albino deer was no longer to be doubted. Mr. Tebbetts gave me a letter to Mr. C. E. Roe, a commission merchant of 124 S. Water street, this city, of whom he purchased the carcass of the deer. I saw Mr. Roe yesterday, and he recounted the history of this singular animal so far as he knew it.

"I sold the white deer to Mr. Tebbetts in September of 1887," said he. "It came to me in a shipment of venison made from Abrams, Wis., by L. F. Hale, who was engaged in shipping large amounts of venison. He made no comment about it, only saying in a letter to me that he 'had shipped to me a white deer.' I therefore do not know how or by whom the deer was killed. It was shot directly through the heart by a small ball, about as big as a buckshot. There was another one of these white deer killed in the same region the following year (1888). That one went to Janesville, Wis., but I don't know who got it. Perhaps Mr. J. W. Manning, who knows most of the shooters of Janesville, could tell what has become of that deer."

"When I sold the white fawn to Mr. Tebbetts the coat was pure white. The eyes were a light blue. The hoofs were white, as white as any white-hoofed horse ever had."

"I have been interviewed often about that deer and one newspaper man wanted to know if I knew of any bad luck that had ever happened to the killers or handlers of this white deer. I can't say that I do. I am doing pretty well, I thank you, and I guess Mr. Tebbetts is. Those mallards? They are from the far south mostly just now. It is colder below us, in Missouri, than it is here. The bulk of our ducks last fall came from northwestern Nebraska. Yes, that white deer is certainly a curiosity. It's too bad Mr. Tebbetts didn't have better luck getting it mounted. The body is shown too heavy."

Barring this criticism, and a slight over-slimness of the neck, which a close observation shows, the white fawn is certainly a beautiful, as well as a singular, animal. It is kept under a tight glass case and its snowy whiteness does not show a trace of darker color. No chemicals have ever touched the hair. It is a genuine spirit deer.

And now will our friends over the country please tell us of such other genuine white deer as they personally know to have been killed?

Speaking of albinos, Mr. Roe told me of another case, this time among birds, and equally unquestionable. Mr. Roe lives at Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, and there are some oak trees upon his lawn. In one of them a pair of crow blackbirds built their nest, and in due time hatched their young. Hearing a great outcry one evening Mr. Roe went out to the tree. He found one of the young birds had flopped out of the nest. To his surprise, it was quite white! At the moment a neighbor called across the fence, "Here is another of your birds over here." They picked it up, and it also was found to be white. The two young albinos were kept by Mr. Roe carefully for about a week, when they both died. They proved beyond doubt that there can be such a thing as a "white blackbird."

Feb. 1.—Mr. Wolfred N. Low, of this city, tells a pleasant story of a little hunt from which he and a few friends are but recently returned. The party consisted of Mr. Low, Mr. Charles Johnson, another attorney of this city, Prof. Bastin and Sam Booth, of Chicago, and Mr. Geo. J. Low, a relative of our friend and resident of Little Rock, Ark. At their hunting station these gentlemen were joined by Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Hightower, both, I believe, of Cherry Valley, Ark. The party hunted between the St. Francis and L'Angeville rivers, in Arkansas, about eight or ten miles from Cherry Valley, which point is accessible via the Memphis branch of the Iron Mountain road, out of St. Louis. Mr. Low is full of the trip, and says he never was really in a game country before in his life, though he thought he had been. The party computed they saw forty deer each day of the four they spent in the woods. Mr. Mitchell killed a deer, Prof. Bastin killed two, as did also Messrs. Johnson and Hightower. The hunting was over the overflowed timbered country, and the walking in the water made it hard hunting. The most of the deer was found in the overflow, often in water knee deep, and Mr. Low learned for the first time that a deer is an aquatic animal. They need not have resorted to the water, apparently, for the dry ridges were abundant. Thus situated, and having the misfortune to be carrying a shotgun, Mr. Low had the hard luck to lose his only chance, a long shot at a deer which got away crippled.

This St. Francis country must be a great game country. Our friends on this trip killed all the quail and ducks they wanted. Mr. Low counted eight squirrels on one tree. Sign of wild turkey was seen every day, though they did not hunt that bird. On one drive, Christmas day, with the hounds, five deer were started. On the whole, it would seem that this is a hunting ground better than any we have around here. Out of Little Rock, they say, it is equally good. And the gentlemen of this party say that the generosity and hospitality they met were simply charming. Say what you like, there is no idea of real hospitality in the North. You have to go South for that.

Feb. 2.—A curious relic is shown by the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., of this city, in a specimen of the old Porter revolving rifle, a box full of which was lately secured by Messrs. Griffith & Semple, gun dealers of Louisville, Ky. During the war a certain gentleman who in those days would have been called by a Northerner just a plain rebel, bought twenty-five of these guns, then thought to be an advanced arm, and thought to arm his friends with them in case the Yankees came. He buried the box in a cellar. Time passed and they were forgotten, only to be discovered lately when some excavations were making for a new building. The arm looks antiquated enough now, and probably few will remember having seen one like it. E. HOUGH.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—The sixteenth annual meeting of the Blooming Grove Park Association, which owns or controls 25,000 acres of beautiful woodland and a finely-appointed club house in Pike county, Pa., was held last week. The president, Andrew J. Post, reported that 500,000 brook trout eggs had been placed in the streams, and that only the day before 25,000 lake trout eggs and 10,000 landlocked salmon eggs had been received at the Park club house from the United States hatcheries for distribution in the waters of the Park. Among the improvements made were various additions to the club house and twelve miles of drives. The report of Treasurer Wm. P. Roome showed the association to be in an excellent financial condition. Its assets foot up \$98,728.14, made up of the real estate, valued at \$41,000; the club house, servants' quarters, stables, kennels, barns, and other outbuildings valued at \$25,150, and hatching ponds, personal property, and cash made up the balance.

THE COON HUNTERS' SYMPOSIUM has been unavoidably postponed.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have spent a good many years fighting, hunting, trapping, mining and ranching in the West, and have from time to time sent in to you sketches of experience in the old days. Some of these you have printed and some you have probably placed in the waste paper basket, where very likely they belonged.

In my somewhat extended experience I have heard and seen a good many queer occurrences that I sometimes feel like telling about, but it is not always easy to write of these things. The rope and the rifle come handier to me than the pen. I have also more or less information as to places where game is abundant at the present time. This you would no doubt like to have, but I cannot give it to you. There are too many hunters in the country now.

Of course the old West no longer exists, and wherever farmers and cattlemen have gone in the game has been destroyed. It makes my heart sore to think that I can never again eat "fat cow." There never was any meat so good. Of course mountain sheep and elk meat are good, but like a good many men who are going down the hill of life, I believe that "old things are best."

I am each year more astonished at the increasing number of men who are coming to spend their vacations in the West, and the more I see of this tendency the more I wonder that there is any game at all left alive in the mountains. Most men who go out West to hunt devote themselves after the first year or two to some special kind of game. Bears of course are the favorite game, but moose, elk, sheep and white goats—and of course deer and antelope—are taken in.

It is years since any one has gone buffalo hunting, although a few—perhaps half a dozen—have been killed by accident within the past two or three years.

Some of these Eastern men who go West do valuable work there both by example and precept. Your paper has had several accounts of the good work done by the North Wyoming Game Protective Association, which was organized and is operated by stockmen on Gray Bull River and its tributaries. Hon. W. D. Pickett, Mr. Archibald Rogers, Mr. T. Paton and Mr. Belknap are prominent workers in this association. A good example was set by another Eastern man a year or two since. This was a case where the instincts of the gentleman and the sportsman overcame the savage desire to kill, and to kill something now, which is common to us all. A couple of years ago Mr. Chas. M. Donnelly, a New York man, I believe, found himself within 60 yds. of four bison not far outside the boundary line of the National Park, and although he had his rifle with him, he refused to take the life of even one of these great beasts. A man who is capable of an act like that certainly takes a high view of his duty toward himself and toward others.

Speaking of killing buffalo reminds me of the last attempt made by Buffalo Jones to capture live buffalo for his ranch. The story has been told in your paper more than once, and yet there are some points that have never been brought out.

Up to this time, Jones had captured a good many calves and had been successful in rearing them; and, being rather puffed up, I fancy, by his success, he now determined to take in all the buffalo there were left, young and old alike. Well, he tried it, and after a fearfully hard, laborious, trip he partially succeeded.

The trip was made from Kansas to Texas for the purpose of rounding up and capturing the bunch of buffalo known to exist there. The expedition was carefully planned and no provisions that would tend to make it successful were omitted. Of course they had plenty of the best horses that could be got, lots of grain, and good men. Besides these aids, they drove down south with them a bunch of tame buffalo. It was thought that after the wild ones had been run until they were pretty tired, they could be rounded up among the domesticated buffalo and could be held in their companionship without much trouble. Well, the expedition went down into the Panhandle, found the buffalo and started after them. They had four teams, and, using these as relays, for forty-two days they followed these buffalo without stopping, except when it was so dark that they could not see the trail. There were only two places where the buffalo could water, and they ran between these, circling around and covering an area probably not more than 100 miles in diameter. The teams followed the trail on the keen jump, and as soon as one team was tired its place was taken by another. When it got dark they would halt and camp, but when the moon rose, or at the first streak of gray dawn in the east, the mules were harnessed and the chase began again. The buffalo would drop down to rest only a mile or two beyond the camp, and as the wagon approached, would start up again and rush away before it. The draught animals could never have kept up this chase if they had not been fed all the grain they could eat; how the buffalo stood it so long I do not understand.

During the last few days the pace became slower, and often the pursuers would be within one or two hundred yards of the herd. Now the buffalo began to separate. One would edge off from the herd and try to slip away by himself, and when this took place the horsemen would follow, rope and hobble him or her, and then continue in pursuit of the herd. At last it became possible to drive the wild buffalo in among the tame ones, but they could not be held there. Suddenly, without any warning, one of them would start away from the bunch and could not be turned back to it. If caught and hobbled it would sometimes stand for a few moments with all its feet spread out stiffly, then it would begin to tremble and presently would fall over on its side and die, apparently of rage. Of the full grown ones so captured and hobbled, all died. It was noticed that the soles of the feet of these buffalo so chased were worn down to the quick and were bleeding.

It is said that Jones saved alive 11 adult cows and 7 calves out of this bunch, but I believe that all the adults afterward died. THE SILENT MAN.

CURRITUCK.—Norfolk, Va., Jan. 21.—I am a member of two clubs in Currituck Sound, both having shares of stock for sale. Our duck, goose and swan shooting is very good, and our bay bird shooting is no doubt the finest in the United States, if not in the whole world. The members of these clubs are scattered all over the Union, from Maine to Virginia. I shall be glad to give any sportsman information concerning these clubs.—J. B. WHITE.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

FOLLOWING is the text of the bill which was presented to the New York Legislature last Thursday:

An Act for the protection and preservation of birds, fish and game.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE OF THE GENERAL LAWS.—THE GAME LAWS.

ART. I.—BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF FISHERIES.

Section 1. Short Title of Chapter.—This chapter shall be known as the game law.

Sec. 2. Commissioners of Fisheries, How Appointed.—The governor shall appoint three commissioners of fisheries, who shall constitute the board of commissioners of fisheries.

Sec. 3. Terms of Office of Commissioners.—But one commissioner shall be appointed from any judicial department and each commissioner shall be a resident of the department from which he is appointed. The terms of office shall be, at the time of the first appointment, one, two and three years respectively; but as the terms of the commissioners shall expire, appointments shall be made for the full term of three years, but in any case, except by expiration of term, the appointment shall be made for the unexpired term.

Sec. 4. Commissioners to be Paid Sum in Lieu of Expenses.—The commissioners shall receive no compensation for their services, but shall each be paid the sum of six hundred dollars annually for contingent expenses, payment of such sum to be made quarterly.

Sec. 5. Office and Clerical Force.—The board of commissioners shall have its principal office in the capitol at Albany and shall hold meetings at such office on the first Friday of January, March, May, July, September and November, and at such other times and places as the commissioners shall appoint, for the transaction of the business of the board. The board shall employ such clerical force, and such other clerical assistance as shall be actually needed, together with the necessary contingent office expenses.

Sec. 6. Duties of Board of Commissioners.—The duties of the board of commissioners shall be to propagate and distribute food-fish and to keep up the supply thereof in the various waters of the State, and for this purpose it shall have the conduct and control of such hatcheries and stations as are now owned or operated by the State and such as may be hereafter established. The commission shall also have the care of the lands under water which have been designated, surveyed and mapped out, pursuant to law, for oyster beds, and power to grant franchises of such lands according to the provisions of laws now in force or which may be hereafter enacted. It shall also possess the powers and perform the duties given and imposed by this chapter and by other provisions of law.

Sec. 7. Board to Report Annually to Legislature.—The board of commissioners shall annually make a full report to the legislature of all their official operations for the year ending on the 30th of September previous, with such suggestions and recommendations as they shall deem useful.

ART. II.—GAME PROTECTORS, POWERS AND DUTIES.

Sec. 20. Game and Fish Protectors, How Appointed.—The board of commissioners shall appoint twenty game and fish protectors, whose powers and duties are hereinafter defined, and who shall be known as game protectors.

Sec. 21. Terms of Office of Game Protectors.—Game and fish protectors so appointed shall hold office during the pleasure of the board of commissioners, which may summarily remove any of their number and appoint another in his place.

Sec. 22. Chief Game and Fish Protector.—The board of commissioners shall from time to time designate one of such protectors as chief protector, who shall remain such during the pleasure of the board, and who shall have the direction, supervision and control of the other protectors.

Sec. 23. Protectors to Give Bonds.—The chief protector shall give a bond to the board of commissioners with sureties in the sum of \$1,000, and each of the other protectors a bond in the sum of \$500 conditioned for the faithful discharge of his duties, such bond to be approved by the commissioners. Any action thereon shall be brought in the name of the people.

Sec. 24. Compensation of Protectors.—Compensation of the chief protector shall be \$2,000 per annum, payable monthly, and of each of the other protectors \$1,000 per annum, payable monthly, and each protector shall receive one-half of all penalties collected in actions brought upon information furnished by him.

Sec. 25. Office of Chief Protector to be in the Capitol.—The chief protector shall be assigned room in the capitol for his headquarters, and he is authorized to employ necessary clerks at an expense not to exceed eight hundred dollars per annum.

Sec. 26. Duties of Protectors.—The game and fish protectors shall enforce all the fish and game laws of the State, and the provisions supplementary thereto, made by boards of supervisors for the additional protection of fish and game.

Sec. 27. Records and Reports.—Each protector shall keep a daily record of his official acts, and at the close of each month shall make a summary of such record with such statements in detail as shall be necessary for the information of his chief and report the same to the chief protector.

Sec. 28. Payment of Salary and Expenses.—Payment of salary and expenses of the protectors shall only be made upon a certificate of the chief protector, that the protector has made such report and properly performed his duty.

Sec. 29. Reports by Chief Protector to the Board of Commissioners.—The chief protector shall report to the board of commissioners any negligence or dereliction of duty or incompetency on the part of any of the protectors with the facts relating thereto, and he shall report quarterly to said commissioners the operations of his department, during the preceding quarter, and shall make such further reports as may be required by the board of commissioners.

Sec. 30. Special Protectors.—The board of commissioners may, in its discretion and pleasure, appoint or remove a person, recommended by any board of supervisors or by any incorporated society for the protection of fish and game, as special protector, who shall possess the same powers that are conferred upon the State protectors; such special protectors shall receive no compensation from the State. They shall make similar reports to those required from State protectors.

Sec. 31. Powers of Sheriffs, Constables and Deputy Sheriffs.—Peace officers shall have the same powers as are conferred upon game protectors for the enforcement of the provisions of this chapter.

Sec. 32. Nets to be Destroyed by Protectors.—It is the duty of every protector to seize, remove and forthwith destroy any net pound or other device for taking fish found in or upon any of the waters of this State, where fishing with such nets or devices is prohibited by law, or where the shores or islands of such waters, and such nets, pounds or other devices are declared to be a public nuisance and may be abated and summarily destroyed by any game protector and no action for damages shall lie or be maintained against any person for such seizure or destruction.

Sec. 33. Expense of Seizure of Nets.—The expense of any seizure, removal or destruction of such nets, pounds or other devices, shall be a charge against the county in which the same shall be seized and shall be paid as other county charges are paid, on the certificate of such protector, stating the time and place of such seizure and destruction, the names of the persons employed therein, the time spent thereabout and the money advanced, if any, and to whom, and shall be verified by the oath of such protector making such seizure and destruction. Such certificate shall be final.

ART. III.—QUADRUPEDS.

Sec. 40. Deer Close Season.—Wild deer shall not be caught, shot at, hunted or killed between the first day of November and the fifteenth day of August following. No person shall kill or take alive more than two deer in any season.

Sec. 41. Deer or Venison, When Not to be Possessed.—Wild deer or venison shall not be possessed between the sixteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of August following, or any portion thereof, between the first day of November and the fifteenth day of December, shall be deemed a violation of this section unless it be proved by the possessor that such deer or venison was killed within the lawful period for killing the same or out of the State.

Sec. 42. Does and Fawns not to be Killed.—No wild deer, unless it have horns, shall be caught or killed at any time, nor shall any wild deer killed in this State, unless it have or had horns, nor any part thereof, be possessed at any time; possession of does and fawns shall be presumptive evidence of a violation of this section.

Sec. 43. Traps.—Traps or any device whatsoever to catch or entice deer, including salt-licks, shall not be made, set, or used, and deer shall not be caught, hunted or killed by any means, nor shall they be hunted, pursued, shot at or killed by means or use of artificial light or by what is commonly known as floating or jacking.

Sec. 44. Hounding.—Deer shall not be hunted with dogs between the eleventh day of October and the first day of September following. Dogs commonly used for hunting deer shall not be permitted to run at large, between such dates, in the forest where deer are hunted. Deer shall not be hunted with dogs in St. Lawrence and Delaware at any time.

Sec. 45. Dogs Not to be Killed.—Dogs, while chasing deer in violation of law, may be killed by any person.

Sec. 46. Transportation.—Deer or venison killed in this State shall not be transported to any point within the State from any of the counties thereof, or possessed for that purpose, except as follows: One carcass or a part thereof may be transported from the county where killed with a person accompanying the owner. The possession of deer or venison by common carriers, unaccompanied by the owner, is a violation of this section. This section does not apply to the head and feet or skin of deer severed from the body.

Sec. 47. Crusting and Yarding.—Deer shall not be hunted, killed or captured by what is commonly known as crusting nor while they are yarded.

Sec. 48. Moose, Caribou and Antelope.—Moose, caribou or antelope shall not be hunted, killed, or possessed during the close season for deer or venison after the same have been killed.

Sec. 49. Hares and Rabbits.—Hares and rabbits shall not be hunted, shot at, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of September, except as provided by section one hundred and sixty-nine, nor shall they be caught in traps, nor shall traps be set for them.

Sec. 50. Black and Gray Squirrels.—Black and gray squirrels shall not be hunted, shot at, killed, or possessed after the same have been killed, between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of September, except as provided by section one hundred and seventy-one.

Sec. 51. Hunting, etc., on Sunday Prohibited.—Shooting, hunting, trapping or caging birds or wild beasts, having in possession the open air on Sunday the implements thereof, is forbidden.

Sec. 52. Penalties.—An attempt to violate the provisions of this article shall be deemed a violation thereof. A violation of its provisions is a misdemeanor, and in addition the violator of sections forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six and forty-eight is liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each violation, and the violator of sections forty-nine, fifty and fifty-one to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each violation.

Sec. 53. Bears, Wolves and Panthers. Bounty.—A bounty of ten dollars for each bear, thirty dollars for each grown wolf, fifteen dollars for each pup wolf, and twenty dollars for each panther shall be paid to any person who shall kill such animals in this State.

Sec. 54. Claim for Bounty, How Proven.—The killing of a bear, wolf or panther shall be proved by affidavit satisfactory to the supervisor and one of the justices of the town where the animal was killed and the delivery to them of the skull and skin thereof, which skull shall be by them burned and the skin branded so as to be capable of identification.

Sec. 55. Certificate to be Issued.—The supervisor and justice so acting shall issue to the person making such satisfactory proof a certificate directed to the county treasurer of the county, stating the kind of animal killed, the date of killing and amount of bounty to which the person is entitled.

Sec. 56. County Treasurer to Pay Certificate.—The county treasurer to whom such certificate is directed, shall pay the amount of bounty specified in said certificate to the person holding the same out of the funds of the county, and on the presentation of said certificate to the comptroller, he shall allow the amount thereof to the county by which it was paid in settlement of taxes due therefrom.

ACT IV.—BIRDS.

Sec. 70. Wildfowl, Close Season.—Web-footed wildfowl, except geese and brant, shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted, killed or possessed between the first day of March and the fifteenth day of September except as provided by section one hundred and sixty-one, and shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted or killed on any of the waters of this State between sunset and sunrise.

Sec. 71. Manner of Killing.—Web-footed wildfowl shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted, killed or caught in any way save with a gun raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder without other rest; nor from any boat or floating device except as provided by section one hundred and sixty-two; nor by the use of any bough-house at a greater distance than fifty feet from either the shore or a natural growth of grass or flags. Such fowls caught or killed, in any manner prohibited by this section, shall not be brought to the shore, sold or possessed.

Sec. 72. Quail, Close Season.—Quail shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted or killed between the first day of January and the first day of November except as provided in section one hundred and sixty-five.

Sec. 73. Quail, When Not to be Possessed.—Quail shall not be possessed, between the first day of February and the first day of November, but possession thereof between the first day of January and the first day of February shall be deemed a violation of this section, unless it be proved by the possessor that said birds were killed within the lawful periods for killing the same or outside the State.

Sec. 74. Woodcock, Partridge and Prairie Chicken, Close Season.—Woodcock, partridge and prairie chicken shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted or killed between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of September, except as provided by section one hundred and sixty-four.

Sec. 75. Woodcock, etc., When Not to be Possessed.—Woodcock or partridge shall not be possessed between the first day of February and the fifteenth day of September, and possession thereof between the first day of January and the first day of February shall be deemed a violation of this section, unless it be proved by the possessor that said birds were killed within the lawful period for killing the same or out of the State.

Sec. 76. Woodcock, Partridge, etc., When Not to be Transported.—Woodcock, partridge, or quail killed in this State, shall not be transported to any point within this State from any of the counties thereof, or possessed for that purpose, except that such birds may be transported from the county where killed, when accompanied by the owner thereof. Possession of the birds named, by a common carrier, unaccompanied by the owner, is a violation of this section, unless it be proved by such common carrier that the birds were killed out of the State.

Sec. 77. Plover and Other Birds, Close Season.—Plover, rail, mallard, hen, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surf-bird, snipe, curlew, water chicken, bay snipe or shore birds, shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of September, except as provided by section one hundred and sixty-three.

Sec. 78. Certain Wild Birds Protected.—Wild birds shall not be killed or caught at any time or place after the same have been killed or caught. This provision does not affect any law the killing of which is prohibited between certain dates by the provision of this chapter, nor does it protect the English sparrow, crane, crow, raven, hawk, shrike, owl, crow-blackbird or kingfisher. It does not apply to any person holding a certificate under the provisions of this chapter or to any person who shall on his own premises kill any birds in the act of destroying fruit.

Sec. 79. Robins, Blackbirds and Meadow Larks, Close Season.—Robins, blackbirds and meadow larks shall not be shot at, hunted, killed or possessed after they have been killed, between the first day of January and the first day of November.

Sec. 80. Destroying or Robbing Nests.—The nests of wild birds shall not be robbed or willfully or needlessly destroyed, unless when necessary to protect the birds or prevent their depredation. This section does not apply to the English sparrow, crane, crow, raven, crow-blackbird, hawk, shrike, owl or kingfisher.

Sec. 81. Snaring, Netting or Trapping Certain Game Birds Forbidden.—Partridge or quail shall not be trapped, netted or snared, nor shall any person possess any of said birds so taken, nor shall any net, trap or snare of any kind commonly used for taking partridge or quail be set. Any such net, trap or snare is declared to be a public nuisance and may be abated and summarily destroyed.

Sec. 82. Penalties.—An attempt to violate any of the provisions of this article shall be deemed a violation thereof. A violation of any of its provisions is a misdemeanor, and in addition the violator is liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird killed, trapped or possessed contrary to the provisions of this article.

Sec. 83. Authority to Collect Birds, etc., for Scientific Purposes.—Certificates may be granted by any incorporated society of natural history in the state, through such person or officers as said society may designate, to any properly accredited person of the age of eighteen years or upward, permitting the holder thereof to collect birds, their nests or eggs, for strictly scientific purposes only. In order to obtain such certificate the applicant for the same must present to the person or persons having the power to grant said certificates written testimonials from two well-known scientific men, certifying to the good character and fitness of said applicant to be entrusted with such privilege.

Sec. 84. Steps to be Taken to Procure Certificate.—Such person must pay to said person or persons one dollar to defray necessary expenses attending the granting of such certificate, and must file

with said persons or officers a properly executed bond in the sum of two hundred dollars, signed by two responsible citizens of the state as sureties. This bond shall be forfeited to the state and the certificate become void upon proof that the holder of such certificate has killed any bird or taken the nest or eggs of any bird for other than the purposes above named.

Sec. 85. Time for which Certificates Shall be in Force.—Such certificates shall be in force for one year only from the date of their issue and shall not be transferable.

ACT V.—FISH.

Sec. 100. Polluting Streams.—No dye stuff, coal tar, refuse from gas-houses, sawdust, tanbark, lime, or other deleterious or poisonous substance, shall be thrown or allowed to run into any of the waters of this State, either private or public, in quantities destructive to the life of or disturbing the habits of the fish inhabiting the same.

Sec. 101. Taking Fish by Drawing off Water, Forbidden.—No fish shall be taken by shutting or drawing off any waters for that purpose.

Sec. 102. Unlawful Devices and Explosions Prohibited.—No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any of the inland fresh waters of this State, in any manner or by any device, except angling, save only as provided by sections one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-three, and one hundred and forty-six. The use of dynamite or other explosives in such waters is prohibited, except for mining and mechanical purposes. Fish taken contrary to the provisions of this section, shall be deemed a violation thereof.

Sec. 103. Waters Not to be Stocked from Streams.—No trout of any kind, salmon trout or land-locked salmon shall be taken from any of the waters of this State for the purpose of stocking a private or public pond or stream.

Sec. 104. Fishing Through the Ice in Waters Inhabited by Trout, etc., Forbidden.—No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed through the ice in waters inhabited by trout, salmon trout or land-locked salmon, nor shall any attempt be made to so catch the same, except as permitted by sections one hundred and thirty-three and one hundred and forty-two.

Sec. 105. Trout, Close Season.—Trout of any kind shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of September and the first day of May following, except as provided by section one hundred and sixty-eight.

Sec. 106. Trout Not to be Taken unless Six Inches in Length.—Trout of any kind, salmon trout or land-locked salmon, less than seven inches in length, shall not be intentionally taken or possessed, and in case any such fish is taken, the person taking it shall immediately place such fish back in the waters from which it was taken, without unnecessary injury.

Sec. 107. Trout, etc., When Not to be Disturbed while Spawning.—Trout of any kind, salmon trout, or land-locked salmon, shall not be willfully molested or disturbed while upon their spawning beds, during the close season, nor shall such fish or any spawn or milt from any such fish be taken or carried away while upon the spawning beds.

Sec. 108. Salmon Trout and Landlocked Salmon, Close Season.—Salmon trout and landlocked salmon shall not be fished for, caught or killed in the inland waters of this State between the first day of October and the first day of May following, nor shall such fish so caught be possessed, except as otherwise provided by sections one hundred and sixteen and one hundred and sixty-seven.

Sec. 109. Certain Fish Not to be Transported.—Trout of any kind, salmon trout or landlocked salmon, caught in any of the inland waters of this State, shall not be transported to any point within the State from any of the counties thereof, or possessed for that purpose, except when accompanied by the owner. Possession thereof by a common carrier, unaccompanied by the owner, is a violation of this section.

Sec. 110. Black Bass and Oswego Bass, Close Season.—Black bass or Oswego bass shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of June, except as provided by sections one hundred and forty-four and one hundred and sixty-eight.

Sec. 111. Bass to Weigh Three-quarters of a Pound.—No black bass weighing less than three-quarters of a pound shall be intentionally taken from any of the waters of this State, nor possessed, and in case any such fish is caught or taken, the person taking it shall immediately return it to the waters from which it was taken without unnecessary injury.

Sec. 112. Muskallonge, Close Season.—Muskallonge shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the twentieth day of May.

Sec. 113. Salmon, Close Season.—Salmon shall not be fished for, caught or killed between the first day of August and the first day of March following, nor shall such fish taken between those dates in this State be possessed.

Sec. 114. Salmon Must Weigh Three Pounds.—No salmon weighing less than three pounds shall be intentionally taken from any of the waters of this State, nor possessed, and in case any such fish is caught or taken, the person taking it shall immediately place such fish back in the waters from which it was taken without unnecessary injury.

Sec. 115. Size of Meshes Regulated.—The use of seines, pound-nets, gill-nets, or fykes for taking fish, the meshes of which shall be less than two and a quarter inches, is forbidden, except as provided by sections one hundred and thirty-four, one hundred and forty-six, one hundred and forty-seven and one hundred and sixty-eight.

Sec. 116. Sale of Salmon Trout, When Permitted.—It shall be lawful to possess and sell at any time salmon trout, sometimes known as lake trout, if said fish have not been taken from the inland waters of this State during the close season, but possession of such fish between the first day of October and the first day of May following shall be deemed a violation of section one hundred and eighty-eight, unless it be proved by the possessor that such fish were not caught in such inland waters during the close season.

Sec. 117. Signboards Near Fishways.—The commissioners of fisheries are required to maintain, fifty rods from any fishway and on both sides of the stream, signboards, containing substantially the following notice: "Fifty rods to the fishway: all persons are by law prohibited from fishing in this stream between this point and the fishway."

Sec. 118. Fishing Near Fishways Prohibited.—Fishing or attempting to take fish by any device whatever, within fifty rods of a fishway, and any interference with the signboards there maintained by the commissioners of fisheries, is forbidden.

Sec. 119. Removal of Fish from Waters.—The operations of State and public hatcheries, the removal of deleterious fish from the waters of the State under the direction and supervision of the commissioners, the propagation or distribution of fish by State or public authority, and the transportation and possession of fish fry therefrom, the operation of private hatcheries confined entirely to the propagation of fish for purposes of propagation are not affected or prohibited by this chapter.

Sec. 120. Penalties.—An attempt to violate the provisions of this article shall be deemed a violation thereof. Violation of any of the provisions of this article is a misdemeanor, and in addition the violator of sections one hundred and three, one hundred and four, one hundred and five, one hundred and six, one hundred and eight, one hundred and nine, one hundred and ten, one hundred and twelve, one hundred and thirteen, one hundred and fourteen, one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and eighteen is liable to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each violation and ten dollars for each fish so caught; the violator of sections one hundred and one hundred and one and one hundred and two, to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each violation, and the violator of sections one hundred and six and one hundred and eleven to a penalty of ten dollars for each violation.

ART. VI.—MISCELLANEOUS AND LOCAL PROVISIONS.

Sec. 130. Certain Fish Not to be Placed in the Waters of the Adirondacks.—No fish, fish fry, spawn, or milt, except brooked trout, brook trout, lake trout, salmon trout, rainbow trout, Adirondack brook fish or landlocked salmon shall be placed in the waters of the Adirondack region unless the fish so deposited are indigenous to the particular water where placed, or are non-preying or non-destructive fish, such as usually constitute food for the species above named.

Sec. 131. St. Lawrence River, Niagara River and Lake Champlain, Fishing, Certain Devices Prohibited.—No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner, or by any device, except angling, in the waters of the St. Lawrence River, Niagara River or Lake Champlain, in this State, nor shall fish taken contrary to the provisions of this section be knowingly possessed.

Sec. 132. Lake Ontario, Lake Erie and Niagara River, Fishing, Certain Devices Prohibited.—No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner, or by any device, except angling, in the waters of Lake Ontario or Lake Erie, in this State, within one-half mile of shore thereof, or within one-half mile of the shore of any of the islands thereof, nor shall fish taken contrary to the provisions of this section be knowingly possessed.

Sec. 133. Lake Ontario, Lake Erie and Niagara River, Fishing, Certain Devices Prohibited.—The provisions of section one hundred

and four, against fishing through the ice, do not apply to Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, the Hudson and Niagara rivers.

Sec. 134. Meshes of Nets in Lakes Erie and Ontario.—The meshes of nets used in Lakes Erie and Ontario shall not be less than four and a half inches.

Sec. 135. Nets Prohibited in Hudson River above Spuyten Duyvil.—No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner nor by any device, except angling, in the Hudson River, north of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, save as provided by section one hundred and thirty-six; nor shall dynamite or other explosives be used except for mining or mechanical purposes in the Hudson River, north of Spuyten Duyvil Creek. Fish taken contrary to the provisions of this section shall be knowingly possessed.

Sec. 136. Taking Shad and Herring in the Hudson and Delaware Rivers Regulated.—Shad and herring shall not be taken from the Hudson or Delaware rivers between the fifteenth day of June and the fifteenth day of March following, nor from sunset on Saturday until sunrise on the following Monday, at any time. Between the fourteenth day of March and the fifteenth day of June shad and herring may be taken from said rivers by nets.

Sec. 137. Salmon Taken in Nets from the Hudson River to be Thrown Back.—Salmon caught in nets, in fishing for other fish in the Hudson River, shall be thrown back into the water without unnecessary injury.

Sec. 138. Richmond County, Regulation as to Nets.—No device except angling shall be placed, drawn or used for the catching of any fish in the Hudson River, north of the point where the Hudson River enters the Harlem Bay, nor in any waters adjacent thereto in Richmond county.

Sec. 139. Richmond County, Non-Residents Not to Hunt.—It shall not be lawful for any non-resident of the county of Richmond to shoot game in said county without a license therefor from a justice of the peace of the said county; such license shall be good only during the year in which it is granted and shall be granted upon the payment of the sum of \$10. The license fees shall be paid monthly to the treasurer of said county by the person receiving the same.

Sec. 140. Nets not to be Used in the Harlem River.—Nets, set-nets, pounds or fykes shall not be used in Harlem River, East River, or the adjacent waters or confluent brooks within five miles from Middlegate, or between said Middlegate and Fort Schuyler.

Sec. 141. Exceptions as to St. Lawrence County.—In Black Lake, Mud Lake and Yellow Lake, in St. Lawrence county, bullheads, eels, suckers, catfish and pickereel may be caught with spear, except during March, April and May.

Sec. 142. Certain Fish May be Caught Through the Ice in Lakes Nemi, Bullhead, catfish, eels, suckers, pickerel, perch, pickereel and snuffish may be caught by hook and line through the ice in lakes Champlain, Seneca, Cayuga and Canandaigua.

Sec. 143. Oneida River.—Eel weirs of which the lath are not less than one-half inch apart may be maintained in Oneida River.

Sec. 144. Black Bass, Certain Localities, Close Season.—Black bass shall not be fished for, caught or killed in Lake George between the first day of January and the first day of August, in the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario between the first day of January and the thirtieth day of May; in Black Lake, St. Lawrence county, between the first day of January and the fifth day of May, or possessed on said waters or the shores thereof during such close season.

Sec. 145. New York City.—Nothing contained in this chapter shall affect the provisions of chapter four hundred and ten, law of eighteen hundred and eighty-two, known as the consolidation act.

Sec. 146. Taking Minnows for Bait by Nets, when Allowed.—The provisions of this act prohibiting the use of nets and unlawful devices in the inland fresh waters of the State, shall not apply to the taking of minnows for bait in ponds, lakes and rivers, but nets used for that purpose shall not exceed twenty feet in length and shall not be used in streams inhabited by trout.

Sec. 147. Size of Meshes in Coney Island Creek Regulated.—The meshes of nets used in Coney Island Creek to the mouth thereof, extending out into Gravesend bay one-half mile each way, shall be not less than four inches square, except that for eel and flounder fishing hoop-nets with suitable meshes may be used within said bay between the fourteenth day of October and the first day of April.

Sec. 148. Penalties.—An attempt to violate the provisions of this article shall be deemed a violation thereof. A violation of any of its provisions shall be a misdemeanor and in addition the violator of sections one hundred and thirty-one, one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and thirty-four, one hundred and thirty-five, one hundred and thirty-six, one hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four and one hundred and forty-six, to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each violation; the violator of sections one hundred and thirty-seven, one hundred and thirty-eight, one hundred and thirty-nine, one hundred and forty, one hundred and forty-one, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-three, one hundred and forty-four and one hundred and forty-six, to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each violation and fifty dollars for each violation; the violator of sections one hundred and forty-seven, to a penalty of fifty dollars for each violation.

ART. VII.—SPECIAL PROVISIONS AS TO QUEENS AND SUFFOLK.

Sec. 160. Article to Apply to Queens and Suffolk Only.—This article applies exclusively to the counties of Queens and Suffolk.

Sec. 161. Close Season for Wild Fowl.—Web-footed wildfowl, except wild geese and brant, shall not be shot at, hunted, killed or possessed between the first day of March and the first day of November. Such birds may be killed, pursued or shot at from any boat, propelled by hand.

Sec. 162. Exception as to Wild Fowl.—Floating devices may be used for the purpose of shooting web-footed wild fowl therefrom in Great South Bay, west of Smith's Point, and in any part of said counties said birds may be killed from boats propelled by hand.

Sec. 163. Plover and Other Birds, Close Season.—Plover, snipe, rail, sandpiper, mud hen, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surf-bird, snipe, curlew, water chicken, bay snipe or shore birds of any kind, shall not be shot at, hunted, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the first day of July.

Sec. 164. Woodcock and Partridge, Close Season.—Woodcock and partridge shall not be hunted, shot at or killed between the first day of January and the first day of November, nor possessed between the first day of February and the first day of November, and possession thereof between the first day of January and the first day of February, shall be deemed a violation of this section, unless it be proved by the possessor that said birds were killed within the lawful period for killing the same, or out of the State.

Sec. 165. Robins, Blackbirds and Meadow Larks.—Robins, blackbirds and meadow larks shall not be shot upon Robins Island so long as it remains the property of the Robins Island Club, between the fourteenth day of October and the first day of February following.

Sec. 166. Trout, Close Season.—Trout shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of September and the first day of April following.

Sec. 167. Salmon Trout and Landlocked Salmon, Close Season.—Salmon trout and landlocked salmon shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of October and the first day of April following, except as otherwise provided by section one hundred and sixteen.

Sec. 168. Black Bass, Close Season.—Black bass shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the thirtieth day of May.

Sec. 169. Hares and Rabbits.—Hares and rabbits shall not be shot at, hunted, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the first day of November.

Sec. 170. Deer.—Deer shall not be shot at, hunted or killed for five years from the fourteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

Sec. 171. Black and Gray Squirrels.—Black and gray squirrels shall not be hunted, shot at, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the first day of November.

Sec. 172. Jamaica Bay.—Fish shall not be fished for, caught or killed by any device except angling, between the first day of April and the first day of December in the waters of Jamaica Bay, the waters running therein. No striped bass, sea bass or blackfish under six inches in length shall be taken in said waters; if any are taken, the same shall be returned to the water without unnecessary injury. The inlet of Jamaica Bay shall not be willfully obstructed by any net or device so as to prevent the passage of fish therein at any time. This section does not prevent the catching of eels by the use of spears or eel weirs, or the capture of fish for bait or shrimp by means of hand or cast-nets.

Sec. 173. Supervisors of Suffolk County, Powers Conferred.—The board of supervisors of Suffolk county shall, in addition to the powers heretofore conferred upon boards of supervisors, have power to pass rules, regulations, laws and ordinances, regulating, controlling or prohibiting the taking of fish and shell-fish from or in the salt waters of said county.

Sec. 174. Penalties.—An attempt to violate the provisions of this article shall be deemed a violation thereof. Violation of any of the provisions of this article is a misdemeanor and in addition the violator of section one hundred and seventy is liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each violation. The violator of sections one hundred and seventy-one, one hundred and seventy-two, one hundred and seventy-three, one hundred and seventy-four, one hundred and seventy-five, one hundred and seventy-six, one hundred and seventy-seven, one hundred and seventy-eight, one hundred and seventy-nine, one hundred and eighty, one hundred and eighty-one, one hundred and eighty-two, one hundred and eighty-three, one hundred and eighty-four, one hundred and eighty-five, one hundred and eighty-six, one hundred and eighty-seven, one hundred and eighty-eight, one hundred and eighty-nine, one hundred and ninety, one hundred and ninety-one, one hundred and ninety-two, one hundred and ninety-three, one hundred and ninety-four, one hundred and ninety-five, one hundred and ninety-six, one hundred and ninety-seven, one hundred and ninety-eight, one hundred and ninety-nine, to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each violation and ten dollars for each fish so caught. The violator of sections one

hundred and sixty-one, one hundred and sixty-three, one hundred and sixty-four, one hundred and sixty-nine and one hundred and seventy-one to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird or animal killed, trapped or possessed contrary to their provision.

ART. VIII.—SHELL-FISH.

Sec. 180. State Oyster Protector.—The commissioners are authorized to appoint a State oyster protector whose duty it shall be to patrol, under the direction of the commissioners, the oyster regions of the State for the purpose of enforcing the provisions of this act and guarding the oyster property thereof, who shall have the same powers and duties with reference to oysters as is given by law to game protectors for the protection of game and fish.

Sec. 181. Salary and Traveling Expenses.—Salary of such protector shall be one thousand dollars per annum, and he shall be allowed in addition his actual traveling and incidental expenses, not exceeding two dollars per day.

Sec. 182. Assistant to Protector.—The commissioners, in their discretion may allow such protector an assistant, who shall be paid at the rate of two dollars and fifty cents per day for the time of actual service.

Sec. 183. Salaries, how Paid.—The protector and his assistant shall be paid their salaries and expenses in the same manner as game protectors are paid.

Sec. 184. Refuse from Vessels.—Sludge and other refuse from any oil works, or sugar houses, or from buildings connected with either of the same, or any substance injurious to oyster culture shall not be placed or allowed to run into any waters within the jurisdiction of the State. This section shall not apply to refuse arising from the manufacture of oil from menhaden or other oil-bearing fish.

Sec. 185. Garbage, etc., Not to be Thrown into Long Island Sound.—No garbage, cinders, ashes or refuse of any kind, shall be thrown from any vessel into the waters of Long Island Sound, or into the bays and harbors opening into the same, west of a line drawn from Eaton's Neck due north to the boundary line between New York and Connecticut.

Sec. 186. Close Season in Hudson River.—Oysters shall not be taken from the Hudson River north of the city of New York, between the first day of May and the first day of September.

Sec. 187. Taking Oysters from Hudson River for Replanting.—Oysters shall not be taken from the Hudson River, north of the city of New York, at any time for the purpose of conveying them to another State to have them replanted.

Sec. 188. Close Season in Harlem River.—Oysters shall not be taken from the Harlem River between the first day of June and the first day of September.

Sec. 189. Oyster Beds Not to be Interfered With.—No person shall in any wise interfere with or disturb the oysters of another lawfully planted in any of the waters of the State.

Sec. 190. Non-Residents Not to Gather Shell-Fish.—Only persons who have been actual residents of this State for six months shall be entitled to gather shell-fish from the waters of this State, except when such non-resident is employed for that purpose by a person authorized to gather the same.

Sec. 191. Dredging by Steam Forbidden. Dredging Regulated.—No dredge operated by steam power shall be used in dredging for shell-fish. No dredges exceeding thirty pounds in weight shall be used for this purpose.

Sec. 192. Sale of Lobsters Under Certain Size Prohibited.—Lobsters less than ten inches in length, measured from one extremity to the other, exclusive of claws, shall not be caught, sold or possessed.

Sec. 193. Oysters, how Sold in Shell.—Oysters in the shell may be sold either by count or measure; if not sold by count they shall be sold in a state of measure, which shall be uniform in ships, and of the following dimensions: The bottom to be sixteen inches, half inches across from inside to inside, and the top to be eighteen inches across from inside to inside, and twenty-one inches diagonally from inside chime to top, such measure shall be even or struck measure, the measure to be inspected and sealed by the sealers of weights and measures in the county where used. This provision shall not affect the shipment of oysters in barrels to foreign countries.

Sec. 194. Taking Clams and Oysters about Staten Island, Regulated.—Oysters or clams, whether of natural growth, or planted, shall not be dug up, caught or removed between half an hour after sunset, and half an hour before sunrise, from the waters on the south side of Staten Island, lying between a line extending due south from the point known as the Point of the Beach, at Great Kills, and a line extending due southwest from Ward's Point, in the town of Westfield.

Sec. 195. Taking Clams and Oysters in South Bay, Regulated.—Oysters spaw, seed oysters, clams, or shells, shall not be dug up, caught or removed from any of the waters of South Bay, in the county of Suffolk, between the first day of June and the first day of September, nor between sunset and sunrise at any time. Any oyster shells caught or taken from the public waters of said bay in said county, shall be returned to the water in the locality where taken within ten minutes after being so taken. No blade or scraper-tong shall be used or possessed on the waters of said bay in said county for the purpose of catching such shell-fish, and possession of any blade or scraper-tong on said waters is a violation of this provision. This section is subject to the provisions of section seventy-three.

Sec. 196. Penalties.—An attempt to violate any of the provisions of this article, shall be deemed a violation thereof. A violation of the provisions of this article, is a misdemeanor, and in addition, the violator of sections one hundred and eighty-four, one hundred and eighty-five, one hundred and eighty-nine, one hundred and ninety, one hundred and ninety-one, one hundred and ninety-four and one hundred and ninety-five, is liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each violation; the violator of sections one hundred and eighty-six, one hundred and eighty-seven, one hundred and eighty-eight, one hundred and ninety-two, one hundred and ninety-three, to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each violation.

ART. IX.—PRIVATE GROUNDS AND PARKS.

Sec. 200. Trespassing on Private Grounds Forbidden.—No person shall trespass upon inclosed or cultivated lands for the purpose of shooting or killing any game, or taking any fish from private ponds or streams, after public notice has been given by the owner or person entitled to the exclusive right to shoot or fish thereon, as provided in this article; being on such lands with gun or fishing tackle or apparatus, or allowing hunting dogs thereon, shall be deemed a violation of this section.

Sec. 201. Notices to be Posted on Private Grounds.—The notice provided for in the last section shall be posted by the landowner on boards at least one foot square upon at least every fifty acres of the premises sought to be protected upon or near the lot lines thereof, or upon or near the shores of any waters thereon, in at least two conspicuous places, or by personal service of a notice containing a brief description of the premises and name of the owner or of the person enjoying the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon, and prohibiting the same by any person.

Sec. 202. Laying Out Grounds for Private Parks.—A person owning or having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish on lands, or lands and water, desiring to devote such lands, or lands and water, to the propagation or protection of fish, birds or game may publish in a paper printed in the county within which such lands, or lands and water, are situated, a notice substantially describing the same and containing a clause declaring that such lands or lands and water will be used as a private park for the purpose of propagating and protecting fish, birds and game.

Sec. 203. Notices to be Posted in Private Parks.—There shall be posted and maintained upon such private territory notices or sign-boards not less than one foot square, warning all persons against trespassing on the same. Such notices or sign-boards shall be placed not more than forty rods apart, along the entire boundary of such private territory, when the same shall consist entirely of land, or when it shall consist of both land and water, they shall be placed so that there shall be at least one notice or sign-board for every one hundred acres thereof. When the private property consists of a lake or pond only, such notices shall be placed in at least four conspicuous places on or near the shore of such lake or pond.

Sec. 204. Notice When Territory is Fenced.—When such territory or any part thereof is fenced, notices or sign-boards shall be placed on or near such fences not more than one-half mile apart.

Sec. 205. Fish or Game so Protected not to be Interfered With.—Upon compliance with the foregoing provisions for preventing trespassing on fish or game lands, no person shall be permitted to hunt, kill, fish, or take any game, or fish, birds or game in or upon territory so protected shall be the property of the person having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt, or fish thereon, and no person shall disturb or interfere in any way with the fish or game on the premises so protected, except with the consent of the owner or person having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon.

Sec. 206. Signs not to be Defaced.—Signs placed pursuant to the foregoing provisions shall not be defaced or removed.

Sec. 207. Penalties.—Violations of the provisions of this article subject the person violating to a penalty of twenty-five dollars.

ART. X.—PROSECUTIONS.

Sec. 230. Actions, How Entitled.—All penalties imposed by this chapter may be sued for and recovered in the name of "the people of the State of New York."

Sec. 231. Authority to Bring Action.—Actions for penalties and as provided in section two hundred and thirty, shall be brought in the name of the people on order of the chief protector or by direction of either the commissioners.

Sec. 232. Action, Where Brought.—Actions for penalties imposed by this act brought in the name of the people may be brought in any county where the penalty shall be incurred, or in any county adjoining, subject only to the right to remove the same to any other county adjoining that in which the penalty shall be incurred, or in which the action shall have been brought as aforesaid for cause shown as provided by the code of procedure. But the same shall not be changed to the county wherein the offense was committed.

Sec. 233. Continuance.—Actions for penalties in the name of the people may be discontinued upon the order of the chief protector at any time before trial, except the commissioners otherwise order, without costs or disbursements to the defendant.

Sec. 234. Two or more Penalties in one Action.—Two or more penalties may be sued for and recovered in the same action, whether brought by the people or in the name of an individual or society.

Sec. 235. Witness Fees and Disbursements in Actions by People.—Witness and other fees and disbursements and full costs shall be recovered in any judgment in favor of the people under this act, at the rate fixed by section thirty-two hundred and fifty-one of the code of procedure, without reference to the amount of recovery.

Sec. 236. Actions by Persons or Societies.—Any person or society upon giving security for costs may recover in his or its name all penalties provided for by this act with costs, but on recovery by the plaintiff in such case of a less sum than fifty dollars, plaintiff shall only be entitled to costs to the amount of such recovery. Such person shall be entitled to one-half of the penalty recovered, the other half to be paid to the chief protector or commissioners, but any such action shall be discontinued without costs or disbursements to either party, in case an action shall be thereafter brought for the same violation in the name of the people, and an order to that effect may be entered on motion of the chief protector or one of the commissioners, on notice to all the parties thereto. Such motion shall be entitled and made in both actions. Any person or society bringing an action under this section shall notify the chief protector thereof, within fifteen days after the service of the summons therein, and failure so to do shall be a defense to the action.

Sec. 237. Judgments Recovered Under this Act, How Collected.—All judgments recovered under the provisions of this act may be enforced by execution against the person; any person in prison upon such execution shall be so imprisoned for a period of not less than five days, and at the rate of one day for every dollar of such judgment when the same exceeds five dollars; no one shall be more than once imprisoned, nor for a longer period than six months upon any judgment; persons so imprisoned shall not be admitted to the jail liberties; such imprisonment shall not be a satisfaction of such judgment.

Sec. 238. Costs and Recovery, How Disposed of in Action by People.—The recovery and costs in all actions heretofore brought and remaining undetermined, or hereafter to be brought under the direction of the chief protector or a commissioner in the name of the people, shall be paid to the board of commissioners, and such moneys shall be by it disbursed as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 239. Recovery, How Disposed of in Actions by Individuals.—One-half of the recovery in all actions heretofore brought, or hereafter to be brought by an individual or society in his or its name shall be paid to the board of commissioners to be by it disposed of in the same manner as other moneys received by it, and it shall be the duty of the person in whose hands such moneys shall come to pay over the same, and in case of failure so to do such moneys may be recovered from the person receiving the same in an action brought in the name of the people under the direction of the chief protector or the commissioners.

Sec. 240. One-half of Recovery to go to Protector.—There shall be paid out of the funds received by the board of commissioners one-half of the penalty collected in an action by the people, to the protector or special protector upon whose information the action was brought, and the moneys shall be paid on the certificate of the chief protector that such protector is entitled thereto; such certificate shall be final.

Sec. 241. Expenses of Actions by People, How Paid.—The remaining one-half money received by the board of commissioners shall be applied to the payment of the expenses of actions for violations of this act, on the certificate of the chief protector.

Sec. 242. Board of Commissioners.—The board of commissioners shall include in their annual report to the legislature a detailed report of their receipts and disbursements under this article.

Sec. 243. Arrest of Offenders by Protectors and Trial Thereof.—Any protector or peace officer may, without warrant, arrest any person committing a misdemeanor under the provisions of this chapter, in his presence, or where such a misdemeanor has been committed and he has reasonable cause for believing the person to be arrested to have committed it, and take such person immediately before a justice of the peace or police justice or other magistrate, having jurisdiction, who shall proceed without delay to hear, try and determine the matter, and give and enforce judgment according to the allegations and proofs.

Sec. 244. Jurisdiction of the Courts of Special Sessions.—In towns and villages, and the several courts in cities having jurisdiction to try other misdemeanors, shall have jurisdiction to try offenders in all cases occurring under this chapter, in the same manner as in other cases where they now have jurisdiction and to render and enforce judgment accordingly.

Sec. 245. Penalties for Misdemeanors.—Any person convicted of a misdemeanor under the provisions of this chapter shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more than at the rate of one dollar for every dollar of the penalty provided for the violation of the section under which he is convicted, or be imprisoned in the county jail or penitentiary for a period of not less than five days nor more than at the rate of one day for every dollar of such penalty, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 246. Issue of Warrants of Arrest.—Any justice of the peace, police justice, county judge, judge of any city court, or magistrate having criminal jurisdiction, on sufficient proof by affidavit that any of the provisions of this chapter have been violated by any person temporarily within his jurisdiction, but not residing there permanently, or by any person whose name and residence are unknown, shall have authority to issue a warrant of arrest of such offender and cause him to be committed or held to bail to answer the charge against him.

Sec. 247. Search Warrant, when Issued.—Any justice of the peace, police justice, county judge, judge of any city court, or magistrate having criminal jurisdiction, upon receiving proof of probable cause for believing in the concealment of any game or fish taken or possessed contrary to the provisions of this chapter, shall issue his search warrant, and cause a search to be made in any place and to that end may cause any building or inclosure to be entered and may cause any apartment, chest, box, locker, crate, basket or package to be broken open and the contents examined.

ART. XI.—FISHWAYS.

Sec. 260. Commissioners to be Notified of Construction of Dam.—No dam shall be constructed upon any stream more than six miles in length, inhabited by fish protected by this chapter, until the person about to construct the same shall give written notice to the commissioners of such intention, together with a statement of the name, length and location of said stream, and the size and general character of the dam, and the purposes for which it is to be erected, together with a diagram thereof.

Sec. 261. Authority of commissioners to Direct Fishways.—The commissioners are authorized in such cases to direct the construction of suitable fishways by an entry on their minutes and service of a copy of such order on the person constructing such dam, and the person so constructing shall at his own expense comply with such directions, and shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars, to the right of the supreme court to affirm, reverse, modify or alter such direction.

Sec. 262. Owner to Comply with Direction of Commissioners.—Such fishways shall be properly maintained by the owner or person in possession of such dam, and shall be subject to examination and inspection on behalf of commissioners who may direct such repairs and alterations as they may deem necessary, subject to the order of the supreme court as in case of construction.

Sec. 263. Commissioners to Recover for Construction and Penalty.—In case of failure, refusal or neglect on the part of any person to comply with the directions of the commissioners as to building and repairing fishways, the commissioners may cause such fishways to be constructed or repaired, and the expense therefor may be recovered by the commissioners in an action against the owner or person in possession, or both, in the name of the people and shall, in addition to the personal liability of such owner or person in possession, be a lien upon the premises upon which such dam is situated. The person refusing or neglecting to comply with such directions of the commissioners as to construction or repairs shall also be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each day during which they neglect to obey such directions, which penalty may be recovered in like manner in the same or a separate action.

ART. XII.—LAWS REPEALED, DEFINITIONS AND OTHER PROVISIONS.

Sec. 270. Amendments to the Game Law.—All amendments to the Game Law shall be numbered as parts of this chapter, and additions to the game law shall be numbered as sections thereof.

Sec. 271. Definitions.—Words and phrases under this chapter, and in proceedings pursuant thereto, shall, unless inconsistent with the contexts, mean or include as follows:

1. "Person" shall include persons, copartnerships, joint-stock companies and corporations, and when used with reference to commission of acts which are hereby prohibited, or reserving the persons *particeps criminis* in the forbidden acts, shall include agents and directors or trustees and similar controlling body of corporations.

2. Words importing masculine gender may apply to copartnerships, females, joint-stock companies and corporations.

3. Words importing the plural number may import the singular number.

4. Words importing the singular number may extend to and be applied to several persons or things.

5. "Angling" is defined to mean taking fish with hook and line or rod held in hand.

6. "Exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish" is defined to mean the right of any person owning or having the right to the possession of the premises on which such shooting, hunting or fishing is the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon from the owner.

7. When an act is prohibited between certain dates it is not lawful upon the date first named and is lawful upon the date last named.

8. "Commission," "commissioners" or "board of commissioners" as used in this chapter shall be construed to mean the commissioners of fisheries.

9. "Article" when standing alone in this chapter shall be construed to refer to one of the articles thereof.

10. "Close season" is that period of time during which an act is prohibited.

Sec. 272. Ordinances and Regulations of Boards of Supervisors Repealed.—All laws and ordinances heretofore passed by any board of supervisors of any county in the State, except the board of supervisors of the county of Suffolk, relating to birds, fish and game, are hereby repealed, and boards of supervisors, except as provided by section one hundred and seventy-three, shall hereafter have no power or authority to pass any regulation or ordinance relating to birds, fish, shell-fish or game, contrary to the provisions of this chapter.

Sec. 273. Powers of Boards of Supervisors.—Boards of supervisors may pass at their annual session such ordinances as shall afford additional protection to and further restrictions for the protection of fish and game, but no such ordinance shall be operative until a duly authenticated copy thereof shall have been filed in the office of the clerk of the county, and published in the papers in such county in which the session laws are published, and filed in the office of the secretary of state, and it shall be the duty of the secretary of state to furnish a copy of such ordinance to the chief game protector and to print all such ordinances in the volume of session laws for the current years. No such ordinance shall take effect until the first day of May next after its passage.

Sec. 274. Additional Powers of Boards of Supervisors.—The board of supervisors of any county may raise by tax, any sum not exceeding one thousand dollars in any year, to aid in the enforcement of the provisions of this chapter.

Sec. 275. Saving Clause.—The repeal of a law or any part of it specified in the annexed schedule shall not affect nor impair any act done, or right accruing, accrued or acquired, or liability, penalty, forfeiture or punishment, or any right or interest, prior to the repeal, and the same may be asserted, enforced, prosecuted or inflicted as fully and to the same extent as if such law had not been repealed, and all actions and proceedings, civil or criminal, commenced under or by virtue of the laws so repealed and pending on July first next after the repeal, and all actions, may be prosecuted and defended to final effect in the same manner as they might under the laws then existing, unless it shall be otherwise specially provided by law.

Sec. 276. Construction.—The provisions of this chapter, so far as they are substantially the same as those of laws existing on June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, shall be construed as if they were laws, modified or amended according to the language employed in this chapter and not as amendments, and references in laws not repealed to provisions of laws incorporated into this chapter and repealed, shall be construed as applying to the provisions so incorporated, and nothing in this chapter shall be construed to amend or repeal any provision of the criminal penal code.

Sec. 277. Law Repealed.—Of the laws enumerated in the schedule hereto annexed, that portion specified in the last column is repealed. Such repeal shall not revive a law repealed by any hereby repealed, but shall include all laws amendatory of the laws hereby repealed.

Sec. 278. When to Take Effect.—This chapter shall take effect on July first, eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

[Correspondence of Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 30.—Assemblyman Smith has introduced the bill, which appeared in the Legislature two years ago and did not pass, appropriating \$4,000 for fishways in Cattaraugus Creek, in Erie county.

The Legislature has passed a concurrent resolution extending the life of the Special Commission that has been hard at work during the past year in revising and codifying the fish and game laws. The resolution provides that the Commission appointed in pursuance of Chapter 99, of the Laws of the State of New York of 1890, consisting of Gen. R. U. Sherman, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt and Hon. Edward G. Whitaker, for the purpose of revising and codifying the game and fish laws of the State of New York, be continued until such time as will enable them to confer with the Fish Commission, which has been appointed by the Province of Ontario, and also with the Commission of Fisheries of Canada, for the purpose of procuring uniform legislation covering the fisheries over the waters between the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada. But nothing in this resolution shall prevent the presentation to the Legislature of the report and bill already prepared by the said Commission of the State of New York.

It is intended that a hearty co-operation shall be given between this special commission and the permanent fish commissioners of the Province of Ontario relative to the supply of whitefish in Lake Ontario. It is further contemplated to confer with the Fish Commissioners of Ohio and Pennsylvania in regard to the protection of all kinds of fish, or more particularly of whitefish in the waters of Lake Erie.

The Commission has reported by a very brief report. Its real report is in the codification of the game laws which were introduced in the Assembly by Mr. W. C. Stevens, on Thursday last. The report is as follows:

To the Legislature: The undersigned, commissioners appointed pursuant to chapter ninety-nine of the Laws of eighteen hundred and ninety, have the honor to submit the codified laws of the State of New York "for the protection and preservation of fish and shell fish and of birds and quadrupeds," have the honor to submit the accompanying bill as the result of their labors, and to state in connection therewith as follows:

The commission held meetings in different parts of the State, and gave ample opportunity to all persons interested to be heard. Such meetings were largely attended and arguments and suggestions made by persons representing different interests and opinions.

That the conclusions arrived at by the commissioners are based largely upon the results of these hearings.

The accompanying bill is made to conform as near to public sentiment as it is possible to make a general game law.

While it makes changes in the substance of the present law, the form is entirely different.

The proposed bill contains no provisions discriminating between persons or classes.

It is the sole purpose of the bill to preserve the fish and game of the State for the benefit of all, and not for a class, and all restrictions such as it is possible to make a general game law.

The Commissioners have given the matter long and assiduous study, the bill has been prepared and revised with great care, and the commission strongly recommends its passage without amendment, inasmuch as amendments made during its passage will mar the general harmony of the measure. After the bill has become a law in its present form, amendments may be made, and if properly placed will not confuse the general system.

Dated Albany, Jan. 15, 1891.

RICHARD U. SHERMAN,

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT,

EDWARD G. WHITAKER,

Commissioners.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF CHEAT MOUNTAIN.—Pittsburgh, Jan. 20.—At the annual meeting of the Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain, held Monday evening, Jan. 19, the following persons were elected officers of this Association: President, W. M. Kennedy; Vice-Presidents, W. K. Shiras, D. M. K. Lloyd, W. S. Edwards, Utiles Baird, Nathaniel Ewing; Secretary, Theophilus Spruill; Treasurer, D. P. Corwin; Naturalist and Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Riggs; Board of Directors, Hilary S. Brunot, W. G. Brown, A. P. Tallman, C. C. Scaife, Dr. Jos. N. Dickson, J. B. D. Whurst, S. B. Elkins. The Association has control of 157,000 acres of land in Randolph and Pocahontas counties, West Va. The tract has over 150 miles of well stocked trout streams, being the headwaters of the Cheat River and its branches. Deer and other wild game are quite plentiful with the exception of game birds, for which the country is not well adapted. The club house is built of logs and contains twelve bedrooms, dining hall and other necessary apartments. Pure mountain water is supplied through pipes. Numerous permanent camps are located at favorable situations in different parts of the preserve. The Association may claim to be ranked among the largest and best equipped sportsman's clubs in the country.—DEACON.

Camp-Fire Glickeyings.

"That reminds me."

GLAD IT IS SETTLED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice of late that you have devoted a few lines to the woodcock question, and I am glad the matter is so satisfactorily settled. When a thing is settled it ought to be well settled, and the more ways of settling it the better your readers should be satisfied.

From a careful perusal of the letters and comments in FOREST AND STREAM I am perfectly satisfied that the woodcock, poor bird, makes the noise wholly with its wings. I am also completely convinced that he makes the noise wholly with its mouth. I am certainly sure that he makes the noise by the combination of wings and mouth. It is also pretty well demonstrated that the noise is made with the tail as it flirts the bird from "zig to zag."

The theory that the bird makes no noise, but hypnotizes the hunter is not sustained by the evidence offered. The evidence is also lacking to show that the noise comes from the worms in the bird's throat, which have not yet been swallowed, but this lead promises good results.

Take it all in all, I am perfectly contented with the settlement of woodcock vs. noise. I am just as well contented as the boy who spelled a word six ways in one letter, and on being criticised, replied that he was a mighty poor speller who only had one way to spell a word. So it is a mighty poor bird who only has one way of making a noise.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and lumberless,
Please, Mr. Woodcock,
Tell 'em how you do it.

IZAAB, JR.

St. Louis, Mo.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

BLACK BASS IN DEEP WATER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read so many of your letters from correspondents of happy days passed with the rod and reel, I feel satisfied that perhaps a chapter of my own experience may be just a little interesting to others of your many readers who love to handle the elastic bamboo, and I will relate the occurrence of a day some two years since in the month of August. I don't tell this story with any pride as a fisherman, but to show that there are some black bass yet in our small lakes in New England, and good ones, too. My friends George B. and John S., with their wives, and my wife and myself, passed a few days at a small hotel beside a lake in the eastern part of Massachusetts. A fine healthy air, nice scenery and a chance to catch fish were the inducements that tempted us to that place. The lake is one of a chain of four, and is quite a large one, nearly nine miles long by three wide, and is known as Sampson's Pond. The proprietor of the hotel has a number of boats for the use of his guests, and the ladies of the party had plenty of time to row to their heart's content. I was the only one of the party who had ever been there before, so I was obliged to do duty as a guide, which I did with a great deal of diffidence. We had been there two or three days, fished the pond in all the likely places, and some of the unlikely ones, visited the other lakes near by, and we had skittered, trolled and used spoons, mummies, shiners, toads, frogs, and, in fact, almost everything we thought a bass would take; but all with no result. Several good-sized pickerel and more small ones, roaches, red and yellow perch, and bullheads, of course, and now and then an eel; but as yet not a bass had snapped. One evening John said to me, "Suppose to-morrow morning we go out early and try and find the 'Big Hole'?" We had been told that there was a deep hole somewhere in the pond, and if we could find it we could catch a bass sure. That was what the "old resident" said. I agreed with John to go, but it seemed a foolish task to find a deep hole in a lake nine miles long and three wide, with an average depth of nine to twelve feet. Well, the next morning we were up at 4 o'clock; the weather was dull and foggy. The thick film hung close down on the water and was as wet as rain; the shore could hardly be seen at a boat's length. We have all experienced just such mornings and know them to turn out hot, dry and sultry days. So we were not at all alarmed about the kind of day we were going to have.

After our morning wash we went to the shore, put a lunch in the boat that had been prepared over night, and getting in ourselves started off on the search for the place where, if we could find it, we expected to capture a black bass. John rigged a sounding line and I took the oars, I would row a while and then hold the boat

while he sounded the bottom. We had a little idea where the hole was, for we had heard a man say "the hole" was off a point down at the end of the pond. So we went on; sometimes John rowed and I sounded. I should judge we rowed around for about three times, when I suddenly found—and it almost frightened me—that my sinker didn't touch bottom at ten or twelve feet. I lowered away on the line, and down, down it went until about 40ft. was paid out and bottom was reached at last. Eureka! We had found it. Our anchor was made ready and a long line attached; then it was gently swung over the side, lowered carefully and found a resting place at the bottom of that well, for it appeared more like a well than a part of the pond. John had his line ready first, and he held his rod for a few minutes, but not a nibble; then he laid it down, put a handline into gear with two hooks on it, baited it with a small piece of dead fish and dropped it to the bottom; pulled it up about a foot, when suddenly he felt a twitch. He drew it up hand over hand and landed two beautiful white perch in the boat, three-quarters of a pound each, sure. This roused me. I had been fixing the anchor and "taking a bite" for breakfast. The sun had by this time cut the fog, and it was rolling away in big clouds, and the shore came into view by piecemeal. His catch of the two fish had started me at once from my lunch. I rigged my handline, and for a few minutes we had all the fun we wanted. We filled a large water pail in a short time, but had felt no bass as yet. At last I was possessed with an "inspiration." Putting my rod together, a 16ft. bamboo, I fixed the reel and line all right, put on the hook a live shiner, fastened a small sinker just above the leader, put on a float about 10ft. from the hook, hung the pole on the side of the boat with the butt fixed under the opposite gunwale; then I resumed the perch business and "awaited developments." I guess the rod had lain there half an hour, when I saw the butt give. I dropped the handline, seized the pole and held it in a horizontal position and let the line run. How it did sing! The reel buzzed and the line ran through the leaders with a merry hum, I can tell you. I can hear it now, and no doubt many who read this can tell what music it is to them; our finest orchestra cannot produce its equal. I didn't dare to check the line for fear of not hooking the fish; so I let him have it, and when he slowed up to take a fresh hold on the bait I made up my mind to hook him.

Now a great many fishermen hook a fish by "striking" him with the tip of the rod, but I am not an adept at that, so I use the more homely but, to me, surer way of using the forefinger and a quick short snap on the line. I hardly ever knew it to fail. Away the fish ran. John stopped his fishing and said, "Be careful, don't lose him." I told him that I was as eager as he was not to allow him to escape. After he had run on his first rush a good hundred and fifty feet I pulled him up, gave a short snap on the line and stopped him. As he felt the hook prick him he turned and broke water, I never saw such a sight in my life. At that distance even he looked like a big codfish, and it made my nerves tingle I can assure you, for I wasn't sure of him yet. I commenced to reel him in, and would get fifteen or twenty feet on him, when he would make a dash and away he would go again. John pulled up the anchor, got his rod in, and, landing net in hand, waited for me to get him near enough to "net" him. We had no gaff in the boat, so that there was all the more danger of losing him. Three times I led him around the boat, and finally when John lifted him from the water we were both amazed. My nerves, which had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement, relaxed and I sat down on one of the thwarts almost exhausted. Fully twenty-five minutes I had played that fish with an intense desire to secure him, for I knew he was a "whopper," and when I saw him lying in the bottom of the boat I could scarcely stand up. At last I found my breath and said to John, "Now I'll open that last bottle of Bass' ale and we'll drink to the successful capture of 'a dandy,'" and together we drank the contents of the only bottle of ale we had, and it was a royal drink at that.

After having fished most of the day and catching other bass, but none as large as this one, we returned home, and the large one was put on the scales nine hours after it was taken from the water, and balanced them at 5lbs. and 12oz., and it was a small-mouthed one at that. The next morning we came home, and I placed on exhibition in a fishmarket what I claim was one of the best catches of the season in New England—seven fine black bass, the smallest weighing 3lbs. and the largest, as I have said, almost six. This is the best day's fishing I ever did and I don't think many can say more, do you? NAYATT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A TRUE FISH STORY.—A huge salmon, shipped to Senator Mitchell from Oregon some six days ago by Col. James B. Montgomery, of Portland, formed the *pièce de résistance* at a lunch in the Senate restaurant yesterday afternoon. Among Senator Mitchell's guests were the Vice-President, Speaker Reed, nearly the entire Senate, several Representatives, the Senate officials and a number of correspondents. The salmon had preserved its delicious flavor, despite its long journey overland, and was discussed to the accompaniment of many bottles of champagne. Of course it was a great occasion for fish stories. Many wild and weird tales of battles with giant salmon were related to the great enjoyment of those whose credulity was equal to the task of believing everything that was said. When, however, Representative Hermann, of Oregon, asserted that when he went to the State, thirty years ago, he found the salmon so thick in the smaller streams that his horse had to carefully pick his way from shore to shore, lest he step upon them, his listeners thought that nothing was left to be said. Mr. Hermann acknowledged that his statement was hard to believe, but added that he had the evidence of his own eyes for the fact.—*Washington Post*, Jan. 29.

FISH FALL WITH SNOW.—During the snow storm at Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday morning, countless small fish were seen to fall. They were about an inch long and resembled the carp. The greatest number fell on Broad street. Some were found on Union street several blocks away.—*The Evening Star*, Washington, Jan. 26. Fish are often transported by cyclones and other storms. A few years ago a lot of small fishes fell in the streets of a Nebraska town; these proved to be the common fathead minnow of the region. In the vicinity of Nashville the commonest fishes of the carp family are minnows of the genus *Notropis*.

SPAWNING OF RAINBOW TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a note attached to my communication on trout fishing in the South I notice your remark to the effect that the rainbow trout spawns only in May. The spawning season lasts from January to May, and in the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission Mr. Livingston Stone, the agent in California, says the season lasted from Jan. 13 to May 2. When I saw them on the spawning beds here in January, 1889, along with female brook trout, the fish was certainly attending on the female brook trout, rubbing himself on the gravel and stones, as is the habit of these fish when depositing the spawn. I took a 3½lb. rainbow trout in September last, a female full of eggs, and unfortunately hooked it so deeply that to my chagrin I had to kill the fish. So that I feel convinced that my belief that this species interbreeds with the brook trout is justified. Moreover, I have taken small fish which had all the appearance of being cross bred. The spawning season of the brook trout here lasts until January, beginning late and continuing all through January.

HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLAND, N. C.

[Our statement as to the spawning season of the rainbow trout was based upon the experience in Eastern hatching houses (see Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission for 1882, page 11), when March, April and May were the usual spawning months. Since then the rainbow has been approaching more and more nearly to its habits in California until at present it is a common occurrence to collect ripe eggs from it early in January. It would be interesting to know whether the eggs of the female caught in September were free in the abdominal cavity or some months from maturing. We have never seen a natural hybrid in the salmon family and hope Mr. Stewart will send us anything of the kind coming under his notice. According to all observations so far recorded a cross between the rainbow and brook trouts would differ widely from both parents in markings, notably in having the body profusely covered with pale reticulations. We were led to suppose that the male trout was eating the brook trout eggs because we have frequently seen them eat salmon eggs.]

VIRGINIA FISH AND GAME.

ON the line of New River we have trout in the streams of Big and Little Stony Creek, in Giles county; nearest point to Norfolk & Western Railroad, Pembroke and Ripplemead. Big Walker's Creek, between Pembroke and Ripplemead, is a very good bass stream.

At Narrows we have Wolf Creek, which is a very good stream for bass, and its tributaries, Mill Creek and Clear Fork, both have trout. East River has some bass in it near the mouth. Clinch River, on the C. V., is a very good bass stream. Salt Pond Mountain, fifteen to twenty miles from Pembroke, has quite a number of deer, a few bear, and some turkeys and grouse or pheasants.

East River Mountain has some turkeys. Nearest point is Narrows, on the Norfolk & Western Railroad. The N. C. Division has but little game outside of partridges and quail. New River above Ivanhoe has excellent catfish and some bass. Chestnut Creek is reported as having some trout near its headwaters. The Pulaski Division has but little game other than partridges. Near Saltville the Holston River has a good many bass, and one of its tributaries, Tumbling Creek, has quite a lot of trout. Twenty miles from Glade Spring, on White Mountain, N. C., there is an excellent stream for trout. I have forgotten its name, but it is well known at Glade Spring.

The greatest number of deer in Virginia you will find in the pine woods of eastern Virginia, bordering on the North Carolina State line, at which point they are quite abundant.

D. H. B.

PULASKI, Va.

TROUT IN AN ARTESIAN WELL.—At San Buenaventura, Cal., an artesian well was sunk some years ago on the beach a few feet from high water mark. A strong flow of water spouted thirty feet above the mouth of the well when a depth of 143ft. had been reached. The overflow was found to contain thousands of young trout, and examination of the well showed the presence of numberless trout measuring about 2in. in length, and normally developed. The temperature of the water was 64° Fahr. The fish were supposed to come a distance of several miles from the head waters of the Santa Clara River through a subterranean outlet. It is not uncommon to find fish in artesian wells in California. Mrs. Rosa Smith Eigenmann several years ago published an account, in the Proceedings of the National Museum, if we remember aright, of the finding of sticklebacks (*Gasterosteus willamsoni*) in such a locality. In Missouri recently a small blind fish was found in a well and forwarded to the Fish Commissioner at Washington; the species is a common inhabitant of cave streams.

ONONDAGA CLUB.—Syracuse, N. Y.—At the last meeting of the Onondaga Anglers' Club thirteen new members were admitted. A view of the work done by the club during the last season was made and it was decided to go ahead with renewed vigor this year, redoubling their efforts in protecting the game and fish in Onondaga county. The appointment of Harrison Hawn as State Game and Fish Protector was discussed, and members of the club congratulated each other on his advancement. A committee was appointed to decide on a man to take Mr. Hawn's place as a direct employee of the club. Another committee was named to present a list of eligible officers for the club to be chosen at the annual meeting in March. A resolution was adopted thanking the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM and the State Game and Fish Commissioners for aid in securing Mr. Hawn's appointment. The club now has more than 200 members, and the officers hope to see the membership doubled within a few months.

PICKEREL AND BASS IN WINTER.—It is reported that 500 barrels of pickerel and bass have recently been caught and shipped from Damariscotta Pond, in Lincoln county, Maine. This confirms our statement as to the probability of taking bass in winter by pickerel fishermen. We assume that these bass were captured by "fair angling" and not by one of the numerous illegal devices mentioned on page 53 of the *Book of the Game Laws*, and yet it is difficult to see how such a quantity of fish could be taken in a short time without the use of forbidden appliances.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 28.—Mention has from time to time been made in these columns of the perfectly legal but none the less perfectly abominable destruction of game fish that goes on in the Fox Lake system every winter, when the ice sufficiently covers the waters of that chain of lakes. It may perhaps be futile to spend time in regrets over the unwisdom of a practice which has never been checked through legal enactment by reason of the old cry that "the farmers ought to be allowed to catch a few fish for food during the winter." It will be better to show a few facts, based on actual observation, and let them carry their own weight in a movement which will yet secure an enactment in prohibition of this practice. To what enormous extent of destructiveness this ice fishing, under the "poor farmer's" banner, has in the past been carried, any one familiar with the old scenes around and above McHenry well knows. The fish dealers had regular four-horse sleds which made trips up and down the system of waters and gathered up, for the Chicago market, the fish that the "poor farmer" was supposed to be catching for food. Thousands of tons of game fish have been taken from these narrow waters. The sportsmen stock the waters and the residents rob them. Now I propose to assert and in a limited way to prove a few things, out of an actual experience and observation, brief though that may be. I propose to assert that these constricted waters, more especially since they lie so happily accessible as a pleasure ground and sporting field for a large city, ought never to be drained by market fishing, but ought to be left open for the general public. This is an assertion which needs no proof. I propose to show that, so far from the resident farmers fishing in the Fox Lake system for food during the season of ice, he fishes for the market exclusively, and does not even use a part of his catch for food. I propose to show that the very men who do most of their ice fishing are those who offer hotel facilities for the summer fishing tourists, whom they thus rob not only with the one hand but also with the other. I propose to show that this ice fishing kills infinitely more fish and larger fish than summer fishing, so much so that one man alone will in the winter take more fish than all the fishers added together who fish there in the summer season. I propose to show that the extent of this fishing is kept carefully covered up by these lake dwellers, it being left for FOREST AND STREAM to take the lead in an investigation, as has been the case in many other matters. I propose to show that, contrary to what is popularly understood to be the case, there are more black bass than pickerel taken in this winter fishing, and that these two fish and the wall-eyed pike make the bulk of the catch. And then I want to ask: (1) Is all this right? (2) Can we not come close to stopping it, whether or not we pass a law against it? So impatient do I feel over the whole business that I can not refrain from answering "Yes" to the latter question in advance.

A young sportsman of this city, Mr. W. H. Farmer, who goes up to George Clark's place on Lake Maria nearly every week in the year, lately told Mr. Hirth, head of the tackle department of Spalding's store here, of the extensive fishing going on this winter on lakes Maria and Catherine, Channel Lake and others of the string. Mr. Hirth informed the writer: One evening last week the above-named and Mr. Harryman, also of this city, took the 10:45 Wisconsin Central to Antioch, bound on a little cruise of investigation in the interests of good sportsmanship and a good sportsman's paper. At about 1 o'clock in the morning we were met at the depot by a one-horse buckboard from Clark's place, which vehicle was obliged to carry five men two miles across a snow-clad and ghastly landscape. A more uncomfortable ride could hardly be imagined.

In the morning, when we descended to the washroom, we saw racked up on the floor a lot of fish, all frozen, of course. We counted them, and there were 18 black bass, 9 pickerel, 2 bullheads and 1 croppie. The largest pickerel weighed about 7 lbs., and the largest bass about 3½ lbs. "How long were you in catching these, Mr. Clark?" he was asked later on.

"Two days. You see, we ain't fishing much up around here. I just have a few lines out to keep anybody else out of the lake. My land runs part way round the lake. If I didn't fish, some one else would, you know. The fish haven't been biting much yet."

The farmer told us that in his earlier trips he had seen whole boxes of fish in that same room, packed for shipping, and that he did not think 150 lbs. of fish a day, taken on Lake Maria alone, any unusual catch. Counting in Loon Lake, Catherine Lake and Channel Lake, all lying right about Antioch, and allowing 100 lbs. to the lake on a good day, two good days to the week, and eight weeks to the season, we would still have a total of 4,800 lbs. But this is not a just estimate, for instead of two days in the week, these men fish seven days. Allow 50 lbs. a day for each lake, and seven weeks for the season, and the total for these four little lakes would be 9,800 lbs. This is more than five times the total of fish caught by anglers on these lakes in the fishing season. Bear in mind that this does not touch Grass Lake, where Lewis Paddock fishes, or the Great Fox Lake, where the farming public fishes, or Nippersink or Pistagua Lake, where the rabble fishes. These waters are much larger, and the catch there is much greater in the average year. We have to do now with only a limited area and a few of the lakes most frequented by the bass fishers in the season. We shall later on see the reasons for believing the above estimate of the winter catch for these four lakes to be small, but first must stop to give a few remarks made hereon by honest Geo. Clark, downtrodden farmer, summer resort keeper and winter fisher. In scoring Mr. Clark I have this to say, that he is no worse than his neighbors, and deserves no worse; but they all deserve the very worst that a newspaper, in search of facts that bass anglers don't know, can possibly give them. Mr. Clark said to us, reasoning after the manner of his kind:

"We catch the biggest fish in the winter time, sometimes pickerel of 16 to 20 lbs., and big bass. These big fish don't bite at all in the summer time, and so we might as well catch them as not."

Wise Mr. Clark! It has been said that a mill will never grind with the water that is past. The fish that Mr. Clark catches in the winter will never be caught again in the summer, and that is about all the accuracy there is in his statement. Anglers will make the most of that, Mr. Clark also said:

"It don't make any difference how many fish we catch here, because all these lakes are fed by the Fox River, and the fish run right in again."

Of course it doesn't, Mr. Clark! You have a great head for facts. Your set lines don't make a bit of difference in the fish supply. If yours do not, none of the others do, do they now? None of the set lines, miles of them, out on the ice now below you, from Grass Lake clear on down to Pistagua, make any difference, do they? So if a fish started up from Pistagua to your lake, via the Fox River, and got caught on any one of 400 hooks on the way, why, you would catch that same fish in your lake just the same, wouldn't you now, Mr. Clark? And if 400 fish started up, and all got caught on certain of 2,000 hooks, why, you would catch all 400 of them in your lake just the same, wouldn't you, Mr. Clark? Your reasoning is lucid. Of course, it doesn't make any difference how many fish you catch. It doesn't make any difference that the clubs keep on planting fish for you to catch and sell. It doesn't make any difference about the bottom of a water barrel, so long as it is raining, does it, Mr. Clark. And it will always rain, of course, won't it, Mr. Clark? Allah is great. So are you, Mr. Clark. You are great on facts, and particularly great on logical inferences.

By "Mr. Clark" I mean no one man, except this one as in his capacity of mouthpiece for them all. I mean Asa Paddock, Lewis Paddock, Israel Garwood, the Savages, and, lower down, the Stanleys, and everybody else who is in this same robbing business along the lakes. Personally I have not the slightest feeling against George Clark, and I like his family, which is a large one and a pleasant one. And before I am done I am going to show him that a great sportsman's paper can be so kind to him that he will just be ashamed to keep up this ice fishing, or to allow his neighbors to do so. So much in passing.

Mr. Clark said that no one was fishing Loon Lakes, because the ice companies there kept the ice out too much. He also often said that very little fishing was going on anywhere about the lakes. However, when we were driving over to the station he contradicted this. Some one remarked that the Loon Lakes were the best bass lakes around Antioch, possibly because they were not fished so much in the winter. "They ain't, hey?" said Mr. Clark. "Fished just as much as any, all the time, and they haven't any connection with the river, so 'st the fish can run into them." There spoke impulsive the summer resort half of Mr. Clark, whose cottage stands on the shores of Lake Maria. Boats so much a day. Board, so much a day. Bait and tackle always on hand. Best fishing in the region.

When we were riding over to the house on the buckboard, that first night we asked the boy who drove us what luck they had had fishing.

"Oh, not much luck," was the reply.

"How many pounds have you shipped?"

"Oh, not very many."

"Haven't you got the bills of shipment?"

"Oh, I don't know."

Commendable reticence. Mr. Clark was equally reticent. We did not get to see any shipping bills. A stranger going up into that country now would be quietly led to believe that very little, if any, fishing was going on about the lakes. The anglers never go up there in the winter; so they don't know anything about it. The facts don't get out. The evident effort to conceal the facts is the best indication of their seriousness. We had to get at them by indirect methods. It happens that Billy Farmer goes up there to Clark's nearly every week, including the winter season, when he puts in his time rabbit hunting. We had his statement as to the amounts of fish he had actually seen there ready for shipment. We saw a few fish ourselves. We had Mr. Clark's personal statement that on account of the snow the fish were biting very poorly at that time, and that it was still too early for them to bite very well. He further said that he caught more bass than anything else, and that the bass bite best late in the winter, just as the ice was breaking up. We decided to supplement these bits of information with a look at the means and implements used in this business, knowing that from their extent something of the probable or expected results could be estimated.

Clark's place stands on the neck between Maria and Catherine, and Channel Lake is just beyond. After breakfast we went down to Lake Maria and ran the lines that were out on that lake. We found the method of fishing very simple. The hole in the ice was but a few inches square, and each hole was marked by a "tally ticket," set up in the ice beside it. The line was tied to a stick laid across the hole. The line was about 25 or 30 ft. long, but the hook was suspended only 2 or 3 ft. below the surface, the body of the line being rolled up and confined by a loose loop so arranged that when a fish took the bait the line would unfasten and pay out. The bait used was lake perch, from 3 to 5 in. long. These perch are caught by hundreds with hook and line, out of the fishing shanty we saw standing over a deep part of the lake. The bait used for them is a white worm ("borer") found in the winter in hickory logs. They bite this with eagerness. We found a big bait-box well filled with young perch, sunk out in the middle of the lake. As the holes freeze over during the night, a spade-pointed iron bar is carried along to open them when running the lines. The whole business is carried on in a very practical manner.

Now, about the number of lines. We did not have time to run all of them, but we saw enough. I do not know the exact size of Lake Maria, but it is more than a mile across, and more than four miles around. The fishing shanty was near the center, and from this, roughly speaking, there ran three curving lines of "tally-sticks" toward the shores, whose outlines they followed for a distance. One row ran out toward the shore to the left of the house, one swept far into the bay clear across the lake, by the timber, and another swung around nearly to the point toward Channel Lake. The holes were 15 to 25 yds. apart. I think a reasonable estimate would make the number of holes at least 150. Mr. Clark did not know just how many he had out, but said there were "only a few."

We could see the long line of "tally-sticks" running across Channel Lake, and we saw a man over there running the lines. Mr. Clark said it was Israel Garwood, who had claimed that lake. He supposed his lines also were "only a few." We will suppose 100. After dinner we went over to Catherine Lake and again saw the tell-tale lines of sticks. Mr. Clark said it was "Joe Savage's boy" who was fishing over there. He had out "only a few" lines. Let us say 100.

The lowest possible estimate gives 350 lines out on these

three lakes. Personally I do not think there are less than 500 baited hooks fishing now, day and night, on these three lakes. On the whole system, how many thousand? And this is where we are asked to go and spend our money fishing in the summer time. We are cordially invited to come and live with men who are plain, simple-minded, two-handed robbers.

After this I do not want to hear anything more about the down-trodden farmer who fishes for food. My sympathies are with any poor man, but they are not with these men. Mr. Clark didn't offer us any fish to eat. He doesn't catch these game fish to eat, he catches them to sell. The bulk of the fishing done on this chain of lakes is on precisely the same basis.

We were not out fishing, and we ran the lines hurriedly. We found but one fish of any size, a pickerel weighing about 7 lbs. The fish were not running that morning. When they are feeding, picture to yourself the work that 500 baited hooks, fishing day and night, can do, and this through a winter season. Ed. Howard tells me that they take fish away from Fox Lake, lower down, by wagon loads. Ed. Howard is a sportsman and a sensible man, and you do not find him doing any such work as this ice fishing. He deplores it and condemns it.

Now, we may do a little sum in figures. Mr. Clark—meaning Mr. Paddock, Mr. Garwood, Mr. Savage, Mr. Summer-resort man in general; I would include Ike Smith if he were not too lazy to get out and fish—gets 4 cents a pound for game fish. That is, 20 cents for a bass that many a man would give \$5 to catch, and would spend \$20 in trying to catch, and would have to lay out \$50 before he could catch, and then probably wouldn't catch, and would come again and try to get another season. Let us suppose that Lake Maria turns out to the genial two-handed robber this winter 2,250 lbs. of fish. This would mean \$90, and a lot of hard work. It would spoil angling to the exact extent of 2,250 lbs. of fish, and would rob the lake of the cream of the angling, the large fish which any angler especially desires. Yet it would net our honest two-handed robber just about what three anglers, who did not bring their families, as many do, would spend in their occasional little bass fishing trips to these lakes in a single season, making the estimate a very reasonable one. Boat, boatman, bait and board cost at the lowest \$3 a day. In other words, if this article succeeds in turning away to better and more fair-minded localities only three regular anglers of that region, the winter fisher who has their summer custom will at the end of the year be just even on the deal, barring the winter of hard work, which I am prone to believe the average market-fisher does not love. There are some few hundreds of copies of FOREST AND STREAM, and some few hundreds more, and yet a few besides, that sift in every week within earshot, so to speak, of this lake region. I believe it a modest prophecy to predict that at least three gentlemen will change their minds after they have thought these things over. There are plenty of good bass fishing places near by Chicago in other directions, as I personally learned last summer. Why not go there, and be robbed with only one hand at the time?

I do not wish to assume in the least, but it is true that in the course of a season a good many people come to me and ask where to go fishing for bass. I have sent numbers of anglers to these lakes about Antioch. My friend Mr. Clark has doubtless had some of their trade. He may be assured that while he keeps up his winter fishing he will never get another penny, chance or otherwise, from that source, for I do not think he is doing what is right. I am only one man, with no more influence than many another man in these matters, but each man has his friends, so that I believe it well within reason to say that I alone, or any one of my angling friends, can cost Messrs. Clark, Paddock *et al*, or the town of Antioch, say, more than that \$90 worth of fish comes to. And that is just what I am going to do. I do not spend spend another dollar in that town while these men insist on robbing with both hands, and if I go up at all will take my own boat, camp out, and buy my grub in Chicago. Some of my friends will be feeling the same way. Each man has his friends. Why, our little party last week left \$7 with Mr. Clark, and we liked him and his family so well that we would be glad to go up next summer and spend five or six times that paltry sum with him. But he has got to get out and hustle in just 17½ lbs. of fish to make that \$7, and every other \$7 we might pay him; for not another cent from us does he get while he keeps up this winter fishing which we believe to be not right. Mr. Hirth sells a good many thousand dollars' worth of fishing tackle in a season. Naturally, some few of these purchasers will ask for a good place to go fishing. Will it be natural for Mr. Hirth to say, "Why, go to the lakes up at Antioch, where they have 500 lines fishing day and night, the winter through?" I think not. Let us go further on yet. Next Wednesday the Fox River Fish and Game Protective Association holds its meeting. Those men are pushers. They are out for results. They have more enthusiasm, and more energy and more money than any of our little party can claim. They mean business. It will be too soon to lay this paper before them at that meeting, but I shall take pleasure in presenting these same facts to them. It will go hard if we do not find there two or three men who will push this thing along a little, and these two or three will have their friends among the bass fishers, and these again will have theirs.

Thus you may see, Messrs. Clark, Paddock and all dwellers in and around the slab-sided city of Antioch, where they sell emaciated bacon and tough coffee in the summer at \$1 a day and dear at that, that even two or three men can knock the last dollar of profit out of your winter fishing, and moreover they are going to do it. What can the body of Chicago anglers do, when it gets to thinking about this? It can make your fishing still more profitless, can't it? Now, do you want it that way? Your fishing is perfectly legal, but perfectly abominable, and also unfair and unjust. You can fish if you want to. You can sit in the road and pound sand in your eyes if you want to. But do you want it that way? Come now.

But, gentlemen resident about the lakes—for to you as much as to the public this letter is written, and every one of you shall have a copy of this letter, as far as I can learn your names—let us mark off all the above and leave it as unsaid. I would much rather have it that way. What would you do then? You are not doing right, you are not acting on the square now. You are not being just to the men who pay you most of your income. Aside from the fact that your ice fishing if persisted in will not earn you anything but will cost you

money, it is not the right thing to do. Have you looked at it in this way? Now, suppose you join the Fox River Association, and instead of trying to kill all the fish you can, try to save all you can. Suppose you use your influence to stop this winter fishing on the Fox Lake system, which influence is worth more than anybody's. Don't you think that the Fox River Association would shake hands with you with all its heart? Don't you think that the Fox River Association, and this paper, and the friends of both, would gladly help you all they could, and would not that help aid you financially each season more than you can just now exactly measure? Make it a plain matter of farmers and right, gentlemen, that is all that is asked. FOREST AND STREAM would, I know, infinitely prefer to see the matter settled in that way. Meantime, any one who is wronged or misrepresented by this paper can have his day in court, and it would be a pleasure to see any inaccuracy corrected. E. HOUGH.

SUNAPEE TROUT.—Cambridge, Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention is called to the fact that in your journal, Nov. 27, 1890, I gave the date 1885 for the first Dan Hole trout received here. This mistake arose from placing the specimen with others from Sunapee, for which the date is correct. Subsequent discovery of Mr. Hayes's letter fixes the date as April 14, 1884, as printed in *Shooting and Fishing* for Jan. 1, and in the Report of the Massachusetts Commissioners for 1890. Will you kindly set the matter right?—S. GARMAN.

Fishculture.

FISH DESTROYERS IN MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA has no game wardens, more's the pity. The last Legislature appropriated \$200 for a fish warden on Lake Superior. Capt. Jake Hector, the appointee, has done as well as any one could under the circumstances. He appointed a deputy and pays him \$100 more than he gets himself, which I think is pretty liberal and shows he believes in the office and that it should be maintained.

Considering our resources, we made a record of which we by no means feel ashamed. Our planting of brook trout has been particularly successful, and our trout fishing is good wherever streams have been stocked. The streams and lakes which the Commission has planted show unmistakable results as to the benefit of such stocking, and the interest in the work by the intelligent public is undoubtedly on the increase. Our State, as is to be seen by a glance at our map, has thousands of lakes and streams scattered in almost countless numbers. It is, indeed, most bountifully provided with lakes and streams of the purest water, and nothing but the wanton, extravagant and destructive modes and times of taking fish would render it necessary to introduce artificial propagation. Thousands of summer visitors who come to Minnesota for the season, slaughter uselessly day after day and week after week with relentless persistence, going from lake to lake indefinitely bent on piscine murder, and to simply be able to shamefully boast of enormously large strings of fish taken within the shortest number of hours. Our visitors, however, are not all of this kind. Many of them take an intelligent interest in the matter, and are really beneficent and try to educate our native fish killers, who outnumber the tourists and sojourners and out-kill them in the desire to slaughter, but lack the appliances and leisure to destroy. Thousands of pounds of fish are yearly killed by such people at spawning time in the spring, when running up the narrow and shallow streams from the rivers or connecting lakes. I have been told that fish have been pitched out by the cart load for bog food, manure, and in many cases "just for fun, to see the damned things squirm." Such wanton waste and cruelty has its just and inevitable results, and the only regret is that the innocent have to bear the penalty equally with the guilty. When I get to thinking of it I almost wish old Pollio had an eel pond in this vicinity. I think I could point out lots of people that even Augustus would not object to having pushed in for eel food, much less get mad and smash the balance of Mr. Pollio's crockery. R. O. SWEENEY, SR.

DULUTH, Minn.

SAWDUST IN TROUT STREAMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the season will soon be upon us when those of our brother anglers who take delight and rest from business cares by enticing the spotted beauties from the cold streams in which they are found, a great many disciples of Izaak Walton are inquiring where to go and shall we find trout, or shall we find the streams where trout used to abound now depleted of fish and the waters filled with sawdust?

The reply, although hard to give them, yet from general as well as individual experience, would be: You will probably find a few trout and a great deal of sawdust. This, according to sportsmen who have followed the brook fishing in New Hampshire for years, is undoubtedly true. It was only a few years ago that one could get good brook fishing. New Hampshire has a great many large wide streams with deep pools, where could be caught a string of trout large enough to satisfy the longings of any true fisherman; but what is the fishing to-day? With but a few exceptions those now caught are small fish. These trout when small are found at the head of the small streams, which are the headwaters of the larger streams, and which as they grow in size naturally seek larger and deeper waters, and as they work down toward the deeper holes in the large streams what do they find? Generally a sawmill emptying large quantities of sawdust, which flows down stream, filling the water and depositing itself along the banks as it goes, until the shores along the entire length of the stream are covered with it.

One stream I had brought to my notice last summer: on a trouting trip to Ossipee I had planned to fish Lovell's River and its branches, there being about six miles of good water for trout, but there was so much sawdust floating down from the sawmill at the head of the river that fishing with any prospect of success was out of the question. For several miles you could see the sawdust floating down as well as piled up on the banks, in some places from a foot to three feet deep, so that when wading the river you did not know whether you would sink down a foot under the surface or go over your waders. In Gulf and Colby brooks, which run into the head of Lovell's River, by going up stream far enough so as to be above the sawmills, plenty of small trout were found and no sawdust.

In the Saco River, from Crawford Notch to Conway, there used to be good fishing, also in Swift River, a branch of the Saco, and which joins it at Conway Corner; this is a stream which has from ten to fifteen miles of wide, deep water, with plenty of large pools, out of which trout used to be taken, but now the same fishermen who have followed this stream for years are satisfied if they catch a few fair-sized fish.

Is there no way by which the sawmills can be stopped from emptying their sawdust into these streams?

On referring to the fish laws of New Hampshire, I find no clause which gives any definite information on this point, but find the following law: "Poison and Explosives.—Sec. 10. Any person who shall take, catch, kill or destroy any fish

in any waters of this State, by the use of any poisonous, deleterious or explosive substance, shall be fined not more than fifty dollars for each offence, or by imprisonment for not more than ninety days, or both."

Now, does this law relate to this difficulty? Can the State stop the mills from letting out their sawdust, which by so doing spoils one of nature's greatest gifts, and instead compel them to burn or otherwise destroy it?

Our brother anglers would like to be informed on this subject. In asking for information, I would state that at Ossipee Lake, which is leased by a water power company, is a sawmill which is not allowed to empty its sawdust into the lake, but is obliged to store it on the shore and then burn it.

Why should not mills that are on State waters be obliged to dispose of their sawdust in the same way as mills that are on waters leased by private concerns? OSBORNE.

NEVADA FISHCULTURE.—The inaugural message of Governor R. K. Colcord to the Legislature of the State of Nevada, transmitted Jan. 19, contains the following favorable notice of the recent report of the Fish Commissioner: "The report of Hon. Geo. T. Mills, as Fish Commissioner, is full and complete. It is a most careful résumé of his work and contains many interesting facts and details. The attention of your honorable body is particularly called to the Commissioner's statements relative to the depositing of sawdust in the Truckee River. The best of results are being obtained by Mr. Mills, and as an encouragement to the conscientious fostering of our fish interests I ask a judicious reading of the report and such an appropriation as you in your discernment may then deem suitable."

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Secretary.
March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Secretary.
March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.
March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.
April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the controversy over the cocker in the late issues of FOREST AND STREAM with great interest. Having been an exhibitor of spaniels at most of the principal shows since 1883, I have carefully watched the decisions of the different spaniel judges. My observations do not lead me to the same opinion as "Gothamite." At the New Haven, Conn., show in 1885, Mr. James Watson judged spaniels, and did it satisfactorily. Among the entries on that occasion were such celebrities as champion Obo II., champion Miss Obo II., champion Shina, champion Juno W., champion Sport, Young Obo, Obo, Jr., Dido W., Woodstock Belle, besides others of lesser note. I don't think a class of cockers of the same quality has been got together before or since. I met Mr. Watson and Mr. Mason for the first time at that show, and have frequently discussed cockers with both gentlemen, and I know that the statement by "Gothamite" that these men started the long and low craze, as he calls it, lacks fact as a foundation. I fancy that the best informed breeders will agree with me that the craze, so-called, originated in breeders importing cockers from England, where the long and low notions prevailed, and these importations having more quality, as a general rule, than the spaniels then in America, were taken as the standard. It is pretty well known that Mr. Mason considers Miss Obo II. the best cocker spaniel in America (or did when she was at her best). No one will claim that she can properly be classed among the long and low division. In my opinion there is no more competent and conscientious spaniel judge in America than Mr. Mason, notwithstanding the statements of "Gothamite" and any other writers to the contrary. I hope that this discussion will result in benefit to the little cockers, and also hope that the classification for cockers at the different shows this year will be better than it has been. Surely the cockers are deserving of the same attentions as fox-terriers. ANDREW LAIDLAW.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., Jan. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"The end justifies the means," is a well-known tenet of the Jesuit faith. I am not a Jesuit, but I am a convert to this belief of theirs to a certain extent. Therefore I set this cocker pot a-boiling by writing the "Gothamite" letter.

Mr. Mason is right in so far as the identity of the anonymous writer went, but he altogether misconstrued the motive for my action, as the letter written by me to Mr. Wade very near the beginning of the warfare, goes to prove.

Had it not been for my Hulton friend's advice I should have explained the matter ere this; but he thought it best to "bluff" it out a little longer to keep the pot at boiling pitch. It has boiled over and it is now time to remove the lid.

The "prominent fancier" need not trouble to bring up a motion for my expulsion at the next meeting of the Spaniel Club. His "energies" can be "reserved" for some future occasion. I resigned as a member of the club about a month ago. There is nothing to "investigate" before the "tribunal." I alone am guilty of whatever has been done by "Gothamite," and on my shoulders must rest the entire blame. Not even to my good friend the editor, was the revolutionary scheme confided, and until within one month Mr. Wade was my only confidante. Later Messrs. Watson, Fellow and Winderling were enlightened.

"Obo" insinuates that this was a mere advertising dodge and that others were concerned in a disreputable scheme with the writer. Not one living soul knew anything about it, save myself.

As my letter to Mr. Wade explains, the "Gothamite" letter was written simply to provoke a controversy that would draw the usually Sphinx-like spaniel men in, and well has it succeeded, though besides boasting cockers my petard has blown up the man with the match!

When before has such an array of spaniel men taken part in a public controversy? Watson, Willey, Oldham and other usually silent ones! My point is gained—every one seems ashamed to declare in support of the long and low cocker spaniel. That letter was difficult to concoct, but it has been as effective as a ton of "blue pills."

For the misstatements intentionally made by me as

"Gothamite" I apologize. Of those gentlemen whose feelings I *advisedly* hurt, I crave forgiveness. They have given me harder knocks than any I dealt them, and I bear no ill will for the "punishment" received. Good has been done to the cocker spaniel cause by this turmoil, and to achieve such an end I would gladly "take" far more.

Now that your readers have been satisfied as to the identity of "Gothamite," I trust we shall read something on the "Cocker Spaniels of 1890." With added apologies for the sins of "Gothamite," I sign myself, *in propria persona*, F. H. F. MERCER.

OTTAWA, Canada, Jan. 31.

[Mr. Mercer's letter to Mr. Wade, dated Jan. 1, has been forwarded to us, but as it contains nothing more than appears in the above letter, there is no use in publishing it.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was asked some time ago to take part in the spaniel warfare raging in your paper, but deferred, and now simply write to express my sympathy for Mr. Mercer, who is undoubtedly the sinful "Gothamite." Not that this gentleman has any claim upon my consideration, for I have a faint recollection of his having attempted to make capital at my expense, but as he failed in this I harbor no ill-feeling. It is rather in his having to contend against such overpowering odds, and against such unmerciful critics, that I hold up my hand and call a halt. "Gothamite" has had more than enough, he has had too much for his own good, and the desire to kick him because he is down is being indulged in a trifle too freely. Mr. Mercer is certainly an enthusiastic spaniel man, an interesting writer, and when he has paid sufficient attention to the different varieties—other than Clumbers—he may perhaps be able to write a technical report, or pose as a critic. Some of those who so strongly condemn the kind of scribbling "Gothamite" has indulged in, have made great errors in their own reports and awards. One particular instance is in my mind where one of these judges awarded the spaniel prizes in such a manner that even I, who was only then a junior in the show ring, could not help saying that I got more than my due. This honest, straightforward expression was met by a shower of uncomplimentary language, but I afterward demonstrated that my modest opinion was right, and when I think I have acquired sufficient knowledge to speak with authority on spaniels, I will try to tell my fellow members of the club something to interest as well as enlighten them. I am not contemplating a book, oh, no!

I like Mr. Willey's advice, and think Mr. Mercer will do well to take it to himself. It is folly for a child to attempt to teach his father, but there is no reason why the son should not commence where the father left off. There is, for instance, in Mr. Willey's kennel a cocker with a head which ought to be the form and mould of the future cocker. Mr. Willey has been years in reaching this and other points, just as it took Mr. Burdett, Dr. Spurgeon and Dr. Boulton years to make the Beverly strain of field spaniels. May we hope that Mr. Willey's followers will not be novices of the "Gothamite" order, who will take but as many months to undo the work of years, as was the case with the Beverly breed. Let us praise what is worthy of it, condemn what should be condemned, but let it be done more as the gardener acts with plants he wishes to train and improve, and not as the woodman felling the tree. Conscientious, honest, and above all experienced judges and reports, are as much needed as the independent medium, to guide the novice as well as the skilled breeder. EDWIN H. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.

THE MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual bench show of the Maryland Kennel Club will be held here on the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th of March next, and because of our great success last year, we have this time secured the 5th Regiment Armory, which is three times as large as the hall we had last year. The Armory is centrally located, well ventilated, and will accommodate 750 dogs. The show will be benched and fed by the well-known Spratts Patent, and will be disinfected by "Sanitas." Mr. John Reed, of New York, who every one recognizes as the man best qualified to look after dogs at a bench show, will be here in the capacity of superintendent, which insures to those entering, the best attention for their dogs. The prize list is more than double that of last year, and to principal breeds we offer \$15, \$10 and \$5, besides a kennel prize for the best four of each breed of \$10.

We have engaged the following judges: Mr. James Mortimer for Russian wolfhounds, pointers, field, cocker, Clumber, and Irish water spaniels, collies, fox-terriers, pugs, King Charles, Blenheim, Prince Charles, Ruby and Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless and miscellaneous class. Mr. Harry Lacy, of New York, for mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, Newfoundlanders, Great Danes, foxhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, poodles, Basset hounds, dachshunds, beagles, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, bull-Skye, Clydesdale, black and tan, Yorkshire and toy terriers. Dr. H. Clay Glover, of New York, takes English, Irish and Gordon setters. Mr. Chas. D. Cagle, Baltimore, bulldogs. The Chesapeake classes have not yet been assigned. We hope to be able to announce the judge for this class in next week's paper.

The following specials have been offered to date: The Pointer Club of America offers \$10 for the best pointer dog in open class and \$10 for the best pointer bitch in open class, to be competed for only by dogs owned by members of the Pointer Club.

The St. Bernard Club of America offer: Club medals for the best American-bred smooth-coat dog, smooth-coat bitch, rough-coat dog and rough-coat bitch. To be competed for only by members of the St. Bernard Club.

The Bulldog Club of America offer: The Bulldog Club's silver medal for the best bulldog or bitch in the show; also the club's silver medal for the best American-bred bulldog or bitch in the show. To be competed for only by dogs owned by members of the Bulldog Club.

The Collie Club of America offer: Silver club medal for best collie, not over two years old, in the open class. Bronze club medal for the second best collie in open class. Bronze club medal for the best collie in the novice class. To be competed for only by dogs owned by members of the Collie Club.

The National Beagle Club offer: A suitable piece of silver, value \$15, for the best kennel of four beagles entered and owned by one exhibitor. A suitable piece of silver, value \$10, for the best beagle dog in the show. A suitable piece of silver, value \$10, for the best beagle bitch in the show. To be competed for only by dogs owned by members of the National Beagle Club.

Other specialty clubs have offered special prizes which we will announce in next week's papers.

All railroads centering in Baltimore will carry dogs free in baggage cars when accompanied by owner or care-taker. Adams Express Co. have agreed to return all dogs free on which the full rate has been paid one way, provided they are returned to the original shipper and are accompanied by a certificate from the secretary stating that the dogs were on exhibition at the Baltimore Dog Show. The United States Express Co. have also agreed to return all dogs free when accompanied by a certificate from the secretary.

Our premium lists are now ready and can be had on application to the secretary's office, 220 North Charles street, Baltimore, Md. W. STEWART DIFFENDERFER.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 31.

THE ELMIRA SHOW.

[Special Report for Forest and Stream.]

THE second dog and poultry show given under the auspices of the Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association was held at Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 22-26. On account of some red tape they were not admitted to the A. K. C., but the show proved such a grand success that a kennel club will be organized to look after the interests of the dogs in the city and vicinity. I have attended all the shows in America for the last 12 years and I never saw so much quality at a small show before; out of the 125 dogs bunched there were only two poor ones, and as they were wrongly entered, the prizes were withheld; one was a Boston bull-terrier, entered as a bulldog, and one was a soft-haired Scotch terrier; this new breed originated in Boltonbrook, Ga.

When Elmira people like anything, their ecstasy knows no bounds and their joys no limit. This was the case with the fancy chicken and dog show. The exhibition was highly meritorious and was liberally patronized by the best citizens. The wealthy and poor touched elbows in their ecstatic admiration, and everybody seemed happy and well pleased. The Elmira Poultry and Pet Stock Association is to be commended for providing so fine an exhibition.

The benching was the old-style open benches, the food was Challenge food, and the dogs did not have to be starved before they would eat it. Sanitary was the disinfectant used, and the place was at all times free from bad odors. C. S. Wixon, of Covert, N. Y., was superintendent, and of course the comfort of the dogs was well attended to. The committee and citizens generally did all they could to make it pleasant for visitors and exhibitors. Your correspondent is under many obligations to C. C. Thacher, of Inter-State Fair fame, Ray Tompkins, C. A. Bowman, Dr. Ross, H. Gaylord and others.

J. Otis Fellows judged all classes; he must have given satisfaction as there was no kicking. As usual, he made many friends, and the *Telegram*, one of Elmira's great institutions with a circulation of 170,000 copies a week, published his portrait and a short sketch of his life.

Mastiffs were a good class of ten, with the well-known and often described Ilford Chancellor and Lady Coleus in the challenge classes; only one dog in open class, J. Ott's Kenwood; he is a large dog but light in bone and fiddle-headed; has good action. In bitches, the Flour City Kennels' Cautious Girl and Miss Cautious were first, with Ott's Embra reserve. Mr. Whitney's dogs were shown in fine condition, and he is laying the foundation for what will soon be the best kennel of mastiffs in the United States. Abe Geis is a good handler, but I rather think his dogs have too much to eat and not enough exercise.

The Swiss Mountain Kennels' Arch Duke was alone in the open St. Bernard dog class and won; he is a fine large dog of good type and expression, a real good-fronted dog, but like the lamented Otho, not right behind. Mr. J. H. Clark exhibited quite a fine bitch by Alton. The puppies as a whole were not first-class.

Great Danes had only one entry, Don, a harlequin dog of the mastiff type.

Newfoundlands one entry, a second-class dog which was awarded second prize.

Russian wolfhounds had two entries, Valdimir and Princess Irma, of the now celebrated Krlut-Elsie litter. Valdimir is an extra fine dog, whose head is just 12 in. long, he stands 29 in. at shoulder, and it will take a good pup to beat him. Irma is a trifle smaller.

The Hornell-Harmony Kennels exhibited four good greyhounds. Harmony, Hazlehurst and Fannie M. have been shown and have won so often that they are well known to your readers. I consider the handsome black and white bitch pup Marguerite the best pup that has ever been shown from the celebrated champions Balkis and Cassandra. She is just about as near perfection as I ever saw, and if she does not go off, has a great future before her.

Pointers had only one dog in the open class, Wagg; he is thick in skull and does not move right. The bitch class brought out as fine a light weight bitch as I have seen in a long time, Beppo Lass (Beppo—Christmas Vie). She is liver and white, perfect in head, outline, legs and feet. If Mr. Anthony wants Beppo blood he should try to secure her. Abe Geis, of Rochester, won second with Cora, quite a fine bitch, but her feet are too open. Harry Flood's handsome liver and white pup was alone and won first in the puppy class; she is as near perfect as we can hope to see them.

There was only one English setter, a fine dog, King's Rocket, fit to show anywhere. Irish setters brought out a good class. Mr. Ray Tompkins' Friar Tuck, first, is a dog of many fine points, just a bit off in head and shown a little too fat; perfect in legs and feet, color and coat. He was south all last season, but was shown in perfect condition; he only lost the special by a very small margin; he will be shown at New York. Nimrod and Gip are both good, but lack the color, coat and form of Tuck. In bitches C. A. Bowman's Quail is a beauty, a little on the small size, perfect in legs, feet, head, type, color and character. The Glendyne Kennels', Bristol, R. L. Sedan II. is the opposite type to Quail, quite a large bitch of good style, short of coat and feather. The same kennels' Lucelle is a bitch of good quality but shows age; she got the reserve card. J. H. Arnot's Eileen, third prize, is litter sister to Quail, but does not stand on as good legs and feet. Dr. Ross's fine puppy Juno has a queerly shaped skull, but it will improve with age.

Gordon setters—only one shown, Trite, not a crack but a good business dog.

In Clumber spaniels, Dash, a dog by Boss III., who has Boss's field spaniel head, was given second; first withheld. The bitch Floss, who is a more typical Clumber, was first in bitches.

Beagles were a good class in challenge dogs; the well-known Royal Krueger added another to his long list of wins, beating Racer, Jr. As soon as Royal Krueger had won Mr. H. L. Kreuder offered \$500 for the dog, which offer was refused, as the H. H. Kennels want the Boston special and could not win without Royal Krueger. In challenge bitches, the H. H. Kennels' Una won over the Rockland Kennels' Myrtle. In open dogs, Tomboy, alone, was first. I believe this is Dan O'Shea's old dog, and should be in the challenge class. Rockland Kennels also won first in bitches with Belle of Rockland; she was not on her bench when I was taking notes, nor Emeline, who won first in bitch puppies. Little Wonder, first in dog puppies, and Zillah, second in bitches, are both a good type of beagles. The unbeaten Ava W. was first in the under 12 in. class; both kennels had good dogs in fine condition; the H. H. Kennels had the most sorry lot.

In cocker spaniels the Swiss Mt. Kennels' Hornell Lady was absent, and J. Ott's Topsy P. won first, a fair type but undeveloped.

Elmira was always famous for her foxhounds, and the name of her greatest breeder, Terry McCann, is known throughout the land. He won first with Sing, a fine large black and tan, second with Loud, third with Jack, and vhc. and reserve with King; also first in bitches with Belle. All are good type with the best of legs and feet. Your kennel editor knows that they can run, and should be proud of the fact that in the fox chase at the Inter-State Fair, Elmira, in 1889, they finished all the races just as he placed them. And yet some judges (?) do not look at the legs and feet. W. A. Goodrich also won vhc. in dogs, second in bitches, but his dogs are too much of the harrier type.

Collies.—The Rev. Father Kelby, of Towanda, Pa., is now the owner of Prince Charlie, a large dog of great character, who has often been written up. Second prize was given to a black dog who did not deserve it; but his owner is a fine old man who belongs to the club, attends all the meetings,

is prompt in paying his dues, and so he was entitled to the prize, even if his dog was a little off. In bitches Sable, owned by G. E. Stevenson, of Clarks Green, Pa., won first; quite a good type of collie, but coat not correct; and the same may be said of Drive, first in puppies.

In bulldogs the prizes were withheld. In bull-terriers quite a fair dog was shown—Velder's Patsy—but he is getting awfully thick in skull.

Bacchanal, alone in the fox-terrier challenge class, is still keeping in good condition; his excellent coat and feet are still as good as ever; his only failure is his teeth, which is to be expected at his age. Le Logus is a fine and greatly improved dog; he has a splendid head, good coat and legs; feet a little large, but he will do a bit of winning yet in the best of classes; he was placed first. Second went to Valens, a good dog in head, body and legs, but one of his ears is stiff and upright; he has improved since I saw him at Binghamton a few weeks ago. Hillside Gaudy is an excellent young bitch, just the type I like; good cobby body, good legs and feet; it will take a good one in her class to beat her; she was placed first. Second went to Oriole Verona, a nice young bitch, rather shy yet in the ring, has good head and body; does not carry her ears in good shape. Third went to Bleimont Rupture, a fair bitch, but too long cast and does not carry her ears right. Yorktown Fussy, vhc., was shown much too fat. In dog puppies J. Ott's Clinker, a rather coarse dog, was alone and won first.

Every one knows Harry Smith, superintendent of the Buffalo Driving Park, but not as an exhibitor of Yorkshire terriers; but he has them—four of the best I ever saw owned by one kennel; and the dog that beats Merry Prince, Jr., or the pair that gets away with Prince and Rose, will have to attend to their toilets early, late and often. Sandy and Dolly are also good, but not in as fine coat. Mr. Smith won everything in Yorkshires. He also had two very fair Irish terriers, Young Peddler and Sybil; both won first.

In Welsh terriers, Mephisto Dick and Rowton Vixen each won first. I don't know much about this breed, but as Vixen won second at Liverpool she must be "a good 'un." They are quite unlike T'other and Which, shown some years ago as Welsh terriers. As I remember them, they looked like mongrel Airedales, and they were certainly much too large according to the W. C. T. Club standard.

The Howard Kennels' Penrice I think is the best and proudest little pug dog I ever saw. He is perfect in head, ears, body and tail; and will no doubt make it hot for some of the cracks at New York. Mrs. C. S. Wixom's Viva, first in bitches, is of good size, but her head is too small and lacks wrinkle. B. U. Covert's Lady Vick is too large; she was given second.

An extra fine Italian greyhound bitch, Dolly, was shown by the Howard Kennels; splendid head, body, etc.; good all round, except that her ears are a trifle large. Jo.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Ilford Chancellor Bitches: 1st, Lady Coleus.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. Ott's Kenwood. Bitches: 1st, W. J. Whitney's Cautious; 2d, Lady Dorothy; 3d, Miss Cautious. Very high com. and reserve, Ott's Embra.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Beaufort, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Queen City Kennels' Agnes Wakefield.

ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Arch Duke. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. H. Clark's Nancie Bell and Belle Girl.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, E. W. Andrews' Anthony; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Duke. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lovely and Princess.—SMOOTH-COATED—Bitches: 1st, Queen City Kennels' Lady Wakefield.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Ed H. Van Atta's Don.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—2d, Justus Hide's —.

RUSSIAN WOLFDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Valdemir. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Princess Irma.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harmony.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hazlehurst. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Fannie M. —PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, F. M. Douce's Blue. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Marguerite.

POINTERS.—Dogs: 1st, McCaffrey Athen's Wagg. Bitches: 1st, John Longworthy's Beppo Lass; 2d, J. W. Whitney's Cora; 3d, L. Wells' Princess Bang. Puppies: 1st, Harry Flood's Lillie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—1st, J. S. Haymaker's King's Rocket.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, Ray Tompkins' Friar Tuck; 2d, L. Keener's Nimrod, Jr.; 3d, E. W. Davis's Gip. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Bowman's Quail; 2d and very high com. reserve, Glendyne Kennels' Sedan and Lucette; 3d, J. H. Arnot's Eileen. Puppies: 1st, Dr. G. W. Ross's Juno.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, Dr. Davis's Trite.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 2d, J. W. Roberts's Dash. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Roberts's Floss.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger; 2d, Rockland Kennels' Racer, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Una; 2d, Rockland Kennels' —.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Tom Boy. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Belle of Rockland.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Little Wonder. Bitches: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Emeline; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Zillah.—UNDER 12 in.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Ava W.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, J. Ott's Topsy P.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d, 3d, very high com. and reserve, T. McCann's Sing, Loud, Jack, and King. Very high com., W. A. Goodrich's Dash. Bitches: 1st, T. McCann's Belle; 2d, W. A. Goodrich's Floss.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, C. F. Kelly's Prince Charlie; 2d, John Terwilliger's —. Bitches: 1st, G. E. Stevenson's Sable. Puppies: 1st, John Longworthy's Drive; 2d, Geo. E. Stevenson's —.

BULLDOGS.—Prize withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. C. Velder's Patsy.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Oriole Kennels' Bacchanal. —OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Oriole Kennels' Le Logus and Valens. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, Oriole Kennels' Hillside Gaudy, Oriole Verona. Very high com., Yorktown Kennels' Fussy. Puppies: 1st, J. Ott's Clinker.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. Smith's Young Peddler. Bitches: 1st, H. Smith's Sybil.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, H. Smith's Merry Prince, Jr. and Sandy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. Smith's Dolly and Rose.

PUGS.—Dogs: 1st, Howard Kennels' Penrice; 2d, Frank C. Harper's —. Bitches: Howard Kennels' entry absent; 1st, Mrs. O. N. Wixom's Viva; 2d, B. V. Covert's Lady Vic.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Howard Bros. Kennels' Dolly.

WELSH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, A. Russell Crowell's Mephisto Dick. Bitches: 1st, A. Russell Crowell's Rowton Vixen.

SPECIALS.

Handler with most dogs, Hod King; best kennel, H. H. K.; best mastiff, Ilford Chancellor; St. Bernard, Arch Duke; greyhound, Harmony; pointer, Beppo Lass; English setter, King's Rocket; Irish setter, Quail; Gordon setter, Trite; field spaniel, Floss; cocker spaniel, Topsy P.; beagle, Royal Krueger; foxhound, Sing; collie, Prince Charlie; bull-terrier, Patsy; fox-terrier, Bacchanal; Yorkshire terrier, Merry Prince, Jr.; pug, Penrice; setter, Quail.

LYNN DOG SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Bulldog Club of America offers the following to be competed for by members at the second bench show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass.: The club's silver medal for the best bulldog or bitch in the show, and the club's silver medal for best American-bred bulldog or bitch. The Pointer Club of America offers \$10 to the best pointer dog in open class, \$10 to the best pointer bitch in open class, to be competed for by members of the Pointer Club. Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, Mass., offers a silver cup for the best beagle in the show. The general special prize list provides generously for all breeds. Entries will positively close March 12. The club has secured John F. Williams to superintend the show.—D. A. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

WHY DO MANY MODERN NOTED DOGS DIE COMPARATIVELY YOUNG?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 18, 1890, under heading "Dog Chat," you reply to a letter in the *English Stock-Keeper* with reference to nearly all the best dogs dying comparatively young. As a breeder of some experience perhaps you will be willing to make space for a few remarks from my pen on this subject, seeing (as you say) it is one of moment to breeders of large dogs. I may premise my remarks by saying the reasons adduced in your issue of Dec. 18 are in my opinion all wide of the mark, and as you point out, in the instance of the mastiff Minton, evidently not the true cause. Next allow me to comment on these remarks *seriatim*:

1. "Most have died at from five to eight years, at ages when they should be just about their prime." The italics are mine; and I may say experience shows large dogs, like St. Bernards, mastiffs or great Danes, are in their prime from three to seven years; at seven to nine are on the decline, after eight may be considered old. Few mastiffs I have known under any conditions have lived much over twelve years.

2. "The artificial manner in which they are prepared for the bench" may have to a certain extent in some cases something to do with the brief life of some of the more noted modern cracks, especially those coming from the London kennels; but by comparing the length of their lives with those of outsiders, the so-called artificial system would seem not to make very much difference.

3. "Excessive stud work as a factor." This I cannot help thinking is a mere idea, for few of the short-lived modern cracks have done the amount of stud work of such dogs as Old Jack, Buffer, Rattler and other noted fox-terriers who lived to a great age; and in mastiffs, Lukey's Bruce II., Old King, Rajah, Old Turk, my Young King and Exley's Victor. Again the show specimens Amer, King II., Taurus I., Taurus II., Montgomery and others lived to a good age in spite of exhibiting and stud work.

4. Forcing—I believe to be partly one of the true causes of short life, also excessive fat is not only calculated to render dogs sterile, but moreover to induce disease.

5. The arsenical doses probably do as much good as harm, for they tend to keep the blood pure and are a corrective of the radically bad treatment many dogs (especially those of the London breeders) are subjected to, and it is only too true, "they soon go to pieces," unless in experienced hands.

Having thus criticised the evils mentioned, in order to show that while they are evils and probable accelerators, they are not probably the real cause, there is something more potent underlying all these.

High feeding and arsenic, no doubt, deteriorate stamina, but the four chief active causes I believe to be:

1. Want of sufficient regular exercise.
2. Breeding from sires while they are too young.
3. The selection of the largest sized specimens for stud purposes.
4. Breeding from short-lived families, which show early symptoms of premature decay.

The following remarks I deem are worthy the consideration of breeders: Giants, or those above the average size in any variety of animal, as in man, are seldom long lived.

The deduction, therefore, is, the largest are not likely to be the longest lived, or beget the longest-lived progeny. In human beings longevity runs in some families.

And in thoroughbred horses we see sires used for stud purposes up to 20 years of age and then often begetting their best and stoutest stock. These things suggest the advisability of selecting dogs for stud purposes of not less than 4 to 7 years of age. It may be laid down that early maturity suggests early decay. Therefore, if people want dogs to last they should select for breeding purposes both parents of from 4 to 7 years old and for healthy progeny a middle-aged, medium-sized sire, in regular exercise and hard condition, and well fed. I do not think it matters a dog having been used for stud purposes extensively, providing he is strong, active and healthy.

These remarks I have gathered from experience, but they are thoroughly borne out by what Thacker wrote, as long since as 1834, in his "Breeder's Guide," Vol. II., a work perhaps less known to many of your readers than "Newton on the Prophecies," nevertheless full of practical common sense.

Under the "Proper Age for Breeding," he says: "Many of the most celebrated greyhounds of their day have been produced from aged parents, some of which were very old, both sires and dams. You cannot always rely on the constitutions of very old ones being unimpaired; but you may rely with great confidence on those of middle age and something more, having their stamina remaining, when you find that they continue good runners at that age."

As an instance of the advantage of breeding from matured sires. Dreadnought (9,326), whelped Sept. 5, 1875, was the son of an old dog, of rather below the average size. Dreadnought's only fault was want of size, but for mastiff character, symmetry, muscular points and fighting properties, there are few mastiffs of the present day equal to him. He took the first prize at Bidegworth in 1881 (midsummer), and was just turned six years old when I sold him for £21, strong, active and in perfect health, on breaking up my kennel, to be used as a keeper's night dog. I do not know how long he lived or what became of him subsequently.

The noted Wolf (2,333), by Bill George's Tiger, a noted sire, born in 1859, took first prize at Northampton for me, in 1871, being eleven years of age, and beating Nero (2,317). Wolf lived to be about thirteen years old, becoming very rheumatic the last years of his life.

Finally, people often breed from their females as soon as ever they can, mating them with some young dog who has created a sensation, and thus breed an offspring of forced giant babies of short-lived family. Breeders thus go the very way to select a short-lived artificial race, a race that has not had due exercise for several generations. When I look back to the muscular, active mastiffs I had in Leicestershire, and how when even puppies they would and used boldly to plunge into the stream (which I could only just jump across) after me, I sometimes think it is a pity men attempt to breed mastiffs in the heart of large towns, where it is almost impossible to exercise them properly; and this continued reproduction of and from unexercised mastiffs or St. Bernards is sure to result in deterioration in points not carefully cultivated by selection.

With regard to longevity among my mastiffs, I had champion Empress poisoned to get rid of her when past breeding, but still active and in sound health; and when I broke my kennel up in January, 1882, several old favorites I destroyed, two I gave away and they have since been shot, owing to old age and becoming blind, and some I sold, then not very young dogs, are still alive.

At the present time I have a small Maltese, thirteen years old, and it still can run about and take pleasure in hunting after a rabbit. I merely mention this to show dogs duly exercised may live to a good age. M. B. WYNNE.

Author of the "History of the Mastiff."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—Hulton, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: "On the record," Mr. Murphy's dog was shot by a party on whose grounds he had trespassed, done damage, defiled, etc.; Helen Keller's dog was shot simply and solely because it was at large, but doing no harm whatever. The difference seems miles wide. Perhaps I owe an apology to the policeman. He may have acted entirely from an elevated sense of public duty to discharge all obligations laid on him, but my observation of policemen leads me to doubt this.—W. WADE.

THE NATIONAL GREYHOUND CLUB SHOW.

THE gathering of greyhounds, deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds in the specialty show at the American Horse Exchange, on Tuesday last, must have been very gratifying to the National Greyhound Club. With the exception of the Fox-terrier, this is the only specialty club which so far has had the enterprise and pluck to hold a show "on its own hook," and I trust that their efforts will meet with the success they deserve. That this would certainly have been the case had the weather been in any way propitious there is little doubt. It rained with slight intermission throughout the day. Among those members of dogdom whom I noticed round the ringside were Messrs. N. G. Pope, Geo. Shepard Page, L. C. Whiton, H. W. Huntington, F. F. Chevalier, J. Herbert Watson, James Mortimer, C. S. Wixom, B. W. Groatage, Frank Windbolz, R. F. Mayhew and Mrs. Mayhew, Dr. and Mrs. Foote, Mrs. M. J. McCleery, Miss Ida Orme, N. Tallman, James Black, E. H. Morris, Mrs. Wheatleigh, German Hopkins, Percy C. Ohl, and several others. Mr. Chas. H. Mason began judging about 11 A. M., and it did not take him more than a couple of hours to run through the classes. The benching was ranged round two sides of the horse ring in the building, and as Spratts Co. had the contract everything was in good order. The building, owing to the damp, chilly weather which prevailed, was uncomfortably cold, and those dogs which owned a blanket made the most of the covering, for they needed it. Many of the competitions were interesting, notably those for the medals, where the winners of the different classes came together. As most of the dogs that were shown will appear at the New York show this month it may be as well not to go into their criticism very deeply. In the challenge class for dogs Balkis and Highland Chief came together, and the former, owing to his gross condition, had no easy win. He was altogether too fat, and though this may do for the lazy breeds, it does not look well on a greyhound, still Balkis' harder flesh, better legs and feet, ribs and hind parts pulled him well to the front. Cassandra was alone in the corresponding class; she was in good flesh and showed up better than when we saw her last.

In open dogs a new face appeared, Charles Davis. He is not a very taking dog, being full in eye and a bit long cast, but stands on a good set of pins; the well-known Conspirator, looking in better shape than last spring, was an easy second. Highland Warrior is coarse, ring-tailed, heavy in shoulder, wide in front and was shown too fat. Waverley is a fairish dog, but rather loosely put together. The others in the class were poor, more on the pet-dog order. Maud Torrington was soon picked out in bitches. She is a nicely-modeled bitch, and will have little difficulty in keeping to the front. Dry Time loses to her in back, chest, ribs and before the eye. Spinaway, who, was at Charleston, and will be better with age. Princess Ida and Dell are only fair, faulty in head, feet and hindparts. Bijou is a poor one. Puppies saw two nice ones from the Pope kennel. Highland Donald but for his lameness would be an easy winner, but was thrown out on that account, and Highland Clan, faulty in eye and head, but good otherwise, took the prize, followed by Balkette, a promising pup rather flat-ribbed. Blackthorn beat Harnon in legs and feet, in which important parts King Leo is also faulty.

In deerhounds the well-known Robber Chieftain gained the champion ribbon over his kennel mate Clansman, excelling in coat and loin and front, though Robber moved queerly behind. Chieftain was absent. In bitches Wanda was placed over Ramona, though I think the latter beats in legs and feet. Olga, reserved, was a little outclassed. Nora showed the effects of her southern trip. In dogs a splendidly-fronted one, Douglas, beat his kennel mate Warrior, the winner at New York and Boston last year. Douglas is straight behind, Argyle is a bit bitch-headed, but was good in coat. Bruar II. lacks depth of chest, has a bad tail and is flat-sided. Highland Lassie was given the ribbon in bitches. She loses in coat and bone to Hillside Ruth. Alyda and Nina are both of nice stamp with good coats and bone.

The dog class for Russian wolfhounds had the winner in the new arrival Zioem. He was closely pressed by the pup Valdemir, one of the Elsie litter. The older dog is of course better furnished, but loses greatly in front to the pup, while he beats the youngster at present in ribs and chest. Ivan is lathy and out at elbows, and not class enough for the others. Czar had skin disease and was sent out. Princess Irma had an easy win in bitches, her evident look of quality, nice front and head being far in front of Czarina, who hardly looks a Barzoi. In puppies the clean-headed and better-fronted Princess Irma beat her mate Valdemir handsly.

An auction sale was held after the judging, but there was hardly an auction company present, and the animals scarcely brought enough to pay for collars and chains. Thirteen dogs were put up, but the only ones which brought a bid were King Leo, c. in the puppy class, which brought the magnificent sum of \$7. A black bitch pup by Balkis, out of Loissette brought \$9, and another dog of the same litter went for \$15, and another bitch \$7. A black pup, by Balkis out of La Gitana, was bought in at \$10. After the sale Dr. Foote purchased a brindle bitch pup, by Conspirator, for \$15, for Mr. Chas. E. Rowland, secretary of the Toledo Kennel Club.

H. W. L.

PRIZE LIST.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, N. G. Pope's Balkis and Highland Chief. **Bitches:** 1st, N. G. Pope's Cassandra. —**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Dunrobin Kennels' Charles Davis; 2d, Devon Kennels' Conspirator. Very high com., N. G. Pope's Highland Warrior. High com., E. C. M. Fitzgerald's Waverley. **Bitches:** 1st, Dunrobin Kennels' Maud Torrington; 2d, J. H. Watson's Dry-time. Very high com., Wadsworth's Woodhaven Kennels' Loissette. Very high com., Woodhaven Kennels' Spinaway. High com., Mrs. M. J. McCleery's Princess Ida and A. N. Youngdorph's Dell Com., Mrs. M. J. McCleery's Bijou. **Puppies:** 1st, N. G. Pope's Highland Clan; 2d, C. F. R. Drake's Balkette. Reserve, C. E. Johnstone's Blackthorn. Very high com., H. W. Lacy's Harnon. Com., Mrs. M. J. McCleery's King Leo.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, John E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain and Clansman. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, John E. Thayer's Wanda and Ramona. Reserve, Dunrobin Kennels' Olga. —**OPEN—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, John E. Thayer's Douglas and Hillside Warrior. Very high com., Dunrobin Kennels' Argyle and Bruar II. **Bitches:** 1st and 2d, John E. Thayer's Highland Lassie and Hillside Ruth. Very high com. and reserve, Dunrobin Kennels' Alyda.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES.—Dogs: 1st, Paul H. Hacke's Zioem; 2d, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Valdemir. Very high com., Paul H. Hacke's Ivan. **Bitches:** 1st, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Princess Irma. **Puppies:** 1st and 2d, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Princess Irma and Valdemir.

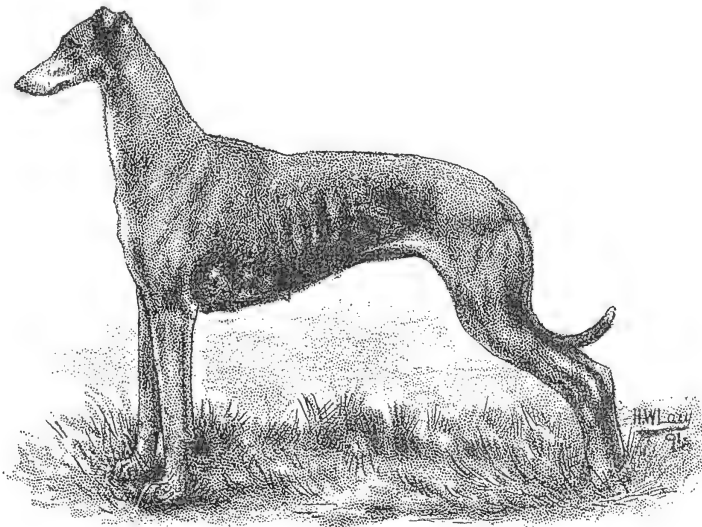
SPECIALS

Best greyhound dog, N. G. Pope's Balkis; best greyhound bitch, N. G. Pope's Cassandra; best deerhound dog, John E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain; best deerhound bitch, John E. Thayer's Wanda; best wolfhound dog, Paul H. Hacke's Zioem; best bitch, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Princess Irma.

DOG CHAT.

THIS is surely an age of organization. The next to claim our attention is no other than "The Dog Breeders' Protective Union of America." Its object is "the reduction of the rates of advertising and the punishment of notorious and flagrant swindlers in dogs, the mutual improvement and the strengthening of the public confidence in the raising of thoroughbred dogs and in dog breeders." This vast scheme originates in blizzard-swept Dakota, and like its chilly blasts the promoters intend to swoop down on those who depart from the path of rectitude in dog dealings and so forth. This is all very well, but we fail to see where the connection comes in about the reduction of advertising rates. It is intended to call a meeting in Minneapolis, Minn., to elect officers about March 1. The call will also include the name of some responsible person to whom those who cannot attend in person can send their proxies and their \$5 bills, the amount of annual dues. Dr. Bradley, as may be surmised, is the promoter. Is not this taking the bread out of the mouth of the A. K. C.?

Professor Romanes says in "Animal Intelligence" that 'pride, sense of dignity and self-respect are very conspicuously exhibited by well-treated dogs. As with man so with the friend of man, it is only those whose lines of fortune have fallen in pleasant places, and whose feelings may therefore be said to have profited by the refining influences of culture, that display in any conspicuous measure the emotions in question. 'Curs of low degree,' and even many dogs of better social position, have never enjoyed those conditions essential to moral refinement, which alone can engender a true sense of self-respect and dignity. A 'low-life' dog may not like to have his tail pulled, any more than a gutter child may like to have his ears boxed; but here it is physical pain rather than wounded pride that causes the smart. Among 'high-life' dogs, however, the case is different. Here wounded sensibilities and loss of esteem are capable of producing much keener suffering than is mere physical pain; so that among such dogs a whipping produces quite a different and a much more lasting effect than in the case of their rougher brethren, who, as soon as it is over, give themselves a shake, and think no more about it."



THE GREYHOUND CHAMPION CASSANDRA.

Owned by Mr. N. G. Pope, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Some of our trainers and handlers of high-bred dogs should carefully read this, and bear it in mind when prompted to lay on the lash too thickly.

The *Canine World* had a colored picture recently of the well known St. Bernard breeder, Mr. Sydney W. Smith, and a good likeness too. Again we are treated to something the greyhound men will appreciate, pictures of the noted coursers Henmore King and Chips. The latter beautiful bitch has just been bred to Aberbriant (Misterton—Promotion), who is one of the fastest dogs ever slipped, having won 36 out of 41 courses in the best of company. There is some of his get in Mr. Black's kennels at Sheepshead Bay.

Mr. Mortimer writes us that the following railway companies have kindly consented to carry all dogs free of charge, exhibited at the W. K. C. show, provided they are accompanied by their owner or keeper, who will be required to present for inspection the necessary identification ticket: The Long Island R. R., Old Colony R. R. (as far as its Shore lines are concerned), all New York and Boston lines (other than the Sound lines); New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R., the Trunk Line Association (embracing the Gd. Trunk, N. Y. Central and H. R. R., West Shore; N. Y., Ohio and W. R. R., Lehigh Valley R. R., Central of New Jersey, Phila. and Reading R. R., Penna. R. R., Balt. and Ohio R. R., Ches. and Ohio R. R.) will convey for each passenger ticket three dogs free of charge. The Providence and Stonington Steamship Co. will accept dogs at regular tariff rates and return the same free of charge, when accompanied by owner, etc. The following express companies will return dogs free of charge, provided the regular rates have been prepaid one way: The Adams, N. Y. and Boston, United States American and the Wells, Fargo & Co. The following specials will also be given: The W. K. C. offers \$10 cash for the best exhibit of four poodles, also \$10 cash for the best exhibit of four Irish terriers. There will also be a class for Scotch terriers, with three prizes of \$10, \$5 and \$3 respectively. The poodle classes should now read: Class 106, open class dogs (black); Class 107, open class bitches (black); Class 107 A, open class dogs or bitches (other than black). W. L. Germaine, Esq., Bank of Montreal, Ottawa, Can. offers \$10 for the best exhibit of four water, Clumber, Sussex or field spaniels entered and owned by one exhibitor. Messrs. Du Vivier & Co. offer a case of Perrier Jouet (reserve) for the best brace of pointers in the open classes owned by one exhibitor. Also one for the best brace of bulldogs in the open classes owned by one exhibitor. A novice class will be provided for beagles should the management receive five or more entries.

This is what the secretary of the English Toy Spaniel Club says in *Stock-Keeper* in answer to a letter written by a lady who hardly agrees with the rule which says that any King Charles spaniel showing white must be relegated to the Prince Charles class: "Sir—The regulation Mrs. Beavan refers to in her letter, published in your issue of the 2d inst., is not a new one, but has been in force ever since the founda-

tion of the T. S. Club, I believe. I fully agree with her that it is very hard to breed a King Charles spaniel free from white, but that is not a reason why a faulty specimen (according to the present rule) should be accepted. Personally I should be glad to see this hard and fast rule relaxed, for it seems against common sense to place a King Charles, perfect in all toy spaniel points, but with a very few white hairs on the chest, below another King Charles, which may be inferior to the other in all points save that of color. But until the existing rule is amended it would save entrance fees being wasted and consequent disappointment for owners of these 'faulty' King Charles not to send them to any show, for a club judge must uphold the scale of points of his club. —HUGH T. C. COLLIS, Hon. Sec. T. S. C." There is a need of a hard and fast rule of this description in this country, and in future it would seem best to adhere to it, rather unfair though it may seem at first sight.

At the annual meeting of the Hamilton Kennel Club, held Jan. 25, Mr. W. Hendrie was elected Patron; Mr. A. D. Stewart, President; Mr. Andrew Murdoch, First Vice-President; Mr. Charles Ricketts, Second Vice-President; Mr. C. W. Mulligan, Secretary; Mr. George T. Tuckett, Treasurer; Messrs. W. J. McDonald, Frank Close, E. Tinsley, J. Hackett and Henry L. Brey, Committee of Management. There was a show of terriers open for members. Mr. George Bell, of Toronto, being the judge, and his criticisms will be found in next week's issue. Dr. Mole, the veterinary surgeon, read an interesting paper on "The Anatomy of the Dog."

In a rat-pitting contest at Newark, recently, a fox-terrier, domestic cat, and black and tan terrier were tried on a big rat. The rodent bit the cat twice, and she retreated. The fox-terrier played with the rat for a time, and finally nipped it from behind, but couldn't be persuaded to shake the rodent. The black and tan gave one bound, nipped it by the head, gave a shake, and the rat was dead. Dr. Foote would have walked a good way to see that bit of fun. The black and tan is always a terrier where rats are concerned.

A correspondent, who is a well-known exhibitor, writes us suggesting that some action be taken regarding the far too easy road that is at present provided to the challenge class. There was some suggestion made by Mr. Mercer to the A. K. C. that wins should be graded in value, but nothing seems to have been done about it as yet. In view of the many small shows being held in the fall and winter, it has become altogether too easy a matter to put a dog in the challenge class, and then a win at a similar show in that class dubs him a champion, and he at once assumes a fictitious value either as a stud dog or from a marketable point of view. That this is wrong is patent to all. Take the three Southern shows just past, for instance. There was an opportunity for a dog to win three firsts, say in the mastiffs, without material competition. At one, Charlston, there was not a mastiff entry. These three wins and one gained at Binghamton puts that dog in the challenge class at New York, simply because these shows were held under A. K. C. rules. This dog appears at the New York show, and alongside dogs of merit he cuts a somewhat sorry figure, still he is in the challenge class, and if his owner is capable of rushing his dog round to gain that end, he is just as capable of thrusting his dog into public notice as a challenge dog, and therefore one of presumably superlative merit. Of course the *cognoscenti* are not taken in, but the dear public, which does not know a dog from a window shutter, may be. Now we come to the point the A. K. C. ought to take in the matter simply as a safeguard against possible fraud or for the protection of dogs of merit. Grade the wins. Let every win count by all means, at the little shows as well as the large ones, for we cannot afford to despise these little gatherings which do so much good in certain districts in creating an interest in dogs and dog breeding; but let these small show wins count one point toward a possible eight and such shows as New York, Boston, Chicago Baltimore, Lynn, Washington and Pittsburgh, in fact any show which is sure to poll over 350 entries, count as two point shows, for though the first three named shows will, of course, have more entries in the different classes, the principal dogs will very likely be seen at the other shows as well, so that the actual competition will be almost the same. Then let a challenge win at New York, Boston or Chicago only, count a dog a champion. This question is one that requires immediate attention and should be a subject of discussion at the annual meeting of the A. K. C. this month, and from what we can gather from exhibitors some such plan would meet with the approval of the majority.

The Brunswick Fur Club's officers are busy getting ready for their grand meet at East Wakefield, N. H., on the 9th. The country round there is well adapted for the purpose, and foxes are reported plentiful. The club is restricted to 100 members, and so popular has the sport become in the two years the club has been organized, that there are now many names on the waiting list. The members own some 250 hounds altogether, and as most of them attend the meet, it will be seen that the master's position is an arduous one, for on him devolves the special charge of the kennels, the comfort of the dogs and selecting those for each day's hunt. Bugle and handkerchief signals are used to indicate the direction the hounds are running. Each hound entered costs its owner a \$1 fee, and this, with a sum added by the club, is divided into six purses and three prizes given in each class. Sometimes these different packs are made up of a dozen hounds each, which start off in different directions. After the day's hunt and dinner is partaken of, the master lays out the programme for the next day, and so it goes on till men, hounds and foxes are tired out. The six classes are hunting, trailing, speed, endurance, tongue and puppy class.

A writer in *Week's Sport* makes a good point when he says that "sportsmen, when traveling, should be as careful of the comfort of their dogs as would the owner of a great thoroughbred en route to enter for the fall races. The dog is certainly as worthy and has by far the more delicate constitution, yet how many sportsmen, when on car, steamer or stopping in transit, take the trouble to inspect the quarters of their faithful companions? Many of the fraternity I know consign their dogs to the care of a servant, and trust implicitly to their assurance that they had been well taken care of; that the dog can't talk, and the glib servant pockets his fee and that is the end of it. I have had some rough experience on that subject, which has caused me to follow this rigid rule, viz., not only to feed my dogs with my own hands, but to insist upon seeing their sleeping quarters for the night. Some hotel keepers look upon the finest bred and best trained dog as they do a brute; all dogs are alike to them, from the stump-tailed, scalded skin street cur to the aristocratic setter or pointer; they make no provision for the care of them, and every true sportsman should carry his custom elsewhere when they discover that fact."

We hear that Mr. Freeman Lloyd ("Thames Tattler") has resigned his position as English correspondent to the *Turf, Field and Farm*.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Francis G. Taylor, of Philadelphia, for the handsome picture of his no less handsome English setter, Breeze Gladstone, a dog which is—and this is of more importance in his owner's eyes—a thorough field dog. It will in due course appear in our gallery of celebrities.

In view of the many deaths of noted field dogs this year and the serious illness of others, it would seem as if the time was ripe for the different field trial clubs to take some action in the matter. Bench show committees make it compulsory for dogs to undergo a veterinary examination before entering the building, then why should not the field trial clubs appoint a competent person to keep an eye on the dogs at their trials? These trials are held in country places where vets who understand dog doctoring are very scarce and the handler must depend on such simple remedies as he may procure from the village drug store. A competent vet. should be appointed by every trial committee, whose duty it should be to make the round of the several kennels, where the field dogs are located, every day, and have power to isolate any case at once which to his experienced eye may seem suspicious. The amount of time, money and experience required to bring these dogs to the state of perfection in their work necessary for the trials, certainly demands some action being taken to this end, and we trust that this suggestion may receive the attention it deserves.

We hear that Mr. Geo. Raper, of England, enters the fox-terrier Raby Trigger at New York. By the way, the entries at this show, notwithstanding the increased entry fee, are twice as large as at the corresponding date last year.

Dr. Meyer has purchased through Mr. Brett the crack Gordon setter Heather Bee from Mr. Chapman, of Glenboig. She is counted one of the best of the breed on the other side.

The National Greyhound Club must be congratulated on their first show. Everything was well arranged, a neat and well printed catalogue was issued, and in fact everything ran very smoothly. A more pleasing feature of the show is, that despite abominable weather and consequent poor attendance the club will clear something like \$800. The only thing that marred the complete success was the rumor that the wins will not count. It is difficult to understand the wherefore of this, for as a member of the A. K. C. in good standing the N. G. C. is entitled to all its rights. Later—Interviewing Mr. Vredenburgh on the subject, he said that the wins would most certainly count.

We hear that the advisory committee have notified the National Greyhound Club that their proposed stud book meets with their disapproval, and must therefore go by the board. Will it?

The little black and tan community over here is greatly agitated just now. The great dog Beaconsfield is on his way over, and judging from the number of "cables" which are passing between the owner of Meersbrook Maiden and the owner of Broomfield Sultan it is more than likely we shall see that dog at New York too. If these dogs are shown the competition will indeed be keen, and black and tans will make themselves felt in spite of everything.

Dandie Dinmonts have not been a popular breed in this country, and there is lots of room for improvement. It is therefore with pleasure we note the fact that Mr. Edward Brooks, of Boston, Mass., has purchased from Mr. Armstrong, of Bellingham, England, the Dandie, Gypp, said to be the pick of his well known strain of terriers.

Messrs. Vicary have sold a pup of the Result—Vesuvienne litter to Mr. T. C. Chalmers, of Washington, D. C. This is Villanelle and is well spoken of.

The *Cantine World* publishes this week an excellent colored picture of the noted great Dane, Vendette, who is regarded as the best specimen of its breed ever seen in England.

We learn that Mr. K. E. Hopf has at last parted with the smooth-coated St. Bernard which brought his kennel into such prominence a year or two back. We refer to champion Hector. This dog, until the coming of Watch, was certainly the best smooth dog ever seen in America. The purchaser is Mr. Reick, of the New York *Herald*, and he may be congratulated on his good judgment. The price was \$750.

Our report of the Pacific Kennel Club's field trials has not yet arrived, but we learn that the trials were most successful. The grounds were well adapted to the purpose, and though game was not very plentiful, there were enough bays found to give every dog a chance. The following officers were elected: President, J. G. Edwards; Vice-President, R. Porter Ashe; Secretary, J. M. Kilgariff; Directors, W. Schreiber, J. M. Bassford, Jr., W. E. Houghton, Andrew Jackson and C. N. Post.

Sir Bedivere has arrived. After a tempestuous voyage the S. S. Umbria came to her dock on Sunday last. Mr. Sears came down from Boston on Saturday to welcome him. On Monday morning Sir Bedivere held a reception on the upper deck and those few St. Bernard men present expressed themselves delighted with his appearance. His grand head, legs and feet, depth of chest, and general look of quality and type, filled every one with enthusiasm. Mr. Edward Booth, who brought him over, had an anxious time of it, as the crack was affected by *mal-de-mer* to some extent. At Boston Sir Bedivere held another reception at Mr. Sears's fur store, where by actual count forty-four hundred people paid their respects to the crack. Just as we go to press we receive the following: "Bedivere received eight thousand people in two hours and thirty minutes."

There was to be a grand dog race with whippets last Tuesday at Newark, N. J., for the Derby sweepstake.

We learn from the Boston *Herald* that the members of the Worcester Fur Company, to the number of 40, accompanied by about 30 dogs, had their annual snow hunt after foxes Jan. 25. The hunt ended with a supper at a roadhouse in Millbury. The net result was the death of two foxes and temporary loss of about a dozen dogs.

The Mechanic's building has again been engaged by the New England Kennel Club for their show in March.

Mr. Comstock writes us that having found that Mr. W. Medbury claimed the name of Narragansett Kennels two years ago, he has changed the name of his kennels to "The Park Kennels," for his Irish and black and tan terriers, Japanese spaniels and schipperkes.

Mr. Geo. Bell is not the breeder of Idea, the cocker spaniel, but Mr. G. N. Levens, Belleville, Ont.

Our illustration this week is Mr. Pope's champion greyhound Cassandra. This bitch is so well known and has been before the public so long that it is needless to republish her wins. She is by Debbret out of Dead Secret.

WARM QUARTERS FOR PET DOGS.—New York, Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No building have I seen that is better adapted for a grand bench show than is our new Madison Square Garden, if all of its conveniences are taken advantage of. It has always been a problem to properly heat a bench show. Many breeds are most comfortable in a cool atmosphere, while others require warmth; but freedom from draughts is necessary to all. At the Garden the long-coated dogs can be benched on the ground floor, and they will not take up so much room but that we can have a larger exercising and judging space than ever before. This space will be valuable in parading the winners after-noon and evening, permitting visitors to see them to the best advantage. Prof. Parker too will appreciate it. The ground floor should not be heated to a higher temperature than from 50 to 60 degrees, comfortable both to the long-coated dogs, to all dogs exercising in the ring, and to visitors, who find it inconvenient to remove their wraps. In the basement where the furnaces are, the temperature would be at least ten degrees higher—such was the case at the recent horse show—and here the short-haired, hairless and pet dogs could snooze in comfort, without wearing blankets or being bundled up in a way that prevents their classification and quality being determined. It can be kept clean and light in the basement, and as an exhibitor of a short-haired breed, I ask that my suggestions receive the attention of the superintendent and the bench show committee having charge of the coming W. K. C. show, which will beyond doubt eclipse all previous efforts in the dog show line.—AN EXHIBITOR.



SOLID SILVER CLUB MEDAL OF THE BULLDOG CLUB OF AMERICA.

GORDON SETTER CLUB.—New York, Feb. 2.—The executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club will hold their next meeting at 1293 Broadway, on Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 7:30 o'clock, for the election of new members and the transaction of such other business as may come up. Several new members will then be proposed, and it is requested that any further names be sent soon as possible to the secretary and treasurer, L. A. Van Zandt, Yorkers, before the date named. The exhibit of Gordon setters at the N. Y. show promises to be a good one, and it is hoped that every member of the club and lover of Gordons will exert himself to make the occasion a notable one and the best yet. At the annual meeting of members at Madison Square Garden on the evening of the second day of the N. Y. show, Feb. 25, it is believed that a plan will be adopted for the next autumn field trials (in conjunction with the Irish Setter Club or otherwise) that will bear good fruit. Let there be a good attendance at the meeting and a full interchange of views. Then, if owners of Gordons will send their dogs in good time to good trainers, we can hope for a creditable showing at the field trials of 1891. By this course, pursued annually, we can in a few years place our favorite in the front rank of field dogs.—MEMBER OF THE GORDON SETTER CLUB.

A NEW IRISH SETTER.—Greenville, S. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I mail you to-day a marked catalogue of our recent bench show. We had a fine show for a beginning, and everything passed off pleasantly, the awards by Mr. Davidson giving universal satisfaction. The weather was bad and the attendance, except for one day, light. We hope to have a larger and better show next time and feel much encouraged by the result of our first effort. I have purchased the Irish setter dog Pickens, winner of first and special in open class, and will enter him in the shows of the eastern circuit. He is a dog of great field merit and has been hunted every season since his puppyhood. Pickens is by Tim out of Florid and was bred by Max Wenzel. It took a pile of money to pay for him, but he is a grand dog, just in his prime, and is bound to come to the front. I have had a fine picture made of him from life by Mr. Franklone Sewell, the artist.—F. F. CAPERS, Sec'y-Treas.

EARLY MASTIFF DATES.—Hulton, Pa., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just discovered a most provoking blunder in the pedigree prints I have sent out. The dates of births of Holdsworth's Lion, Gibson's Nero and Mrs. Scott's Tiny are all given as 1820. As Lion was sire of Nero, the error is evident. Any one who has the pedigree of Edwy, Egbert, Eumer, Emma, Eoppa, Ethel and Elgiva, will oblige me by noting thereon the correct dates thus: Holdsworth's Lion, 1816; Gibson's Nero, 1820; and Mrs. Scott's Tiny, 1823. The blunder was that of the copyist who made the tracing of the original pedigree.—W. WADE.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Alan Brock. By Geo. McDougall, Butte, Mont., for deerhound dog, whelped March 5, 1890, by Fergus out of Brenda.
Weasel. By Geo. McDougall, Butte, Mont., for deerhound bitch, whelped 1889, pedigree at present unknown.
Ho's Lassie. By Geo. McDougall, Butte, Mont., for deerhound bitch, whelped December, 1889, by Robin Adair out of Cluthian.
Whitefoot and Miss Blue. By H. G. Arnold, Louisville, Ky., for black, white markings, cocker spaniel dog and black bitch, whelped July 5, 1890, by Black Dash (Oberon—Susie) out of Renah W. (Black Pete, Jr.—Gilt).
Ruffian. By G. H. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y., for black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 18, 1890, by Adonis (Hornell Mikado—Yenus) out of Fashion (champion Brant—Bonita).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lina K.—Hundesport Zaenker. W. Loeffler's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund bitch Lina K. (Feldman K.—Lina L.) to his Hundesport Zaenker, Dec. 24.
Bessie K.—Hundesport Zaenker. Chas. Klacke's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) dachshund bitch Bessie K. (Feldman K.—Lina L.) to W. Loeffler's Hundesport Zaenker, Jan. 10.
Weasel—Alan Brock. Geo. McDougall's (Butte, Mont.) deerhound bitch Weasel to his Alan Brock (Fergus—Brenda), Jan. 24.
Fashion—Obo II. Geo. H. Bush's (Buffalo, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fashion (champion Brant—Bonita) to J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (champion Obo—Chloe II.), Jan. 23.
Renah W.—Brush W. H. G. Arnold's (Louisville, Ky.) cocker spaniel bitch Renah W. (Black Pete, Jr.—Gilt) to Lake Shore Kennels' Brush W. (Pompadour—champion Bene), Nov. 27.
Marguerite—Jubilee. H. A. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Marguerite (champion Count—Young Venom) to his champion Jubilee (Bendigo—Queen), Jan. 27.
Miss Norah—Grenhill General. W. L. Harris's (North Wilmington, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Miss Norah (Dutch—Norah) to H. A. Harris's Grenhill General (Prince—Kit), Jan. 20.

WHEELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Junio. Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's (Albany, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Junio, Jan. 10, six (four dogs), by S. W. Smith's Scottish Prince.
Katie Connor. W. J. Comstock's (Providence, R. I.) Irish terrier bitch Katie Connor (Benedict—Breda Florence), Jan. 24, two bitches, by his Mars (Benedict—Ierne).
Renah W. H. G. Arnold's (Louisville, Ky.) cocker spaniel bitch Renah W. (Black Pete, Jr.—Gilt), Jan. 31, seven (one dog), by Lake Shore Kennels' Brush W. (Pompadour—champion Bene).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter whelp. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped May 22, 1890, by Messrs. J. H. & J. A. Hunter, Sanborn, Ind., to W. J. McElligot, Waterbury, Conn.
Nellie Hunter. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped May 22, 1890, by Ben Hill out of Daisy Hunter, by Messrs. J. H. & J. A. Hunter, Sanborn, Ind., to V. L. Bassa, New Haven, Conn.
Zetta Hunter. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped May 22, 1890, by Ben Hill out of Daisy Hunter, by Messrs. J. H. & J. A. Hunter, Sanborn, Ind., to D. M. Oyster, Washington, D. C.; since died and replaced by Babe Hunter, same breeding and marking.
Ben Hunter and Dot Hunter. Orange and white English setter dog and bitch, whelped May 22, 1890, by Ben Hill out of Daisy Hunter, by Messrs. J. H. & J. A. Hunter, Sanborn, Ind., to W. J. Fisher, Milwaukee, Wis.
McGinty. Liver, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 9, 1889, by Ben Hill out of Daisy Hunter, by Messrs. J. H. & J. A. Hunter, Sanborn, Ind., to J. O. Cole, Washington, D. C.
Bulky. Black and white greyhound dog, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to N. Q. Pope, same place.
Cassandra. Brindle and white greyhound bitch, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to N. Q. Pope, same place.
Highland Chief. White and blue greyhound dog, by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., to N. Q. Pope, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

J. L. W., Phila., Pa.—I have a fox-terrier, about 4 years old, who appears to have lost her appetite, as for the last 5 or 6 days she has scarcely eaten anything, that is from about the time she was taken where she is at present. Do you think that it is merely being in a strange place and that she will come all right? I have tried her with different kinds of food but she eats so very little. Ans. Very likely the change may have affected her. You might give her a two grain quinine pill every night for a week.

C. J. C., Ridgewood, N. Y.—Inclosed find two or three lice which I found on my setter dog. Will you please tell me through your valuable paper what they are and how I can rid him of them. Have tried Little's Phenyle without effect. The dog is healthy in other respects and in good spirits. Ans. The best remedy you can use is whale oil, rubbed thoroughly all over the dog. At the same time be careful to keep him warm, and after a few hours wash off with warm water and soap. If the lice are not very numerous a good washing with whale oil soap will be found beneficial. Repeat several times, at intervals. You had better burn his bedding, and if he is in a kennel have insect powder blown freely into every nook and crevice.

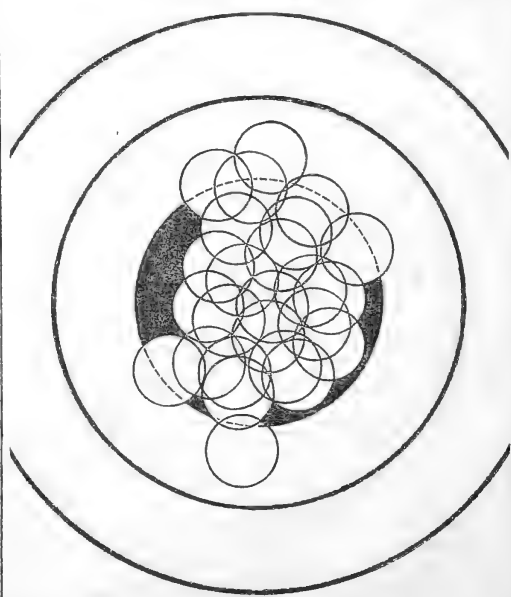
W. S. R., Ridgewood, Va.—My favorite foxhound Belle has entirely lost her voice, without any apparent cause. She is in as good condition otherwise as I ever saw her, and runs as well as she ever did. She became so suddenly. Can you tell the cause of the trouble and give a remedy? Ans. Rub the throat well morning and night with camphorated oil, and keep free from draught after treatment.

N. H. F., Columbia, Pa.—Kindly answer the following questions: 1. At what age should a fox-terrier puppy's tail be docked? 2. The proper length to dock it? 3. How is the operation generally done? Ans. 1. About a fortnight. 2. At that age, about an inch and a half. 3. Either with the teeth, the thumb and finger nails or a sharp pair of scissors.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

REVOLVER WORK.



THE above target is of 25 consecutive shots at 12 yds., off-hand with a Colt's .44 revolver, without cleaning. It was done by Wm E. Garlin, at Conlin's gallery, this city, Dec. 17, 1890.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 22.—The snow on the Dexter Park grounds was not conducive to the making of remarkable scores to-day, especially as many of the birds were of white plumage and afforded but a small resting place to the marksmen's eye. Nevertheless, the general result in the monthly competition of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club was high, only 29 birds being missed in the regular shoot, although 18 members participated in the contest for the Midas badge. H. W. Bookman, of East New York, and J. Bennett, the Long Island farmer, tied for first place, the latter capturing the championship emblem in the shoot-off of the tie. A sweepstakes at live birds which preceded the club event was won by Hen Bookman, while the prizes in the last sweep were divided between J. Schlemann, E. Helgans, G. Pfohlmann, and J. Bennett. The scores: Club handicap shoot, modified Hurlingham rules, 7 birds to each man. E. Helgans 5, J. Bennett 7, W. Selover 5, G. Pfohlmann 6, C. Engelbrecht 4, P. Sutter 4, A. Eppig 5, L. Eppig 5, W. Levens 5, H. W. Bookman 7, H. Schlemann 5, J. Youngs 5, W. Levens 5, H. W. Bookman 7, H. Schlemann 5, J. Still 4, A. Jardin 5, J. H. Schlemann 5. Shoot-off of the tie for the Midas badge, 3 birds each, then miss and out. Bookman was out-shot on the second round, Bennett killed 3 straight and won the medal.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 23.—There was not a very large attendance at Woodlawn Park, Long Island, to-day, when the Eric Gun Club had its regular monthly shoot. Ten members shot for the club badge, which was won by C. Jericho after tying with Jankoski and Schiller. The score of the shoot is as follows: J. Craef, 22yds., 6; C. Jericho, 27yds., 12; C. Plate, 27yds., 5; H. Dohrman, 22yds., 7; C. Luhrs, 22yds., 5; J. H. Schmadeke, 21yds., 5; W. Schiller, 25yds., 7; H. Jankoski, 22yds., 11; M. Alsefer, 22yds., 5; W. Lynch, 22yds., 2. C. Plate, C. Jericho and J. H. Schmadeke of the Eric Gun Club shot a sweepstakes at 50 yds. H. W. Bookman, H. Schlemann and J. Schmadeke. He killed 25 birds to Jericho's 24 and Plate's 22.

TORONTO, Jan. 31.—An interesting shooting match took place near Turner's baths, at the Island, this afternoon. Teams were chosen by Messrs. Spanner and Davis, the former winning after an exciting contest. Owing to the rain, and to the fact that several of the marksmen had not shot over a trap before, the scores were low. Thirteen Keystones each man were shot at first, followed by six sparrows each. Following are the scores: At Keystones.—Capt. Spanner's team: Harrison 9, Reives 6, Spanner 4, Jenkins 1; total 20. Capt. Davis's team: O. Spanner 6, Cross 5, Thurston 4, Davis 2; total 17. At sparrows.—Capt. Spanner's team: Harrison 4, Spanner 2; total 6. Capt. Davis's team: O. Spanner 4, Cross 3; total 7.

THE INTER-STATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—New York, Jan. 30.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: We will claim dates in fixtures for the Saratoga Gun Club shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of June. In all cases where the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association assist these clubs, there will be \$1,000 guaranteed by this association. In Washington we expect \$1,000 added, and in Saratoga \$2,000 added, which will make the largest purses ever offered to shooters in America.—STANDARD KEYSTONE TARGET CO., H. A. Penrose, President.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 31.—Many people saw the live bird shooting at Erb's grounds to-day. The damp weather and light wind was unfavorable to the shooting. Oswald Von Lengerke, of Newark, and W. Walker, of Englewood, a new hand and a promising one, shot in the first event, the former at 80yds. rise and the latter at 28yds., at 50 birds each. Von Lengerke scored 40, Walker 59.

CLINTON, Ia., Jan. 30.—Clinton Club diamond badge shoot. 15 live birds, 5 traps, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary. American Association rules: W. B. Leff, 1112022122111—14 O. P. Ankey, 1111112111111—15 B. F. Ankey, 1101032121110—11 T. M. Leff, 1112222222222—13

SOUTH SIDE.—The spring season's shooting of the South Side Gun Club of Newark, N. J., commenced Jan. 7. The club grounds are open every Saturday during the year from 1 o'clock P. M. and are within fifty minutes of City Hall, New York. Visitors always welcome.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRADY, Jr. Central station, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: A. Gager, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

VICE-COM: C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
EX-COM: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

EASTERN DIVISION.

VICE-COM: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM: G. L. Parmelee, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Appelloni, Winchester.
EX-COM: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

VICE-COM: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER:
EX-COM: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

VICE-COM: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: Richd. Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX-COM: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp must pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 139 Kiato Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications should be made to the Sec'y-Treas. on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

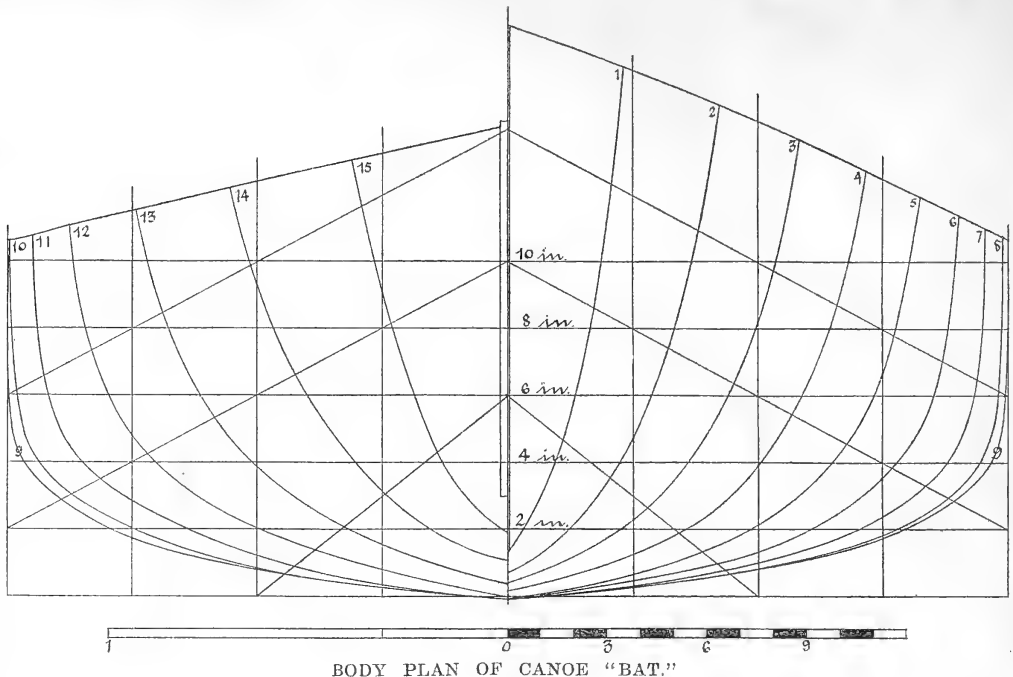
FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.
6, Canoe Reunion, Harvard Woods, New York.
MAY.
30, Bayonne, Annual, Bayonne.
JUNE.
6, Hoisting Sail Competition, 13, New York, Annual, S. I. Brooklyn.
JULY.
11-26, W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST.
6-27, A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

THE BAT, GENERAL PURPOSE CANOE.

THE canoe Bat, whose lines are here given, was designed just two years since by W. P. Stephens, for L. B. Palmer, Esq., of the Ianthe C. C.; the idea being at that time to produce a boat that would carry large sails well, float good on shoal water, and yet sail fast enough to keep up with the fleet on Division cruises and runs about New York and the Passaic. While cruising qualities were not sacrificed to speed, it was intended that when a racing rig was shipped, for which provision was made, and the canoe in light trim, she would be able to compete in the races of the Division and A. C. A. meets. Owing to various circumstances the boat was not built in 1889, as first intended, and the attempt was made to build her in 1890, but the boat was not ready to work on the lines, and turned out the Bat and two other boats. Of the three, only Bat has done any racing, but though handicapped from the start by rather heavy construction and poor sails she has made a very creditable record during the past season.

When the design was first made the race for big mizens had by no means reached its present proportions, and the attempt was made to keep the centers well forward so as to give a large and roomy well for sleeping or carrying two. To this end the keel was well rooked up aft, while the depth was preserved forward, which with the position of the board brought the center of lateral resist-



BODY PLAN OF CANOE "BAT."

ance but 7 ft. from the stem, or nearly 2 ft. further forward than in some of the latest boats. Thus with the trunk forward of the middle of the boat, a distance of 6 ft. between bulkheads and 4 ft. 6 in. from the trunk to after bulkhead, and with room for the feet on each side of the trunk, owing to the beam being carried well down, there was plenty of room for all cruising purposes.

In cruising trim the mainsail was carried but 1 ft. from the bow, with a mizen of moderate size, a second tube being provided forward in which the mainsail might be stepped at times, making a single sail rig. For racing a fourth tube was provided, stepping in a moveable cross beam which fitted across the well, as shown, 6 ft. from the stern. With this rig a special long hatch was fitted over the after part of the cockpit, making the well much smaller. This mast beam was made to fit into chocks on the inside of the coaming, being held down by brass bolts.

The boat possesses the requisites of a cruiser, closed air spaces at each end, with deck hatches giving access to them for storage; another space between two bulkheads amidships, in which are fitted two long drawers, one on each side of the trunk, used for storage, while abaft the body is a space of 18 in. long with the usual sliding bulkhead and movable hatch, giving altogether a great deal of storage room, much of it being readily accessible from the well. Within the well there is room for the canoeist to sit at ease, prepare a meal when afloat, to make up a good bed, or to carry a companion. The model of the boat is fitted for rough water, and she is in all ways a staunch and powerful craft, particularly stiff under sail, and capable of going anywhere that a canoe should venture.

While her model, build and fittings are by no means those of a racing machine, with the racing rig shipped and spare fittings removed she is a very fair sailer, and if well rigged and sailed should show a satisfactory record for a season's work. Probably her weakest point is racing under paddle, as the model is not one that can be driven easily at high speeds. In fitting a canoe with the movable racing mizen tube the sliding bulkhead may be made to fit in two positions, one for the short cruising hatch and one for the long hatch that goes with the racing mizen; by which means the well is shortened some 2 ft. The dimensions of the Bat are as follows:

Length over all.....	16ft.
Beam extreme.....	2ft. 6 in.
L. W. L.....	2ft. 5 1/2 in.
Draft.....	5 1/2 in.
Least foreboard.....	5 1/2 in.
Sheer, bow.....	6 in.
Displacement.....	432 lbs.
Area midship section.....	78 sq. ft.
lateral plane.....	6.10 sq. ft.
board.....	2.90 sq. ft.
total.....	9.0 sq. ft.
C. L. R. from stem.....	7ft. 1 in.
Fore side of stem to.....	
First mainmast.....	1ft.
Second mainmast.....	3ft. 10 in.
First mizen.....	10ft.
Second mizen.....	12ft. 8 in.
Fore bulkhead.....	4ft.
Middle bulkhead.....	6ft.
Shifting bulkhead.....	9ft. 10 in.
After bulkhead.....	12ft. 6 in.
Fore end of slot.....	4ft. 0 in.
After end of slot.....	7ft. 11 in.
Fore end of coaming.....	6ft. 6 in.
After end of coaming.....	12ft. 6 in.
Fore hatch.....	3ft. 6 in.
After hatch.....	13ft.
After table.....	14ft.

TABLE OF OFFSETS—CANOE BAT.

Stations.	HEIGHTS.		HALE-BREADTHS.									
	Deck	Keel	Deck	10 in.	8 in.	6 in.	4 in.	2 in.	Dia. 1	Dia. 2	Dia. 3	
0..	1 5	...	0	0	0	0	0	...	0	0	0	
1..	1 3	12	3	2	2	2	1	0	3	2	2	
2..	1 2	0	6	5	4	5	4	3	1	6	5	3
3..	1 1	0	8	8	7	6	5	3	0	7	6	5
4..	1 0	0	10	10	9	8	7	5	11	9	6	
5..	1	...	1 0	1 0	1 1	1 1	9	7	1 1	1 1	7	
6..	1 1	...	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 0	1 1	0	1 2	1 1	8	
7..	1 1	...	1 2	1 2	1 2	1 1	1 1	10	1 3	1 2	8	
8..	1 0	...	1 2	1 2	1 2	1 1	1 1	11	1 4	1 3	8	
9..	1 0	...	1 3	1 3	1 3	1 2	1 2	11	1 4	1 3	8	
10..	1 0	...	1 3	1 3	1 3	1 2	1 2	11	1 4	1 3	8	
11..	1 0	...	1 2	1 2	1 2	1 1	1 0	9	1 3	1 2	8	
12..	1 1	0	1 1	1 1	1 0	1 1	10	7	1 2	1 0	7	
13..	1 1	0	1 1	10	10	9	8	4	11	9	6	
14..	1 0	1	8	7	7	6	4	2	7	7	4	
15..	1 1	1	4	4	3	2	1	0	4	3	2	
16..	1 2	8	0	0	0	0	0	...	0	0	0	

CANOEING NOT A DANGEROUS SPORT.

THE accident on the Conemaugh River in August, 1888, whereby the Rev. Mr. Comingo and his friend were drowned while descending that stream in a canoe, will be recalled by a recent trial, which has been brought about by that accident.

It is interesting to note that the witnesses, James K. Bakewell, G. H. Singer and William H. Rea and others, are well known and experienced canoeists, and it was their testimony as experts, that enabled the jury to decide the point at issue.

In order to understand the testimony a statement of facts involved in the case will be briefly stated:

The Rev. N. B. C. Comingo had a \$5,000 policy in the People's Mutual Accident Insurance Association of Pittsburgh. On the 22d of August, 1888, he embarked at Johnstown on the Conemaugh River in an Osgood canvas canoe, having with him a companion who was unable to swim. He was an experienced canoeist, had traveled about eight hundred miles in the same canoe on different streams; had gone down the Conemaugh two or three times before; once when the river was as high as at the time of the drowning. He was a good swimmer and an able-bodied man about thirty-eight years of age. The stream was almost bank full, probably 10 or 12 ft. deep. He was standing in his canoe, perhaps to observe the course, and was thrown headlong by a sudden lurch, supposed to be from striking a log; disappeared from view and did not rise. When found there was a deep gash on his forehead and it was supposed he had struck a log, was stunned and drowned before recovering consciousness. His companion clung to the canoe and was carried down stream two miles and then drowned. In the policy there was a clause providing that the company should not be liable in case of death by "voluntary exposure to unnecessary danger or perilous adventure." The company defended on the ground that emarking on such a rapid and swollen stream was a voluntary exposure within the meaning of the stipulation. Upon this quest the expert testimony was taken. The case lasted about four days, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount.

Quite an array of legal talent and witnesses appeared before Judge Magee in the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny county, Pittsburgh, on Jan. 5 last. Counsel for plaintiff, W. K. Jennings and F. R. Stoecker; for defendant, C. C. Dickey, W. K. Shiras and C. P. Martin.

Mr. James K. Bakewell was the first witness for plaintiff, and after some preliminary questions Mr. Jennings asked:

Q. Have you had any experience in canoeing? A. I have for a number of years since 1881, I think.

Q. Since 1881? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Upon what kind of streams and waters? A. Been on the Allegheny, the St. Lawrence, the Potomac and the Ohio.

Q. Any lakes? A. Yes, on Lake George and Lake Champlain.

Q. Have you had any experience, Mr. Bakewell, in using a canoe in swift water? A. Yes, sir, rather swift. The swiftest water I have ever been on was the Potomac. I think below the Little Falls. I have been up above the Chain bridge, the water is very swift, very rough, full of rocks, especially when the tide comes in.

Q. Which in your opinion would be the safer for navigation, in a stream that was rocky in its bed and precipitous, when it was at low water or when it was at high water? A. High water.

Q. Why? A. Because you would be able to go over rocks that you would strike if the water was low; and in high water the current is swifter and carries you through better, that is as to safety to the canoe. The canoe might be damaged in low water where it wouldn't be in high. Of course, high water makes a certain amount of eddy, but we can always let those by looking out for them; you can always see a sunken rock by the eddy it makes.

Q. Do you know the Conemaugh river at or about Johnstown? A. I have seen it from the train quite frequently, three times, I think, more than that, I can't say how many, but I know three times anyway I have seen it from the train.

Q. Did you pass there at or about the time or shortly after the time of this accident? A. I did, I passed the next day, the 23d I think it was.

Q. The 23d of August? A. Yes, sir.

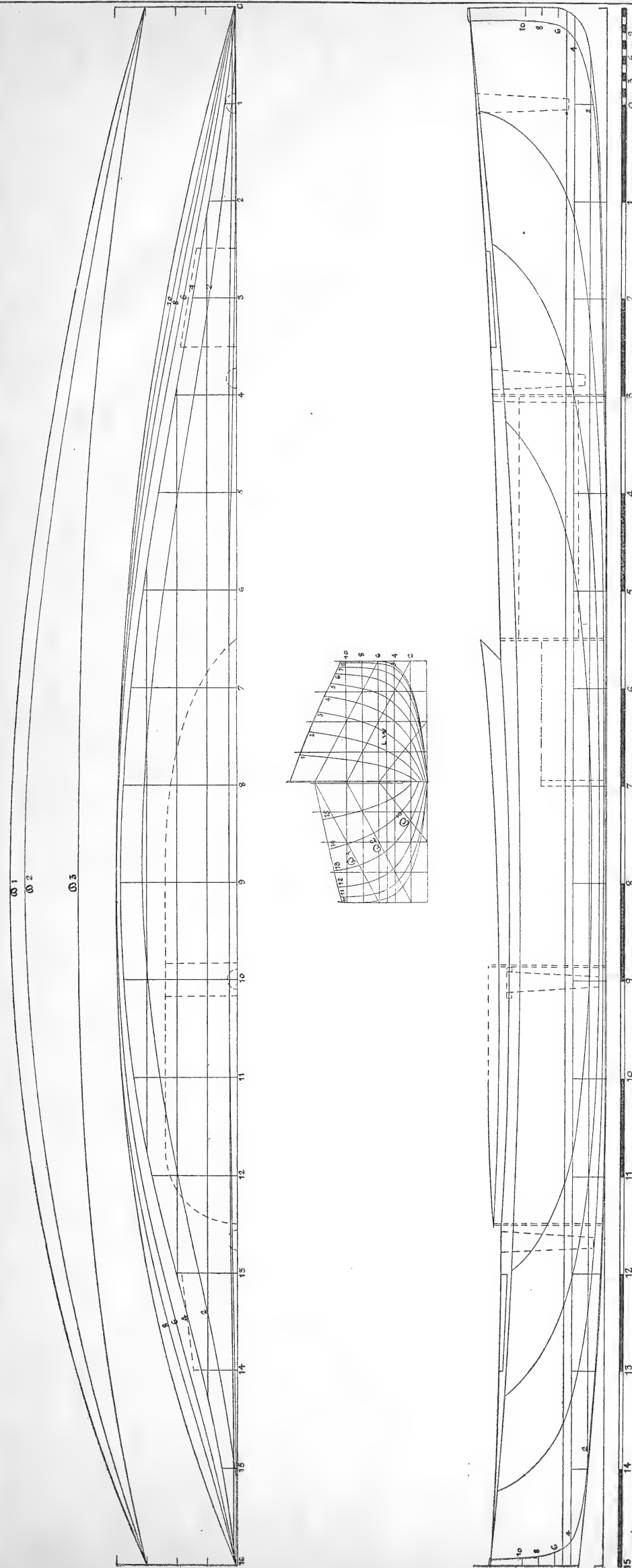
Q. Where were you coming from? A. I had been at the canoe meet at Lake George. I went to Washington to argue a case argued a case on the 22d and came home on the 23d; left on the night of the 22d, got home on the 23d.

Q. What was the condition of the stream at the time you passed Johnstown? A. The river was quite swollen, a good deal of water in it. There had been an accident I think further down the road and we had to come home to Pittsburgh by way of the West Penn road. I went to see the conductor and asked him if he would let me—as I lived up the Allegheny River—if he would let me out at a station above Freeport, that is opposite my house; he wouldn't do it. Then I said to him, I think that I wished I had brought my canoe with me instead of sending it home by freight, and I would go down the river, because I would lose the day any way—at least we didn't get in I think until about 3 o'clock that afternoon.

Q. Mr. Bakewell, if a man with considerable experience in the management of a canoe, who was also a good swimmer, should undertake a voyage from Johnstown down the Conemaugh, the river being in the condition described in the testimony, and as it was the day before you saw it, would you or would you not consider it a dangerous undertaking? A. I don't think it would be dangerous. The matter was discussed in our club to-day. By the court: Your own opinion. A. I don't think it would be dangerous at all. I gave that opinion once before. I was just going to relate the circumstance when I gave the opinion.

Q. Now you may state, Mr. Bakewell, why you would not consider it a dangerous undertaking? A. Because I think there are worse rapids than the waters in the Conemaugh when I saw them on the 23d day of August, I think, about ten o'clock in the morning. I am always accustomed to look at every river I pass on the train to see what sort of a canoeing river it is, in case I might want to take a canoeing trip on any of these rivers, and I gave especial attention to the river that day. I wouldn't have considered it dangerous, and if I had my canoe with me I would have gotten out of the train and launched my canoe in the river and come down, getting home that evening almost as soon as I did by the train.

Q. You may state, Mr. Bakewell, whether it is or is not a common thing for a man canoeing to be thrown out into the water? A. Yes, if he don't care very much about that; I have been upset myself, I never got scared at the upset, I have seen quite a number of them. I have seen races where the canoes go out under sail



DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS, 1889.

and upset at a signal, the canoeist right his canoe, bail it out, jump in again and sail to the finishing stake.

Q. What was the widest stretch of water, Mr. Bakewell, that you ever saw a canoe cross? A. I am not sure whether Lake Champlain is wider or the St. Lawrence, both are pretty wide. I saw a sailing race in canoes on Lake Champlain from the deck of a steamboat as I was going home from the meet, I had to leave early, where the people were seasick on board the steamer, which was as large as one of the Sound steamers, very large.

Q. From your experience in canoeing, do you consider canoeing as it is practiced within your knowledge, in all kinds of waters, mountain streams, placid streams, lakes, lakes in times of storms, when the waves are high enough to make people sick on steamboats, under such circumstances do you consider canoeing a dangerous sport comparatively speaking? A. I think all out-door sports are more or less dangerous; I do not think canoeing is more dangerous than any other out-door sport, such as boating in the ordinary sense of the word, horseback riding, driving or any other of the ordinary sports. I have never considered it dangerous myself or been in a place that I would consider perilous. A certain amount of skill is of course required, as it takes a certain amount of skill to ride a horse; but it is not as dangerous, and a canoe in my opinion is not as dangerous as an ordinary Tarentum skiff, working boat, shell. By the words "Tarentum skiff" I mean the usual kind of skiff used on the Allegheny River, with which I am most familiar.

Q. Major Howe testified yesterday, if I remember correctly, that a wooden boat would be safer in going down rapids where there were rocks than a canvas boat for the reason that it would slide over the rocks while a canvas boat was liable to have a hole torn in it. What have you to say to that? A. I don't agree entirely with that. A canvas boat—I think a wooden boat would be safer than a birch bark, to a certain extent, or about equally as safe. A birch bark, on the other hand, has more lightness, would slip over more easily than a wooden boat. A canvas boat would be apt to give, and although on a sharp rock it might be torn in certain cases, yet on anything other than a sharp projecting rock it would be safer than a cedar boat.

Q. Mr. Bakewell, you have testified that you thought, comparatively speaking, canoeing was not more dangerous than other out-door sports. I wish you to consider that question in regard to loss of life, and I ask you if you have any opinion, and if so, upon what basis it is formed? A. I have made a study of canoeing.

Q. If you had gotten off at Johnstown that morning and had an offer of an Osgood canoe would you have been willing to have come down in it? A. Yes, I have already testified that I think that Osgood canoe would be as safe as a wooden canoe. I don't think I would have hesitated at all. And so far as I am concerned I think I would have been perfectly safe.

Q. Mr. Bakewell, would the fact that that canoe floated for a mile or two as has been testified, supporting Mr. Orth, be any factor in your judgment as to its being one safe to trust to? A. Yes, because where a canoe will float and support a man if he is able to swim there would have been no trouble about Mr. Orth saving his life in my opinion.

Q. You have heard the testimony describing the manner Mr. Comingo fell head foremost from the canoe. Are you able to express any opinion as to what was the cause of his death? A. From the testimony it appears it struck me he struck his head against a rock, that might have been the occasion of being stunned; not being able to help himself he drowned. If it had not been for something of that sort, he being a swimmer as has been testified to, he could have held on to his canoe, and the river being a comparatively narrow one, there would have been no trouble in swimming ashore even if he had been carried down some distance before he reached the shore.

Mr. G. H. Singer was the next witness called. Q. Have you had any experience in canoeing? A. Yes, sir, more or less in the past ten years.

Q. On what streams have you ever been? A. I have been on the Ohio River, the Allegheny, Lake Chautauqua, Conorango Creek, the St. Lawrence River, Chartiers Creek.

Q. Have you ever taken a trip in a canoe where there was swift and rushing water? A. Yes, sir.

Q. On what creek or river? A. Well, the swiftest water I was ever on was on Chartiers Creek.

Q. Can you give any idea how rapid the stream was? A. Well, I should say in some parts it was not less than ten or twelve miles an hour.

Q. Between what points did you go? A. We started at Canonsburg and went down to Bridgeville the first day, and during that night it rained all night; the creek rose I suppose 4 or 5 ft.; then we came down from Bridgeville to a little below Mansfield.

Q. What was the condition of the bed of Chartiers Creek, rocky or otherwise? A. Pretty much all rock in the lower part; up above Canonsburg there, about Canonsburg, there was more or less slack water dammed.

Q. Suppose that a man that was full grown, of mature years, strong and well, with considerable experience in canoeing, who was a good swimmer, should undertake a voyage in a canvas canoe on the Conemaugh River in the condition in which the river was at the time of the accident, what would be your judgment as to whether it was a very dangerous undertaking or not? A. I think the trip could be made; I would be willing to try it myself. I wouldn't be surprised if I would be upset, but I wouldn't consider that a very dangerous feature of it. I have been upset quite a number of times. I consider that as long as a man can swim that he is all right.

Q. Mr. Singer, from your experience in canoeing, how would canoeing, as practiced in this country and Canada at the present time, compare as to danger with other outdoor athletic sports? A. Well, I don't think it is more dangerous than a great many other athletic sports.

Q. Can you specify what ones you mean? A. Well, it is not as dangerous as foot ball or as polo. I don't think it is any more dangerous than yachting.

Q. Have you heard detailed, Mr. Singer, the manner in which Mr. Comingo was precipitated from this canoe? A. Yes, sir, I have.

Q. What would be your judgment as to the cause of his death under those circumstances? A. I think there is no doubt that he was rendered helpless by being struck on the head, striking his head on a rock, otherwise I think he would have had no trouble in getting out.

Q. In which stage of water do you think the Conemaugh would be more safely navigable, at high water such as this was, or at low water? A. Well, I think at high water they would have more chance of meeting with no obstructions; they would have a clear channel.

Mr. Wm. H. Rea was next duly sworn. Q. Have you had any experience in canoeing? A. Yes sir, some.

Q. For how long? A. Ten years.

Q. In what stage of water, low or high water, would you consider the Conemaugh River more safely navigable for a canoe? A. Rather high water.

Q. Have you heard the testimony here as to the manner in which Mr. Comingo was thrown out of the canoe? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What in your judgment was the cause of his death? A. I think he hit his head on a rock or some log that was there, I believe was testified to.

By the Court: Q. You say that you regard a high stage of water as better for canoeing than a low stage of water? A. I do, yes, sir.

Q. Do you mean by that it is safer for life or better for canoeing in high than in low water; because that is the question that is particularly involved in this issue? A. I am basing my answers entirely on my own experience coming down the rapid stream, the rapid Allegheny, and, of course, if there was only half the water there is no danger to life at all, a man couldn't upset and drown; but I think it is safer to navigate a canoe on a comparatively high stage of water, where the majority of the rocks are hidden by the water, or so far below the surface that they do not interfere with canoeing, than it is on a lower stage where there are more rocks appearing.

Q. You think it is safer for a man's life? A. I do, yes, sir.

Messrs. J. B. Slack, J. T. Myler, J. W. Hague, C. W. Robb were also sworn and gave testimony similar to that already mentioned. Myler testified in answer to the questions. Q. Isn't it customary for good canoeists to kneel or stand up at the approach to rapids in order to see the course? A. Very often, yes, sir; it is absolutely necessary, yes sir. I came down the Clarion River one time, and there they have brush dams largely, and the only way you could get near the brow of the dam was to stand up till you see a clear course, then make for that and let yourself go.

Q. Suppose Mr. Comingo was standing up for that purpose, and the canoe unexpectedly struck a concealed rock or log, and he was thrown out, to what would you attribute his fall? A. Accident entirely. I don't assume any man is going to expose himself.

It is therefore gratifying to have a court and jury decide that this was not a case of "voluntary exposure to unnecessary danger or perilous adventure."

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division.—George Reardon Lowell, Mass.

PEQUOT CANOE ASSOCIATION.

THE Pequot C. A., of New Haven, has in hand a scheme for a novel club house at Morris Cove, as follows:

The scheme, an entirely new and original one, both in style of architecture of the buildings and purposes of the club, contemplates a main building with a ground floor room of about 80x40ft., off from which at the left is a raised platform for music, speaking, etc., and opposite this an old-fashioned fireplace, sufficiently spacious to admit six foot logs. This main hall would have a fine floor and be tastefully finished in natural wood, after the style of the new southern inns. Opposite the roadside entrance to the main hall will be folding doors opening on to the broad piazzas, which run along the front of the dormitories. These dormitories, two in number, diverge from the main building on the right and left, the ground plan appearing like the letter V. They are each 72ft. long, two stories high and face the water. They contain eighteen rooms each and open upon the piazzas which front the court or lawn leading to the beach. They are to be not less than 8x12ft. and 9ft. clear and have a sash or panel door, also a rear window. The galleries along the second story of the dormitory wings are reached by stairways at both ends of each wing. The wing at their outward extremities are separated 70ft., which makes an open wedge-shaped court or lawn, upon which all the rooms front.

From the main hall stairways reach a gallery, which runs across its two sides, opening from which are to be two rooms on each side, leaving the main hall clear to the roof in the center and front. These side rooms may be utilized as smoking or billiard rooms, etc. It is expected that each room holder will fit up his or her room to suit convenience or purpose.

The scheme involves the outlay of something like \$5,000, about \$3,000 on buildings and \$2,000 for land.

Forty subscribers to two or more shares of \$25 each in the proposed building company will be entitled to hold without charge, so long as they remain members of the association, one of the forty private rooms in the buildings, location to be decided by lot; and, excepting certain restrictions which the house committee might formulate, could do with their rooms as they saw fit, either occupy them or rent to any non-room holding member, or to any outside party not objectionable to the house committee. It is believed that such rental alone would be a profitable investment for those members not desiring to personally occupy their rooms during the summer season.

The building company, composed wholly or in part of members of the association, would simply purchase the site, erect the building and then lease the whole property for a term of years to the club, the latter paying an annual rental sufficient to pay interest on the investment, taxes and insurance; the club also agreeing to keep the property in repair. Therefore, fixed annual charges would be say 5 per cent. on \$5,000, \$250. Taxes and insurance \$50; total \$300. The club as lessee would agree to pay \$300 annually as rent and keep the premises in repair; \$100 of this rent would return to the room-holding members in the shape of dividend on their stock in the building company.

WAR CANOE RACING.

THE following letter has been sent by Mr. E. H. Barney to Vice-Com. Cartwright. Both of Mr. Barney's suggestions are timely and practical, and, as usual, he is willing to give something more than advice. We believe that the war canoe race will in a very few years become a feature of the annual meets, but at the same time it is an experiment, and before a considerable sum is spent in building canoes it might be well to try for one season with existing boats provided by the club owning them, after which some limits to size, etc., can be permanently fixed.

J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Vice-Com. E. D. A. C. A., Boston, Mass.—Dear Sir: After this year the competitions between the Divisions in racing their war canoes will be very exciting, so much so that in my opinion the present A. C. A. regatta committee should decide the size, weight and number of paddles to be used on a canoe. When the above dimensions are decided upon we for \$10 to be used toward building a canoe for the Eastern Division. Above everything else the canoe must be made to take apart at midships, as no canoe is safe on a platform car. Most every club now rents a box car to send their canoes in to the Meet and war canoes if made to take apart could go in with our boats.—Prowisic.

TATASSIT C. C.—The annual dinner of the Tatassit C. C. was held at Kessell's, in Worcester, on Jan. 24, the following officers being elected at the same time: Com. F. P. Dean (re-elected); Vice-Com. F. A. Sears; Purser, F. W. Johnson. The limit of membership, 25, being reached it was decided to remove it and admit a number of candidates. It was also decided to make membership in the A. C. A. a condition of membership in the club. A regatta will be held next season. The club owns a war canoe, the Wachawewak.

A CANOE RACE TO SANDY HOOK.—The New York C. C. will hold a Sandy Hook race on Saturday, June 20, open to all canoeists. The race will start at the club house at 9 o'clock. The course will be to Sandy Hook and return. A suitable prize will be offered. More particulars will be given later in the season.

Yachting.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the *hatches of the Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman*, *Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.	
22. Biscayne Bay, Annual, Biscayne Bay.	MAY.
30. Rochester, Open, Rodus Bay.	
JUNE.	
11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte.	25. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
17. Hull, Under 21ft.	27. Hull, All Classes.
18. Roch., Ladies' Day, Charlotte.	27. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester
22. Pavia, Annual, New York.	
JULY.	
3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch.	17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City,
4. American, Naphtha, Milton's	Toronto.
6. American, Sailing, Milton's	18. American, Steam, Milton's
11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester	20. Hull, First cham., 1st and 2d
11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th,	classes.
5th and 6th classes.	20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester,
14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton,	Rochester.
14. Hull, 1st Cham., 1st and 2d	20. Rochester, L.Y.R.A., Charl.
classes.	23. Lake Y.R.A. Oakes, Oswego
16. Lake Y.R.A., R.C.Y.C., Tor.	25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester
AUGUST.	
1. Hull, Second Cham., 1st and	15. Hull, Ladies' Race.
2d classes.	19. Hull, Ladies' Day.
6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.	20. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
8. Hull, Second Cham., 3d, 4th,	23. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester
5th and 6th classes.	23. Dorchester, Club, Charlotte.
13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.	29. Hull, All Classes.

KNOTS AND MILES.

THERE is, unfortunately, a growing practice of making an improper use of the word knot, not only with landmen, engineers and shipbuilders, but also with sailors, who ought to know better.

The prevailing idea at present appears to be that the knot is the same thing as the geographical, nautical, or sea mile; and the word knot is used to prevent any possible confusion with the statute land mile.

But this usage is quite wrong. The knot is the cosmopolitan unit of speed employed at sea by sailors of all civilized nations; knots in English is *nudos* in French, *nudos* in Spanish, *nodi* in Italian, *knopen* in Dutch, *knöten* in German, and probably the equivalent word would be *knout* in Russian, and *knut* in Scandinavian.

One knot is a speed of one nautical mile an hour, the nautical mile (French *mile*, Spanish *millá*, etc.) being the mean sexagesimal minute of latitude on the earth's surface; so that it is 60x60=5,400 miles from the equator to the pole; and this is the only mile the sailor knows and uses.

The nautical mile is a little over 6,080ft., the Admiralty measured mile (we do not say the Admiralty knot) so that one knot is a speed of a little more than 100ft. a minute, more nearly 101 to 102ft.

a minute; thus on a log-line, with a half-minute glass or interval of time, the distance between the knots should be 50ft., or a little over, say 51ft.

The word knot is derived from the knots on the log-line; the number of knots which pass over the ship's tailrail during the half-minute or other interval of time giving the speed of the ship in knots.

The only occasion, then, in which it is permissible to use the word knot as the equivalent of a length, is in spacing the knots on the log-line; and then, by a familiar tendency in language, the "distance between two knots" is abbreviated in speech to the "length of a knot." All this is explained very carefully and clearly by Sir W. Thomson's *Lecture on Navigation* (Glasgow: Collins, 1876), an excellent little book, now, unfortunately, out of print.

But by a curious perversity and straining after precision, the incorrect expression "knots an hour" is used to express the speed of a ship, is creeping into general use with the effect of displacing the word mile by knot; so that now it is quite common to read a steamer's daily run as given in knots (e.g., *Tautonic's* daily runs 473 knots, 495 knots, etc.), total distance 2,806 knots, and the coal endurance of a man-of-war given as say 20,000 knots at 10 knots speed; thus using the word knot where mile should be used. No real sailor would say that a rock or the land was half a knot, one knot, etc., away.

It is often urged that the expression "knots an hour" is so much clearer and more definite; but we might just as well measure pressure in "atmospheres per square inch."

Besides, in strict dynamical language, "knots an hour" would mean an acceleration; a steamer, going at 20 knots an hour, starting from a Liverpool wharf, would reach 3,000 miles per hour by the formula $v = \sqrt{2as}$, or $\sqrt{2(20 \times 3600)} = \sqrt{144,000} = 380$ ft. per hour.

When we read of the Russian yacht, *Polar Star*, that "on second trial an average speed of 18.85 knots was got over a four knots' course, and the last of four knots gave 19 knots per hour," we do not know whether the four knots' course means a course on a tide running four knots, and whether the last of four knots meant that the speed increased from 15 to 19 knots; in fact, the whole sense is obscure.

In the discussion on Mr. Ravenhill's paper, "Twenty Minutes with our Commercial Marine Steam Fleet," in the *Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects*, Vol. XVIII, Mr. C. Lampert is quoted as saying: "May I ask Mr. Ravenhill if he has not made a mistake in putting down 18.459 statute miles per hour as being the mean speed. I have always been under the impression that the term knot had been done away with; that when nautical men use the term knots they mean miles; and that the 15 knots mentioned should not be made into 18 odd miles."

A member: "Not in all cases," etc.

There is a very typical instance of the confusion prevalent in the minds of landmen, engineers and shipbuilders; who never leave the log and who always require speed to be translated into statute land miles an hour, to make a mental comparison with their own rate of walking, or the speed of a train.

Chief Engineer Isherwood, of the United States Navy, in his reports on speed-trials of vessels, is so anxious that there should be no mistake, that he always uses the long expression "geographical miles an hour" to express speed, which he has the clear simple word knots to hand all the time; however, he does, at least, avoid the abomination "knots an hour," and the worse still conversion of speed, expressed as 16 knots an hour=19 statute miles.

Sir W. Thomson (*Navigation*, p. 45) says that: "The existence of the British statute land mile of 1,760yds., 5,280ft., is an evil of not considerable moment to the British nation; and that no one intends to use the unequalled word mile to mean anything else than the geographical nautical mile."

The land mile varies in the most extraordinary manner in different countries, and even for England, Scotland and Ireland. We inherit our statute mile of 1,760yds. from the Romans; it is their military mile, *mille passus*, a thousand (double) paces, the ordinary pace being 5ft. 10in., and the statute mile, 1,760 paces, the foot rule has shrunk in the course of ages, due to a continued tendency in commerce (very observable in the so-called pint bottles of wine or beer).

It was well known to our early Elizabethan writers on navigation, such as Norwood, Wright and others, that 60 to 70 statute miles went to the degree of arc of a circle, and that writers on geography ignored the fact, perhaps from a temptation to write round numbers, and for a long time afterwards taught that 60 land miles went to the degree.

It is a matter of history that Newton's Theory of Gravitation was retarded for 19 years, in consequence of this error.

Newton, sitting in his garden in 1665, so tradition records, and feeling an apple fall, looked up and cast his eyes to the moon. As a mathematician he immediately proceeded to generalize from the apple to the moon; and knowing from the moon's parallax, 57', that the distance was roughly 10 times the earth's radius, he argued that if the apple falls 16ft. in the first second, the moon, or apple, if carried up so far, would fall 16ft. in the first minute towards the earth, gravity decreasing on Borelli's hypothesis, inversely as the square of the distance. But, taking the minute of latitude as the land mile of 5,280ft., Newton found that the moon would fall only 14ft. in the first minute, with the periodic time of the moon as 28 days; the discrepancy was sufficiently large to make him lay aside the theory; and it was not till 19 years afterwards, in 1684, that he perceived where his error lay, and resumed his calculations, this time with complete success.

When the Metric System was brought out, about 1795, it was intended that all sub-divisions should be decimal and centesimal, and the sexagesimal sub-divisions were to be completely thrown over.

To begin with, the day was to be divided into 40 centesimal hours, each hour into 100 minutes, and each minute into 100 seconds.

To correspond in longitude and latitude, circumference of the earth was divided into 40 degrees, and the quadrant into 100 degrees or grades, each grade into 100 minutes, and each minute into 100 seconds, so that the number 10 (instead of 15) should turn time into longitude, and *vice versa*.

A centesimal minute of arc was made into the kilometre, intended to serve as the centesimal sea mile; and now the centesimal knot would be a speed of one kilometre per centesimal hour.

Thus, 5,400 miles=10,000 kilometres, or 1 kilometre=0.54 mile; and the centesimal knot would have been 0.9 of our usual knot.

But, unfortunately for the completeness of this system, so beautiful on paper, the word knot, and the circular hypothesis, and the centesimal time and sexagesimal time, and, therefore, sexagesimal angular measurement being retained, the kilometre is useless for purposes of navigation; and even the French retain and print on their ordnance maps the *mille*, alongside of the kilometre.

It is very easy to see, geometrically, how superior is the sexagesimal division of the angle, first by making six complete steps round the circumference, with the compasses opened on the radius, and afterwards by drawing the inscribed equilateral triangle, square, pentagon, hexagon, octagon, and quindecagon; when sub-divisions of the circumference, down to as small as 3 degrees, will be made.

Why this smallest division should have been trisected into degrees, and the degrees into 60 minutes, etc., is not very clear now; except that the number 60 was a sacred number corresponding with what they thought ought to have been the number of days in the year; so that the sun's daily motion in longitude would be one degree.

The minute of latitude and the mile being thus convertible in navigation, a habit is sprung up of using navigation in degrees or minutes (not minutes). With latitude this does not matter, but with longitude it must lead to confusion and danger; as the word mile is then used to denote a quantity varying in length as the cosine of the latitude.

The dictionaries are much to blame for confusion in language. The makers rarely know the meaning of scientific terms, and in their anxiety to make the dictionary complete, the compilers give all usages of a word, incorrect and even improper, without carefully pointing out the only true meaning.

Again, the same tendencies, which made the Chaldean astronomers maintain that if the year did not have 360 days, it ought to have; and which made writers on geography even in Newton's day, maintain that the 60 statute miles to the degree are right, work with the framers of our tables of weights and measures. Already in America the "short" ton of 2,000lbs., and the short cwt. of 30lbs. is in use, the gradual tendency of commerce being to shorten the standards.

In the tables of weights and measures, all the units are adjusted so as to become aliquot parts of each other. Thus 12lbs.=1ft., 4ft.=1yd., 100ft.=1rod, and so on. But if 1 fathom=8ft., exactly, there is no need for the fathom as an independent unit, and it would drop out of use as redundant.

But the fathom is the sailor's and fisherman's favorite unit for measuring the length of a rope, and is used all the world over.

If the sailor is to be allowed to make his own tables, he should take the nautical mile as his unit and divide it into 100 cables, and this would make the sailor's fathom just about 6ft. 1in., as above.

Not only in navigation, but also in astronomy, the nautical mile

should be the unit of length and the knot the unit of velocity; the distance of the sun with a parallax 8.3, being 90x80 co-sec. $8.3-8.361=81$ million miles, while the velocity of the earth round the sun is $2\pi \times 80 \times 80 \times 8.3-8.361=58,000$ knots, while the speed of a point at the equator due to the earth's rotation is 900 knots.

The sun, in going round the earth once in 24 solar hours, travels at the rate of 900 knots past the equator from east to west, and at 900 co-sec. 7 knots in latitude; thus in latitude 60° the sun overtakes a steamer, going west at 20 knots, at a speed of 450-20=430 knots, and the time between successive noon on board will be $24 \times 450 \div 430=25$ hours, while returning on the eastward voyage the time will be $24 \times 450 \div 470=23$ hours.

From noon to noon the steamer will go 40 miles more in the westward than in the eastward voyage; and nowadays, when voyages are timed to the minute, the slight apparent increase of the speed on the westward voyage is taken advantage of in the records.

To summarize, distance at sea is measured in miles and speed in knots; and the expressions knots an hour for speed and knots for distance in miles are nautical barbarisms.—G. in *Nautical Magazine*.

BISCAYNE BAY YACHTING.

COCOANUT GROVE, Biscayne Bay, Fla., Jan. 25.—We are so far from news centers in this remote corner of the world, that on yesterday I received my first and last news of the world, while reading with interest of the arrival in this country of Lieut. Henn and his wife, and of their intended movements. I looked up and, far across the bay, just coming into Bear Cut, saw a strange sloop. She headed directly for this port, attracted, as we afterward learned, by the fluttering yacht flags at the club anchorage, and it was not long before we made out the signal of the Royal Yacht Squadron at her mast head. Then we knew that Lieut. Henn had followed the news of his coming so closely that the arrival of it and himself were almost simultaneous.

He was of course warmly welcomed, and has been extravagant in his praise of Biscayne Bay as a cruising water ever since his arrival. The present supplanter of Galatea is a wall-sided skipjack 28ft. over all by 13ft. beam, drawing but 2ft., and spreading an immense area of canvas. She rejoices in the name of Minnehaha, and hails from Titusville on the Indian River. Within an hour after his arrival the genial Lieutenant was off on a trip up to the head of the bay as a guest on board the Allapatia. Tomorrow he is to join the same yacht for an outside cruise and a day's kingfishing, while Minnehaha undergoes some repairs. On Tuesday he proposes to sail for Charlotte Harbor on the west coast, the object of point and terminus of his first cruise. He expects to return here in time for the annual regatta of the Biscayne Bay Club, after which he will probably spend some weeks hunting and fishing in this vicinity.

The weather here is glorious, there having been but one rainy day in the past six weeks; and though we have cool nights, the days are invariably warm and bright. Unless all signs fail, however, there must be some very cold weather somewhere, for never have ducks and other water fowl been more abundant. At the upper end of the bay, where lie the best feeding grounds, ducks and coots are to be seen in flocks of thousands. The ducks are principally mallards, blue-winged teal, wood ducks, redheads and canvasbacks. The coots—known elsewhere as *poulet d'eau* and "Blue Coats"—are as numerous as ducks, and furnish capital eating when properly prepared, namely, skinned and parboiled before being roasted, fried or stewed.

The kingfishing season is now at its height, the fish being in capital condition and voraciously hungry, and swarming about their chosen feeding grounds in incredulous numbers.

In the yachting line our prospects are good for a very lively season. Although the Minnehaha is the first stranger to arrive, barring El Cetera, which was in here a few weeks ago, we are daily expecting Atala, Awixa and Gipsy, with the promise of many more to follow.

Commodore Munroe has sold the Presto to two recently elected members of the Biscayne Y. C., Messrs. J. Herbert Johnson and Dr. Geo. Brown, of New York, and she leaves here tomorrow for New West, where she will meet her new owners. Meantime Brown, of Tottenville, is building a new 50ft. schooner for the commodore, who will sail her down the coast next summer.

At the annual meeting of the club, held on the first Saturday of this month, the officers elected for 1891 were: Com. R. M. Munroe; Vice-Com. Thos. A. Hiner; Sec'y, Kirk Munroe; Treas., Walter H. Browne; Masts, Jean de Hedouville. At the same meeting six new members were admitted to the club.

A proposed feature of our forthcoming regatta is a Seminole Indian canoe race.

Peacock has built a large addition to his hotel, and is now prepared to accommodate any number of yachtsmen and fishermen who may find their way to this most charming of winter resorts.

O. K. CHOBRE.

P. S. Mrs. Henn's late lamented coon "Seminole Sam" has already been replaced by another, which, as it is a lady coon, has received from her sponsors the euphonious name of "Cherokee Kate," and is called "Cherry" for short.

NEW 46-FOOTERS.

WHILE New York is doing nothing at all in yachting, Boston is busy building up a fine fleet of racers in a new class, with the probable result, so far as can now be foretold, that the bulk of the racing next season will be on the wrong side of Cape Cod. For some time past four new yachts, all of 46ft., have been under construction, and within the past week two more have been commenced. The first four are all Burgess craft, but the two new ones are by other designers, so that what promised to be but a family party has now developed into a very different and far more important class.

Of the two new additions one is by Mr. Will Fife, Jr., designer of *Clara*, *Minerva*, *Dragon* and *Yama*; while the other is by Mr. John B. Paine, son of Gen. Paine, an amateur, who has already designed and raced two very successful boats, the 23ft. *Swordfish* and the 20ft. *Hornet*.

The new Fife cutter, *Barbara* by name, is for Mr. C. H. W. Foster, owner of the Burgess 40, *Ventura* last year. She will be built by Lawley & Son, from full-size lines furnished by Mr. Fife, the construction being similar to *Clara*; steel frames in alternation with bent wood. Her dimensions are given as 46ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 10in. beam and 11ft. 8in. draft. This beam, if correct, is greater than Mr. Fife has yet taken, being about 10in. more in proportion to the added length than in *Minerva*, but after his visit here last year he expressed a belief in rather more beam for American rules and conditions. This breadth brings the *Barbara* in between the new *Minerva*, Mr. Belmont's boat, of 13ft. 6in., the *Turner* boat of 13ft., and the *Vanderbilt* boat of 12ft. 6in., and the *Thayer* of 12ft. The sail plan is large, very similar to that of *Minerva*. The general form of the boat is similar to *Minerva* and *Yama*, with the exception of the wider beam, the rake of post and the rise of the keel being very radical, with the same sheer and same side to midship section. It is simply a widening of the familiar Fife section.

The new Paine boat, for whose success General Paine is likely to be credited, justly or unjustly, with a large share of the responsibility, will be the most powerful of the lot, her beam being 14 and draft between 10 and 11ft., with a strong bilge and the largest sail plan. Like the *Hornet*, her mast will be well forward.

As there is no prospect of any close competition this year, the last in the schooner classes the 90ft., 70ft. and 55ft. singlestickers, and as the 40ft. class is in a very doubtful state, the 46ft. class is likely to monopolize all the racing, and as but two yachts, *Jessica* and *Minerva*, are owned outside of Boston, those who wish to see any racing will probably have to go to Marblehead for it.

The close matching of the boats, making little difference in their allowances, and the close competition between three different classes, will make the racing of special interest. Thus far Mr. Burgess is ahead in the matter of skippers, having Capt. Nat Watson for the *Thayer* boat and Capt. Chas. Barr for the *Turner* boat, while young Capt. Haft will sail *Minerva*. Mr. John B. Paine is a very clever skipper, as he has proved in *Swordfish* and *Hornet*, though his experience has been in smaller boats; however, he may be very good. Haft is at his elbow. Mr. Foster will sail the *Baboon* himself, with his boatkeeper, Sam Dolliver, to help him, as in *Ventura*.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—The nominating committee of the Atlantic Y. C. have presented these names for election as officers for 1891: For Commodore, Newbury B. Lawton; Vice-Commodore, Thomas L. Arnold; Rear-Commodore, James Weir, Jr.; Treasurer, H. C. Wintringham; Measurer, Henry J. Gielow; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Geo. H. Church; for Trustees, Stephen Loines, Edward N. Norton, J. Rogers Maxwell, J. P. Howell, Thomas P. Fiske, W. W. Kenyon; for Committee on Membership, Henry A. Gouge, Henry W. Banks, Jr., J. C. Seely; for Regatta Committee, Henry J. Gielow, Henry Gouge, Henry B. Howell. The annual meeting of the club will be held at the Clarendon Hotel, corner of Washington and Johnson streets, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, Feb. 9.

THAT MARKBOAT QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been an interested reader of the "Markboat Question," and up to date I fail to see where the opportunity for dispute comes in. As I understand it, the question is settled by the rules under which the race is sailed.

If sailed under any club rule, such as the Y. R. A., rule 18, or the S. C. Y. C., sections 13 and 14, rule 34, which you quote, then A must give B room, but under the regular rules of the road A could hold her course and it would be B's fault if she got in such a position that she could not make the mark. I cannot see why A should give up the leading position unless a rule under which the boats were sailing called for it, which, while an unjust rule, as long as the boats agreed to it beforehand it would be binding.

It has been a mystery to me why clubs adopt rules many of which nullify the common rules of the road. A merchant vessel, failing to recognize the starboard tack, running into a vessel ahead or crowding another on an obstruction or ashore would be liable for damages, why are more laws required for yachting?

In modern yacht racing the more laws laid down the more chance there is for a dispute, and instead of a captain that can make his boat go the fastest, it requires an expert expert tiller-juggler on deck and a sea-lawyer below to interpret vague rules and regulations, and by the time they are looked up the crisis has passed or some one has come to grief. CYRETTA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The annual meeting of this organization was held at the Hotel Marlborough on Jan. 27. The acting admiral's report showed the Navy to be in splendid condition. Notwithstanding the fact that the dues are only \$2 per year, the Navy gave seven regattas and has held a number of lectures. The purser's report showed close on to 300 members on the roll and a tidy balance of cash on hand. The officers elected for '91 are: Charles M. Connolly, Admiral; Thos. T. Tabor, Vice-Admiral; Frank B. Jones, Chief Purser. Commodore Center presented a silver cup to the Navy, the same to be sailed for under the Navy rules, except that no more than two persons shall be aboard of any competing boat. The Admiral has appointed John Jarvis, Jr. Fleet Captain. Proposed for membership: Howard Patterson, William F. Davis, M. Gates, W. A. Hamilton, Albert A. Simpson, C. P. Bruch, J. H. Rushton, William Dressler, C. P. Tuttle, H. E. McCormick, C. B. Jones, H. Haag, Winfield, an Deussen. Mr. Gideon is now ready to form the Delaware River Squadron, and will be mustered in at an early date.

NEPTUNE BOAT CLUB.—This club, located at Baltimore, Md., is now building a house on piles at Ferry Bar. It will be two stories high, 61x32ft. The club is devoted to sailing as well as rowing, its fleet including one steam launch, two large cabin sloops, one cutter, four open canoes 20 to 30ft. long, and some small open boats. The membership is about 80, with prospects of a large increase in view of the new house.

CHESAPEAKE BAY Y. C.—I inclose list of officers for 1891: Com. F. C. Goldsborough; Vice-Com. Col. E. Lloyd; Rear Com. W. H. Bartlett, Jr.; Sec'y, J. L. Morris; Treas. Col. F. H. Johnston. Board of Governors, above officers and Col. F. H. Johnston, G. R. Goldsborough and J. H. Wheeler.

VISION, steam yacht, Mr. Clarence McKim, is now fitting out for a Southern cruise at Astoria. A new front wheel has been shipped. Her owner will join her at Charleston about Feb. 15, sailing for Jacksonville.

CAPT. JOHN BARR.—It is reported that Admiral Tweed, of the Corinthian Y. C., has engaged Capt. John Barr, of Clara and Thistle. At present Admiral Tweed owns only the 5-ton Shona, but he is likely at any time to have a more fitting successor to Minerva.

HARLEM Y. C.—On Jan. 30 Mr. Chas. J. Fagan delivered a very interesting lecture before the Harlem Y. C. the subject being "Sail Plans: How to Design, Correct and Sheet Sails so as to Obtain the Best Results."

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—On Jan. 27 a lecture on "Some of the practical uses of electricity as applied to vessels," was delivered by Mr. S. Dana Greene before the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. The annual dinner of the club took place on Feb. 3 at Delmonico's.

TOMAHAWK, cutter, now owned by Com. Crowninshield, Corinthian Y. C., will be altered at Lawley's, her keel being cut off about one foot, making the new keel wider. The mast will be moved 18in. forward and the rig will be reduced.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—On Jan. 20 Capt. Howard Patterson lectured before the Manhattan Athletic Club on "The instruments of navigation dealt with from a practical standpoint."

KELPIE, sloop, has been sold by R. H. Henderson to E. E. Chase. Mr. Chase is an old New York yachtsman, once well known as the owner of the schooner Clito.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—On Jan. 31 the members of the Great Head Y. C. enjoyed their annual dinner at Young's in Boston.

A NEW 30-FOOTER.—Mr. Burgess will design a 30-footer, of but 6ft. beam, for Mr. C. F. Lyman, of Newport, owner of Mopsa.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. T. J., New York.—Address J. F. Sprague, Monson, Me.

CONSTANT READER, San Francisco.—We cannot undertake to tell you why the authors of arithmetics adopt special methods.

FUR.—You will find early reports of the London fur sales in the *Hatter and Furrier*, or the *Fur Trade Review*; both are published in this city.

J. A. B., Washington, D. C.—Will you please inform me, through your answers to correspondents, who was the owner and breeder of Glendole, A. K. R. 2580? Ans. One who, Mr. J. B. Stevens, Jr., Dover, N. H. Breeder, Mr. A. G. Stott, Stillville, N. Y.

N. S. H., Clinton, N. Y.—Has the case of hydrophobia described in inclosed clipping from the *Mail and Express* come to your notice, and if so, is it approximately correct? Ans. Yes, but whether it was really hydrophobia we are not prepared to say.

C. B. F., New London, Conn.—Will you let me know through the columns of your paper the pedigree of the pointer dog Lachem Boy, registered Aug. 18, 1888; also, if possible, of pointer dog Rust, sold when a pup at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, I think in 1884, to Mr. J. D. Lynch? Ans. We can find no mention of either dog in any stud book or in the A. K. C. show reports.

FOXHOUND.—I am about to purchase a foxhound. Could you inform me where I can obtain the best one, and also inform me what qualities and points a good hound should have? Ans. Mr. F. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., has a good kennel of American foxhounds. A foxhound, whether of the English or American type, should have good straight legs and feet compact and hard through the pads; a well-ribbed body, with deep chest and plenty of heart room, and a good, hard, wet-resisting coat, what is called a hound coat.

CONNETTOUR, New York.—Will the English partridge live and increase if put out with our native quail? I have heard that the latter drive them away and destroy them. Have you any information on the subject to give your readers? Ans. We have no doubt that the English partridge, if put out here and protected until it got a fair foothold, would do well. We do not believe that our bird would drive them out. The English partridge has never yet, so far as we know, had a fair start in this country, but it does well in the cold countries of Europe.

T. C. St. Paul, Minn.—Would you kindly give me your opinion as to the best dog for all-round field sports and purposes? I am not a constant sportsman, but when I go out, once or twice in a season, I would like a dog not so headstrong as the Irish setter or one that needs constant handling to keep him in trim. Some dogs have more natural hunting qualities than others, and this is my reason for asking you to give me your idea on the subject. Ans. A well-broken spaniel, English setter or pointer, would suit your purpose in the order named.

OLD READER, St. Paul, Minn.—What plausible reason can be assigned for the entire disappearance of those swarms of wild pigeons which formerly could be seen in such vast numbers in the early part of spring and autumn of every year? They surely have not been exterminated, nor is it likely that the whole family of these birds has come to an end by some unknown cause; they must still exist somewhere, and by enlightening me on the subject you would greatly oblige. Ans. Our issue of Oct. 24, 1889, had a notice of an article by Mr. Wm. Brewster in the *Auk*, showing that the wild pigeons still resorted in large flocks to the uninhabited regions north of the Great Lakes in British North America.

J. G. S., Brooklyn.—Please inform me through the columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM* if a plaintiff gets a judgment against the defendant and the plaintiff fails to have the same satisfied by law, what extreme legal action can the plaintiff then take against the defendant? 2. Is there any law on pickering and perch on Long Island? 3. Is there a 12-bore breechloader shotgun in the market that will shoot No. 4 shot through an inch pine board at 35yds., if so what is the name of the arm? 4. What would you consider a fair price for five years subcription of the *FOREST AND STREAM* in good order? Ans. 1. Consult a lawyer. 2. No. 3. The probability is that you will not find such a gun. 4. They are worth whatever you can get for them.

W. J. S., New York.—1. I wish to have a gun made for quail shooting, 12-gauge, from 6½ to 7lbs., 26in. barrels. How should it be bored? When I shoot, the first barrel is nearly always used at about 20yds.; the second, inside of 35yds. How large would the killing circle be at 20yds. using ¾dr. powder, 1½oz. shot, for a true cylinder barrel? Would you advise any other length of barrel than 26in.? Shooting mostly done in brush. 2. What is the proper load for a 20-gauge gun for field shooting? Ans. 1. It would be better to keep to a cylinder bore with perhaps a moderate choke in the left barrel. If the gun shoots evenly 1½oz. shot would make a killing circle of 30 to 35in. diameter at 20yds.; 26in. barrels are rather short, better go to 28 anyhow. 2. For a 20 use ¾drs. powder and 1oz. shot.

J. S. Albany, N. Y.—1. What pattern will a shell loaded as follows equal: 3 or ¾drs. powder and 1½oz. of shot discharged from a 12-bore, full choke gun, split separated in two equal layers with card wads? A friend said cylinder. 2. Will a full choke gun of \$100 trade shoot equal or nearly so every time? 3. If a full choke gun is re-bored to a modified choke will it shoot as good as a new

modified choke gun? Ans. 1. We don't know; nobody can tell what any cartridge in any gun will do except by trial. If it is a good gun, choked and properly loaded it will pattern 75 per cent. of its charge at 50yds. in 40in. circle. Dividing shot by cards scatters it some, but not regularly, especially from a choke. 2. Yes; nitro powders are ordinarily loaded show wider variations than black. 3. It should be, but having put it through the borer's hands try it and find out whether it is improved or ruined.

C. M. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Will you kindly inform me in the next issue of the *FOREST AND STREAM* where I can procure English pheasant eggs in this country? I have an idea of trying to introduce these birds into Gloucester county, Virginia, by having their eggs hatched out under a hen and caring for the young birds until they are able to take to the fields. Can you tell me whether they will thrive in the Virginia counties lying contiguous to the southwest shores of the Chesapeake Bay? The greater portion of Gloucester county is level, dry and heavily wooded; portions of the county are hilly. The forest is mainly pine, although quantities of chestnut, oak, beech and trees of like kind occur. Ans. You may procure the eggs from Jekyll Island Club, Brunswick, Ga. Write to Col. R. L. Ogden, 52 Broadway, New York. Or Tuxedo Park may supply you; write to Mr. Jas. L. Bresson, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. The birds will probably thrive in the section named.

CHUNKS OF HARD SENSE.

From the *Argus and Patriot*.

IT is important for Vermont that its waters should be well stocked with the varieties of fish desirable for food, and that those fish should be properly protected. The Legislature at its late session provided for the establishment of a fish hatchery. After young fish are deposited in suitable waters the most vitally important thing is that such fish should be protected, if the State is to get the best returns from its investment. There is a mistake far too prevalent among people that where there is water there must necessarily be fish, and that when there are none their introduction will be followed by a great and continual increase without further care or consideration. Nothing can be more erroneous. You may stock and continue to stock waters, but if the fish are not effectually protected by laws providing for a close season during their spawning time, and by the prohibition of seines, pounds, and all other kinds of nets, spearing, the use of dynamite, and the like, all the money that has been, and shall be expended by the State in this direction will be worse than wasted. The laws on the statute books of Vermont for the protection of fish are not perfect, but they are decided steps in advance, and the penalties for their violation should be enforced with a thoroughness and promptness that shall cause them to be respected. The cultivation of the summer visitor crop will bring more money into Vermont than any other one thing, and that crop can best be cultivated by thoroughly enforcing the laws for the protection of game and fish.

From the *New York World*.

The Yellowstone National Park is no part of any State or Territory. It therefore has no law except such as Congress may provide, and as Congress has provided none the region is without law or the means of enforcing justice.

There is a range of mountains adjacent to the Park. It is a worthless range for any possible purpose except inclusion in the Park, for which it is very valuable.

The gentlemen who have charge of the Park interests have been trying for years to get Congress to pass a bill to provide the Park with the protection of law and to add the range of mountains to its area.

The Senate, which has several times passed such a bill as is required, has done so again this year; but in the House, where former bills have come to grief, a rider in the shape of a railroad job of purely speculative character has been attached to the bill, imperiling its passage and very seriously marring it if passed.

This rider provides for a railroad through a part of the Park, not for the use of Park visitors but for the benefit of a mining camp called Cook City. It is not a genuine railroad project, but an effort on the part of a little ring of speculators to secure a charter for a railroad monopoly which they can market at their own price.

Obviously the rider ought to be voted out of existence and the bill ought to be passed. The Park is a great National possession and is destined to be one of the country's glories. Its borders should be enlarged, as proposed, while it costs nothing to enlarge them; the protection of law should be extended to those who visit the district, and no railroad should on any account be permitted to invade a region set apart as a permanent home for the beauties of untamed, unspoiled nature. Least of all should a gang of traders be permitted to secure a speculative charter for such a railroad, to be used as a lever with which to extort money hereafter.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gauden Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by *FOREST AND STREAM*.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybille" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

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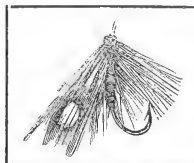
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No. 4, 6, same as above but is German Silver Mounted	" 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trout Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz.	" 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint	" 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft.	" 90c.
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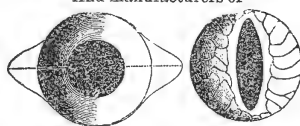
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Address all communications

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THE WINTER CAMP-FIRE.

THE chief requisite of a winter camp-fire is volume. The feeble flame and meagre bed of embers that are a hot discomfort to the summer outer, while he hovers over coffee-pot and frying-pan, would be no more than the glow of a candle toward tempering this nipping air.

This fire must be no dainty nibbler of chips and twigs that a boy's hatchet may furnish, but a roaring devourer of logs, for whose carving the axe must be long and stoutly wielded, a very glutton of solid fuel, continually demanding more and licking with its broad red tongues at the branches that sway and toss high above in its hot breath.

So fierce is it that you approach cautiously to feed it and the snow shrinks away from it and can quench of it only the tiny sparks that are spit out upon it.

You must not be too familiar with it, yet it is your friend after its own manner, fighting away for you the creeping demon of cold and holding at bay, on the rim of its glare, the wolf and the panther.

With its friendly offices are mingled many elfish tricks. It boils your pot just to the point you wish, then boils it over and licks up the fragrant brew of celestial leaf or Javanese berry. It roasts or broils your meat to a turn, then battles with you for it and sears your fingers when you strive to snatch the morsel from its jaws, and perhaps burns it to a crisp before your very eyes, vouchsafing you but the tantalizing fragrance of the feast.

Then it may fall into the friendliest and most companionable of moods, lazily burning its great billets of ancient wood while you burn the Virginian weed, singing you songs of summer, its tongues of flame murmuring like the south wind among green leaves, and mimicking the chirp of the crickets and the chickadee's cry in the summer of exuding sap and vent of gas, and out of its smoke

blossom sparks, that drift away in its own currents like red petals of spent flowers.

It paints you pictures, some weird or grotesque, some beautiful, now of ghosts and goblins, now of old men, now of fair women, now of lakes crinkled with golden waves and towers on pine-crowned crags, ruddy with the glow of sunset, sunny meadows and pasture lands, with farmsteads and flocks and herds.

The ancient trees that rear themselves aloft like strong pillars set to hold up the narrow arch of darkness, exhale an atmosphere of the past, in which your thoughts, waking or sleeping, drift backward to the old days when men whose dust was long since mingled with the forest mould, moved here in the rage of war and the ardor of the chase.

Shadowy forms of dusky warriors, horribly marked in war paint, gather about your camp-fire and sit in its glare in voiceless council, or encircle it in the grotesquely terrible movement of the war dance.

Magically the warlike scene changes to one of peace. The red hunters steal silently in with burdens of game. The squaws sit in the ruddy light plying their various labors, while their impish children play around them in mimicry of battle and the chase.

All then vanish, and white-clad soldiers of France bivouac in their place, or red-coated Britons or Provincial rangers, unsoldierly to look upon, in home-spun garb, but keen-eyed and ever alert, and the bravest of the brave.

These dissolve like wreaths of smoke, and a solitary white hunter, clothed all in buckskin, sits over against you. His long flint-lock rifle lying across his lap, he is looking with rapt gaze into the fire, dreaming as you are.

So, growing brighter as the daylight grows dim and the gloaming thickens to the mirk, and paling again as daylight creeps slowly back upon the world, but always bright in the diurnal twilight of the woods, the camp-fire weaves and breaks its magic spells, now leaping, now lapsing, as its own freaks move it.

Then, perhaps when it has charmed you far across the border of dreamland and locked your eyes in the blindness of sleep, it will startle you back to the cold reality of the wintry woods with a crash and roar of sudden revival.

ONTARIO GAME LAW INQUIRY.

WE call especial attention to the brief note of Mr. A. D. Stewart, published in another column, in which he requests, from sportsmen who shoot or fish in Ontario, Canada, information for the Commissioners of Game and Fish for that Province. There are many of our readers who are interested in the work of this Commission, and who can render it efficient aid, and we hope that the responses from dwellers on this side of the line may be many.

An examination of the question blanks sent us leads us to believe that the Ontario Fish and Game Commission have hit upon the most intelligent and practical plan yet devised for obtaining the information they seek. Their questions are addressed to sportsmen who are interested in quadrupeds, birds and fish, but besides inquiring as to the aspect of sport which has to do merely with recreation, they wish to consider its economic side. Thus there are special questions addressed to dealers in game and fish, to dealers in guns and tackle, to hotel and storekeepers in sporting localities, to managers and supervisors of railways and steamboats, to conductors and pursers, to boat and canoe builders and to guides.

It cannot be doubted that when the answers to these questions have all been received and the information and opinions contained in them carefully digested by the Commission, the results will be of very great value. The outcome of the intelligent inquiry set on foot by the Ontario Fish and Game Commission will be watched with great interest.

The very general interest taken in the new game bill proposed by the codification committee appointed by Governor Hill, is shown by the comments on its provisions, which we publish elsewhere. It was the knowledge that this proposed law would be eagerly read by sportsmen, not only in this State but all over the country, which induced FOREST AND STREAM last week to print it in full—something that no other paper has done. This action has enabled those who intend to be present to-day at the hearing before the Fisheries and Game Committee of the Assembly, to inform themselves on the proposed law and to discuss its provisions intelligently. The bill should be fully talked over, and, as finally adopted, ought to represent the best sentiment of the State.

DEATHS FROM SNAKEBITE.

THE number of persons annually destroyed by wild animals in India is something almost beyond belief. The latest official statistics published on this subject are those for the year 1888. These show that in that year no less than 22,970 people were killed by snakes and other wild beasts, which destroyed besides 76,271 cattle. No less than 20,571 persons died from being bitten by snakes; tigers killed 975, leopards 184, wolves 139, bears 110, elephants 57; the deaths of the remainder being due to dogs, crocodiles and other animals.

Notwithstanding that for years most vigorous efforts have been made in India to exterminate snakes and other animals destructive of human life, the fact remains that the mortality from this cause, instead of diminishing, increases. The result of the attempts made in 1888 to destroy these noxious creatures was the killing of 20,709 wild beasts and 511,948 snakes. In some places bounties have been offered for snakes killed, but it is believed that instead of causing a reduction in their numbers, this has led to snakes being bred for the bounty.

It is thought by some of the local governments of India that the best method for reducing the terrible annual mortality from snakebite will be to destroy the cover in which the snakes live near the villages, and it is said that this plan will be tried. It may be doubted, however, whether it will prove effective. The problem is a difficult one, and, considering the wide range of country affected, the climate and the character of the population, the prospects for its solution are not bright.

SNAP SHOTS.

AMONG the items included in the Sundry Civil Service bill now before Congress is one appropriating money for roads in the National Park. It reads as follows:

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK: For the improvement of the Yellowstone National Park, seventy-five thousand dollars, the same together with the unexpended balance of appropriations already made, to be expended by and under the direction of the Secretary of War. For the repair, maintenance, relocation and completion of roads, bridges and paths already in use and necessary to reach objects of natural interest in the Park. For the construction of a road from Grand Cañon to Yellowstone Lake outlet, thence to the thumb of the Yellowstone Lake, thence by the shortest practicable route to Fountain Geyser; any unexpended balance to be applied to the construction of additional roads, bridges, footways and bridle paths, as the public service may require, in the discretion of the Secretary of War.

In some respects this measure is an improvement on previous items for this purpose. The contract system has been struck out and the money is to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War. Just what is meant by "the shortest practicable route" from the Thumb of Yellowstone Lake to the Fountain Geyser is not quite clear. We presume that it is not intended to build an absolutely straight road between these two points over the dreary, bleak and uninteresting summit of the Elephant's Back Plateau? "The shortest practicable route" is no doubt the one best adapted to tourists and travelers, and that is the route by way of the beautiful Shoshone Lake. People do not go into the Park merely for the purpose of riding through it in the shortest possible time. They go there to see its beauties, and of these beauties Shoshone Lake is not the least.

The suggestion having been made that the Castle Garden building, in this city, should be converted into a public aquarium, Mr. E. G. Blackford, president of the State Fish Commission, has written to the Comptroller stating that if the city should carry out this idea the Fish Commissioners will heartily coöperate with the authorities. Of the site Mr. Blackford says: "The location of Castle Garden is absolutely perfect for the successful maintenance of an aquarium, situated as it is on New York Bay, from which could be drawn a supply of pure salt water at a minimum of expense. The facility with which specimens of marine life could be placed in the tanks makes the establishment and maintenance of the plant a comparatively easy matter. No location could be chosen which would be so accessible to the people of New York. I believe that the running expenses of such an institution could be paid if it were free to the public on all but two days of the week, when a small admission fee could be charged."

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

VIII.—THE FOURTH LAKE HORSEBACK.

IF anything about Fourth Lake is worthy of special notice it is the "horseback," as kames, or the moraines left by glaciers are called from their shape.

Kames are so common here that we have ceased to regard them as curiosities, and wonder equally that strangers should see anything remarkable in them, and that they should fail to recognize as quickly as ourselves any trace of them. Kames usually show as rounded ridges, in appearance sometimes like an old railroad embankment, at other times a long, low hill, varying in height from a few feet to a hundred, of sand or loose gravel either clear or bearing pebbles and boulders, usually of granite and sometimes of great size. They cross the country every few miles, usually flowing southeast, some barely traceable, some interrupted, others like the Whale's Back of Aurora continuous for miles, a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Some can be distinctly traced for more than a hundred miles, at their lower ends most spread out into kame-plains, of which the great blueberry plains of Cherryfield are an example. The presence of ice-worn pebbles and disintegrated soil, usually sand or gravel, are enough to show even the tyro the road that the glacier used to travel: and on the tops of the mountains, northwest and southeast, almost as exact as the compass itself, are the scratches of the nails in the glacier's shoes.

The Fourth Lake horseback follows the left shore of the lake most of the way from one end to the other; at the upper end it crosses the lake—our island was a part of it—and reappearing, follows up the side of Fifth Lake Stream; at the lower end it turns at the carry to Dobsy Lake (for the very good reason that if it didn't turn there the carry would have been somewhere else) and runs in a double ridge across to Dobsy; thence it follows up the shore of the lake for half a mile to the end of Norway Point. Whether it still continues up the lake or across it to Pocumpus and the Machias system of kames must be determined by those who know the country: as also whether the other end goes down past Fifth Lake to the Pleasant River system. But its general course is of less interest than its action about Fourth Lake. Here it does something peculiar: it flows in a westerly or northwesterly direction for about three miles. Kames rarely take this course, and when they do so, unless compelled by some local cause, they flow from west to east. But this apparently flowed from east to west—for it is probable that it belongs to the Pleasant River system. What makes it vary from the normal direction? It would not be surprising if some things concerning the courses of glaciers yet remain to be explained, for wherever I have noticed the west and east horsebacks, as on the way from the West Branch to Katahdin about Middle Joe Mary Lake there seems to have been no obstacle in the way sufficient to have forced them out of their natural southeasterly course. And here at Fourth Lake there is no apparent cause for a deflection, much less for such an unusual westerling; if ever a glacier had an opportunity to run just where it wished to it ought to be in this flat country, with nothing to oppose or turn it aside. Exact observations may prove the real deviation to be less than I think; but the course of this horseback, if carefully studied, should throw some additional light on the causes of the direction of glacial movements.

The Fourth Lake horseback is from thirty to forty feet in mean height, composed of fine materials, sand, gravel and small stones. In places its whole side is laid open to the weather almost back to the line of its greatest height; at other points the side is just beginning to slip, and again the rounded top is entirely unbroken. Many kames are in worse condition, but I do not remember one which seems doomed to destruction in so short a time, from natural causes only. Father says that within the years he has been there his island has worn away perceptibly, although it is only a few feet above water. How much faster will the rain and melting snow wash down the loose drift of the main kame, and the undermined trees tear away with them great masses of its substance. When once the kame is laid open to its main axis, the work will go on with quintupled rapidity. It is only a matter of time for this horseback to be reduced to a bar of pebbles and gravel. Then what? On a lake without a dam it might not be so easy to predict; but where a dam alters the level of the water many feet during the year, so that at one season it washes the top of a bar and at another it mines its roots, changes go on much faster than under ordinary conditions. We can depend upon men to keep dams wherever there is a good water power or logs to be driven out. To go back a little, the sunken land of this lake was undoubtedly caused by the flowage of the dam, which killed all the trees on what was once a flat cedar swamp, washed them away and planted moose-ear in their places; and, at whatever time the snow and rains shall succeed in carrying off all the fine materials of the horseback, the dam and the ice will combine to remove the gravel bar left behind, and high water and ice together, in no long geologic future, but in time measured by centuries if not by scores of years, will scour out the sunken land of the unknown, behind what was once the horseback, until Fourth Lake will occupy a position nearly at right angles to its greatest length at the present day.

IX.—FORWARD.

If it had not been that our ultimate point on the Machias, the old Hemenway Farm on Fletcher Brook, and the climb of Fletcher Mountain for a view of Fifth Lake, required two consecutive days of fair weather, one for drying the bushes, the other for the trip, it would have taken worse weather than this to keep us four days on an island. But on Tuesday, although it was foggy and foul, we caught a few more pickerel, packed up our goods and started down the lake, determined either to run into better weather or to make it come after us.

The dam at the foot of Fourth Lake is not in good condition; and as some logs had been left side-boomed into the outlet there was a poor chance to unload our goods and take the canoe by. As we crossed the dam to look at it, a great blue heron that had seen the advantages for fishing afforded by a stream which had forced its way under the shore end of the dam, rose within 10ft. of us. His neck was drawn back behind his shoulders, his head extended a little beyond the breast, wings only three-

fourths unfolded and legs trailing, not dangling nor stretched out behind as in full flight, but held just as they had been when he had sprung upward—precisely the attitude in which the Japanese paint cranes rising to fly, a striking confirmation of the spirit and exactness of their pictures.

There is a carry of a quarter of a mile past the quick water below the dam, and we lugged one turn across; but as the carry had not been much used of late and bark-peelers had fallen hemlock logs across the path during the summer, Jot declared that rather than carry the second turn, "he guessed he would run it past," which he did, affirming that "the water was just nothing at all." It might not be well for the inexperienced water man to take Jot's word for this, though no one in camp ever doubted it even in the eleventh degree. On the way across we came upon a flock of four partridges and shot all of them.

Below the carry the stream is very pretty, resembling stretches of the East Branch Penobscot, notably that just above Stair Falls. Gnarled swamp maples, just turning red, and ash trees grew among the meadow grasses, and by the water's edge *Osmunda regalis spectabilis* with its masses of tropical foliage, and scarlet cardinals, as we call the red lobelia, reduplicating its redness in our speech just as in nature it is always doubled by its own reflection in the stream. There were bits of meadow, some current and rocks in places. At the head of an island was a gravel bed, which we had to walk past, and not far below we heard the noise of a smart little fall, which Jot ran. Then we came into the flowage of Third Lake, like that about Fourth Lake, a long stretch of moose-ear and dry kyle.

A mile or two down the lake we landed on a sandy beach on the right side where a sea-wall is forming, and had our usual feast of pickerel. Jot said that he was getting ashamed to look a pickerel in the face. A log cock (*Ceophleps pileatus*) flew by cackling, the only one I remember hearing on the cruise, and little maple seedlings were growing in the crevices of the drift-wood.

We had hoped that it would clear off by noon; instead, it began to rain and blow hard in our faces, smiting us with heavy gusts whenever we came out from the lee of a point or an island. But we put on our rubber clothes and called it the best weather we had seen, since it could not keep us back. Third Lake, though seven miles long, is narrow and has islands in it, so that it is impossible to raise a dangerous sea, and the shore, being rocky, bold and good, without sunken rocks, is a safe one for canoeing. Granite predominates, but it alternates with trap, with such abrupt lines of demarcation that if I only knew something of geology I think I might tell a pretty story about it. The islands in the lake are small and pretty. At one place they make narrows only about one-fourth the average width of the lake, undoubtedly a great crossing place for animals, especially for bears. On the right the shore growth is cedar, signifying a swamp behind, the left has considerable birch growth, pretty beaches and the look of a shore that affords good camping places.

We held to the right, although it was the lee shore, because this is straight, while the left is broken by deep bays and pockets and a long arm at the lower end. Father had told us this at the start, advising us to face the wind rather than take the longer cruise under the lee of the other shore. He had been here once only, twenty-three years before, when he had come up the lake guided by another canoe and had returned by a different route; yet now, after all this lapse of years, retracing the course in reverse order, his memory did not fail even details. The outlet is blind. Usually one sees a break in the woods, a bit of low shore, the gates of a dam, or some sign of river driving which serves as a guide; but here all these were lacking at the real outlet, and at its right is a logan which has every appearance of the natural exit from a lake. The real outlet lies under a point almost entirely concealed by a long spit of sand which runs out from the right shore almost across to the point, so that one is tempted to sheer away thinking that the shore is continuous. Originally a narrow stream must have flowed quietly out of the lake between wooded banks, but as there was no chance to shore a dam at the outlet, the dam was placed about half a mile down on the stream. Its flowage makes a large pool which the sand spit already mentioned divides from the lake.

It was still raining when we landed above the dam, raining so hard that the camp stuff and myself were temporarily deposited under a river-driver's shelter of hemlock bark, which we shared with a large spider until the tent was ready. I tried to keep the water off the guns and to observe the spider; but she curled up her legs and observed me, the usual way with wild creatures when one has time to watch them.

Our larder was well supplied this night—one duck, four partridges, five good pickerel. Why then the temptation which came to Father when he took his gun and followed the road along the stream to look out the country? In the yard of a lumber camp, feeding among the grass and sprouts, was a two-year-old deer. He saw the deer first; as it was raining, the deer did not smell him, nor see him until they were not more than two rods apart; even then he lay so low, hat off, only his rubber coat showing, that the deer showed no alarm but continued to pluck grass and chew it slowly with one end sticking out of the corner of his mouth as he gazed curiously over his shoulder at the unnatural object in the hollow. He went away unmolested. Even when there is no novelty or excitement in shooting game most people would like to know whether the gun would go or miss fire, or, at least, what would happen if they pulled the trigger. It was not from respect for the law that this deer saved his life, nor from fear of the wardens, but because he was a pretty wild creature and there were those four partridges, the duck and the pickerel to be disposed of. When Father told the story he met with our approval, which is more than good deeds sometimes receive.

X.—WHEN IT RAINS.

The journal says nothing about it but I have an impression that it rained that night. At least, one of Father's rubber boots had been carelessly left leaning against the tent and in the morning it was partly full of water, as Father discovered when he put it on. I know that it rained in the morning, for the journal mentions it casually.

Even in fair weather Third Lake Dam must be about as dull as a sanitarium; but in a rainstorm there is positively nothing for a woman to do unless the fire burns

holes in the family clothing or the men wear out their stockings. The men tried fishing which amused them and did the fish no hurt, they caught but one in two days. They also hunted for cranberries, but the water had been kept on so late that the cranberries were just in bloom and they found but a pint.

In the afternoon Jot came up to the tent jugging a great mud-turtle which he had seen asleep in the sluiceway, crawled up to and captured. His turtleship was highly indignant; he pawed and kicked, and bit at everything that was held out toward him; nor was he any better pleased when he found himself tethered to a stake in the dooryard, tied by the tail, as that part of his anatomy best suited for such a use. He tramped about his limited course with the vigor of a thoroughly enraged fat man, looking ridiculously like a small elephant as he lumbered along with a swinging but uncertain stride, lifting himself high on those club-footed legs that were as loosely enveloped in skin as the true elephant's. His shell was about 12in. long, smoothly plated, of a greenish color, narrow beneath. Jot called him a "load turtle." Henceforward Old Turk, as we named him, was a fixture in the dooryard; that is, as nearly a fixture as anything can be that several times in the day pulls its tail out of the nooses, hitches, knots and combinations by which he is successively made fast, or failing in this jerks up stake and all and walks off with it. Turtles know just where to go in order to reach water, but Turk always marched off into the bushes and crouched there with his head up, ugly and belligerent, when one of us followed up the trail. If he had not had this disposition to stop and fight, we might never have seen him again after some of his nightly escapades; for in a stern chase it was not easy to overtake the old fellow. He was not a flyer, but he had a good, long stride, and attended strictly to the business of getting away until he reached the cover of the bushes. If any one thinks that the hare of the fable had a long nap that day when the tortoise passed under the wire first, it shows that he doesn't understand the paces of a turtle that knows where he is going. As for our keeping Turk, it was positively necessary. Having refused to eat deer meat when we might have had it, we were going to eat mud turtle when we had nothing else.

Thursday morning was misty, but I could get down to the shore to wash, which was an improvement on ablutions in the camp-kettle cover, that cover being pointed and unable to stand straight unless propped up by all the spare boots. But just after breakfast the rain remembered what was expected of it, and came down in torrents. In half an hour over an inch of water was caught in a straight-edged basin. We streaked the tent, and streaked it to make the water run down the sides and still it leaked. Then streams began to run in under the sides of the tent and to make little lakes in the middle of the bed. The blankets were snatched up, table knives seized and the overflow soon reduced through a channel which was called Case-knife Sluice, which may be described as rising in a bed of fir boughs and flowing directly into a fire-place.

It rained all the rest of the day, the only variety being Old Turk's occasional escapes and recaptures and speculations as to what kind of stew he would make. Six meals had made a decided hole in our four partridges, six pickerel and one duck, but the pickerel were of good size, and by making the birds into stews we had been well fed, and had supper and breakfast insured before Turk's life was endangered. A stew is a very economical form of living in the woods. It is really a meat chowder, into which goes all the spare victuals you have, to be cooked together in a very black kettle. The advantages are that everything tastes of the meat in it and there is only one cooking dish to wash. Stews are prime favorites with woodsmen, who sometimes call them by the lumbermen's name, *suagan*, and sometimes by the Indian term *cosombo*.

In the afternoon Father went down stream and reported a foot of water in the road where there had been none the day before. He thought that by wading to the hips one might get down as far as the logan on the stream. Altogether, our prospects of seeing Fletcher Brook and mountain were no brighter than the weather. That night we heard a mill whistle clear and distinct, and knowing that it must be the tannery on Grand Lake Stream we set our watches at half-past five. A little later we heard a gun fired somewhere on the eastern arm of the lake. It seemed strange to hear these evidences of man's presence when all around everything looked so solitary and remote.

After the supper dishes were washed it was our habit to spread down the blankets, and reclining on them look at the fire and talk as the mood came upon us. We did not meddle with general themes, but many were the stories of deer, moose and caribou, of hunters and lumbermen, and of points of woodcraft which would have made Thoreau forget all his lofty philosophy in undisguised envy of the material that there went to waste. Father had his own store of good things, and Jot's experience had been wider and more varied than falls to the lot of many. Everything had an interest for him. He had noticed and remembered with the instinct of a born naturalist. He told me that the gray land turtles eat strawberries; he had seen them in fields with their faces red with strawberry juice. When I asked what ate the turtles he answered that he knew nothing that did except bears. He told how he had seen a small hawk take five young kingbirds from the nest at one swoop, two in each claw and one in her bill perhaps, he could not tell the arrangement, but he knew fact. He brought me the *Epiphegus virginiana*, which I never had seen, and told me that the root was good for cancer. It had never occurred to me that it was any harder for young sheldrake to get out of their lofty nest than for young robins, although I knew that the young ducks had no quills for a long time, I had always supposed that they tumbled out with the heedlessness of the robin. But Jot told me—he had seen it—that the mother duck got them upon her back and flew down with them, leaving a string of ducklings behind her as she touched the water and they slid off. From the first they could run and slapper on the water just like the old birds; when they were tired they climbed upon their mother's back again. Of course some one will doubt this. Perhaps the books do not tell this—I have taken particular pains not to see what they do tell—but Jot said so, and if the books disagree, they, like the maps and the compass, are wrong. The ducks may do something else; it is certain that they do this also, for it is an impossibility to doubt the word of an intelligent hunter when you know anything about woods' matters yourself. To doubt it argues, yes and proves, your own

ignorance. They have strange things to tell, and the beauty of it all is that they expect you will believe them and do not think it necessary to prop up their own statement with the affidavits of Dick and Harry. I do not know whether hunters tell these things to every one, or whether, like the Ancient Mariner, "the moment that his face I see I know the man that must hear me." Certainly the good hunter tells strange tales, but as Robin Hood said of Little John, "I have ever found him a very truthful man."

These were our usual evenings, but at Third Lake Dam there was a change in the order. We could not see the fire for the wind blew so hard that we had to keep the front of the tent tied in. Forced to depend on a candle for our light and cheer, and to listen to the beat of the rain on the canvas, which soothed us to sleep all too readily, we substituted reading aloud for conversation. As a means of keeping awake I do not think it was a great success. My conscience is clear, for I was the reader; but my audience were apt to seem suspiciously quiet until the reading ceased, when they suddenly became very much interested in the subject, but not quite sure what it was. They are acquitted, however. It was an odd sight. The tent was not pitched quite straight so that there was a gap between the ground and the foot of it, which had to be filled in with the baker, our box (which we had found, as usual) and other articles; one tiny candle tied to a stick stuck into the earth shone no brighter than a good deed in a naughty world, and flickered in the draught; the family were wrapped in the blankets; I reclined on one elbow and in the intervals of streaking the tent when it rained through read, in a voice yet husky with a cold, "The Uncle of an Angel" and "What Some People Call Pleasure." Could the genial author of the latter paper have imagined circumstances better contrived to make us appreciate the point of his tale—three people rainbound, with nothing to eat but two or three messes of flour, a few potatoes, a little stew for breakfast and an old turtle tethered in front of the fire ready to be "next", whenever the word should go forth, and no prospect of its ever clearing off? We called it pleasure, and the proof is that we never regretted not killing that deer and leaving half of it to spoil.

In the morning when we rose the sun rose also, welcome sight. Old Turk had evidently lost his courage, for instead of his nightly escape he had buried himself in the earth with only the top of his shell out. When we roused him he put up his head with a mild, patient air, as if resigned to his fate. I was impressed that it was the same look which a captive missionary would cast on his cannibal captors and (without any disrespect to that gentleman in comparing him to a mud turtle) for much the same reason—not from grace but because he couldn't help himself. It was Friday—nothing on hand but a little flour and the turtle to whom we had become somewhat attached. To go down stream would take two days of pleasant weather. Then came Sunday, we could not get back to Fourth Lake until Monday if we had all good weather. We turned Turk adrift, and such was the affection that he showed for us that he came directly ashore again; the second time he was thrown in he went down stream, but our bows were turned in the opposite direction.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

THROUGH THE OLYMPICS ON AN ELK TRAIL.—III.

NEXT day we took an early start and made for the peak. The Cayuse's knee, which had held out so bravely through yesterday's march, was now too lame for use, so he stayed in camp and cooked. We decided to hunt on this mountain for a day or two, and as soon as the knee was well enough to travel safely, to go home.

Joe, Chris and Vick hunted together, the Marine and I left them at the peak. On the western side we could see range after range of mountains, with green pastures on their slopes, and occasionally snow on their peaks; but there was no long stretch of level land in view. Directly below us on the western side was a huge snowbank, and another lower down the peak. Below that, apparently at the bottom, a patch of woods, which sloped a little on either side into valleys where the Quinault had its rise. The Marine and I, attracted by the snow and the probability of elk near it, went down on that side with as little precipitation as possible, over the treacherous soil, sharp rocks and frozen snow, into the most northerly of the two valleys, and crossed the patch of woodland, which proved when we reached it to be the top of a very high hill, but which from our point of view above it had looked almost level with the valleys. We went up through the second meadow and ascended the slope. Elk tracks were frequent in the mud and soft turf, and in many places the brush had been stripped of its foliage, which showed that a considerable band of elk had been grazing there.

In half an hour we reached the top of the slope and looked over. There on a broad green shelf some 75 yds. below were six great beasts. One of them was a huge bull with as high and wide a pair of antlers as I ever saw. We stood trembling with excitement. "How shall we ever pack those antlers down the Skokomish?" said the Marine.

Then we both remembered our rifles, and aimed together at the bull. At that instant he seemed to get wind of us and tossed his splendid head with a sniff. Our rifles cracked. He leaped high in air, fell and disappeared. The rest of the herd tore along the hillside and were lost in the woods.

We hurried to the spot where they had stood, and looking over the shelf saw several hundred feet of sheer precipice ending in a narrow ledge. There lay the bull elk. The Marine's difficulty about the antlers was settled. They were broken to pieces, and the place was quite inaccessible. We were not only disappointed, but couldn't help feeling ashamed of the death of such a magnificent creature. We had needed the elk for food; but now that he was lost we gained nothing; it seemed like wanton destruction.

The Marine said afterward that he felt like a robber with just the least vestige of a conscience, who had killed a man and then found nothing in his pockets, when he expected at least a watch. At the time we said nothing, but after trying every possible way to get at our victim, had to give it up and turn back. We found nothing more that day.

A Scotch mist came up and turned to a cold drizzling rain, and we had none too much time to find our way back to camp. The mountain down which we had come

was shrouded now in dark clouds, and looked sullen and threatening, and the woods roared with the increasing storm. The dry bed of a mountain stream seemed to offer an easy ascent. We knew that it led up toward the nearest snowbank, for we had seen it from a distance as we came down. The beds of mountain streams are rather risky, because of loose stones; but we had no choice and determined to go up this one as long as it gave a foothold, and turn off to one side and go up where the woods offered a better chance of climbing. The footing proved good, and for some way we had a perfect flight of stairs. It passed between banks which grew higher and steeper as we went on. At last the stones began to grow looser and the ascent harder, and finally we came to a wall of rock about forty feet high. Turning to go round it by climbing the sides of the ravine, we found that they were of a loose, sandy soil, and that we could not climb them, the sand giving us no foothold.

It was too late to go back and our only way was to climb that wall, which we did. Although it was, as I said, only about 40 ft. high it took us at least half an hour to scale it. Our only footing was on little jutting points of rock an inch or two in breadth—sometimes less—just enough for one to put the edge of his sole on, or hold on by with the edge of his fingers. With one foot resting on such a support one of us would feel with his hands of all the points within reach, then finding the safest he would lean flat against the wall, holding on with one hand, while with the other he took both the rifles; then the other one would climb a little ahead of him and take the rifles in turn, and so on. Above the middle the rock showed a tendency to crumble, and several large pieces came out like loose teeth and went rattling away down the ravine. Fortunately we had no time to wonder how many pieces a fellow would be in before he reached the bottom; and when we came over the edge, at last, we scrambled away up through the woods and over the snow, till we got a firm footing on the peak, and saw far below on the other side the smoke of our camp rising from the woods.

We went into camp pretty well exhausted. It was dark now and the others had almost ceased to expect us for that night.

They sat glumly about the red fire and said very little. They had a surprise for us. When we had hungered a little longer Joe rose and took a great piece of meat from under his coat. He said it was elk. It was really bear, but the Marine and I had only one thought, it was meat! and we treated it accordingly.

It was better than venison. A young bear about two years old living on the cold peaks, fat and fed on berries, is a very different article from a tough old customer who lives on fish by the salt water. The bears on the sound are too oily for food—but in the mountains they are prime.

For one more day we lived on that bear and hunted, having moved our camp to the place where he was killed (by Joe). The Cayuse still stayed in camp with his knee and loaned his rifle to Chris, who had brought none with him. While he was there alone a cinnamon bear (very rare in the Olympics) came and looked at him. This was too much for the patience of our friend, who threw a stone at the beast and hit him. The bear ran toward the Cayuse, who jumped behind the fire—and the bear turned with a sort of grunt and made off into the woods.

None of the rest of us saw any game, though the tracks showed that a great band of elk had been there recently, and for a long time before—and in one place, where the trees were wide apart and there was no underbrush, the beaten trail, which is generally only wide enough for a bridge path, was a road on which two carriages might have passed each other. We went back toward evening to find the Cayuse in a state of intense disgust at not having been able to shoot his bear. A cinnamon in the Olympics is as great a prize as a grizzly in the Rockies. There are no grizzly bears in the Olympics—at least none have ever been seen there. The black bears are very timid, and I have heard of two instances of females running away and leaving their cubs to the hunter.

The beauty of that night I shall never forget. We lay in the open, above us a sharp rocky peak, from which a long green meadow—the track of some former landslide—sloped steeply down toward us on the left, below and beyond it woods and a deep gorge that hid a singing stream. On the heathery shelf of meadow where we lay were two clear pools, and on the right the dark sea of forest which stretched away to the foot of the mountain. Right opposite stood the main range that we left two days before, and far below rushed the Quinault, louder than ever in the still night.

The sun set, and the camp-fire died away. Then on the peak above us came a soft gleam, and crept, slowly widening, down the landslide, and shone on the pools of water and touched our camp, then the moon rose over the opposite range and bathed the whole mountain side in glory. Later in the night I awoke to find the bushes and the heather sparkling with hoar-frost, and I rose and poked the fire and piled on wood till it blazed and crackled merrily and made the shadows of the great trees dance on the hillside. But beauty is not everything, and next morning when we found the frost thick on our boots, it failed to elicit even a murmur of admiration.

We thawed them out and made a start for home. We had seen what the unexplored heart of the Olympics was like. Vick and the Marine, being on the peak when it was clear, the day before had seen the Pacific, across the multitude of mountains. And now we were out of food very nearly, and the Cayuse's knee was well enough to travel. Again we forded the Quinault and went up the place that two days before had seemed impossible to come down. For just as it is easier to fall down than up, so it is easier to climb up than down. Chris, being in high spirits and disposed to gayety—which generally exhibited itself in his case by tremendous and uncalled for exertion—climbed right up the rocky bed of a stream which dashed over us, as the Cayuse and I followed him, in foaming cascades. With us came the dog, whose feet were by this time sore with the rocks; and we lifted him up from shelf to shelf. The others avoided the ravine and went up through the woods. Their way was even harder than ours, though safer perhaps.

We climbed for a few hours, and about noon made the place whence we had first looked down on the Quinault. Then we went down into the valley where we had encamped before crossing the divide, and stayed there that night, dining on what was left of the deer, which we had not taken with us, and on soup made of the last relics of the bear.

Then going down the north branch of the west fork of the Skokomish, we marched in the stream, through cañon and gorge, down cascades and foaming rapids. Once more we encamped, this time in the lowland, and next afternoon about three o'clock, came to the Marine's, where we reveled in a bath, a change of raiment and immense quantities of supper.

I hope this gives the reader a clear idea of what the interior of the Olympic system is like. It has been stated in one or two articles that there is a broad lowland shut in by the outer ranges, but there is none. It has also been affirmed that the waters which flow from the inner slopes must either be pent up within or have an underground outlet, but this is not so; the source of the Quinault is within less than a mile of the head waters of the Skokomish, and drains the whole interior of the Olympic system. There is just a confusion of sharp peaks and jagged broken ranges of mountains, shaggy on the lower and middle slopes with primeval forest, crowned with eternal snow and holding high on their breasts valleys and fertile pastures, where deer and elk may graze in peace, and bright lakelets of clear green water. There are rocky caverns and deep chasms, and on the sides of the mountains and at their feet wind and leap countless brooks that fill the air with music.

After a thorough rest at the Marine's, we parted. I stayed near Lake Cushman to study the settler in his native, or rather his adopted, wilds.

The woodsmen there live on their claims and hunt in summer, and in winter work in the logging camps, and the hard work and active life, and the combined sea and mountain air, sweet with the scent of cedar and balsam, give them great physical development in almost every case. The Marine told me that when he first came to that part of the country he was rather in awe of the inhabitants because of their remarkable size and strength. But there was one man whom he was quite sure he could, if necessary, vanquish—the weakest of his neighbors—and so my friend decided that if he ever had any difficulty with any of the inhabitants it should be with this one. One day he went out with the man to get firewood, and the settler picked up a piece of wood that in the East would have been a tree of respectable size, and walked off with it over his shoulder as easily, to all appearances, as if it had been a bamboo pole. The Marine is a strong man, and at college was mighty on the football field and strong in the tug of war. But he had to content himself with a log about half the size. "What makes you carry such a stick as that?" said he to the settler. "You'll strain yourself." "Waal," said the settler, "it's jest sheer laziness makes me carry them things. I'd order hitched the ponies to it, that's what I had, and let 'em draw it; but I was too indolent to harness 'em—jest sheer laziness, that's what." The Marine marveled. If this was the result of indolence, what might not industry accomplish? And he resolved not to differ with his neighbor on any subject if it might conscientiously be avoided.

The Cayuse spent the winter on the Skokomish reservation and last summer acted as scout to the U. S. A. exploring expedition under Lieut. O'Neil in the Olympics. During the winter the reservation doctor fell sick. Now, the Cayuse was the only other white man on the reservation at the time, and he is, moreover, an excellent nurse, so he went to take care of the physician, who recovered in about two weeks. During this time the unhappy Cayuse had been trying his best to sleep on a hard little sofa and was very much exhausted. The doctor opened the sofa and displayed to the Cayuse's regretful gaze a most comfortable folding bed within that he might have used. "Of all sad words," etc.

In the camp in the valley at the head of the north branch of the west fork of the Skokomish, I left a bowie knife. If the reader, passing that way, happens to pick it up he will confer a lasting obligation by returning the same to

FRANCIS DANA.

Natural History.

COONS CATCH RABBITS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I made a discovery yesterday. It interested me very much, and as I am sure it is not generally known am confident it will be of interest to such of your readers as hunt coons. About a week ago we had our first heavy snow, and last Friday it rained hard all day, and at night it was warm and foggy, so, knowing the coons would come out that night and make tracks, I concluded to drive over to some good coon grounds and look around by day.

The coons had been out, and so had the rabbits. I noticed two different rabbit tracks that had coon tracks along with them, followed the second and found where the rabbit had run into a hole, and the coon had left. A third track made by both rabbit and coon was followed at least a half mile; it led through a swamp, through a stone wall, across a brook and through an apple orchard, finally through briars and hazelnut bushes. There he "holed." This rabbit was followed by the coon by scent or by seeing the tracks in the snow, and not by sight, for at least three times the trail ended, turned back for perhaps twenty feet in same track, then off in another direction. Although it was daytime and the tracks quite plain it troubled me not a little to straighten it out in the thick bushes and briars. Had the coon been chasing the rabbit by sight he would have been too near for the rabbit to have "doubled" on his track. Soon I came to another one of these tracks, and by following it found where the coon had caught a rabbit under a fallen limb, where the rabbit must have stopped from fright; certainly the coon did not steal upon him, as could be seen by the length of the jumps. The rabbit was carried to some water near by and eaten. I should like to know if any one else has noticed anything like this.

I saw six tracks in traveling about four miles, where coons were following rabbits, but only one was successful. These tracks were all made in one night, as the next day it came off cold and has been so ever since.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JAN. 23.

JAS. G. LATHROP.

MAINE WINTER BIRDS.—Portland, Feb. 7.—We have had a large flight of snowy owls, but other winter birds, such as snow buntings and grosbeaks, have been small.—D.

SOME INTERESTING PETS.

FOUR years ago last September I found and brought home four young flying squirrels. Casualties overtook two of them, leaving a pair which were given the liberty of the kitchen. They grew very fast, and became very tame and playful, but were withal very timid, the least unusual noise causing them to run for a hiding place, and making them very nervous. They were provided with a box to sleep in and showed their instinct by storing it full of nuts, but liked best to sleep in the pockets of any clothing within their reach. During the day they kept closely hidden, but in the evening were very active and delighted in jumping from shoulder to shoulder of those at the supper table, stopping now and then to taste the dainties offered them. After supper the squirrels would accompany the family to the sitting room where they would immediately climb to the highest accessible point and begin to jump, not stopping their romp until we retired.

After our little squirrels were grown I captured another, also full grown, and took it home to them, but for a time they would have nothing to do with the stranger. They moved their entire store of nuts to a new hiding place and stayed on the opposite side of the room from the intruder, not allowing him to come near their nest. After a time, however, they overcame their jealousy of the little stranger and made friends with him, their friendship being interrupted very soon by the escape of the wild squirrel through a door, left open by accident.

The female died when two years old. They had never bred. After this, for a long time, the male seemed very lonesome, then became more sociable than ever and has become quite domestic. He is fond of music and when some one plays the kind of music he likes he will sit and listen very attentively. He has no inclination to escape from captivity, but on the contrary, if he does get out by mistake, he immediately returns and seems glad to be at home again.

In the winter, when the fires are built, our little pet comes out to hunt up his friends; entering when he finds the doors open and going to each bed to see if we are awake.

Our squirrel is as intelligent as any dog and manifests great affection for all the family, especially my father, whom he trusts implicitly, and with whom he will play much after the manner of a kitten. This squirrel is so small that you can close your hand around him and hold him quite easily, and he seems more like a bird than a mammal, yet he can make us understand almost anything he wants. He is neat and cleanly, seldom gets into mischief, and does not make any trouble except by filling things full of nuts.

We often wonder how long our pet will live and shall all be sorry when we have to part with him, as he is the most affectionate and entertaining pet we have had.

F. B.

OTTAWA, Kansas.

When L. I. Flower propounded his query regarding the porcupine, I was not sure that he would receive an answer so agreeable to me, as that given by Edward Jack in your issue of Jan. 28. Last fall while on a hunting trip to Maine, I had an opportunity to observe much of the porcupine. Our camp was located in an oak growth on the side of a hill. We found that these creatures were very plenty; and as I had been strongly urged by an Indian guide, who was with me in the fall of '88, to cook the first one I should get, we soon had "venison" in camp. Our whole party were much pleased with the feast, which we made of a couple of them. As we did not care to do much shooting near camp, we set some traps for them in a ledge close by. The second night we made our first catch, and it proved to be a white female porcupine of large size. She looked so pretty and harmless with her pink nose and eyes that we kept her alive in an old box and took her out of the woods when we left. She is perfectly white with pink eyes, nose and skin. I left her at my old home in Maine, where she now is. My mother formed quite an attachment to this strange pet, and the feeling seems to be returned. The porcupine is always glad to see its mistress and shows its pleasure by a peculiar squealing noise. It will take food from the hand and is so tame that when let out of its box, it begins to look for food instead of trying to escape. As the dogs in my neighborhood seem to be of an inquisitive disposition, I have been talking of bringing Mrs. Porcupine up here to meet them. If I do I have no doubt they will be "very surprised to meet her."

MALDEN, Mass.

A SYSTEM OF SPARROW DESTRUCTION

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nearly every one now agrees that the English sparrow is an unmitigated nuisance, and various, yet ineffectual, are the methods so far proposed for his abatement, his entire extermination being seemingly out of the question. Two grave objections lie against any plan so far proposed, one being the destruction of some of our native birds resembling the sparrow along with him, and the other is the expensiveness of any efficient method of destruction.

Allow me to suggest a plan that to me seems thoroughly feasible. It is to try and induce the Northern and Western States to pay a small bonus on sparrows destroyed between Nov. 1 and March 15 only. This, as all will easily see, would effectually protect our native birds, which are during these months all safe down in "Dixie." The sparrows at this time are much easier decoyed and can be much more cheaply killed than during the summer, for the reason that their food is now scarce, and also through their habit of packing in large flocks. The spreading of seeds now easily decoys them, when large numbers can be killed by each discharge of the gun or they could be trapped in a fine meshed net. But the most effectual way to destroy them in my opinion would be by the use of poisoned seeds. Now, I have no doubt that there are poisons whose effects the early spring rains would entirely dissipate and render innocuous to our native birds (when they return from the sunny South) any stray seeds that might escape the sparrows.

As the preparation of the seed by poison should be carried on with the greatest care and under proper supervision, the other part of my plan would be for the State Agricultural Departments to prepare the seed and distribute it at cost at the proper time of year. The seeds could be obtained very cheaply and in any quantity from the flouring mills, using, of course, the refused seeds left by the cleaning of grain, which seeds being largely of

weeds, should be so treated as to destroy their vitality. If there should be those who would object to the spreading of the poisoned seeds upon the ground, a low, light platform of cheap boards might be made on which to spread the seeds, and any remaining next spring could then be swept up and burned.

If you think well of the idea will you not try to induce some of the experimental stations to take the matter up this winter, trying different poisons and modes of preparing the seeds at the different stations, watching carefully all their effects, particularly next spring upon our native birds, and then send in reports of the same next summer, on which there would of course be free discussion, the object being to decide upon the least objectionable poison and best method of preparing it, with the avowed intention of waking up the whole country to enter upon a general and active campaign against these little marauders next fall and winter.

GEO. O. GOODHUE.

DANVILLE, P. Q.

NATURE IN CENTRAL PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though living in town, we have not lost our love for the woods and meres and meadows, Tom and I, and when we have not the time to go further afield, take occasional rambles in the annexed district, or even in Central Park, and enjoy them too. Tom may object that the park is only a romping ground for the town crowd that goes there and becomes offensively numerous, but possibly Tom has a selfish vein in his otherwise genial make up, and thinks that because the crowd cannot distinguish between the differing beauties of the Scotch and American pine, it should not intrude where they grow. We have discovered, though, that there is a time to wander in the park when you will meet but few kindred souls. In the morning hours, especially of a frosty day, the crowd is absent, and the rustling trees speak to us only, and it seems almost as if they were saying that they also liked it best without the throng. But we must not let selfishness control us, and deep down in our hearts we are glad that this pleasure ground affords joy to so many.

It is in quite another direction that we want to grumble. It is gradually becoming apparent that a constantly increasing number of cats are making their home up there. At this time of the year their principal game is probably the ever present English sparrow, for whom few of us have sympathy, but during the summer months, when the song birds are here, no doubt many of them become martyrs to puss's inclination for outdoor "sport," and it would seem that much more good than harm would result if the police were instructed to take away puss's life with a leaden pellet whenever he is found within the boundaries of the park.

I believe the cat does not molest gray squirrels. I have seen instances which showed unmistakably that he feared them, and altogether the New York squirrel is a bold chap. Apparently he has everything his own way and fears nothing. If he meets you in his path he will, out of courtesy, go up a convenient tree to let you pass. Perhaps you stop to watch him and he becomes impatient. You notice that the tree is a small one and stands alone, so that he cannot pass on without coming down, and he has important business on the other side of that hillock. Mischievous inspires you, which you interpret as a desire to study nature and you step up to the tree and encircle it with your arm to prevent him coming down until you wish it. But you have barely assumed your position when the squirrel lands on the turf, and you wonder how he got there, while he scampers off, stopping now and then to turn around and laugh at you.

C. H. M. ROSE.

69 WALL STREET, N. Y., Jan. 19.

LIFE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAIN REGION.

AN extremely valuable contribution to our knowledge of the life of this continent and of some of the laws which govern it is the one before us. It is a publication of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy of the Department of Agriculture, and is entitled No. 3 of the American Fauna Series. Although paper bound and containing only 135 pages, it has thirteen plates and five maps, and abounds in information.

It announces the results of a biological survey of the San Francisco Mountain region and the desert of the Little Colorado, Arizona, and is divided into five chapters, of which the first four are by Dr. C. Hart Merriam and the fifth by Dr. Leonhard Stejneger. These chapters give (1) the general results of this survey with special reference to the geographical and vertical distribution of species, (2) the results of a visit to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, (3) list of mammals, with descriptions of new species, (4) list of birds and (5) a list of reptiles and batrachians, with descriptions of new species. The last three papers are quite fully annotated.

The expedition of which Dr. Merriam gives us the results in this paper was in the field from the last of July to the middle of September, 1887. The area of country carefully surveyed comprises about 5,000 square miles, and the additional territory roughly examined was enough to make in all 30,000 square miles. Most of this region is an arid plateau, from 4,000 to 5,000ft. above the sea level, and in the midst of this desert rises San Francisco Mountain, whose volcanic peak towers to an elevation of nearly 13,000ft. This region was chosen by Dr. Merriam for its sharp contrasts; this high mountain standing by itself so far to the south, and in the midst of a dry desert, offering conditions peculiarly favorable for the observation of different forms of life. No less than twenty new species and subspecies of mammals were discovered, and besides these many reptiles and plants hitherto unknown, and from the study of the distribution of the fauna and the flora Dr. Merriam had drawn the following generalizations, which he announces as the most important results of his explorations:

- (1) The discovery that there are but two primary life areas in North America, a northern (boreal) and a southern (subtropical), both extending completely across the continent and sending off long interpenetrating arms.
- (2) The consequent abandonment of the three life areas commonly accepted by naturalists, namely, the Eastern, Central and Western Provinces.
- (3) The recognition of seven minor zones in the San Francisco Mountain region, four of boreal origin and three of subtropical or mixed origin.
- (4) The correlation of the four boreal zones with corresponding zones in the North and East.

The seven life zones of the region under consideration are named by Dr. Merriam the Alpine, above 11,500ft.; the Sub-Alpine or Timberline Zone, 10,500-11,500ft.; the Hudsonian or Spruce Zone, 9,200-10,500ft.; the Canadian or Balsam Fir Zone, 8,200-9,200ft.; the Neutral or Pine Zone, 7,000-8,200ft.; the Piñon Zone, 6,000-7,000ft., and the Desert Area, 4,000-6,000ft. These various zones are identified by the forms of life found in them, and the results of the exploration are highly interesting.

On the summit of San Francisco Mountain, and so in the Alpine Zone, were found nine species of plants brought back from Lady Franklin Bay in the Arctic by Gen. Greeley. One or more of these species is found at the following localities: Points in Alaska, Melville Island, Backs Great Fish River, Labrador, Baffins Bay, Greenland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, White Mountains of New Hampshire, etc., etc. Most of the plants are circumpolar species. Many of the plants of the Timberline Zone are also circumpolar species, found throughout the northern regions of North America. The Balsam Fir Zone is characterized by the presence of the giant Douglas fir and of the Rocky Mountain pine, whose range extends north to the Kootenai and Calgary country in Canada. Other examples might be given, but these are enough. On the desert plateau, on the other hand, are found forms of life which extend far down into Mexico.

The thirteen plates are devoted to diagrams of the mountain and to figures of the teeth and skulls of some of the new mammals discovered in it. The five colored maps will well repay the study of the biologist in whatever field he may be working.

It is impossible to consider in this space the interesting points brought up on almost every page of this report. It tells of important work well done, as is, of course, understood when speaking of anything undertaken by Dr. Merriam.

WINTER RAIL.—Binghamton, N. Y., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article "An Unseasonable Rail" attracted my attention, as I saw a king rail that was shot on the ice in the river at Greene, Chenango county, about the middle of January. During the same month seven fine specimens of snowy owls were shot in this vicinity and brought to this city to be mounted. An old gentleman told me that he saw two near Middleburg, Schoharie county; one of them, a very large one, was shot, and sold for \$4.—W. A. H. [The term king rail is applied to several species of the family *Rallidae*. Can our correspondent tell us what species this bird was?]

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In examining the draft of the new game law submitted to the New York Legislature this winter and published in your issue of Feb. 5, I find a section that may meet the disapproval of canoe and small boat cruisers as well perhaps from sportsmen who shoot over decoys.

Sec. 71 of Art. IV. of Chap. 81 reads as follows, according to the text of your printed copy: "Manner of Killing.—Web-footed wildfowl shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted, killed or caught in any way save with gun raised at arm's length and fired from the shoulder without other rest; nor from any boat or floating device except as provided by Section 162; nor by the use of any bough house at a greater distance than 50ft. from either the shore or a natural growth of grass or flags. Such fowls caught or killed in any manner prohibited by this section shall not be brought to the shore, sold or possessed."

My first objection to lay before your notice is the prohibition of shooting from any boat. Under the old law the restrictions that applied to sailing and steam vessels was a fair measure, but to encroach upon the domains of the canoeist and small rowboat, where not dressed up as a blind, which would make it simply a floating device, is to unjustly discriminate against the autumn cruiser who shoots for food and in favor of the decoy shooter who slaughters mainly for sport or market. No adequate protection is thereby afforded, but an error committed.

Considerable cruising on inland waters is done during the open season for game, and for one I protest against being forbidden to supply the camp menu with an occasional web-foot that I would like to shoot while voyaging in my little craft. Again, will not a construction of this section No. 71 forbid the use of a boat or a retriever for the pursuit of cripples shot over decoys? Up here on Cayuga Lake, we frequently have a few broken wings to look after while shooting from the blind or bough house, and as the water attains considerable depth, we are obliged to go after the cripples in a boat for a finishing shot or send a dog for the more seriously wounded that can not swim rapidly out into the broad waters of the lake. But this section says that if the fowl are "caught or killed" in any manner therein prohibited that they must not be "brought to the shore, sold or possessed." Therefore sportsmen who have humane feelings must catch and kill their cripples in a boat and then sink them to the bottom of the lake, or having pursued and shot them under these conditions they may leave the dead fowl out on the water, which to say the least is harrowing to one's feelings. But even this humane act is prohibited. The section permits you to wound them from your bough house and requires you to let the wounded swim out beyond range and die a lingering death. This is no fancy image, for statutes are to be strictly construed and although a kind-hearted or fair-minded magistrate, would be inclined to a liberal construction, a technical game warden would have an excuse for making some innocent sportsman a great deal of trouble and expense.

Another objection to this section as it is at present worded may perhaps be viewed more in the light of criticism on the niceties of the art of shooting which the commission on codification endeavors to teach. This refers to the prohibiting of the use of a gun fired from a rest. Now, there are some duck shooters who carry a small caliber rifle with them even into a bough house who desire to take a pot shot at some solitary and shy outlying duck, and while he may consider himself masterful as a wing shot with No. 8's at a swift flyer, still he does not care to take any chance with a single bullet, and there-

fore takes a rest with his .25 or .32-caliber through the opening of his duck blind, or perchance over the limb of some tree growing along shore. But the Legislature is invoked to prohibit this lack of confidence in shooting abilities, and deprecates such want of skill. The law says that particular duck is within its own special protection, and if you can't hit him at 150 yds. off-hand shooting he is not your meat, so to speak.

It is decreed that this single pet duck of legislative solicitude is guaranteed immunity from the shooter with a rest, together with an additional lease of life, until some fiend, armed with a 6 or 8-bore gun, loaded with from 2 to 4 oz. of coarse shot, with intent to defraud by fair promises, otherwise painted effigies, yclept decoys, lures the confiding and unsuspecting duck within range of trachery and destruction.

The law, therefore, calls the 8-bore murderer, who can stand in his shoes and take the recoil of his small cannon squarely on the shoulder, a sportsman, but the shooter of a small-caliber rifle over a rest is another sort of person and not entitled to be classed among artistic (?) shots nor privileged to kill wildfowl.

Probably I have written more than is really necessary to invoke thoughtful consideration of this section of the proposed new law. It certainly is not intended as a capacious criticism. The bill, as a whole, is a meritorious production and the plan indicated admirable. The revisers have labored well, but there are certain sections that must be viewed from all points in order to predicate the effect of legislation that shall operate justly. While in Section 71 some confusion may be avoided by rewriting, still the explicit prohibition of shooting from a small open rowboat or canoe where the shooter is not concealed, should be modified.

In the light of protection, no man will be able to get the number of fowl from an open small boat that he will behind blinds, using decoys. On the other hand, the decoy shooters want the moving small boat suppressed so that the wildfowl will be less wary and decoy better. At any rate, it would seem that the small boat cruiser has some claims for respectful presentation for legislative recognition.

CAYUGA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The codified game bill now before the Legislature is, to me, in the main acceptable, but has some very objectionable features. That relating to wildfowl, I think, will be generally regarded as unsatisfactory, excepting as applying to Queens and Suffolk counties.

Sec. 71 prohibits shooting from any boat or floating device, etc.; but this is the only way that wild geese and ducks can be successfully hunted in most parts of this State, excepting in said favored counties, where shooting is allowed in boats, although such prohibition would be far less objectionable there for the reason that shooting waterfowl is done largely best from sink-boxes and blinds on the Long Island bays.

From the middle of November until April, or when the ice breaks up, there is not much opportunity to shoot waterfowl in this State, excepting Long Island, where, in some parts, waterfowl remain and can be baited and shot from blinds much of the time during the open season; yet in Queens and Suffolk counties the open season for wob-footed wildfowl is made a half month longer, and two and a half months longer for plover, snipe, rail, sandpiper, curlew, mud hen, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surf bird, water chicken, bay snipe, or shore birds of any kind. Plover and other of the shore birds mentioned, that are found here, have mostly passed from this State, excepting on Long Island, by the middle of September, and since comparatively few of the birds mentioned in Sections 77 and 163 are shot elsewhere in this State, it seems very unreasonable to shorten the season in the north more than in Queens and Suffolk counties, or beyond Sept. 1.

From my own observation and opinion I have heard expressed by others who have shot wildfowl in Great South Bay and other places in this State, I think it safe to assert that more wildfowl are shot (besides many netted) in the two counties mentioned than in all the rest of New York State.

The law to be most fair to all interested, including the birds, should rather reverse the provisions of the bill, by making the open season commence earlier north of the latitude of Long Island. The season, being short at best, should here commence by Sept. 1, to get teal ducks; and, waterfowl being less numerous and more difficult to get, at least as much privilege should be allowed as is provided in the bill for Great South Bay, west of Smith's Point, where is found the best wildfowl shooting in the State. Yet this locality is favored even more than the remainder of said favored counties by this bill.

This bill passed as introduced would benefit those localities to our detriment. These facts are so self-evident that to rightly amend ought not to mar the general harmony of the measure in its passage. It is easier to amend before than after the bill has passed, and unless amended previous to its passage, at least next season's shooting of waterfowl would be almost wholly prohibited in this State, excepting in the two favored counties mentioned.

W. H. HART.

HUDSON, N. Y., Feb. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note with regret, in your issue of to-day, that in framing a game law which presumably has for its object the interests of the people, the Commissioners have seen fit to withdraw protection from both hawks and owls. It is not surprising that the long-standing prejudice in regard to these birds should be difficult to overcome in the popular mind. It might be expected, however, that a body of men chosen for their especial knowledge of the requirements of the law, should, to some extent at least, be influenced by the recent investigations in the food of hawks and owls, which, conducted by the Division of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy of the Department of Agriculture, have proved beyond all question that with the exception of five species these birds are not injurious, but undeniably beneficial to agricultural interests.

It seems unfortunate that investigations of this nature, having for their object the proper direction of legislative action, should not be considered by those to whom such action is intrusted.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Feb. 5.

ALBANY, Feb. 7.—The Committee of the Assembly on Fisheries and Game met on Thursday the 5th inst., and as no one was present to be heard on the new revised

code, adjournment was made to Thursday the 12th inst., when it is expected a large number of parties will be heard on both sides of the bill. Assemblyman Schaaf has introduced a bill amending the game laws so as to make the close season for quail, partridge, hares and rabbits from Jan. 15 to Nov. 15 in the counties of Queens and Suffolk; also a general bill, an amendment to the law of 1879, making the same provision for the rest of the State.

FISH AND GAME IN MAINE.

THE all-important fish and game question has scarcely been reached in the Maine Legislature yet. Both the enemies and the friends of the much discussed protection seem to dread the final issue. Petitions are numerous for this and that form of legislation, and newspaper articles are the feature of the most of the live papers in the State—discussing methods and making suggestions. The terrible disregard for the fish and game laws, already explained in the FOREST AND STREAM, is admitted in the most of these articles, and even worse features are laid before the members of the Legislature and the public. A recent communication from Bangor, in the Lewiston Journal, says that on a certain pond in the northeastern part of the State three men encamped with 200 lines set for the purpose of taking trout through the ice, and that these men have gone about their work openly and not for fun, their camping outfit costing hundreds of dollars, being hauled in by well known teamsters, and that they are openly sending the trout they take to the Boston market. This latter feature I doubt. There are no trout in the Boston markets handled openly, and it would not be easy or profitable to handle them on the sly.

The article also claims that moose and deer are being killed without the least regard to the law in Washington county, and says that deer have been sold openly from a meat pung in Patten since the close time came on. The idea expressed is that no attention whatever is paid to the game laws by the citizens of the north towns of Washington county, who have any desire to poach. The law is not only openly broken, but the idea of arrest and punishment is laughed at. Mr. Jonathan Darling is reported to be fostering a petition to the Legislature to make dog-hunting deer legal, and it is getting some signatures. The opposition to opening the month of September for deer hunting is stronger among the lumber land holders than I had imagined. They will oppose such a measure with all the power they can bring to bear. They fear the sportsman's fires, and they will not willingly grant another open month to him in their woods. They are obstinate to pigheadedness about the matter, and can see no difference between the real sportsman, who would as deeply regret a forest fire as they would themselves, and the worthless, thieving poacher of their own State.

Only the other day the papers had an account, from this very Washington county, of the sad shooting of one brother by another. They were out deer hunting—in close time. One of the brothers is reported to have fired at the deer, wounding it, but the rifle bullet, in its course, first passed through the head of the other brother. The accident is a sad one, and all at once it turns out almost impossible for the papers to get any news concerning it. The hunters were poaching, and their friends are apparently determined to keep the facts from the public. The fact of the matter is that poaching is the popular thing to do in many of the back towns of Washington, Hancock and Penobscot counties. In some of these towns honest citizens do not dare to proclaim that they are not in favor of breaking the majority of obnoxious game and fish laws on every occasion. Such a person would immediately be under suspicion, and there are so many persons guilty that they would make life a burden to any one whom they had reason to suspect of giving information concerning their wholesale slaughter of deer and trout. They have no more regard for the close time than a Hindoo has for the Sabbath, and they don't like such people as would be glad to see the game laws enforced. Why, they have only shot down wardens in cold blood in that part of the State, and they are ready to commit almost any crime against any man who may attempt to restrain them. They even look with suspicion on the hunter they are guiding till he has performed some act that is contrary to the fish and game protective laws. Then they laugh and quietly remark that "You will do. You are one of us," or some acknowledgment of that sort.

Maine backwoodsmen are peculiar people when they happen in their ignorance to believe that their rights are about to be infringed upon. It is not out of the recollection of many people when some of the inhabitants of the town of Kingfield attempted to "resist the draft." Men actually armed themselves, and were ready to defy the United States Government, but when a few squads of soldiers marched into town from Augusta, the armed citizens slunk away or took to the woods. I have not the slightest doubt but what a game warden would come to harm who should singly and openly attempt to enforce the law against crust-hunting deer in some sections of the above mentioned counties this winter.

But where is the government of a civilized State? Where is the love for law and order found in the other New England States? It is claimed that the Commissioners have no means with which to enforce the game laws, and this is, without a doubt, the truth. But where is the Governor of the State? Has he no power in the matter?

Pickering fishing through the ice begins to be popular sport, on the ponds about Boston. The weather has been very cold till of late, and those that have been the first to start out have had good sport. Good strings are reported from the Plymouth county ponds. Pickering are being taken even in Charles River, above the dam at Watertown. None are taken in tide water, which flows up to the dam, but above unusual numbers are reported this winter. Hardly the usual amount of pickering fishing has been done on the ponds in Maine this winter, up to the present time. The weather has been extremely cold and the snow unusually deep. This, with the ice nearly 2 ft. in thickness, has been sufficient to keep the average pickering fisherman at home and in some warm corner. But pleasant weather now will set the ball in motion, and it only takes a single string of pickering brought into a town to bring out the tackle of all the other boys, and the next day they are off.

The first hearing before the Committee on Fisheries and Game of the Maine Legislature was held last Wednesday. The hearing was largely attended by noted sportsmen and guides. T. W. Vose, Esq., of Bangor, represented the Fish and Game Commissioners. He recommended amendments to the present laws as follows: That September be added to the open season on bull moose, deer and caribou; December should be closed; that special protection be placed upon cow moose at all seasons; that nothing shall prevent any marketman having an established place of business in the State from purchasing any moose, caribou or deer lawfully caught, killed or destroyed, and selling the same at retail in open season to local customers; that no person or corporation shall transport moose, deer or caribou, unless open to view, tagged and plainly labeled with the name of owner and accompanied by him, under a penalty of \$40, and any one not the actual owner of such game who represents himself to be the owner shall be liable to penalties; that any officer authorized to enforce the fish and game laws may without process arrest any person found violating or who has violated any of said laws; and he shall with reasonable diligence cause him to be taken before the neighboring trial justice in any county for a warrant and trial; that no person at any one time in open season shall kill, expose for sale or have in possession except alive, more than fifteen wood ducks, wild ducks, teal, partridge, woodcock, quail or prairie chickens, under penalty of \$5 for each bird in excess; nor shall any person or corporation carry from place to place any of the above-mentioned birds unless they are open to view, tagged and accompanied by their owner; that one-half the fines recovered for violation of the game laws shall be paid to the complainant, and the other half, with costs, to the county; that fishermen can only catch or have in their possession 25 lbs. of landlocked salmon, the limit now being 50.

At the evening session of the committee these amendments were reviewed and explained to some extent by Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, and doubtless a bill of some such form will be reported by the committee. The proposed amendments met some opposition in the discussion which followed before the committee and they have been pretty severely handled in the newspapers of the State since. The lumber land owners of Washington and Hancock counties are bitterly opposed to opening September, because they regard the month as particularly undesirable to have sportsmen in the forests, on account of their fires. The closing of December was opposed by Capt. F. C. Barker. F. E. Timberlake, of Phillips, would not limit the number of pounds of trout to 25. He was in favor of opening September. If the lumber people were very strenuous about the opening of all of the month of September the matter might be compromised by making the open season begin Sept. 15.

A gentleman, evidently not a citizen of the State, deplores the opening of September to shooting in the State and suggests that the partridges will greatly suffer from such action. He forgets, if he ever knew it, that September is an open month on these birds in the Pine Tree State.

D. H. Blanchard, of Boston, enters an earnest plea for the moose. He has visited the State every year for thirty years, generally with rod and gun, in legal open season. He has never killed a deer or a moose. He regrets to note the wholesale slaughter going on under the present laws. He would put an absolute close time of seven years on the moose, and would shorten the time for the killing of deer to two months, instead of lengthening it to four.

Another citizen of Maine would prohibit the hunting of partridges with the ordinary yelping dog. He would allow setters and pointers to be used in hunting that game, but the dog that trees the partridge and barks, he would abolish. A Boston sportsman objects to the limiting of the number of partridges killed in one season, by any one hunter, to fifteen, as proposed to the committee by the representative of the Game Commissioners, M. Vose. He thinks that a hunter should be allowed to take all the game he can get in the open season. It happens that this same sportsman makes an annual trip to Maine for partridge hunting. He goes in October. He employs the best guide that he can get and hunts all the time for two or three weeks. His record has frequently been 100 partridges in a season, and seldom has it been less than 50. A law limiting the number he might kill to 15—enough for any reasonable hunter—would distress him exceedingly.

The Piscataquis Fish and Game Protective Association has memorialized the Maine Senate. They refer to the great value of the fish and game about Moosehead Lake to the citizens of the State interested there, some 15 hotels being maintained there in the summer season and 25 steamers run on the lake. The committee deplores the trouble between the Game Commissioners and wardens and the people of Washington county (already touched upon in the FOREST AND STREAM). The committee prays that the laws be so amended that one-half of the fines for conviction be again given to the wardens. The committee recommends that the State might very profitably expend \$25,000 annually in the proper protection and propagation of fish and game.

Another very curious feature has come under my notice of late in regard to the Maine game law. Is in the form of an item like this. It appeared in the Lewiston Journal:

"N. C. Locke, of Salem, Mass., has offered a liberal reward for the apprehension of any one unlawfully dogging or killing a deer in the towns of Roxbury, Byron, Mexico, Dixfield, Weld and Carthage. This reward would be in addition to the State fines already imposed."

Another gentleman in Massachusetts offers a reward of \$40 for evidence presented to the game wardens that shall lead to the conviction of any person for dogging deer in either Oxford, Franklin or Somerset counties in that State. He also offers the same reward to any warden that shall of his own efforts work out the conviction of any person for dogging deer in the same counties. This is a decidedly new feature of game law enforcement. There is a chance for wealthy men who love to hunt and fish in Maine to do a good work.

SPECIAL.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2332, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. E. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

COONS BY DAY AND NIGHT

METING OUT JUSTICE TO A COON.

YOU folks have all been telling your stories of coons and coon hunts; and now I want to tell mine. It happened in Florida, and was entirely an impromptu affair, and began by my being kicked out of bed. Henry did that sometimes, and often remarked that when it came to kicking people out of bed I wasn't in it. But, however, this particular night when I landed on the floor I realized that this kick was for some other reason than pure cussedness. Somebody outside was calling "Hello!" at the top of his voice and the dogs were evidently bent on his destruction, judging from the racket they made. I found Henry's shoes and put them on, struck a light and opened the door. "Well, what's up?" "Well, you be up at last, and I'm glad of it, for I ben a-hevin' a regular time callin' me and the pups. Call 'em in, will you! Where's Henry?" "Inside," said I, "looking for his shoes. What can we do for you?" "I'm the sheriff." "Come looking up a coon?" "Yes; somebody's broken into the section house down the road, taken a rifle, a coat and himself a kitin'. One of them niggers from the 'sap camp,' I reckon. I know he came as far as here; seed his tracks yonder, and I got my mule, so what do you say to saddlin' and runnin' him?"

At this point Henry made his appearance in a pair of boots with fire in his pipe, and of course, as always, ready for come what might.

Now, our dogs were the pride of the ranch, and what they wouldn't trail couldn't run; so Henry and the sheriff thought that if once we could get old Julia "straightened out" after the erring darky, it was all over but the shouting.

Henry and I went out to saddle up. It was certainly the witching hour of night. A bulk in the darkness, a voice—that was a man. A form under foot, a step, a howl—and that was a dog. At last, after more saddling than was usually necessary, we were ready to mount. A blast on the horn brought a yell of delight from the hounds, and with Brag and Julia in the lead they bounded out of the gate down the road.

Down through the pine woods to where the railroad crossed the branch the sheriff led us, there we dismounted and with matches and a piece of "light wood" searched for the footprints. A man, and evidently a savage from "darkest Africa," had been here, and not liking the looks of our "light in the window," or hearing Henry breathe (he does heavily sometimes), had taken to the woods.

"Here Julia! here Brag—hunt 'em up! fetch 'em out old boy!" Blasts on the horn, encouraging yells, every manner of affectionate persuasion we wasted on those dogs. No go. "Well Sheriff!" said I, "we had better give it up until morning. Dogs don't seem to—*ow, ow*—"hold on, Julia! I'll fetch him. Hunt 'em up, old maid." Running down to where Julia was holding forth in a clump of palmetto, I struck a match; and there in the center of the boot track was the hand-like print of a big coon. "Here you go, Sheriff! Here's the trail. Yes! boot prints, gone this way." That was enough—however tardy justice may be on occasions, this time the Sheriff was up with the hunt, and already well on toward the swamp where the dogs were now evidently going.

"Harry," said I, as we came together, "it's a coon. Up a tree." That was enough, the fun was on. An old owl down in the swamp ended his hoot with a chuckle as the sheriff and his mule crashed through the palmetto in the wake of the hounds. Along the branch through the thick bushes we forced the ponies, our only guide the swelling chorus chanting the coon's requiem. At last we reached the edge of Turnbull hamak, and from here on we must go on foot.

The gallant constable was evidently out of the race, for we could hear his halloo away back through the pines where the trail had turned, but from the very forcible arguments Julia and her consorts were just then making, it was about time for "summing up." The moon was coming. What a glorious sight it was. Sheltered by the thick growth of swamp, on the edge of which we stood, I could glimpse the dodging shadows away yonder through the trees and almost seem to see the goblins of our childhood scamper across the moonlit glades. Turn and peer into the swamp. There are curious shadows of stalwart sentinels, swinging shapes amid the moss, and where the moon beams dodging the shelter of the trees fall on the water, bits of mirror create the fantastic shapes anew. Not a sound save the faint and eager baying of the dogs, and an owl making big eyes at his lady love, as he tries her "To whoo."

I wondered if Henry saw the beauties of the night. He said he didn't see anything, not even the sense of getting out of bed at such an hour. I proposed going back and leaving the coon. But no, that coon had to be treed; he didn't intend coming out for nothing. So without more delay than was necessary in extracting each other out of bogs, and persuading briers and vines to believe they were too clinging, we reached the foot of a big cypress, around which night was surely hideous. Undoubtedly a pair of bright eyes watched the welcome the dogs gave us and the building of a fire, but except for the sight of an occasional star winking at the jolly face of the moon, all overhead was as vague as a political argument.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to wait until day came and threw some light on the subject. Henry got his back up against a tree and his feet to the blaze, and then commenced an emphatic argument with Julia, as to the necessity of so much noise. I think I must have dozed, for suddenly the fire seemed less bright, the shadows were stealing away their vigil spent, and through the trees came a stronger light that seemed to glide from tree to tree, waking all nature by its subtle touch. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves as though bidding them be up and stirring. Away through the hamak an old gobbler heralded the coming dawn; I could fancy the hens of his harem waking at this breakfast call, and soon after heard the united household leave the roost.

Henry at this roused himself and blew a blast on the horn, which brought the dogs about the tree with a rush. There he is! See him! That ball of gray with a glimpse of black nose over the edge of that limb.

Poor fellow! What a terrible night for him! Henry expressed deep pity for him once he fell among the dogs. I said it was a pity to let the poor fellow go to the dogs. To be sure he was a midnight desperado, a desecrator of

peaceful roosts, but might it not be well this time to simply reprimand and bid him beware. Henry agreed, doffed his hat, faced the tree and cried:

"Criminal at the bar. You are a fugitive from justice. This night the sheriff was on your track; but knowing the virtue lying in a piece of chicken, we sympathize with you. Depart in peace—but be warned in time. Desist from breaking into section houses, or you yet will bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

We found the ponies anxious to end the trip in a measure of oats, and after a pleasant ride in the dew-washed woods we reached our door. The sheriff had arrived an hour or so before, having bogged his mule and been obliged to lead her home.

The criminal was unfound, and over a warm breakfast we told him of our sylvan court and its mercy. D. K.

COON HUNTING IN TENNESSEE.

ATTENDED school for two years at Sewanee, Tenn., which is situated on a spur of the Cumberland Mountains designated as the "Cumberland Plateau," with an altitude of two thousand feet above the sea. Sewanee is the site of the "University of the South," and a rather popular summer resort. The surrounding country, or mountain, more properly speaking, is thickly wooded for the most part with large oak, chestnut, black gum and other trees native to that region, and the pedestrian's progress is very much impeded by a rugged surface covered with a vigorous undergrowth and broken here and there by sinuous ravines and dales, which mark the descent of the meandering mountain streams to the adjacent valley; these, and the semi-civilized mountaineer's corn patch, comprise in that locality the habitation of the raccoon.

The school session extends from the middle of March to the middle of December, and on Saturdays and holidays during the summer and early fall I used to frequently visit the coal mines, about three miles distant from the school, in company with four of my most intimate schoolmates and have a pow-wow with the miners. In this way we made the acquaintance of an old veteran coon hunter, who, while the hunting season lasted, used to hunt coons nearly all night and dig coal all day. This old hunter's name was Bill Farrest. He kindly invited us to "come out an go a coon huntin' this fall," and of course the invitation was readily accepted. Accordingly, about the first of October, after several pretty heavy frosts, and Farrest sent us word that "the coons was a gittin' in eatin' order," we obtained the school proctor's promise not to inspect our rooms the following Friday night, and ventured forth when that time arrived on our first coon hunt at about 8:30.

After losing our way two or three times and falling in half a dozen mudholes, we reached our chieftain's house (if I may be permitted to apply to it that term) about 10 o'clock. The hut was built of chestnut logs, roughly hewn with a common axe, and chinked with blocks and strips of wood, secured by clay. The roof consisted of saplings laid crosswise and covered with cornstalks, leaves, etc., which were held in place by logs. The door was made of plain boards rudely constructed, and a clumsy swinging shutter stood proxy for glass in the windows. After kicking and pounding on the door for some ten minutes or more, we heard a voice within cry out, "Hellow, thar," followed by the sound of footsteps moving about the room. It turned out to be Farrest, and he gave us a hearty welcome, saying: "Come in, while I chuck up ther fire; we are goin' to git a coon to-night sure." On entering we found that there was but one room in the house, with a large open fireplace, which, when it glowed with a big wood fire, counterbalanced to a great extent the discomforts above mentioned. After poking up the fire our hunter began putting on his socks and boots, that being mainly the preparation necessary for him to make, as in other respects his day and night attire were very much the same. In one corner was Mrs. Farrest reposing on a low bed made of straw boards supporting a straw mattress, with coarse and heavy blankets for covering. In another corner was Mr. Farrest's brother-in-law wrapped up in blankets and lying on sheepskins, and in another were the coon hunting dogs Sing and Mat, which were the very sublimated essence of our hunter's pride. After we had been sitting before Mr. Farrest's large open fire for an hour more talking, singing and getting ourselves thoroughly warmed and our clothes dried, our host proposed that we should start for the woods; so after releasing the dogs we were ready to penetrate the dark, black forest in quest of the crafty raccoon.

Before going any further, however, permit me to observe a rather perplexing mistake on my part while under the roof of our leader's mansion. When we arose from our seats I happened to glance into a flour barrel that was by the door and in it I perceived something which appeared to me very much like a puppy, and after careening the barrel a little toward the fire, in order to get a better view of its contents, I inquired of our host if the "puppy" had the material in him for a good coon dog; but much to my astonishment he replied, "Ikod, that's the baby, he has better material in him for a coal digger than a coon dog." I discovered later that the flour barrel superseded, in many of the isolated houses of the Cumberlandlands, the baby's cradle and, indeed, seemed to be preferred, for when the youngster fretted or was sleepy the barrel was laid upon its side and rocked till baby's cries were lost in slumbers. But enough of this, let us see about that coon. We hunted through corn patches and strayed along branches for several hours without even striking a rabbit trail, until we were quite disheartened and finally seated ourselves upon an old fallen tree to endeavor the detection by lots of the "Jonah," when hark! the dogs struck a trail, and oh how their clear and musical voices rang out upon the frosty air! Away they started in hot pursuit of the ill-fated coon, encouraged and incited by the shrill and keen yells of their master.

Gradually their voices began to die away in the distance, and ere an hour had passed, were almost inaudible, when our conductor sprang to his feet and ejaculated, "Ikod boys, we must follow the dogs or say good-night to the coon!" With one voice we replied, "follow the dogs," and accordingly we were soon bending our way in the direction from whence their distant yelps were wafted; Farrest in the lead, of course, with his mining lamp hooked in his large slouch hat and it was to that lamp we owed our ability to keep the striding coal miner in sight. Suddenly he came to a dead halt, and placing his hand to his ear in a shape adapted to catch the faint sound of the dogs, exclaimed, "Ikod boys, they have treed, come on!"

Flushed with new anticipations, we accelerated our gait to the utmost speed consistent with a long and rough tramp ahead, and trudged along first through briers, then undergrowth, then swamps, sometimes falling in a blind ditch or sink hole, but encouraged and stimulated by the nearer bark of the dogs at every step we took. Finally emerging from a dense growth of young trees we came upon the dogs in a swampy and shady place jumping and barking around an old broken-off and hollow tree. The first thing we did was to build a good fire, and then set to work to capture our prize. The old decayed tree was not a formidable one, either to the axe or to the climber, which is not the kind that a coon will usually take to. This was evidence that the dogs were close upon him, and it was his last resort. A coon will never take refuge in a tree when pursued until it is absolutely necessary in order to avoid a encounter, but prefers to exercise that strategy for which he is so renowned in making his retreat.

After building a fire we all loaned our coats to Farrest, who climbed the old remnants of a tree and stuffed them in the top of it. He then descended and began work with the axe. In about fifteen minutes the tree commenced to sway to and fro, and we boys stood around with clubs in our hands so as to attack the coon should he jump before the tree fell, as Farrest informed us they would frequently do. But our coats proved equal to the purpose for which they were used and kept the coon our prisoner. In a few minutes more Farrest yelled "Look out!" and the old trunk of a tree was precipitated with a crash to the ground.

We then cut a hole in the log about midway of its length, and after removing our coats from within the upper end ran the coon out with a pole. The instant the dogs sprang at it the coon rolled on its back, and with its teeth and claws "made" (as Farrest exclaimed) "the wool from the dogs fly." For some moments the excitement was intense. The coon seized one of the dogs by the lower jaw with his teeth and a heartrending howl from our favorite canine made us fear that the coon would come out victor; but with a quick and sudden jerk the dog extricated herself from the grasp of the coon, and crazed with pain and rage made a desperate lunge for the coon's throat, and secured a hold which she did not relinquish until compelled by several kicks and cuffs from her master. In the din and confusion that prevailed during the fight one of the boys had his hat knocked in the fire and could find only a smouldering remnant of it when we were ready to resume the march. This, however, was soon replaced by a handkerchief with a knot in each corner. After the smoke of the battle had cleared away and we had regained our senses some one inquired the hour, when much to our amazement we learned it was nearly 3 o'clock and we were about ten miles distant from our abode. Unanimously agreeing that we had done well enough for the initiatory night we began to retrace our steps.

We reached Farrest's house about 4:45, and after making arrangements for another hunt the ensuing Friday night, we bade him adieu and steered for our quarters, where we arrived about 5:30 in the morning. We then retired to our rooms and had the proctor to put our names on the sick list, and enjoyed a good rest until Monday morning.

The fun we had that first Friday night sealed our devotion to coon hunting, and it is needless to say that every subsequent Friday night during the session was spent in the same diversion; usually with better results, yet sometimes with not so good, as one little opossum about the size of a baseball would occasionally be the fruit of our labors; and there is no telling how many hours we have spent in digging for an opossum, which would invariably prove to be that little bushy-tailed animal that plays havoc with the hen yard and terrifies mankind when its presence is perceived. But Farrest maintained that his dogs would not "run a skunk," and whenever they denmed, it was either "a possum or a groundhog;" and only when we had dug far enough to reach the inmate with a pole our point would be carried. The largest number of coons captured by us in one night was five, average about two.

Before closing my remarks I wish to observe a few characteristics of the raccoon. He is remarkable for his cunning. When discovering himself pursued by a dog he takes the shortest course to a stream of water, if such is near enough, and will cross and recross in order to thwart the endeavors of the dog to trail him. The coon seems also to have a predilection for a watercourse when seeking sport. This inference is drawn from the multitude of tracks I have often noticed in the mud along the edges of mountain streams. When there is no water near by, a coon, when trying to evade a dog, will resort to his ingenious method of "barking trees." That is, he will climb a tree and jump from the end of its most projecting limb to the ground. By sticking his head under his belly he can assume the shape of a ball, and when he jumps, alights upon his shoulders, and will roll over and over for quite a distance, then continue upon his course for some length of time, when he will repeat the performance, and so on until overtaken by the dog. Naturally, when the dog goes up to the first "barked" tree he thinks the coon is there, and sets up a slow and steady bark to inform his master to that effect, and only when he has circled out from the tree and strikes the trail again, he finds how he has been circumvented. The time thus lost by the dog is of course advantageously employed by the coon in effecting his escape, and were it not for the much greater rapidity with which a dog travels than a coon, coon hunting with dogs would be profitless.

R.

VIRGINIA GAME.—Lexington, Va., Jan. 31.—To-day is the last of our open season for birds. In consequence of the mild winter of 1889-90, our fields were in the beginning of the season better stocked with birds than at any time for years; and large bags were made. As our open season does not begin until Nov. 1, fewer small birds were killed than when the shooting began on Oct. 1. This is a good change and will, I trust, be maintained. Hares abundant, and in my opinion a great nuisance, unless the hunt is for them and for them alone.—T. M. S.

NORTH DAKOTA GAME.—Mandan, N. D., Feb. 2.—Never have prairie chickens been so thick at this season as this year. We have had no cold weather yet, and they are in prime condition.—F. S. L.

A TRIP TO THE MEGALLOWAY.—C. M. advertises in another column for companions in a trip to rough it on the Megalloway next October.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Feb. 7.—Mr. John Soderberg is just back from a trip to Florida. He visited Bernardino, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and other points on the east side, and also St. Petersburg on Tampa Bay. Mr. Soderberg appears to have made this chiefly an orange-eating expedition, and did not fire a shot or cast a line. In view of this fact it is a comfort to add that although he was in love with the Florida oranges on sight, he got into this city just in time to meet the only cold snap we have had, the thermometer being 8° below.

Mr. C. S. Burton tells of a pickerel weighing 26½ lbs. lately caught through the ice on Lake Mukwanago by Wm. Tuohy. This fish had a smaller pickerel weighing 11b. 6oz. in its maw when opened. The Mukwanago fishermen use a great many small pickerel for bait in their ice fishing. There is a very deep small lake not far from Mukwanago where the large fish are sometimes taken. Lately one was hooked too large to be taken out through the hole in the ice. While the men were enlarging the hole the fish broke the stick to which the line was attached and escaped.

Mr. Aaron Longstreet, of this city, leaves Monday for an extended fishing trip in the best country of the Pacific Coast.

All Chicago shooters will be much pleased to know that Mr. Andy E. Thomas, of Kansas City, has come to Chicago to live. Mr. Thomas will be a decided acquisition to Chicago shootingdom, as he is one of the best of the Kansas City shots. He has already been elected a member of the Fort Dearborn Club, of Chicago, whose membership is now full. Mr. Thomas will shoot as a member of the Illinois team on the Southern trip which starts to-day.

Mr. W. L. Wells, of the Shober & Carqueville Lithograph Company, an artist of ability and fame as handler of wildfowl topics, has just finished a very good thing in his "Mallards Going Out." The central figure is a piece of very strong and well-conceived drawing.

The Indiana Legislature has introduced a bill to permit shooting of wildfowl in that State only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week. This was at first reported as allowing shooting on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays only. The bill is not yet passed, and it is much a question whether it would be much observed if it were a law. I wonder if everybody knows that it is against the law of Indiana to shoot on Sunday. This law is dreadfully broken.

Mr. John J. Shortall, leader of the Humane Society, is gaining fame by his efforts to abolish pigeon shooting in Illinois. Mr. Shortall in his bill (introduced, as mentioned last week, by Mr. Bass) exempts wild fowl and game birds, and kindly allows the sportsmen to hunt a little, though it is his tenet that no shooting should be allowed for food or for sale as food. In other words, this humane gentleman would think it cruel for sportsmen to shoot for sport, but all right and perfectly proper for market shooters to shoot for the market. Like many other great men, Mr. Shortall is occasionally tangled in his logic. He may not have been quite himself when he got up this bill to suppress pigeon shooting. He may not know that every pigeon killed at the trap in Illinois is sold and eaten. Really, when you come to get down to the brass tacks in this bill, you can't help seeing that the measure is too manifestly spiteful, boyish and absurdly unreasonable to entitle it to very much serious concern. Some Chicago man has suggested to the hysterical Mr. Shortall that he introduced a bill to compel us all to chloroform our oysters before eating them from the half shell. Humaneism is all right, when it is not spurious, or biased, or spiteful, or pseudo humaneism, such as this of Mr. Shortall's. True humaneism, *bona fide*, real and actual humaneism, is as near the heart of every genuine sportsman as it is to that of Mr. Shortall, and probably much nearer.

On Feb. 12 the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association meets to discuss this pigeon law. Yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the game dealers of South Water street met at Produce Exchange Hall and held a caucus of their own about game law matters. The game laws as now arranged suit the dealers pretty well. The chicken law date will almost certainly be altered to read Sept. 1, instead of Sept. 15, as was originally intended. This is a misfortune, but almost a necessity, for the Southern portion of the State never will agree on a date later than Sept. 1. Our chickens must go, the great big glorious birds, we don't half way appreciate them.

A funny thing appeared in the telegraphic reports of yesterday morning's dailies about Clinton shoot. The reporter in his special said: "Mr. George Leffingwell made the highest score and would have won all the first prizes if two of his birds had not fled out of the line." We can imagine Mr. George Leffingwell explaining that to the reporter!

Last week I said John Gillespie would go South for a trip for the benefit of his health. He starts to-day. His wife goes with him. They have round trip tickets. They will remain perhaps six weeks with friends near Jacksonville. John has a brand new sole leather pocketbook, which cost \$2.75 at wholesale. In this pocketbook is \$340 of cash. All this is just a little idea of the "boys," who thought they would compliment John in this way as a pleasure to themselves. John is getting gray now, and he has been sick a long time. He must get better while he is South, for the "boys" need him around here in their business. John Gillespie is one of the oldest and best known figures in the gun trade of Chicago, and where he goes he takes his own clientele with him. No man was ever more popular, or more reliable, or more loved. The "boys" have enjoyed their little scheme about him. Billy Mussey had a paper, and on the head of it was one line, "They all love John." Below there was place for names and amounts, and the whole business took but a very brief time, up at Billy's. Below is a copy of this little paper, which ought to be printed, read and preserved, as a proof of what sportsmen are and what they will do. There is a curious little incident related about one of the names on this paper. They laid the list before Mr. A. G. Spalding, the "Magnate," as the papers call him, and Mr. Spalding said "35." Years ago, before John Gillespie worked for A. G. Spalding & Bros., A. G. Spalding used to work for John Gillespie, and it is said that John paid "Al," the first dollar he ever earned in base ball.

There is something half pretty about this whole business, and it is only marred in one way. I would point out that the name of Mr. John J. Shortall, the pigeon law man, does not appear upon this list. The names on this

list are all those of cruel, wicked, barbarous sportsmen. It reads:

THEY ALL LOVE JOHN.

W. P. Mussey, C. B. Dicks, C. D. Gammon, George T. Farmer, C. R. Babeuf, H. W. Loveday, H. D. Nicholls, R. S. Cox, Abner Price, W. A. Barton, J. P. Card, A. J. Featherstone, W. W. Duffley, Henry Smith, FOREST AND STREAM, Geo. Hofman, F. A. Place, C. S. Wilcox, R. B. Organ, L. A. Williams, Thos. Newman, Robbins & Palmer Co., R. A. Turtle, O. F. Malcolm, J. W. Murchough, F. W. Ludlow, H. W. Jenney, W. W. McFarland, A. S. Kleinman, C. S. Burton, B. J. Swenie, J. S. Orvis, J. A. Sharp, J. C. Durgin, Alfred Hammer, E. S. Hartwell, M. W. Shay, Joel A. Kinney, F. B. Bowes, L. R. Brown, C. H. Mears, J. W. Sheaban, Percy F. Stone, T. H. McNeill, W. H. Mortimer, N. F. Pfeiffer, A. C. Anson, J. M. Hutchinson, H. A. Foss, W. T. Clark, T. W. Wilmarth, C. E. Willard, C. E. Felton, M. J. Eich, W. W. Foss, H. B. Foss, C. S. Petrie, C. K. Herrick, John Watson, W. L. Wells, A. W. Knox, N. Rowe, Frank Willard, F. P. Taylor, G. M. Davis, E. P. Hilliard, W. H. Haskell, J. O. Blake, F. H. Andrews, F. W. Gerould, Wm. T. Brown, E. C. J. Cleaver, Fred C. Donald, Chas. Kern, Wolfred N. Low, A. W. Cobb, A. M. Fuller, D. P. Wilkinson, Edward Eagle, R. C. Cox, John R. Adams, J. C. Edwards, Frank Floyd, Chas. E. Deane, Jas. A. Sexton, A. G. Spalding, G. L. Deiter, Geo. Barnard, W. L. Shepard, H. J. Milligan, R. W. Stafford, Jos. J. Gore, Wm. Kent, Henry Ehlers.

The Southern shooting trip referred to earlier in these columns was pulled off to-day at 3:20 P. M., a very nice company indeed being on hand to start, including some of the prominent shooters of the country. The party goes on the Illinois Central through train, made up for the Mardi Gras excursion trade and a hummer, two special Pullmans being devoted to their use. They shoot at New Orleans Monday, Mobile Wednesday and Thursday, Pensacola Friday, Saturday and perhaps Monday following, and the Southern gentlemen, with characteristic hospitality, have arranged so pleasant a programme for them that they cannot fail to have a delightful time. At Pensacola there will be championship races at live birds between the Northern and Southern teams and between the Illinois and Florida teams, the entertainment at that city being in the hands of the well known Dixie Gun Club. At this writing the personnel of the Northern team is not decided, but Capt. McMurchy will probably just shoot those who are out of bed at the time. Col. Chas. E. Felton will captain the Illinois team, which will probably be made up of the following besides himself: Messrs. C. E. Willard, C. D. Gammon, Rolla Heikes, Ben Dicks, F. A. Place, A. E. Thomas, Thomas Marshall, G. W. Andrews, and another not yet certain. Colonel Felton has issued a printed manifesto to his troops, in which he urges each man to do his duty, to take along plenty of oil, plenty of good cartridges, and guns which have been carefully dissected and examined for misfires. The Colonel feelingly remarks that inattention to such details may result in the team's having to walk home. At the start of the train to-day there were noticed among others the following: Mr. Harvey McMurchy and a new white box coat, two rows of buttons; Mr. Rolla Heikes, with his smile and his banjo; Mr. John Gillespie and his wife, Mr. C. E. Willard and a new pair of stunning patent leather shoes, Mr. Fred Quimby, of New York, with a fine pair of \$6 plaid trousers, almost new and a bargain; Capt. L. C. Cranmer, also of New York, on his first trip to Chicago, who is sailing into a lot of friendships out here already; Mr. Milt Lindsley, of New York, who has a lot of those already; Mr. Frank Parmalee, of Omaha, and his lip, and his popularity, and his two friends, Messrs. John Field and J. Gwinn, also of Omaha; Mr. Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, and his wife; Mr. C. F. Stokes and his bicycle. Mr. C. D. Gammon and his wife, Col. Felton and his Scotts, Mr. G. Harry Squires, of New York, and his Greeners; Mr. J. Robbins and his new cap, Messrs. F. A. Place, C. B. Dicks, A. E. Thomas, E. Goodrich, J. W. C. Haskell, A. D. Cancross, L. "Davenport," Harry Smith and others. The party boasts a mascot, Clarence Duval, the colored boy who traveled around the world with the Spalding base ball aggregation. "Tee Kay," of New York, is not on, but conspicuous by his absence, we don't know why.

Mr. Geo. I. Maillet, of Crown Point, Ind., is in town to-day, looking around among his friends. Call again George. In the words of the great country editor, our latch string is always hanging out.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, was in the town earlier in the week, looking up arrangements for his proposed live bird park here. Mr. Elliott thinks it wiser to wait until the action of the Legislature on the pigeon law bill is known. Mr. Elliott went to Clinton shoot, divided a tie with Mr. Geo. Kleinman and to-day, so the wires say, beat Charlie Budd in a 100-bird race by the remarkable score of 98 to 96. Details later.

In a morning paper to-day Dr. Chas. Moorum, of Portland, Oregon, gives estimates made after careful study of the speed of flight of various species of ducks. He places the canvasback as the swiftest, two miles a minute, hour after hour; the mallard slowest, about a mile a minute under pressure; the gadwall 80 miles an hour; the broad-bill nearly as fast but not so enduring as the canvasback; wild geese, 80 to 100 miles an hour.

E. HOUGH.

SPRUCE CABIN RUN GAME AND FISH ASSOCIATION.—This association was organized last Friday, Feb. 6, at the Astor House, New York. The officers elected were: Col. E. L. Price, President; Charles G. Bennett, Secretary; John E. Blake, Treasurer. The association has purchased 100 acres of land in Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa., which includes the stream known as Spruce Cabin Run. This stream begins on the top of one of the highest peaks of the Pocono Mountains, and flowing down into the Canadensis Valley, mingles with the waters of the turbulent Broadhead Creek, which empties into the Delaware. The preserve will make an extensive and valuable trout preserve. The association is negotiating for the purchase of a large tract of land for the purpose of making an extensive game preserve.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume. Address,

ONTARIO GAME LAWS.

HAMILTON, Ont., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you allow me space in your valuable columns to state that the commission specially appointed by the Ontario Government is now making inquiries on the subject of game and fish in this Province, with a view of recommending such changes in the game laws as will protect the game and fish, and thereby benefit the country and help to promote the pleasure of honest and legitimate sportsmen?

As many of your American readers are aware, the indiscriminate slaughter of deer in Ontario is rapidly thinning out that animal, while the wholesale netting and poaching of fish and the indiscriminate shooting and trapping of game birds out of season is also depleting the country.

A number of questions relating to these matters have been carefully prepared and printed by the Commissioners for distribution to the sportsmen of Ontario, and should these lines of mine meet the eyes of any of your American readers who make it a habit to shoot or fish in Canada, I would be glad, upon application, to send them copies of the questions, which, when filled up, would no doubt be helpful in aiding the Commissioners to arrive at a solution of the work by them undertaken.

I am sending you copies by this mail of all the different questions prepared for issue by the Commission, so that you may see for yourself what we are doing. In addition to this method of reaching those interested, sessions are being held throughout the Province, at which witnesses are being examined *visa voce*; so that, by the time the inquiries of the Commissioners are ended, we hope to have had a very general and thorough consensus of opinion on the matters under consideration.

If this note will induce your sportsmen to express their opinions on these matters in your columns it will be a matter of interest, and I think that much good will accrue.

A. D. STEWART, Sec'y.

THE OLD CAMP ON THE CASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was greatly interested in the pen and ink sketch of the "Old Camp on Cass River," by the late Dr. Sterling, of Cleveland, Ohio. It is natural for me to be interested from the fact that I have lived for over twenty-eight years within eight miles from where the old camp used to stand, and I live a short distance from it at the present time. Although I was not old enough to enjoy the hospitable shelter of this ancient landmark, I am able to find many of the present citizens of our town (Caro) who have.

That cabin was situated at what was called the Limestone Rock, or near it, from what I can learn from those who have seen it, and was about three miles above the present town of Vassar and about twelve miles from Caro. It is also true that it was one of the greatest "deer crossings" on the river.

I understand the picture represents the way it looked about forty years ago. That was a little before my time, but I can distinctly remember how this country looked twenty-eight years ago; at that time there was abundance of game of all kinds, and even at the present time considerable game is found. A short time ago several deer were seen not over seven miles from our city, and one very large bear was shot. Frequently bear and deer are seen here, but the old, old days as represented in your pen sketch have passed; they only live in our memories and history.

Mr. M. A. Jones of this place has hunted on the grounds and has passed many a night in that camp in the wilderness; at one time in particular he tells me he started a deer near the crossing, and before it crossed the river it was accompanied by twelve others. That was a chance for an amateur sportsman. That was the time when it was no uncommon thing to see from twelve to twenty deer in a drove. When the village of Vassar became an incorporated town the old cabin was yet standing, and could it have talked it would undoubtedly have told some great hunting stories. But the cabin is gone; the deer are gone; and with them the best hunting days ever recorded in the history of Michigan.

For the past ten years parties in this section of the State have gone up to the northern part of the Southern Peninsula for game, and I can verify the statement that we have great sport. In the vicinity of Grayling, St. Helens, West Branch, Gaylord and many other places on the M. C. R. R., game is numerous. I have been one of a party of five that has taken this trip once a year for the past six years, and perhaps in the future I will, for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, relate some of our adventures.

A. C. MORELAND.

CARO, Mich.

ROCHESTER AND VICINITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The county game law was passed by the supervisors Jan. 29 with the following amendments: Open season for quail, Oct. 15 to Nov. 15, instead of the month of November. For woodcock, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1, instead of Sept. 1 to Nov. 30. The word "penitentiary" inserted instead of "jail" wherever that word occurs.

Of course it is now known that these open seasons conflict with the new State game bill, and evidently the county board were not aware that they could not open the season for quail Oct. 15, and if both the laws—the county and the proposed State—should stand, we would have rather a short season on quail in this county.

The other dates in county law, while conflicting with the text, do not with the spirit of the proposed State law.

The Monroe Sportsman's Association have received a large number of applications for birds, and a new scheme is being worked in regard to putting them out, that is, of getting parties who own lands adjoining each other to the number of one thousand acres to club together in the care and protection of the birds, thus securing a large range of protected territory for each lot of birds sent out.

The birds did not do as well in the small lots in coops as was expected, so they were turned out in the large building where the coops were, and are now doing much better. Several loads of straw and evergreens were distributed around for them which they seem to appreciate.

Bunches of them get on a spot where the sun shines in and pile up like a swarm of bees, in the shape of a pyramid, four or five layers high, the outside ones all standing with tails toward the center of the swarm, making an altogether novel appearance.

OSCEOLA,

ROCHESTER, Feb. 9.

POTTSVILLE GAME AND FISH ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual election of officers of the Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association was held last Wednesday evening, Feb. 4. The following officers and trustees were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, J. M. Wetherill; Vice-President, H. J. Hendler; Treasurer, Cyrus Sheetz; Secretary, F. C. Palmer; Solicitor, Chas. C. Matten; Trustees, Chas. Parkins, E. G. Hoover, Jas. Russell, H. R. Foster, Geo. Rose, Al Bindley, Chas. Schimpf. This association has been in existence one year, and during that time has done much to protect the game and fish. It is acknowledged by all that there was more game in this vicinity during the last season than there has been for many years, and the association claims some credit for this. The association is making a determined effort to put out a great many trout fry this spring. The initiation fee is fifty cents, annual dues one dollar. Any person who believes in the protection of game and game fish and the propagation thereof is eligible to membership. During the year the association paid men to act as wardens, who traveled the mountains in search for violators of the laws, and continually advertised rewards for the arrest and conviction of violators of the game and fish laws. The association has now over a hundred members in good standing.—P.

RIFLE AIMING AT GAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent J. J. Meyrick (in Nov. 6) speaks of certain positions in making long shots at game. The leading idea, if I understand correctly, is the using a stick to steady the aim. He thinks that aid must be generally unknown in America. In this he is mistaken. On the plains, when muzzleloaders were in use, it was a common occurrence for the hunter when making a long shot, taking the military position, fire kneeling, to steady the aim with his ramrod. In 1861 I was at a camp of Cheyenne Indians in Wyoming. A number of the Indians had good rifles, and we shot at targets with them. They each carried a long stick. (To the best of my recollection, about 4 ft.) When firing they squatted, or sat upon their heels, and steadied their aim with the stick. For a number of years past I have occasionally hunted deer in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan and would frequently find parties of Chippewa Indians also hunting deer. They all used a like stick to steady their aim, even when firing standing. Those Indians I saw rarely fired at running game.—H. S. [Our experience has been that Indians in old times almost always carried two slender sticks, which were used for wiping sticks and also to form a crotch for a rest when aiming. We have seen this done among the Utes, Snakes, Pawnees, Blackfeet and many other tribes.]

MICHIGAN GAME LAWS.—The Muskegon (Mich.) Fish and Game Protective Association have petitioned the Legislature to prohibit spring shooting (except jacksnipe to May 1); to repeal the law against deer hounding; to restore the quail season as it was two years ago; to prohibit the sale of game; to continue the office of State game warden. They also ask that beaver, mink, otter, muskrat, raccoon, martin and fisher may have protection from May 1 to Dec. 1.

MICHIGAN QUAIL.—Holland, Mich., Jan. 27.—Rabbits are plentiful here this season. A party of six bagged 44 yesterday. Quail are numerous and are increasing fast, although from what I can hear, some lawless persons have been shooting them. We had no duck shooting to speak of last fall, but hope for a good flight in the spring. I saw one robin and heard another last Sunday.—A. G. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ANGLING RETREATS OF MAINE.

III.—THE ELLIOTTSVILLE LAKES AND PONDS.

ELLIOTTSVILLE PLANTATION is north of Monson. Its south line by the way of the only traveled road there is some five miles from Lake Hebron. An ancient roadway, scraggy, moss-grown and hoary, overhung by the low branches of old trees, skirted by primeval forests, ledges of huge rocks and ragged boulders, and crossed by numerous brooks and streams, leads from the "Savage road" to Wilson River. From the Wilson River bridge the road divides into three different branches, one leading north and winding around the brow of Boar Stone Mountain to the two lone habitations of Nymphus Bodfish and Trustrum H. Brown. The dwelling of the latter is the last residence this side of the great untrodden wilderness, which is unbroken from there to the Canadian country. The easterly road from the Wilson bridge leads to Greenwood Pond. The westerly branch is just in one of the isolated and now uninhabited farms which represent a former civilization. Many years ago when the settlement thrived on the "Savage road" this was a hamlet of thrifty and busy farmers. There were also mills, a post-office, school-house and a store at the bridge. All is changed now. A few old and scattered houses alone remain to tell the tale of bygone days. Until its few settlers were awakened by the sound of the locomotive of the Canadian Pacific Railway it was not altogether unlike Goldsmith's deserted village.

Brown is a recluse and lives in his primitive residence alone in one of the wildest spots in that region. He is withal a good and reliable guide, and is well acquainted with all of the trout ponds and the haunts of the deer and caribou. It is six miles from his place to Hedge Hog Pond, which can be reached by an old lumberman's "toft road." A fair fly or bait fisherman can there readily secure 100 spotted trout in a day, for it is not as easy of access as many others and is yet comparatively secure from the intrusion of the multitude. It is also six miles from Brown's to Long Pond, which is a lake eight miles long, of an irregular and crooked shape and contains large quantities of spotted and lake trout and landlocked salmon. Its outlet flows into Onaway Lake at the south. The fishing here is most excellent, as this is also inaccessible with carriages. The last two miles of its outlet,

which is called Long Pond Stream, is very picturesque and the scenery is beautiful. On it are a succession of falls known as "Slue Gundy." It winds gracefully along for several miles under charming elm and white birch foliage. In the spring season it is an excellent stream for brook trout fishing.

From Wilson Falls, at the bridge before mentioned, which are eight miles from Monson, it is one and one-half miles to the shore of Greenwood Pond. The shore of Greenwood is reached by wagons. Here the eye gazes upon a beautiful sheet of water, and at first sight one supposes it to be only a small pond. But an exploration discovers that what appeared like its head is only the "narrows," so called, or a small channel surrounded on either side by high and abrupt shores. Then your craft is in quite a large expanse of water under the shade of Boarstone and Greenwood Mountains. Caribou Cove is on its easterly side and is about one mile in length. A few rods to the west lie the two smaller ponds, known as the Little Greenwood, hidden away under the hoary brow of Greenwood Mountains. These ponds have the spotted and the larger one has both spotted and lake trout.

A boat or canoe ride of one and one-half miles across Greenwood and a carry or walk of one mile, which is through a wide, open and dry path in the woods, bring the angler to the shores of Lake Onaway, or what is often called Ship Pond, about four miles long. Onaway is said to have been its original Indian name, but the lumbermen and pioneers called it Ship Pond, because its shape is very much like that of a schooner. In the days when the red men were the denizens of this country the principal route of travel from the Penobscot River and bay to Canada was by the way of this lake, thence by Moosehead Lake and Moose River. The form of this lake is odd and curious, having many quaint coves and irregular bays and within it several islands. It is in the midst of a very dense and vast forest. Its waters are fringed by comely and graceful white birch trees, whose shadowy forms in a moonlight evening give the surroundings a weird appearance. It is surrounded by Boar Stone, Greenwood, Barron, Benson and Chairback mountains, all grand and magnificent, whose venerable tops look down upon its placid waters, making a picture of rare beauty and a scene of grandeur seldom equalled. That great highway of nations, the Canadian Pacific Railway, now passes along its southern shore, although no settlements have yet been developed. There are some camps here which are comfortable abiding places for the visiting angler. Besides the same species of trout which invest all these neighboring ponds, this is well filled with landlocked salmon and smelts.

During the season of 1886 the writer, with three friends, spent five days there and during the time took and carried to camp 69 salmon. They were all caught with light rods. None were saved that weighed less than 1 lb. and the largest one captured tipped the scales at 6 lbs. These fish are fighters worthy the skill of the most expert fishers. They take a fly, though the most universal mode is with bait in about 60 ft. of water. At Flood Cove and other points around the head of the lake many large spotted trout are taken trolling with flies and worms. The smelts are similar to the salt water smelts and are exceedingly sweet tasting and delicious as a food fish. In the summer of 1883 a gentleman from Providence, R. I., captured there, with an 8 oz. rod, a lake trout that weighed 19 lbs. Since then one other trout has been taken near the same spot that was his superior in weight by about 2 lbs. The shores are rough, uneven and rocky, huge granite boulders being seen in all directions. They remind one of another place described by Thoreau as "the raw materials of a planet dropped from an unseen quarry." The only real smooth shore is what is known as Haynes Beach, about midway of the lake on the easterly side in a pleasant and pretty cove. Boar Stone Mountain stands like a grim sentinel, lofty and majestic, overshadowing all. An ascent to its peak is often made by tourists. Near its summit are three small ponds of pure, clear and very cold water. In one of these the water is of remarkable depth. The outlets of these ponds rush and tumble over the mass of rocks, over the waste and desolation of ages in their rapid flight to the waters of Onaway. There is one cove called Duck Cove, which is grassy and where are numerous little bays, firths and lagoons extending into the marsh. About this cove and among these lagoons ducks in their season are quite plenty.

MONSON, Me.

SALMON IN WINTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of the 8th inst., on "Salmon Fishing in Winter," you write that salmon, especially in the months of March and April, are caught with hook and line in the Baltic along the north coast of Germany at depths varying from 16 to 32 fathoms from 6 to 20 miles off shore, and in the open sea near Sweden through the autumn and winter; and quote a statement that Eastern salmon spawn in the fall, yet there is a later run which spawns in January and February and return to the sea as kelts in June. "Scarlet-Ibis" writes truthfully that probably more would be heard about the taking of salmon during winter were it not against the law. Living on the River St. John, New Brunswick, I write what I know of the salmon frequenting it. In the months of June, July and August quantities are caught in nets in the Bay of Fundy and all along the river on their way to the spawning grounds. Later this net fishing for salmon is prohibited. But years ago, before such laws were very strictly enforced at points on the river within 30 miles of its mouth, bright fish 8, 9 and 10 lbs. were caught, and a few, though contrary to law, are now caught in the months of October, November, December and later where the current is rapid and the ice does not make in January, February and March.

At the Belle Isle Bay, thirty miles up river, fishing for bass is permitted during the winter, and nets are set under the ice and salmon are at times caught in those nets as well as bass. Last winter one of 40 lbs. was caught; whether it was a spent or bright fish I cannot say. But the autumn and winter fish I speak of and have seen were bright roach fish and did not show signs of early spawning. In the months of March, April and May an occasional bright salmon is caught in the gaspereaux fishing nets at the north of the river, thus showing that salmon enter the river St. John every month in the year. Whether those that enter it in the autumn and

winter come to spawn I will not say, but from the state of the fish that I have seen opened am of the opinion that they do not in the winter time. The black or spent fish that I and others have caught on the rivers flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence with a fly in May and June we have looked upon as fish that had spawned late in the autumn and remained in the deep pools, ice-bound, through the winter and were making for the sea. What the bright fish that are with us in the winter come for if not to spawn is to me an unanswered question; possibly they, like the Baltic fish, having spawned early go to sea and recuperate, that their haunts, not yet known to us, are not very far away, and they are ready to visit their fresh-water homes when nature calls or when annoyed with the lice that gather on them in the sea and that fresh water relieves them from; or there may be some kinds of food in the rivers even in winter that attracts some. The Kennebecasis, a fresh-water tributary of the St. John, swarms with cod, pollock and hake, strictly salt-water fish—all winter feeding on the smelt that are in it at that time and are caught through the ice. JAS. A. HARDING.

St. John, January.

ANGLING NOTES.

MOST anglers have pet theories of their own about fly-fishing, and the less experience they have the more firmly they believe in these theories. In fact, after one season's fishing the majority of fishermen know more than they ever will know again. The truth is, it will not answer to put forth any decided theories or rules for fishing unless one has had experience covering the whole country. For instance, in one water trout or bass will take the fly only early in the morning or late in the evening, while on other waters, perhaps only a few miles off, they will rise only in the middle of the day. Or the fish may show a decided preference for a certain fly in one season and refuse it the next.

On Lake Colder, in the Adirondacks, the trout prefer a black-gnat at night, while in most waters they can only be taken on very light-colored flies after dark. One angler claims that flies should be dressed very thick and bushy, and others insist they never should be made that way.

Mr. W. C. Prime has a theory that trout always kill natural flies with their tails before taking them, and treat the artificial insects the same way.

One afternoon I was fishing in a pool noted for big trout that were exceedingly difficult to catch, and though I tried all sorts of flies I could not coax up a single fish. In despair I looped on a salmon fly that had rested unused for several years in the back of my fly-book. To my astonishment a trout rose for it with a startling splash the moment it touched the water. After leading him to the shallows and landing him, I took a second and a third in quick succession and then lost the fly on a fourth. Now, I thought to myself, I know what these fish want; so the next day I took a four-mile tramp to this pool, well supplied with these big flies; to my great disappointment the trout never looked at it. Had I not tried them again, I should have felt certain that those fish could always be taken on a salmon fly.

There was a piece of water just above the famous second fall on Rock Run, Pa., in which it was said trout would never take a fly. Every one that fished there agreed to that theory, though they could give no reason for it. I certainly was astonished when I tried it, for though the fish were rising well all along the stream I could not get a trout on this stretch; so I waded back carefully, and to my surprise could not see a single trout. After a thorough examination I made up my mind that the reason no one could take them with the fly was because there were none there to take. This stretch of stream was about one-fourth of a mile long and situated between two falls, and was evidently barren water with a smooth bottom of solid rock, affording no food and no shelter.

According to Rudyard Kipling's story in one of the daily papers he and his friends must have had grand sport fly-fishing for salmon on the Pacific coast. Every season we hear of some one's success with these fish, and it would greatly aid the solution of this problem if anglers would mention the time of year, kind of fly, etc., so that others could profit by their experience. We have always believed that under proper conditions these western salmon could be killed on the fly.

The warm weather of the past few weeks has brought the tarpon to the Florida coast, and many have been hooked, though owing to want of proper tackle few have been saved. We advise those interested to read "Angling Notes" in our Jan. 8 issue. SCARLET-IBIS.

THE BISBY CLUB.—At the annual meeting, held in Utica last week, the following officers were elected: President, Gen. Richard U. Sherman, New Hartford; Vice-President, Gen. James W. Husted, Peekskill; Second Vice-President, T. R. Proctor, Utica; Secretary, T. R. Proctor, Utica; Treasurer, W. H. Boardman, New York; Legal Counselor, R. F. Wilkinson, Poughkeepsie. Trustees—President Sherman (*ex-officio*), T. R. Proctor, H. Lee Babcock, of New Hartford; W. H. Wooster, of Seymour, Conn.; W. H. Boardman, R. F. Wilkinson. The executive committee consists of the president, first vice-president, secretary, treasurer and legal counsel. President Sherman read an interesting report, in which he described the progress of the club during the past year. It was shown to be very prosperous. Various improvements were recommended, especially the enlargement of the ponds at the hatchery, and the clearing of more ground for agricultural purposes.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—Portland, Me., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have formed an association, to be called the Cumberland County Association of Game Fishermen, with the object of assisting in stocking and protecting the Sebago waters. Nearly all the business and professional men of the city and county who shoot or fish (most of them do both) are in it. When more definite plans are laid out I will keep you informed if you desire.—D.

PIKE FISHING IN TORONTO BAY.

WHEN the great majority of anglers have wound up their tackle and retired from the waterside to ruminate and swap yarns over their successes and failures with the bass and perch during the season, the pike fisher puts himself into commission and prospects around the bay to discover the haunts of this good game fish. The pike has been more than usually abundant this autumn, owing no doubt to the partial protection from the netters, clubbers and shooters afforded them last spring while they were spawning. More stringent measures, however, must be taken before the fishing will be anything like what it should be in this splendid stretch of water. Poaching is still carried on in the most open and destructive manner.

The pike here have also suffered terribly from the attacks of the lamprey. These creatures attach themselves to the sides or belly of large fish and suck or rasp a hole through the skin and flesh, often reaching into the intestines. When this occurs the pike of course dies. Many fine fish are to be seen floating about the bay killed in this fashion, and very few are caught that do not show marks of having suffered from a more or less prolonged visit of this wretched parasite, two or three holes being found in some cases. Black bass and suckers are served the same way.

I do not recollect having seen this habit of the lamprey mentioned by any writer, nor have I ever in any other water seen any damage done by it to fish, though I did once in Manitoba take a pike with a lamprey attached to it. Perhaps some of your readers on the other side of Lake Ontario can furnish further information on this subject.

I suppose in calling the pike a good game fish I shall incur the contemptuous wrath of "Kingfisher" and others who love the black bass and him only; and I can fancy I hear them ejaculate "snakes" and such like uncomplimentary things. But in spite of that I am prepared to maintain that the pike (*Esox lucius*) is fully equal to the much-praised black bass, and in one respect superior. It is inferior to the black bass on the table, but in no other place nor way, and it has the advantage of growing much larger, this to me is one of its greatest attractions, for I don't like catching fish I can flick out with my rod, and one don't catch many pike he can serve that way. Then there is always the chance of hooking a big one—something to be remembered as long as you live. These big fellows are scarce here, but I am always in hope that the next will be the one. The largest I saw taken this year weighed 12½ lbs., my own largest did not quite reach 9 lbs.

There are here besides the northern pike lots of grass pike. These frequent the weedy ponds in the marsh and over on the island, and are worthless in comparison, being dark-colored things, all head with long, thin bodies, making no fight when hooked. These are the fellows that "Kingfisher" has caught and turned up his nose at, I suspect, and not the bright beautiful fish with large oval gold spots and markings that we catch in the open water, and which can and will fight as hard as anything that wears scale armor.

By far the greatest number of pike caught here are taken with a spoon, and the tackle used is of the prop and clothes-line variety. The method is to use two very stout bamboo rods with lines strong enough to hold a horse; to these spoons are attached, the rods are arranged one on each side of a boat, and the fisherman rows quietly about the bay. The pike hooks himself and is hauled in and knocked on the head. Perhaps there are people who find sport in this; there must be or it would not be practiced to the extent it is, but I cannot see it. It seems to me about on a par with shooting into a bevy of quail on the ground, the object in each case being simply to bag the game no matter how.

To get the greatest amount of sport together with a fair share of fish I use a 12ft. bass rod, 30yds. of the finest made linen bass line, a plain brass reel and a float. In open water I use one hook whipped on fine gimp; the hook is passed through the back of the bait just under the dorsal fin, care being taken to injure the bait as little as possible. If I am fishing from the shore (which I much prefer) I cast my bait quietly into the water and allow it to remain in one spot for perhaps a quarter of an hour. If nothing comes of that I move on a few yards and make another cast, and so on, carefully trying every likely spot. When a pike seizes the bait I pay out line until the fish stops running; then I wait a minute or two or even longer if the bait is a large one and strike sharply, and play the fish gently until I can slip my landing net under him.

In this method of fishing there are two things to be carefully avoided; the first is striking too soon, always give plenty of time to allow the pike to get the bait well into his throat; the second is putting too much strain on your fish after he is hooked. A pike's mouth is very bony and it often happens that the hook has only penetrated the skin which lines the jaws, in which case a heavy pull will tear it out and a fish will be lost that a lighter hand would have landed. However, with the greatest care and the lightest hand accidents of this kind will happen, and the man who lands nine out of every dozen hooked has reason to think himself lucky.

If the water is weedy, and particularly if there are many lilies about, I use treble hooks on gimp, about 2in. above which I whip on a small single hook; on this single hook I put the bait in the same manner as before, the treble hooks then should hang just below the belly of the bait. With this I use a float also and rather heavier shot, so as to prevent the bait from swimming off among the lily stems. Drop the bait into the clear holes and the instant the float goes down strike sharp and keep a light line on the fish. In this way I can get pike out of places where no other method is available.

I find the best baits to be small creek suckers, shiners and chubs. The suckers are the best by far. Pike will also take perch and other small fish, but nothing like so readily as the first three named. They should be about 3in. long (if larger, many fish are missed in striking), bright, and above all, lively, so as to swim about and make a good showing when on the hook.

In warm weather I generally keep my bait about mid-water; later on as the weather gets cold about 1ft. or 18in. from the bottom.

Pike fishing here can be pursued from the end of April so long as the water remains open, but the best of the season is from the first of September until the middle of November. The fish are then in prime condition, beautiful in appearance and full of life and vigor; they will bite at most times, but the best days are the fine, clear

ones of autumn, when there is just enough breeze to ripple the surface of the bay and the water is clear; if at all thick it is useless to try for them. They are also caught here through the ice in the depth of winter, but it is hard, cold work and not sport.

C. W. NASH.

WATER LIFE.

Occasional Observations on the Fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

FEEDING HABITS OF THE SKATE.

THE rays do not generally live well in small aquaria. In the cases of a great many of them which the writer has had under observation, none, with one exception, lived for a great length of time or were observed to take food.

The exception is a specimen of the common skate (*Raja erinacea*) now in an aquarium at Washington. It is usually very quiet, and rests flat against the back of the tank—which is sloping—where the water supply enters, and is, therefore, almost completely hidden from view by the steam-like cloud of air bubbles at that point.

On one occasion when some small fish were introduced as food for the flounders inhabiting the same tank, and which eat them greedily, the skate was noticed to be more active than usual, moving about nervously and raising itself free from the slate by means of the extreme edges of its body, which had the effect of raising the head and central part of the body an inch or more. The small fish were from fresh water and were, therefore, too buoyant to swim down into the water without very great and continuous efforts, which when relaxed would allow them to float to the surface again. They were much in the condition of a drunken man. Presently it was thought that a fish was noticed to pass under the skate and a flattening of the body against the slate and a convulsive movement, which had the appearance of that produced by swallowing, made it apparent that it had caught and swallowed a fish. Later it was seen to catch them against the glass front of the tank, so that all doubts were removed. The body of the skate will be raised on its edges so as to allow the small fish to swim between it and the glass on which it is resting. When the fish is felt the skate suddenly flattens itself against the glass in such a way as to hold it securely and by a series of rapid muscular movements brings it to its mouth, into which it is sucked as into a vortex.

The skate has now become so tame that it will come to the surface of the water and take small fish, or pieces of fish and meat, from the hand of the attendant. It has lately laid four eggs, but as there is no male, and as it has been in the aquarium since October, it is not likely that they are fertilized.

The eggs (or empty egg cases) of the skate are familiar objects to those who visit the seaside, as they are very common; but few, probably, imagine that they are the eggs of a curious fish. The egg may be described as pillow-shaped, in the present case about 1½ in. wide by 2½ in. long and ½ in. thick in the middle, and with a flexible horn longer than the egg itself extending from each corner. When found on the sea beaches they are generally black or very dark brown, but when first laid they are a lustrous light brown tinged with sulphur yellow and are quite transparent, so that the contents are very easily seen. The shell or skin is a very tough but flexible integument of a horny consistency.

WM. P. SEAL.

THE LOON CLUB.—Monson, Maine, Feb. 2.—Some of the sportsmen and angling fraternity of this place recently organized a local sportsmen's club, which is named the Loon Club. L. S. Hall is President; E. A. Bullard, Vice-President; E. R. Haynes, Secretary; D. J. Jackson, Treasurer. They will erect a club house on the southerly shore of Lake Hebron in season for early spring fishing.—F.

LEXINGTON, Va.—During the last season black bass were fairly abundant, but for some reason they seem to be either decreasing in our waters or becoming more capricious as to bait. Fly-fishing is not followed to the extent it should be. The largest strings were caught with the fly.—T. M. S.

FERRULE CEMENT.—Mandan, N. D.—In your issue of Jan. 29, "R. O. S.," of St. Johns, asks for a ferrule cement. I have used Dodge's for the past four years, and think it the best in the market. He can buy it at any tackle store.—F. S. L.

THE SALMON RIVERS OF ALASKA.

WE have received from the U. S. Fish Commission an important report on the "Salmon and Salmon Rivers of Alaska, with Notes on the Conditions, Methods and Needs of the Salmon Fisheries," by Tarleton H. Bean, Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission. This is a very important work, and sets forth in considerable detail some features of the wealth of Alaska, which have hitherto been known of only in a very general way.

The index of this report has the peculiarity of being a complete table of contents, and the reader can readily find the facts relating to each species discussed by reference to this index. The investigation here reported on was made by authority of Congress, and Col. McDonald placed the matter in Dr. Bean's charge because of his acquaintance with the region and its fishes. In the topographic work and the reconnaissance of the surface geology the expedition had the assistance of Mr. Franklin Booth, of the University of California, and by reference to the charts accompanying the report it will be seen that his time was very fully occupied. He was able to correct the maps of Kadiak in many important particulars. The report is profusely illustrated and twenty-nine of the plates are reproductions of Dr. Bean's photographs. They show the methods of seining, the vessels engaged in the fishery, the canneries, harbors, spawning lakes and other features intimately related to the salmon industry. Many of the photographs were made in parts of the island never before reached by a photographer.

The object of the investigation is concisely stated on the title page. The maintenance of the salmon fisheries under permanent conditions of productiveness involves (1) regulation of the methods of fishing so as to permit the ascent of salmon to their spawning grounds in sufficient numbers, and (2) the introduction of a system of artificial fertilization and hatching of eggs and the extensive culture of young salmon to their natural feeding grounds in fresh water. The report describes briefly the physical characteristics of the environment of the salmon, including the size, rate of descent, nature of bottom, etc., of the salmon rivers; the daily variation of the temperature of air and water, the condition of the water during the winter and its changes of level through the influence of rains, the vegetation of the river valleys, the variations of the tides, the nature of obstructions, if such exist, and such other matters as relate to the life of the fish.

The chapter on the natural history of the salmon opens with a brief sketch of the species included in the salmon family, and then takes up the salmon and trout which are commercially important. Concerning these species are given the various common names, size, edible qualities, movements, spawning season and habits, changes incident to the spawning process, methods of cap-

ture, parasites and other enemies, and the present condition of abundance.

Another chapter is devoted to the methods, conditions and other statistics of the salmon fishery. This records a total of 66 vessels in the salmon fleet, of which 13 were steamers. Thirty-six canneries were in operation in 1889. The capital invested was estimated at about \$4,000,000 and the products valued at \$3,000,000. The methods of seining are described and it is related that as many as 17,000 salmon have been taken at a single haul. The processes of salting and canning fish are briefly referred to. The report closes with a brief chapter on the desirability of the artificial propagation of the salmon in Alaskan rivers.

We believe this is the first report of its kind and it is to be hoped that Congress will see the necessity of continuing the inquiry into this matter and will take steps to maintain the existing fisheries, rather than be at the expense of attempting to restore them a few years later and, at the same time, appropriate large sums of money to feed the natives, whose main food resource is being rapidly absorbed by excessive and injurious fishing.

Fishculture.

MORE ABOUT CONNECTICUT SHAD.

IN the Hartford Post Game Warden A. C. Collins writes supplementing his article in FOREST AND STREAM as follows:

I submit a few figures touching the catch of shad in Connecticut for the past twelve years. The following figures for the Hudson, Delaware and Potomac rivers were kindly furnished me by Col. Marshall McDonald and Capt. J. W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission. The figures for Connecticut were taken from the Fish Commissioners' report.

Catch of shad in the Delaware, Hudson and Potomac rivers and State of Connecticut from 1885 to 1890 inclusive:

Years.	Hudson River.	Delaware River.	Potomac River.	Connecticut River.
1885.....	1,174,835	1,148,496	157,696	190,300
1886.....	1,300,949	874,617	375,422	175,650
1887.....	1,568,634	800,265	327,240	80,350
1888.....	1,568,548	856,662	367,105	68,150
1889.....	1,073,118	984,941	528,617	42,325
1890.....	*	*	456,931	34,318

*No reports. It is known, however, that the catch of shad for the Delaware River was exceedingly large for 1890.

The following table shows the catch of shad and how caught from 1879 to 1890 inclusive as collated from the Connecticut Fish Commissioner's reports:

Years.	Shad Caught by Pounds.	Shad Caught by Nets.	Total Catch.
1879.....	250,026	186,955	436,981
1880.....	175,784	94,134	269,918
1881.....	281,638	70,040	351,678
1882.....	213,730	59,183	272,913
1883.....	114,570	62,738	177,308
1884.....	95,300	51,745	150,045
1885.....	133,000	57,300	190,300
1886.....	75,000	42,950	117,950
1887.....	63,750	16,000	80,350
1888.....	27,425	14,000	68,150
1889.....	27,425	14,000	42,325
1890.....	16,991	17,327	34,318

1,493,154 699,372 2,192,526

Total number of shad caught in Connecticut by pounds, nets and seines from 1879 to 1890 inclusive, 2,192,526.

Total number of shad caught in Connecticut by pounds from 1879 to 1890 inclusive, 1,493,154.

Total number of shad caught in Connecticut by seines and nets from 1879 to 1890 inclusive, 699,372.

This shows that 68 per cent. of the total catch (2,192,526) of shad from 1879 to 1890 inclusive was taken by the pounds on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound. And 32 per cent. of the total catch (2,192,526) of shad from 1879 to 1890 inclusive was taken by seines and nets in the Connecticut River; nearly seven-tenths of the shad being caught by pounds and only three-tenths by seines and nets.

Below you will find some statistics that speak loudly:

Number of shad caught by one pound at Westbrook, Conn.: 1879, 10,175; 1880, 13,575; 1881, 10,500; 1882, 9,637; 1883, 6,200; 1884, 7,200; 1885, 7,858; 1886, 4,100; 1887, 7,200; 1888, 2,200; 1889, 1,800; total, 89,145.

Number of shad caught from Connecticut River to Holyoke dam, Mass., on the Connecticut River: 1879, 13,409; 1880, 7,727; 1881, 38,392; 1882, 6,990; 1883, 3,591; 1884, 1,563; 1885, 1,718; 1886, 577; 1887, 850; 1888, 824; 1889, 796; total, 76,457.

The above shows that only one pound caught 12,688 more shad in eleven years than was caught in Massachusetts on the Connecticut River from 1879 to 1889 inclusive.

Let us compare the money value (retail price) of the 1879 and 1890 catch of shad—436,981 shad at 50 cents each, \$218,490.50. The 1890 catch of 34,318 shad at 50 cents each, \$17,159—an actual loss of over \$200,000. Something should be done to recover our almost exhausted fisheries. A. C. COLLINS.

MINNESOTA FISHCULTURE.

WILLOWBROOK, as the State hatchery is named, is situated within the boundary of the city, and lies due east of the capitol, as the bird flies, within two miles and a half.

The well chosen site is upon a terrace secure above high water mark of the Mississippi and safe from danger of washout from any stream. The many large and copious springs upon the grounds are utilized in the processes of fishculture. The abundant and pure sparkling water which gushes from a hundred fountains, cold and clear, is led by conduits to the various hatcheries and ponds, to the troughs and tanks, receptacles, jars and aquaria, in short, wherever needed, and is so controlled and managed by gates and shut-offs that superfluous streams are run down spawning races, forming little cascades and rivulets, which lead sparklingly over pebbly beds and gravely reaches into ponds fashioned to simulate the natural trout pools of the country. The ponds, though all communicating, are screened with wooden gratings, so as to separate the different kinds of fish, while permitting the free flow and continuous current of water to move everywhere throughout their length. The ponds are divided and subdivided into compartments, and in each may be seen fishes of different species, differing in size and age, from the newly hatched embryo to the patriarchal progenitor of many generations.

In the different pools may be seen fish of the following varieties: Native brook trout, California or rainbow trout, Loch Leven trout, Lake Superior trout, hybrid salmon-brook trout, landlocked salmon, California salmon, wall-eyed pike, yellow perch, black bass, king lake trout, "German" scale, mirror and leather carp, blue carp, tench, golden ide, gold carp, saibling and European brown trout, and some fine large specimens of the lake and river sturgeon. Besides these there is a museum of mounted fishes, which attracted deserved commendation at the New Orleans Exposition, also a number of specimens in alcohol. There are three hatching houses, fitted up with troughs, where the pearl-like eggs lie nestled upon a gravelly bottom, over which the sparkling water gently ripples, but whose limpid transparency permits the secrets of embryonic development to be seen and studied as no other vertebrate can be.

Besides these three hatcheries is another house for whitefish and wall-eyed "pike," whose eggs must be manipulated differently from those of the trout. The basement of this "glass hatchery" is fitted up with a battery of "Chase's self-picking hatching jars," twelve jars in a rank and four ranks in a battery, each jar capable of containing 250,000 whitefish or "pike" eggs. The current of water flowing into the

mparts a gentle and continuous rotary motion to the eggs, which is necessary to their vitality. The same current carries away the bad eggs, which, being of less gravity, rise to the surface and are floated away.

The fishes as hatched are also moved forward by the current into suitable troughs and tanks, where they are held until such time as is proper for their distribution.

There is also on the grounds a tenement for the assistant's residence, with a room and office for the superintendent's use. Over the "glass hatchery" is a work shop, while over the second trout hatchery is a warming room for visitors and the museum of mounted fishes. There is also a small structure apart, for preparing the fish food. Also a small stable and shed for the cow and for visitors' teams. The whole is most interesting, and well worth the inspection of visitors, who are always welcome and courteously treated by the superintendent and his assistants.

The following is the distribution of fishes and eggs since last report, viz., from Aug. 1, 1888, to Aug. 1, 1890, inclusive:

Distributed.	1888.	1889.	1890.	Totals.
German carp.....	175	1,385	150	1,710
Rainbow trout.....		12,000		12,000
Black bass and perch.....		2,000		2,000
Landlocked salmon.....		25,000	51,000	76,000
Loch Leven trout.....		15,000	147,000	162,000
Lake Superior trout.....	55,000	100,000	192,000	347,000
Lake Superior trout, 2yrs. old.....				65
Native brook trout.....	80,000	359,000	391,000	830,000
Wall-eyed pike.....		2,100,000	1,700,000	3,800,000

Wall-eyed pike eggs..... 5,260,775

In addition to this, the United States Fish Commission has planted in Lake Superior waters within this State as follows:

Loch Leven, Von Behr and native brook trout.....	50,000
Wall-eyed pike.....	500,000
Lake Superior trout.....	1,360,000
Whitefish.....	35,000,000—36,910,000

Making a grand total of.....67,170,775

Every indication at the present time leads us to believe that the output of the coming season will largely exceed, if not double, that of the last.

ROBERT ORMSBY SWEENEY, SR.

FOREIGN FISHCULTURISTS.—We are informed by the editor of *Sporten*, Mr. Alex. Hintze, of Helsingfors, Finland, that Professor Doctor Malmgren, formerly Inspector of Fisheries of Finland, is now Governor of one of the northern provinces of Finland, and not of the entire country, as we said upon information in our issue of Jan. 1, 1891. Dr. Malmgren, he states further, is not a fishcultivist, and upon this we congratulate the Doctor, for he need not waste words in apologizing for successful trout culture nor care a rap whether the salibling is a polymorphous species or a mysterious double.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 24 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Duffielder, Secretary.
March 10 to 12.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.
March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.
March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 3.—Tenth Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. B. Moore, Secretary.
April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munnall, Secretary.
April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.
April 23 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. R. P. Rennie, Sec'y.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

THE SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

THESE trials commenced under very favorable auspices on Monday, Feb. 2, at New Albany, Miss. There was quite a large attendance of Southern sportsmen, among whom I noticed Col. Gordon, J. O'H. Denny, T. M. Brumby, J. V. Renfro, J. Shelley Hudson, Whyte Bedford, J. M. Avent, Patrick Henry, P. H. Bryson, Major Strickland, B. P. Holliday, and F. I. Stone. Among the handlers were such well known men as Messrs. Rose, Tucker, Short, Titus, McCargo, McCartney, Hyde, Bevan and Poindexter. The grounds were well adapted, but birds were not very plentiful. There was considerable grumbling over the hotel accommodations, which were poor. At a meeting of the club a committee was appointed to revise the running rules, and the spotting system will in future be adopted in a modified form. The club was reported as in good financial standing. The losses of the past year have all been paid, and there is a snug balance in the treasury.

The running commenced on Monday with the

DERBY STAKE.

The judges were Messrs. F. I. Stone, Chattanooga, Tenn.; B. P. Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss.; and Dr. Rogers, of New Albany, Miss., who acted in place of W. Venable, who had not put in an appearance. The morning opened bright and frosty, toward noon becoming somewhat warmer. The first brace in the

First Series.

BESSIE M. AND FANCHIONETTE.

were put down at 8:24 a mile from town. Bessie M. is an English setter, owned by Mr. E. M. Myers, and is by Bryson out of Grace Bryson and was handled by H. M. Short. Fanchionette is by Dan Gladstone out of Bon-Silene, and owned by Mr. H. A. Renfro and handled by D. E. Rose. Both started fast and Fan soon pointing was backed by Bessie, but nothing came of it. After going some distance Bessie pointed and birds were put up: steady to wing. After the scattered birds Fanchionette did the best work, securing three points and a single, as well as a flush, Bessie honoring in good style. Fan owing to her better style and hunting sense just secured the award when the dogs were called up at 9:49.

ANDROMEDA AND ATALANTA.

Andromeda, an English setter, owned by H. S. Bevan, by Count Noble out of Moonstone, was handled by her owner, and L. W. Smith's English setter bitch Atalanta, by Jean Val Jean out of Sheena-Van, was handled by N. B. Nesbitt. Put down at 9:52 Andromeda soon showed herself the better in speed and range, her work being especially stylish. Running some distance Andromeda was found pointing a bevy down wind, having been set some time. Atalanta called back also pointed, birds being raised, both were steady to shot. Sent on Andromeda was lost again; when

found she had another point, which was shared by Atalanta, who had followed her. The former was certainly entitled to the point, both dogs steady to flush. Then roading on both dogs pointed and were steady to flush. On the scattered birds each made a point. Then Atalanta secured a bevy, making another point on a single. Dogs were then called up after running one hour and twenty-three minutes. Andromeda had clearly shown herself the best, both in point work and style and the decision was clearly wrong which gave the heat to Atalanta.

VANITY FAIR AND KATE WARD.

Vanity Fair, an English setter, owned by W. Willson, is by Roderigo—Pet Gladstone, and was handled by Hyde. F. S. Ward's English setter Kate Ward, by Buckelwell—Vic, was in charge of H. M. Short. They were cast off at 11:26. Kate showed better style; but neither had much speed or range. After running some time both dogs seemed tired, when they were held up for a quarter of an hour and then put down on the other side of a wooded bottom. Vanity soon got into trouble, getting right in among the birds, though the wind was well in her favor. Kate Ward then made a point on a single, and as Vanity made another flush and was unsteady, the heat was given to Kate.

DOLLY HILL AND RUPERT.

Dolly Hill, handled by H. M. Short and owned by J. Shelley Hudson, is by Ben Hill—Dolly S. Rupert, owned by J. M. Avent, is by Roderigo—Bo Peep, and was handled by his owner. Cast off at 1:02, they started at a great pace, and were soon up with the birds. Dolly after winding birds and while trying to locate them had the credit taken from her by Rupert, who coming up from a wide cast quickly secured the point. Dolly backed and both were steady to flush. Then several singles were scored by each. This was quick and stylish work with few mistakes, making it one of the most sensational and inspiring heats I ever remember. Both had great speed. Rupert being a trifle the better in range, and won the heat, though Dolly ran him close.

FOLLY AND BLADE.

The English setter Folly, by Roderigo—Countess House, is owned by J. M. Avent, and he handled her; Charles Tucker's English setter Blade, by Toledo Blade—Lola C, was also in charge of his owner. They were put down at 1:35. These two were also good fielders and quick work was again the order of the heat. Folly scored first on a single, then Blade did the same. After running some time Blade found a bevy, Folly backed, and both were steady to shot and wing. Then Blade repeated on a single and pointed again, Avent marking the bird, put Folly on to it nicely. After running 45min. the dogs were ordered up and heat given to Blade. He was the speedier.

LEMOINES AND DAVE B.

The English setter Lemoines, owned by J. E. Dager, Toledo Blade—Lady S., was handled by D. E. Rose, and J. A. McCargo's English setter Dave B., by Startle, Jr.—Clio, was handled by R. P. McCargo, and were cast off at 2:23. A few birds were flushed by horsemen after dogs had been running some time, then Lemoines pointed one of the singles. Dave B. coming around backed only fairly and was a trifle unsteady to shot. Afterward Lemoines flushed a single bird. Dave B. made a wide cast near a hedgerow, and coming down refused to back Lemoines who was pointing a bevy, but went in, taking the point. Both were steady to wing. After following without finding, the heat ended and was given to Lemoines. Dave B. was the Louisiana Derby winner. Dogs ran 51min.

SAM R. AND MARGUERITE.

Sam R., owned by Geo. P. Jones, by Dash Bryson—Daisy Hope, was handled by W. W. Titus, and Marguerite, owned by D. E. Rose, by Gath's Hope—Sue S., was in charge of her owner. Cast off at 3:23; they both started well, going fast throughout the heat. Marguerite pointed first but bevy scattered, having run on, but two birds were flushed. Then Sam R. secured a point on another, this Titus flushed when the rest got up. Then a single ensued for each. Then Sam R. pointed and secured three singles to Marguerite's one on the other birds. Sam R. outpaced, ranged and pointed his opponent and won easily.

ANDY AND GRADY.

Andy, English setter owned by J. M. Avent, is by Jean Val Jean, and was handled by owner, Dr. B. M. Smith's English setter dog Grady is by Zagos—Dimple, R. P. McCargo handled him. Cast off at 4:03, when they ran till the close of the day. Shortly after starting Andy nailed a small bevy, backed by Grady. Nothing more being found, after a long run, in which Andy showed his superiority, they were ordered up to run again the next morning.

Tuesday.

The morning opened gloomy, rain falling heavily during the night followed by a drizzle, though afterward the day turned out well. The start was late and

ANDY AND GRADY.

were called to finish the previous heat. After 30 minutes' work Andy won easily, he has good range, style and pace.

DAVE W. AND LADY GAY SPANKER.

Dave W. is by Gath's Mark—Daisy F., owned by Geo. Hodgson and was handled by W. W. Titus. Lady is owned by the Graphic Kennels, by Rumor—Lady Norwich. She was handled by H. M. Short. Put down at 9:35, when Lady very soon made a stylish point on a bevy, birds flushed, when she was steady to shot and wing. Following them up she pointed a single and Dave W. backing, Short flushed and killed. Lady failed to find. Moving on, Dave pointed a bevy, Lady backing promptly. After the scattered birds, Lady flushed a single, Dave then pointed and bird was afterward put up by horsemen. Then he pointed fur. Lady Gay pointed false. Dave then pointed a bevy. Both staunch in their work and equal in speed and range. Heat awarded to Dave W. after forty-five minutes' run.

WHITE B. AND FLORA GLADSTONE.

Whyte B. is by Roderigo—Florence Gladstone, is owned by P. H. Bryson and in charge of Chas. Tucker. E. M. Myers' Flora Gladstone is by Dan Bryson—Grace Bryson, and was handled by H. M. Short. Cast off at 10:27. At the start a bird, flushed quite near, when Whyte B. started in and then stopped. Sent on, the balance of birds flushed. Then he pointed again, doing good work on footscut, he stopped, made a wide cast and came up the wind, when he quickly nailed the birds. Whyte then made two points on singles, while Flora backed, then she secured a point afterward. Whyte pointed footscut, and afterward each made a good point. Dogs up at 10:57. Whyte B. declared the winner.

NOBLE GLADSTONE AND ZULU M.

English setter dog Noble Gladstone, by Count Noble—Florence G., owned by P. H. Bryson, was handled by Chas. Tucker, and Poindexter's English setter bitch Zulu M., by Toledo Blade. Owing to Mr. Poindexter's illness the heat was postponed till after lunch, when Mr. Short handled her, though a stranger to Zulu. Both dogs started well, the bitch showing herself very fast, and she kept it up throughout the heat. Noble had not so much speed but is a wider ranger. After a run in open, dogs were sent into woods. Zulu winding birds, went up, crossed the fence, and coming down the other side, a bevy flushed wild. In the meantime Noble had flushed a bevy some distance away to the right. The first bevy was followed, when Noble pointed, Zulu went on in front, refusing to back, if she saw him, and not recognizing any scent. Noble then made two

points, Zulu making three or four and backed Noble. Zulu was given the heat.

PAUL BO AND FOX.

T. M. Brumby's English setter dog Paul Bo, by Gladstone—Bohemia Girl, was handled by W. W. Titus, and John H. Young's English setter dog Fox, by Jack—Fannie, was in charge of Capt. McCargo. They were cast off at 11:11. After a short run Fox pointed. Paul coming fast down wind only just saw him in time and dropped to back. Nothing could be found, but afterward, just near in woods, Fox flushed a small bevy. Then he pointed a single in grass. Paul roaded but failed to locate birds. Sent on, Paul dropped to a false point in woods. Then he found two beves, both doing fair work on them. Paul Bo was rightly awarded the heat.

RAYON AND PINK B.

The English setter dog Rayon (sired by Jean Val Jean), owned and handled by J. M. Avent, and J. A. McCargo's English setter dog Pink B. (Startle, Sr.—Clio), were the next brace called. As Rayon was suffering from a recent injury, Avent asked to withdraw, and his request was acceded to. This ended the first series.

Second Series.

FANCHIONETTE AND ATALANTA.

This brace were cast off at 2:57 and ran for 30 minutes. Atalanta flushed soon after starting, a bevy down wind. Following up, she made three points and one flush, and then pointed a bevy, the birds being flushed before she was discovered on point. She was steady at all times to wing and shot. Fan had little to do but back. Atalanta won easily.

RUPERT AND KATE WARD.

Short and Kate Ward were absent when this brace was called. Being notified, Short came a minute or two late, but was allowed to start Kate. Rupert easily disposed of her. Rupert looks as if he would get in the money. Dogs were ordered up at 4:20.

BLADE AND LEMOINES.

Lemoines pointed twice on fur. After running one hour were ordered up, and go down to-morrow to finish the heat.

Wednesday.

A cool and bright day, frosty, but not uncomfortable. The judging was not so satisfactory as hitherto, some of the heats being too long and others the reverse. Little progress was made owing to the scarcity of birds. Only six heats were decided out of the eleven to decide the winner.

BLADE AND LEMOINES.

Put down some five miles from town to decide the unfinished heat. After an hour's run Blade pointed in good style and this settled the heat in his favor at last.

ANDY AND SAM R.

Cast off at 10:40 near where last bevy was flushed. Sam R. pointed a single bird, after a little ranging the bevy was followed, Andy securing a single, Sam R. doing the same soon after. Further on both roaded and pointed the same bird. Each had had an independent point. After a short run they were ordered up. There was not enough difference in point work and speed to decide between them. Sam R. only having a little the best in range and speed. Each had pointed at all chances. The heat was awarded to Sam R.

DAVE W. AND WHYTE B.

They were sent away at 11:27. Dave going at a sharper pace than Whyte; he kept out at work better. Dave located a bevy which he pointed in good style, then some good point work was done by Dave W. in the grass. Whyte B. then pointed and was steady to wing. Dan then pointed, but Whyte passed on, did not back, but flushed the bird. Sent on Dave made a flush down wind. After the thirty minutes limit they were sent on for fifteen minutes more. No work was done and dogs kept on. Whyte then added a false point. Soon after, the heat was given to Dave, which every one fully expected.

After lunch

PAUL BO AND ZULU M.

were started at 1:34, both going very fast. Zulu was first to get wind, and after some good work she located, but was a little unsteady to wing. Paul Bo backed well. On scattered birds near by, Zulu M. going fast up wind, put up a bevy. The dogs were held up at 1:55 to cross a wooded bottom. At 2:17 they were cast off again. Then Zulu M. made a false point, some distance further on the horsemen flushed three birds. Paul Bo then pointed to the left, a single was flushed by him and the balance of the bevy got up quite near. Zulu then pointed and moving on, bird flushed. She then scored another false point. Paul backed. In woods further on, Short flushed a bevy and Zulu M. a single bird, then pointed one. Short putting up the bird, when balance rose. Afterwards Paul Bo pointed on foot scent and soon came up with the bevy. During this, Zulu pointed a single bird, and when the bevy and her bird was flushed she chased. Each dog then made a point on singles; Zulu a little unsteady to shot. The heat was soon decided and Paul Bo won. Zulu was handicapped in being run by a strange handler, though Mr. Short handled her well. This ended the second series.

Third Series.

ATALANTA AND PINK B.

At 3:35 the brace was cast off, but little work was done. Pink B. had run his first heat here, owing to Rayon's withdrawal and a bye in the second series. Under the spotting system he would have been spotted out. No bevy was found. The score was, Atalanta an excusable flush down wind in heavy grass, Pink B. three false points, two flushes and a start to chase when the only bird pointed got up. How he could win on such a record is one of the things no fellow can understand. Atalanta in the previous heat had done good work, but this could not be counted under these rules, worse luck, and the heat should have been prolonged. The heat was finished at 4:43.

RUPERT AND SAM R.

This brace was made of different stuff. Not long after starting, in the open at the edge of woods, Rupert pointed a bevy. Sam R. was called up to back, but though in full view for some distance failed to back, and when close enough up to scent birds he turned in and pointed. Birds were flushed and both were steady to wing. On into woods, Rupert soon pointed a second bevy, Avent flushed them and on scattered birds Sam R. pointed one, Rupert coming up, backed splendidly. Then Sam R. flushed a single. A circle around and Sam made a false point. In all the work in woods Rupert was stanch and stylish. At the end of thirty minutes the heat should have been given to Rupert, but it was continued. Sam R. made a point in sedge grass but moved on, after running fifteen minutes more Sam R. was missing. Titus, after a search on horseback, gave him up and thought his dog had gone to town. He was found later on a point. Rupert had been ordered up, and the heat will be continued to-morrow.

Thursday.

A heavy frost during the night was not favorable for early work, so the dogs were taken several miles south of the town before a start was made. The day did not seem favorable for good work, but several heats were decided and the decisions, with one exception, were right. Rupert was given the heat against Sam R. without running again, which was right, as he had fairly won it.

BLADE AND DAVE W.

At 9:35 this brace was cast off. Blade through the heat

fairly maintained his former record. He was better in speed and range. Dave W. did a good deal of pottering at times, with some running after Blade, and his pace did not favorably compare with that shown yesterday. Blade should have won the heat. He ran at a disadvantage, for Mr. Tucker, his owner and handler, was called home by the death of his father, leaving Mr. Rose to handle his string of dogs. Mr. Rose did well, of course, but it is unfair to both dog and handler. Blade's point work was equal to that of Dan and, as mentioned, his superiority at other points should have won him the race. Near the end of the heat, both dogs drawing to a point, a single bird was flushed, appearing to be crippled it flew very low and slow, both dogs chased. Blade going the farthest and this may have lost him the heat. Dave afterward made a false point, which ended the heat. Dave won.

Fourth Series.

PAUL BO AND PINK B.

Started at 10:53. After a short run a bevy was flushed. Following the bevy to heavy grass, Pink B. pointed on scent; no bird raised as they had run through to the other side. Paul Bo then quickly made two points. Pink to the right, at the edge of cotton, flushed several birds and dropped to wing. Capt. McCargo claimed a point, which was not allowed. Near a hedge row Paul got another point on a single. Across a branch and on the hill Pink made a good point on a bevy. Paul in meantime was over the bill, and when found seemed to have had some work but it could not be decided what it was. Recrossing branch, Paul pointed a lark and then a single bird. Then he pointed again and Titus urged him on, and while roading the bird flushed. The heat ended at 11:20. Paul Bo won.

RUPERT AND DAVE W.

Dave pointed a bevy in a small plum thicket. The birds were flushed, dogs steady. Another run and Rupert by good work located a bevy. Both dogs winded along a path. Rupert passed on, circled to the right to locate, and then crossed to the left, and coming back up wind, nalled them. On the singles Rupert did the best work and, properly, won. Lunch over, and returning to field at 1:20 Mr. Aven asked the judges for time to rest his dog for the final heat, but after consulting the judges decided to go on with the heat instead of running one in the All-Aged Stake as might have been done.

PAUL BO AND RUPERT.

Both started well to decide first money, Paul the faster, and he soon made a good point on a bevy. Paul steady to flush. Rupert soon after made what was supposed to be a false point, but as two rabbits were started it was possibly the cause of the point. Paul Bo followed with two false points. After a short run, Paul Bo making a cast to the left dropped to a point. He proved to be just above them. Moving on he made a short cast to left. He turned to come back when Rupert, close by, down wind, flushed the bevy. Following the birds he made a point on a single. They were then ordered up after running 30 minutes, and Paul was declared the winner of the Derby and first money.

Mr. Brumby, the secretary of the club and owner of Paul Bo, received many congratulations. The dog is by Paul Gladstone—Bohemian Girl, he is very like his sire, having his action and pace. After this four heats in the All-Age stake were run.

Saturday.

Rain fell all day Friday and no work was done, but to-day was bright and quite warm, though cloudy. A start was made at 8:37 about a mile from town and Rupert and Zula M. were put down to run for second, in the Derby, she being selected as the best dog beaten by Paul Bo, the winner. The heat was void of interest, neither showing the work of their former heats. Zula made the first point and to the right two or three birds flushed. After these each pointed, Rupert backed Zula but Zula refused to return the compliment. After a while Rupert pointed in some grass near woods, moving on he in casting to the left down wind, made an excusable flush. Then Zula pointed false, Rupert backed.

Running a short distance Zula pointed, then moved on and to the left pointed a bird about 50 yds. off. During this Rupert had secured a single, both dogs steady to flush. Then Zula pointed false in woods. Then while Rupert was pointing in a ravine Zula came in and flushed the bird. In heavy grass Rupert secured a single, when Zula indulged in a single flush. Aven soon claimed a point in some briars; several birds got up, but it was impossible to say whether it was a point or a flush. Then Zula made a point across a ravine. Short should have shot as directed.

The heat was then awarded to Zula. This was not very satisfactory, as she potted a good deal and had not the style of Rupert, nor did she back well unless cautioned. Rupert won third money. Thus under the heat system a good young dog was frozen out.

[Owing to the late arrival of the report of the four heats in the All-Aged Stake, and lack of space, it must lay over till next week. The result of the stake will be found in the telegram.]

Latest.—NEW ALBANY, Miss., Feb. 9.—Trials closed to-day on account of continuous rain, handlers requesting judges to decide on work done in the All-Aged Stakes. It was decided as follows: Antonio first, Dad Wilson, Jr., second, Noble C., Satan and Sam R. divide third.

MEMBERS' SHOW AT HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few details of the Hamilton Kennel Club members' show may be of interest. The terriers all through were of a very ordinary quality with the exception of these three fox-terriers: First, Mr. D. Rickett's Fan; she had a long, punishing head, with a good vermin expression, trifle large in ears, rather soft in coat, light in bone and only fair feet. Second, C. W. Rickett's Turtles, short in head and weak in muzzle, nice formation of ear, light in bone and good texture of coat. Third, Mr. D. Rickett's Tom, good head, nice small dark eye, well carried ears, fair coat; the dog was very sick and would have been better at home.

Two bull-terriers were shown; they were of very bad type and were ordered out of the ring.

J. Anderson's black and tan terrier received hc.; he was void of all thumb markings and pencilings, and was very heavily breched.

In toy terriers first went to a small silver, Thos. Church's Beauty, nice formation, with a good terrier head. Second a good dark Yorkshire terrier pup, Frank Close's Tribble.

A very fair type of Airedale terrier was shown belonging to Mr. E. R. Rickett, a little advanced in ears, which made him look a little coarse and heavy all through.

There was a large attendance of members. Great interest seems to be taken in these meetings by the members. G. B.

NATIONAL GREYHOUND CLUB SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: You have omitted the number of entries from your report of the N. G. C. show. There were 61 exhibits, which is, I believe, the largest show of these breeds—greyhounds, deerhounds and wolfhounds—ever held in America. The quality, especially in deerhounds, was A1. Last year New York had 59, including of course the three wolfhounds entered in the miscellaneous class. In 1889 there were 45, in 1888 just 44 and in 1887 only 28. Mr. Huntington informs me that a number of entries were returned "too late," and that the Western exhibitors could not show without having their dogs put back in condition for New York. Had the show been held a month sooner, I suppose there would have been about one hundred dogs.—CHAS. H. MASON.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

I CAN hardly follow "Busy Bee," in your Philadelphia contemporary, when he alludes to my note about collies, Hugh Dalziel's opinion of the tapir collie and Mr. Thompson's expressed admiration for Marcus. "Busy Bee" says, "As to the first named gentleman doubtless he [Onlooker] is correct, for he has but recently expressed his opinion very plainly, but as to Mr. Thompson, who is one of the foremost collie judges of the present day, it is rather far-fetched to quote his opinion of old Marcus. * * * I am quite sure Mr. Thompson does not share the opinion that collies of the Marcus type are to be compared with the Metchley Wonder type, etc." It would seem impossible that Mr. W. W. Thompson should refer to Marcus as the best dog he ever owned and yet hold that the dog was a bad one. The variance in the heads of Marcus and, say, any crack of the day is so marked that if the dog of to-day is good, Marcus must have been bad; therefore Mr. Thompson was either not a believer in the extreme long and very narrow head of the modern collie—thereby concurring with Mr. Dalziel, Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, Mr. Wm. B. Arkwright, etc.—or he took some pains to make it known that his best dog was a bad one. Of course, I do not vouch for Mr. Thompson's statement as to Marcus, but I remember having seen it stated in print that *The Scottish Fancier* made this statement as to Mr. Thompson, and on being challenged repeated it in most positive terms. I took it for granted that it would not be denied that within the last five or eight years fancy had gone crazed on very long and exceedingly narrow heads and profuse coats, and that within a very short time—perhaps since Mr. Arkwright published his memorable "The Fancier vs. The Collie"—there had been a check in this mad race, and I think that if "Busy Bee" will impartially look up the facts he will find it as I state. He must excuse me from specifying dogs with the deformed modern head, that should never be done except over the writer's name.

The hope of the editor that the late (?) discussion on "The Cocker of 1890" may be led into a discussion of what constitutes a cocker and what a small field spaniel, is admirable, but I fear it will result in little. That point has been one to be discussed ever since I knew aught of dogs, nor has it advanced an inch toward settlement. One thing is noticeable—the real authorities, those who thoroughly know the breeds, the Boultons, Lowes and others, all discard modern type as untypical. Mr. Lowe saving himself with the frank declaration that although he has known and used the breeds for years, he supposes he does not know anything of them.

The great difficulty in changing an exaggerated type lies in the extent of the investment in the extravagance of the type; i. e., the dogs possessing and transmitting a deformed excess of a valuable property are expensive, have cost their owners much money, or could be sold for a large amount if this exaggeration remains as the one and only correct type, and the revolution involved in a reversion to exact regard of what the property—now exaggerated—should be, is terrifying. This is not specially applicable to spaniels, as it holds with all breeds more or less. Where there are extensive and powerful interests not guided by considerations of type, as in the cases of foxhounds and greyhounds, these pranks of the fancier are innocuous, as the power, outside the fancier's scope, is too great to be battled with. The mischief is done where show type is the only—or main—consideration.

A distinct gain to kennel interests everywhere is the return of Mr. Vero Shaw to kennel matters in his papers contributed to the London *Stock-Keeper*. We are too apt to rush ahead on our own abstract notions, relying on our intuition (if on anything) for the safety and wisdom of our courses, and that there is such a thing as experience, or that it can guide us, is almost lost and forgotten, and the recital of the experiences of as old a hand in "fancy" as Mr. Shaw, should open our eyes to a good many things. The last suggestion of his that has impressed itself upon me as of importance is that of the great value of the professional dog breeder to dogs at large. This is worth taking home and thinking over. It is all very well to prate about "gentlemen" and gentlemanly dealings, and abstractly there is something in it, but in practical application, the man who breeds and sells dogs as a business, is apt to breed better ones than the gentleman who does it as a diversion, and not uncommonly the gentleman who goes into breeding as an amusement, finally gets to be as commercial as anybody. I am not aspersing the character of our gentleman breeders, their personal characters need no defense, but certainly they cannot, and will not breed with the practical skill of the professional, and it should not be lost sight of, that many of the revivers—almost creators of breeds, bred professionally, for the money to be made out of it. The Yorkshire terrier owes his development and his wonderful variation from his original stock almost wholly to English workmen, whose wives and daughters expended the time on their coats that has made them such marvels. The whippet is as well defined a breed, and as far as my observation goes, breeds as true as any breed, and they owe their existence to the same class of English workmen. In fact, but a few years since, whippet racing was looked upon as a shady diversion, both here and in England, and entirely on account of the men fostering it.

The world moves nowadays and men who are fond of excitement have begun to interest themselves in this little racer, and surely we have a precedent for the better class of sportsmen to take this sport up, when we remember that fox-terrier coursing, which has been aptly named a "bastard" sport, finds its most strenuous supporters on the other side among the same class of men who foster whippet racing. Fox-terrier coursing on Long Island has received the stamp of fashion, then why should not the harmless amusement of whippet racing afford the same excitement to our leisure class that horse racing does? with this advantage, that the most squeamish person can find nothing in it to oppose on the score of cruelty.

The most brilliant accession to kennel ranks for a long time is Dr. J. A. Tatham's, of the *Canine World*, coming into the field. I cannot remember when so many new and very valuable suggestions, reforms and improvements have been made. He actually seems to have made an impression on the Chinese wall behind which the English Kennel Club has been entrenched, and is battering a hole in these ancient ramparts, he has a splinter new gate, with a broad road, all ready to put in the breach he has made. He now promises a startling departure, and from his so-far success I am disposed to think he will make it work somehow. He proposes to unite demonstrations of the usefulness of dogs side by side with their show qualities. At present the plan is not outlined, and to me the task seems an impossible one, but I cannot help having a faith in "Peto," that he will either accomplish what he starts out to do, or make a most wonderful rattling of the dry bones in doing it. I suppose from his name, that Mr. Tatham is to the manor born in all matters of sportsmanship.

FOREST AND STREAM has done a service to all readers in putting a brake on personal discussions. I fully agree with the disputants that they have a right to their defense, but the public have some rights also, and one of these is that it shall not be tired out with personalities long after they have lost all interest in them. I think that journals will have to come to some fixed, definite rule as to this matter, perhaps;

something like the rule of parliamentarians, that a speaker can speak but twice on one question, allowing the attack, the reply, the rebuttal and the sur rebuttal. Surely this would meet the needs of all such cases, and it would educate disputants in being terse and vigorous, to make the most of the opportunities afforded them and give a much needed relief to the reading public.

A Western paper repeats an old piece of rank humbug that I thought was buried long since. "A show held outside American Kennel Club rules would not attract a corporal's guard." If this is meant to apply to attendance, its stupid folly and falsity is manifest. If meant as applying to entries, it is the most open of questions and one about which nothing whatever can be presented. Experience has settled this beyond dispute. The American Kennel Club is a most excellent institution, and its rules inure to the benefit of all, but no greater harm can be done than the stupidly false claims set forth for it. "Deliver me from my friends" is a maxim few do not have a chance to learn some time in their experience. THE ONLOOKER.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

THE eighth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club commenced on Jan. 19, at Bakersfield, Cal. The headquarters for the sportsmen was The Southern, which is a large and elegantly equipped hotel kept by that genial and obliging host, Col. John C. Morrison. It was virtually turned over to the members of the club and visitors participating in the trials. Every attention was freely and even lavishly bestowed and all were made to feel at home. Ladies' day, says *Breeder and Sportsman*, was the great social event of the meeting, and was a pronounced success in every respect, a large number of the fair sex being present, enlivening the proceedings and adding immeasurably to the interest and pleasure of the day.

The grounds are located about four miles south of Bakersfield, and are large and commodious. Under ordinary conditions, such as have obtained generally during the previous events of the club, they are all that could be desired, presenting just enough of timber, undergrowth and open space, with a large number of points and knolls skirted with long bunch grass in which every sportsman knows the quail are wont to hide, to afford ample opportunity for testing the dogs in every part of field work. The weather during the trials was all that could be desired, save for the heat during the central hours of Tuesday and Wednesday, which was much against the working of the dogs when the conditions of the grounds are taken into consideration. They are comparatively level, being broken by winding little depressions and gullies which for the most part are studded with large cottonwood trees and clusters of underbush which in some places cover many acres; the open ground for the greater portion is clothed with bunch grass, which affords excellent cover for the birds. A third, and, as it proved this year, the most trying portion of the grounds is covered with a species of very short grass presented in small tufts with the intervening spaces of bare ground whitened with alkali which covered it completely, in appearance resembling a light fall of snow. This detestable substance covering the ground, clung to every bush and coated every blade of grass, and when moving across the field, filled the nostrils of the dogs, horses and people in a way that was decidedly irritating, evidenced by the animals sneezing and coughing, in which exercise almost every individual on the field joined, adding various terms, *sub rosa*, more noted for strength of expression than for elegance and refinement. This condition arose from the fact that there had been but little or no rain in that section for several days, we may say weeks, prior to the trials, a condition which seldom obtains at this season of the year, and never before noted on these grounds, which have been used for number of years by the club with the best and most satisfactory results. We have not the space to give full details of the running and must confine ourselves to a summary. The judges were Messrs. N. C. Nelson, R. F. Vandevort and H. T. Payne.

SUMMARY.—THE DERBY.—JAN. 20.

First Series.

F. B. Dexter's lemon and white setter dog El Rey (Lode stone—Enid)

against

N. Rideout's black and white dog Lord Chumley (Lode stone—Janet).

against

M. D. Walter's white, black and tan setter dog Lee R. (Rodney—Phyllis II.)

against

James E. Watson's Old Black Joe II., black pointer, imp. Pape's Kennel, England.

The California Kennels' orange and white setter bitch Petronella (Harold—Sunlit)

against

J. M. Bassford's lemon and white pointer bitch Queen's Last (Mountain Boy—Beautiful Queen).

Second Series.

Petronella against El Rey.

Black Joe II. against Lee R.

Third Series.

Petronella against Old Black Joe II.

First—Lee R. Second—Old Black Joe II. Third—Petronella.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

This stake was concluded by Friday morning and resulted as follows.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

J. M. Bassford's lemon and white pointer dog Sankey B. (Point—Blossom)

against

T. J. Knowles' Irish setter dog Dan II. (Elcho Jr.—Brownie).

A. B. Truman's white and liver pointer bitch Patti Croxteth T. (Croxteth—Patti M.)

against

The California Kennel's blue belton English setter bitch Janet (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

James E. Watson's Old Black Joe II., black pointer dog, imp., Pape's English Kennels,

against

J. M. Bassford's white and lemon pointer Rose (Point—Blossom).

W. W. Foote's black, white and tan English setter dog Dick Foote (Royal Duke II.—Nelly)

against

A. B. Truman's white and liver pointer bitch Queen Croxteth (Rush T.—cham. Patti Croxteth).

Second Series.

Sankey B. against Patti Croxteth T.

Old Black Joe II. against Queen Croxteth.

Third Series.

Old Black Joe II. against Patti Croxteth T.

Fourth Series.

Old Black Joe II. against Sankey B.

First—Patti Croxteth T. Second—Old Black Joe II. Third—Sankey B. Queen Croxteth and Rose, divided.

DOG CHAT.

THE Duquesne Kennel Club of Pittsburgh has arranged a premium list for their inaugural show that will compare favorably with any to be held this season. In most of the principal breeds the list of prizes is on a par with our leading shows, in fact, the premiums offered throughout are very good. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, setters and pointers are \$20 for each sex in the challenge, and \$20, \$10 and \$5 in the open classes. Collies have also \$20 in each challenge class. Other breeds have the usual \$10 and \$5. Basset hounds, Scotch, Dandie Dinmont and Bedlington terriers, the toy spaniels and Russian wolfhounds are the only breeds that have the sexes together. It is rather surprising that the Russians are not better treated, when this town may, in a sense, be called a principal center for these wolfhounds at present. Besides the regular prizes there is a great collection of specials, both money and merchandise, and the following, in addition to those already printed in the premium list, will show that every breed has been well taken care of, and additional donations are still coming in: Chas. C. Montooth offers \$5 for the best St. Bernard owned in Allegheny county. John C. Shoemaker offers \$5 for the best dog or bitch owned in Allegheny county. Ludwig & Richter offer a basket of flowers for the best dog owned between Allegheny City and New Brighton. Chas. L. Powers offers \$5 for the best pointer, three years old, owned in Allegheny county. The Monongahela House offers \$5 for the best English setter dog by Gladstone out of Lady N. Jas. Brown & Son offer a corduroy shooting coat for the best English setter in the open classes, also a fine Smith & Wesson revolver for the best bitch in the open classes. Mrs. J. M. Guskus offers a fine hunting suit for the best brace in the open classes. Chas. C. Montooth offers \$5 for the best cocker spaniel in the show. Elmer E. Shaner offers \$10 for the best beagle that has started in any field trial. Webster Gray offers \$5 for the best bull-dog in the open class. J. J. Gillespie offers a fine picture of dogs for the best bitch in the open class. G. A. Stucky offers a fine gold-headed cane, value \$18.50, for the best St. Bernard in the show bred by the Keystone kennel. E. M. Byers offers \$5 for the best Blenheim bitch. Geo. W. Backofen offers a fine gold penholder and pen for the best Prince Charles and Ruby spaniel in the show. J. E. Hornecutt & Co. offer a fine silk umbrella for the best kennel of four poodles. J. H. Lyle offers \$5 for the best deerhound. H. S. A. Stewart offers \$5 for the best Chesapeake Bay dog. Wm. J. Patton offers \$5 for the best Dandie Dinmont. Geo. W. Schmidt offers a box of fine cigars for the best Scotch terrier dog, also a box of fine cigars for the best bitch. J. H. Lyle offers \$5 for the best Basset hound. Champion Paul Gladstone will be at the show for exhibition only. The judges have already been announced. Mr. W. Tallman will superintend the show. This is a good selection, as the genial "Billy" is popular, and what is better still, thoroughly efficient as a manager. Entries will close Feb. 24, and the fee is \$3.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the English Setter Club, held at the office of the treasurer, 7 P. M., Feb. 3, there were present Messrs. Wilson Risk, J. Treadwell Richards, J. E. Long, H. C. Glover and Percy C. Ohi. Mr. Richards presided. Owing to the unavoidable absence of members of the committee it has not been possible to get an earlier meeting, and in consequence it is now too late to have the medals to be awarded by the club finished in time for the earlier shows. An obligation of the club, however, will in each case be given to the winner. The medal will be unique in design, a little over 2 in. in diameter, and will contain about 40% of silver. The committee on medals also reported having selected a design for the American Field \$100 silver cup. It was decided that these medals should be only awarded at shows judged by one of the official judges recommended by this club. Dr. Henry C. Glover was added to the list of judges. A special meeting of the club will be held at New York, Friday, Feb. 27, at 4 P. M., which is the last day of the New York dog show, for the purpose of selecting additional judges and other business. The meeting adjourned to Feb. 18, to meet at the office of Percy C. Ohi, 50 Broadway, at 2 o'clock. An opportunity is here offered to those wishing to join before next club meeting.

A new kennel of St. Bernards has just been started out in Indiana under the name of the South Bend Kennel Club. That they are starting on the right line is evidenced by the fact that they have a dog by Sir Bedivere out of Princess, and the bitch Nymph by champion Victor Joseph out of Sybil, winner of second in puppy class at Chicago last year.

We understand that Mr. C. L. Wilton, of this city, has sold that good American-bred fox-terrier Suffolk Risk, winner in the dog puppy and novice classes and Grand Produce Stakes of 1890, at New York last year, to Mr. John E. Thayer, at a good figure. Mr. Thayer has also imported Russley Joker.

The noted bulldog, Portwood Tiger, is dead. The poison fiend has been at work again, and one of the best bulldogs we had in this country pays the penalty. This dog was imported by Mr. W. T. Tebbitt in 1888, and by him sold to Mr. Sawyer, of Birmingham, Conn., who in turn sold him, with the rest of his kennel, to Mr. John H. Matthews, who owned him at the time of his death. Though a little faulty in muzzle, his skull and front were extremely good. He was by Paul Clifford out of Hussey, and was whelped October, 1885. He had several firsts to his credit both in England and in this country. The loss is, therefore, a severe one to Mr. Matthews, but we trust that he has left something good behind, that will in a measure take his place.

We have seen several allusions lately in one of the Buffalo dailies to the defunct Buffalo Kennel Club and suggestions as to the formation of another one and the holding of a show this spring. We thought it best under the circumstances to inquire at headquarters whether such reports contained any truth. President Bush and Secretary Smith both wrote us that though, owing to the lack of a suitable building they would not hold a show this spring, they intended holding one at the fair this fall, that the Buffalo Kennel Club was not defunct by any means, their dues had been paid to the A. K. C. and as Mr. Bush remarked, they would continue to be as long as he was interested in dogs. Buffalo is evidently afflicted with a class of fellows who like to talk, but when it comes to shouldering the responsibility of a loss they find a vacation very convenient, and as in the case of the last show left five members to make good the \$700 loss on the show. This same paper alleges that the Niagara Falls and Tonawanda fanciers, whoever they are, are anxious to have a show in Buffalo this spring and are in favor of calling a meeting to reorganize the B. K. C. to this end. Mr. Smith writes us that there is no public building to be had for the purpose, and a show held in the old building is certain to result in loss; so these eager fanciers had better "hide a wee."

There is a greyhound in Toronto, Canada, noted for its speed. Langtry is its name. Continual puffing of this dog's merits as a flyer has raised the ire of a Detroit sportsman and he is anxious to match one of Campbell & Blake's whippets, which ran at London last fall, against this wonder, for three races at 100, 150 and 200 yds. respectively, for \$100 a race. A greyhound will need to be phenomenally fast to get ahead of those Detroit dogs at the distances named.

The Canadians have a good English setter sire in Mingo, sire of Mingo II., that won second in the Derby at Chatham last fall. He is also responsible for the noted Jean Val Jean,

who in turn is sire of Tory Lieutenant, winner of the Eastern Derby. Canadians have, therefore, a fine opportunity to improve their field stock.

We hear that the National Beagle Club will have a meet shortly, when twenty-five or thirty dogs will take part. It looks very much as if there will be a conference at the New York show between the officers of the N. B. C. and those of the A. B. C. for the purpose of amalgamation, as we understand President Schellhass, of the latter club, has written to the other club suggesting that committees be formed to confer with a view to that end. Much as such an amalgamation would tend to strengthen the good feeling which ought to exist between men who are anxious to improve any breed of dogs, the time is past and the N. B. C. occupies too firm a position in the minds of the active beagle men, to accept peace with anything but full honor. They are in a position to dictate terms now, not receive them. Their success has been earned by hard work and through generous means, and nothing of this honor should be lost. Still, if amalgamation is in sight, let it be welcomed.

The splendid show of poultry held in this city during the past week was marked by a revolution in judging that has met with the greatest success. This is the first time that the score card has been put in the background. Judging by comparison, as at dog shows, has opened the eyes of these chicken fanciers, and they are now pretty well convinced that the score card must go. Instead of the judging dragging on till the last day, as was the case last year, judging was nearly all completed the first day, prize ribbons tacked up and everything ready for the big crowd, which was a natural consequence. By the way, the first and second prize rosettes were very pretty indeed, and well worth imitating at our W. K. C. dog show. A large handsome blue or red rosette was surmounted by the club's monogram in nickel silver, making it at once a trophy well worth serving. We noticed that Mr. Tom Terry has a penchant for Langshans as well as collie and judging by the big price he gave for a pen.

Mr. Frank Pilling, of Boston, owns a white bull-terrier, of good form and type, weighing only four pounds. His sire is Jack, imported by Pierre Lorillard, who presented him to Estelle Mortimer, the actress. The signs of the times point to quite a craze in certain quarters for these small bull-terriers, judging from the numerous inquiries we have had about them lately. Provided they are not of the apple-headed kind, they make very handsome and extremely smart house dogs.

The following wail comes from Canada, the hotbed of spanielism: "Quite a number of spaniel men have expressed the opinion to the *Globe* that the Westminster Kennel Club ought to have done better. 'If it wasn't that I want to get a win at New York,' said one of them, 'I wouldn't make an entry at all. Look at the Gordon setters they have four \$20 prizes and we haven't one. They have two classes for puppies and one for novices, but I'll wager that the cocker entry will beat them in numbers in spite of the more attractive list offered for the Gordons. There is only one variety of the black and tan setter, but they have \$315 offered, while for the cockers the prizes amount to only \$117, including the W. K. C. kennel prize in each case. There ought to be two novice classes by sex added for cockers, for not only do I think our entry will outnumber that of the Gordons, but I am sure the interest in our class will far exceed the mild interest in the Gordon section of the show.' *Vous avez raison, monsieur.*

One of the most noted greyhounds in England, Jim o' the Hill, has finished his running career owing to having broken down in a trial a fortnight since. He is a Waterloo plate winner. He will now be used in the stud.

There was some little hitch in the choice of a spaniel judge at Baltimore, but it has been settled satisfactorily by Mr. Mortimer consenting to take them.

The Northfield Yorkshire Kennels seem anxious to take the terrier classes by storm, judging from the number of important importations they have made lately. We unfortunately received a letter from Mr. Symonds, a few hours too late to publish the information it contained about the black and tan terrier Beaconsfield last week, though we were first to see him when the S.S. Lake Huron came to her dock on Sunday last. It would be unfair to criticize him till we see him on the bench, but with the shortest of bodies he combines a splendid head and capital front. He has won over 50 firsts and specials, and was considered the best in England both on the bench and as a sire. Meersbrook Empress, the dam of Meersbrook Maiden, was also a passenger. These two, with Prince Regent and Matchless, will constitute the Northfield Kennels' black and tan team. Mr. Purbeck's greyhound Gem of the Season was also on board, but as our greyhound men will see him in a fortnight we shall say nothing about him now, unless to warn them that they must put their best dogs up if they want to win. Mr. Symonds also had a new purchase in the fox-terrier Endcliffe Spice, well fronted and a terrier all over; he has, we understand, won several prizes under another name. He is by Rustic Result out of Ambrose Diamond. These dogs have all been purchased by Mr. R. Toon, of Sheffield, Eng., under the guidance of old George Helliwell, and were brought over by Chris Thomas, a brother of George. Like his brother he is up to all the moves in the Yorkshire terrier game. We had almost forgotten a Scotch terrier that came along too, Kilston by name and owner of a capital head. He won at Derby, a few weeks since, beating Merland II. and Dudley Geyser. This dog will do the circuit and if there is any call for his services he will stay over here, otherwise he will return to England and be shown at the summer shows, as he is too good to hide his light under a bushel.

Speaking of Yorkshire terriers we are glad that the coming season promises a lively show of these dogs. Mr. Symonds has still Toyns Royal George and Minnie York up his sleeve, never having shown them yet. As Royal George, the former ran second to champion Ted at Darlington last summer. This kennel will have some competition in Mr. Smith's team. This gentleman is superintendent of the Buffalo Driving Park, and it will be remembered we commented very favorably on some of his dogs at London last fall, especially Dolly. Mr. Smith returned from England a short time ago, bringing with him the Yorkshires Merry Prince, Jr., by Merry Prince out of Tiny, and Mona, by champion Ted out of Gypsey. Minnie by Tindale's Marwood out of Longstaff's Floss. Space forbids us giving further particulars, but it will be seen the comb and brush brigade will be pretty strong this spring.

In writing us a chatty letter about cockers, Mr. P. J. Keyes, of Ottawa, says: "Before closing I must congratulate you on the increasing value of the kennel department of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. A few months ago I gave up that paper, as it seemed cynologically dead, but last Saturday I again forwarded my subscription."

Mr. R. H. Burr writes us that he has just purchased the red Irish setter dog Red River Glencho from Mr. Geo. H. Covert. This dog is by Glencho out of Lyda Belle, and has won three firsts at different shows. He is also spoken of as

a good field dog. As will be seen in our advertisement, this dog has now been placed in the stud.

A Virginia correspondent asks: "Can any of your readers give me any information as to Bridget Plunkett? She must have been of some note fifteen or eighteen years ago."

A correspondent writes us: "Will you ask some of your readers to give some of their experience and what they know about watchdogs?" This is a pretty large contract, for there are several watchdogs in this country, and we never yet met a man who had not the very best watchdog, or who had a friend who owned one. Still we think that this would open up a wide field for discussion, and if we can by a vote of the majority determine which breed of dog makes the best watchdog and that constitutes a true guardian, some valuable information can be obtained and a knotty question be in a fair way of settlement. In this connection perhaps the following would not be out of place: "Come here, McKinley bill," called a K street woman to a huge mastiff which came bounding through the hall. "McKinley Bill!" queried her visitor, "what do you call him that for?" "Because he's such a protection."—*Washington Star*.

We shall soon have quite a display of cockers in our sanctuary. Mr. Douglas, of the Woodland Kennels, sends us a nice picture of their dog Black Duke, a cocker well known to all spaniel men. The dog has just returned from a successful tour round the Southern shows. When we have collected a goodly number of these pictures we are seriously thinking of calling a meeting of spaniel men in our office, range the pictures before them, close the door, and let them have a "typical fight" and settle the question forever.

The noted bull-terrier Chessett's Flyer, winner of many prizes on both sides of the water, was choked to death on Jan. 26. Mr. Hayes has also lost Razzle Dazzle, the bulldog. This young fancier has the sympathies of his fellow breeders.

Additional specials for the W. K. C. show are \$10 for the best Irish setter that ran in field trials 1890-91; \$10 for the best Irish setter in the open, novice and puppy classes. These are offered by friends of the breed. Mr. W. L. Germaine offers \$10 for the best kennel of four or more Irish water. Clumber, Sussex and field spaniels in the show. A friend of the breed offers \$5 for the best American bred rough-coated St. Bernard dog bred by exhibitor. Also \$5 for the best rough-coated American bred bitch, same condition. \$10 for the best pair of American bred rough-coated St. Bernards bred by exhibitor, and \$5 for the best rough or smooth St. Bernard dog in the show. Mr. James Stroud offers a silver coffee urn, value \$30, for the best Gordon setter owned by a member of the Gordon Setter Club. Mr. E. Wadsworth offers \$25 for the best Gordon setter with a public field trial record. Mr. K. C. Gibson offers \$20 for the best Gordon.

At the last moment, just before going to press, we were enabled through the kindness of Mr. Mortimer to ascertain the number of entries in the principal classes: Mastiffs 56, St. Bernards 195, bloodhounds 3, great Danes 30, Newfoundland 10, wolfhounds 7, deerhounds 20, greyhounds 39, English foxhounds 6, American 4, fox-terriers 130, Irish terriers 25, Welsh terriers 6, Dandie Dinmonts 7, Bedlington 6, Skyes 5, Scotch 2, Clydesdales 2, black and tans 20, white English 1, Yorkshires 35, toys 7, pugs 25, toy spaniels 55, Italian greyhounds 7, miscellaneous 5, pointers 79, English setters 70, Irish setters 90, Gordon 40, Chesapeakes 5, spaniels 88, collies 97, poodles 23, bulldogs 51, bull-terriers 44, basets 3, dachshunds 18, beagles 20; total 1,336. As there are the long-distance entries still to come in and about 100 entries not classified up to the time of our going to press, the total is expected to reach 1,450, so the additional entry fee has not done any harm after all.

For "Cocker Spaniels of 1890" see next issue.

MEETING OF THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

THIS meeting was called to order at 8:15 P. M., at Clark's restaurant, 23 West Twenty-third street, on Wednesday, Jan. 28, President Belmont in the chair.

Present—August Belmont, Thos. H. Terry, J. L. Anthony, John S. Wise.

The following matters were submitted to this committee by the secretary and acted upon, as hereinafter set forth:

Wm. Samuel Johnson, Attorney for M. Jacobs, vs. E. M. Oldham, re unsatisfied claim for purchase of dogs.—In this matter, counsel for Jacobs having expressed a willingness to abide by the decision of this committee, and Mr. Oldham appearing personally before this committee and expressing a willingness to pay said claim, as heretofore agreed upon between the parties, further action seems unnecessary.

Mrs. J. Grant vs. Frederic Emken re loss of bitch while in possession of the defendant.—We find that in this case there was no fraud; the question of negligence is one of law. Mrs. Grant brought a suit, but dismissed it voluntarily. By pressing that she might have tested the question of negligence, which, in our judgment, it is not our province to decide. Matter dismissed.

Edwin H. Morris vs. Dr. John H. Meyer, re unfilled contract.—This case was dismissed upon the original written agreement between Morris and Meyer, being produced by Morris.

Dr. S. H. Blodgett vs. R. B. Sawyer, re recovery of stud fee and expenses.—Ordered, That Sawyer be given thirty days in which to pay back to Blodgett the stud fee of twenty-five dollars and expenses fifteen dollars, in default of which said Sawyer shall stand suspended until said amount shall have been paid.

Mascoutah Kennel Club vs. F. W. Sheldon, re protested draft.—Ordered, That Sheldon be given thirty days within which to pay to the Mascoutah Kennel Club the amount of draft, adding thereto one dollar, the amount of protest fee, in default of which said Sheldon shall stand suspended until said claim shall have been paid.

Mrs. F. Smyth vs. Cincinnati Kennel Club, re violation of additional Rules I, IX, X.—Ordered, That unless the Cincinnati Kennel Club shows, on or before Feb. 24, 1891, that the complaint of Mrs. Smyth is not well founded, in that said club violated its own rules by reopening awards, and admitting dogs to competition which had arrived after the time specified for arrival at its show, that this committee will recommend the suspension of the said Cincinnati Kennel Club.

W. E. Sanders, Tamworth, Eng., vs. William A. Bruette, re recovery of purchase money for a brace of Welsh terriers.—Ordered, That Bruette be given thirty days within which to pay said Sanders the price agreed upon (£10) for the purchase of the dogs, in default of which said Bruette shall stand suspended until said amount shall have been paid.

Dr. M. H. Cryer, W. L. Washington, German Hopkiss vs. Michigan Kennel Club, re payment of specials.—Ordered, That the Michigan Kennel Club be given thirty days within which to pay to all the exhibitors winning specials at its late show in September last, either in cash or plate, at its own option, in default of which this committee will recommend the suspension of said Michigan Kennel Club.

Stud Book Committee vs. J. G. Burns, F. Stettenberg, re fraudulent pedigrees.—The stud book committee having investigated an attempt to register five St. Bernard puppies, having fraudulent pedigrees, the same, it is believed, known to be fraudulent by the parties in this complaint, and said committee having recommended the suspension of the parties named, it is, therefore, ordered that the recommendation of the stud book committee is hereby granted, and said J.

G. Burns and F. Stettenbenz, both of Buffalo, N. Y., shall stand suspended until one or both can prove to the satisfaction of the committee their innocence in the attempted fraud.

R. H. Derby, Sec'y American Mastiff Club, re request to be furnished with stud books.—Ordered, That upon application, any specialty club that has a committee appointed for the verification of pedigrees of dogs received for registration, may have a copy of the stud book, without cost, from the time of such club's admission to membership, and to continue to receive one copy each year, so long as it remains a member in good standing.

American Kennel Club vs. National Greyhound Club, re specialty stud book.—Resolved, That it is the sense of this committee, that any attempt by a member of the American Kennel Club to establish, or publish a stud book for any special breed or breeds of dogs, is in direct violation of its obligation as a member of the American Kennel Club, and that such publication cannot be permitted, and the secretary is hereby directed to so notify the National Greyhound Club. Adjourned. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

UP A TREE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Before you close the gates on the cocker controversy, please let me get inside and I will tell you a short story. It will be, "The Cocker—How to Make—How to Break."

George was a barber's apprentice. Not one of those typical gossipers, but a first-class listener. Among the patrons of the barber shop was a physician who was known far and wide as a famous hunter; his gig was usually followed by a half-dozen canines, consisting of bouds, spaniels and terriers, and the doctor was an authority on dogs. Being a most interesting conversationalist, he one day was relating the contents of a letter from an English friend about a wonderful cocker spaniel that the friend owned that was marvelous at treeing partridges. One of his auditors asked what a cocker was, and the doctor's reply was that it was simply a spaniel with his tail docked. The information was greedily absorbed by George. He knew where there was a litter of brown curly puppies, of a breed that has abounded in this vicinity for years and characterized under the various names of water dogs, spaniels and hunters. It would be a hard matter to find a family in this ancient burg that has not at some period or other owned a "Rover," "Curly," "Jack" or "Jessie" of this particular breed.

Being the possessor of a hand sled, George was enabled to make a dicker, whereby he became the owner of the choice of the aforesaid litter. Then was sought the aid of a friendly butcher boy and his big cleaver. Not long after a puppy with a decapitated tail was seen around the barber shop, which George, with a very important air, said was a cocker, and he added that he wished Thanksgiving Day would soon come, as he intended to break him in to tree partridges that day, and he would show the old hunters "a dog as is a dog."

By skilful diplomacy he obtained the information from the doctor that in breaking puppies a chicken could be made to answer quite well to attract their attention and develop their instincts. Thanksgiving Day came. It found George headed up the banks of the sparkling Oswegatchie, followed by a seven months old puppy with a banded tail, that frisked along the frozen ground at a gait that kept his master rather warm, encumbered as he was with a gun, while under the left arm was a bag containing a rather aged hen that had been surreptitiously borrowed from a neighbor the previous night.

Arriving in the wood which fringes this pretty stream, George opened the bag and set the old hen down on the ground, which, being rather cold, caused her to draw up one foot, ruffle her feathers and relax into a state of apparent coma. The pup paid no heed to "biddy" whatever, so George determined on a novel scheme. After quite an effort he climbed a tree with her henship under his arm and proceeded to tie her to an overhanging branch while the puppy lay underneath rather weary from his tramp, when crack, the branch snapped and down came George and the hen in a heap on top of the cocker (?), which, with a ki-yi, disappeared into the woods and has never since been seen by George. He limped home rather sore but satisfied to let any one who wished to start a new breed have a monopoly in that line.

That puppy, I ween, kept in a southerly direction until he reached Hornellsville, and helped originate the Fellows type of cocker, or else (being a "water dog") swam the St. Lawrence and eventually reached Ottawa, where, under the tutelage of "Gothamite," he became a working cocker.

OSWEGATCHIE.

"FANCIERS' GAZETTE" APOLOGIZES.

WE have received the following letter from the *Fanciers' Gazette*, England:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly insert the inclosed apology to Mr. G. R. Krehl in your next issue. As you will see, it is for the accidental insertion of a letter attacking him by Mr. R. L. Mayhew, and as we inserted it inadvertently, we have taken the earliest opportunities of making amends to Mr. Krehl. Part of our arrangement with him is that it shall be inserted in your columns, and we trust that you will find a place for it in your next issue:

"AN APOLOGY TO MR. G. R. KREHL.

"The apology offered by us in our issue of the 15th inst. being deemed to be insufficient, we gladly take this opportunity of repeating the sincerity of our desire to offer Mr. Krehl the very fullest atonement that lies in our power for the pain and annoyance caused him by the insertion of Mr. Mayhew's letter in the *Fanciers' Gazette* of Jan. 8.

"We again repeat that the statements of the writer are in no way whatever adopted or agreed in by us, and beyond this we believe they are without foundation. Some of the directors of this journal have had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Krehl for many years, and all are unanimous in believing the attacks and charges made to be entirely false and undoubtedly damaging to Mr. Krehl, and cannot be substantiated in any way. We deeply regret that by a blunder on the part of one of our staff, the *Fanciers' Gazette* has been made the medium for an unfounded attack on a gentleman so well known as Mr. Krehl in the kennel world, both as an ardent and enthusiastic breeder and exhibitor, and also as kennel editor of the *Stock-Keeper*. We assert that we have every faith and confidence in Mr. Krehl's integrity, and that we deeply deplore the pain caused him by the publication of Mr. Mayhew's letter, for which we are heartily sorry.

"FANCIERS' GAZETTE.

"LONDON, Jan. 30."

ANOTHER MASTIFF FOR HELEN KELLER.—Danville, Quebec, Canada.—Editor Forest and Stream:—After reading the justly indignant remarks of Mr. W. Wade on the brutal murder of the noble dog belonging to the little blind mute, Helen Keller, I felt sure there were other hearts besides mine that were touched by the forgiving spirit she shows toward the murderers of her faithful guardian and pet. With a view that this feeling may take some practical form of expression, I will be very glad to subscribe \$5 toward another dog (as near like the last one as possible) or some other testimonial, if it is thought to be better than another dog, the same to be given to our gentle, forgiving Christian. If you will take the matter up you are at liberty to use this letter as may seem best to forward this object and also to call on me at once for my subscription.—GEO. O. GOODRUE.

GREENVILLE (S. C.) DOG SHOW.

THIS show opened Jan. 27 and continued till the 30th. For an initial show it was a very successful one, though the weather interfered with the attendance somewhat. Mr. John Davidson judged all classes and gave general satisfaction. The competition was principally noteworthy from the fact that Kildare, the Irish setter, was beaten by a new dog, Pickens. The boys are loud in praise of the treatment they received from the secretary and other officials and the prompt manner in which the prizes were paid. The list of awards is as follows:

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Sans Souci Kennels' Ben Perry and Mrs. Rautine's Pet. Bitches: 1st, San Souci Kennels' Ethel. Puppies: 1st, S. Lee Beasley's Nero.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Kemble's Warwick, Jr. Mr. Diffenderfer's entries were all absent. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Kemble's May Queen.—SMOOTH.—Dogs: 1st, C. T. Barney's Nevis; 2d, W. S. Diffenderfer's Lord Hector. PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, C. T. Barney's Douglass.

GREAT DANES.—1st, E. P. Hammett's Duke.

DEERHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, B. S. Dering's Nora; 2d, Sans Souci Kennels' Thora.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Purity.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Monarch. Bitches: 1st, L. C. Whifton's Spinaway.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Rosa.—OPEN.—55LBS. AND OVER.—Dogs: 1st, H. C. Britton's Alto; 2d, Jas. Birnie's Phil. Very high com. A. A. Howlett's Sport.—50LBS. AND UNDER.—Bitches: 1st, J. W. Kemble's Jess.—CHALLENGE.—UNDER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Hyland's Pommeroy Sec.—UNDER 50LBS.—Bitches: 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Rosa May.—OPEN.—UNDER 55LBS.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, Fountain City Kennels' Button H.—UNDER 50LBS.—Bitches: 1st, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, Fountain City Kennels' King Beaufort. Bitches: 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Miss Maud Fritz.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Fountain City Kennels' Prince Gladstone.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. W. Kemble's Dealing Kent and Carlton Fox. Very high com. G. L. Connor's Jack Red High com. C. S. Nettie's Crown. Bitches: 1st, H. A. Bridge's Tick; 2d, G. L. Connor's J. A. C.—PUPPIES.—Bitches: 1st, H. A. Bridge's Tick.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Geo. H. Covert's Dick Swiveller. Bitches: 1st, N. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore. Molly Bawn not for competition.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, N. S. Lea's Pickens; 2d, N. L. Washington's Kildare. Very high com. G. H. Covert's Red River Glencho. High com. Seminole Kennels' Elio. Bitches: 1st, N. L. Washington's Winnie II.; 2d, Oriole Kennels' Jennette. Very high com. G. H. Covert's Little Nell. High com. G. H. Covert's Glidella and Tillie Borsinory.—PUPPIES.—Bitches: 1st, J. O. Lea's Winnie Davis.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. Bitches: 1st, H. F. Smith's Roxie.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. S. Gaus's Duke of Kent. Bitches: 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Blossom; 2d, Henry May's Julia More. Very high com. J. S. Gaus's Viola. High com. Dr. S. T. Lea's May.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, F. Lewis's Black Diamond.—COCKERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, John Douglas's Black Duke. Bitches: 1st, Geo. H. Brush's Novus.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, W. V. Barnes's Red Dog and Banjo. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Geo. H. Brush's Bessie W. and Idea.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, W. D. Hayes's Bonnie Brae.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy; 2d, and high com., Sans Souci Kennels' Little Ben and Sans Souci Bushey Head. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Mischief and S. S. Lady Rutland.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, A. H. Halm's Ben Tillman. Bitches: 1st, A. H. Halm's Bessie Cleveland.

POODLES.—1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Paris.

BULLDOGS.—Prizes withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st withheld; 2d, W. P. Sloan's Grip. Bitches: 1st, Woodhaven Kennels' Meg Merrilies; 2d, John H. Naylor's Dinah.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Blemton Volunteer. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Blemton Brilliant.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Timeaw Kennels' Brockenhurst Quick; 2d, C. D. Purroy's Suffolk Risk. Very high com. Oriole Kennels' Blemton Rascal. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Verdict and Blemton Ethel. Reserve, Oriole Kennels' Beverwyck Hecate. Very high com. Oriole Kennels' Blemton Vice. High com., Oriole Kennels' Marjoram.—PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, withheld; 2d, E. W. Kirk's Shot. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Rage.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. H. T. Foote's The Senator. Bitches: 1st, Dr. H. T. Foote's English Lady.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—John H. Naylor's Rosie.—OPEN.—1st, Sunset Kennels' Brownie.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, Lewis and Jarrett's Burnsides.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, John Cumming's Dandy.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Woodbury Kennels' Tiny.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.—OPEN.—1st, M. H. Yard's Lady Countess.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Bitches: 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Jacob Broombank's Bradford Rowdy; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Sans Souci Kennels' Mab. Puppies: 1st, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Gill.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, H. Bennett's Little Duke.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Count. Bitches: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Flossy; 2d, Associate Kennels' Countess Fay. Very high com., Sans Souci Kennels' Miss Fellows. Puppies: 1st, Sunset Kennels' Baby.

BASSETS.—1st, Associate Fanciers' Mauprat.

NATIVE S. CAROLINA BRED POINTERS.—1st, James Birnie's Phil.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st and 2d, San Souci Kennels' Judi and Agricola.

SIZE WITHOUT CHANGE OF FOOD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter of inquiry regarding my dog Presto and my methods of training and feeding him, has lain unanswered through no fault of mine. I had arrangements made for taking a photo of the dog to send you as soon as I received your letter. With regard to breeding, I still maintain that I have pursued a method entirely different from that of any other dog breeder, in order to produce the largest mastiff, as acknowledged by such authorities as your publication and others of a similar character.

In the first place, Presto has never had a piece of raw meat. Secondly, he has had but one kind of food. Thirdly, he has been fed since he was three months old, but once a day. Fourthly, in winter between four and six, and in summer at exactly six o'clock. Fifthly, I never allow him to eat too much; he had always a small appetite left.

These are the principal features of the method which I have held to with such good results in mastiff breeding.

You can judge from the photo which I send you whether the dog appears to be in a healthy condition or not. I am somewhat eccentric in the treatment of my dogs, nevertheless they have never suffered from worms, mange or any of the canine ills. I do not even speak to my mastiff, but by a snap of the finger and a gesture he understands me perfectly. Perhaps you have heard of his exhibitions of intelligence during his visit with me to "the Hub." I hope that you will pardon my long delay and that this may be of interest to the many readers of your valuable paper. WICKEDNEED.

WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE.—Baltimore.—Editor Forest and Stream: We, the undersigned, hereby give notice, to all whom it may concern, that we will not be responsible, in any manner, for any obligations that may be incurred by those who propose holding the bench show under the name of the Maryland Kennel Club.—R. B. GLANVILLE, W. T. LEVERING, J. D. MALLORY, H. CASSARD, L. M. LEVERING, ORICHTON MALCOLM, H. MALCOLM, H. R. VON DER HORST.

THE BALTIMORE DOG SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: The announcement of the bench show to be held in March, the week following the New York show, has created quite a ripple of excitement in Baltimore. Unquestionably the interest in well-bred canines is growing in this city, and the spirit aroused by last year's show is certain to be increased and augmented by the coming exhibition, planned upon a much larger scale. The local entries are coming in handsomely, and unless all signs fail home talent will have a worthier representation than ever before, and some of the good prizes are liable to remain within the borders of the State. Applications for entry blanks from abroad have been numerous, and already some of the finest dogs in the country have been promised for our show. The arrival of Sir Bedivere was a matter of much interest to Baltimoreans, as Mr. Sears has many warm friends here who were anxious to hear that the monarch of the St. Bernards was safe on terra firma. By the way, the Kennel Club has received a letter from Mr. Sears stating that he will surely exhibit Sir Bedivere at the coming show. The bench show committee has decided to divide the class for black and tan terriers according to sex, providing they receive eight entries, and give \$10 for first and \$5 for second in each class. The club was certainly fortunate in securing the Fifth Regiment armory for its show, for it is by far the most desirable building in the city, and could not well be surpassed anywhere. With an abundance of floor room it has splendid light and ventilation, and is in every way admirably fitted for the comfort and health of the dogs.—W. STEWART DIFFENDERFER, Secretary.

WHAT IS A RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND?—Editor Forest and Stream: The above question is one often asked and, so far, not answered. Considerable Russian light has been shed on it, with the result of considerably darkening the gloom. Now when I heard Mr. C. H. Mason was to judge at the greyhound show, I thought we were in the way of really getting something to go on, but I regret to hear that it is not probable that we will have a circumstantial report from him. Here is a breed, promising to be popular, about which no well defined knowledge exists; there certainly must be great variance in their type, as witness the pictures in *Fanciers' Gazette* and *Canine World*. We certainly do not want any more such "authority" as we have been getting, and as the breed starts practically new, here is an opportunity for starting right, without any rubbish as to the "real thing," "old true type" and similar nonsense. What we want is an exposition why certain properties are most valued, and based, not on "authority," but on solid, sound "dog" reasons, in fact, a sort of synthesis on the qualities of such dogs. No man, either in England or here, is as qualified to give us this as Mr. Mason, and I hope we will see such an article from him, as it will serve as a guide for breeders to go by.—W. WADE.

THE BULLDOG CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream: The following letter has been sent to all members of the Bulldog Club of America: DEAR SIR—You are requested to support all bench shows to the extent of making as many entries as possible, but you are especially requested to make entries and show as many bulldogs as possible at the following shows, for they are the ones at which Bulldog Club prizes will be offered and competed for: Maryland Kennel Club, Baltimore, Md., March 3 to 6; entries close Feb. 18 with W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Sec'y, 220 N. Charles street, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Chas. D. Cagle judge. Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass., March 24 to 27; entries close March 12 with D. A. Williams, Sec'y; Mr. Jas. Mortimer judge. Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill., April 8 to 11; entries close March 23, with G. H. Goodrich, manager; Mr. Jas. Mortimer judge. Kindly do your utmost to insure the above shows all the entries in your power.—CHAS. D. CAGLE, Sec'y Bulldog Club of America. [This also included the W. K. C. show, for which entries have closed.]

MEETING OF THE COLLIE CLUB.—Orange, N. J.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual meeting of the Collie Club will be held at Madison Square Garden on Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1891, at 4 P. M. Members are earnestly requested to attend, as matters of importance will come before the meeting for action. By order of the executive committee, J. D. SHOTWELL, Secretary.

TEXAS FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—Marshall, Tenn.—Editor Forest and Stream: Our club will hold a meeting near this place, beginning Feb. 24. It will be a very modest affair; the prizes will be collars, whips, etc. Any visiting sportsmen will be welcome and we will endeavor to make them have a good time.—JACOBSTAFF.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Spinner and Spinsters. By C. B. Hubbard, Broken Bow, Neb., for white, liver and ticked pointer dog and liver, white and ticked bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1890, by Luck of Limestone (Planet—Lilly Bang of Spinaway II. (Bang—champion Spinaway).

Lady. The Clumber Kennels, Ottawa, Can., claim the prefix Lady for all Clumber spaniel bitches owned or bred by the kennels, and change the names of the following Clumber bitches owned by them, as follows: Bromine (champion Tower—Leda) to Lady Bromine, Snow (champion John of Gaunt—Foxley Beauty) to Lady Snow, Belle of Ottawa (champion Boss III.—Judy II.) to Lady Belle, Maude M. (champion Johnny—Bess) to Lady Maude, Judy II. (champion Johnny—Jill) to Lady Judy, Bess (champion Rover II.—Nell II.) to Lady Lancaster, Jess (champion Rover II.—Nell II.) to Lady Holmes, Lily (Smash II.—Romp II.) to Lady Lily, Dulcie (Pop—Maggie) to Lady Dulcie.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Cassandra.—Balkis. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch champion Cassandra (Debut—Dead Secret) to his champion Balkis (Clyto—Primrose), Jan. 7.

Tuffy.—Duke of Vernon. L. Gardner's (Mount Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Tuffy (Pilate—Fairly II.) to his Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), Dec. 27.

Lilly.—Douglass II. Phil Weis's (Lancaster, O.) pug bitch Lilly to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Douglass II. (Douglass—June), Feb. 5.

Bess.—Eberhart's Cashier. G. H. Deck's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Bess (Joe, Jr.—Pudge) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), Jan. 16.

Maggie.—Toledo Blade. F. W. Eddy's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Maggie Bess to J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade, Jan. 26.

Fairy Gladstone.—Roger. Jas. H. Young's (Tuckahoe, N. Y.) English setter bitch Fairy Gladstone (Gladstone—Boss III.—Chataqua Belle) to L. Gardner's Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg), Jan. 18.

Cleo.—Bob Obo. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Cleo (Hector—Black Meg) to Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo (Obo—Nellie), Dec. 30.

Tough.—Bob Obo. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tough (Wildair—Belle) to Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Jan. 4.

Rideau Flossie.—Obo, Jr. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Flossie (champion Obo—Gipping Floss) to their Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie), Dec. 13.

Tiney Obo.—Bob Obo. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Tiney Obo (Obo, Jr.—Princess Tiney) to their Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Jan. 4.

Topsy.—Bob Obo. C. Seagrave's (Hamilton, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Topsy (Black Graf—Chen) to Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Jan. 5.

Flora Kay—Bob Obo, Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Flora Kay (Obo, Jr.—Princess Tiney) to their Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Jan. 26.

Cleo—Bob Obo, C. E. Living's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Cleo (Hector—Black Meg) to Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Dec. 30.

Phyllis—Bob Obo, W. B. Palmer's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Phyllis to Rideau Kennels' Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie), Nov. 14.

Matchless—Prince Regent, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) black and tan terrier bitch Matchless (Punch—Nell) to their Prince Regent (Sir Henry—Linda Rose), Jan. 25.

Ballymorny—Breda Bill, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Irish terrier bitch Ballymorny (Benedict—Argus) to their Breda Bill (Benedict—Breda Midge), Feb. 1.

WHEELS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Jan. 29, five (four dogs), by Poag Kennel's Watch.
Belle Dale, Gordondale Kennels' (Milton, Mass.) English setter Belle Dale (Breeze—Bessie Dale), Jan. 25, four (three dogs), by their Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep).

Benetia, S. D. Parker's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Benetia (Boswell's Ned—Gyp), Jan. 11, nine (five dogs), by Gordondale Kennels' Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep).

Blue Jennie, N. McIntosh's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Blue Jennie (Royal Albert—Blue Nell), Jan. 31, eight (five dogs), by Capt. C. C. Gray's Roy Monarch (Dashing Monarch—List).

Twinkle, Central Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) King Charles spaniel bitch Twinkle, Feb. 7, six (four dogs), by G. Klees's Floracelle.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Beagles, Ry Glenmore Kennels, Melrose, Mass., black, white and tan dog Glenmore (Rose W.—Cricket) to J. H. Short, Omaha, Neb.; black, white and tan dog (champion) Banerman—Twintwo and tan bitch Lilla (Baker—June) to J. S. Watson, Rochester, N. Y.; black, white and tan dog (champion) Fitz Hugh Lee—Mollie to A. E. Perry, Pontiac, Mich.; black, white and tan bitch (champion) Fitz Hugh Lee—Mollie each to Lester Hastings, Akron, O., and C. W. Swartz, Martin's Ferry, O.; black, white and tan dog My Boy (ch. Lee—Diana) to Wm. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y.; black, white and tan dog (champion) Banerman—Desdemona and bitch (champion) Fitz Hugh Lee—Mollie to J. A. Voerg, St. Paul, Minn.; black and tan dog King Lear (Ring—Queen Bess) to J. R. Bruns, Kenosha, Wis.; black, white and tan bitch Nell to W. H. White, Dedham, Mass.; black, white and tan dog Fritz (champion) Fitz Hugh Lee—Mollie to A. H. Hobart, East Braintree, Mass.; black, white and tan bitch Queen Bess (Victor—Zany) and black and white dog Racket (Racket—Queen) to D. B. Powell, Peoria, Ill.; black, white and tan dog (champion) Banerman—Tone to R. E. Rowley, Topeka, Kan.; black, white and tan bitch Cricket (champion) Banerman—Pet and Queen Bird (Ringwood—Birdie) to O. V. Bradrick, College Corner, O.; black, white and tan bitch (champion) Banerman—Desdemona to Thom. Saunders, Mount Vernon, O.

Spinner, Liver, white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 13, 1890, by Luck of Idstone out of Spinaway II, by the Loup Kennels, Broken Bow, Neb., to G. E. Everett, Grand Island, Neb.

Mikado—Bang's Mollie, whelped, Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 14, 1890, by Bar Harbor Kennels, Bar Harbor, Me., to L. Meyer, Watertown, Wis.

Fabia, Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Oct. 19, 1890, by Bradford Ruby II, out of Lavinia Bitch, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to H. H. Lyons, Guthrie Center, Ia.

Lady Thora II, Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1890, by Spokane out of Lalla Rookh, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to C. F. Borden, Winchester, Tenn.

Cleo, Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 3, 1887, by Hector out of Black Meg, by Cortworth Cocker Kennels, Ottawa, Ont., to Rideau Kennels, same place.

Coro, Black and tan King Charles spaniel bitch, whelped June, 1889, by Norwich Jumbo out of Ina S., by Central Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to C. F. Adams, Erie, Pa.

DEATHS.

Spinaway II, Pointer bitch (Bang—champion Spinaway), owned by The Loup Kennels, Broken Bow, Neb.; cause, septicemia.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

G. DER, Hackensack, N. J.—Better consult a vet. we know of no remedy.

E. J. B., Washington, D. C.—Last November my Scotch terrier puppy had a bad case of distemper from which he recovered, but it left him with a twitching in the hindquarters and apparent weakness there. He is quite playful and lively, appetite some days good, at others he eats very little. Bowels are regular, discharge is sometimes dark, at others light; but there appears to be a kind of mucus with it, occasionally tinged with blood. I have been giving a tonic (prescription enclosed) for the chorea, about half a teaspoonful twice a day. Ans.—Our treatment is right. Better give the dog a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn with his food every day for a week.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Feb. 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day with a good attendance of riflemen. The shooting conditions were unfavorable, there being a bad fish-tail wind and poor light. Next Wednesday the association will hold a signalling lever, in which is fixed a signalling disk, which instantly appears in view. Each section of the target has a different signalling disk, so that it is at once seen from the firing point where the bullet has struck. After remaining in sight for a few seconds the lever with the disk returns to its place and the target is ready for the next shot. There are also two attachments which can be fitted to the target. The first shows the position of the shot by means of a recording instrument placed at the firing point and connected electrically with the target. The second is an arrangement by which each shot is registered on a scroll of paper placed inside the target, and this roll can be compared with the manual record at the end of the practice.

AN AUTOMATIC TARGET.—An Australian inventor has added another to the list of shot by means of a recording instrument. The target consists of rings divided into a total of 23 separate moving pieces for sections, the back of each section being attached to oblique oscillating levers connected with a horizontal balancing bar. When any of the sections are struck the levers oscillate, and in so doing raise the horizontal balancing bar, which comes in contact with a clutch bar running horizontally above it. This latter, being forced up, releases a signalling lever, in which is fixed a signalling disk, which instantly appears in view. Each section of the target has a different signalling disk, so that it is at once seen from the firing point where the bullet has struck. After remaining in sight for a few seconds the lever with the disk returns to its place and the target is ready for the next shot. There are also two attachments which can be fitted to the target. The first shows the position of the shot by means of a recording instrument placed at the firing point and connected electrically with the target. The second is an arrangement by which each shot is registered on a scroll of paper placed inside the target, and this roll can be compared with the manual record at the end of the practice.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—The weekly meeting of the New York Pistol and Revolver Club at the St. Mark's Place range is always fruitful of fine results, and if the members continue their good work a full score will be anything but an exception. The scores made to-day on the ten-ring target, 40 ft. distance, 6 shots, possible 60 points, were as follows: H. Pehl 58, B. Zettler 57, E. Walther 56, A. Stein 55, C. Walz, 22-cal. pistol, 55, F. Hecking 54, V. Steinbach 53, G. Hoffman 42.

MILLER RIFLE CLUB.—The annual meeting and election of officers of the Miller Rifle Club took place at the organization's headquarters, 80 Hudson street, Hoboken, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4, and resulted in the election of the following ticket: R. W. Lewer, Captain; S. Schwartz, Lieutenant; T. Fitzsimmons, Secretary; F. Fisher, Treasurer; C. Judson, First Shooting Master, and K. Brandt, Second Shooting Master. On Washington's Birthday the club will send a team of five men to take part in the Zettler Rifle Club's trophy match. Owing to the cold weather but few visiting riflemen put in an appearance in the range to take part in the open prize shoot of the Miller Club, and but few good scores were made.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Feb. 8.—The three days' prize shoot of the Miller Rifle Club ended last night at their headquarters, 80 Hudson street, Hoboken. Among the visiting riflemen were members of the Our Own, Zettler and Harlem rifle clubs. The representatives of the two first named organizations carried off first and second prizes. J. Coppersmith, of the Zettler Rifle Club, tied with G. D. Wiegmann, of the Our Own, on totals of 148 out of the possible 150 points. Wiegmann was also the only member of the Our Own Rifle Club who took part in the recent Zettler shoot and divided with four others the first five prizes. Entries were unlimited, three shots on each ticket, best two scores of each shooter to count, possible 150 points. The scores: J. Coppersmith 148, G. D. Wiegmann 148, D. Michael 147, L. Elach 146, E. Fischer 146, H. H. H. 145, J. A. Bayken 145, C. Judson 144, L. Vogel 142, A. Meyns 141, Bencken 142, Brandt 145.

PISTOL IN CHICAGO.—Chicago, Ill., Feb. 7.—The contest in revolver shooting for the city championship medal ended last evening at Geo. McCune's gallery, 46 S. Halsted street. The medal is not only handsome but a very valuable one, and one that any man might be proud of. The medal during the past five nights has been closely contested for, at 150 shots each. Of eight contestants Mr. W. J. Meyers had the lead by 35 points, and several being about a tie for second place during the remaining 150 shots each. W. J. Meyers' total score was 3,010. Albert Sorensen 2,349, Henry Fuernman 2,334, Albert Hansen 2,331, R. Larsen 2,327, Comedy Julius 2,317, Geo. Anderson 2,315, and Ed Helms 2,313. The total number of shots fired by each was 300, at American standard target range, 21 ft. for center at 15 yds., Smith & Wesson 40 cal. revolver being used. W. J. Meyers was the winner of medal last year. Mr. C. A. Hankle, our well-known expert rifle shoot, was referee. The Garden City Rifle Team will meet for a contest at the same gallery next Tuesday evening.—H.

CONLIN'S GALLERY, Feb. 7.—The 7 bullseyes match at rest with rifle was closed to-day. Mr. G. L. Williams was the winner, the shooting surpassing anything ever done in any of the rest matches. The 7 winning shots would have hit a bullseye 4 in. in diameter. The next match will be on the running man target, to commence on Feb. 11 and end on Feb. 21, for elegant gold medal.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Feb. 17-20.—Annual Winter Tournament Davenport (Ia.) Gun Club. Live birds and inanimates. Address J. F. Gray, Sec'y.
Feb. 19.—Hartford (Conn.) Tournament. See notice elsewhere.
March 24-25.—Detroit Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. \$1,000 guaranteed.
April 28-30.—New London (or New Haven) Inter-State Association.

May 5-6.—Algona (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John G. Smith, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—Pittsburgh Tournament. Open to all. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y.

May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Club gives \$1,000. Association guarantees \$1,000, total \$2,000.
June 2-5.—Club Shoot, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.

June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.

THE DEAF-MUTE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A deaf-mute marksman—how strange the words sound. Nevertheless it's a fact. It has been 10 years since my ears were forever closed to all sense of sound. I am known throughout the English speaking deaf-mute world as the "Silent Rifleman," and I now stand unchallenged as the finest living deaf-mute marksman. Thinking of the many who would interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I hope it won't be out of place. I was born in County Kerry, Ireland, Aug. 3, 1869. Took to the rifle with wonderful naturalness. The last decade of almost constant and persistent practice has made me what I am. I am not very well versed in shotgun or long-range rifle shooting. My forte is as a wing, fancy and snap-shot with 22-cal. Winchester repeating guns. My record is 174 bulls broken in succession. Can also hit coins, marbles, etc., at 22 ft. At 32 ft. I have made the following shots in County Kerry, Ireland, Aug. 3, 1869. Took to the rifle with wonderful naturalness. 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HARTFORD TOURNAMENT.—The first shooting tournament given by the Hartford Gun Club will be held on the grounds at Union Grove, Feb. 19. A good programme of 10 events will be shot, one of which will be 25 single keystone targets, entrance \$2.50 per man, for a day. 12-gauge hammerless gun, donated by the Parker Brothers, of Meriden.—CHAS. H. BURRIDGE, Sec'y.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Feb. 2.—C. Terwilliger, H. Harrison, and W. Disbrow defeated T. F. Timmons, J. Glasser, and J. Ryan in a live pigeon shooting match here to-day for \$150 dollars a side, on the grounds of the Hackensack Gun Club. Score 80 to 28.

CLINTON, Iowa, Feb. 8.—The shooting match here for 100 live birds, \$100 a side, between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, champion of America, and C. F. Budd, of Des Moines, ex-champion of the country and present holder of Iowa's championship, was won by Elliott. The men stood thirty yards from the trap. Elliott scored 93 and Budd 65.

WAUREGANS, Feb. 5.—The Wauregan Gun Club changed its address from Claremont to Dexter Park, Long Island, and had its initial shoot there. There was a poor attendance, but six members shooting for the two club medals at club handicap distance, ten birds each. Bornholt won first prize in the club shoot with a clean score, and in a subsequent sweepstake at five birds beat M. Fay, with whom he had tied.

LONG ISLAND, Feb. 6.—Shooters were out in force at Dexter Park, L. I., to see two matches decided. The first was between John Blake, of the Parkway Gun Club, and James Bennett, of the Glenmore Road and Gun Club, 25 birds each, 27½¢ rise, Huntington rules, for \$50. The latter won by a score of 20, Blake killing 15. A double-handed match, under Huntington rules, 50 birds a man, 25¢ rise, for \$100, was a close race throughout. J. Schleiman and A. Eppig scored 74 to 73 by F. Lanzar and P. Liebigler.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 7.—Perry won the silver cup match again to-day, at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club, by breaking 22 out of 25 birds, 15 singles and 5 pairs. The other scores in this match were: Leslie 21, Purdy and Stone 20, Dill and Melcher 18, Snow, Stanton and Sanborn 17. In the contests for silver match boxes to-day, under the classification system, at 25 blue rocks, Leslie won in class A, with 23; Melcher won in class B with 19; and now in class C, with 20. The other scores were: Purdy 18, Stanton 17, Gore 16.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Feb. 7.—The Central Gun Club held their second monthly shoot at Pleasure Bay to-day. Thirteen members took part and their scores were remarkably good, considering the unfavorable weather. The event was a sweep at 10 live birds per man and the Nonglas Slocum, who made a clean score. Edward W. Reid was second, with 9 killed. The Centrals will take part in a shoot with the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday, Feb. 26. The prize will be a silver cup. Each club will be represented by a team of 10 men, each man to shoot at 10 live birds, at 25¢ rise, 80 yds. boundary, the use of both barrels allowed. The Long Branch team will be composed of Wm. D. Campbell, George Cubberly, A. P. Cubberly, Edward W. Reid, Elissa Price, Phil Daly, Jr., Douglas Slocum, William C. Price, Japhia Van Dyke and Charles Woolver.

The tie for the hog was not shot off. Reinhardt bought Collins's interest and decided to have another shoot at 2 o'clock next Saturday. Second money was divided by Class and Erb, third money by Hedden and Castle. The final shoot of the day was at 8 birds each, \$5 entry, with three monies: Hedden and Castle first, Class and Collins second, Reinhardt and Erb third.

TORONTO, Feb. 7.—The long-talked-of match between C. Charles and J. Humphrey's came off this afternoon at St. John's Athletic Grounds. Conditions, \$100 a side, 50 live pigeons each, use of one barrel only, Owl Gun Club rules to govern. Charles 42, Humphrey 27.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 8.—[Special to Forest and Stream.] The Northern team, consisting of Harvey McMurchy, Quimby, Cranmer, Lindsley and Willard, shot against a team of the Louisiana Gun Club, including Reinecke, White, Febiger, Mayronne and Chaudet. The match was at live birds, five men to a team, 10 birds each, and the Northerners won by a score of 106 to 88. There was a shoot at inanimate targets, 15 men to a side, 10 shots each, which the Northern team also won by a score of 118 to 115. The conditions of the weather were not favorable to good shooting. There will be sweepstakes shooting to-morrow and on Wednesday the Northerners will leave for Mobile.

Canoing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the season. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.
COMMODORE: WALTER A. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 41 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gay, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.
Officers:
VICE-COM: C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaddis, Bay City, Mich.; J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
EX-COM: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

EASTERN DIVISION.
Officers:
VICE-COM: J. W. Carwright, Jr.
REAR-COM: G. L. Farnelle, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Appando, Winchester.
EX-COM: F. Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper division.
Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
VICE-COMMODORE—O. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
REAR-COMMODORE—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
SECRETARY-TREASURER—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec'y-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.
6. Canoe Reunion, Harvard Rooms, New York.
MAY.
30. Bayonne, Annual, Bayonne.
JUNE.
6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20, New York, Sandy Hook Race Brooklyn.
27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
13. New York, Annual, S. I.
JULY.
11-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST.
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
SEPTEMBER.
7. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River.

WHITE SQUALL'S '88 CRUISE.

SOON after the close of the '87 cruise, I left New Brunswick and took up my abode for a time in the domain of King Hemlock. Here I should have got enough of camps and out-of-life to satisfy any reasonable person; but I was often attracted to parties about the composition whereof I had no vote. While the boys composing them were, in the main, what the world calls "good fellows," many of them had a weakness for firewater—were blatant, loud-mouthed and masters of three languages, English, good, objectionable and profane. Very little wonder is it, then, that I instituted many comparisons which were overwhelmingly in favor of the quiet camp-fires and the gentlemanly companionship of Horace.

At last I concluded that I needed another cruise with him as a part of corrective to the treatment I was then undergoing; and one fine evening in September I sent a letter asking him to plan another cruise for the next summer in any direction he chose, and I would be with him. He chose the upper St. John, and said we would start some day in July. It was, however, not until July 30, at my home on June 30, but the steamer on which he was to make the trip left three hours before her regular time, and he was obliged to stay over till July 3.

That afternoon a younger scion of our family had sailed the canoe about two miles down the lake. Soon after the steamer hove in sight I saw a white felt hat swung violently by some one on the steamer to shore before we had covered the half distance, and was immediately offered us, which tender we accepted. We jumped on board, shook out the reef from the mainsail, and were soon flying over the half mile between the boat landing and our own shore.

Instead of landing we stood across the lake, about three-quarters of a mile wide, and made several stretches down past our starting point. It was the best sailing breeze I ever saw; in fact, I never saw so heavy a wind so steady. With both of us out to windward, the lee gunwale was just level with the water, and the spray washed our decks fore and aft; but there were no unsteady puffs, and we never had to luff. I never expect to enjoy a sail any more than I did that one.

It took us all day Wednesday to get ready, and our outfit was exactly what we needed. Our clothes were what we wore popularly known as the relics of old decency, and we took along a pair of corduroy breeches and two pairs of socks in case of accident, and a rubber coat or two, and a cardigan jacket, as handy things to have around. Our cooking utensils were a shallow boiler, which at times we made do duty as a frying-pan, and a billy for making tea. The grub-sack was cylindrical, and made of unbleached muslin.

The A-shaped tent, of oiled cotton, was of our own manufacture and design. The rear poles were jointed something like a pair of compasses, but the joint was 2 in. from the end, leaving a "saw-buck" projecting when the poles were extended and set up. A pair of these were fastened securely in place in front of the tent and another in the rear, and when the tent was struck it was wrapped around these and took up little more room than an umbrella. In setting up the tent we drove a stake in the ground, a few feet back from the site, fastened a small rope to it and passed the free end through a grommet in the rear of the tent. We had a light spruce ridge pole, one end of which terminated in jaws like a gaff, and in the other a hole 4 in. deep was bored after an iron ring had been driven on to prevent splitting. We set up rear poles, placed the canvas far more gracefully than many a champion oarsman. Chancing to glance at Horace just as he exchanged greetings with her, I saw his face was lighted up with what I took for genuine admiration of the beauty and skill of the brown-eyed Undine. There is hope for him yet.

The Washademoak discharges its waters into the St. John by two deep and narrow creeks, which enclose Little Musquash and Big Musquash; the eastern channel being known as the Lawson River, and the western as the Frazer River. The latter is the one most used in navigation. We reached the outlet of the lake about 9 o'clock, and turned up Colwell's Creek, the northern channel around Little Musquash. About this time there came on a slight shower—one of the uncertainties of an otherwise fine day. The wind increased to a gale, and under all, we vividly flew up the Lawson River, taking care to keep quite close to the island shore for smoother water; and then it would be so convenient in case of accident.

Near this place have occurred about all the fatal canoeing accidents that have ever been connected with the history of the lower St. John; and while that superstition from which very few are free (though they may ridicule it as so) I could not help an uneasy feeling that if the Squall had any intention of turning turtle, she would probably choose this place as the scene of the exploit. As an account of the two accidents that have taken place during my memory would probably be more interesting to the average sportsman reader than the bulk of this narrative, I will tell the story of the "Hoodoo Gun," with the history of which they are inseparably intertwined.

In August 1871 there was a boat race on the Kennebecasis, N. B., between the four-oared Tyne crew, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., and the old Paris crew, of St. John, N. B., in which the latter were victorious. James Renforth, the stroke of the former, having dropped dead in his boat before the race was half finished. A heavy rain, which had been falling since Charles McAlpine, of Cambridge, an ardent sportsman, and he invested the whole of it in a muzzle-loading shotgun. The old "croaker" in relating this would call particular attention to the fact that the gun was bought with money won through a boating accident, or, at least, through the death of a man in connection with boating, for which, in the light of what followed, I can hardly blame him, however widely I may differ from his conclusion. The following spring, while hunting geese with this gun, McAlpine dropped through the ice and had a very narrow escape from drowning.

In September 1876 Doctors Cunningham and Foster, of St. John, went up to Cambridge for some snipe shooting and Foster borrowed McAlpine's gun. One morning there, in company with D. P. Leonard, were returning from Foshay's Lake when a terrible storm came up and the canoe broaching to was filled. Foster and Cunningham both drowned and all the guns lost. The superstitions shook their heads—Mac's gun was unlucky. The guns were at the bottom of the lake about a year. Then David Nevers raised all three and McAlpine's and Leonard's were restored to their owners.

In April 1878 McAlpine and W. H. Chase were paddling a light launch canoe near the scene of the accident, when they had been shooting muskrats in the flooded woods below the Dugway—both were heavy men and sat well in the stern of the canoe, as is mostly the custom here in tandem paddling. Suddenly a huge comb filled the canoe from the stern, both guns went to the bottom, and Chase was drowned and McAlpine had an almost miraculous escape. Then his gun was put in a box and was ready to start on the next day, and it was a good thing that it was. McAlpine threatened to make trouble for any man who would raise her a second time. A few years later David Nevers was drowned two miles up the river and his body was found only a short distance from where those of the victims of the former accidents were recovered. Taking it all together this story presents a unique claim of causation.

The crossing of the Lawson Channel to the mainland opposite the head of Big Musquash was anything but a pleasant experience, as the canoe lay poised on the top of a wave, the crest of which seemed higher than the sides of the canoe, and the water swashed along the deck and against the combing, occasionally taking a slap at that part of my trousers within most easy reach. At the light of day, the water was calm, and the vessel seemed to glide on. The light draft to avoid the bend in the St. John, called "No Man's Friend,"

We made the crossing over quartering seas much easier and drier than we did before with the wind dead aft. Once in the creek we fairly flew under all sail by the small village of Gagetown, turning out of our course once to speak some men who were building a water fence, for as I had only been through the "raging canal" once, and then in a steamer, I did not feel quite sure of my way. As it was, we came very near grief on a submerged stone row that had been built out at low water a short distance from the southern bank of the canal, or rather, "cut off." We were only saved by a quick luff and a kindly set off by the tide, which runs through here like a mill race.

In the river the ebb tide was running in full force dead against the wind, and if the seas were hills below, here they were mountains. We ran under the lee of the banks and tied a reef snugly into the mainsail, preparatory to a game of pitch and toss. While Horace was extended full length on the forward deck tying in the forward reef point, a boat propelled by two striplings, rigged out in baseball caps and belts, with a third similarly attired acting as coxswain, steered straight for us amidships. Finding that we did not scare worth a cent the veered sharply and passed between us and the shore, starting superciliously at the outfit the while. Whether they were some of the natives who had become imbued with pseudo-English ideas, or some of the St. John boys out on a vacation, trying to do the correct thing, we had no means of knowing. We felt slightly nettled at first, but a little later we heard such hearty, free, soulful laughter from the direction of their boat that the feeling quite passed away, for whoever knew a bad man to laugh at himself?

We reached Upper Gagetown about 12 o'clock. Here we moored our canoe beside a convenient scow, and took what is known as a "cold bite" ashore, under the shade of some willows. While this substitute for dinner was in progress two Indians in canoes came along, stopped, looked the canoe over, and gesticulated and jabbered for some five minutes before moving on. What they said was a blank to us, but no doubt it was the Melicete equivalent for, "To what base uses, etc."

Just as we got under way a wood boat passed with the foresail sheet trimmed dead aft, so as to bring the sail well in lee of the mainsail, the latter doing most of the work—a sure sign that the vessel has a little more wind than she has any use for. The wood boat, a craft so common as I know, peculiar to the river St. John, is a large keel scow, some 20 to 25 feet long, with a square head and an ordinary rowboat. Their capacity is anything from 20 to 150 M. of lumber. The foremast is stepped in the eyes of the boat, and the sails are the ordinary schooner mainsail and foresail, with the latter considerably enlarged. This craft is also known by the name "lake," and a wood boat hull with a schooner rig is commonly called a "lake."

On our last cruise I did all the steering, an arrangement that grew out of my greater experience with boats in general and canoes in particular, but it struck me that a continuation of this practice would be an injustice to my companion, and before starting on this one I notified H. that I would sit in the stern of the canoe exactly half of the time. It was now Horace's trick at the tiller, and the wind was so very heavy that he concluded to take off the mizen till he "caught the knack" of the work. A green hand who thinks it requires no skill to steer a canoe like ours with a crowd of sail broad off the wind in a gale, should try it once (in shoal water). It is far more difficult to keep her from rolling than from yawing or broaching.

The Squall sailing off wind with a helmsman who could not steer, would commence to rock gently, gradually increasing the motion, and the top of the mast describing a larger and a circle, till the sail struck the water. We have to fight continually against this motion, and at the end of the forenoon of which I write my wrist was strained from the work. Horace was a little nervous at first, but he did his work as well as I could have done it. The wind was hauling westerly, and our course was trending more and more in that direction, bringing us by the wind, so we put on the mizen.

Opposite a little sawmill, near Upper Gagetown, a fearful gust that knocked her down to the coming struck, and the millmen shouted derisively for us to "take in our rags," but we treated that as we do the rest of the advice we get. We were beginning to look out for Ox Island, which we knew was not far ahead, when we were surprised to find a herd of seals swimming about down from the river bank, and feeding as they ran on aquatic plants. Says Horace: "That's Ox Island ahead all right, but the labels have washed off." Now about as mean an entry as I could imagine in our log would be, "Canoe collided with a cow, listed to starboard and filled." To avoid the necessity of any such record we gave that beef blockade plenty of room. The wind continued to shift to the west, and at the same time the mizen reached the upper end of Gilbert's Island we were sailing close hauled.

Just below Burton Wharf we sighted the General Wolfe, Commodore Weldon, lying at anchor, and we ran in and hooked on for a talk. The commodore is what is generally known as a character, having built with his own single hand more vessels than any man in the Province. By the number of Britain's heroes whose names have adorned his vessels, I would judge he was intended to be in his sympathies. He has sailed the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, King William and two General Wolfes since I can remember. Germany also comes in for some of his admiration, as witness the names Crown Prince and Prussian "General," two more of his vessels that I recollect. The King William was built in Mobile, and was a very fine vessel. I have never seen a vessel I ever heard of, except the Boston cat Em-Els-Eye, viz., 28 ft. keel and 14 ft. beam.

In all of the vessels he drove every spike, placed every plank, besides doing the rigging and making the sails. He sailed them all single handed, and even more so, for I have often seen him sailing two of them tandem—a touch story, I know, but true as the aphorisms of Josh Billings. In the summer of '79 he sailed the Crown Prince and the first General Wolfe in this way, and would beat them to windward, too. "How did he do it?" Now you are asking me something I can't answer; I only know he did it; and you can now understand how his skill in handling a fleet won him the title of commodore. He has a son who is one of the smartest captains that ever sailed a square-rigger out of St. John Harbor.

As the Commodore had carried ashes for me, and also for Horace's father, we were on quite familiar terms with him, and in answer to our hail of "hello, grandpa" (he is over 80 years old), he greeted us with, "Well, now, how did you boys get away here in that? Come from Washademoak to-day?" "Yes," "Good heavens!" He told us that the wind had been westerly up there all day, and that when it headed he had cast anchor and waited till it "was ready to go his way." He gave us a good deal of information, and wound up with the assertion that "the load of ashes was for Mr. Randolph, of Fredericton, the best man in the province."

Wishing the old man a prosperous voyage, we stowed sail and bent to our paddles. At Burton Wharf we landed and hunted up a spring. (Water tasted good when you have had none for twelve hours.) A schooner came along just as we re-embarked and we, sometimes paddling and sometimes sailing, hung in her wake the rest of the day, and camped at night a short distance from where the ebb headed her. We pitched our tent just above the head in the river below Oroonoto Village, and less than a hundred yards from a house.

Before we started we had been severely cautioned to be careful where we camped, for the reason that many of the people would be liable to order us off. The warning was well meant and came from a man who had some acquaintance with that part of the river, whereas we had none. So before unloading we headed straight for the house to ask permission. We found a young man in the garden, and when we camped where we wished, and a man that gave us all the milk we wanted. Later he piloted us to a spring of good water, talked politics with us without disclosing his political complexion (perhaps because we wouldn't show our hand), and when a thunder shower was imminent came down to the tent and insisted that we should go to the house with him. We could scarcely make him comprehend that we would rather enjoy a good thunder storm than camp where we would be mortalized the name of so good-hearted a man by putting it right here, but I do not know it.

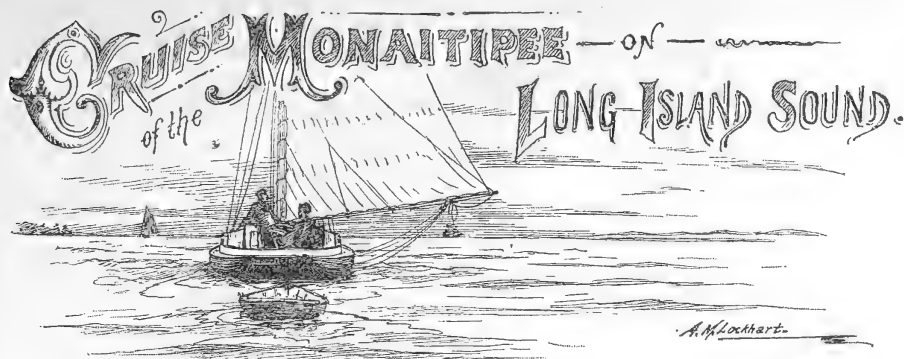
So much hath been said and sung of the festive mosquito by the tourist, the would-be humorist and the blamed fool, that any reference to him smacks of that delightful chestnutty flavor so sought after by the humorist, but which would be a bore to the reader, which this is intended. Yet, as we never had been troubled with them in any of our previous camp, I feel bound to record that we were well roasted here. Horace said that; had there been fewer "pieces" in the band, he thought possibly he might have enjoyed the serenade. The next morning he observed that blood enough had been shed in a life had been shed in the night to form the essential part of one of Rider Haggard's novels, but a year later he acknowledged that this was gross hyperbole.

L. I. FLOWER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—Atlantic Division: Howard G. Mettler, New York City; G. W. Petty, Rutherford, N. J., and W. T. Markham, Jersey City. Central Division: Herbert C. Way, Corning, N. Y.

CATARINA.—Mr. Morgan having turned over the wrecked *Catrina* to the underwriters, she has been sold by them to J. W. Sulz, of the *Wilmington*, who has hauled her out and is now in the floating dock at Gouverneur street for thorough repairs. Part of her plating has been stripped off and taken to City Island, where Piepgrass, who has charge of the repairs to the hull, has straightened the sheets. New angle iron frames have been put in along the sides of the hull, and the deck has been repaired. The vessel was originally made 50 per cent. heavier than required by the laws, and has sustained no injury, and by good luck the damage to the bottom was just under the bunkers, so that the engines were not disturbed. A large force of joiners is at work below, and the interior has already been completely restored, all traces of the ship's former name having been removed.



THE little yacht Monaitipee is known to the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* through her cruises published on March 14, 1889, and Jan. 30, 1890, the latter to Wading River, being made by myself and three companions in August, 1889. Two weeks previous to our starting on this venture the Monaitipee had returned from a cruise to Greenport, L. I., but as I did not participate in it the Wading River trip was written and published instead, although occurring later in the season. Since then, however, my brother has written me the particulars of the Greenport cruise, which I will undertake to put before the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* with the perhaps conceived idea that some fellow Cornellians may find interest enough in the account to read it through.

To my mind there is too little told of this delightful recreation, and any addition to the small amount should be welcomed, even from the pen of one who owns his inability to place it before the reader in other than a homely and crude shape.

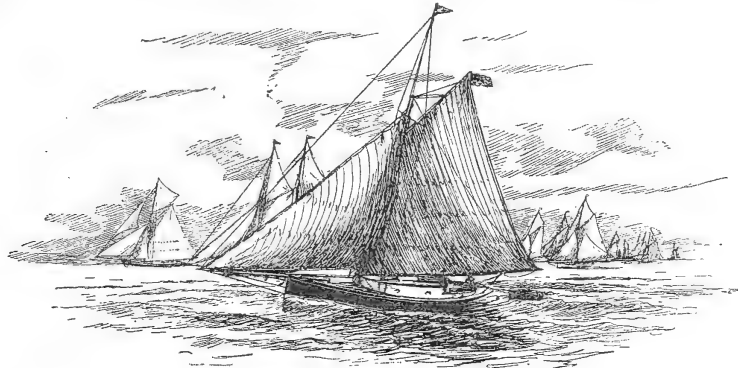
The cruise began with a weakfishing trip to Staten Island: we started on Saturday, July 5, having on board my brother (who is captain), Tom, the crew and myself. We left Sheephead Bay our headquarters, about 7 A. M. with S.W. breeze. About noon we anchored near the Hospital Islands and caught a few fluke. A little wind came along from the southward and we continued to Huguenot, where we arrived about 5 o'clock.

We landed, refreshed ourselves, and then proceeded to the fishing grounds about a half mile off shore and anchored. Before starting to fish we prepared and ate our evening meal, by which time the sun had set beautifully and darkness was creeping over the surroundings. Lights began to peep forth from the shore and reflect their radiance in the placid waters of the bay, while round about us glared numerous jacklights, ostensibly to attract the wary weakfish. We had no jack light, but possessed two lanterns of the ordinary type, one of which we hung on each quarter to serve both as a lure for the fish and illumination for ourselves in our maneuvers in fixing bait, etc.

We got our lines out and for nearly an hour we waited without any gratifying result. Suddenly Tom got a vigorous yank at his line and began reeling in. Almost at the same instant I hooked something too. Both turned out to be weakfish and weighed about 2lbs. each. The captain followed with a three-pounder, and for over an hour we batted them in at short intervals. None weighed over 3lbs., but they were gamy fellows, and quite a number escaped from us while we were endeavoring to land them.

About ten o'clock Tom quietly laid down his pole, leaving his line hanging overboard, and crawled into his bunk. Not many minutes after the captain followed suit, leaving me alone to mind the three poles. The night breeze was cool and I buttoned by coat up and crouched down behind the cabin where the wind would not reach me, determined to stick it out all night. A half hour passed and not a sign of a bite, the poles lay with the butts on the floor just as they had been left. In spite of my resolution I fell asleep.

I was aroused by a great racket, and discovered the poles dancing a sort of hornpipe around the cockpit. I ducked my head into the cabin and gave a warwhoop that awoke the captain so suddenly that in jumping up he nearly drove his head through the roof of the cabin. Seizing one of the rods I found I had hooked a good one and soon landed a three-pounder. In the meantime my brother had taken charge of the other poles, and in a tussle with them both lost one fish but secured the other. This luck was continued for about half an hour, and again they disappeared.



THE FLEET OVERHAULED US ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK.

All the noise we had made did not awaken Tom and he continued peacefully to snore, and was shortly joined by the captain again. I heroically stuck to my purpose until 4 A. M., but only got one more stray weakfish. After daylight, when we counted them, we found we had 43 weakfish, averaging 2lbs. each.

We had weakfish for breakfast, and about 8 o'clock, after having visited the institution on shore presided over by Mr. Bensly, we set sail for Harlem, with the wind dead ahead. We tacked along shore to Gifford's at Great Kills, and after a turn in among the fishing boats, finding they were not doing as well as we had done, we stood across toward Sandy Hook on the port tack for about five miles. Then going about we were enabled to head up for the Narrows. The sailing was very tedious on account of a light breeze and an ebb tide, but at 11:30 we passed up through the Narrows with an increasing southerly wind and the flood tide, and were whirled along through the East River under the Bridge, and on to Hell Gate, where we turned into the Harlem River and anchored in front of one of the boat houses thereon located. Here I left the boys and returned home to Brooklyn with my weakfish, lamenting over my hard luck in not being able to accompany them on the trip.

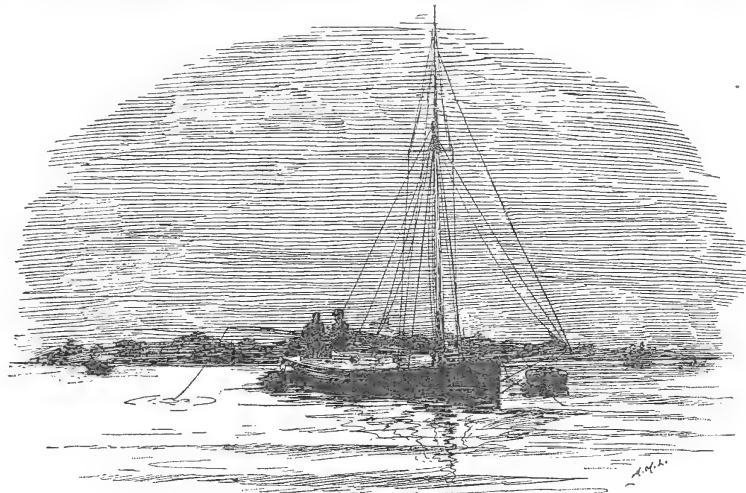
The rest of this cruise was told me by the captain, and I think it is worth reciting, being a rather venturesome trip for a 19ft. waterline boat drawing 24in., commanded by a young man who had never been over the ground before and unsupplied with either chart or reliable compass; the only guide which they had to go by being a railroad map with an outline of the ground on it—having only the principal ports marked. I will tell it in his words:

July 7, Monday morning, we spent a couple of hours taking in provisions. We had not yet up to this time decided on just where we would fetch up. There was a large sloop laying alongside, getting ready for a cruise to Greenport, L. I., and after a short consultation we concluded we would make that our objective point also. The sloop got under way, having eight young fellows on board, a cockpit piled up with boxes of provisions and a large cooking stove. They went out through Hell Gate. We waited until nearly high water, and with a young man who knew the locality, went through Little Hell Gate and with an extremely light wind reached Whitestone about 8 P. M. Here our pilot left us and returned to Harlem in a steam launch.

We did not see the other yacht and were unable to tell whether she was ahead of us or behind. After landing our friend we stood away for the Sound, passed Throggs Neck, and the breeze dying out completely we drifted along under a burning sun by Stepping Stones Light and City Island. Occasionally a gentle puff would waft us along for a few minutes, only to die away and leave us in the lurch again. Tom took the tender and towed for a while, but

soon gave it up as darkness came on, and finding it a not very entertaining pastime.

Shortly before 8 o'clock we sighted an opening in the shore which apparently led into a basin of some sort, and we agreed to go in, and if we found it a good anchorage to lay there for the night. We accordingly towed the Monaitipee inside and found it a very good harbor. We learned from a native that it was called Chimney Corner. A schooner lay alongside a rude wharf and was loading a cargo of stone which had been quarried from the cliff



FOR AN HOUR WE WAITED WITHOUT ANY GRATIFYING RESULT.

which inclosed the basin on all sides except where the inlet was. We put in a comfortable night in this snug little retreat.

July 8.—We turned out early and at 4 o'clock A. M. were under way. As daylight came on we discovered that there was another outlet a little further to the eastward, a small island filling the space between the two. We went out through the east one and once more were on the Sound. It was still very calm, but after a short sail we came abreast of Greenwich, Conn., and turned in, anchored and went on shore. We decided to stop here until some wind arose. After a good deal of nosing around and a few inquiries we discovered the post office at the top of a long road about a mile from the harbor. We sent a short note to the boys, having promised to keep them posted as to our progress.

As the majority of the yachts were larger than the Monaitipee they soon left us astern. We watched them as they receded, unable to take our attention from so beautiful a sight of white sails shadowed here and there, and at other parts brilliant and sparkling in the sun, while their glossy sides sent forth flashes of light as Old Sol cast his rays upon the glossy paint. A long line of foam marked their course and we followed on this milky highway. We sighted what we concluded must be Penfield Reef Lighthouse about 5 o'clock, and shortly after passed it, and soon had Black Rock Beacon abeam. Bounding this we headed up the harbor close hauled, making directly for the Bridgeport Lighthouse.

While on this course we observed a large sloop coming along to windward with a party on board. She was flying the Yale College flag. The party was eating a lunch, which was set out on a large tray on top of the cabin. Evidently they were enjoying themselves immensely, as the shouts of laughter frequently resounded over the water to our ears. She tacked a short distance ahead of us while we were watching her. Suddenly before she had gathered headway a vicious gust of wind laid her almost on her beam ends. We luffed just in time and stuck her nose square at it; and how those two pieces of cotton did slap and bang! The sound of china and glassware tumbling together told us that a lunch had gone to feed the fishes. When we looked at them again there seemed to be considerable confusion on board. In the midst of the party I saw a fellow holding up a large tray, while another was tossing pieces of broken dishes overboard.

We followed the sloop into the harbor, and seeing an unoccupied space alongside a stone abutment between the boat houses we dropped anchor. The steamer Rosedale was lying in a berth near the drawbridge, while I prepared supper Tom went ashore to purchase a few articles we were in need of. He was back in a half hour and reported favorably of the appearance of the city, as much as he had seen of it. Neither of us had ever been here before, and we intended to have a look around before we left. Supper was ready and we both pitched in and ate as only two tired,

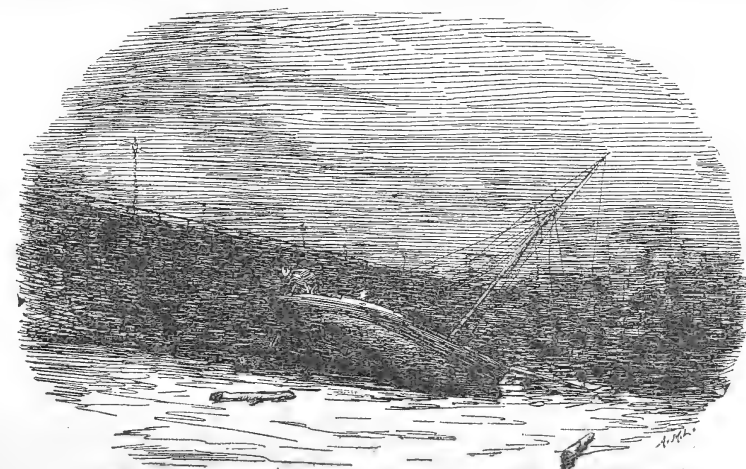
hungry cruisers can. After about an hour passed in this pleasant occupation we retired to the cockpit for a smoke and to talk over our future movements.

After making all snug we went ashore and took a look at the city as well as was possible in the evening. We were somewhat astonished at the size and number of the business houses and factories. The part of the city through which we walked was almost entirely made up of these large buildings. That which hit us the hardest was the scarcity of grocery stores, and we searched for a long time before we found a place to buy a fresh supply of provisions. Having procured these, we returned to where we had left the tender, which was at a float under the bow of the Rosedale. We climbed down into her very carefully as it was intensely dark, and paddled out to the Monaitipee. It was 10 o'clock when we stepped on board, and we lost no time in getting into our bunks.

It seemed as though I had not been asleep five minutes (but in reality it was two hours) when I awoke and found myself on the cabin floor. I had been lying with my head toward the bow of the boat, and when I attempted to get up I had great difficulty in doing so, as I discovered that my feet were elevated almost as high as my head, though resting on the floor. At the least movement of my body the yacht would careen from one side to the other, and her stern appeared to be elevated high in the air. With a queer feeling of wonder and alarm I managed to reach the companion-way and crawl out into the cockpit. The noise I made in doing so awoke Tom, and after a brief struggle and some confused exclamations of astonishment and terror, his head appeared with hair on end and bulging eyes. "What's the matter? What's the matter?" he cried twenty times in succession before I could answer or discover the cause of our strange position.

I told him to be quiet and keep his balance, and help me to keep the boat steady and I would endeavor to ascertain the reason of the queer antics of our craft. The night was as clear and calm as when we had retired. The water was smooth, and there was nothing visible that would account for the attitude of the yacht. I looked over the counter and was dumfounded at the distance the water was below. Seizing an oar which lay on deck I thrust it down alongside of the overhang. It brought up with a thud which sent cold chills up and down my spinal column, and visions of jagged rocks crunching through the planking arose before me. I continued to prod about with the oar and it suddenly sank several feet deeper and apparently into soft mud.

It suddenly struck me that the quickest way in which to find out what we were aground on would be to let myself down on to it and make a closer inspection of the obstruction, and this I accordingly proceeded to do, taking a lantern with me. I immediately perceived that the yacht was resting on a sunken log. It was a very large one, too, and the heel of the boat had brought up on it at the sternpost. Her bow was deep down in the mud and I thought that I might be able to pry her off with the oar, but this I soon found to be impossible. Tom expressed a fear that she might roll over, for she was lying almost on her beam ends, but an examination forward showed that his fears were unnecessary, she was sunk in the soft mud to the planksheer, and the end of the bowsprit was out of sight.



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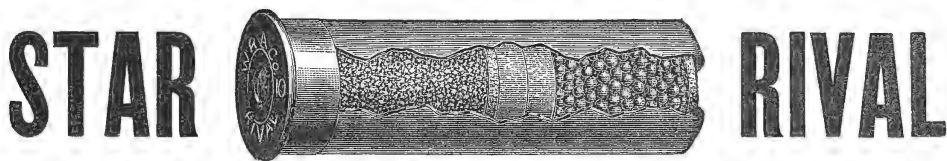
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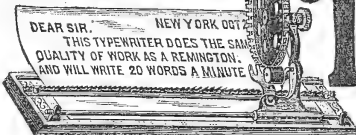
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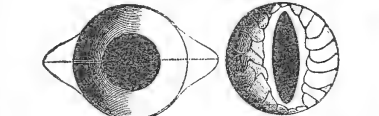
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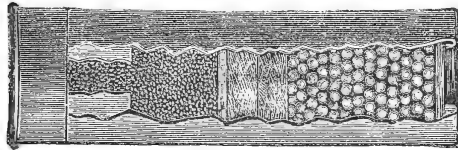
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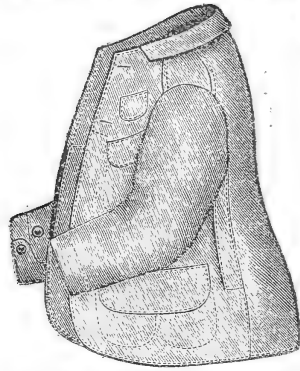
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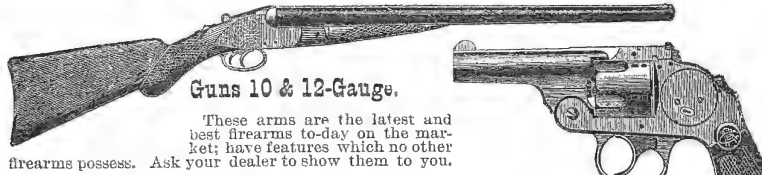
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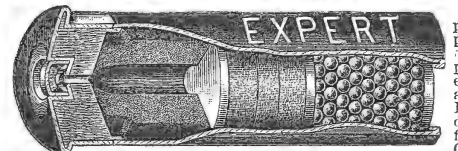


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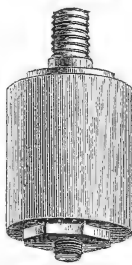
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

sioners should continue to increase by the proposed establishment of new hatcheries by the Legislature (although the Commissioners themselves do not approve of the establishment of any additional stations), it would become necessary for the appointment of a general superintendent, who should be a practical fishculturist and a man of good executive ability, to take general charge of the work of the Commission. Indeed, it is well understood by those who are conversant with the scope of the Commission's labors that each one of the members of the board has as much as he can reasonably be asked to do as a gratuitous public service; and unless there are substantial reasons, which have not been divulged, for believing that the proposed change would increase the efficiency of the board, the organization should be left as it is.

The codification Committee also recommend that but one commissioner shall be appointed from any judicial department. In this they have manifestly paid heed to certain expressions of distrust on the part of recent critics of the Commissioners, lest the eastern portion of the State should be unduly favored at the expense of the rest. In a matter of such importance as this, foolish sectional jealousy should be given no weight. The proposed restriction is unreasonable. The Governor may safely be trusted to appoint to the Commission men whose public spirit, ability and experience commend them, without regard to the locality of their residence.

Equally uncalled for and mistaken is the proposal to make Albany the headquarters of the Commission. At least two of the members of the codification committee must have known that one of the most important branches of the Commission's work has to do with the oyster fisheries. More time must be given to this division than to all others combined; the commercial importance transcends those of others. To do this oyster work with any degree of satisfaction, the office of the Commission must be readily accessible to the oystermen; in New York it is convenient; in Albany it would be out of reach. To transfer the maps and charts of the oyster surveys to Albany would not alone seriously hamper the business of the office, but it would subject the oysterman to unjust because unnecessary expense of time and money.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Fly-fishers' Club, of London, is a social institution, the purposes of which are to bring together gentlemen interested in angling, to afford a means of communication between them, and to provide a reading room stocked with angling literature. The club was established in 1884 and has steadily grown in membership, until its roll now shows a list of 310. Once a year the club assembles for its banquet, at which gather members from town and country, and these occasions are always most happy reunions. It has often been suggested that New York might follow the example of London and establish such an institution here, but no one has yet been found to take the initiative. The nearest approach to the Fly-fishers' Club in this country is the Massachusetts Association, with headquarters at Boston, and a membership rapidly extending throughout the State.

At the last meeting of the Fly-fishers' Club Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, referring to the copyright bill now under consideration at Washington, related an interesting little story about Mr. F. M. Halford's work on "Floating Flies." It appears that when the book came out an American paper took it bodily and reprinted the whole thing without ever saying by your leave or thank you. Mr. Marston thereupon wrote to the editor, who responded that the proceeding should be taken by Mr. Halford as a compliment. This was perhaps the same paper that appropriated Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," and when taken to task for it related that the author should feel highly delighted that the editor had considered his work good enough to reprint.

The Massachusetts law, authorizing towns and cities to appoint special officers to destroy the English sparrow, has resulted in nothing, since no town has done anything in the matter. The Commissioners now recommend that cities and towns be empowered to pay bounties on eggs and dead sparrows.

Is pigeon-shooting cruel or legitimate sport? That is a question now under discussion in two States, and imminent in others. In Maine the practice is forbidden, but

an effort is making to repeal the law. A petition sent to the Legislature recites that an investigation of belfries and other pigeon roosts in Lewiston and Auburn has disclosed the fact that numbers of pigeons have died from cold and neglect; it would have been more humane, says the petition, to have given these birds speedy death at the trap. Moreover, it is urged, if the ubiquitous Yankee boy were encouraged by the reward of the few nickels for which he might sell the pigeons to the trap-shooters, he would be encouraged to feed and shelter the birds. Arrayed against the trap-shooters are numerous school teachers and even the Sabbath schools of some of the cities; and they are sending in counter petitions praying that the anti-pigeon law may be retained, on the ground that the practice is cruel and degrading. It is thought that the repeal will be effected.

A serious defect in the proposed New York law is its failure to protect rapacious birds. The Commission seem to share the popular prejudice against hawks and owls, and, in sections 78 and 80, encourage their destruction. It is sufficiently well known to all who have given the subject even slight attention that the work performed by rapacious birds is beneficial rather than injurious, and in another column a correspondent gives citations on the point taken from an exhaustive inquiry carried on by the Bureau of Economic Ornithology at Washington. It is difficult to combat prejudice, yet if the codification of the New York game laws is to mean anything, and the changes made are to endure, these changes should represent the best knowledge that we now have on all points which the statute touches on. To fail to protect these rapacious birds will be seriously to injure the farming interests of this State, and the bill should be altered so as to avoid this injury.

Whatever may be the merits of the libel suit which has just been brought by an Albany gentleman against individual members of the American Kennel Club, the case will excite lively interest among all who are connected with that institution. The complaint, we understand, is based upon the repeated publication in the *Kennel Gazette*, the club's official organ, of the name of the plaintiff in the list of the disqualified. Whether or not the damages asked for will be awarded, it is quite clear that members of the A. K. C. will not relish being made defendants in libel suits. The simplest way to guard against such unpleasant consequences is manifestly to discontinue the obnoxious posting of names of disqualified members. It should be quite practical to conduct the affairs of a kennel club without taxing the already overburdened calendars of the courts. We hear that several other suits are to follow.

The rabbit war in New Zealand goes steadily on. Our consul at Auckland reports that although there is scarcely any perceptible diminution in the number of vermin, yet the returns show the progress made in this respect, as seen by the export of skins. During the past ten years the total number of skins exported amounted to, in round numbers, nearly 100,000,000, increasing from about 7,000,000 in 1880 to 11,342,778 in 1889. The value of last year's sale of rabbit skins outside the colony amounted to \$480,195.

At the meeting of the New York Fish Commissioners held Feb. 12, there were 366 applications for trout fry, which called in the aggregate for 22,165,075 fish, and there were voted to the applicants throughout the State 2,100,000 brook trout, 2,500,000 brown trout and 3,310,000 lake trout. There were reported as on hand 22,000,000 fry, all trout of different species except 7,000,000 frost fish. The distribution of nearly 8,000,000 fry in the waters of this State cannot but have an important effect on the fishing.

On first thought it might appear that the man who wrote in our rifle columns the other day and signed himself as the "champion deaf-mute trick, snap-rifle and wing-shot challenger of the world" was laying claim to an empty honor. Mr. O'Connell assures us, however, that among the 90,000 deaf mutes of the world are many shooting experts, and he has repeatedly been called on to defend his claims. But what an odd "championship" it is.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

XL.—TO SHAW'S ON DOBSY.

IT isn't pleasant to give up what one has started to do; but in the present case discretion was better than courage. We backed out gracefully.

We came up the same shore which we had followed in going down, and picked a few cranberries that, oddly enough, were growing among the rocks on the beach; but most of them were still in bloom or just withered. As we approached the inlet we saw a canoe there, and going up found two young Indians fishing for pickerel. At first they were reticent, but they soon told us that they had come from Grand Lake by way of Wabash into the eastern arm of Third Lake. The gun which we heard the night before was theirs.

Just below the quick water on the inlet Jot saw the head of a fine buck which was standing in the bushes; but we made no effort to kill him. True, it was not a very good chance, but even if he had been standing broadside to us in the open meadows it might have been just the same, much as we wanted meat; for Father has been so much with the Indians that he is learned in their philosophy and never lugs an extra pound on a carry. Had he met a nine-prong buck on the Machias end of the Gassobeis Carry, it would have been quite characteristic for him to request the buck to step across to the Gassobeis end, because he always preferred to shoot his deer at Gassobeis and save lugging them across the carry.

We thought it easier to carry past the little fall just above, many hands making light work, than to make Jot pole the load up over: for it is a "smart little pitch" and there was much more water on than when we came down. At the gravel above we also walked by, and on the carry to Fourth Lake Dam we walked while Jot poled the canoe up. Third Lake rose fully twelve inches between Tuesday night and Friday morning, and Fourth Lake had risen even more, though the gates were up at both dams. While we were at Fourth Lake the water rose fully two feet.

Such a beautiful, clear, hot day, such fresh air, such delight in seeing the sun after so many days of gloom. Even Fourth Lake looked almost pretty.

We left our canoe at the end of the carry to Lower Doby and went across to Shaw's to dinner, but more especially to get some flour, salt, sugar, potatoes, butter, condensed milk and matches, of all which we stood in some need, though we had plenty spoiling at Gassobeis. The carry is a wide sled road, along the top of the horse-back, a mile and a quarter from lake to lake. Shaw's house lies about half a mile further up the lake on the end of Norway Point. Here the family receive summer visitors and care for them at the house or on camping excursions to the different lakes about the region. The house itself is a commodious, two-story building, remarkably well located in every respect. It is in a grove of sapling red pine (which we call Norway pines), close to the lake, a perfectly healthful spot, free from mosquitoes, and though both cool and shady neither damp nor exposed to cold winds. Mrs. Shaw is a lady of refinement and tact, with the art of making temporary visitors like ourselves feel at home. The board is excellent, for any one who could cook as good a dinner as we obtained there could not cook a poor one. I have never seen a place in Maine to which it would be so easy and so pleasant to transport a whole family, old and young, and yet have all contented. Here old people could sit in quiet on the piazza, or children be left to play among the pines or to bathe at the beach in front of the house, while a part of the family could go off with guides and tents to hunt and fish. Twice a week the steamer comes up from Princeton, so that mails are regular and the place is easy of access.

We wanted to get some butter but Mrs. Shaw had none. Now butter is a luxury and according to our *credo* should be dispensed with. But as we made no pretensions to strict consistency in leading our life of poverty and self-denial we have butter when we can get it. It was proposed that we should cross the lake to Ball's and get some. We borrowed a canoe and, forgetting that the absence of any baggage should make a difference in the way we loaded, got in after our usual order, Jot in the stern, Father bowman, myself in the second band. This brought her down by the head. The affair was managed with a real "Kennebec swing," as Penobscot people say of anything that is particularly awkward. Then the canoe herself was small, narrow and cranky, with a twisted nose, which, combined with the wrong adjustment of the weight, made her work directly up into the wind. There was no butter to be had at Ball's so that we had four miles of paddling for nothing. However, we saw the steamboat locks and ran across the narrow neck of land which separates Doby from Pocumpeus for a view of the latter lake.

Doby is not the proper name for this lake, but Sisladobis. I have used the common form of "Lower Doby" that I might distinguish it from "Upper Doby," of whose Indian name I am not sure. There seems to be an uncertainty about these names which is hard for a stranger to untangle. I have heard Sisladobis, Sissisladobis, Sissisladobis, and Sississisladobis given as an example of the perfection to which the Indians reduced their use of diminutives, each added *sis* being one more diminutive. But this looks to me more like an example of Yankee ingenuity than anything else. There seems to be something theoretical about it. In actual practice when anything is so much belittled as that last name, it would become a mathematical point and cease to have any visible existence; and so I have thought of some of these lakes. But I do not claim to know anything about the matter, for these are St. Croix waters.

Lower Doby is a beautiful lake. When we returned to Fourth Lake we could not help contrasting it very unfavorably with the clean shores, the pellucid water, the high hills and heavy growth about Doby. But we would not have exchanged our canoe for theirs. Indeed they make a much poorer canoe there than we do on the Penobscot. We had with us our old favorite Lady Emma—named for the mother—built for us by Gerrish, of Bangor, after a model specially shaped to meet Father's approval. She is a canvas canoe 19ft. long, made to carry three of us and all our load, yet light enough for one man to lug on a carry, high and full at the bows so as to

mount a heavy sea, and yet narrow enough to be an easy canoe to pole up rapids. She has been used for three years now, all over the northern part of the State in the roughest water that we have. No one has ever criticised the model, some have copied it; but we who have been with her through hard places and heavy seas best know her virtues. She is as staunch as on the day she was built, and will see more service yet. We paddled up the lake in the path of the setting sun and that night camped again on our island.

XII.—SATURDAY AND PICKEREL.

Friday night was as clear as a bell, stars out and northern lights flashing, in the morning a bright sunrise, then mist, fog, rain. Surely all signs fail!

We were back again on our old camp ground and at our old work of eating pickerel. Jot repeated his remark about being ashamed to look a pickerel in the face, and forthwith caught enough to last over Sunday.

Fourth Lake is full of pickerel. How many might be caught there in a day we do not know, for we never caught more than enough to meet our actual needs. In the present state of the game laws, when each one must be a law unto himself, we make our limit, not one of times and seasons, but of the amount of game which we take, which never is more than enough to satisfy our appetite. Of course this is killing to eat, and according to sporting papers, not sportsmanlike; it lays us open to the reproaches of the elect and classes us among those who have no appreciation of the proper methods for satisfying their thirst for blood. None the less we never kill when there is no reason for it; and like many other Maine people who have lost all respect for our game laws, we kill whenever we need meat. There is a volume yet to be written about Maine game matters, but it will be very different reading from what has been written up to this date, and it will explain things about which previously we have held our peace.

The Fourth Lake pickerel were darker than our pickerel usually are, some of the smallest being very dusky on the belly and almost black above. Their average length was not less than 15in.; and some of the largest measured 22 and 23in. I was always called a "biological fiend" and am still given to arcupis, so the pickerel had to furnish material for the note book. One female which we caught had a well developed roe, although I had always supposed they did not spawn before February; and her head after it was cut off and thrown into the water continued to breathe with regularity and several times turned itself from one side to the other. Many undoubtedly have noticed the little sacs which cling to the gills of pickerel and also the great size and leaden blue color of the gall-bladder, as also how the long leaves of hard white fat cling to their intestines as to an animal's. I know no other fish in which the fat takes this form and looks so much like lard; a very good oil can be expressed from it.

It seems to be the fashion to slur the pickerel. But do not some throw more than their quota of stones? That he is an interloper in trout waters is true, but he is not morally responsible for his present surroundings. The same well meaning unwisdom which supplied us the English sparrow and the black bass gave us the altogether more welcome pickerel. He is well liked in this State. There is no other fish or game which the law allows us to take any time of the year, and the back settlers and farmers count on him as a staple article of diet, while to many who live in cities winter fishing for pickerel affords more sport—if sport is the criterion by which everything must be judged—than all the other fishing they get throughout the year. He swarms when once introduced, he does not sulk like the trout, he can be taken at any time, and, practically, in any manner. Then, too, the pickerel is no mean food fish when properly cooked; but he will not bear being soaked in fat and taken out half raw, nor is he at his best in a chowder. Sift the fish down his back, cut out the backbone, salt well or corn over night, then broil before an open fire and butter heavily. So cooked they are the rival of the trout. For a single meal the trout, but for a steady diet broiled pickerel.

It has been a matter of ceremony to praise and flatter the trout; there are those who cannot speak of them without dragging in the well worn adulation of "speckled beauties." Indeed, they are a glorious fish; but the pickerel has merits too, like Dr. Johnson, despite his looks. The trout is more fickle and dainty, the pickerel never lacks an appetite; the trout is shy, the pickerel bold to the point of rashness; the trout is playful, the pickerel is an old war dog. He is full of energy, dash, decision. When the buel is rippling quietly through the water as if it were the only living thing astir, the ferocity with which some large pickerel charges after it and leaps upon it with a great whirl and a flash of black and yellow, never fails to startle. Then how he cuts and shears and hangs back, making the reel ring as he rushes for the nearest stick or lily pads, where he hopes to tear out the hook. A trout does not know half as well what to do at first, but the pickerel never loses his head. A bold freebooter, a good fighter, a "leglar ole pilate" as Sebattis used to call him, he has qualities which we Maine folk understand better than the trout's coyness. He commands our respect for his hardihood, independence, and unconquerable temper. There is a shark in him—see the teeth; and a leopard in him—see the spots; and a lion for courage, and a unicorn for strength. One has but to look into the eye of the pickerel—what an eye! what colors! what craft, what resolve, hate, rebellion, tenacity of purpose gleam from the jeweled orb as he is drawn up, captured but not conquered! Nothing but the toad has such an eye. And for intelligence—he has an unfortunate countenance, to be sure, which does not give him an intellectual appearance, but his cranium lacks none of the necessary bones, and he knows just as well as any other fish what he wants.

XIII.—SUNDAY AND SPIDERS.

Of course Sunday was fair, and for that we were glad, since our Sundays in camp are occupied with the great enjoyment of whatever is nearest us. This day the sky was beautifully blue, and the lake, scarcely rippled by the light north wind, was blue also. I took my shawl and my Emerson out upon the knoll back of the tent and lay down there in the hot afternoon sun among the brakes, not to read, but to listen to the hum which underlies all silence and to enjoy to the full the sense of well-being which such a day imparts. One might fall asleep on that hillock on such a day; perhaps one did. At first there

was a procession of ants across one corner of the shawl, all stepping with sober haste, but unloaded and apparently going nowhere at all, unless to see the sluggard who had been directed to go to them. Then a dragon fly with a red body lighted on a brake near by and solemnly rubbed his nose with his paw. I never yet saw a dragon fly do anything worth mentioning, except to whizz about like a portable windmill or to sit on a stick and duck his head and rub it just like a fat bald-headed man. Then there were strange voices on the beach—somebody must have been asleep to let Father and Jot pass so near unchallenged—and the visitors had to be reconnoitred through the pine-brush.

The tent was hot that afternoon, although I went there and turned the leaves of the Emerson, trying to read. It has been done so many times before that sunshiny Sunday afternoons in the woods are always associated with Emerson. I do not care for him on a rainy day, when looking up to see if Nature herself does not smile approvingly on his optimism, there is nothing to be seen but a Scotch mist that dampened all one's ardor. "Heroism" and "self-reliance" need a back ground of blue sky in order to be perfectly picturesque, and the "compensations" of such weather as we had been enjoying for a fortnight are apt to look more like the retributions for folly than the rewards of wisdom. Not that Emerson is a mere fair-weather prophet; but, like all true poets, he has more of June in him than of November.

The tent was hot, as I have said, and full of flies; and a myriad of spiders, infinitesimally small, dangled from fine threads all over the roof. Big dragon flies three inches long, yellow or green, and black, bumped against the tent with a crackle of stiff wings and sat there as shadows. A red-bellied nuthatch lighted on the tent pole and looked in, then flew away. Emerson ceased to entertain. Then like Abraham of old we sat in the tent door in the heat of the day and looked abroad. The big dragon flies and their smaller cousins in red and brown were darting through and about the branches of a dead pine which stood in the door yard about five rods off. We were watching their quick, whizzing, undeviating flight, in zigzag lines turned with sharp angles as they spun back and forth—they are not the pickerel of the air, motionless when they are still, swift as light when they move, arrow-like in the straightness of their flight, keen-sighted, voracious—when we saw a spider come sailing over the treetops. It was about 3 in the afternoon and the sun was at our left shoulder as we sat in the doorway: the spider came with the light breeze, which must have been drawing across the lake from the north, with a whole reef of web above her, which shone in the sun like a silver mainsail. As she came near a green pine tree she drew in her sail, clambering about on the rope ladders like any sailor, and descended to the pine of which she laid hold. When, after some hard work, everything had been made taut and belayed, she cast off again, this time sailing to the dead pine which stood in the clearing, a few rods from the green tree. The web did not catch; but she gathered it in and held it in her arms until she settled where she wished to be. She made her way from branch to branch apparently carrying the collapsed web with her, very busy and agile, until she was on the side of the tree furthest from the wind, when once more she made ready her airy craft, spread her sails again and launched forth, sailing toward the sun beyond the reach of my vision and as far as Jot, who is an old bee hunter, could follow her course. What conscious pride such a creature, even though small, must feel in its ability to make, man and navigate its own craft on these long voyages across unknown seas.

I thought I had seen something when I saw this. I thought possibly it was something new and worth telling. But it was as much a pleasure as a surprise to learn by chance that the same had been observed and written down nearly two hundred years before by a lad of eleven. In the *Andover Review* for January, 1890, you will find an article on the "Flying Spider," written by Jonathan Edwards, the great metaphysician and divine, when he was not more than twelve years old. If he stole my observations by being born a hundred or two years before I was, I will retaliate by quoting some of his. He has seen ten times as much as I and has told it a great deal better; but he cannot capitalize and I will expose him:

"I know I have several times seen a very Calm and serene Day at that time of year, standing behind some Opake body that shall Just hide the Disk of the sun and keep of his Dazling rays from my eye and looking close by the side of it, multitudes of little shining webbs and Glistening Strings of a Great Length and at such a height as that one would think they were tack'd to the Sky by one end were it not that they were moving and floating, and there Very Often appears at the end of these Webs a Spider floating and sailing in the air with them, which I have Plainly Discerned in those webs that were nearer to my eye and Once saw a very large spider to my surprise swimming in the air in this manner." This is only the beginning of young Jonathan's sentence; it is less than a quarter by actual measure. I pause to remark that ours was a very large spider, too. "They when they would Go from tree to tree or would sail in the air let themselves hang Down a little way by their webb and then put out a web at their tails which being so exceeding rare when it first comes from the spider as to be lighter than the air so as of itself it will ascend into it (which I know by experience) the moving air takes it by the end and by the spiders Permission Pulls it out of its tail to any length * * * but if nothing is in the way of these webs to hinder their flying out at a sufficient Distance and they Dont catch by anything, there will be so much of it Drawn out into the air as by its ascending force there will be enough to Carry the spider with it," and so on for nearly a page more, telling us the philosophy of what he calls the "Greater Levity" of the web and the "Greater Gravity" of the spider.

"there remains only two Difficulties," he goes on, "the One is how they first begin to spin out this so fine and even a thread of their bodies"—which he shows by experiments and drawings. "The Other Difficulty is how when they Are Once Carried Up into the air how they Get Down again or whether they are necessitated to Continue till they are beat Down by some shower of Rain without any sustenance which is not probable nor Agreeable to Natural Providence. I answer there is a way Whereby they May Come Down again when they Please by only Gathering in their Webs into them again by Which way they may Come down Gradually and Gently, but whether that be their Way or no: I Can't say but without scruple

that or a better for we Alwaies find things Done by nature as well or better than we can imagine beforehand."

And so he goes on discoursing on optics, astronomy and natural history, aged eleven they say, but the best mind in America even at that age. And he has this corallary which has in it all the charm and restfulness of that lovely Sunday afternoon on Fourth Lake: "We hence see the exuberant Goodness of the Creator Who hath not only Provided for all the Necessities but also for the Pleasure and Recreation of all sorts of Creatures And even the insects and those that are most Despicable."

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

WINTER IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the most remarkable winter that has ever been experienced here within the memory either of white men or Indians. There was not enough snow in the middle of January to impede wagon traffic over the roads throughout the Park. Even the trails were not blocked, except on a few very high, exposed ridges, where what little snow has fallen has been drifted by westerly winds. These drifts can be broken down and one can ride over any section of the Reserve. I have traveled over most of the northern part of the Park, and am within the limit when I say there is not an average of six inches of snow. The light snowfall, the bright sunny days, often quite warm enough to keep the southern exposures entirely free from snow, the dry winds evaporating the moisture as fast as the snow melts, leave the ground very dry, often quite dusty. I have seen quite a cloud of dust made by bands of elk and antelope when running. Then, too, they mix the dry snow and soil where the sun has not reached the snow in sheltered places, showing the ground to be unusually dry even under snow. This dry condition of the mountains and absence of snow would indicate a very low stage of water next summer, a very much diminished supply in all the streams draining the Park and used in the valleys below for irrigation. The streams now are unusually low. The next two months, we hope, will see a change, and sufficient snow piled up to fill all the great reservoirs, streams and springs. Otherwise there is danger that the forest (what little there is left) will be destroyed by the fires sure to come with a dry season. We don't even have any severe cold weather; up to the 8th of January 10° below zero is the coldest reported in the Park.

Withal, every one enjoys the delightful weather, the game remains on their summer range since there is nothing in the way of snow to drive them to a lower country. None of the animals have moved to any extent, except the blacktail deer, which have left the Park in great numbers. Scarcely any game has shown itself on Mt. Evarts, where usually it became very numerous before Jan. 1, driven there by deep snow at higher altitudes.

Recently I saw over three hundred antelope on Specimen Ridge at an altitude of 8,000ft. Several large bands of these beautiful animals can be seen in the Blacktail country. So many antelope when seen by hunters remind them, they say, of old times, the good old times when game was abundant everywhere. It is useless to attempt to convey to the Eastern mind any idea of the number of elk in the Park. One can simply say there are thousands of them. The country at times looks like an over-stocked cattle range during a round-up. Elk everywhere in large and small bands. I recently had the pleasure of watching a band of over 400 for an hour. They were in an open park on Specimen Ridge, and I was about 300yds. distant from the center of the band. Myself, horse and dog were in plain sight on a ridge. Other elk were scattered about on ridges and in the edge of timber. It is possible they mistook us for elk, for they paid no attention to me whatever. I saw fights between bulls, one which lasted as long as I remained in sight was between two of about equal size, but one had only one horn, the other beam seemed to have been broken off close to his head. I could hear their clashing horns as they made a dive at each other, and could see with my glasses that my one-horned friend was holding his own very well, sometimes pushing the other bull back bodily, when again it would be his turn to get the worst of it. He would be braced but would be moved back, all four feet sliding on the ground. It was a very interesting sight, but I could not stay to see the end. Mr. Onehorn was standing off the other bull when I left. I heard several whistle, but not so clear as early in the season. I was surprised to hear them at all so late, Nov. 20.

There is a very perceptible increase in the number of black-tail deer, but I cannot say the same for the mountain sheep, this may be accounted for by the fact that the latter have not left their summer range in any number, only a few have appeared on Mt. Evarts. Since the outbreak of the Sioux Indians in the Dakotas, Captain Boulette, with most of his command ("Troop 'K,' 1st Cavalry), has left the Park for Ft. Keogh and the field. Lieut. Frank A. Edwards is in command at Camp Sheridan with only ten men. The Park is left without a superintendent or acting civil officer, unless Lieut. Edwards is or some other commissioned officer has been so appointed when this reaches you.

The past season was an active one, by the Fish Commissioner stocking the barren waters in the Park. About 100,000 fingerling trout were brought from Michigan in cars to Cinnabar, from there hauled over 60 miles on wagon roads, then packed 20 miles on horses to Shoshone Lake and Lewis River. There is not the least doubt about the stocking of the Park waters with trout being a success. The trout planted the year before have grown and are doing very well. Some of the brook trout planted in Glen Creek were six inches long last spring when first seen. They had grown from fingerlings or two-inch fish to that size in less than a year. Professors Jordan, Gilbert, Forbes and Linton found abundance of the best kinds of fish food in all the streams and lakes they examined while investigating the waters of the Park for the U. S. Fish Commission. If the good work is continued for two years more this reservation will be one of the greatest resorts for fly-fishing in the world. There will be more kinds of trout and similar game fish here and a greater extent of country over which one can find them in the streams and lakes than the area of many of the smaller States of the Union.

Very few violations of the Park rules were committed last year. Late in the fall one camp was found very near the northern boundary line on the Gallatin. The parties were brought into Camp Sheridan, but were soon

released and their property turned over to them, as there was a doubt about their being much within the reservation boundary. Were the lines surveyed and properly marked by stakes and monuments at frequent intervals there would be no question about the line. People would at once know when they crossed the line, and would know, too, what to expect if they broke the Rules and Regulations.

The Yellowstone Park Association has a large hotel at the Fountain Geyser well along toward completion. It will be ready for guests by the first of June. This is the third large hotel that has been built during the past two years, and is a great improvement over the rough affair at the Lower Basin, which was almost three miles from the objects of interest.

No buffalo have been seen on Specimen Ridge so far this winter. A small band is in Hayden Valley and can be seen at any time by parties passing through. The reported band of 70 in the Red Desert, Wyoming, which were said to have left the Park, is all a mistake. So many parties were along the line south of the Park over which these buffalo would pass that they would have been seen by some one or their tracks noticed. The buffalo in the Red Desert are probably a band that have been there for years. They have been seen before, but only by parties who did not care to "give it away" to any and every one who came along, for had it become generally known they would soon have been killed by specimen and trophy hunters, or the Indians would soon have finished the band, for they enjoy the privilege of killing game at any and all times, no game law affecting them. There is little danger of the buffalo in the Park straying out, except on the west into Idaho, where, if molested, they would soon return to the reservation.

In October Captain Boulette had five small log cabins built at different points for the use of snowshoe scouting parties. They are so situated that the scouts can make their trip over a very extensive range with the certainty of shelter every night. The cabins are well built, provided with a door, window, good fire place, a bunk and locked strong box, to contain a supply of provisions and blankets. These cabins are not in sight of the roads or trails, but are cached as they are for the benefit of no one but the scouts. H.

ANTOINE BISSETTE'S LETTERS.—VI.

M'sieu Fores' Strim:

Wal, seb, dat hol' fashin Janaway t'aw was come sem lak we ant mos' spec he will, in de mont' he b'long for. He'll was mek me some trouh an' he'll mek mesome funs an' Ah 'll tol' you bose of it, haow he was.

Ah 'll was be chaup bah de cord for Joel Bahlett hees sonny-law. Ev'ry since de wintry beegin he was beegin for hearnes an' ev'ry tam dar was come snow 'nough, dar was come some more, an' bombye he was be very high, an' Ah 'll gat for pile mah hwood taup of it.

Ah 'll pile it kan' o' hopin cause it was season better so, an' it ant meashy any wus for me, probly.

Wal, seh, w'en de snow was gat four probly t'ree foot high an' Ah was pile mah las' cord, de sous' wind beegin for blow kan' o' genkly, den more harder an' harder an' more warmer an' de snow flea beegin haup all over de snow till he 'll mek it gray lak it was been pepper.

Den de snow beegin settlin', settlin' more under one side of mah hwood pile as t'odder, till mos' all my cord was tomlen an' seratter togedder, an' spile all mah nice pilin'.

Den it beegin for rain lak hol' t'under an' Joel Bahlett sonny-law git scare for afraid de sleddin' all be gone off an' so he 'll hoarah for draw off hees hwood home.

An' he 'll ant took mah meashy but meashy it w'en he 'll gat it draw an' he 'll ant pile it so caifly Ah was did, so you see he 'll cheat me for mos' four cord, Ah do' know but t'ree, probly. Dat was pooty discourage for poor, hones' hard-workin' mans, Ah tol' you.

But he 'll mek mistake of ten cent he 'll pay me too much as he mean to, an' dat mek me feel leetly better. Dat was de way, de t'aw bus' me, some.

Naow Ah tol' you haow it was do me some fun. Ah 'll was mek grea' deal of cackelate on hunt some coon w'en he come aout for sociable wid hees folkses, he 'll ant see for more as mos' two mont' but w'en de t'aw was be t'aw-in', some bees'ness pree-vent me to go.

Ah 'll had to keel bin critter for Tom Hamlin an' 'fore Ah 'll gat it hang, de win' come on de north' side an' froze some crus' on de snow.

But Ah 'll took mah haxe an' go hairly of de mornin'. Fust Ah 'll fin' track of four coon goin' togedder, den t'ree in one road, den bombye five jus' de sem, an' all pahnt toward one way.

Ah 'll hope very hard it ant be hole in de rock where he all goin' an' Ah 'll foller, foller long way till Ah was be tire. Den Ah 'll stop for have it some smoke, an' w'en Ah 'll was got lit of mah pipe Ah 'll kan' o' stan' leetly while for look what Ah 'll see.

It was clear mornin' an' so steel you can hear squirly run on de crus' more as forty rod.

Off piece Ah 'll took noticed of big hol' holler tree wid de limb all broke off, an' Ah 'll see what Ah 'll think fus' was smoke comin' aout de taup of it. It ant come steady, honly poof! poof! lak stim woggin on rail-roll, baout once so often as you breeze you bref.

Ah 'll was very astonishin', but Ah 'll ant fraid, cause Ah 'll ant never do dat, an' Ah 'll go close of it an' den Ah 'll see all de coon track come raght dar. Bah gosh! Ah 'll said, all de coon in Danvit was be in dis tree if he ant gone off on de crus', an' Ah 'll guess he ant, for dat stim was hees bref. It clamb de sky all de tam, poof! poof! Wal seh! Ah 'll throw mah coat, Ah 'll spit on mah han' of it an' Ah beegin for chaup.

Mah haxe go pluck! pluck! an' ev'ry tam Ah 'll stroke Ah 'll said hah! an' de cheep flew so you tink it was rain hwood. Dat hol' tree can' stood it great while an' bombye go c-r-r-rack! c-r-r-r-whoosh! on de crus' an' split wide all hopen, an' dar was a squirm of hair an' claw more as ten foot long.

Feefty coon! Ah 'll said, an' Ah 'll jump on it an' knock it raght 'tween de head wid mah haxe, all but one dat run way an' Ah can' see hees track on de crus'. W'en Ah 'll get it all keel Ah 'll count it, an' bah gosh! Ah 'll was dis'pant. Ah 'll spec dar was feefty, but he ant honly t'irty-seven, cep' de one run way.

Wal, Ah 'll got for mek de bes' of it, an' Ah 'll ant cry 'f Ah 'll ant gat great many coon dis tam.

Fust Ah 'll tie it all in row an' haul it head fust, till Ah 'll gat fraid it wear off all de hair. Den Ah 'll go home an' got sled an' load mah coon on it an' draw it so. W'en Ah 'll comin' where de folks see me, fust dey

tink Ah 'll gat beeg sled load of hay for mah hoss. Den w'en Ah 'll gat more close of it dey tink Ah 'll was peddle fur overcoat, an' den w'en dey see what Ah 'll gat, dey ant tink what for tink.

W'en Ah 'll skin it an' nail de skin on mah barn for dry, stranger folkses say w'en dey drove on dat road, "Dat mans was pooty good off for be able of board hees barn of coon skin!"

De meats mek it long row w'en it was hang up for froze, an' it mek you stommack be hurry for have it cook w'en you look of it.

What you tink Ah 'll was pooty good feller for hunt coon, hein?

Ah b'lieve de reason Ah 'll get so few of it was cause dey mos' all gone off on de crus' fore Ah 'll found dat tree. ANTOINE BISSETTE.

Scrippos.—M'sieu Mumsin said he 'll b'lieve Ah 'll ought for mek it game supper of dat coons an' invite all de huntin' feller in Danvit an' have it hol' big tam.

Ah 'll goin' speak of Ursule baout dat, an' if he say he ant care, Ah guess we goin' have it.

Ah guess yass, if he ant willin' probly.—A. B.

Natural History.

NOTES ON THE BEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of Feb. 5 a letter from "M. D." in regard to the breeding of bears. Your answer is not altogether correct as regards our country. Here bears mate during the month of August. During running season the female will go to a tree and stand with her back to it, reach above her head with her paws and bite the tree. A male will come along and will go through the same performance. About the first of February the females go up to have their young and do not come out again until their young are large enough to follow them, which is about May 15. The cubs follow the mother until the next running season, which is the next following August, one year later; they only have young every two years. The females that have mated in August are very fat in the fall and are what we hunters call "barren shes." I have had pet bears for years, and have seen those owned by others, but have never known them to breed. I think as a general thing they have two cubs. During my hunting experience I have never seen more than two following a female. It is my opinion that the male will kill the cubs. This has always been the opinion of all old bear hunters.

I have caught cubs in September that were not larger than a house cat, and have killed them as late as December, weighing only about 50 or 60lbs. In all my hunting I have never killed what we call a "barren she" during the month of February. I think when they go up to have their young they never come out until the cubs are large enough to follow. It is an old tale with bear hunters that during running season, when a little bear comes along first after a female he will roll a chunk up to the tree and get up on it, so that he can bite high up. The next one that comes along if he cannot reach the bite he will turn back, as he thinks the bear in front is the biggest and won't do to monkey with. I have seen them biting the tree and every fellow certainly tries to reach his best. HUNTER.

POINT PLEASANT, La.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note the question and remarks on the "Breeding of Bears," in the edition of Feb. 5, and contribute my mite, gained by study of the species during an experience as a trapper of more than forty years in New England and Canada. It is my opinion that bears mate mostly between June 1 and 15 and have their young the fore part of February, a period of eight months in gestation. The number at a birth rarely exceeds two, but I once found four in a den and but one old one. This was in March, when it was good tracking, and as no tracks led away from the den it is certain that the cubs were one litter. I was very thorough in my search for another old one, as I had doubted bears having more than three at a birth. No doubt the male will kill the cubs. Many of the carnivora have this propensity, hence the females hide away by themselves to have their young. Bears are the worst cannibals I know of. I have had bears killed in traps by others several times, and forthwith they tear out and devour the entrails as they do with a sheep. Some months ago I noted the inquiry of a correspondent for best bait for bears. When I commence the season I endeavor to procure the entrails of sheep or swine, as the best for a starter; then when I have taken a bear (and now I am giving away my very choicest secret) I cut off what I need for bait and burn the rest of the carcass. Bears will be lured by this when nothing else will bring them and it never fails. I got on to this as follows: I observed that the carcasses I skinned out were carried off. Following up I found it the work of bears and that all but large bones were eaten before quitting; this, together with their killing and devouring in a trap, was a pointer I did not fail to profit by. According to my observation bears breed only in alternate years, but as your correspondent's bear did not raise her young she may be in season the ensuing summer. HUNTER.

MAINE, Feb. 8.

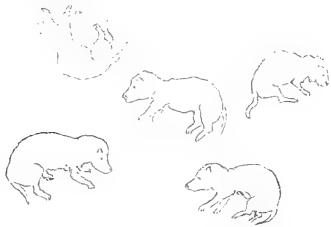
A DEATH FROM SNAKE BITE.—St. Augustine, Fla., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A deep gloom has fallen on this gay throng through the death of a popular young Englishman, from the fatal poison of the rattlesnake, the bane of all sportsmen. The gentleman, Mr. Bosanquet, went out with his friend into one of the hammocks after birds, and came upon the reptile, received its fatal bite in the calf of the leg; and knowing the desperate nature of the injury, proceeded at once to save himself by cutting out the part. The noble man and friend who accompanied him sucked the wound—a heroic thing to do, for a simple abrasion or crack in the lip might have been fatal. It is a sad fact that no antidote has yet been discovered for this fatal poison, for which the Indians of the West care nothing. Several of these have told me "Indian no mind snake bite, medicine man cure it." If this is so, why cannot the secret be secured from them?—H. CRUTHERS, M.D. [The Jaborandi remedy, so successfully employed by Dr. Yarrow in his experiments with this poison carried on some years ago in Washington, ought to have been tried in this case.]

THE OPOSSUM.

SO far this winter the pages of our most valuable paper, the FOREST AND STREAM, have been crowded with many interesting accounts of coon, fox and other hunts, while but little has been said about our old friend the possum. Is it that the sport of possum hunting has ceased to be popular? Is it that the game is scarce? Or is it that our writers, in giving their brilliant accounts of other grand hunts, have forgotten the possum entirely? True, Northern hunters know little or nothing about the habits of this animal; but to those who hunt in the South, and especially to coon hunters and raisers of poultry, it is not only common, but also often proves itself quite a nuisance.

Many a night have I trudged along after the hounds or sat upon a fallen tree trunk, listening to the glorious music of the pack: when suddenly they would tree. Jumping to my feet I would be off as fast as the underbrush and darkness would permit. Pressing on in the direction from which the voices of the hounds came, I would picture to myself a coon of the largest size perched in the fork of a huge black oak. On coming up, however, no such sight met my gaze; in fact, one quite different. There was the well-matched pack of hounds circling round a sapling not bigger than my arm and making the whole timber reecho with that deep melodious music which can be produced only by a pack of foxhounds.

Why! what is the cause of all this commotion? O! now I see. Wound around the topmost branch of the tree is what looks like a ball of dirty cotton about the size of a man's head. Throwing down my axe and hanging my lantern on a broken limb, I proceed to climb the tree, which sways under my weight as though it would break. The ball of cotton does not move, neither does it offer any resistance when I put my hand on it. At length I find what is called the handle, a long, snake-like tail about as large as one's finger and perhaps eight or twelve inches long. This I pull and with difficulty I unwind and detach from the limb a possum. It dangles by its tail for a moment and shows its teeth. This tells me that it is not



YOUNG OF THE OPOSSUM ABOUT ONE WEEK OLD (LIFE SIZE).

an old one and I proceed to make it "sull" (play possum), by tapping it on the nose with a stick. At the second or third blow, all signs of life disappear and as far as looks are concerned it is dead and is easily carried to the ground. Never, my fellow hunters, allow yourself to be deceived by this little ruse, and put your hand too close to the jaws which contain such sharp teeth. For if you do I think without a doubt you will be forcibly reminded that your game is not half so dead as it looks. The ruse of playing possum, however, is so adroitly feigned that after a shake or two, such as a terrier gives a rat, your hounds will leave the possum for dead.

An old and experienced possum will "sull" almost as soon as it is touched, while a young one sometimes has to be subjected to a little rough treatment. I remember one possum that I could make it "sull" only by dashing him in a dog's face and jerking him back by the tail.

I never knew of more than one case where a possum would show fight to a dog. This was in the spring of '90. I had started out in quest of young squirrels, followed as usual by my favorite hound, Old Ben, whose ragged ears told of more than one encounter. I was making through "Wolf Holler" (this was in Missouri) gazing up in the treetops, when my attention was attracted to Old Ben, who was digging like fury under an old rotten log. I ran to the spot just in time to see Old Ben jerk his head out of the hole, while holding to his lip was a possum of extraordinary size. The hound made a grab at her and I could hear the bones crack. The possum thinking, no doubt, "discretion the better part of valor," dropped as though dead, and Old Ben after administering a shake or two left her.

I dispatched her, and on examination found her to be a female of extreme age. The pouch contained thirteen little pink creatures not much larger than an ordinary bean, with not a vestige of hair on their bodies. It would have been hard to find the place where the eyes should be, for not a sign of these organs could be seen. Each little creature was holding by its mouth to a teat, and they held so firmly that it was with quite an effort that I detached them. When this was done they squirmed about with a great deal of animation. It is said that the young of the opossum at one week old do not exceed four or five grains in weight. Although I had no opportunity of weighing these I am sure they could have weighed little more than five grains.

When I related the killing of the possum with thirteen young, I was blessed by the farmers and poultry raisers of that section and it was put in a local paper on account of the large number of the young, but the old saying, "The first man to tell a story stands no chance," proved itself true, for in the very next issue of this paper another nimrod stated that he had killed an opossum with fourteen young. I never heard of a litter of more than nine before this, and I am led to think that that number is seldom exceeded.

It is needless to remark on the tenacity of life of the opossum, but I think that no animal of its size is harder to kill, not excepting the turtle or the cat. LOROT.

[As the opossum has only thirteen teats and as the young are born in an extremely helpless condition and are at once transferred to the pouch by the mother and attached to the teat to which they remain fixed for a considerable period, it is difficult to see how fourteen young could be raised. Can "Lorot" give us the etymology of the word "sull"? It is new to us. Has it any relation to the word sulk or sullen? Light is needed.]

WHITE DEER.—Appleton, Wis., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue Mr. E. Hough, your Chicago correspondent, inquires as to any one's personal

knowledge of the killing of a white deer. In early November, 1888, while the writer and two friends from here were hunting in the vicinity of Iron River, Mich., on the Upper Peninsula, one of the party shot and secured a white deer and wounded a doe, which was in company of the white one, but failed to secure it, as it was then so dark as to make following the track on bare ground impossible. During the night it snowed, so the wounded one was lost. The white one was a delicate creamy white with pink eyes and the hair seemed to the touch finer than ordinary deer hair. It was in rather poor flesh and would weigh about 65lbs. (estimated), it was killed with a .44-405 grain lead bullet—no silver in the transaction at all—and the killer is still on earth and fairly active for an oldish man with the usual ups and downs of the average man in business. The white deer attracted a great deal of notice all along the Menominee Range, and was seen by hundreds of people at railroad stations, as it was brought down here. It was handed to a butcher to skin with the intention of having it mounted, but owing to warm, muggy weather and neglect in attending to it in time was spoiled, the hair all falling out around the head. The writer saw a fine specimen in Buffalo, N. Y., said to have been killed in Pike county, Pa.; that one was a large buck; the one killed in Michigan was a doe.—C. V. Y. [The white deer mentioned was evidently an albino.]

WINTER ROBINS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Bath, Me., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few years ago it was stated in your columns by a noted naturalist that robins often passed the winter in the deep forests of New England. I was much astonished by the statement, and resolved to observe closely, hoping to verify the statement. This winter my efforts have met with success. On three different occasions I have seen robins in the same vicinity, once in December and twice in January. They were on the east side of the Kennebec River, about six miles from the ocean. When first seen there were about twenty in the flock, the second time eight, and the last time but one was seen. The single bird flew on the marsh near me and was feeding on something it picked from the ground. This seems to account for their frequenting that locality. As this has been a severe winter in Maine I am now convinced that the statement made by the naturalist is correct. Arctic or white owls have been unusually abundant on the coast of Maine this winter. Several have been seen near Bath, one within the city limits. A number have been taken at the mouth of the Kennebec and on the Seguin. A number of fine specimens have been secured about Boothbay.—C. H. G.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—A regular meeting of the Society will be held at the rooms of the American Geographical Society, No. 11 West Twenty-ninth street, Friday evening, Feb. 20, at 8 o'clock. The following papers will be presented: "Remarks on the Song Seasons of some South Carolina Birds," by Leverett M. Loomis; "The Labrador Duck," a revised list of the extant specimens in North America, with some historical notes, by William Dutcher.—JONATHAN DWIGHT, JR., Sec'y.

THAT WINTER RAIL.—Binghamton, N. Y., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "king rail" that I mentioned was the *Rallus elegans*. I saw it in the hands of a taxidermist of this city, where it was left to be mounted. It was shot near the village of Greene, Chenango county, N. Y.—W. A. H.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IT was a sober farmer man who, one fine morning, went to roam the fields and forests on hunting deeds intent. No special kind of bird or beast had he designs to slay; but wandered on intending, in an impartial way, to sow destruction broadcast and harvest all it yields. Nor was he posted on the laws, though posted were the fields!

What time—according to the bard—"The lowing herd" should "wind,"

His hopes had run down in his breast and eke his shoes behind. He'd torn his coat and bruised his knee; he was inclined to curse in a manner quite too rugged for my smoothly-flowing verse. Upon the scene that follows I fain would draw the veil; For, nestling in the hedges, he spies a splendid bunch of quail.

"Aha!" says he, "now I'll shoot high and catch 'em through the head,

And then advance the outposts and gather up the dead." Soon said, soon done. Loud roars the gun. But when with ghoul-ish glee

He rushes forward for the flock, he finds a scanty three; And scarce are these poor victims within his pocket stowed When another farmer, irate, comes running down the road.

"Hey! What you doin' here, I say? You ain't no right at all To be a-shootin' of them quail till way 'long in the fall."

"Me? Shootin' quail? I hain't shot none." Thus spoke our farmer man;

Or rather, to be accurate, 'twas thus that he began To speak; when, lo! A wondrous sign! An omen! As of old They came to check the tongues of men when they had grown too bold.

There came a flutter at his side and from his bulging coat A quail flew off and left the lie still fluttering in his throat.

"See now, you have. It's 'gainst the law. You'll pay well for that game."

Again denial; and again, as formerly, there came A flutter—from the other side—and toward the setting sun Quail number two went speeding to catch quail number one! Dumb with amaze our farmer men watch the receding bird; When, from another pocket, whirr! whirr-r-r! off went the third!

Now whether they were only stunned and so soon flew away; Or, "entered into" by the lies so glibly told by A., Went whizzing down the western slope into the sunset sea. Are things too metaphysical and mystical for me.

I simply tell the tale as I was told it long ago By a man who was "reminded," and hence it must be so!

KORAX.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—A.D.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

CANTON, N. Y., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 5 you publish the proposed game laws. Section 20 gives the appointment of game protectors to the Commissioners of Fisheries. Is this wise? Is it recommended by the Commissioners themselves? Should not each locality have something to say in the matter? How does Mr. Blackford know who would make the best protector for St. Lawrence county?

Section 40 says "no one shall kill more than two deer in one season." Make it three. There will be no more deer killing and hunters will have less excuse for breaking the law.

Section 44 allows hounding forty days. Are Sept. 1 and Oct. 11 in the open or close season? This should not be left doubtful.

Section 42 says no deer without horns shall be killed. Who will educate the dogs to run only male deer, and will the club hunter who has been watching beside the pond for hours spare the doe when it is so easy to destroy the proof that it is a doe?

Hounding is prohibited in St. Lawrence and Delaware. Floating is prohibited everywhere. Will some one tell us how we of St. Lawrence are to get any venison? There is but one way—still-hunt. Still-hunting in August and September is uphill business. Must we of St. Lawrence be but the breeding ground for game for the rest of the State? Must we stand off and kill by still-hunting or not at all (and it means to the average outer not at all), while all the rest of the State may drive deer into ponds with a pack of dogs and kill them with a club? That isn't fair. The men of St. Lawrence have worked long and earnestly for protection. They do not want hounding because they know how very destructive it is. But if, after all their work, the deer are to be turned over to the dogs from everywhere except St. Lawrence, I protest. In place of hounding give St. Lawrence floating—or, what would be better still (for the deer at least), prohibit killing or shooting at a deer from a boat.

Enforce the law against all killing prior to Aug. 1, and you have reduced the "floaters'" chances to many less than you give the hounder.

Treat all alike, and to do it you must give St. Lawrence more or the rest of the State less than there is in the proposed bill. J. H. R.

[Our correspondent's question with regard to Section 44 is answered in paragraph 7 of Section 271 of the proposed bill.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with great interest Mr. F. M. Chapman's short plea for hawks and owls in the last number of your valuable paper.

This subject is one which every sportsman should be interested in, as well as the agriculturist, though these seem to think that the greatest enemies they have are the hawks and owls.

As Mr. Chapman says, "it has been proved" that these birds are beneficial rather than harmful. In the Report of the Ornithologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for the year 1887, Dr. A. K. Fisher says: "Out of 1,072 stomachs examined, 89 were empty. Of 983 containing food, 57 contained poultry, 20 game birds, 177 other birds, 528 mice, 137 other mammals, 51 reptiles and batrachians, and 225 insects. On looking at the following tables it will be seen that certain species feed principally on mice and insects, while others feed principally on poultry and small birds. In the latter category, fortunately, there are but 5 species in the Eastern States, namely, the sharp-shinned (a small hawk, locally known as blue, chicken and bullet hawk) Cooper's, duck, and pigeon hawk, and the great horned owl (called boot, cat and skunk owl). Taking out 126 stomachs of these 5 species, there remains 857 stomachs of 23 species, of these 31 contained poultry, 11 game birds, 109 other birds, 518 mice, 125 other mammals, 49 reptiles and batrachians, and 241 insects. In other words, poultry was found in but 3.6 per cent. of the 857 stomachs, while mice were found in 64.4 per cent."

Where have the Commissioners who framed the new law lived? It is very evident that they are not ornithologists, or the law for the protection of hawks and owls would not have been repealed. In this section of New York State the red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) is the most common. On looking at the table referred to, it will be found that "of 311 stomachs examined, 29 contained poultry or game birds, 35 other birds, 203 mice, 55 other mammals, 9 batrachians or reptiles, 24 insects, 3 crawfish, 4 ovals, and 29 were empty. Two hundred and ten examined by the Division contained mice."

It is a well-known fact that during the months when grasshoppers can be obtained, these insects constitute a large part of this bird's food, and the small number of crops containing insects (24) is due to the fact that they were taken when grasshoppers could not be obtained. Yet in the face of this poor *Buteo*'s nest is robbed, his young killed, and himself and his wife murdered whenever an opportunity offers.

Suppose the 210 hawks mentioned above each chose a mate and reared a brood of three young. At the rate of one mouse a day for each bird, the 210 families or 1,050 birds would in one year rid this earth of 383,250 mice. Out of the 29 stomachs containing poultry or game birds, 4 contained game birds, those being quail. Of the 55 containing "other mammals," 7 were rabbits and 10 gray squirrels. When it is seen that out of the 311 crops examined, only 21 contained game birds and animals, and those of species which are prolific breeders, the damage is not so great as is supposed.

But it seems hopeless to argue with the sportsman or farmer on this subject. They have seen hawks catch chickens, and the sportsman shot one that had driven a partridge into an ice-cold stream. The grouse was then taken from the water and its "neck wrung." It would have been more sportsmanlike if the water had been wrung from the neck and the grouse given its liberty. One thing they didn't see, however; that is the 383,250 mice that were killed.

With the red-shouldered hawk (*Buteo lineatus*) the

slaughter is even greater, owing to the comparative tameness and noisy ways of the species. Looking at the summary of this species in the tables it will be found that of 102 stomachs examined, 1 contained poultry, 5, other birds; 61, mice; 20, other mammals; 15, reptiles and batrachians; 40, insects; 7, spiders; 3, crawfish; 1, earthworm; 1, otter; 1, catfish; and 3 were empty. This hawk shows the best record of any, there being only two game animals (rabbits) and no game birds.

A few summaries of other hawks and owls are as follows:

Marsh hawk (*Circus hudsonius*).—"Of 46 stomachs examined 5 contained poultry or game birds (1 duck, 2 fowls, 1 woodcock and 1 quail), 5, other birds; 24, mice; 9 other mammals (no game animals); 3, reptiles; 8, insects; and 1 was empty. Twenty-two stomachs examined by the Division contained 21 mice."

Sharp-shinned hawk (*Accipiter velox*).—"Of 48 stomachs examined 2 contained poultry and game birds (1 fowl and 1 quail); 35, other birds; 4, mice; 2, insects; and 10 were empty. Total number of small birds 41."

Cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*).—"Of 46 stomachs examined 15 contained poultry or game birds (6, chickens; 4, pigeons; 3, quail; and 2 poultry); 17, other birds; 1, mice; 1, frog; 1, lizard; 2, insects; and 11 were empty."

Broad-winged hawk (*Buteo latissimus*).—"Of twenty-two stomachs examined 2 contained small birds, 3 mice, 5 other mammals, 8 reptiles or batrachians, 10 insects and 1 earth worms."

Rough-legged hawk (*Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis*).—"Of 28 stomachs examined 23 contained mice, 4 other mammals, 1 lizard, 1 insect, 1 was empty; seven stomachs examined by the Division contained 52 mice."

Sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*).—"Of 133 stomachs examined 1 contained game bird (quail), 28 other birds, 55 mice, 6 other mammals, 5 reptiles or batrachians, 83 insects, 12 spiders and 5 were empty."

Long-eared owl (*Asio wisconsinensis*).—"Of 47 stomachs examined 1 contained a game bird (quail), 5 other birds, 40 mice, 2 other mammals (1 rabbit), 1 insects and 5 were empty."

Barred owl (*Syrnium nebulosum*).—"Of 37 stomachs examined 1 contained poultry, 4 other birds, 16 mice, 8 other mammals, 2 frogs, 4 insects, 1 spider, 2 crawfish, 1 fish and 6 were empty."

Saw-whet owl (*Nyctala acadica*).—"Of 6 stomachs examined all contained mice."

Screech owl (*Megascops asio*).—"Of 94 stomachs examined 1 contained poultry, 20 other birds, 41 mice, 1 other mammal, 1 frog, 35 insects, 3 crawfish, 1 spider, 1 indeterminate matter and 7 were empty."

Great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*).—"Of 30 stomachs examined 16 contained poultry or game birds (3 ruffed grouse, 1 quail, 2 guinea fowl, 4 fowl, 4 poultry and 1 pigeon), 2 other birds, 1 mice, 12 other mammals (5 rabbits, 1 fox squirrel, 1 gray squirrel), 2 insects and 1 was empty."

Of the 28 species of hawks and owls mentioned in this report 23 are beneficial, yet these 23 have to answer for the sins of the other 5. Why the Commissioners have seen fit to repeal the law for the protection of these birds is something I can't see. Why were not these 23 species exempt when that law was framed? J. ALDEN LORING.

OWEGO, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the worst features of the present and the proposed law is the one that allows men to go into the woods after woodcock and hares in September. It is impossible to follow people about and watch what they shoot, and it is a well-known fact that by Nov. 1 quail in many sections are about shot off. Hares are often with young even up to October, and should not be shot a day before that month. H.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was present last Thursday at meeting of committee on game laws and was given to understand that shooting from boats will be allowed on the Hudson. Several prominent sportsmen along the Hudson had written the committee expressing a desire for such amendment. Three or four persons were present from Long Island and strongly expressed a desire to have more favor for Queens and Suffolk by allowing wildfowl shooting as now, until May; also to allow game to be sent out of the county to market by carrier, which is prohibited in the bill, stating that their local shooters killed a great many ducks for market, two last fall having killed over 300 ducks in one day. (More than killed on the Hudson in a season.)

Forest Commissioner Townsend Cox opposed spring shooting on Long Island and advocated making penalty for killing a deer in the Catskill Mountain region from Heidelberg to the Pennsylvania line within five years, "one year's imprisonment and \$100 fine." Mr. J. D. Collins, of Utica, presented amendments to the proposed law to such extent as to be almost a substitute bill, and in the end complimented the Board of Commissioners by stating that he did not regard the proposed bill as being as good a bill as the present State game and fish law. Mr. Collins advocated jack-hunting for deer after Aug. 15, as I understood him, for reason that they did not come much to water to feed and to get rid of insects, flies, after that time. If so, there would be few to jack-hunt. The proposed bill prohibits jack-hunting of deer. The present law, giving by lease or hire, exclusive rights to shoot and fish, excepts leasing any lands or water belonging to the State. Such prohibition is not in proposed law. Asking E. G. Whitaker, of Attorney General's office, about this point I was informed that the State could not and would not lease thus any of its lands. Mr. Whitaker did appear to be very desirous to get the game bill passed without any amending, stating to me that if I would wait until the bill was passed and signed, he would then get such amendments introduced and passed as I desired. This letter is not intended for publication, but you can make any extracts.

Mr. Henry A. Reeves, of Suffolk, opposed the provisions of the bill forbidding the use of steamboats in dredging for oysters in Long Island waters, and the use of dredges heavier than thirty pounds. This would virtually put an end to oyster dredging there. Prof. Lintner asks for the protection of certain birds that were insectivorous, and therefore beneficial to the agriculturists. He wanted it made a misdemeanor to feed English sparrows, Hawks, shrikes and owls should be protected, as they were insectivorous, and the shrikes killed many of those little

pests, the English sparrows. He also asked for protection for robins, blackbirds and meadow-larks, giving no open season for these birds. Assemblyman Bradford asked for a brief open season for web-footed birds in the spring on the St. Lawrence River. The Canadian hunters were given an open season in the spring, and they did not confine their hunting to Canadian waters. He also pleaded for an amendment allowing jack-hunting for deer. A further hearing will be given next Thursday at three o'clock.

CORRESPONDENT.

ALBANY, Feb. 14.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.—II.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not very long ago I happened to find myself in company with half a dozen men, who make it a practice to spend their vacations in the West. They were all good fellows, keen sportsmen and well bred men—all men to whom could fairly be applied that much-abused word, which in common talk has now almost ceased to have a meaning and which yet means so much—gentleman. The game killed by the party comprised bears of two species, deer, antelope, elk, white goats, moose, sheep and mountain lion. As we were all familiar with one another's tastes, it may be imagined that there were plenty of hunting stories told, and that we had a pleasant session.

I sat still and smoked and listened most of the time, and as I listened I was struck by one thing. This was that these men hunted not for blood alone but really for the clean manly sport of the thing. They did not want to wallow in gore, they wished simply to live the free outdoor life of the mountains and to provide themselves with meat in a fair honest way, by matching their hunters' craft against the keen trained senses of the wild creatures which they pursued. All of them seemed to appreciate that the game is rapidly decreasing, and that it is the part of all hunters to do what killing he does with judgment and discretion.

Thus one gentleman explained that he never killed a cow elk nor a calf. One party desiring to bait for bears did not depend on game for their baits, but purchased for a small sum a lot of crippled, worn out horses, which they drove along with their pack train and killed as they needed bear baits.

One of the party told a most interesting story of a fight which he witnessed between a bear and two dogs that he had with him. One of the dogs was a greyhound pup of nine months and the other an older greyhound, which is supposed to have a dash of bull-terrier blood in him. The older dog is a veteran and has for years been used in bear hunting. It is generally supposed that the greyhound follows game only by sight, but this is known by most men who are familiar with this breed to be an entirely erroneous belief. At all events these two dogs hunted by scent. The old dog when he struck a bear's trail, would follow it, feathering like a foxhound; at first, when the trail was cold, going slowly and stopping every now and then, but as the scent got warmer, advancing more rapidly. When it was seen that the dog was on a trail a rope was put on him, and the men would follow on foot. When he got near the game he would stop and point for fifteen or twenty seconds, and then, if not restrained, would make a dash for the bear. The first time the young dog was taken out they came upon a bear trail, and this performance was gone through with. The young dog seemed at once to catch the idea and thereafter followed a trail very satisfactorily.

These dogs were astonishingly quick, and would hold a bear absolutely in one place. They would feint at him and he would strike, as it seemed, within a few inches of their heads, but he could never hit them, and if he turned to run they pinned him by the hams in half a second, and he was obliged to sit up again and assume the defensive. In the particular battle above referred to, dogs and bear fought until both were almost exhausted, but neither dog had a scratch on him. Then when the animals were quiet for a little while the hunter killed the bear.

Of the six bears accounted for last season by this party of diners only one displayed any great ferocity. This was a grizzly brought to bag by a well known gentleman. Briefly the story of the capture is this: The hunter was alone and was just passing out of a piece of bull, or lodge-pole pines, when he saw the bear in the open park which he was about to enter. The animal was standing broad-side on, and the first shot struck it behind the shoulder and passed through the lungs; it at once turned and ran up hill into a small thicket of laurels which stood about shoulder high. The hunter followed, saw by the blood where the bear had entered the thick brush, and heard it whine. He walked along the edge of the thicket trying to look over and catch a glimpse of the beast, but without success. Suddenly it came into view at the point of the brush some 60 yds. distant and stood for a moment. In an instant the hunter fired again, and this ball entering just behind the fore leg, and low down, split the point of the bear's heart. It whirled about, and without an instant's hesitation charged down the hill toward the man, who again fired, this time striking it in the chest. Still the bear came on, running like a race horse, and, when he was only about eight feet distant, a fourth shot was fired and the hunter sprang to one side, up the hill and reloaded. As the bear passed him it made an ugly stroke at him with its paw, and—by that time being pretty weak—fell forward so that its nose hit the ground, leaving quite a pool of frothy red blood on it. It made three or four jumps and then rolled over and over, head over heels and was dead. The last shot, aimed for his nose, but while he was running, had entered his mouth and broken the lower jaw far back on one side. The whole affair was soon over, but while it lasted was, I fancy, about as exciting an episode as one is likely to meet with.

THE SILENT MAN.

TO ENCOURAGE GAME WARDENS.—The Maine Game and Fish Commissioners have published the following notice: "Reward! Office of Commissioners of Game and the Fisheries.—Bangor, Me., Jan. 26, 1891. To any Fish or Game Warden, or any other person who shall cause the final conviction of any person found guilty of violation of any of the game laws (Chap. 30, R. S.) the undersigned will, until further notice, allow a sum equal to one-half of the fine imposed in each case; certificate of the justice imposing the final sentence to be the evidence of who is entitled thereto. E. M. STILLWELL, HENRY O. STANLEY, Commissioners of Game and the Fisheries."

A COONLESS HUNT.

"EVERYTHING comes to him who waits," and the writer waited until old Time had changed many of his raven locks to silvery hue ere an invitation came to spend a night with a jovial party on historic Mount Wachusett, in pursuit of the cunning thief of the cornfields. The invitation came from an old timer from whose belt dangled many a noble pelt, and who, though called upon to fill the seat of chairman of the Board of Selectmen, could not forego the pleasures of a night in the old haunts.

Reaching the house of our host, we were ushered into a cheery dining-room and were soon discussing the tempting spread. The conversation naturally drifted to the sport before us and the prospect of success.

"Will you have some more of the roast?"

"Thank you, I will. The drive has sharpened my appetite, and the lamb is very tender and nice."

"Well, if we have the good fortune to get a nice, fat coon, you must take it home and dine on roast coon."

"Hardly, Atwood, hardly. I am rather inclined to think I will have to draw the line at coon."

A roar of laughter burst forth, and came the inquiry:

"And what are you now eating?"

"Why, lamb, of course."

"Yes, lamb taken from the quarters of a fat coon!"

Passing Ransom Rock of colonial fame, where the whites ransomed their captives from the Indians, we were soon on the mountain side and Tige and Pomp were cast off. We had not been long seated before they gave tongue some distance away. A coon they had, dead sure, and away go the party in pursuit. The baying of the dogs reëchoes from the mountain side and makes weird music in the stillness of the night. The lantern man heads the procession and the rest follow as best they can. Now down goes one and then another until nearly all have paid tribute to the uneven footing and the darkness, rendered visible by the feeble rays of the lantern. We overtake the dogs only to find that the quarry has taken up secure quarters in a fissure of the ledge.

The dogs are pulled off and led some distance away and again they are off. The party gather under a spreading pine and spin reminiscence and story until called to the work in hand by the music of the dogs. Again the procession moves, quartering up the hillside, a long and fatiguing jaunt—trying to the mind and muscle of the best. Coming up to them we find the dogs tearing around through dense spoonwood, through which runs quite a large brook—but coon saw we none! The knowing ones claimed that Mr. Coon being hot pressed took to the water for some distance to throw the dogs off the scent, and that he emerged into such dense thicket that the dogs could not follow. It was decided to cast off the dogs and start a new trail. The wind meanwhile had veered again into the west and the full moon rolled out from a bank of cloud and lent an added charm to the night. Again the group formed under the sheltering boughs, and quickly sped the time with brilliant sallies and skillful repartee.

The faint note of the distant town clock, as it tolled out the hour of one, had hardly died away ere all were summoned to their feet by the hardly audible barking of the dogs. We had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before a ruffed grouse, disturbed in his slumber, made the hills thunder with his pinions.

One of the party in line with the moon saw him alight near a form in a small maple, and summoning the writer, who carried the gun, he confesses to doing the deed of death in an unsportsmanlike manner at an unseemly hour in the morning. Gathering up the spoils we hurry on and soon strike into an old wood road which materially assists our passage. Soon after the writer stepped on an old sled stake that was lying athwart the pathway concealed by a pile of dead leaves, and down he went as if struck by a political cyclone. Gathering himself up with the assistance of friendly hands he proceeds to retrieve his hammerless breechloader, which he found broken completely in two at the wrist. No misadventures must stand in the way and we are soon with the dogs at the foot of two white birch trees of considerable size—one standing erect and the other bending in graceful ellipse toward the earth. Here the dogs waxed eager and soon the coon was discovered near the top of the upright tree. Getting in line of the moon he was clearly discernible to all, and he of the dilapidated gun was summoned to "bring the critter down." Placing the broken ends in opposition and grasping the fracture firmly with one hand he cut loose, but his coonship was not seemingly disturbed.

"You hit him for certain! I saw the fur fly!" said one. "What size shot have you in?" said another. "Try him again!" chimed in a third. And thinking I must have flinched through fear of my gun I wrapped a handkerchief around the fracture and again took deliberate aim and fired. "Hit him sure!" said several, but he did not "coom down." Haunting the weapon over to the Nimrod of the party, he sends up his compliments with like results.

Climbing irons are strapped on, a Colt's navy revolver stuck in the belt, and now down will come his coonship. The party forms a ring around the trees, the dogs tearing like mad; the climber has reached the treetop, which he proceeds to shake as if it had been struck by a hurricane, but the coon is not unhorsed. "Put a bullet into him," said some one growing impatient at the delay. Aim is taken and the navy belches flame and thunder, but no coon moves. "What in thunder does it mean?" Is it a plantation coon? "I've seen fur fly every time he was shot at," were some of the many sayings of those on terra firma, while he in the treetop had "put up again his sword into its scabbard" and proceeded to reconnoiter more closely. Carefully making his way up the small stem of the tree near its top, he sings out: "Well, boys, I think we had better go home. A big wasp's nest is all the coon there's up here!"

Thoughts were not revealed until we reached the team in the early dawn some miles away, when the chairman of the board of selectmen with becoming gravity said: "Wan't he cunning, though! to run up the bent tree and jump off to break the scent and fool the dogs!"

GEO. M. McALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Ledingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanik," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

LARAMIE GUN CLUB.

LARAMIE, Wyo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Laramie Gun Club held its annual meeting on the evening of Feb. 3, which was fully attended. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: For Pres., C. S. Greenbaum; Vice-Pres., C. Settele; Sec. and Treas., Ed Greenbaum; Captain, Gus Sigwart; Trustees—L. C. Hanks, John Davis, Wm. Breitenstein.

From a report made by the secretary I extract the following remarks showing what we are doing:

"The members of the club have manifested great interest in the immediate affairs of our organization as well as other matters pertaining to field sports in general, and it gives me pleasure to say that the Laramie Gun Club is using in every direction toward the proper protection of game and fish, and is meeting with encouragement and success. The club has, during the past year, grown rapidly in membership, and with the increased influence that follows, we confidently hope for still greater activity against the unlawful slaughter of our game and fish, and I would respectfully urge upon each individual member the importance of promptly reporting any and every infraction of the game laws that may come to his notice. Your secretary is at all times in communication with the Rocky Mountain Sportsman's Association, and any matter of this kind beyond our immediate jurisdiction could be placed in the hands of said Association, when it will meet with proper investigation and action.

"The natural conditions that obtain in the immediate vicinity of this city have long been well adapted to the propagation of quail and, while the matter has been discussed from time to time for several years by sportsmen and others, it has remained for this club to take definite steps in the matter. The amount that this club will appropriate for this purpose will rest with your incoming board of trustees, and I would suggest that the sum be as large as the state of the treasury will admit. This, however, is not a question that concerns only the members of our club but must be of interest to all sportsmen in this vicinity, and every lover of gun and dog is cordially invited to co-operate with us in the effort to permanently stock our valleys and fields with that gamiest of all game birds, the American Bob White. Many of the ranchmen along the Big and Little Laramie rivers, and in the Centennial valley, take great interest in this matter and have pledged us their hearty support, both in introducing and protecting the birds.

"Many of our streams, lakes and ponds are now favorite feeding and resting places for duck, geese and other aquatic game birds, and it has been suggested that these feeding grounds might be greatly improved by planting in favorable places wild rice. This matter has been discussed by many of our members and has met with such liberal responses and so much encouragement that I would heartily recommend its early and favorable consideration by your incoming board of trustees." S.

MAINE GAME LAW.

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following dispatch appeared in a Portland paper of to-day:

CALAIS, Feb. 6.—Close upon the outbreak of the Sioux in the West there follows an outbreak of the Passamaquoddy Indians in the East, and Washington county is the scene of the conflict. Indians at war in both cases but with weapons altogether different. In the West the sturdy braves have donned the war paint and feathers, have "loaded up" on fire water, have taken the trail and demand gore. There is a savage, bloody war. The Passamaquoddy Indians have adopted other tactics. They have declared war, grim-visaged war, but it is a legal war. They have climbed up the ladder of civilization several steps higher than their brethren in the West and propose to marshal their forces in battle array in the arena of the courts of the law. Hostilities have actually begun. The cause of this outbreak is the attempted enforcement of the fish and game law on the Indians at Peter Davis's Point, 20 miles from this city. Game Warden French, of Calais, has arrested two Indians, Peter Newell and Joseph Gabriel for "the unlawful killing of deer." They were brought before Justice David Dresser, at Princeton, Feb. 2, found guilty and bound over to the Supreme Judicial Court to be held in this city in April next. Their defense is truly an ingenious one and they base it on very solid foundations. They claim that they have the right to fish and hunt whenever and wherever they please, the fish and game law to the contrary notwithstanding.

An interesting question thus arises. Are the Indians amenable to our game laws? The Indian confidently asserts that he is not, and it cannot be denied that he presents cogent reasons for his claim. It is none other than a right derived from treaties. In 1725, again in 1737 and finally in 1794 the Commonwealth of Massachusetts granted to this same tribe of Passamaquoddy Indians by bounties and solemn treaty the right to hunt and fish forever. These treaties, the Indians say, neither the Legislature nor the courts have a right to vary, treaties which were made with them by Commissioners of Massachusetts before Maine became a State were not only ratified by the new State, but it was a part of the agreement in the act of separation that "the rights of the Indians by treaty and otherwise should be protected." This treaty, the Indians claim, is to be considered like any other treaty as the supreme law of the State, and any act of the Legislature that conflicts with it is null and void.

At any rate they propose to test it and confidently appeal to the courts for redress of what they consider wrongs done them by the game laws. They have appealed to the Legislature again and again, but to no purpose. They now seek the domain of the law for vindication and propose to fight it out on that line.

This much is sure, the Passamaquoddy tribe is stirred up to its very foundations.

This question has excited a lively interest in this city. Many of our prominent citizens have volunteered their aid and counsel to the Indians, and the case will be presented at the next session of the Supreme Judicial Court in April.

This shows one of the devices which our Commissioners have put up against them. When the Legislature is in session it requires all the care of those interested in the game to prevent tinkering with the present code. I have no doubt the present stir is at the instigation of savages who are not Indians. Last year the governor of these Indians and some sixteen of his tribe with a lot of dogs were scared away from Clifford Lake by wardens French and Pennell, but they left only because they believed these two were supported by a large force. It has been a favorite excuse of the Darling crowd at Nictowis when accused of dogging to accuse the Indians, and the Indians in turn have learned to lay the blame over on their white neighbors.

The plan proposed by the Commissioners to open September or a part of it on deer is doubtless a concession in hopes of avoiding other trouble, but if this is done the deer will be slaughtered under jacks worse than now, for the line between the middle of August and the middle of September won't be drawn very fine. One day last August I stayed over night in a camp on the Megalloway not far from Lincoln Lake. During the night one of the guides came in with some meat. Knowing him well, I inquired if that animal was killed in Maine or New Hampshire, and his characteristic reply was, "I ain't

studied geography sence I was big enough to lug a gun." Very few of them remember how to count, either.

As a great class, the guides in Maine observe the close season, having learned it to be for their interest.

It is a fact that the killing of deer this year has been, even in the open season, remarkable. To my certain knowledge, a taxidermist of this city has received 80 heads to mount since November. A mounted buck's head is now in this city one of the most common office or library ornaments, and a good many of them have come from Nictowis. Six were brought here in one lot, but strange to say only two of those heads were mounted here, and all but one of the carcasses were bought by a prominent beef dealer who has close connection with the Boston market, none of the meat was offered for sale here.

There has been a shrewd guess that the meat was brought down to accommodate Brother Darling. It was averred that these deer were all shot by one party within a week, but some of the meat was fly-blown, and that isn't usual in November or late October in Maine.

I should not have troubled you with so long and rambling a letter were I not in such hearty sympathy with your efforts to create healthy public sentiment with reference to the game laws. We haven't any too much protection now, and with what we have the deer will be driven out, sooner or later, at the present rate. D.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 13.—The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association in pow-wow assembled met at the Sherman House yesterday at 3 P. M. About a dozen, or a dozen and a half, or two dozen members were present. Dr. N. Rowe, president of the Association, was in the chair. General discussion of the present game law and its weak and strong points took place, in which Dr. Bartlett, of the State Fish Commission, and Col. E. S. Bond, representative of the South Water street game dealers, took part. Mr. Donald, ex-president of the Association, did not like the law, which his own experience had taught him to be hard to enforce. Mr. Low complimented Mr. Donald on being so earnest and personally unselfish in his efforts to have the law enforced. Mr. Organ pointed out certain flaws in the bill. The general drift of opinion was that the law was not such a very bad one, except in its executive features. The suggestion came up that the Fish Commissioners could attend also to the enforcement of the game laws, using their deputies for that work. Dr. Bartlett pledged himself to assume this labor if necessary. We may hazard a guess that this was a most unpleasant pledge to Dr. Bartlett, who knows very well that the Fish Commission has more work now than it can attend to properly, and that to add to such labor would be to half do two things, one of which may in time be very well done as it is. In this matter, if one didn't in the least care what he said, the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association may be said to have acted with the greatest delicacy and tact. It by its officer says to Dr. Bartlett, "We want you to show your hand. You are either wiser, or again us; see? Now we want to join you—join with you; see? We want to join the State Association to the Fish Commission, and have the Fish Commission do all the work, which we can't do and never have done, and never will do; see? And if you don't do this, and don't come out and show your hand, we will go and do something awful! We will take our infloence away, and go off by ourselves and protect things; see?"

Dr. Bartlett saw the terribleness of all this. He pledged himself all right, and pledged himself to a mistaken measure. It is time to talk of such a union as the above when appropriations are large enough for a single work, let alone a double and different work. However, it is probable that nothing will come of it, and meantime it ill becomes the writer to be too critical beyond the extent of a personal belief, lest a too off-repeated fling might lend ground to the accusation that he was casting doubt upon the wisdom, energy and executive ability of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association as practical game protectors; which may heaven forbid!

There are said to be between forty and fifty measures pending in the present session of the Legislature bearing on changes of the game law, but the meeting thought a few more wouldn't hurt, provided they were not violent. These changes will be discussed at the meeting of the legislative committee next Tuesday. The prairie chicken law will doubtless be changed back to Sept. 1, but the selling season will be left as it is, opening Oct. 1. Amendments will also be proposed to secure police powers for game wardens, and perhaps to levy a gun tax, fifty cents per gun, to raise a fund to enforce the game laws. Perhaps the latter will be made a law in Illinois, and then again perhaps it may not.

The old legislative committee consisted of Mr. Wolfred N. Low, Chairman; Messrs. R. B. Organ, H. D. Nicholls, F. C. Donald, W. L. Pierce, Chas. Kern, C. E. Felton and Dr. Rowe, ex-officio. To these names were added those of Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of the Fish Commission, Messrs. M. R. Bortree and F. S. Baird, of the Fox River Association, and Col. E. S. Bond and G. W. Barnett, of South Water street. There are good men on that committee, representing different interests which have some strength each of its own, and they ought to be able to do better work than was ever done before by the State Association. That the association shows itself disposed to treat with the South Water street dealers, and that the latter are willing to come half way, is a matter of congratulation. If we may mix our metaphor a little, we may say that viewed in the light of the hard brass tacks of practical results, the State Sportsmen's Association hasn't much to show by way of laws improved or laws enforced, while the game dealers have always got their measures through just about the way they wanted them. It is always very well to be friendly with the people who show themselves possessed of the highly desirable ability to get there. This alliance may last, as the game dealers say they don't care to have the law changed much now.

It was over the South Water street matters that some of the spiciest of the talk at this meeting happened. Old Col. Bond is as well posted a man on game law matters as anybody and he is wise in his day and generation; Mr. Wolfred N. Low is also level-headed some. These two had a little tilt. Col. Bond said the game laws of Illinois had not been violated. He had received no illegal game from Illinois. Mr. Low asked how he could tell the difference between illegal Illinois birds and birds legally shipped from other States. Mr. Organ said he couldn't see how the Colonel could do this unless they

were all tagged when shipped. This brought up the fundamental weakness of all our game laws, viz., their non-uniformity. Col. Bond, however, insisted that the laws had been respected in Illinois, Nebraska and other States. (It may be that the era of protection is at hand, for that the practical extermination of our game birds is setting the reckless shooters to thinking, so that the necessity of protection is becoming better known and acknowledged.) Col. Bond also thought the selling season was about right, he wouldn't want it shortened. He would not care to see spring shooting abolished. More ducks were killed in the fall by far. His books showed the ratio to be 6 to 8 ducks shipped in the fall to 1 in the spring. Ducks in the spring might be in very good condition. The best ducks of the year he usually got in January. Better prohibit fall shooting. Mr. Low said he would like to see the law have a clause allowing only 10 days lapse after the close of the season, after that 10 days no game whatever, Illinois or foreign, to be sold in Illinois. Would Col. Bond agree to that? Col. Bond would not. The markets of Boston, New York and all around us would be selling game and we might as well also, he thought. "Then you admit that our law as it stands is only an incentive and stimulus for the selling and shipping of illegal game, which cannot be detected?" The Colonel took a chew of tobacco.

"I would like to ask you another question, Col. Bond," said Mr. Low, "How many of the quails received by you are trapped quails and not shot?"

Col. Bond—"I should think about one-third of the quails we handle have no shot marks on them."

Mr. Organ—"I believe it is nearer two-thirds. I buy a good many quails for family use, and a quail with shot marks on it is the very rare exception if you get it on South Water street. It is easier to trap them."

Mr. Low said he wanted the game laws to reach the game dealers on South Water street, who did the worst of the work and held out the temptations for illegal shooting. He would rather catch them than the poor devil on the marsh, perhaps with a sick wife on his hands and anxious to make a few dollars. He had heard Col. Bond had sent out a circular inviting shipments of game at any and all seasons, legal or otherwise. Mr. Organ also had understood that the circular wanted all the game at all seasons. Col. Bond replied that this was not true, that he invited shipments only for the legal season. Later on he furnished to this paper one of these circulars, which reads as follows:

Dear Sir—As the game season will soon open we inclose our annual circular letter to let you know that we are yet in business and will be ready to handle your game as usual, and will give your shipments prompt and personal attention. The late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Iowa whisky case has practically wiped out that section of the game laws of the following States, viz., Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and Arkansas prohibiting shipments of game outside the State. The Court holds that States have no right to pass laws interfering with commerce between States, and that this power rests entirely with Congress. We think you will have no trouble in shipping game this season, as express companies and railroads fully understand the effect of this decision. Our game season opens on duck, Sept. 1, on venison and wild turkeys, Sept. 1, and grouse, partridges and quail, Oct. 1. Write if you want tags. Yours truly, BOND & WHITCOMB.

Mr. Low said he had been informed that Col. Bond and his fellow dealers probably knew something about the disappearance of a witness against Fred Smith, accused of selling illegal game, and he heard that Col. Bond headed a fund to aid Smith in defending that case. Col. Bond denied both charges promptly, and said he would head a fund for just the opposite purpose, and would pledge the game dealers to give \$5 toward the protection of game where the Illinois Sportsmen's Association gave \$1. In regard to an alleged alliance of the dealers with the Humane Society, Mr. Low said he supposed that was because both the dealers and the society were anxious to preserve the game as food for the dear people. Col. Bond grimly acquiesced. In other words, the game dealers are better wire-workers. They can claim at least one element as an ally, if necessary, when they come before the Legislature, and unite with the humanitarians who are pushing the anti-pigeon shooting law. In this is an additional cause for respect for the South Water street men in game law matters, and additional cause for congratulation if an actual friendship, and not a formal one, has been arranged between the State Sportsmen's Association and the game dealers. Both sides protested that the former was the case, and white-winged peace brooded with one wing on the Sherman House and one on South Water street by the river.

Contrary to expectation, very little was said or done relative to the anti-pigeon shooting law, but that will come up in committee work later on.

This meeting showed an earnestness which is commendable. The State Association has men in it, Fred Donald and Wolfred Low, for instance, who have given their own time and money pretty freely to a work which is thankless enough, and whose deficiencies it is far easier to laugh at than to correct. The fact remains, however, that the State Association as a body is not really interested in this work. As a body it will not raise a dollar for the work. All its energy lies in a few individuals. As a body, therefore, let it not vaunt itself overmuch in game protection. It will be wisest to admit a weakness that really exists, to smile good humoredly at its own faults, and to seek first to better its condition by diplomacy and compromise rather than by bluff and swagger. If it can really unite with South Water street, on a basis which will not leave the dealers snubbed and slighted, and if it can keep up this alliance and not let it go to pieces as the earlier one did, the matter of game protection may yet gain weight in actual results. The time will soon be ripe for that. The game must nearly disappear before the people realize it needs protection. Just at present both sides of the "alliance" agree that no new law is needed, and that only the enforcing features of the present one need improvement. Mr. S. F. Baird indited chiefly the present law. It is a good law. It is a very good law. It is an almighty good law. It is, so to speak, a corker, a screamer, likewise a daisy and a dandy. It is just as good as a gun without a firing-pin. And not one iota better.

By the way, the folks were talking so hard they overlooked one thing they might have done and should have done, as being one thing they actually could do to better game protection in Chicago. That complacent individual Brusewitz, by the grace of Fifer game warden to the county of Cook, was called a real naughty man, but no one knows anything definite about a petition for his removal. Let us abide in hope that when the legislative committee goes to Springfield they will humbly request

Gov. Fifer to give us a warden here who will contend that he knows a grouse from a duck, and who will work for the State and not for the game dealers. We perhaps ought not to suggest such little details as this. Perhaps Brusewitz ought to stay here three or four years longer. But the State Association is in earnest; it is really, and it means business, it does indeed.

Feb. 14.—I saw Col. Bond since the meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association, and had a little talk with him. "We dealers are perfectly satisfied with the present law," said he, "or at least consider it a practical working law." I would rather see the season on quail open Nov. 1 than Oct. 1, because then we would not get so many little half-grown birds that we don't care to handle. These are the second brood birds. We would not like to shorten our game selling season very much when the other big markets East are open all the time, but I don't want to sell game more than four months in the year. We are all willing to support the present law heartily, and I for one have not and will not encourage illegal shipments. The game dealers will support this law with respect, and with money, you may say.

"I noticed the article about ice-fishing around Antioch in the Fox Lake system," continued Col. Bond later, "and you have got the thing just exactly right. I have been getting shipments from just the parties you name in that article, but we pay them more than 4 cents a pound for black bass. The shipments are not large, not very large. I don't think those fellows ought to fish through the ice. I don't care to mention any names specifically."

E. HOUGH.

WISE AND FOOLISH CANVASBACKS.

ON looking over old numbers of FOREST AND STREAM. I came across an article on canvasback shooting, that brought to mind a hunt I had a few years since with a partner, in quest of this, the most peculiar, fickle and uncertain member of the duck family. I do not know if the same can be said of the canvasback in the East as here, or if the different latitudes cause them to act differently. Never having hunted on the Eastern waters, I shall write from knowledge I have gained in the West.

Here they are a combination of foolishness and shrewdness that is hard to understand; and unless you do understand them it is useless to undertake to hunt them, but as I said, they are a combination. To-day they come to the decoys with a rush and impudence that surprise you, regardless of how the blind is constructed or the decoys placed; while to-morrow the same blind and decoys only serve to scare them away, although the two days are seemingly alike.

To show how indifferent they are to surroundings at times, and how effectual Kleinman's motto "keep still" is, I will relate an incident. My "pardner" Jim and I had been in camp a week or two before the canvasbacks put in an appearance. This was in the spring, and we were shooting such ducks as we could, principally sprigs. We had built a blind at a certain spot where we could command a view of the entire lake, in order to be able to locate the grounds that the canvasbacks used upon or crossed over in the greatest numbers when they did come. About this blind we had placed all our decoys—about 150 of all kinds, for a sprig will decoy about as well to one kind as another. Jim shot principally along the edge of the timber, while I kept a lookout at the blind. Well, one day, late in the afternoon, I saw them coming flock after flock seemingly from one direction and to one point. I watched them until sunset, then went to camp and reported the result; also that I had selected two places where I thought blinds could be built, about half a mile apart, so that each of us could have good shooting; one being a bunch of brush and small willow, the other a large forked willow that stood in about 4 ft. of water, with no brush near.

Early next morning we started out with two boats. Mine being the larger, had in it probably a dozen canvasback decoys. I was for leaving them in camp, also my gun, but Jim advised taking one gun, as we might get a shot at a goose, and the few decoys would not be in the way. Jim was armed with the axe, being an expert chopper. We started on our journey to the main lake. Arriving there we discovered a large body of canvasbacks busily engaged in feeding, and found that the locations for the two blinds had been well chosen. We decided to build a blind at the forked willow first. Jim's boat being entirely too small to chop from, it was taken to a distant bush and made fast. Then we came in the larger one to the tree and here found that the decoys were in the way. These we threw out in front of the tree, helter skelter, and proceeded to fell the tree in the best manner to make the blind. This done we found that our blind was entirely too open and must be thickened by the addition of other brush. I proposed to Jim that I would stand in the fork of the tree, while he went after brush so that he could bring a larger load. Taking my gun, more to get it out of the way than anything else, I perched up in the fork, my whole body being in view, while Jim was standing up in the boat pushing it along with a pole toward the brush 200 yds. distant. When he was about 100 yds. from the blind, and was in open water, I discovered four canvasbacks coming for that misshapen bunch of decoys, with the peculiar sweep that a shooter likes so well to see. A signal to Jim caused him to stop instantly, standing erect in the boat, not even turning his head to see what the signal was for. On came the ducks and lit fairly among the decoys, not over 20 yds. distant. As they bunched up, a shot fired at their heads knocked over three, while the fourth was killed with the second barrel as it rose. A move on the part of either of us would have caused them to sheer off while they were coming, as we were both in plain open sight.

Nor were these the last ones killed during the time we were building the blind. After my partner returned with a load of brush, I assisted in placing it about, then got in the fork again while he brought another load; and during the day succeeded in killing nine from this exposed position.

This shows how important it is to "keep still" and also shows how foolish canvasbacks are at certain times.

KIZER.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Jan. 24.

THE MAINE WINTER.—The district referred to in the letter from which we quote below is on Wood Stream, which feeds Moose River on the north and west of Jackman, Maine. One of the townships lies adjacent to the Megantic Club's preserves. The letter was written by

the superintendent of a logging crew to a gentleman resident in Connecticut, and has been sent us for perusal. Under date of Jan. 24 the writer says: "This has been the hardest winter I have ever experienced in the woods. I have been in them thirty-one years and I never saw the beat of it. Since the first snow came last fall it has snowed every day more or less. There is about 4 ft. in this locality. Caribou and moose were quite plenty from the middle to the last of September, and then they seemed to leave the ponds. Deer are plenty. I never saw them so thick as they are this winter. They are right around where the men are at work. I don't allow the men to kill them. I was in the woods last fall with a Mr. P. It was about the 27th of October and he got a buck caribou with as nice a set of antlers as I ever saw. It was in on Luther Bay. He was a beauty and no mistake.—E. G."

THE PASSION PLAY.—The interesting and novel illustrated lecture delivered by Mr. Maxon Kerner at the Academy of Music last Sunday, descriptive of the Passion Play enacted at Ober-Ammergau during '91, will be repeated at that playhouse every Sunday hereafter at three o'clock, until further notice. The lecture is profusely illustrated with handsomely colored reproductions of all the scenes and characters of the vivid presentation, secured by Mr. Kerner during a three months' stay in the little Bavarian hamlet during the progress of the sacred drama. Mr. Kerner betrays a delightful familiarity with his subject, his lectures being brimful of interesting data of the lives, customs and characteristics of the quaint European community of crucifix carvers, whose sworn duty it is to enact the sacred passion periodically until the extinction of their sect.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gordon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds, which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A TRIP TO COLD RIVER.

FOR a week we had had a wet spell of weather that widened the usual circle of prophets around the stove at Crawford's by night, and decreased in the same ratio the fishing by day. And so the old yarns went round for the hundredth time, told in a constant haze of smoke from that famous brand "Blue Ruin," until gradually the twilight crept through the small windows of the old store and silence fell upon the circle, and no sound broke the stillness save the crackling of burning logs in the stove. The prophet had fallen asleep, even the old hound at my feet sighed in his dreams. It was late, and so I left the now diminished circle and went over to Jack's and turned in. The morning dawned clear and bright. The river, swollen with continuous rains, flashed in the warm sunlight, running at the speed of a sluiceway. As I leaned over the mill bridge a kingfisher screamed past, as much as to say, "Poor fishin', ain't it?" Just then my good friend Frank the Forester emerged from a tangle of alders on the opposite side of the stream.

"What's up?" I asked as he drew near. "Water's about the only thing I know of," said he. "I thought I'd come over and see you about a little scheme I had cooked up for you." He was to start in the morning on one of his periodical trips through the woods, reporting on the condition of the timber, about a three weeks' trip. Would I accompany him? Yes, and gladly.

And so we proceeded to Jack's to talk it over. That night the fly-book was looked into and the usual assortment of old standbys from grave to gay rearranged, and what duffle we needed got together. We contented ourselves with a rod apiece—one a rather heavy lancewood, a "rough diamond," that had seen hard service both with bait and fly, the other a bamboo of 5oz., a lovely little rod and every inch a thoroughbred. We were to find our provisions and blankets en route.

Our route lay by trail from Keene Valley, Essex county, N. Y., through to Van Houverberg's, thence to the "Deserted Village" via the Indian Pass, and so on to Preston Ponds and down Cold River, returning by way of Lake Colden, Mt. Marcy and the Ausable region. In all a circuit of some 150 miles by trail.

The next day we took a late start, and the trail being in fairly good condition, struck the Great South Meadow in the cool of the evening and reached Van Houverberg's at dusk, feeling comfortably tired and hungry after our twelve miles' jog through the notch. That night after a poor but welcome supper we stretched ourselves before the big blaze in front of the lodge and talked over our pipes until one by one the stars flickered and went out and the moon just cresting the edge of the black spruces told us it was past time to turn in. Another twelve miles of rougher going the next day brought us through the Indian Pass and out to the "Deserted Village." It is a strange contrast to suddenly break from the heavy timber in that wild country and come upon this isolated relic of what in days long ago was once a thriving settlement. There it lies to-day, its single thoroughfare half obliterated in a tangle of rank weeds and blackberry bushes, its row of shanties covered with the moss of years, abandoned and fast crumbling to decay. We enter a dilapidated structure on our right. Half sunken in the moss-covered floor lies an iron-bound chest of ancient pattern, its lid bulging with a tumbled contents of old ledgers and papers, all that remains of the old bank.

Half way down the street the Adirondack Club have their headquarters. Under their hospitable roof we spent one of the pleasantest of weeks, and having gained a clear idea of the lumbering and condition of the timber land, lakes and streams of that region, we packed our duffle one bright morning and were off for Preston and Cold River.

Starting at the upper end of Lake Henderson, a trail of four miles through a more or less lumbered country brings you to the Upper Preston Pond. And what a beauty it is! Nearly circular, its placid surface reflects the primeval loveliness of the unbroken forest that surrounds it. Through the courtesy of the club we occupied a model log camp—the like of which would bring contentment to the heart of any hunter or true angler, as it lies nestled among the big spruces in a cove of this ideal pond. We were soon in our snug quarters, and after a bite and a nip stretched ourselves under the shade of an old hemlock down by the little brook that chattered so merrily past our shanty, and tried as patiently as circum-

stances would admit to kill that longest part of the day—the time between the end of the morning fishing and the time to fish again. Who—if he be a true angler—has not felt that indescribable feeling of impatience for the hour to come when the sun dies pale in the west and a dozen concentric rings breaking the quiet surface of the pond tell him it is time to put his rod together and glide gently out upon the still water now swimming in the yellow evening light. Whirr! whirr! goes the reel as you pay out enough line to get your cast under way. As you drift silently along the clear, plaintive note of the hermit thrush from some distant swamp comes softly over the water to you. As you near a tangle of floodwood that hangs as if in midair, so accurately is it mirrored in the black water, suddenly your eye catches sight of a swirl ahead and instantly you are on the alert. Go slow, my boy! These wary old fellows are sparing with their favors.

A deep, quiet stroke with the paddle and you glide within casting distance. Now steady! Softly your flies fall upon the black water just this side of his majesty. There he lies in the shadow of that big white snag to your left. Again the line straightens and this time your cast dapples the still surface above him. Like a flash, with a swirl of his mighty tail, he has your dropper fairly in his jaw and has started for deeper water. Steady! Be careful of that flood wood, he will play havoc with you if he reaches it! Inch by inch you recover your line. You feel the butt is beginning to tell on him and instinctively you reach for the landing net. A quick pass as he rolls to the surface and the next instant he lies struggling in the meshes at your feet. Ah! what a beauty he is. Two and one quarter pounds if an ounce! There he lies, game to the last, the big hook of his under jaw working convulsively, his bright spots gleaming like so many turquoise and rubies.

Handle him tenderly—treat him with respect, he is no reptile of a dogfish, this fellow who has sent the blood coursing through your veins for the past fifteen minutes—he is a prince among fishes.

As I look across in the direction of the camp a thin column of smoke rising straight against the dark timber warns me it is late and that Frank is getting supper. The sun has set an hour ago and the chill night mist is beginning to settle over the water. I manage to pick up half a dozen little fellows for the pan and then put for camp.

As the canoe grates against the beach I hear Frank's cheery voice calling to me from the shanty, "Hello, Doctor, I didn't know but what you had about concluded to make a night of it. Any luck?" And then, as I emerge into the shanty, his eyes fall upon the sagging contents of the net, and the big fellow with the aristocratic hook is duly lifted out and weighed.

"Just two pounds, old man, and a beauty he is! Took the gnat, eh? Curious how these big fellows' tastes differ. I've got some biscuits in the oven, and I guess these little fellows won't go bad along with the bacon. Tea or coffee?" "Suit your taste," said I, and taking the candle I followed the trail down to the brook to dress the fish.

"Frank," said I, as we rolled on a log and filled our pipes after a hearty supper, "what has become of Old Sam Dewey? Still living in 'New Rushy' I suppose?"

"Yes, and still is one of the most accomplished old liars in these woods. I can see him now. He was always to me a typical old trapper, his hair grew over his ears and reached an inch or so below the collar of his coat, under his mink-skin cap his keen gray eyes seemed to light up his thin old countenance with an attractiveness that one sees in the cunning face of a fox. He was a man of spare build but with an unusual amount of endurance, and I am inclined to think even now in his old age would lead the best of the boys a hard race in an all-day hunt.

"That reminds me by the way," continued Frank, "of a yarn I once heard the old fellow tell when we were over in Newcomb county on a big hunt a year ago last fall. One night a lot of the boys went up to Caleb's, where there was to be a dance and a general good time. We were all in good spirits for we had had a good hunt, and intended to stay another week. 'Hite' Partridge was there, and Pete Dunning and 'Old Sam.' A lot of us were around the stove in the kitchen, and naturally the talk ran to hunting adventure. Caleb told how in the early days he had once tracked a panther for two days in the light drift with the thermometer at zero, and finally killed her over on Moose Ridge, just below where Hiram Chase's sugar works now stand. Every one had a story to tell, all but Old Sam, who seemed to keep out of the game, owing, no doubt, to his being frequently squelched on previous occasions whenever he attempted to spring a new yarn on the boys. Finally the old man grew impatient, and transferring his feet from the second rung of his chair to the floor, he waited for a lull in the conversation and began.

"May be," said he, "yew fellers never heard tell haow I once got forty-tew uv the noicest black duck ez ever cum tew Little Beaver Pond? Wall—about ten year ago—the time me en Brother Bill wuz trappin' daown Cold Creek—I kin see yew fellers air beginin' tew doubt what I'm a goin' t' tell ye, en ef I hedn't seen it I dunno but what I should mistrust it m'self. But it's Gospil treuth."

"Here he produced a shrunken package of 'Blue Ruin' from the depths of his jeans and filled his pipe and proceeded:

"'Ducks had been plenty 'bout the pond, en one evenin' ez I cum back home from havin' seen tew m' traps I see an almighty big flock er ducks settin' out on th' pond, jes' this side uv where Brother Bill killed the big doe. They see me an' riz en roosted on the limb er that big birch on Pother side th' pond. It looked ez if I warn't goin' to git a crack at 'em, en I see I hedn't but one cartridge in m' gun, so I jest set daown on er holler log en begun to cal'ate haow tew git enow tew make a mess. Bimeby an idee cum tew me en I crep' up about forty rod from the old birch an' aimed her jest at the crotch uv th' limb above where them ducks wuz settin' en pulled th' trigger. Daown cum th' limb en pinned 'em all daown by th' toes. Wal, I jest clim' up'n' picked off forty-tew uv the noicest black duck yew fellers ever see. Brother Bill he said he'd gin a dollar tew hev been there en seen th' fun. Talk about rats, ducks en otter! Little Beaver's th' place fer me en daon't yew fergit! And the old man tilted back in his chair and refilled his pipe with the air of a lawyer who had just won his case."

The fire had burned low, and after a look at the moon and a few speculations in regard to the morrow we covered up the ashes and turned in.

F. BERKELEY SMITH.

A DAY WITH THE WALL-EYED PIKE.

THE 25th of September, 1889, was one of those perfect autumnal days that, with its bright sunshine and balmy air, never fail to send a thrill of pleasure through every fiber in the being of the enthusiastic devotee of the "angle" as he hies himself to the spot where so many pleasant hours have been passed.

On the morning of that day I started on my way to, what is to me, a favorite fishing resort, a short distance above Creswell Station, on the Columbia & Port Deposit R. R. The waters at this point mark the terminus of the rapids extending southward from the Columbia Dam, and hence are not so swift here, but form a series of eddies and deep pools (the latter being locally known as "hollows") in which the "lord of the Susquehanna" delights to make his home. Owing to the unevenness of the bottom and the deposits of rocks and snags, it often happens that while fish are plentiful the angler is sometimes put to a disadvantage by getting his hooks fast in the above obstructions.

Having arrived at the desired point, I at once proceeded to fish, which, of course, meant work and no little amount of vexation, owing mainly to the usual difficulty of getting "snagged."

I continued trolling nearly all the forenoon, baiting and casting in the most tempting way I could conceive, but without success. Indeed, it began to look as if the wily inhabitants, yielding to the influence of the unusually fine weather, had, on the impulse of the moment, gone to visit their friends or, possibly, to attend a mass meeting held for the purpose of discussing a question which is to them one of vital importance—the pollution of the waters of the Susquehanna in other parts.

I was much surprised, and not a little discouraged at the ill luck that attended my efforts, so much so that I began to think seriously of giving up and returning home. But wait! what is that? Ah! no inanimate snag this time, but just the very kind of snag I had been longing to get fast to all morning, and now my fine fellow, since you have evidently just returned from one excursion, and have been so kind as to give me the opportunity, I will take you on another free of charge.

I succeeded in landing this fish with little difficulty, though a good-sized "salmon," and making a circle over the same place, took a second, and in a short time I added two more and one bass, making in all four "salmon," or wall-eyed pike, and one bass.

I now concluded to go home, get dinner, and then return and resume the sport in the afternoon. While taking dinner, learning that it would be convenient for my wife to go, I persuaded her to accompany me back to the scene of the morning's failure and success.

We started accordingly, our little daughter also making one of the party. As Mrs. S. had done no fishing up to this time, I decided to devote the afternoon to teaching her how to fish, and that she should go through with the entire programme of handling the fish, from the time it "struck" until safely landed, without any assistance other than verbal directions; for I wanted to make a "fisherman" of her, and determined that if any fish were caught the credit should all be due to her. How well she succeeded we shall see later on.

Arriving at the point where I had taken the fish before noon, and having prevailed upon Mrs. S. to take the rod (which she was quite reluctant to do) while I did the rowing, she began, as I supposed, to try to fish, but ended with genuine fishing.

Considerable annoyance was experienced by getting "snagged," and more so by the apparent absence of fish. It is not surprising that, after rowing about for an hour and a half or more, getting fast numberless times and taking no fish, Mrs. S. was thoroughly disgusted with fishing, refused to hold the rod any longer and insisted upon going home. But I really wanted to see her catch a fish, and I had to use all my powers of persuasion to induce Mrs. S. to consent to hold the rod long enough to encircle a spot where I felt sure some wary "salmon" must be waiting for a tempting bite. She consented to do so, but only on condition that we should leave for home immediately if there were no strikes during this round.

We had gone some distance, when suddenly there was a sharp pull on the line that made the reel whizz. I knew at once by the irregular nervous jerking of the line that the fish was hooked, and told Mrs. S. that now she had her fish fast. "Oh, yes," said she, "it is very likely one more of the kind I have been hooking ever since we came—" but at this moment the fish, becoming alive to the sense of his condition, began to make such vigorous demonstrations of resistance as to cause an abrupt ending of her speech.

Now you should have seen Mrs. S. reel him in. "Be quick about it, don't give him any slack," said all in one breath. "How, how? which way? where?" said she, getting excited and turning the reel in such a manner as to let out line at an alarming rate. "Turn the reel the other way as quickly as possible and bring your fish up steadily," said I, almost ready to explode with laughter at the events which were occurring. Mrs. S. had by this time, to a certain extent, recovered her composure and began to follow my directions in a very encouraging manner, and in a short time had her first salmon up to the side of the boat; here, after some little excitement, she succeeded in landing the fish.

I now asked her if she still desired to go home and was answered with a big "no." Enthusiasm had now taken the place of disgust and so, after resting for a few moments, we started around the same line we had taken when the fish "struck." When crossing the same spot another tug was felt by Mrs. S., who being an apt pupil and using to advantage the experience she had gotten in playing the first fish, played this second one quite well, indeed, and soon landed it in good style.

Mrs. S. becoming more confident of her abilities as a "fisherman" continued the operation of extracting a "salmon" at each succeeding round until she had seven fine ones. On making the eighth circle she had a "strike" but missed. This discouraged our "fisherman," and as it was late in the afternoon she thought she had enough for one day and began to talk of going home, but from the nature of the strike I knew it was a large fish that had been missed and was anxious to make another trial; we did so and on this round Mrs. S. succeeded in landing her eighth and largest fish. This individual tipped the beam at 4 lbs. We then returned home after what finally proved to be a pleasant and successful excursion, Mrs. S. being much elated over her remarkable good fortune, and well she may be, for landing eight fish out of nine that struck

is a fact that even experienced anglers do not accomplish very often.

I have spent many days (and pleasant ones too more successful in regard to the numbers of fish taken) upon our beautiful Susquehanna, but the day when together with my family I shared the excitements and pleasure that only the true angler can feel I look back upon as the brightest and happiest of all.

G. S.
WASHINGTON BOROUGH, Pa.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 11.—Mr. W. Hoyt, of Aurora, was in town the other day and we fell foul of each other. Mr. Hoyt is a genial angler and much of an enthusiast in fly-fishing for bass, for which he has the best of opportunity in that bassful stream, the Fox River, which flows through Aurora. Mr. Hoyt is, however, I believe, interested in some milling properties situate along the Fox, and that changes the whole color of the world to him. He didn't love the State Fish Commission. He didn't love Dr. Bartlett. He didn't love the idea of putting fishways in dams. He said that to put a practical fishway in a dam would ruin the dam. He admitted that bass fishing was good in the Fox, but denied that it had been in the least benefited by the fishways. He said fish couldn't get up over the fishways, but claimed there wasn't a dam on the river the bass couldn't run over at high water. He had seen suckers run up almost over the dam. I don't know how he reconciles these two ideas, and forgot to ask him. Mr. Hoyt says that the fishway at Dayton Dam, low down on the big river, is absolutely worthless, and that no fish can get over it. Allusion was made to the opposition the dam owners made to the putting in of the fishways, and to the suits instituted by the Commission.

"Yes, and you can't name a single case where they won their suit," said Mr. Hoyt.

"How about Carpenterville?" I asked him.

"Oh, that was a widow they sued there," said Mr. Hoyt.

This is a criss-cross sort of world, anyhow this Illinois end of it is. Here's Mr. Hoyt, or the dam owners. They think the Fish Commission is a vile, wicked and ineffectual affair. The Fox River Fish Association thinks the Fish Commission is a good and worthy body, working in a noble cause, and it therefore lends a hand. The Fish Commission returns thanks, and says the Fox River Association has been its best friend and ally. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association says to the Fox River Association, Let us unite in this great and glorious work of preserving the game and fish of this great and glorious country. The Fox River Association says it doesn't mind if it does unite some, but all the same it doesn't want to and doesn't mean to. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association says to the State Fish Commission, Show your hand. Here, blame you, unite with us, or we will everlastingly knock your political eye out. The State Fish Commission says to the State Sportsmen's Association, Don't say another word, we are going to unite with you, and we meant to all along. Brotherly love. Nice, isn't it? Hands all round, and *dos a dos*. I wish I could draw a picture of it, showing what each fellow has in the hand he keeps behind his back. In the meantime, the little fishes and the birds that fly in this great and glorious land of the free, are getting it extensively in the neck, so to speak.

Mr. Ed. Howard, keeper of the well-known sportsmen's hotel on Fox Lake, was in the city this week and had something to say about the ice fishing that has been going on up in his country, and which was shown up in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. Needless to say, Mr. Howard has always opposed this sort of business, though his house is right on the lake where a great part of it is done.

"It isn't so bad now as it used to be," said Mr. Howard, "but the farmers used to make a regular business of coming to Fox Lake and catching all the fish they could through the ice. They had their shanties all over the lake. Naturally, the more thoughtful of us who lived about the lake, and had some consideration for the people who came to visit us, didn't like to see the lake robbed in this way. One night, in 1885, there was a lot of shanties out on the lake, and I don't know how it happened, but some way 22 of those shanties got piled up in a bunch together and were burned up, slick and clean. After that the ice fishers used to miss the doors of their shanties a good deal, and stoves would disappear from them by night, and spears and lines would turn up missing, so it wasn't all plain sailing for the ice fishers. One old fellow got sharp. He used to bring his fish shanty with him on his bob sled every morning and take it back at night, so no one could get at it. One evening when he went to hitch up his team he found his horses gone and he had to walk home, away over in the country, and left his shanty. Next morning his team was back hitched to the sled out in the woods, but his shanty wasn't in practical working order. He staid away after that.

"It is shameful, the destruction these ice fishers create. I hope you will keep up the work and show them the folly of it all. As to the men living above me on the lake, I think they would listen to reason, and if you and Mr. Cole, the president of the Fox River Association, will go up through there and try to get them to agree to quit their winter fishing, I will go with you and do all I can to help. It certainly is unwise to keep up this ice fishing."

Mr. Howard said that a great many bass were caught by the ice fishers. He had often tried to have men help him in his work, but often they would say they could make more fishing. Willie Dunnell, three weeks ago, caught 32 fish in one day, and of the whole 16 were pickerel and 16 were bass. Percy Hill, son of Capt. Hill, a man who ought to know better, had 5 black bass to bring down to Chicago for sale last week. He thought he "might as well do it as anybody." George Drury was fishing right along, and what could be expected of the Stanleys who more than once had seined up young black bass and sold them for bait?

"A strange thing happened not long ago," resumed Mr. Howard, "which shows the size of some of the fish in the lake. George Drury brought in a pickerel which we weighed and found to weigh just 2 lbs. 11 oz., quite a fish you may see. This pickerel was fairly skinned from the gills clear back to the tail, and George told me how it happened. He found this fish on one of his lines, and was pulling it in when he saw a big fish run at it, and grab it right by the middle. George pulled and the fish let go, but made another run and nearly swallowed the little pickerel. George pulled the big fish on into the hole, and when he let go he had the little pickerel pretty

near scaled. We could see the marks of the teeth of the big fish, both crosswise and lengthwise of the pickerel. The fish may have been a mascalonge.

"You didn't know there were mascalonge in Fox Lake? Well, there are not many, but there are a few. Ten years ago Mr. Bell—you will remember he was drowned, with his warm friend Mr. Wilcox, in that unfortunate trout fishing trip on Lake Superior—was fishing on Fox Lake, and he landed a 42 lbs. mascalonge, right on my beach. In 1868 Monroe Stanley speared a mascalonge which weighed 53 lbs. They had three spears in him before they got him. Only three years ago, Harry Stanley, while fishing with a common bamboo rod and bass outfit, caught a mascalonge 4 ft. 1 in. long, that weighed 37 lbs. His father helped him land it. This is the last one we know certainly to have been caught. I think they must be a slow fish to reproduce or to mature, so they are easily killed out of a water.

"When I was a mere boy, twenty years ago, I caught a mascalonge that weighed 24 lbs., in Fox Lake, and caught it in a very singular style, too. I yanked him alongside and hauled him over the boat-side, but after I got him into the boat he jumped square out and swam off. I pulled him up and hauled him aboard again, and again he jumped out and swam away. I got pretty anxious, and pulled him in again, and for the third time he jumped out of the boat. When I got him in again I had had enough, and I smashed him till he held still. I don't believe anybody on earth but myself ever caught a mascalonge that jumped out of the boat three times and yet was saved.

"You may think that is a pretty hard mascalonge story, but I can tell you a worse one, and one equally true. A little more than three years ago Chas. Eldridge was fishing on Fox Lake, and struck a mascalonge which was later found to weigh 11 lbs. This fish went square under the boat, and ran clear out to the end of the line, the rod being out on the opposite side of the boat. As he reached the end of the line, which was short and rotten, he sprang clear out of the water, turning back as he felt the line check him, and landed directly in the boat, where Eldridge nailed him. The funniest part is that before the fish struck the boat the line was broken short off, and he lit with a piece of it hanging loose out of his mouth. He evidently broke the line when it snubbed him, and in his crazy jump landed in the boat by mistake. I believe this is the only case of the sort that ever happened."

Ed. Howard is a quiet, straightforward sort of man, and I never knew him to wander from the paths of stern reality, but after these last two stories I looked at him with an increased respect. If he has any more mascalonge stories like this, he can come and sit in my office and talk a week at a time, and his board won't cost him anything.

I notice in a recent daily paper the following, which I think will astonish even the most profound believer in the glorious climate of California: "The San Diego (Cal.) Sun tells of a monster black bass taken with hook and line recently near that port. It weighed 318 lbs., and the catcher was forty-two minutes in getting the fish alongside a steamer." There is something wrong about that story.

But about that ice fishing. The effort must be made to get these people to see the matter in a reasonable light. I hope to be able some day to report these summer-resort men all as much opposed to the practice as they are now in favor of it, and to see every one of them a member of the Fox River Association.

E. HOUGH.

TROUT FISHING PAST AND TO COME.

INQUIRING as I go from town to town regarding authentic records of trout caught reveals the fact that more and larger trout have been caught the past year than in any year within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants.

Waterbury, Conn., tells us of good success, and our genial friend Gunsey, who keeps everything in the fishing tackle line that one may need, says that all the boys had good luck, bringing home a basketful every time they went. As to size, 1 lb. may be the limit reached by the largest.

Naugatuck followed right along and here the dealer is Col. Tolly. A pound to 1½ lbs. was the limit.

Seymour and Birmingham told similar stories.

Torrington and Winsted, noted in former years for their fish lies, gave us a little better report, 1½ lbs., and in one or two instances 1½ lbs. were the big ones here, and at Colebrook River, a point a little way out from Winsted, one was reported weighing 2½ lbs. This one was taken alive and sent to Hartford, where he made the owner thereof happy \$10 worth.

Canaan, where Mr. Camp sells the hooks, says: "We have got a new gag on the trout here; we just get on the train and go over here a little ways and catch all we can lug home. Big ones? Why yes, pound and three-quarters, several of them, but no larger."

At New Milford I got no report except good success, but as to size I inferred that a pound was the big one. Sandy Hook "got there" with several of a pound and three-quarters, and "Pape" and O'Hare are prognosticating for 1891. Well, good luck! Hope they will catch whales next time.

Great Barrington didn't know much about trout fishing; got some, I guess, but Sagey says that one and three-quarters was the largest here. Lee, Lenox and Stockbridge could do no better, but West Stockbridge just managed to pull through with two and three-quarters for trumps.

I got so by this time that I swallowed fish lies without any difficulty, and took in all sorts of stories. But Philmont takes the whole bakery, for in this quiet village, where Mr. Lockwood sells the strings, lives a man, if indeed he lives yet, Frank Alberts by name, who caught a trout that weighed three pounds and fifteen ounces, and another fellow got one that weighed two and one-quarter. No jokes, for Lockwood says it's straight.

And so they go, and every one says we will catch larger ones this spring, of which more anon. NOTLIKES.

CLUB ELECTION.—Newport, R. I., Feb. 11.—At the annual meeting of the Newport Fish and Game Association, held Jan. 14, the following officers were elected: President, J. P. Cotton; Vice-President, Robt. Frame; Treasurer, W. A. Armstrong; Secretary, F. H. Wilks. Directors: Messrs. J. P. Cotton, Robt. Frame, W. A. Armstrong, W. H. Hammett and F. H. Wilks.—F. H. WILKS, Sec'y.

CONNECTICUT RIVER PIKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You are perfectly right in your statement that there are no mascalonge in the Connecticut River. The fish in question are simply the great northern pike (*Esox lucius*.) I have seen scores of them, caught them, and eaten them, but the largest I ever saw scaled 19lbs. They were not introduced in a pond near Bellows Falls, but were brought from Lake Champlain by the late Governor Paine of Northfield, Vt., and placed in a mill pond in Northfield or Roxbury, at the head of the Black River about the date stated, 1838. At any rate, in a great freshet in 1840, the dam broke, and the fish were swept down into the Connecticut. I left home soon after that, and on one of my vacation visits, a few years later, was told of the strange new pickerel of fabulous size which were being caught.

It might have been about 1847 or '48, that Hon. Wm. Henry, the cashier of the Bellows Falls Bank, caught one weighing 17lbs. in the "big eddy" below the Falls. It may have been two or three years later, but I should say it was as long ago as 1853 at latest.

Mr. Henry was an enthusiastic angler, and when business was dull was reported to be in the habit of locking up the brick bank, and going down the gravel one behind it to the river to fish, and it was said that when the country people around came to the bank in the summer, and found the doors locked, they always made a bee line for the eddy, where they were sure to find the cashier.

The pike have spread up and down the river, and nearly exterminated every thing else. I have heard of them as far north as Haverhill, and eaten them, caught in shad nets, at South Hadley Falls. I once had one brought to me, to decide if it was not a mascalonge. It was almost black on the black, with orange spots, and yellow belly, but had probably got discolored by living in some eddy where an iron spring oozed into the river, and deposited a bog iron bed for him. When I was a boy, I used to supply my father with the black sand, used instead of blotters 50 or 60 years ago, by collecting it with a magnet on the bank of the river at low water in summer.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

VON W.

ANGLING NOTES.

UNDER the proposed change of the trout law it will be impossible for the honest angler to send home a few trout. While in some cases this is somewhat harsh, yet as it is for the public good, we will have to submit. Trout do not amount to much after a journey of any length, but generally arrive soft and tasteless and often unfit for the table. After trying many ways, the following has been found the best to keep trout in good condition and flavor: Clean the fish as soon after they are caught as possible; wipe dry and clean, inside and out, and be careful to remove all the blood along the backbone. Sprinkle a little black or white pepper in the inside and lay them in as cool a place as you can. If possible to keep them in an ice house, do so, but lay them on a board, not on the ice. Never use salt to preserve them, as it pickles them and ruins the flavor. When ready to pack, fill an empty tin, such as gingersnaps come in for instance, with pounded ice, and pack the fish around it. This ice will keep them 12 hours. If it can be had, refill the tin with fresh ice during a long trip.

The proposal to change the number of Fish Commissioners meets with universal disfavor, and the codifying commissioners seem to have gone beyond their duties to make the suggestion. The cutting off of the two weeks trout fishing in September is a mistake. There is little or no fishing in the Adirondacks from July 1 to Sept. 1, whereas it is generally good during the first two weeks of September. If this change is made, anglers will simply go to Maine or Canada, and their money will be lost to the guides and hotels of the North Woods, or what is worse, will fish contrary to the law, as they used to do before it was made legal. The best laws always are those that are reasonably easy to enforce. That is the reason that the law regarding the shipping of venison has been of so much benefit.

SCARLET-IBIS.

Fishculture.

MASSACHUSETTS FISHCULTURE.

THE twenty-fifth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game of the State of Massachusetts opens with a reference to the fishways built over eight dams on the Monaquot River. Two of these dams are from 18 to 20ft. in height. A record is given of the fish seen in the Lawrence fishway from April 23 to Oct. 9, 1890. Between October and April the only fish seen were suckers. The first alewives made their appearance April 24, and other species arrived on the following dates: Lamprey, May 4; salmon, June 19, three individuals ranging from 12 to 14lbs.; forty-four salmon in all were seen, the last, Oct. 9, weighed 8lbs., the largest salmon of the season weighed 20lbs. Silver eels appeared July 2, and black bass July 30.

The catch of shad in 1890 showed a marked falling off, and the high water and scarcity of spawning fish interfered seriously with the shad hatching operations at North Andover.

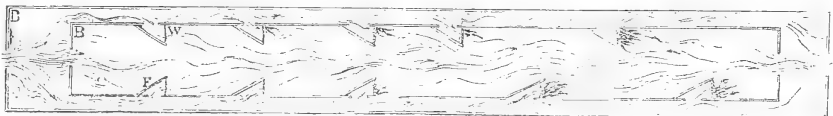
A few carp have been raised and sold at from 16 to 17 cents per lb. The catch of trout during the season of 1890 was unusually large, and was evidently due to the distribution of fry. In beginning the experiment of stocking several depleted streams, and also several streams in which trout were not native. Successful results were obtained in all cases. The Commissioners believe that without skillful management, trout and salmon cannot be profitably kept in small ponds until they are one or two years old before introducing them into the brooks. When artificially fed in such inclosures they lose their self-reliance and become a prey to enemies soon after liberation. They prefer introducing the young fry into the headwaters as soon as the egg sac is absorbed, and letting them at once begin the struggle for existence. The demand for trout fry has been greatly in excess of the supply. With the \$1,000 granted by the Legislature for establishing a new hatchery, work is expected to begin this spring with increased facilities. The Commissioners expect to distribute about 600,000 young trout in April and May. These are delivered free at the hatching house at Winchester, Mass., and transportation cans furnished, which are to be returned to the hatchery at the expense of the applicant.

The Commissioners refer to the Sunapee trout, and express their belief that it is native to New England waters and existed there many years before the introduction of saibling. They state from their own knowledge that no

saibling were ever planted in Sunapee Lake or in Dan Hole Pond, or in any of the tributaries of these bodies of water.

The welcome announcement is made that salmon are steadily increasing in the Merrimac; sixty were taken during 1890 near the hatchery at Plymouth, N. H., an establishment which is operated by the Massachusetts and New Hampshire Commissioners jointly.

Reference is made to the work of the steamer Ocean Gem, which was purchased by the Commissioners for the purpose of enforcing the laws relating to the shore fisheries of the State. Her especial function was the protection of the lobster fisheries and the enforcement of the laws against menhaden seining in Buzzard's Bay, a duty for which she is



TROUGH FOR YOUNG SALMONIDÆ.

admirably suited by reason of her high rate of speed. This steamer seized the steamer Fearless, of Newport, but was obliged to abandon the prize for want of sufficient coal to get into port. Nineteen arrests were made for violations of the lobster law and three for infringement of the fish laws.

The returns of the lobster fishery show an increase of more than a quarter of a million in the catch of marketable lobsters. The returns from the fisheries show a marked decrease of shad, alewives, sea herring, scup, tautog, flounders and flatfish, eels, and some other edible fish, while there was an increase in the catch of menhaden, striped bass, squeteague, mackerel and bluefish. The increase in menhaden was particularly large, being 2,500,000.

The appendix to the report contains a list of Fish Commissioners, a series of notes by Mr. S. Garman on the carp, brown trout and Sunapee trout, accompanied with figures of the species.

Mr. B. P. Chadwick, who had charge of the shad hatching operations at North Andover, states that the run in the Merrimac in 1890 was small and he attributes the marked decline of the shad fisheries to the destruction of young fish by the use of fine meshed seines at the mouth of the river. "The practice of catching small fish for bait at the mouth of the Merrimac has been pressed to such an extent as to have ruined the shad fishery of this stream, and the alewife fishery is destined to meet the same fate." The shad fishery is no longer profitable and Mr. Chadwick recommends the abolition of all seine fishing for a period of ninety days after June 1. He finds that the sale of undersized lobsters has almost ceased. One violator of the law, George S. Seeley, of Beverly, was fined \$115 and costs.

The Hampshire Trout Breeding Association, through its secretary, Mr. Dana Pearson, has made a report to the Commissioners. Dec. 25, 1889, they received 25,000 brook trout eggs from the U. S. Fish Commission and 35,000 from the Massachusetts Commission. Of these they hatched about 98 per cent. and only 4 per cent. of the embryos were lost. About the middle of April they distributed all the fry in brooks at Hatfield, Hadley, Williamsburg, Northampton, Hadenville and Chesterfield. None of these streams are posted and the association has secured control of the hatchery site until the fall of 1898.

An opinion of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in the case of the Commonwealth against Arthur Manchester, who was complained of for taking fish by the use of a purse seine in the waters of Buzzard's Bay within the jurisdiction of the State of Massachusetts, is given at length in this appendix. The Chief Justice decides that the statute of the Commonwealth is not repugnant to the constitution and the laws of the United States.

The effect of this decision will be to prevent the use of the purse seine in the menhaden fisheries within Buzzard's Bay. Reference is also made to recent legislation for the protection of the fish and fisheries.

The report closes with detailed returns of the lobster fisheries showing the number of traps used, the number of marketable lobsters taken and the number of egg-bearing lobsters returned to the water alive. Finally complete tables are furnished showing the returns of pounds, weight, gill and sweep nets, with the names of the kinds of fishes taken. One remarkable feature of these tables is the record of 1,341 Spanish mackerel taken in gill and sweep nets at Chatham.

NEW JERSEY FISH COMMISSION.

COMMISSIONERS: Robert D. Foote, Morristown; W. A. Newell, Pennsville; F. M. Ward, Newton, Secretary. Several thousand brook trout and lake trout have been planted in the inland waters of the State during the last year, and there is reason to believe that the stock is in good condition. The success of the efforts in replenishing the streams is acknowledged since the fishing last season was as good as it was twenty years ago. The trout waters are confined chiefly to the northern counties.

The catch of shad in the Delaware River and Bay during the season of 1890 was the best known for many years, and it is conceded that it is due to the large number of fry deposited in the river during the past five years by the United States Fish Commission and the New Jersey Commission. The former liberally 15,000,000 last year and the State Commission about 7,000,000. The sturgeon fisheries of Delaware Bay have recently become very important. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in the business and hundreds of men are employed during the fishing season. The fish were worth from 27 to \$15 each, according to size. A much-needed law was passed by the Legislature to protect the young sturgeon from destruction by gill-net fishermen.

The Commission intends to introduce other varieties of game fishes into some of our principal lakes, including Hopatcong, Greenwood, and some of the smaller ones, during the present season.—F. M. W.

TROUGH FOR YOUNG SALMONIDÆ.

THE tendency of young trout or salmon to "bank" or pile up at the head of the trough where the water supply enters is one of the undesirable, and with the ordinary trough, unavoidable conditions in holding them. Whether there is a greater possibility of injury to them by reason of their huddling together in such masses or they are more liable to contagion or the effects of diseases, to which other animals are subject under like conditions, can only be a matter of conjecture. We do know, however, that young *Salmonidæ* are particularly susceptible to certain diseases, the causes and nature of which are not understood, and which are, moreover, not easy to determine.

It has occurred to the writer that at all events any arrangement in the trough which would cause the young fish to be dispersed throughout its entire length, while allowing perfect facility in cleansing it and handling the fish, might present to the minds of trout culturists some advantages worthy of practical experiment.

The idea which has suggested itself to the writer as a result of observation, though not of practical experience, is a double trough, or trough inside of a trough, as shown in the accompanying sketch. One bottom answers for both of course. Along the sides of the inside trough are arranged a series of angular chambers, made by placing pieces of wood

or metal of a required size at an angle from the sides, and covering the mouth or base of the angle with wire gauze, letting the wood project some little distance beyond the gauze, as shown in sketch.

Now, entering into each of these angles from the outer trough is a hole with gate, by which the flow of water may be regulated. These angles may be placed opposite one another, or may alternate as is found preferable. The idea is to introduce currents of water at intervals along the entire length of the trough in such a way that the fish will find a number of places with the conditions they prefer instead of the single one at the head of the ordinary trough.

It will be seen by the illustration that with a feather all

the sediment may be swept to the foot of the trough as easily as if the sides were entirely straight and clear.

It will also be noticed that while it is possible that in time the fish may find their way to the head of the trough they may be a considerable time in doing so, and the currents they must encounter on the journey will afford them beneficial exercise.

If, however, they should accumulate at the head of the trough in too great numbers it will only be necessary to sweep them to the bottom with the feather and allow them to work slowly up again. By a proper proportioning of the waste ways of both sections of the trough, and the holes through which the water must pass from the outer to the inner section, the outer one could be kept fullest and the water be caused to flow into the inner one with considerable force.

WM. P. SEAL.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION, Washington, D. C.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 21 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Secretary.
March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.
March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.
March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.
April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Mumhall, Secretary.
April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.
April 23 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. P. Rennie, Secy.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

THE GREYHOUND STUD BOOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the last meeting of the advisory committee of the A. K. C. I notice a resolution demanding that the National Greyhound Club give up its private stud book or forfeit membership in the former organization. To the writer this seems a grave mistake, for above all other dogs, the pedigrees of the greyhound should be accurate, entire and pure. To accomplish this requires more care and research than the A. K. C. exhibit in their stud book, which comprises all sorts and conditions of the canine species. Rather than censure a man or club for keeping or publishing reliable information as to the pedigrees and winnings of a special breed of dogs, the A. K. C. should encourage such efforts.

Doubtless the greyhound men have had the same experience as the writer in the more insignificant matter of breed ing pugs. He found the comprehensive A. K. C. stud book not at all adequate to his needs, and so set about getting all the information possible from other quarters. By writing and talking to the pug breeders of both England and America he was quite astonished at the amount of valuable facts to be found outside both English and American stud books. Collecting all this matter together he has compiled a book on pugs which appeared in the *Fanciers' Journal* of last year in serial form, and is now ready for publication. This little book might be termed a stud book, as it is a record of the pedigrees as far back as they could be traced, winnings and winning produce of the pug dog, together with a few facts relative to this breed. Has the National Greyhound Club erred more than the writer? except that their dogs are a more important and grander breed than the pug. Why then should they be criticised or censured for any effort whereby they can keep a pure, disinterested record of the pedigrees of these fine animals?

M. H. CRYER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 15.

HELEN KELLER'S MASTIFF.—Hulton, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I can best express my appreciation of the letter of Mr. Geo. E. Goodhue in your issue of Feb. 12 by saying that I am almost tempted to regret that Mr. Goodhue's kindly wish has been forestalled. As soon as I heard of the killing of the dog, I wrote to "Uncle Dick" to secure Eriant, an elder sister of the one killed, and succeeded in so doing. That I got the right kind is proved by the prompt manner in which Eriant bounced into a room full of dancers and broke up the fun by seizing the beaux and belles, deeming their semblance of fighting most reprehensible. Mr. Goodhue's allusions to the forgiving spirit of this child seem to make it proper for me to say that this is the most marked feature in her wonderful character. Nothing can make her angry, no offense is sufficient to excite her animosity. Her teacher says she never saw the child so distressed, yet she was ready to forgive and think the best of the one who had brought such distress upon her.—W. WADE.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Geo. O. Goodhue shows the right spirit in starting a subscription to buy a mastiff for Helen Keller; but it is all fixed now. She is to have my Eriant. As soon as Mr. Wade wrote wanting to buy Eriant to send the little girl, I tried to get her address so that I could make the present myself, but Mr. Wade heard of it and insisted on paying for the bitch, so I had to accept.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

THE SOUTHERN FIELD TRIALS.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

THERE were twenty entries in this stake, and the first four heats were run at the conclusion of the Paul Bo-Rupert heat, to decide first place in the Derby, on Friday, Feb. 6. The first brace was

DAD WILSON, JR., AND SHOTMASTER.

The English setter Dad Wilson, Jr., by Dad Wilson—Lit, and owned by J. Shelley Hudson, was in charge of H. M. Short, and the Istone Kennels' Shotmaster, by Planet—Lady Croxteth, was handled by D. E. Rose. At the start, at 2:39 P. M., Dad Wilson, Jr., soon showed his superior pace, which he kept up to the end of the heat. On the scattered birds from the previous heat, Dad pointed and Short flushing, killed, and Dad made a difficult retrieve in good style. He followed this up by a good point on a bevy, and was steady to flush. Shotmaster in the meanwhile had shown his running powers off to good advantage on a rabbit. In the woods, Dad Wilson coming at speed from the right, went in ahead of Shotmaster, who had scented game, and wheeled to a fine point. Shot, not to be outdone, passed him in turn and pointed as well. After another short gallop Dad was rightly awarded the heat, being superior to the other all round.

JACQUES AND CORSAIR.

Jacques, by Fred W.—, and owned by Chas. Tucker, was, in the absence of owner, handled by D. E. Rose, and B. M. Stephenson handled his dog Corsair, by Dad Gladstone—Haidee. In the open, some distance from where the last heat was run, these two were cast off. They both soon made points on a bevy and were steady to shot. Soon after, following the birds, they were both found again on a point in a plum thicket, but nothing was found; further on, they each made good points on singles and birds flushed to each, birds were shot at but neither killed, both dogs steady. Jacques then made two points to only one of which a bird was flushed. Coming to a stand a little further away, three birds flushed to his point. Moving on, he stood again, and Rose flushing the bird, shot and killed, Jacques bringing the game up in good style. After a short run both dogs pointed near a ravine in some grass. They had, however, been ordered up but after consultation they were sent on again. Not far away Jacques wheeled to a good point and Corsair coming up at speed, caught the scent while jumping a ditch and landed stiff. Nothing being found, they roamed on and Jacques soon located the birds; they were not followed. Then Jacques flushed one. On the other side of a deep ravine Corsair pointed nicely, and a woodcock was flushed. Jacques got into trouble by flushing a bevy to the right down wind, afterward redeeming himself by a point on a single. Dogs were then ordered up and the judges awarded the heat to Jacques. Down 45m.

CASSIO AND KENO.

The English Cassio, by Count Noble—Lizzie Hopkins, was handled by his owner, J. M. Arent, and the English setter Keno, by Roybil—, owned by Dr. Jones, was also handled by her owner. They were cast off in the open. Cassio showed his superiority by doing most of the pointing and showing better speed all through the heat. Keno made several flushes and pointed only two singles to Cassio's two bevs and several singles. The heat therefore finished in his favor after running 30min.

ANTONIO AND LITTLE GIFT.

The black, white and tan setter dog Antonio, by Roderigo—Bo Peep, was handled by his owner, J. M. Arent, and Little Gift, owned by Bert Crane, was in charge of N. B. Nesbitt. There was no competition in this race, as Antonio did all the work, cutting out the pace and ranging wide and stylishly. There is little need to enumerate points made as the heat was so one sided. This finished the work for the day.

Saturday.

The first heat of the day was the Zula M.—Rupert one, and this has already been given in the Derby report. The fifth brace in the All-Aged Stake was then called up. This was

DAD WILSON'S BOY AND RODER.

The English setter dog Dad Wilson's Boy is by Dad Wilson—Dolly S., and owned by G. O. Smith, and was handled by W. W. Titus. N. B. Nesbitt handled his dog Roder, by Roderigo—Lufra's Cross. They were put down at 10:12, and as the weather was warm the dogs soon felt its effects. They ran for some time and then were taken up twice, and soon after Dad pointed in good style but the bevy could not be found, then just after, Dad flushed a single, and the dogs were taken up to be put down in the afternoon at 3:40, but finding no game after a quarter of an hour's run they were ordered up and the heat given to Dad Wilson's Boy.

FRED GATES AND SAMUEL S.

This brace was put down at 12:06. Fred Gates, owned by Messrs. Hamilton and Jackson, was handled by D. E. Rose and H. S. Bevan's (agt.) Samuel S. was handled by H. S. Bevan. Samuel S. was the first to get to work and secured a good point on a bevy. Then Fred showed his speed in the chase after a rabbit, and then another start was made after the scattered birds, but they failed to avail themselves of the opportunity to do good work. Samuel S. flushed some, when the rest got up. Then ensued a long run and both were found on a point in a hedge row, though it was plain that the credit belonged to Fred. Sent on, the bevy was located by Fred, and when flushed, Rose made a double and Fred retrieved nicely. Samuel S., after a short run, came up to the same bevy and pointed them at the edge of woods. Judge Rogers killed the bird, Sam S., after much urging, retrieved it. Then ensued a consultation, but no decision was arrived at and dogs were put down again at 1:30. Soon after, over the hill, a questionable point was made by Samuel S.; the judges did not see it, though some of the spectators claimed to have done so. Then in the open Sam made matters more secure by nailing another bevy. The judges then decided at last that Samuel S. was the better dog. Though Fred had two singles to his credit he had not the speed or range of the other, but was more stylish. They had been running for two hours and fifteen minutes. Sam at times was unsteady and might have backed better.

SATAN AND NATALIE.

The English setter dog Satan is by Baden—Bessie, is owned by J. W. Renfrore and was handled by D. E. Rose in place of Charles Tucker, who had been called home. Bert Crane's Natalie II., handled by N. B. Nesbitt, is by King Noble—Natalie. They were cast off at 2:49. Satan soon flushed a bevy in the woods; birds were marked down in sedge grass. Then Natalie pointed. Nesbitt flushed and killed, Natalie doing the retrieve well. Satan found some mischief to do in the idle moments and pointed, Natalie coming up soon got to work again with another point which Satan backed nicely. Then Natalie pointed foot scent. Some sharp running was now indulged in by both and Satan dropped to a point on foot scent, but while pottering round Natalie came up and by a cast nailed the birds. Flushed, they were followed without result, the dogs were soon after ordered up and the heat was given, much to the surprise of many, to Satan.

NELL OF IDSTONE AND NOBLE C.

The black and white pointer bitch Nell of Istone is by Planet—Lilly Bang, owned by Istone Kennels and was handled by D. E. Rose. Patrick Henry's English setter Noble C. is by Rapier—Belle of Hatchie, and H. M. Short had him in charge. They were cast off after a short heat between Dad Wilson's Boy and Roder, alluded to above. Noble soon got to work and found birds at the edge of woods

and followed this up, at the other side of some underbrush, by finding another bevy. Nell during this had found a single, but flushed it. Then on scattered birds both secured a point, when time was called and Noble won the heat.

SAM R. AND BLADE.

Owing to Mr. Tucker's absence and Mr. Rose's request to withdraw Blade, the heat was given to Sam R. He is by Dash B. out of Daisy Hope, and is owned by G. P. Jones. Blade is by Toledo Blade out of Lula C. The tenth and last brace of the meeting was

TENNESSEE CHARLEY AND TUBEROSE.

B. M. Stephenson handled his dog Tennessee Charley, by Fred W. out of Ida S. and Tuberoose, by Count Noble out of Lit, was handled by E. H. Hyde. Her owner, Will Wilson, had sold her to J. Shelley Hudson. They were cast off at 4:45. Not much work was done, they only running the allotted 30 minutes; but Charley showed himself the better dog, being a faster and a wider ranger. He was first on game, finding a bevy and some singles. Tuberoose secured one. They were ordered up at 5:15, and Tennessee Charley won. Thus ended the first series.

Monday.

As rain fell in torrents, with no sign of a let up, the handlers, many of whom were sick, decided unanimously that the judge decide the stake on the work done in the first series, and their request was accordingly acceded to with the result as wired last week.

Antonio first prize, Dad Wilson, Jr., second prize, Satan, Sam R. and Noble C. divided third.

This brought a rather unsatisfactory meeting to an abrupt close.

MAX.

COCKER SPANIELS OF 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. F. H. F. Mercer's letter of apology, which appeared in your issue of Feb. 5, is not altogether satisfactory. He admits he made misstatements *intentionally* and apologizes for these, and he asks forgiveness of those whose feelings he *advisedly* hurt. As an introduction to this he says "the end justifies the means," and then drags Mr. Wade into the muddle as his adviser. My friend Mr. Wade knows nothing about cockers, regarding them more as a creation of "fancy." Relying undoubtedly upon Mr. Mercer's statements being correct, Mr. Wade advised him to go ahead.

In his letter which reached me after having sent my letter which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 29, Mr. Mercer advised me that he was "Gothamite" and that he had sent Mr. Wade his original communication with a request to send it to me for my opinion. If Mr. Wade had been in doubt as to the truth of "Gothamite's" assertions he would probably have sent it to me, but he returned it without doing so. Mr. Wade is not the person to countenance *intentional* misstatements, with the purpose of *advisedly* hurting any one's feelings, especially I may say those of personal friends. Mr. Wade's record as an apologist for his few unintentional misstatements is too well known to allow "Gothamite" to adopt any such Adam and Eve argument and drag Mr. Wade into the controversy.

Mr. Mercer tells us that good has come out of these *intentional* statements. Perhaps so, but I think not. All that has come out of it is the apology of Mr. Mercer for masquerading under the name of "Gothamite" for the purpose of making *intentional* misstatements and *advisedly* hurting the feelings of others. All through the piece Mr. Mercer has shown his profound ignorance of cocker spaniels and of their history since the first "long and low" spaniels were imported. He doesn't know that the long and low spaniels were field spaniels and that the longest and lowest cocker yet imported was Miss Obo II. In fact he knows nothing of cockerspaniels, and a bantam weight, he shies his castor into the ring, challenging the heavyweights of the fancy, and with a result that might be expected.

When "Gothamite's" first letter appeared I was astonished to see FOREST AND STREAM publishing such a nonsensical string of misstatements, and I never would have taken the trouble to reply thereto. That "good has been done to the cocker spaniel cause by this turmoil," as Mr. Mercer claims in his apology, is admissible only so far as showing very conclusively what every one the least acquainted with the views of our leading cocker men well knew, that there was unanimity among them as to the proper type. Mr. Mercer claimed in his letter to me that he had gained something by securing public admission of Mr. Mason and myself that we are opposed to long and low cockers. My reply to him was that it was just as much gain as if he had accused us of saying the moon was made of green cheese and we had replied to the contrary.

There is absolutely nothing in the whole business outside of the now admitted fact that Mr. Mercer made *intentional* misstatements for the purpose of *advisedly* hurting the feelings of some gentlemen.

Mr. Laidlaw hits very near the mark when he says "the craze, so called, originated in breeders importing cockers from England, where the long and low notions prevailed, and these importations having more quality as a general rule than the spaniels then in America, were taken as the standard." It was just about the same thing that I wrote to Mr. Mercer. No man with any sense will put a bull-headed fright with a cocker build of body over a dog showing spaniel quality all over, even if he is a bit longer than the judge likes as his ideal. If Mr. Mercer had had much experience in breeding cockers, he would know that a body is easily got but a good head is mighty hard. It must be three years ago since Mr. Willey said to me, "I can get every thing I want without trouble except the right heads." About that time Mr. Mason drew attention to the same thing.

It is much easier for a man outside the ring to sum up merits, especially if writing incognito, than if that same individual changed places with the judge. We had a somewhat prominent case in point when Mr. Fellows judged at Philadelphia a few years ago. "Uncle Dick" is well known through the press as a denouncer of "crocodiles," and we naturally anticipated a grand transformation scene when his list of awards was announced. In place thereof and much to the satisfaction of spaniel men he recognized quality as an essential, and differed in no material degree from judges who had previously passed judgment upon the same dogs. When Mr. Mercer is called upon to occupy the position as judge, he will have the same difficulty to encounter. He will find no dog without faults, and it is in the estimation of the difficulties overcome, as opposed to the failures, that he will experience trouble in order to arrive at a decision satisfactory to himself.

I rather feel that the greatest injustice of all has been done to Mr. Wilmerding in dragging his dog Doc so prominently into the discussion, but I do know this that he deprecated the starting of the correspondence in the way it was done, and only wrote to correct errors unintentionally committed by Mr. Mason, which that gentleman at once retracted. The puffing of Doc I know has been done entirely without his knowledge or consent, and he being now in Florida and not being present or perhaps caring to refute suggestions as to seeking gratuitous advertising, I take the liberty, as an old friend, to say what I do know on this part of the subject.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In addition to the retraction which appeared in your columns two weeks ago, Mr. F. H. F. Mercer has written me a private letter, expressing regret for the course he pur-

sued and the misstatements he made. This letter of apology, which is no half-hearted affair, is accepted as it deserves to be—cheerfully and sincerely.

In regard to the "Cocker Spaniels of 1890" I have shown by a careful comparison of the dogs at New York that there has been no improvement during the past year. My statements have been indorsed by the best judges and we must look elsewhere for a field of discussion.

If a fixed type is to be obtained and maintained it will be done by intelligent selection, careful mating and a judicious distribution of blood. And let me advise no man to be led away by this cry for working cockers. Many men who were unable to breed pointers with square muzzles, and at the same time clean and long necks, insisted that spike-nosed, long-necked, characterless apologies for a pointer were the proper thing. Others that failed to breed dogs with the necessary amount of bone assured us that little bone of good quality was needed. The man with a ring-tailed dog coolly remarked that a bad tail did not prevent a dog from running fast and finding birds. The unlucky possessor of the staring, gooseberry-eyed specimen said that a dog could see just as well with a yellow eye as any other. And so it goes until all defects are wiped out. Look at almost all the breeds and you will find connected with them men who, themselves unable to breed good ones, are ever insisting that their "workmen" are typical. The market for dogs that approach the standard in name only is very limited, and plenty of cheap advertising and "work" are the only means by which such stock can be unloaded.

The standard of the American Spaniel Club is good enough for the present. Unfortunately it is the custom in this country to fit the standards to the dogs when the dogs cannot be bred to fit the standards. This has been tried repeatedly with the setters, but I am glad to see that no genuine dog man has ever had a hand in such work. When you have succeeded in breeding dogs that possess all the points called for by the standard and have satisfied yourselves that these dogs cannot do all that is asked of them in the field and on the bench, then turn your attention to remodeling the standard.

For judges select only those who can properly interpret a standard and estimate the true value of points, positive and negative. Frown down anything and everything that savors of cliquism. Insist that the prize goes to the best dog whether it be owned by prince or pauper, and if the cockers are not a vastly better lot in 1895 sell out and leave the field to those who, while always owning the best, never let anybody see them.

CHAS. H. MASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The issue of your paper for Jan. 29 has only just reached me here to-night. In it I notice in the cocker controversy that Mr. Mason states that the remarks made by myself and others calling a halt in personalities, came rather late in the day. Mr. Editor, you will bear me out when I say that you yourself asked me to write a line to this effect, which I did shortly after the request, but which was received too late, therefore having to lie over a week. Owing to the state of the controversy at that time my wishes were anything but to go into it, nor would I have had a word to say had Mr. Mason not fallen into an error in regard to the ownership of Doc, stating that he belonged to Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, which I felt impelled to correct. Regarding Doc being in Mr. Mercer's care at Ottawa: The latter wrote asking me to send the dog to the show in that city, volunteering at the time to personally care for him and take him each night to his own home. This offer I accepted and he remained with Mr. Mercer I should think about two weeks. Mr. Mason suggests that I refresh my memory on this score. No need of that, and no need of Mr. Mason's suggesting it, as I have his letter of two or three weeks ago asking about this, and he no doubt has my very prompt reply, stating the case as above, and further stating (in answer to his question) that I did not know that Mr. Mercer had advertised the dog as at the stud over his own name, as Mr. Mason asserts. In asking me to send the dog to the show Mr. Mercer said in substance that he would notify the papers that the dog would be at the stud in his hands for a short period. Any further "advertisement" of the dog I knew or know nothing about. And as regards the recent so-called "booming" of the dog in the present controversy, the mere mention of his name has been entirely without any understanding or agreement (or consent) on my part with any person whatsoever. The identity of "Gothamite" until about ten days ago was positively and absolutely unknown to me.

A. CLINTON WILMERDING.

SEMINOLE, S. C., Feb. 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 29, Mr. Pancoast, of Auburndale, O., offers a special prize of \$10 for the best cocker spaniel bitch at the coming Cleveland show, provided that Miss Obo II. and Bene Silk are entered, the prize to be awarded by either Mr. James Watson or Mr. J. Obis Fellows.

Mr. Pancoast writes: "I should like to hear from Messrs. Willey, Whitman and others if my offer meet their approval."

I desire to say to Mr. Pancoast that I am not after newspaper notoriety, but if cocker spaniel lovers desire to see such a competition under such well-known breeders and judges of spaniels as Messrs. Watson and Fellows, I shall be pleased to enter champion Bene Silk at the Cleveland show in April, although it is hardly justice to her for me to do so, as Bene has recently whelped a litter of puppies.

L. F. WHITMAN.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As neither of the parties engaged will make the very simple explanation, I feel forced to explain how it was that Mr. Mercer took such violent offense at Mr. Mason, and the more so as it was so amazingly simple. It is this. In an article in *Turf, Field and Farm* Mr. Mason wrote that "the Canada official" had made more untruthful statements than—"etc." Mr. Mercer being an official of the Canadian Government not unnaturally took this to apply to himself, and I must admit that I did the same, and it was not to be wondered at that he was wrathful. But the fact is that Mr. Mason had not the faintest idea of implying aught against Mr. Mercer, and his remark was meant to apply to a totally different quarter, and learning this, I advised Mr. Mercer of his misapprehension with the result, I feel certain, that two of my most honored and trusted friends will yet come together in amity. Further than this I do not feel at liberty to speak.

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa.

BULLDOGS. — Baltimore, Md. — *Editor Forest and Stream*: Bulldogs certainly are booming. Last year there was no club and only nineteen entries at New York. This year there is a club with thirty charter members, and Mr. Mortimer writes me there are fifty-one entries at New York. This positively proves that specialty clubs stimulate interest. Now, it only remains for members to come to the front and increase, in the same proportion over last year, the entries at Baltimore, Lynn and Chicago, and our success is assured.—CHAS. D. CUGLE, Sec'y.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

ST. BERNARD CLUB MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The monthly meeting of the board of governors was held Feb. 9 at the Hoffman House, New York city. Present: W. H. Joeckel, Jr., J. O. Thurston, B. P. Johnson, Jacob Ruppert, Jr. and K. E. Hoff. The following were elected members of the club: W. C. Reick, New York city; J. L. Pierce, Jr., Bennington, N. H.;—Haslage, Pittsburgh, Pa., and—Wells, Brooklyn. The names of Mr. Sidney W. Smith, of Leeds, England, and of Mr. H. W. Lacy, of New York city, were added to the list of judges recognized by the club.

It was decided to support the Pet Dog Club in their petition to the Mayor of the city of New York, to the effect that licensed dogs under the immediate control of their master, but not held on the leash or muzzled, be exempt from seizure except during the months of June, July and August. As the law now stands any licensed dog, when not held on the leash or muzzled may be seized by the dog catchers.

The annual meeting of the club will be held on Feb. 24 at 7:30 P. M., at Madison Square Garden (opening day of the New York show) for the election of officers and for the transaction of other business. All the members who can possibly do so are requested to attend.

The club has donated the following specials for this season's shows: New York show, 10 club medals and 2 silver cups of \$35 each; Baltimore, 4 medals; Pittsburgh, 4 medals; Chicago, 3 medals, and Boston, 10 medals; total 36 medals and 2 cups, amounting to \$348. The competition for these specials is open to members of the club only, and with the exception of the two cups and four medals the prizes are exclusively for American-bred dogs.

The initiation fee is \$10; it includes the current year's dues, annual dues \$5. Notwithstanding the low dues on the one hand and the liberality of the club on the other, the club is not supported as it deserves to be by St. Bernard men.

K. E. HOFF, President.

A DOG PROTECTIVE UNION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replying to your article in FOREST AND STREAM, issue of Feb. 5, regarding a "Protective Union," I will say I cannot see how such a union could take the bread out of the mouth of the A. K. C. Certainly this has not been our intention, as we believe the A. K. C. to be a good organization and worthy the support of all dog breeders. Our intention was to call a meeting at Chicago, April 9, 1891. Perhaps we were better acquainted with the objects of the A. K. C. we would not desire such an organization as a Protective Union. While there are so many rascals in the dog business, and they are allowed to go on with their nefarious work and are unpunished, it seems to me that the breeding and selling of dogs must be a contemptible one for any one to engage in. How is the public to know who are reliable dealers? Even the firm I exposed can furnish what appears to be good references. A so-called dog breeder displays a huge "ad." You send to him for a puppy, the money goes with the order. You receive the thoroughbred (?) puppy. It has the distemper, the mange, is full of worms, and dies within a week after its arrival. The purchaser perhaps paid his last dollar of cash for the puppy, and is 1,000 miles from the kennel (?) from which the puppy came. The breeder (?) will not refund or even answer a letter. This poor man, who has been caught, can not go hundreds of miles and prosecute this swindler, but were there such an organization as a Protective Union, and were I a member of it, I should vote to prosecute such swindlers in dogs, even though it took two \$5 bills a year. Do such swindles occur? They occur every day and go unpunished. I say if there is any honor in the business let us convince the public of the fact. I was pleased with your article regarding my exposé of the Associated Fanciers. If these people have any defense to my charges, let them bring forth their proofs. Your blizzard-swept Dakotan,

W. W. BRADLEY.

MILNOR, N. Dak., Feb. 11.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.

A. B. TRUMAN of this city has purchased of the Bullen-Miner Kennels, the noted pointer dog Molton Baron, E. 20,187, winner of first, Warwick; first, Barn Elms; second, Darlington, 1889, and the sire of many good ones.

The Occidental Coursing Club's spring meeting promises to be one of great interest. Sixteen dogs are already entered from San Jose, Santa Clara, Los Gatos and this city. On account of Washington's birthday coming on Sunday, the meeting this year will be held on Feb. 23. The club is strong financially and numerically, and are about to make extensive improvements in their park at Newark. The park measures 677 by 40yds, and is well arranged. The club propose to build a better, more commodious grand stand, new kennels and add to the escapes.

The California Kennel Club's show promises to be a big success. They have decided to hold the show in the Wigwam Theatre, an excellent place for a show, large enough and light enough. The members at the last meeting placed a guarantee fund of \$320 in the hands of the treasurer. This with the cash on hand amounts to nearly \$500, which sum will be materially increased by contributions from other members at the next meeting. The cash prizes will not be large, but the list of specials will more than make up for the deficiency. The list of officers for the ensuing year are: President, J. B. Lewis; Secretary, H. P. Rennie; Treasurer, John DeVaul; Executive Committee—Dr. Jas. Stanton, J. B. Martin, Thos. Higgs, Felix Delean, Joseph King, A. B. Truman, J. W. Orndorff, —Little, —Mooney. Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes.

Mr. P. D. Nolan's greyhound dog Scout, that made the phenomenal run at the last meet of the Occidental, twice leaping the 9ft. fence that surrounds the escape, has "staked" himself badly, making a wound in his chest 3in. in depth. He is one of the finest hounds on the coast, and the accident is much to be regretted.

NAMQUOIT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12.

MY IRISH SETTER.

Dedicated to the Hon. Geo. W. Moore, of Kentucky, by his friend and fellow sportsman A. E. Lard.

I PURCHASED him one bright sunny morning in October, when all the world seemed in harmony with the sun's glad effulgence and my dog's brilliant future. I immediately sent him to college at Salina, Kansas, where his professor wrote me a year later that I had the finest quail dog west of the Pyramids and to kindly remit \$25.

He arrived a few days later, and I met him at the depot. He was a bright, attractive fellow, with his beautiful eyes, head and form, and his dark red coat of soft silky hair. Indeed he was a pretty dog, and I was very proud of him. I had twenty-three more friends the evening after his arrival than I had had that morning.

The next day we were on the shooting grounds a little after sun up, having driven thirteen miles. The dog would not lie down in the buggy, but insisted upon getting up in our laps and pulling the robe down and making us uncomfortable generally. I did not like this, but knew it could easily be corrected, and I did not want to be severe with him until his affection for me was established. We hitched and blanketed our horse and started for a deep ravine, about a quarter of a mile distant. We were in excellent spirits,

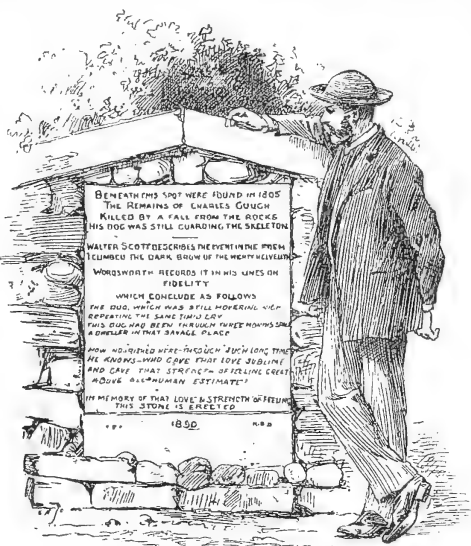
having just received not only the dog, but also a new gun direct from the factory. There was not a particle of wind, and the atmosphere was just crisp enough to make it most enjoyable. I was walking on briskly toward the ravine, when to my surprise a prairie chicken got up right under the dog!!!! My beautiful soft-eyed setter gave one wild impassioned lunge and moved away like a meteor flushed in the dark. And just as my optics were beginning to cast a cool and perceptible shadow, he butted a great large hole in the horizon, and as the hole closed up behind him I could hear far away in the hazy distance that peculiar yelp so dear to the colored rabbit hunter. It came back to me over the hills, gladdening my heart and sweetening my nature, like the welcome tap of a poker player when you're out on a "sandy." I stood gazing at the cruel mantle of space that had enveloped my treasure and deprived me of the joy of his presence. I gazed long and tenderly. I felt sad and depressed, and I presume, not unlike the beautiful Dido the morning she climbed upon a burning bush pile, and with only a few battlements of poor old Carthage as witness furnished the hereafter with what is known to reticent mortality as a self-made corpse. My only salvation from a similar fate was, I think, the mirthful deportment of my companion. Ever since he heard the first faint yelp of my late Irish setter he had been seized with a violent attack of audible smiling. It seemed intermittent and augmentative. It would return without any apparent cause or provocation: sometimes in the midst of a deep forest, sometimes in the midst of a permanent lull in the conversation, but always, it seemed to me, out of place and irrelevant.

In the course of two or three hours the idol of my heart returned. His legs were worn off at the points till they were not over four inches long. There was a halo of steam around his body, and ever and anon he would step on his tongue and stumble. I briefly arranged him so he would resemble as nearly as possible the spangled ruins of a lecture egg and started for Salina.

Dear reader, there are some things too sad for the human pen to utter, and I will tersely say in conclusion that I called upon his trainer, and with tears in my mouth told him of my dog's departure from the path of rectitude. I then bade him farewell, and as we parted I wrung his neck instead of his hand, and all was silent.

THE FAITHFUL DOG OF HELVELLYN.

A MONUMENT has just been erected on Helvellyn to the memory of Charles Goff, who, in the year 1805, was killed by falling from the high crags on the ridge that joins



MONUMENT ON HELVELLYN TO THE MEMORY OF THE FAITHFUL DOG.

Striding Edge to the summit; and of the faithful dog who for three months watched over his master's remains. Sir Walter Scott describes the event in his poem, "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," and Wordsworth records it in his lines on "Fidelity."

The young man was returning to Wythburn, where he lodged, from a fishing excursion in Patterdale. The accident was probably caused by a false step, during a blinding hail-storm or dense fog that day. It happened on April 18, and on July 20 his bones were found, still watched by the starving dog, a little yellow rough-haired female terrier. She had given birth to puppies, which were found dead by the side of the corpse. It is believed, though unable to secure enough food for milk for her young, she maintained life by bits of carrion sheep which are not unfrequently found on the hills; but she might have had to range far and wide during her three months' watch. The mere fact that the bones were found intact serves to prove the assertion that the dog did not touch the remains of her master, for dogs break the bones to suck the marrow. This animal died a few years afterward at Kendal.

The merit of the suggestion to erect this monument belongs to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, whose design has been carried into execution by the aid of the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, both names of some repute in literature.—Illustrated London News.

ANOTHER SPECIALTY CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have sent the following circular to those black and tan breeders whose addresses I know, but to give it greater publicity would you kindly publish it as well? "During the past two years the black and tan terrier has made rapid strides in public favor and popularity. Other breeds, less suited to fill the requirements that the black and tan meets, have been greatly aided by co-operation on the part of their breeders and admirers. The time has arrived when much can be done for this smart and handsome terrier by organizing a specialty club under the name of the Black and Tan Terrier Club of America. Will you lend your support and become a charter member provided the initiation fee is not made over \$5 and the annual dues the same? This breed has suffered much through incompetent judges, misrepresentation, and the lack of support such as only a specialty club can afford it. It is proposed to call a meeting of all interested, on the second day of the New York show, which will be Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1891. Can you attend? If not, and yet are willing to join the movement, send me your acknowledgment to that effect and I will present your name as a charter member. I will consider it a personal favor if you decide favorably."

H. T. FOOTE.

120 LEXINGTON AVENUE, New York.

DOG CHAT.

THE action of the N. G. C. does not evidently meet with unqualified approval out West, judging from the extract from *Breeder and Sportsman*: "THE NATIONAL GREYHOUND CLUB.—An anonymous communication in the FOREST AND STREAM under the above caption in the issue of that excellent paper of the 8th inst., presents some features which, to say the least, to California coursing men seems rather high-handed and premature. In the formation of a National Greyhound Club it would seem that California, which possesses more greyhounds two to one than all the country east of the Rockies, ought at least to be formally consulted. Coursing as a sport has been actively carried on in this State for more than twenty years; the sport has become one of the standard events of our sport-loving people; the record here shown exhibits the fact that the largest cash purses ever offered for prizes in coursing events have been contested for in California. With such a record as promoters of legitimate coursing in this country, and now exhibiting more coursing meetings annually than all the balance of the States taken together, our coursing men simply ask in all fairness, should we not be consulted in the formation of a club which assumes to lay down rules for the government of the sport in the United States and Canada? We have the most friendly and cordial feeling for the greyhound interests all over the country. We trust that harmony and good will shall mark every step in this matter. No one will contend that a national organization will not serve a good purpose, but let us have it organized with proper respect to all parties in the royal sport of coursing." The communication above referred to says: "At the request of a large number of the members of the Western coursing clubs the National Greyhound Club has prepared a code of rules for use by all the coursing clubs of the United States and Canada. One of these rules reads as follows: 'No greyhound shall be allowed to run at any coursing meeting held after Oct. 1, 1891, unless it shall have been duly registered in the National Greyhound Club Stud Book.'" So far as we have been enabled to hear no club on this coast has ever been consulted. Do not be arbitrary, good friends, but allow at least the coursing men of California to retain the vested rights which for more than a score of years have been peacefully enjoyed by them. Do not force them into an organization, in the formation of which they have had no voice and have never even been consulted. The preparations for coursing events in this State for the coming season fore-shadow the fact that larger cash purses will be offered than ever before. The meetings will be open to the world. We would like to see every greyhound in the United States and Canada entered, the leading ones unquestionably will be. We ask our Eastern friends to do nothing rash lest it be not done well."

The exhibitors are rousing themselves to action in England and intend forming a league which will in every way strive for the protection of dogs from every form of cruelty and hardship, and promote the best interests of owners and exhibitors from the poorest upward. A good deal of the organizing work was done at the late Liverpool show.

Lovers of Irish terriers should read Mr. Krehl's, at least we presume it is, report in the *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) of the Irish terriers at Liverpool. This was the strongest show of these dare devils ever held. One hundred and seven "Irishmen" is a monster entry. He describes Brickbat as the best of his breed.

Our San Francisco contemporary *Breeder and Sportsman*, says that whoever will set the ball rolling in the direction of any of the breeds of terriers on the Pacific coast, will find a clear field. They own, however, several nice fox-terriers out there.

The auction sale of collies from the Chestnut Hill Kennels promises to be a splendid opportunity for those who would like to secure first-class stock at auction prices. On the list of dogs that will be brought to the hammer we find the names of such noted animals as Maney Trefoil, The Squire, Roslyn Sensation, Colonel Scott, Roslyn Wilkes—by some counted the best in the country, and is sure to be eagerly bid for—Spoiled Miss, Roslyn Parole, and several others, besides the schipperkes Othello and Mieke. Particulars of the sale will be found in our advertisement columns.

Another crack collie, Sefton Hero, has risen on the show bench horizon, and as usual Liverpool is the scene of the coming dog's debut in England. It is said that he comes as near perfection as the nature of things will allow.

The late owner of Sir Bedivere is going out of dogs entirely, even to the disposal of his house and kennels, and his brother will shortly make his home in America.

We were pleased to receive a letter from Mr. Ronald H. Barlow, now of Northwood, Middlesex, England, and to learn that he still has a warm spot in his heart for FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Barlow, it will be remembered by those familiar with our shows of three or four years ago, was one of our best terrier judges and a thoroughgoing fancier. This gentleman sends us also something that will interest the castle-terrier men. It seems that Mr. C. Albert Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, N. J., through the medium of Mr. Barlow, has effected with difficulty the purchase of Alfred George's latest acquisition in bull-terriers—Dick Whittington, 2½ years old, by Big Ben out of Trentham Venus. No expense has been spared, and Dick is to be shipped per White Star liner Majestic, arriving in time to make his debut on this side, at the W. K. C. show next week. This dog has only been four times before the English public, with the result of two firsts, a second and a reserve in hot company.

We like hits straight from the shoulder (though not when we are the recipients) but at the same time we do not like to see the truth strained to breaking point in order to furnish the wherewithal for the "smack." "Fandango," in a contemporary, in referring to the last Baltimore show puts it in the 200 list, when it is well known that the entry was 311, and this number was much beyond the capacity of the hall. With a large hall and increased prize list, this show ought not to fall far below the 500 mark. We take little stock in the effect that any judge's name may have on the entry list, for shows are so few here at present, that we have hardly arrived at that state where we can pick and choose our judges to show under, as in England, and this proves that the chance to show at all is in most cases the reason for the entry. Of course, as our kennel world grows older this will be altered to some extent and the judge's name will draw or the reverse, as the case may be, but at present it strikes us that the most guaranteed money and the best management will draw the best entry. Speaking of money reminds us that we were somewhat guilty of an injustice to the Maryland Kennel Club in our last issue, in printing the "Malcolm disclaimer" without at the same time assuring exhibitors that the prize money for this show had been guaranteed by wealthy men, and when we remember that Messrs. Dufferin and Farber stood sponsors for their inaugural show last year, there is no ground for any fears in that respect this year.

Just as we go to press the premium list of the New England Kennel Club's seventh annual show, to be held March 31 to April 8, is received. The list of prizes and the large number of valuable specials make the schedule a very at-

tractive one. The challenge prizes for the principal breeds are \$15, with \$15, \$10 and \$5 in the open classes, and in no case do the challenge or open class prizes go below \$10 and \$5. A dog winning a money prize can have a medal instead, at the option of the exhibitor. Sexes will be divided when not less than five of each sex are entered. The judges appointed are: E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., mastiffs; H. W. Lacy, New York, St. Bernards, great Danes, greyhounds and deerhounds, all terriers except bull-terriers and fox-terriers, toy spaniels, pugs, poodles; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., English, Irish and Gordon setters, pointers, foxhounds; Jas. Watson, Philadelphia, Pa., collies, all spaniels except toys; R. F. Mayhew, New York, fox-terriers and bull-terriers; John E. Thayer, Boston, bulldogs; W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Baltimore, Md., beagles; J. Newman, Boston, round-head bull and terrier; Messrs. Watson and Lacy, miscellaneous. Kennel prizes of \$25 are given in the more important breeds. Most of the specials given by the different specialty clubs have already been published. The entries close March 18, with the bench show committee, 6 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. Spratts Co. will bench and feed.

The English Setter Club having donated several specials to the Pittsburgh show, desired one of their own judges to officiate, though the judge, Mr. John Davidson, had already been announced. Mr. Tallman was then asked to judge the English setters, but very properly declined.

We regret to hear that the well-known handler, Ben Lewis, has been very ill since his return from the Southern shows. We trust that he will be all right next week, for a dog show without "Ben" would be—like that Shakespearean chestnut.

Mr. S. L. Boggs, president of the Duquesne Kennel Club, writes that they will give a diploma as second prize in the challenge classes already provided for the following breeds: Mastiffs, St. Bernards (both breeds), deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers (both weights), setters, collies, bull-terriers, bulldogs, beagles, foxterriers and pugs. Where practicable the judges will be instructed to give a third prize of a diploma. The English Setter Club offers the silver medal of the club for the best English setter bitch and two of her produce, over 12 months old, regardless of ownership, prize to go to the bitch; also silver medal of the club for the breeder of the three best English setters, dogs and bitches, or three of either sex, over 12 months old, regardless of ownership; also silver medal of the club for the best English setter dog or bitch with a public field trial record.

Our illustration this week is the noted Skye terrier Sir Stafford. Sir Stafford was imported by Mr. C. A. Shinn in August, 1888, and was bred by E. Ewing of Cambridge, England. He is by Sir Garnet—Floss. This dog's record on the bench in this country is now well known, and before he came over he defeated such crack Skyes as champion Kingston Tory, at Maidstone, and this was his first defeat. At Bristol he vanquished champion Sir Strathairn, also a big winner. He is, as a sire, responsible for some of the best winners on the other side, among them Silver Queen, Sir Joseph, Sir James, Cassie, Baffie Flower, and others. His winnings here include first wherever shown. It is needless to repeat them as the dog is as well known to the show goers as his inimitable handler Ben Lewis, who will again have him in charge at New York and through the balance of the circuit, when he will be retired. He is now about five years old, and is as game as they make them. He has sired some good pups over here, though, of course his sphere in this direction has been but limited, owing to the scarcity of bitches, but one of his get will be shown with him at New York.

It seems funny that the English Kennel Club does not make some rule to correct the bad habit exhibitors are getting into in holding back their entries for shows till after the regular date of closing, so that secretaries are compelled to appeal to the kennel papers for a "whip" and to extend the date. After such a notice to the papers the show's entry is sure to be a good one. Perhaps it is one of the tricks of the trade we are not yet up to in this country. Mr. Cruft, who is getting up his annual terrier show, makes such an appeal and extension, although he has provided a list of about 480 classes.

Show committees in England are making a stand against the specials given by owners of stud dogs for the best progeny by their dogs. Recognizing the bother and annoyances these specials give to the management in hunting up the different competitors at the tail end of a show, the Manchester show people have refused such a special from a man who has been advertising this special as an inducement to get breeders to patronize his stud dog for some time past. Now he cannot keep his engagements. *Stock-Keeper* suggests that he ask some well-known terrier man, who is not an exhibitor, to run his eye over the qualified entries, and then send a postal card, with the number of the chosen dog on the back, to both owners of stud dog and progeny. This saves a lot of bother and might be adopted in this country.

Barzois or Russian wolfhounds are steadily making their way to the front in England. Two well-known exhibitors intend indulging in them, and have ordered several of the best that can be bought in the land of the Czar. That they have a standard of excellence for these dogs in Russia is proved by the fact that at the late Moscow show the Great Gold Medal was withheld, as the exhibits were not considered worthy of it, and only the Great Silver Medal was awarded.

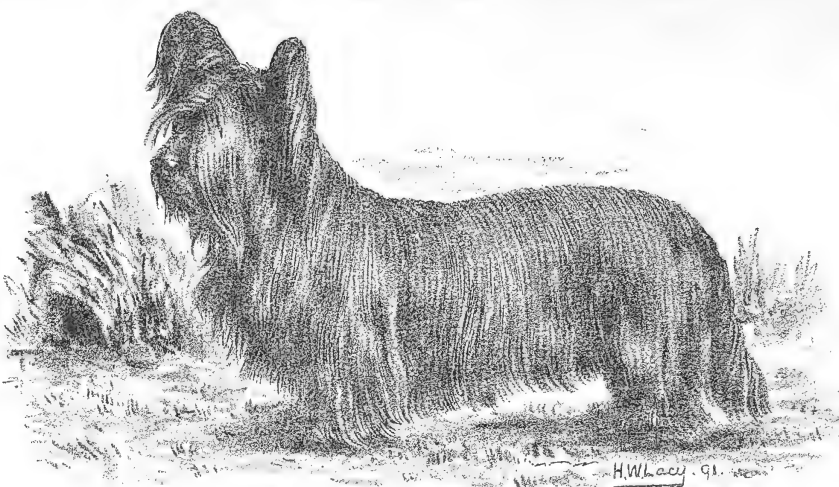
We learn that Mr. Chas. S. Hanks, of Boston, Mass., who, it will be remembered, dispersed his kennel of terriers previous to taking a trip to Siberia, has, while in London, purchased some good fox-terrier stock. From Mr. Redmond he secured Damson, by Dominie—Daphnea, and she is to be served by the crack dog D'Orsay. Then from Mr. Tinne he bought Brockenhurst Queenie, by Rational out of Ytene, and she is to visit Dominie. Besides these, he purchased Grouse II., by Rational out of Olive II., who will, as *Stock-Keeper* puts it, remain there for Venio's pleasure. Mr. Hanks has evidently been under good tutelage, for he has invested his money in some of England's best fox-terrier stock, and bred to these dogs he will have the nucleus of a kennel that should put him well to the front in future shows. He has also, since his arrival in St. Petersburg, been smitten with the Barzoi fever, and feels very much like investing in some of these beautiful hounds.

Mr. J. E. Lloyd-Lloyd, of Totnes, Devonshire, Eng., is disposing of his well-known kennel of show and field trial winning pointers. Among them are champion Ilma, served by champion Naso of Upton; Totnes Parody and Totnes Onyx. They will be disposed of in one lot.

Mr. Green, late owner of Sir Bedivere, has lost his noted smooth St. Bernard Baron Wallasey, by Nero III.—Bena. He was a full brother to the crack, out of a later litter. Inflammation of both lungs took him off despite the best veterinary care. He had won numerous prizes.

A well-known English coursing man, William Wilkinson, has joined the majority. He was the father of the noted slipper Tom Wilkinson.

Mr. Toon, of Sheffield, England, has purchased for Mr.



MR. C. A. SHINN'S SKYE TERRIER "SIR STAFFORD."

Charles Symonds, Salem, Mass., the noted Irish terrier Bellman (E.K.C.S.B. 25,913). He is by an unknown dog out of E. D. Fanning's Glean Quiss, by Gripper out of Brickdust. His weight is 37 lbs. Among his 12 firsts and specials he counts a win at the Aquarium terrier show and Birmingham. He is described as a grand coated dog and just the sort for small, weedy bitches. Bellman hails from J. W. Taylor's kennel, at Oldham, and this is the kennel where the crack Bradenhill holds court. Mr. Symonds writes us he has not yet received his pedigree, so the above is news for him as well as others. He is now on City of Berlin, consigned to Dr. Foote. With Bellman, Breda Bill, Ballymoney and Exile, the Northfield Kennels will have a pretty level team of "Irishmen" at New York.

The premium list of the Massachusetts Kennel Club's show at Lynn, March 24 to 27, lies before us. It is of the usual \$10 and \$5 order. Challenge classes are provided for both sexes in most of the breeds with prizes of \$10 and a diploma. Open classes for all breeds excepting Newfoundland, Irish water spaniels, dachshunde, bassets, bull-terriers, pugs, black and tans, Skyes, Yorkshires, Scotch, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont and Irish terriers, toy spaniels, poodles and miscellaneous have \$10, \$5 and a dip., those mentioned must be content with \$5, \$3 and a dip. Spaniels have only \$5 and dip. in challenge classes and \$5 and \$4 in open classes. Kennel prizes of \$10 are given to most of the breeds, the one for setters includes all breeds. Merchandise, from trousers to cigars and cash, are given as specials, together with numerous medals donated by the different specialty clubs. The owner of a good kennel of beagles can pretty well clothe himself from the special list and drink the club's health from a silver cup given by Mr. E. B. Sears. We have already given the names of the judges, which are Messrs. Glover, Mortimer and Mayhew. It is not stated who will take the greyhound class, but the entries close positively March 12, with Mr. D. A. Williams, Box 5, Lynn, Mass. The entry fee is \$3. Sanitas will be the disinfectant used and Spratts Co. will bench and feed.

The premium list of the first annual show at Washington, D. C., is out. The pamphlet is an attractive one with a good picture of the pointer Bracket on the cover. They have taken a departure from the usual amount of prizes, the principal breeds having \$12 and \$8 in challenge, and the same with a third prize of \$4 in the open classes, the others get \$10, \$5 and \$3. We are pleased to see that the terrier breeds, such as Yorkshires, black and tans, etc., are well looked after. Puppies in most of the breeds have prizes of \$5 and \$3. Liberal kennel prizes are given, for instance, mastiffs get \$15 for the best four or more, St. Bernards \$20, pointers and English setters \$15, Irish \$10. Fox-terriers and collies have also \$15. Spratts Co. will bench and feed the show. The list of outside specials is not compiled yet but present prospects denote that they will foot up to nearly \$700. We are sorry to find, however, that this club should see fit to treat the smooth St. Bernards so shabbily, \$10 and \$5, for both sexes together, with no challenge class, is not right, as there are many people going in for smooths now that the roughs are getting beyond their means. Little's Soluble Phenyle will be used as a disinfectant. The entries, which close March 4, must be sent to Mr. Frederick S. Webster, 711 14th street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The judges selected are Miss A. H. Whitney for St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs; J. M. Tracy for pointers and setters; and James Mortimer takes the rest, with the exception of beagles, the judge for which has not been chosen yet. Mr. J. A. Hoffer will superintend the show.

We have just received, since writing the above, a letter from Mr. Webster, in which he states that they have increased the prize list for smooth St. Bernards, and they will now be the same as the roughs, viz.: 11A, challenge class, dogs, \$12 and \$8; 11B, bitches, the same. 11C, open class, dog, \$12, \$8 and \$4; 11D, bitches, the same, and 11E, puppies under 18 months, dogs and bitches, \$5 and \$3. A kennel prize of \$15 for the best kennel of smooths will also be given. The rough-coated puppy class should be for puppies under 18 months, instead of 12 months. They have also given a class to basset hounds, class 80A, open class, \$10, \$5 and \$3. Everything is being done by the committee to attract exhibitors. Many specials have been received and will be announced later. One of the important ones is that of \$25, to be offered for the best kennel of field trial winning pointers, and already two very important kennels have entered for this special and others are expected.

The meetings of different clubs to be held during the W. K. C. show are as follows: Annual meeting of A. K. C., Feb. 26, at 1 P. M. Meeting of Associate Members, Feb. 25, at 8 P. M. Bulldog Club, 24th, at 8 P. M. Collie Club, 25th, at 4 P. M. Pointer Club, 24th, at 4 P. M. Gordon Setter Club, 25th, in P. M. St. Bernard Club, 24th, at 7:30 P. M. Irish Setter Club, 24th. English Setter Club, 24th, at 4 P. M.

The English Setter Club has offered at the Lynn dog show the following specials: Silver medal for the best English setter bitch and two of her produce over 12 months old, regardless of ownership; prize to go to the owner of the bitch. Silver medal to the breeder of the best three English setters, dogs or bitches, or both, over 12 months old. Silver medal for the best English setter dog or bitch with public field trial record.

At the annual meeting of the Cincinnati Kennel Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. Shelley Hudson, President; J. P. Heister, Vice-President; Geo.

H. Hill, Secretary; Al G. Eberhart, Treasurer; Board of Directors—J. Shelley Hudson, J. P. Heister, Geo. H. Hill, Al G. Eberhart, W. C. McBrain and T. A. Snyder.

It is the practice of the American Kennel Club to publish in the *Kennel Gazette* a list of the names of members who have been disqualified. We believe that the legality of such a proceeding is open to serious question. The claim is made that while the club may have the power to disqualify for cause it has no authority to publish this disqualification in print, particularly as in this case, month after month, thereby holding up the disqualified individual to public contempt. It has been a foregone conclusion that some time some one would bring action against the club for such treatment. Last Tuesday a summons was served on Messrs. August Belmont, Oliver H. P. Belmont, Alfred V. Vredenburg, Thomas H. Terry, W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Samuel B. Duryea, H. B. Duryea, Mitchell Harrison, J. Otto Donner, Frederick E. Lewis, Frederick R. Halsey, John S. Hoey, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Winthrop Rutherford, Francis R. Hitchcock, Joseph D. Shotwell, A. Clinton Wilmerding, James L. Anthony and William C. Rogers, requiring them to appear in the Supreme Court in answer to a libel suit brought by Mr. G. B. Gallup, a member of the Albany Kennel Club, whose name has been published repeatedly in the *Kennel Gazette* as among those who are disqualified. The answer must be returned in twenty days. The Albany Kennel Club, according to the rules of the A. K. C., has been disciplined for non-payment of prize money. The Albany Club has, we believe, paid all the prize money due from their last show, excepting \$10 which Mr. A. W. Smith, of Buffalo, claims is owing to him. The club claims they have paid all their prizes. It is just as well, all things considered, that some one has brought such a suit, as it will determine, once for all, whether the A. K. C. has the right to disqualify individuals and hold them up as a warning to others by publishing their names in the black list of the A. K. C.'s publication, the *Kennel Gazette*.

Messrs. L. and W. Rutherford will have another of their auction sales of fox-terriers on the last day of the W. K. C. show. Breeders, and those who have a fancy for a smart terrier as a companion, have at such a sale an opportunity to buy high-class animals at reasonable prices. The good breeding of the dogs from these well-known kennels is established, and this is a good opportunity for younger breeders to secure good brood bitches, as there are only 17 dogs out of the 48 fox-terriers in the list. We find the name of Warren Venom, winner in the bitch class at New York in 1889, among other prize winners to be disposed of. The sale will be held at the American Horse Exchange.

We hear that Mr. John A. Logan has purchased from Mr. T. W. Twyford the fox-terrier Pitcher. When we mention the fact that this dog is the sire of the crack dog Dominie, and other high-class dogs, Mr. Logan would seem to have made a wise choice.

Mr. Shields, of Brooklyn, has made a motion in the Assembly, at Albany, to amend Section 655 of the Penal Code so that it reads: "Nor any other provision of law shall be construed to prohibit or interfere with the coursing of hares with greyhounds." If this is passed a great load will be taken off the minds of the greyhound men.

The Westminster Kennel Club have reason to congratulate themselves on the fine entry they have secured this year for their 15th annual show. Last week we gave an approximate idea of the number of entries in the different classes, as far as they had been written up. The list is now considerably larger, amounting in all to 1,526 entries, as follows:

Mastiffs.....	58	Chesapeake.....	7	Bedlington t'rs.	6
St. Bernards.....	197	Spaniels.....	107	Skye terriers...	6
Bloodhounds...	3	Collies.....	119	Scotch terriers...	4
Great Danes.....	36	Poodles.....	27	Clydesdale t'ers	3
Newfoundlands	10	Bulldogs.....	51	Black and tan t's	14
Russian wolfh'ds	8	Bull terriers...	37	White Eng. t'rs	2
Deerhounds.....	20	Basset hounds...	3	Yorkshire t'ers.	35
Greyhounds....	41	Dachshunde....	30	Toy terriers....	9
Foxhounds.....	28	Beagles.....	24	Pugs.....	33
Pointers.....	107	Fox-terriers....	161	Toy spaniels...	55
English setters.	79	Irish terriers...	31	Italian greyh'ds	8
Irish setters....	102	Welsh terriers...	5	Miscellaneous...	6
Gordon setters.	42	Dandie Dinmonts	7	Schipperkes....	6

Of course many of these are duplicate entries, but the total of 1,370 different dogs will be benched, which makes it the largest show ever held in this country. At the same time the increase of quality is in proportion, and it is safe to say that as a general collection it could hardly be surpassed in England. What we lose in some breeds we make up fully in others, so that the Empire City may well feel proud of its dog show. To-night (Tuesday) all the identification papers, tags, etc., will be mailed off, and any one who knows what work this entails, will appreciate the fact considering it is yet a week to the opening of the show.

The A. K. C. Stud Book for 1890 is expected to be out this week. It will contain over 2,900 registrations, besides which 17 pages of the book are devoted to a full list of the winners of the past year, arranged in alphabetical order. This makes a handy reference, for one can at once find the name of the dog required, and opposite will be found a full list of its winnings for the year.

The A. K. C. has instituted an "official" art gallery of large framed pictures of the presidents and secretaries of the club from the time of its organization in 1884. With the exception of two, those of J. Otto Donner and Elliot Smith,

the list is complete, with presidents Taylor and Belmont, Dr. Perry, president of Associates; and secretaries Porter, Osborn and Vredenburg.

At a business meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club, held last week at the Sunnyside Hotel, East Wakefield, N. H., it was decided to offer special prizes at the bench show of the New England Kennel Club as follows: For the best American foxhound dog, \$10; for the best American foxhound bitch, \$10, and for the best American foxhound pup, under 18 mos., \$5. Hounds, the property of the club to be excluded from competition.

At the Ridgway coursing meeting in England last month Colonel North entered seven puppies in the large stake, winning 23 out of 24 courses, with a result that the whole seven were in last ten and six in the last seven. This is form with a vengeance. His nomination for the Waterloo cup is a steady favorite at 4 to 1, the next being 20 to 1.

The meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club, at East Lakefield, N. H., opened on Feb. 9, but the weather and conditions for sport were anything but propitious. The first night it snowed, rained and froze, which made a crust just strong enough to carry a fox and weak enough to let the hounds through. The hounds selected for the first day's hunt were Dr. Hoffman's Gipsy Blanco, Dennison's Billy, and Fount's Bonny, all light weights. The meet was at Balch Pond, a mile from the hotel. A fox was soon started, but the dogs could not press him owing to the thin crust, and though they kept at it for several hours finally lost him. The meeting has been continued, but with poor success, owing to the bad weather and the unfavorable condition of the snow.

Although Mr. Mercer purchased the noted Clumber bitch Snow in 1889, he had not seen her till her arrival on Feb. 12. He is delighted with her, and though she is undersized, thinks her better than anything he has yet seen in the Clumber line. As her name implies she has no markings. His experience in attempting to breed her in England has been very disastrous. The first litter by Boaz all died, and her second heat was allowed to run over. She has won over thirty first prizes in England, three of which were at Birmingham and one at Barn Elms. Mr. Mercer is coming down for the W. K. C. show with his team of Clumbers.

As no better date than that claimed for the Boston show is available, the St. Louis people are compelled to forego their intended show, although a guarantee fund had been raised.

The premium list of the Boston show will, it is expected, be issued at the end of the week, and we hope to be able to announce the judges in this issue. We can say, however, that Mr. Moore, now that he is out of mastiffs, is ready to don the ermine and will make his debut as a judge in the mastiff ring at this show. New blood will also be tried for the St. Bernards and several other breeds, so that exhibitors can take on fresh hope. A novelty is under consideration in the way of amusement at the show, but further than this we are not at liberty to speak.

It is not very likely that the St. Bernard Princess Florence will be seen in this country after all. According to a cable from Mr. Chapman her lowest price is \$7,500, a mere trifle of a thousand more than the late importation, Sir Bedivere. Mr. Chapman wrote us some time since that though she was not in good shape she weighed 200 lbs., and expected her to be ready to meet Sir Bedivere at Manchester in March, when he had every expectation of downing the dog now that she was full grown. Of course this little prospect of triumph is knocked on the head, for the present at least.

After a murder case, which is now claiming the attention of Judge Brady in Oyer and Terminer, the famous Peshall trial will be commenced, the District Attorney having set it next on the calendar. It is understood that Mr. Peshall will enter a demurrer and move to quash the indictment.

Mr. Wade writes that he would like to have Mr. Mason's opinion of what a Barzoi should be. Mr. Mason will, among several other breeds, criticize the wolfhounds at the coming W. K. C. show, and at the same time take the opportunity to give Mr. Wade the points he requires.

A meeting for the election of officers in the Eastern Coursing Club, and a meeting of the N. G. C. will be held at the Metropolitan Hotel on Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8 P. M.

Mr. Stewart Diffenderfer has purchased the crack St. Bernard bitch Hespary, at a very long figure. She will be served by Scottish Prince.

The auction sale of the Chestnut Hill colliers will take place at the American Horse Exchange on Wednesday, Feb. 25, instead of Friday.

A SULTAN COMING.—New Rochelle.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have purchased from Mr. Ellis, of Manchester, Eng., the best of his superb collection of black and tan terriers, Broomfield Sultan, for the Rochelle Kennels. He is only 16 months old, yet he has made a remarkable record on the bench, his greatest triumph being at the recent Crystal Palace show, where there was the unprecedented entry of 59 black and tans. Sultan, under the judging of Geo. Raper, won first in open dog class, first in junior class, and capped the climax by winning the special for the best of the breed in the show, and defeated the strongest dogs now on the bench in England. His sire was Broomfield Turk, he by Sir Edward, he by Burke; and his dam, Broomfield Belle, was by Whitehead's Prince, he by Sir Edward. It will be noted that Sultan on both sides of his ancestry is rich in the blood of England's most noted show and stud black and tans, hence there is every reason to believe that he will prove an exceptional sire and perpetuate his superior type. He should arrive on the Wyoming on the 18th inst., and I shall send him to the principal shows.—H. T. FOOTE

TAKES EXCEPTION.—New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must take exception to your statement in last issue, that Beaconsfield led the black and tan breed in England both on the bench and as a sire. He was certainly one of the best show dogs, but his bench record hardly entitles him to unquestionable superiority. As a sire, his get can probably be figured to a larger number than any dog of this breed in England, but as quality and not numbers make the reputation of a sire, the names of a few of his get that have attained marked distinction on the bench would not be out of the way. As he is in his seventh year they should not be difficult to find.—H. T. FOOTE. (Will Dr. Foote please read the *Canine World* report of the Oldham show, Oct. 10, 1890, and *Fanciers' Gazette* report of Crystal Palace show, Oct. 31, 1890.)

UP A TREE.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If "Oswegatchie" or any one else wishes to hear from me on the Fellows type of working cockers, let them sign their names to their twaddle and I'll guarantee that I'll hold up my end of the discussion, but I want no truck with any one that is ashamed of their father's name.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

CUTTING straight through all circumlocutions and euphemisms, I will refer straight out to the matter of Mr. R. F. Mayhew acting as compiler of the entries for the A. K. C. show, at which he is to judge. Most observers will say that his conduct is "bad form," bad taste or bad ethics, but it is nothing more. There is a certain feeling of noblesse oblige among judges of dogs that operates to keep straight those who would, or might, otherwise go crooked. Apart from considerations of honor, many of them attach a certain and definite value to their reputation as judges, reputation as knowing dogs, in other words, and fear damaging it. For instance—although in a contrary direction—many will remember a most capable mastiff judge of a few years since, who has dropped entirely out of sight because there was a feeling that his friends' dogs got undue placings under his judgments. No suspicion of dishonesty was ever entertained, but the feeling that he lacked the backbone to decide against a close friend, weighed him down; while, as an opposite instance, may be cited a certain judge, who in a very close case is apt to decide against his friend.

There is this consideration that should be taken into account in weighing Mr. Mayhew's course. It is an open secret that his material prosperity has not been unchecked, the position as to the W. K. C. catalogue should pay him very much better than judging, and after accepting the position of judge, he is confronted by the necessity of determining whether he shall keep up his "form" at the expense of his pocket? Many will say as to this, that his duty is clear: after knowing every entry to be made, owner, pedigree, breeder, etc., the thing for him to do is to withdraw from judging. Of course an "onlooker" only looks, and should not quote his own opinions as to the course another should pursue.

From Mr. Mayhew to that wonderful apology published in two of our papers is an easy transition. What a wonderful performance that was. And remember it was not a free one, or even an original. It was a second, apparently extorted under fear of depletion of pocket by a libel suit, after a first one had been offered and not deemed sufficiently humble. Really I do not see how the *Fanciers' Gazette* is going to survive this. How will it retain public respect after such dirt eating? One of the highest duties one man can owe another is to make a full and frank apology for a wrong done as soon as the wrong is discovered, but to make one under compulsion, for fear of damages being inflicted, to go down on one's knees and eat the humblest of humble pie is, in the language of Petroleum V. Nasby, "rather renchinn." I am at a loss to understand why Mr. Krehl required such humility. The course of his own paper would indicate that no amount of prospective penalties would have induced him to make such an apology after a first had been offered, and it is utterly out of imagination that Mr. Tatham would have allowed such a thing to appear in his paper. Evidently (to me, at least) Mr. Krehl must have some ulterior object in his demanding such servility; perhaps he may wish to dispose of "the member of our staff" who inserted Mr. Mayhew's article, which "member" must have been Mr. Millais, a gentleman whose career in journalism has been a very unfortunate one.

THE ONLOOKER.

ABLE TO PAY THEIR DEBTS.—Baltimore, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We see that in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 12 appears the following: "Baltimore, Jan. 28.—We, the undersigned, hereby give notice to all whom it may concern, that we will not be responsible, in any manner, for any obligations that may be incurred by those who propose holding the bench show under the name of the Maryland Kennel Club. (Signed) R. B. Glanville, L. M. Levering, W. T. Levering, Crichton Malcolm, J. D. Mallory, H. Malcolm, H. Cassard, R. R. von der Horst." The bench show committee beg to say that they have a guarantee from responsible parties to pay any and all debts they may contract, and trust above will in no way be misconstrued, as its source must be considered. No signer of said letter is a member of the bench show committee. Mr. W. T. Levering is in Europe, Mr. J. D. Mallory is not a member of the club, Mr. R. B. Glanville is in arrears for dues, and Mr. H. Malcolm is under suspension by the American Kennel Club and also the Maryland Kennel Club.—W. STEWART DIFFENDERFER, Sec'y Bench Show Committee.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Frank Gladstone. By F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., for English setter dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1890, by Breeze Gladstone out of Rodreka.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Golden Rod—Inspiration. J. H. Winslow's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Golden Rod to F. G. Taylor's Inspiration (Bang Bang—Telle Doe), Dec. 19.
Katie Noble—Breeze Gladstone. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Katie Noble (Count Noble—Queen Meg) to his Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Jan. 9.
List Noble—Breeze Gladstone. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch List Noble (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone) to his Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Dec. 12.
Albert's Duchess—Breeze Gladstone. Dr. J. A. Hartman's (Lancaster, Pa.) English setter bitch Albert's Duchess (Warwick Albert—Princess Helton) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Jan. 20.
Abbott's Joy—Breeze Gladstone. Prof. J. C. Schuyler's (Luray, Va.) English setter bitch Abbott's Joy (Gath's Joy—Rosa) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Jan. 31.
Alberta G.—Breeze Gladstone. L. Shuster, Jr. (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Alberta G. (Count Noble—Alphonse) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Feb. 11.
Countess B.—Breeze Gladstone. F. S. Brown's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Countess C. (Dashing Lion—Victoria) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Nov. 21.
Dauphin—Breeze Gladstone. E. Comfort's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Dauphin (Calkley D.—Cassino G.) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Nov. 23.
Delaware—Breeze Gladstone. J. G. Gray's (Bridgeville, Del.) English setter bitch Delaware (Glen Rock—Lenore) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Dec. 8.
May—Rattler III. W. S. Gates's (Chagrin Falls, O.) beagle bitch May (champion Bannerman—Blossom) to his champion Rattler III. (champion Ratler—Music), Jan. 13.
Lady Helma—Bradford Ruby II. O. P. Kinnie's (Lima, O.) pug bitch Lady Helma (Spokane—Topsy K.) to Eberhart Pug Kennel's Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Feb. 15.
Lady Lowden—Pouf. Jas. F. Hall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Lowden (champion Plinlimmon—Lady Linton) to Dr. H. W. Roberts's champion Pouf (Garnet—Bo-Peep), Jan. 28.
Sedan—Glen Jarvis. Glen Jarvis's (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Sedan (Chester D. Herald—Nancy) to their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), Feb. 6.
Molly Glendyne—Glen Jarvis. Glendyne Kennels' (Bristol, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Molly Glendyne (Glenmore—Nell) to their Glen Jarvis (Elcho, Jr.—Maid), Feb. 6.
Blossom—Rattler III. W. S. Gates's (Chagrin Falls, O.) beagle bitch Blossom (Blunder—Rue) to his champion Rattler III. (champion Ratler—Music), Jan. 15.
Gladys B.—Blaze. R. H. Burr's (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Gladys B. (champion Tim—Lady Edith) to J. W. Gale's Blaze (champion Chief—Breedren), Feb. 8.
Bess—Waltham Jewel. Geo. H. Moses's (North Gorham, Mass.) foxhound bitch Bess to W. A. Small's Waltham Jewel (Drive—Music), Feb. 5.
Jest—I Reckon. H. T. Broadbent's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier

bitch Jest (Splanger—Jostle), to G. W. Price's I Reckon (Reckoner—Tennis), Jan. 7.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Mamie. Moorefield Kennels' (Chula, Va.) English setter bitch Mamie (Prince Al—Maiden), Nov. 20, seven (four dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).
Rodreka. B. Mann's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Rodreka (Rodrigo—Gem), Dec. 1, seven (four dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).
Countess B. F. S. Brown's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Countess B. (Dashing Lion—Victoria), Jan. 23, nine (five dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).
Verdeth II and Queen. Riverside Boarding and Training Kennels' (Riverside, Ind.) pointer bitch Verdeth Rival Queen, Feb. 11, six (three dogs), by Combination.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Frank Gladstone. English setter dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1890, by Breeze Gladstone out of Rodreka, by F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. Chamblin, Richmond, Va.
White. Black and tan beagle bitch, whelped August, 1889, by Bannerman out of Blossom, by H. S. Gilbert, Millersburg, Pa., to W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O.
Blossom. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age not given, by Blunder out of Rue, by H. S. Gilbert, Millersburg, Pa., to W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O.
Red River Glencho. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1890, by champion Glencho out of Lady Belle, by Geo. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn.
Glen Jarvis. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 28, 1890, by Elcho, Jr., out of Maid, by John A. Jaun, Jr., Onley, Ill., to Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I.
Emerald Pegg. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 10, 1890, by Alfred G. of Lullie, by Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I., to H. J. G. Hollowell, Conshohocken, Pa.
O'Donovan Rosa. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 27, 1888, by Starfield out of Nino, by Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I., to —, New Haven, Conn.
Razzle. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 28, 1890, by Grip out of Sheila, by Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I., to Wm. F. Memo, Vicksburg, Ga.
Zulu. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 5, 1890, by Spokane out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Eugene Watrous, Lacon, Ill.
Larnock Elsa. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1884, by champion Bang-Bang out of Rose, by Wm. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, N. Y., to F. E. Atkins, Waterbury, Vt.
Nellie Hunter. In noting the sale of Nellie Hunter the purchaser's address was misprinted; it is New Canaan, Conn., not New Haven.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

A. C. H., So. Man's 'tigue, Mich.—I. I have a very valuable St. Ber mud dog, which is the best food I can feed him to make him healthy. 2. Whose manufactured food is the best? Ans. 1. Feed him in the morning such scraps as you may have from the table, making an occasional soup from fresh beef bones. At night you can give him three or four dog biscuits, either soaked or dry, dry is best if you can get him to eat them that way. 2. Spratts or Goodwin's, both are good.

H. T. T., Reading, Pa.—Several weeks ago I received an 8 mos. old Irish setter pup, and a new he has been in my possession I find great trouble to get him to eat. From the time he was 6 weeks old until I received him he was kept at a large hotel, where he received for his meals the refuse from the table, generally chicken, etc., and I suppose that because of his being accustomed to this food made him reluctant to eat the raw beef I offered him, but this morning I found one of his eyes closed and the other running. His eyes have been running for some time, but this morning was the first time I noticed any closed. I also observed him shivering on several occasions. I had him out on the field a few days ago, and noticed a coughing such as a dog generally makes when leading by a strap, and exerts himself in order to get loose. These seem to be symptoms of distemper, and about three days ago I gave him a dose of castor oil. Since then his passage has a colored appearance. I have been thinking of giving a 2gr. quinine pill, as per your advice in FOREST AND STREAM of two weeks ago, but before doing so could kindly ask you to inform me whether, from the above symptoms, this is correct, or whether there is any better remedy, and what food is best, and how often each day? Ans. The dog has distemper; treat him at once as described in the issue of Jan. 29, in the first part of answer to M. F. S.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MAGAZINE GUN TEST.

OFFICE OF BOARD ON MAGAZINE GUNS. Army Building, New York City, Dec. 17, 1890.—The Board* for the examination of magazine guns prescribe the following rules and tests for the trial of all guns submitted under General Orders No. 136, Nov. 24, 1890, Headquarters of the Army.

Generally these rules will govern in testing all guns submitted to the Board. It may occur that certain of these tests will be modified, or that others may be substituted for them; the object being to find a magazine system which will meet the requirements of the army.

The piece to be first fired ten rounds by the exhibitor, as a test of safety; the same firing to be also a test of rapidity by one familiar with the arm. The time to be noted in the record.

The firing to be then continued, according to the rules annexed, by an employee or person designated by the Board.

The Frankford Arsenal experimenting cartridge to be used in all cases, except when pieces of a different caliber have been submitted in the manner provided by the order.

No persons will be admitted to the firing ground but the agents or exhibitors of the gun immediately under trial, and such other persons as may be specially invited by the Board.

The handling of guns by their representatives at any time after the preliminary test for safety is forbidden.

Any arm which has been submitted to the Board and entered upon the record shall remain in the hands of the Board for such time as may be necessary to make drawings explanatory of its mechanism.

If the magazine system of any gun becomes disabled or unserviceable, all further tests will be discontinued, and the proprietor informed of the fact. If the gun be altered and resubmitted to the Board, it will be treated as a new gun.

Safety Test: To be fired ten rounds by the exhibitor, or with a lanyard.

REGULAR TESTS.

I.—RAPIDITY WITH ACCURACY.

Piece to be fired from the shoulder at target 6ft. by 2ft., range 100ft., under following circumstances, cartridges disposed at will or in packets upon a table:

a. Time of firing and number of hits for 20 shots; magazine to be loaded before beginning test and then held in reserve until remainder of cartridge have been fired, using gun as single loader; then firing those in magazine.

b. Number of shots and hits firing for two minutes, using gun as single loader; test begun with chamber empty.

c. Number of shots and hits firing for two minutes, using gun as magazine arm only; test begun with magazine empty.

Any cartridge missing fire in this or other tests to be tried with a prick punch, or opened, to ascertain cause of failure.

II.—RAPIDITY WITH WILL.

Same as Test I, except that piece will be fired from the hip without aim, at stop but at short range; hits not considered, and time of firing from parts "b" and "c" reduced to one minute.

*Brevet Major General August V. Kautz, Colonel 8th Infantry, President; Lieutenant Colonel Robert H. Hall, 6th Infantry; Major George W. McKee, Ordnance Department; Capt. Henry B. Freeman, 7th Infantry; Capt. Stanhope E. Blunt, Ordnance Department; Recorder; and Capt. George S. Anderson, 8th Cavalry.

* 1 second and third moneys, except at closing event.

NEWARK, Feb. 12.—The members of the Newark Gun Club turned out to-day to take part in the monthly prize shoot on John Erb's grounds. The birds were the finest lot ever trapped for the club. In the regular prize shoot at 10 birds per man, 5 entry, Collins and Griffen killed 10 each and divided first, Hollis and Mack divided second, Riggett took third. In the 4 bird Jersey sweep, 5 entry, Mack, Zeglio, Hollis and Riggett divided first. In the final sweep, same conditions, Mack and Hollis took first.

"Another sweepstakes at doubles brought Parmelee to the front again, he taking first money with 9 birds. Mayronne, Lindsley, Page and Miller made 7 each, and Lindsley won the shoot-off.

"In another sweep at 10 singles, Saunders, Bernard and Mayronne made 10 each, and Bernard and Mayronne divided after breaking 3 more each. Cameron and Page tied for second at 9 each. Cameron won the shoot-off. Poliv. Porterfield, Barthelemy

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 12.—At the Cleveland Gun Club grounds this afternoon the shoot for the Smith gun was announced. Before it had commenced the clouds were so dark that the several hundred men who had been given up altogether. The gun will not finish until Monday afternoon next at the Cleveland grounds. There were so many ties for the club badges, and none shot off, that it was impossible to decide who won.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

7. N.Y.Y.R.A., Ann., New York 12. Lynn, Cup, Lynn.
7. Lynn, Open, Nahant.

STATEN ISLAND Y. C.—A club with this name has been organized on Staten Island, the officers being: Com., Nathan S. Taylor, Vice-Com., William H. Ludlam; Sec'y, Charles E. Hoyer; Treas., E. Simonson; Elect Captain, Harry Van Duzer; Meas., A. J. Pease; Trustees, William E. Horn, C. A. Schultz and Frank T. Kear.



PART II.

(Continued from Page 78.)

WE both crawled out on deck in the morning about 5 o'clock and found a flat calm with indications of rain. Anxious to see what kind of a place Wading River was like, we pulled in and made fast alongside an old schooner which was tied up. We were busily engaged in cooking breakfast when Tom called my attention to an old man who was leisurely paddling a skiff in the inlet. When he arrived alongside we discovered that he had been fishing, judging by the net which he had in the stern of his dilapidated boat. He had the appearance of a typical Long Island farmer and fisherman. His face was bronzed and wrinkled, and he wore the funniest beard I have ever seen. It grew out from his chin to about a foot in length, and while it only covered a small part of the lower jaw, it bushed out at the extremities and assumed the form of a feather duster.

He said "Good morning, boys," with a regular Down East twang. We returned his salute, and inquired how he had succeeded in fishing.

"Poor, poor, very poor; there's all I got this mornin'," said he, pointing to a solitary weakfish. "Got a few mossbunkers, but them's no use to me. The sharks play hob with my nets whenever I do get any fish. There's one I ketches last week motioning toward the beach where the carcass of a shark about 12 ft. long lay. Lots of them varmints around these parts. By the way, I see your boat when I came out this mornin' an' wuz wonderin' what you were doin' round here. S'pose you're havin' a cruise, though, like them yachting fellers down at the Port."

Tom said that we were going to Greenport and had come from New York.

"Vai, if the weather keeps good that's nothin' to hinder; but seems 't me that's a small craft to knock about the Sound in. Goin' around to-day?"

We said that we were if we got any wind from the right quarter. The old man seemed to be in no hurry to proceed, he appeared to be quite taken up with our hat and anxious to talk with us, and, like all such characters, I have met, good natured and pleasant to give all the information capable of. We invited him on board and conversed with him for a half hour. We asked him about the shore from here on to Plum Gut and his reply ran thus: "Well, the beach runs purty straight from here to the pint, you better keep a mile or two off shore though for a little way, as there are some rocks off that point yonder, that is near the surface at low tide. After you pass them you can keep within forty rods of beach all the way down. But if the wind is from south, an' off the land, I'd advise you 'keep a mile or so off all along down, as the wind 'll be steadier than it would in under the bluff. 'Fraid your chances of getting around are somewhat slim to-day. It'll be flood tide 'fore you get far and no signs of any wind either. 'Fraid it's goin' to be wet too; hello, it's commenin' to sprinkle now, guess I have to be goin' home or I'll get wet, ain't got no lie skins with me this mornin'. Well, good-bye boys, good-bye." The danger of getting wet hurried the old fellow over the rail into his boat and away he went, poling up the creek.

After he had gone we snuggled up and donning our oilskins proceeded toward the village with a basket, in quest of fresh provisions, deeming it useless to start on this tide without any wind. We walked along inside the sea wall for a half mile or so and discovered a roadway leading inland. Following along this we arrived at the post-office a mile further on. The post-office was also a grocery and hardware store, in fact, we found it was the only store in the place and supplied a general assortment of merchandise. We posted a letter to the boys and after securing some necessities, such as (rice, bread, sugar, etc.) we made our way back to a cottage up the road, milk and butter, we made our way back to the yacht.

The first thing we did on arriving was to get rid of the oil clothes. We then brought forth the bottle labeled Duffy's Pure Malt. We each secured a glass, which we filled two-thirds full of "Duffy," the other third being milk. Then to convince ourselves it was a milk punch we gratered a nutmeg on top. After that the cold and rain had no show. We made another trip to the village in the afternoon just for exercise and to get some more milk, which was plentiful here, and could be had directly from the cow. We turned in early, determined to be off for Greenport before daylight.

It was still drizzling when we awoke and peered out of the cabin window. It was also quite dark, and a thick mist obscured things a little distance off. While gazing out, Tom called my attention to an old woman who was on the bank opposite. She had a large bundle beside her and appeared to be holding an earnest conversation with herself, nodding and gesticulating meanwhile. We were astonished and wondered where she could have come from, for there were no houses in that direction for miles; only the long stretch of bluffs which reached all the way to Port Jefferson, some fifteen miles away. Presently she started up, slung her bundle over her back and plodded off up the bank of the river, but had not gone far when the mud got so soft and the grass so long that she was compelled to return and resumed her former position, still talking to herself and seeming not to notice our boat, probably thinking there was no one on board, for we had not showed ourselves on deck yet. She was a perfect bundle of rags and appeared to be anywhere from seventy to one hundred years old.

As soon as we got our clothes on we went out into the cockpit and Tom took the skiff and paddled across to where she was, and asked her if she wished to cross the creek. She began to jabber off something which was unintelligible to Tom (he afterward said it was French). He perceived by her motions, however, that she wished to cross, and he paddled for her to enter the boat, and then began to wall off something about having "No money, no money."

"I don't want any money," shouted Tom. "Come on, get in here, and I'll put you on the other side in no time, and won't charge you a cent." She laboriously climbed in after sinking in the mud to her ankles, and splashing it all over Tom and the boat. She appeared confused and excited, and I had fears that she would capsize our little rig, skiff, but he landed her safely on the other shore. She was profuse in her motions of thanks, and Tom gathered from her broken English that if he would come to French Charlie's (wherever that might be), he could have all the red wine he could drink. Tom thankfully declined to drink and returned to the yacht, while the old woman disappeared over a knoll and we saw her no more. While we were making ready to start out, our friend with the luxuriant goatee came down stream in his boat, but was probably too intent on his fishing to stop to talk, merely saying good morning, and making a few remarks on the weather.

We made all snug for a long run, and about 6 o'clock hauled out and started on our voyage to Greenport. There was a light S.E. breeze that kept the sheets taut and that was about all. About 8 o'clock the breeze freshened up, but a shower came with it, and we were compelled to incase ourselves in oilskins. We cared little for the rain now that we had a good 5-knot breeze, and were foaming along down shore beautifully. We had made it a practice to take two hours at the tiller alternately when sailing for any length of time. As I had the first trick this morning my time was now up, and feeling a little chilled I peeled off my covers and got below. It was much more comfortable lying on my back in the lee bunk listening to the swishing of the water past the sides of the boat than it was sitting outside. The view of the land had become uninteresting, as it was the one thing all along—sandy bluffs surmounted by bushes and trees.

It did not seem as though I had been lying down a half hour, when I was suddenly aroused from a light doze by the voice of Tom yelling down the companionway: "Watch below! Tumble out here and take your trick!" I looked at the clock, and was

astounded to see that it was 10 o'clock. I began growling about the watches being too short, but Tom assured me that they were an hour too long. The oilskins seemed as wet inside as they were outside and felt very uncomfortable after the warm, dry cabin. The wind was piping stiffer than when I had gone below and the rain was still falling heavily. One thing I noted with satisfaction as I puffed away at my pipe, the wind had hauled from S. E. to S., enabling us to start sheets and run with it almost abeam. In about a half hour the rain ceased, but a thick haze continued to hang over the water; and from the distance we were from the beach the bluff appeared like a mountain in height. While gazing absently at this effect of the fog I noticed at the top of the highest bluff a form which looked like the body and head of a giant with an immense straw hat. Presently I imagined I saw it move. Glancing into the cabin I saw that Tom was snoring, so as there was no one to have the laugh on me if my giant should prove to be a stump I took off my hat and waved it above my head. What was my surprise when the figure on the cliff rose



and followed my example with an arm that looked to be 10 ft. long and 3 ft. in diameter—considering our great distance" from the beach it was wonderful. I suppose it was some mirage produced by the condition of the atmosphere.

The wind continued to freshen and the Monaitipee increased her speed accordingly. With everything straining and pulling, boom lifted and main sheet like fiddle strings, we tore along, leaving a wake of boiling foam astern through which the skiff tenaciously followed us with nose elevated high in the air. We passed several schooners bound west, and once a large open boat with two reefs in went by within hailing distance, but I did not speak her, as I did not wish to alter my course, which would have been necessary in order to hold any conversation, and thinking it would be a waste of time I kept straight ahead.

It soon became a question as to the advisability of reducing sail, for although we had the wind free, it was blowing so fiercely that the lee deck was constantly under water and every part of the gear was pulling and straining to its utmost, while the stiffest shroud showed a sharp distinct against the bellying sail which whirled hard against it. Forward the water seethed and gurgled about the stem, and occasionally a vicious little wave rolled on deck and swept aft, where it rejoined the foaming mass under our counter. The jib, with a generous supply of sheet, was curved well forward of the stay; and the club on the foot pointed skyward.

I called Tom on deck when my watch was over, and we consulted together. But as he was disposed to abide by whatever I thought best, and I was loth to lose any time, we decided that so long as it did not get really dangerous we would keep her at it. We congratulated ourselves on having the wind from a favorable quarter. Another source of satisfaction was that in having the wind from off the land, the sea was almost flat, being only disturbed by short, choppy waves which in no way impeded our speed.

In consequence of the exciting turn our voyage was now assuming we both remained on deck ready for action in case of necessity. We had been out six hours from Wading River, and we began to think that we must be getting pretty well along down shore toward Plum Gut, and we watched eagerly as we passed point after point for any signs that would indicate our proximity to it.

Shortly after Tom came on deck a sail appeared from out the fog ahead coming toward us. We soon made her out to be a small sloop yacht, not more than 30 ft. long; she was cutter-rigged and was sailing under full mainsail, forestaysail and jib, and heaving so as to pass us a couple of hundred yards to leeward. Only one person could be seen above deck as she approached, but as she neared us he was observed to bend forward toward the companion as though calling to some one below. Immediately after a head popped up and they both stared in our direction. We waved our hats as they got abreast of us and they returned the compliment and one of them shouted something to us which we were unable to hear distinctly against the wind; but supposing that they were asking the name of our boat and where bound I yelled back the information. In the meantime Tom had been spelling out her name as she swiftly drew astern. "Cordette," said he as he lowered the glass. Neither one of us had ever seen her to our knowledge before. I asked Tom if he was positive it was Cordette. I knew a small cutter-rigged boat which sometimes lay at the Atlantic Y. C. basin at Bay Ridge called Coquette and it might possibly be her. But he was positive, and as I was not very familiar with the Coquette's details we let it go at Cordette. She shortly died out in the fog and we ceased to surmise as to her name, destination, etc., and turned our attention toward matters which concerned ourselves.

No signs of Plum Gut yet. Tom said some one must have removed it, or that we had gone clear around Montauk Point, and were going down the south side of the island toward home again. To this expansion of imagination I made no answer, not wishing to encourage him in such flights of fancy.

About 1 o'clock I espied dimly through the mist what at first I took to be a tug boat lying off a point of rocks, but on a nearer approach turned out to be a pile of stones built up about 10 ft. above the level of the water. On top of this stood three poles joined together at the top.

"That must be a beacon of some sort," said Tom.

"No doubt it is," I answered, "but what the name of it is we will have to find out later on. Hello!"

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Plum Gut, or I'm a Dutchman."

Sure enough, there was the water stretching away to the southward as far as we could see around the point, off which was situated the supposed beacon. As though to favor us still more the

wind suddenly hauled more to the southwest and we were enabled to lay our course through the Gut by hauling close up on the wind.

We were soon made aware that the tide was running like a mill race and was accompanied by an ugly short sea which tossed us about unmercifully, one minute she would leap out of the crest of a wave with her bowsprit elevated at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees until half her length was out of water, then suddenly dropping she would be just in time to receive the next one, plunging the forward deck under to the cabin. We had heard about the current in Plum Gut, but there is nothing like seeing for yourself. We saw enough of it that day to last us some time. Tom went below and fastened down the skylight, for frequently the water came on the deck quite plentifully, and once nearly a pebble poured through the open skylight into the cabin.

When Tom came out he had a disgusted expression on his face and did not appear to be in the best of spirits. He seemed to lack his accustomed jollity and did not regain it until we reached smoother water. I perceived that the violent motion of the yacht was becoming disagreeable to him, and spoke to him cheerfully. As he made no reply to my remarks I assumed that he was too much occupied with his own private thoughts to join in conversation, so I ceased to utter words of condolence and turned my attention to the more important business of steering the boat.

She held up well and we fetched well to windward of Plum Island, then going about we stood in toward Orient Point, off which we again tacked. After a long thrash to windward we at last arrived off Greenport at six o'clock. The tide being pretty well up we ran into what appeared to be a basin, but as we passed through the narrowest part of the entrance we found the water shoaling and the current was very swift. As the wind had fallen we were at the mercy of the tide, and to prevent going against a landing stage we let go the anchor.

The counter just cleared the bow of a steam yacht which was lying on the dock, as we swung around. We inquired of some men who were at work on the yacht as to where would be the best place to lay, and they told us we would have to anchor outside, as we were now at a private dock. They asked us where we were from, and expressed surprise when we told them. They said it had been blowing hard all day, and wanted to know whether it was rough in the Gut. Tom said that it was a little sloppy. We poled out into deep water, and getting a little air slowly made our way to where we had been instructed to anchor and let go the mud hook, furled sails and made preparations for supper. We took a short run on shore in the evening, but as we were pretty tired after our long day's sail, we soon returned.



The evening was perfect. The mist of the day had all cleared away and the stars shone brightly over head as we stretched out in the cockpit to enjoy a cigar, some specials we had brought along for these occasions. When is the cruiser we collected just such evenings, I with a thrill of pleasure, when after a long day of sailing, pulling and hauling, he throws himself down to enjoy a pipe or cigar in the delightful calm of a cool summer twilight. What a sense of satisfaction comes over him as he rests thus after the worries consequent on navigating in strange waters, and finally finds himself safely at anchor in a snug harbor. These are happy moments, never to be forgotten, and we look back on them as the most charming periods of a cruise.

It was six o'clock when I awoke next morning, and a ray of sunlight was gleaming in through one of the cabin lights directly in



my face. Tom was loudly snoring in the starboard bunk. I gave him a punch in the ribs and he rolled over and grunted "What's trumps?" I said it would be clubs if he did not turn out very quickly.

"You are not out yourself yet," said he, looking at me as I sat blinking in the sun.

"Well, I'm awake anyhow."

"One wouldn't think so to look at you."

After we had both got outside and had a wash we felt less disposed to growl, and as the novelty of our situation forced itself upon us we woke up to the fact that we were here to enjoy ourselves, not to quarrel.

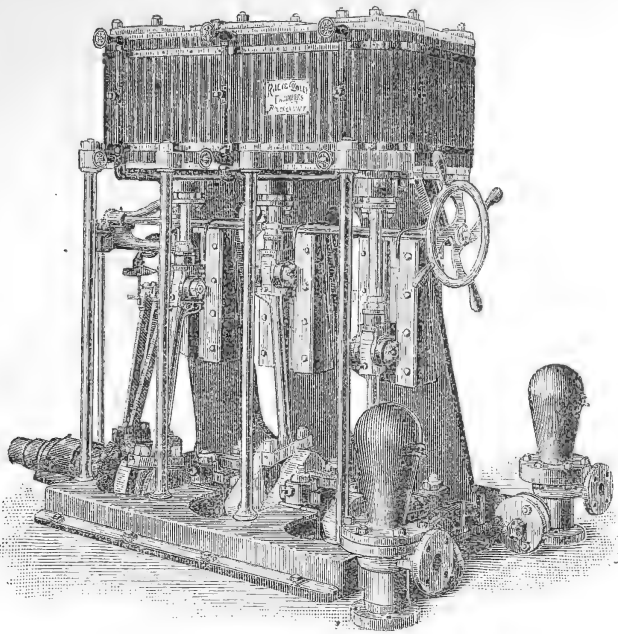
A. M. LOCKHART.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE NORTON WATER-BALLAST BOAT.—We copy the following from the *Marine Journal* of Feb. 14, a paper which has indorsed and supported the Norton water ballast system, whose claims, we have repeatedly exposed. It is very sad that innocent persons should have been sacrificed, as in all probability they have been, in order to demonstrate the fallacy of the whole system. Should the boat never be heard from, a large part of the blame for this unnecessary loss of life must fall upon those whose duty it is to warn the ignorant against such schemes, but who have proved false pilots: "The steam yacht Francis L. Norton, which left New London for Toulon, France, Nov. 24, has been out 82 days to-day (Saturday). The trip was an experimental one, made in midwinter for the purpose of proving that the 'water-ballast system,' of which Capt. Norton was the inventor, when applied to a small craft, insured it against capsizing or sinking. We fear one or the other of the two causes which the inventor claimed were impossible has led to the loss of the F. L. Norton with all on board, as nothing reliable has been heard from them since their departure. The following named persons were on board this craft: Capt. F. L. Norton and wife, Miss Rickaby, Chief Engineer James Meneels, Assistant Engineer Arthur McLean, Sailing Master C. F. Carlsen, Seamen John Anderson and Oscar Mileyar, Steward Joseph Marcial, Cabin Boy John Roberts."

A BREAKWATER AT POINT JUDITH.—On Feb. 13 the first load of stone was carried from Mason's Point to the site of the new breakwater and harbor of refuge at Point Judith. Owing to many difficulties it will be some years before the work is completed.

HELVETIA.—The new Iselin steamer will be named Helvetia.



THE RILEY & COWLEY ENGINES.

MESSEURS, RILEY & COWLEY, of South Brooklyn, the yacht engine builders, have lately taken a contract for a high-speed steam launch for the Yale University Boat Club; the boat, which is now well under way, being designed for special service of a somewhat unusual sort, and which demands a high degree of excellence in hull, boilers and engines.

She is intended for use in coaching the Yale crew, and consequently must be able to start at full speed and quickly pass an eight-oared shell, and then drop back again; and this without blowing off steam or forcing the fires. These requirements call for great power and ease in handling. She is being built under a guarantee that she will cover 90 miles at the rate of 14 miles per hour. The dimensions are, 52ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam, 3ft. 10in. depth of hold. The machinery consists of a triple expansion engine 5in., 8in., 13 1/2 in., and a Roberts coil boiler with 16sq. ft. grate surface. She is an open launch with car top over boiler and engine, and canvas awnings over forward and aft cockpits. The hull is of cedar, with white oak keel and frames and yellow pine clamps. Independent feed and air pumps of the Worthington type are to be used, and an outdoor pipe copper condenser. All pipes and valves are of brass. A steam syphon is to be used for quickly cleaning out any bilge water. The propeller wheel is of composition, four bladed, and a true screw. Stern bearing of composition. The cut represents a three-crank triple expansion engine with cylinders 6in., 10in., 16in. x 10in. stroke. The cranks are placed 120 deg. apart and are arranged in the sequence high, low and intermediate. The cylinders are of cast iron, in one piece, and are carried by a cast-iron frame at back which forms the slide, and by four wrought-iron columns at the front. The combination of cast iron and wrought iron in the framing thus, resists both compression and tension most perfectly. The bed plate is of the box-girder pattern. Piston valves are used throughout, the low-pressure cylinder being provided with two, the high and intermediate with one each. These valves are simple in construction, easily renewed, and perfectly balanced. There are no links, and but one eccentric for each cylinder. The three eccentrics are keyed upon a movable sleeve, at the rear end of the crank shaft, which loose sleeve is capable of being rotated about on shaft by means of spiral in sleeve and straight keyway in shaft, engaged by pin moving in second loose sleeve carried forward and aft on shaft by rack and pinion mechanism. The motions of the eccentrics are communicated to the valves by means of concentric rack shafts. Pumps may be attached. The bearings are extra large, of best composition.

SENATE BILL 4321.

THE New York Y. C. at its last meeting appointed a committee to consider the bill introduced by Senator Frye at the suggestion of the Commissioner of Navigation, W. W. Bates, by which it is proposed to exclude from American waters yachts of foreign build, and at the same time take from small American yachts the privilege of flying the American yacht ensign. The following correspondence has ensued between the committee and Senator Frye. It is unlikely that the bill will become a law:

DEAR SIR—I have been appointed a member of a committee by the New York Y. C. to look into the bill offered in the Senate by you regarding foreign yachts. Among my associates are J. Pierpont Morgan, Elbridge T. Gerry, and others. May I ask if it is likely to be reported this session, and if so, whether you would not hear us before it is? I will make only two suggestions to you. The first, that yachts are built only for pleasure, and cannot under any circumstances receive a dollar for carrying freight or passengers. Yachtmen never receive any revenue. They always pay out money. Second, very few foreign yachts come to America. The notable foreign yacht clubs have heretofore challenged the New York Y. C. to race for the America's Cup, won by the schooner America in 1851 seven times. It has been held by us. Would it be fair to tax them or their yachts for coming to America to make an international race? The expense of any yacht owner in a foreign country, challenging, is enormous in sailing to this country and making the race. They now complain that we do not treat challenges fairly. If this bill should become a law I fear they would think the United States Government was helping the New York Y. C. to hold the America's Cup by making a law that would add largely to their expense in pursuit of pleasure and honor if they won the Cup, and thus really prohibiting a challenge being made by any foreign yacht club. If it is to be offered by the committee under you as chairman, can't we have none? Yours truly,

JAMES D. SMITH.

MY DEAR SIR—Yours of the 9th received. Being a born sportsman I naturally act very slowly in anything which affects sporting interests. I probably shall not report the bill touching yachts at this session. It is entirely clear to me, however, that something should be done concerning the purchase of foreign-built yachts. I think when they have been brought over duties have been paid, but none where they have sailed across and been purchased here. They, in my opinion, should pay a duty in case of purchase. Where foreign yachts simply come to this country for the purpose of entering in races, and are then returned, I do not believe myself in any limitation. If I conclude to bring the matter before the committee for consideration, I will notify you. I am very truly,

W. P. FRYE.

GEN. PAINE AND THE 46FT. CLASS.

DISCUSSION of the 46ft. question has assumed a new phase during past week. Mr. Foster's Fife boat has been pretty well talked out, and now the position of Gen. Paine is the absorbing topic. Whether he wishes it or not, it is evident that the famous cup defender is considered thoroughly "in the light," and most of the arguments among yachtmen now reduce to a discussion of "Paine versus Burgess."

For the first time since they began their memorable partnership in 1885, these well known yachtmen will be interested in opposing craft. Gen. Paine and his son John together have produced two very successful craft in the Swordfish and Hornet, and now they have jumped into a class where the behavior of their productions will receive national attention.

At first the general was disinclined to admit any connection with the new 46 and referred to her always as "John's boat." But his friends were unwilling to accept his version of the case, and gradually the general has come to admit that he advised with John all through and that the boat as produced represents his ideas exactly.

Gen. Paine himself stated his position a day or two ago as follows:

"I expect to do my cruising on the new 46-footer, and to let John race her. I have engaged Capt. Haft for the coming season. In fact, he has never been out of my employ for the last four years."

Well informed yachtmen who have talked with the general are not inclined to allow him even this loophole, and predict that he will be seen aboard the Paine craft in the races and that Capt. Haft will steer her. However this may be, it is conceded that the new Paine 46 represents the ideas of Gen. Paine as opposed to those of Mr. Burgess, and the coming season will demonstrate the correctness or fallacy of the ideas upon which the various designers have constructed their craft.

A gentleman who expects to do some sailing in the 46-foot class says: "I think that Gen. Paine will strike a harder class to beat next year than he has ever been in. He is opposed to Burgess and Fife boats, all handled by the best skippers that are obtainable anywhere. It will be a hot class, and I don't think any one boat will get all the prizes."

It transpires that the Paine boat's dimensions are even more extreme than they have been published. Her beam is just a shade under 4ft. 6in., and her draught is 10ft. 3in. This is much the widest of the new 46-footers, and shows that the Paine craft will have tremendous initial stability. As she has also a very heavy lead keel, it is plain to be seen that her sail carrying powers have not been over-estimated.

The mould of the Paine lead keel has been made, and it lies alongside that of the Fife cutter. The exact dimensions of the latter were printed in the *Globe* last Sunday, and those of the Paine boat's lead keel are as follows: Extreme length, 25ft.; extreme depth, 30in.; width on top, at after end, 5in.; at widest part, 27in.; at forward end, 8 1/2 in.; width of bottom, at after end, 2 1/2 in.; at widest part, 20in.; at forward end, 8 1/2 in.

Unlike the keel of the Barbara, the lead keel of the Paine cutter is straight up and down on the sides. Mr. Fife has put considerable hollow in the sides of his lead. By this means Mr. Paine cutter shows more curvature than any of the other boats.—*Boston Globe*.

BARBARA AND THE BURGESS BOATS.

THE question which now causes the most discussion among yachtmen is: "Will the Barbara in her class make such a showing as the Minerva did in the 46ft. class?"

At the outset it would probably be safe to say no. Instead of being first the new Fife boat should hardly average better than the majority of the other boats in her class. She has a very large sail plan and in its area it is not much different from the Minerva's.

Now one of two things is certain. If Mr. Burgess has correctly calculated Minerva's power then the Barbara will not be able to carry her sail spread, especially at times when she will need it. The Fife boat has not the stability of the Minerva, consequently she cannot exert the same power. There is a wide difference between the midsections of the Minerva and Barbara, the latter carrying her extreme beam to the deck, falling away very fast at the loadline, with a very faint bilge. The Minerva has more initial, natural and artificial stability; consequently, is better able to carry the same sail spread as the Barbara, though she may not be so easily driven.

It has been found on some of the 46-footers, whose midsections resemble the Barbara, that they could not carry sail with a boat like the Gossamer. The Burgess 46-footers, while finer in form than the old forties, are still more powerful and will be better able to carry their large sail spreads than the forties. Pro rata for length, they have less wetted surface and there is more intelligence displayed in their design than in any other class yet built on this side of the water.

From what the *Burgess* has been told by first-rate authority, the Barbara promised to be the most tender of the 46-footers, and the same authority says that all the Burgess boats, notwithstanding their lighter draught, will, on account of the better placing of the lead of the keel, have their center of gravity of the lead keel in about the same as on the Barbara; so that in this respect the Fife boat has no advantage, while the boat itself loses on account of having less natural power than the Burgess 46-footers.

Of the four 46-footers now being built at Lawley's, several of our leading yachtmen incline most strongly to the Minerva, though Mr. Burgess inclines to the Turner boat. Against the above the experience of such a crack designer as Fife should have great weight, and it is only fair to him to state that in giving the Barbara her large sail plan he acted intelligently and knew well from what he was doing. Fife says she is an improved Dragon, and, knowing as he must almost to a certainty the power of the Dragon, in making the sail plan of the Barbara he had intelligent data to govern him. In any event, if the Barbara is able to carry her present sail plan, more spread can be given the Minerva.

In the matter of handling the boats, the owner of the Barbara says he would rather have her beaten than that any one else should sail her. In certain quarters comments are made that the Barbara will suffer from handling, and that she will not be seen at her best.

Yesterday Gen. Paine wrote Capt. H. C. Haft, and the latter has been engaged for another year, and that means that the Volunteer's skipper will be on the Paine 46-footer racing against his son, who will sail the Minerva. This means that Gen. Paine is going to push matters for all they are worth in the 46ft. class. Will Gen. Paine go into anything he does so with a will, and from this out will figure out for himself how he can improve his boat.

New York yachtmen certainly have shown little local pride in the 46ft. class, though it might be said that two of them are building Burgess 46-footers. Mr. Wm. Gardner, when interviewed a few days ago, said he had no order for a 46-footer nor did he expect one, and Mr. A. Cary Smith has the lines of one made, but thus far no order for the same had been placed with him. From the above it certainly looks as if the New Yorkers had neither interest nor confidence in home talent; in fact, they are buying second-hand Boston boats.—*Boston Globe*.

BOSTON YACHT AGENCY.—A CORRECTION.—Through an error of the types we last week stated that the new catalogue of the Boston Yacht Agency would be ready by Nov. 1, the date, of course, should be March 1.

AN AMERICAN YACHT FOR HOLLAND.—Mr. Burgess has lately completed a design for a 27ft. "Cape cat" to be built in Holland.

BROOKLYN Y. C.—The fixtures of the Brooklyn Y. C. are, May 30 opening sail, June 20 spring regatta, Sept. 7 fall regatta.

EASTERN Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Eastern Y. C. was held on Feb. 10, the following officers being elected: Com. Alanson Tucker; Vice-Com., F. Gordon Dexter; Rear Com., Augustus Hemenway; Sec'y, Edward Burgess; Treas., P. T. Jackson, Jr.; Members of the Council—C. O. Foster, J. Malcolm Forbes; Regatta Committee—William S. Eaton, Jr.; P. T. Jackson, Jr.; Richard Sears, F. E. Peabody, H. H. Buck; Committee on Admissions—J. Malcolm Forbes, F. Gordon Dexter, Percival L. Everett, Augustus Hemenway, R. W. Crowninshield, Amory A. Lawrence, T. Dennis Boardman, Henry D. Burnham, E. V. R. Thayer, George C. Adams; House Committee—F. E. Peabody, Gordon Dexter, Edward B. Haven, Hugh Cotton. Some minor changes in the sailing rules were made, conforming with the rules of the Seawanhaka and New York clubs.

CAPE COD YACHT AGENCY.—We call attention to the advertisement, on another page, of the Cape Cod Yacht Agency, recently established by Mr. V. D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass. Mr. Bacon, who is known to our readers through a number of cruises and sketches in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, has had a long experience with the Cape Cod catboats, and is now prepared to furnish designs or to have boats built to order. He also has a very large and complete list of catboats for sale.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, held in New York on Feb. 7, it was decided that the annual regatta, to be held on May 30, off Larchmont, the next event to be off New Rochelle on June 20. An appropriation for regatta prizes for the season was made, so that the regatta committee will have the prizes on hand on the day of any regatta. The following names were received for membership: Harold Sanderson, John Hyslop, William Gardner.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—The first of the series of lectures for the season of 1891 was given at the winter quarters in Boston, on Feb. 13, the subject being *The Wreck of the Mount Lebanon on the Coast of Borneo*, by Captain Charles H. Nelson.

CATARINA, steam yacht, was launched from the dry dock on Feb. 17. Mr. Piepgrass has made an excellent job of the repairs to her bottom, under the supervision of Lloyd's surveyor.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—Proposals for membership: Albert A. Simpson, John H. Gibson, New York; Wm. Daessler, C. P. Tuttle, Camden, N. J.; H. E. McCormick, C. B. Haag and Winfield Van Vanser, Philadelphia.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—On Feb. 14 a very interesting lecture on seamanship was delivered by Ex-Com. Com. before an audience of yachting members of the Manhattan Athletic Club.

ALVA, steam yacht, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, will sail shortly for the Mediterranean, calling at Bermuda and Madeira.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BEAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: W. G. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: C. V. Winn, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
EX. COM: J. K. Bakewell and F. H. Stewart.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER: Edward Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX. COM: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gilstone.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM: G. L. Furnelle, Hartford.
PURSER: E. Apollonio, Wicomico, Md.
EX. COM: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:

VICE-COM: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: Edward Hobart, Newark, N. J.
EX. COM: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the regatta must be a member of the association. Application for membership should be made to the proper division. Persons residing in any division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
VICE-COMMODORE—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
REAR-COMMODORE—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 180 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications for membership should be made to the proper division, or blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

- 6. Canoe Reunion, Harvard Course, New York.
- 20. Bayonne, Annual, Bayonne.
- 6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. New York, Sandy Hook Race.
- 13. New York, Annual, S. I. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
- 11-26. W.C.A. Meet, Ballast Island.
- 6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
- 7. Iantlie, Ann., Passaic River.

RACING IN THE NEW YORK CLUBS.

THE February number of the *Sail and Paddle* contains a very good suggestion in regard to the arrangement of races among the clubs about New York, or from Yonkers to the Passaic River. It is proposed that the circuit plan, of a succession of races open to all the clubs, which is now in partial operation, shall be discarded, and that one or two big events, such as that of the Marine and Field Club last year, shall be substituted. This would serve the purpose of bringing all the racing men together in one big race, and at the same time would not kill off the weekly work in each club, as is now the case to an undesirable extent. The plan is perfectly feasible, and we should like to see it carried out. The *Sail and Paddle* says:

"The suggestion was made in this paper last year that the clubs about New York join issues in their regattas and hold them all in one place. The absence from the club houses for six weeks last year of the leading racers was not an element of strength, and no amount of winnings made up for the depressing effect of a dull club house. The outlook this year is still more depressing from the club point of view. There will be more races than ever before, and if a man so chooses, he can leave his club house in May with his racing canoe, go into a race every Saturday during the summer, attend the meets and not return home till autumn."

"Local cruising and short races at home with one's fellow-clubmen are getting to be things of the past. Even the club regattas are not what they were—races for everybody—but are now simply regattas of a few racers. The new races are too common, and cruising rare. Prizes are cheap, and a fairly good boat and man who makes the rounds can win a number of firsts and seconds, and yet not even secure a place in the trophy race at the meet."

"The suggestion has been made that one or two really test events be held, like the Marine and Field races last June, in which the experts of all the clubs except the New York take part, and in which the prizes mean something, and that the club regatta, if held at all, be merely a local event in which only the members of the club take part, and to which the friends of the club members can be invited."

"There is another argument in favor of this plan. The men who make the rounds get into their canoes but once a week, and have little or no practice except in the races, and, therefore, are not in the best of form when they go to the meet. Is there not something in these points worth considering?"

MODEL YACHTSMAN AND CANOEIST.—With the current number of the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* Mr. T. H. Holding, who has edited the canoeing department for four years, retires from his position. His place will be taken by Mr. George F. Holmes, an amateur sailor and builder, who is known to our readers by his contributions to the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* is the only British journal which gives special attention to canoeing, and we wish Mr. Holmes a full measure of success in connection with it.

WHITE SQUALL'S '88 CRUISE.

[Continued from Page 75.]

WE arose early next morning but took our time about getting breakfast and making a start. As we headed toward the channel, on the eastern side of Oromocto Island, we noticed a blue streak ruffling the water a mile ahead, in a manner that shattered all hope of fair wind. By the time we had paddled a mile the choppy head sea was very pronounced, and long before we reached the head of the island it was a terror and as rough as the face of a rasp. It very much resembled hard, back-breaking work, the forcing of that long, heavily-laden canoe against the wind and current, yet, as I look back on that forenoon, I somehow carry the impression that it passed pleasantly. If the seas were boisterous our spirits were keyed up to match, and we saw fun in nearly everything. We found a large "pike-hand-spike" and a pike-pole that some of the lumbermen had lost.

Both shores, from the head of Oromocto Island to Fredericton, are lined with booms. This district constitutes the great "round-up" of the lumber on the St. John waters, for there are many points of resemblance between the pioneer industries of prairie and forest countries, viz., ranching and lumbering. Their effect on the fortunes of their followers, the type of man they develop and their gradual death as the country becomes settled, are almost identical. The rope is to the cowboy what the pike-pole is to the lumberman. Then the latter has his brand and his "cutting out" in the great boom round-up. There are also "rustlers," who change the brands of the lumber, and "water police," who, like the citizen, laugh himself sick to see how the good old deacons and church elders, along the river, will scramble over one another to possess themselves of a "maverick" log.

Should the professional flash rider, or "bronco buster," think there is no skill in the lumber business analogous to that which enables him to sit out the antics of a bucking cayuse, he might get some of the ideas by watching the lumbermen. "Water police man," "foam walker," "bubble rider" (you can take your choice of terms) at his work. The steed of the latter is the untamed torrent, and his saddle, on which he stands erect, a log, often neither large nor buoyant. Should he get "bucked off" it means death. Yet he will run a seething rapid, studded with rocks, skillfully swinging the log end of the current, and a log of his pole, or springing into the air to avoid big pitched forward, he hits a rock, and will display as little concern as if he were on the deck of a Cunarder.

The booms render it impossible to land between the above points, except at a few places, unless you would call tying up your canoe to the boom and running over a hundred yards or so of loose lumber, a landing. It is a trial, and the inexperienced undertaker will merely caution the inexperienced against undertaking the feat. About 9 o'clock we were allowed to take refuge from a heavy squall behind a wangan (pronounced wong-un), a sort of house built on a scow. Scarcely had we resumed our course, when we saw a black cloud rising in the west, that meant much wind, if not rain. We tied the canoe up in a "log" in the boom, on the Lincoln side of the river, and making our way over a lot of lumber, took refuge in a large wood scow belonging to the tur Ada G.

The squalls, accompanied by fine rain, followed one another in quick succession for the next three hours, with sufficient force to render headway under paddle an impossibility. As the sides of the scow were 6 ft. high, and the rain was driving very nearly on a plane with the surface of the river, we did not get wet.

After dinner we stood over to the "interlake side" of the river, where another squall drove us to shelter in a nook in the rafted logs. We watched the little tug Melbourne snaking the joints of logs together and waited. The next lull enabled us to reach Lincoln. Here we watched three hands with a scow and differential pulley derrick breaking up the burned steam tug Relief and got a good lesson on the way to put in minutes over two minutes' work. The undersigned also got all the water he could drink.

From here to Fredericton we only made one stop, and that was to give Horace a chance to look up a spring. I spent the time in watching an expert young boom man drive ratlin wedges. As the day was nearly at a close we used our paddles most vigorously, but though the city of Fredericton was in sight, we were not there. We never got there. We landed on a little green below the cathedral and your humble servant was dispatched to the nearest grocery for a supply of canned goods. On my way back I met an equestrian dude dressed in a suit of light check and riding a low-set, lumpy-railed little horse. He was trying hard to imitate the English riding school "bob," but his stirrups were so long that when he rode in the water they were a decided hindrance. The age of the knee joint and could not steady himself; and the horse would lurch from under him, sending him bumping back against the cantle, when the rebound would land him on the pommel. That he could steady himself by knee-pressure never seemed to strike him; and the compression of the jaw on the slightly burned cigar, the end of which was tilted up at an angle of 45°, attested to the amount of chin-work he was doing. The picture of the evening of this picture kept me in good humor for the rest of the evening.

We hoisted sail and ran over to the mouth of the Nashwaak, where we made our camp on the beach a little above high water-mark. It was dusk when we commenced to set up our tent; and all the while we were preparing for that night we were pestered by music from the Infantry School Band, a little less than half-mile away—just about the right distance to soften the blare of the instruments. Horace liked the Fredericton serenade much better than that of Oromocto.

We were camping on almost the identical spot occupied one cold night in October, 1886, by Church, the hardy New England captain who was gunning for that big water snake, the muskrat, who had a fort on the opposite bank of the Nashwaak. But though we were obliged by the nature of the ground to sleep with our heads to the fire, a very favorable position, I should think, for the conjuring of departed spirits, we were unmolested by the shades of any of the Frenchmen or Puritans who came to grief in that short, sharp fight.

The next morning dawned still and warm with signs of rain; and we loafed around waiting patiently for the day to show its hand. Capt. Belyea, of the deal-boat A. Gibson, a mammoth that carries 150 ft. of lumber, rowed by on his way to the Gibson Mills for a deal-raft. He said a heavy N.E. rain storm was very near; and though we could not claim any previous acquaintance with him, he insisted on our going right on board his vessel and stopping till the weather firmed. That's the kind of boatmen we have on the St. John.

I suppose, were I to do the square thing to my readers, I would describe the tree-embowered city of Fredericton, with its level, floor-like situation, and the village of Marysville, on the Nashwaak, a monument to the enterprise of Alex. Gibson, New Brunswick's lumber king and most successful business man, but the consideration of spot is too tedious.

About 8 A.M. the weather firmed. We broke camp and sailed over to Fredericton. All the morning our every movement was watched by an old ducky, who stood leaning against a willow on the opposite bank of the Nashwaak, looking, Horace said, "like a derelict hieroglyphic inscription from some Egyptian monolith." As we stowed sail for our paddle and the ducky, we saw him walking slowly toward his cabin, no doubt musing that there no longer existed any excuse for his not going to work. At the north end of the city we made fast our canoe to a deal raft and went ashore on a blind trail of one of FOREST AND STREAM'S subscribers, whom we failed to find. However, we met an acquaintance, a horse dealer, who seemed to value our society very highly. If we may judge by his unwillingness to part from us, but we could not shake off the suspicion that it was less on account of its refining and elevating influence than the number of points he could pick up about some animals in our section that he thought of buying.

We resumed pole and paddle against wind little less boisterous than that of the preceding day. We worked our canoe through a crowd of logs, and seemed to have a good deal of fun. We ran some of them down. I remember that we were disturbed by a pair of Indians in a light canoe, and how Horace made big eyes at a young lady who came out on the balcony of a house that was very near the shore; and that is all that occurred till we reached Spruce Hill.

We were now very thirsty. Noticing three boys in the costume of Adam before the fall playing on the shore we asked if they could show us a spring. One stopped to put on his coat and all three struck a three-minute gait up the beach. We landed at the spot where they halted, and there within 2 ft. of the water's edge was a stream of ice-cold water as thick as a man's arm gurgling up out of the ground. Our guides proved to be three Fredericton school boys out on a sort of picnic of their own; and after asking us if our canoe was being N. W. it showed their curiosity by various other questions they disappeared in the bushes near the spot where we first saw them.

A heavy thunderstorm was now in progress about six miles to the north. An extended experience had taught us that when one of these get started no one can accurately foretell its course; so we got up our tent and made everything snug with all possible dispatch. The rain was being N. W. it showed their curiosity by various other questions they disappeared in the bushes near the spot where we first saw them.

ratus at your command, you pit yourself against the elements and come off victorious. Thus it was that the meal of bread, tinned beef and a few oranges that we ate here, and washed down with cold water, while the rain was vainly knocking for admittance on the outside of the little tent, was one of the pleasantest experiences of the trip.

While we were waiting for the weather to clear we discussed the situation and resolved to head the canoe for home. For my part, I was heartily tired of wave-butting and current-ramming under paddle. I know this sentiment will not find an echo in the hearts of many canoeists, but I spend about forty-four weeks of the year in one kind of drudgery, and seven of the remaining eight in another sort, in which muscular power is tested beyond its ability, and therefore I object most decidedly to making my one little week of outing of one piece with the rest of the year. For this reason a day and a half of hard paddling make a heavy enough dose for "this deponent."

Between showers, Horace took a walk down the shore. Half an hour later he showed up with a mild expression on his countenance. I gave him a sort of out-with-it look, and he said: "We thought those naked boys who piloted us here were preparing for a swim; but they live that way. Yes, sir, it is a fact. Happening to notice a small bough camp on a little green down there, I went in, and there the three of them were stark naked. I asked them where their clothes were, and they said that they had carefully rolled them up and stowed them in a hollow log, where they would get neither dirty nor wet—they didn't propose to arrive in Fredericton that night with a bedraggled toilet. If they got dirty, they could wash themselves; but they could not do the same with their clothes."

If the outer who in his manner of life comes nearest to that of the primitive man, is the most successful, I think these boys should be awarded a medal.

About 2 P.M. when we started down river, there the three of them were getting together logs to make a raft on which to float down to the city. One, whom the rest called Rob, advocated the selection of nothing but cedar—a proposal to which the other two demurred. Just as we were opposite them, he fled the following minority report: "Cedar is the best; it's light; it's buoyant; and a raft of it would be easily managed." But his measure, like many another sensible one, was voted down by a less intelligent majority; and we saw them rolling in spruce, lacinated, hemlock—anything.

There is a craft, locally known as the punt, which is common on the St. John. It is a lapstrake boat body, with a good deal of deck to the flat bottom, and square, scow ends, set, however, at a less obtuse angle with the bottom board than those in a scow. On our way up in the morning we had noticed that some man was the happy possessor of about 8 ft. of the bow section of one of these craft, which had been sawed off, and a straight biscuit-box stern nailed on. We had scarcely passed the boys when we saw a man and a boy out in this craft, trying to set a net. The man was standing in the stern and the boy, being the stern, was seated on the bow-board wielding a paddle on alternate sides with a sort of "stern all" motion, that, while not unskillful, was very funny to look at. At last they reached the desired point, and the man, balancing a killick stone attached to about 10 ft. of rope, attempted to throw it ashore. Just as he threw it the stone slipped from the noosed rope, and he was unable to recover, aligned on his feet in about 2 ft. of water. Though the single word he uttered could not by any amount of twisting be construed as profanity, its intonation, as well as its commonly accepted meaning, were as suggestive of disgust as anything I ever heard. When the "bread tray" was relieved of the man's weight the stern flew in the air, and it spun around on its bow end, like a top in its last staggering revolution.

Luckily, we were assisted in the stifling of our laughter by what might be styled a diversion. We were going about a six-mile gait with the wind on our port quarter. I was reclining amidships with my back against a blanket roll. Chancing to glance under the main boom, I saw directly ahead, and within thirty feet, a boat with a whole sail sack for a sail, and a grinning boy as pilot. There was a sort of "think of the road" in the boat, and it was toward, etc. The Squall huffs like lightning: it was "hard-a-lee, quick," and Horace responded without the usual preliminary wriggle of the tiller in the opposite direction that most persons give when confronted by a quick order. Had our knife-edged cutwater rammed that squat stern fairly, the dinners of both crews would have been shaken down some. A little below the railway bridge, where the boat was a queer machine, I strolled up to the post-office to mail a pack of postal cards. Queen street (the principal thoroughfare) looked dull and drowsy. Pedestrians were scarce, and carriages an unknown quantity. The wind had taken one of those sudden drops so common on showery days, and about the only sounds that could be caught without effort were the "fifteen boys" of a "fifteen" and a queer machine in a lawn tennis game on Barrack Square, and a rather subdued contralto voice accompanying a piano in the upper story of one of the houses fronting the street. I deposited my cards, and sauntering on around the block, halted for a moment at the gate of the barracks. I always liked to watch the maneuvers of the military, but this afternoon there seemed to be nothing in that line to look at, and I watched the sentry, nervous tread of the very neatly attired but undersized sentry.

All at once a vague, indistinct memory of a musical air came wafting through my mind; then like a flash it stood out sharp and clear in the form of a single line: "He was a little tin soldier." It was a line from the song that came floating through the window down street a few minutes before which I had unconsciously caught. The tune was a queer machine, and the melody was a tune that mine had played me a scurvy trick, so I spent the remainder of the walk in self-abasement by recalling the details of how a young man of the sentry's size and build had once laid me on my back three times in five, "side holds." L. I. FLOWER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BROOKLYN C. C.

AN important meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. was held at the residence of Mr. Frank L. Dunnell, 108 Broadway street, on Feb. 2, 1891, Joseph R. Rudt, Jr. presiding. The date of the regatta was selected for June 27, when sailing races will be held for unlimited, junior and canoe yawl classes. A committee composed of the officers and house committee was appointed to take charge of the hoisting sail competition on June 6. Com. Rudt presented the club with a handsome trophy, to be known as the Brooklyn C. C. racing trophy, which will be a challenge cup for perpetual competition. It is the shape of a birch bark canoe on a fancy ebony base, with small silver plates on the sides for the names of the winners.

The meeting then became a social session and an enjoyable evening was spent. It was the third winter rally, as the meetings are called, the two preceding being held at the club house, on Montague street.

Mr. Dunnell opened the evening's entertainment with a lantern slide exhibition, showing some new views of the last meeting of the American Canoe Association, which was held at Jessup's Neck, L. I., last summer, as well as some taken last spring in the West Indies. Messrs. Dwight Holbrook and Jerome W. Simpson of the Yonkers C. C. played several duets on banjo and piano. Arthur W. Hurst sang several solos, and many camp choruses were joined in by all present. In the rear parlor was an artistic exhibition of canoe and camp pictures, loaned by Messrs. S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., and Lafayette W. Seavey, of New York city, and numbering in all nearly one hundred. Here were shown the evolution of the canoe, from the aboriginal solid tree trunk canoe, through the dugout, open and closed, to the present light canoe, the lightest of the present, with its white sails and fancy totem, with its cap sitting balanced far out on its sliding seat, the latest canoeing wrinkle. At a late hour supper was served, after which "pipes and tobacco" was whistled and another hour passed pleasantly.

The evening's entertainment was in charge of Messrs. F. L. Dunnell, M. J. Brokaw and Victor W. M. Dan. The latter was the club. Among those present were Com. L. B. Palmer and Capt. W. J. Stewart of the Isthmian C. C. of Newark, N. J.; T. S. Oxholm and H. L. Quick of Yonkers; W. S. Elliott, W. H. H. Warren, Thomas G. Buddington, Charles P. Weekes, H. C. Ward, D. A. Nash, of Brooklyn; C. V. Schuyler of Arlington, N. J.; W. H. Cammeyer, R. Lipitor, F. Brew Dunnell, James W. Dunnell, Paul E. Varney, and W. L. Edwards.

At a late hour the evening's entertainment came to an end with the announcement that at the next rally an informal talk on field and camp accidents would be had.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFF, CANOE AND STEAM LAUNCH CO.—We have received the spring catalogue of the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., the successors to the business established by Dr. Bain some years since. The catalogue contains a large line of boats of all varieties, from a pleasure launch down to the smaller row-boats, including the famous Lawrence skiffs, open and closed canoes, canoe yaws, cruisers and sneakboxes. The firm makes a specialty of St. Lawrence skiffs, both for racing and for fishing and pleasure use. The catalogue is very well illustrated by the lines of the boats.

BOATS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

MR. FREDERICK L. OLMSTED, landscape engineer of the World's Exposition, has been suggesting some of the possibilities lying within water transportation by means of "omnibus boats" plying on the lake, and mentions the good effects possible in a gathering here in actual use specimens of the boats of all nations and tribes. He remarked: "I asked Mr. Burgess if he would be willing, upon a commission from the directory, to build a sample boat suitable for the purpose and provide all its outfit. He replied in effect, that he would do so, with much interest and pleasure. The plan for such a boat having been prepared by Mr. Burgess, in conference with us, and approved by the directory the boat would be built under the supervision of Mr. Burgess, and, after trial next summer, and, having been improved in any manner that trial should suggest to be desirable, would be the type and model in all respects of the entire fleet of omnibus boats for the Fair. Contracts would then be made with the boat-builders and manufacturers of electric plants for furnishing them equal in all respects to the model. The cost of such boats would, Mr. Burgess thought, be under \$1,000 each, or less than the price of a good hackney coach carrying four.

"Small canoes, more especially of the type commonly used by our canoe clubs, and which are now great numbers in the United States and Canada, might also be admitted to the waters. They would be small, would have but one, or at most two, occupants, would be propelled by the paddle, the paddler looking forward. But this would not be safe except with skilled canoeists. I should propose that no one be allowed to use the smaller canoes except under the supervision of the Canoeing Association. You know that this association meets every year, when large numbers of elegant canoes are brought together.

"Venetian gondolas and many other curious and interesting boats to be propelled by sculling, not by rowing, would be admissible.

"That is all I need say about the practical boat service of the interior waters of the Exposition, and I wish to add that it would seem to be most desirable to make a display of certain other marine features, especially to obtain from Spain a full-sized specimen of the kind of craft in which Columbus made his voyage. This would be to all men interested in maritime affairs an object of great curiosity.

"I would be interesting also to secure an exhibition of various sorts of quaint foreign water craft in contrast with our own. I mean such as Malay proas, catamarans, Arab dhows, Chinese sampans, Alaskan war canoes, the hooded boats of the Swiss lakes, and so on. All these are small. They could be kept aloft near the big warship if desired without being in the way of our omnibus boats, and all could be procured readily and at no great cost."

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB REGATTA.—A joint canoe regatta of the Marine and Field and Manhattan Athletic Club will be sailed off the former club's station at Bath Beach on June 20. Mr. W. F. Elliott, director of canoeing of the M. A. C., will have charge of the arrangements.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: Rowell M. Johnston, Albany, N. Y.; N. G. Dannel, E. A. Leet, Ticonderoga, N. Y. Atlantic Division: Edmund C. Hill, Trenton, N. J.

WINTER CAMP-FIRES.—The usual Friday camp-fire will be held at 19 West Twenty-fourth street, on Feb. 20. Mr. F. L. Dunnell will give an exhibition of lantern views.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. S. F., Little Falls, N. Y.—You are right about the tracks. B. L. D.—You can doubtless dispose of your dogs by advertising them in this paper.

CONSTANT READER.—Questions to be answered must be accompanied by your name and address.

J. H., Manchester, N. H.—Please inform me of the name and address of the owner of the red Irish setter champion Chief? Ans. Max Wenzel, 89 Fourth street, Hoboken, N. J.

N. T. L., New York.—Will you kindly let me know, at your earliest convenience, whether there has been a new law passed prohibiting spring duck shooting on Long Island? Ans. No.

W. H., Colchester, O.—Will you please give me the pedigree of pointer bitch Fanchon. She is about three years and six months old and is said to be registered. Ans. She is not registered.

J. A. D., Thessalon, Ont.—The rods you inquire about are well thought of by many people who have used them, but of course they do not please every one. You had better write to the manufacturers for their testimonials.

D. B. M., Lockport, N. Y.—There is a scheme on foot to stock the county with quail. I am requested to write you and find out if possible the address of some reliable persons of whom I can purchase live quail. You will confer a favor if you will let me know at your earliest convenience. Ans. See our advertising columns.

W. B., Mahanoy City, Pa.—Can you procure a patent for any part of a gun on drawings and model of the part to be patented, or must I produce drawings and model of gun complete? Ans. It is a part to be applied to a gun. We presume only drawing and model of the part to be patented. Write to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., for circular of information.


OLD SUBSCRIBER, Staten Island, N. Y.—Could any of your readers inform me of some village or small town in Georgia or the Carolinas, or the neighborhood of some such place, where it would be pleasant to reside, where there would be some bird shooting (preferably quail), where the people are genteel and hospitable and where the climate would be tolerable if one wished to spend the summer or part of it there?

E. S., Manchester, N. Y.—When you take the cars to go into the North Woods (the Carthage and Adirondack R. R.), which is the best point to stop at, and how far will you have to go from the R. R. to find plenty of deer? Can wagons be procured to carry camp equipments, etc., as far as wanted, and are there places where parties can camp and not be molested? Ans. From Oswegatchie station, 39 miles from Carthage, you can go 6 miles to Fine, and thence by boat to Cranberry Lake, which is said to be the best hunting ground in the neighborhood. There is a hotel at Cranberry Lake. Mrs. E. J. Bishop keeps it. Better write her for information. There is plenty of room to camp in this region we are told.

L. R. S., Scanton, Pa.—In your paper of two or three weeks ago appeared an article by T. B. Wilson, of West Va., with a note by the editor. Now as you have been there, would you be so kind as to write me in regard to the trout fishing to be had there, and are the reports of T. B. Wilson to be relied on? I am looking for just such a place as that appears to be, but wish to be sure before going, so anything will be thankfully received. Ans. Mr. Wilson's statements as to game we know to be trustworthy from personal experience. As to the trout fishing his accounts are corroborated by several correspondents who have fished the streams. Their communications will be found in past issues of FOREST AND STREAM. The region is full of interest for the sportsman and naturalist, and the people are always glad to share the hunt with him.


BARON L., DAMMERZT, Germany.—The Standard Natural History description and figures of three species of American hares. We have no true rabbits—i.e., burrowing members of the family Leporidae—in America. The "rabbit" or "cottontail" of our literature is *Lepus sylvaticus*. We have also in eastern New England and the North a larger hare, *L. americanus virginianus*, and in the South and West many other kinds, in all more than twenty species and varieties. We have no doubt that the hare would be available for breeding in enclosures, though possibly the Western jack rabbit (*L. campestris* and allied forms) might prove so. Certain coursing clubs are said to be experimenting in this direction in the West, we do not know with what success. The Indian troubles are over. They were brought about by mismanagement and bad faith on the part of the U. S. Government.

C. H. B., Boston.—I should like a little advice through your valuable paper in regard to stocking some territory in northern Massachusetts with some species of hare other than the indigenous cotton-tail "rabbit," which is already very plentiful there. I am told that the Eastern white hare has already been tried, but has not multiplied, perhaps owing to the northern location or to some undiscovered enemy. Would you advise trying them again or experimenting with the English species, which I am informed are very plentiful in some parts of New Jersey? If the latter, where can I obtain the animals? Ans. We would suggest trying the Eastern hare again. It is common in northern Massachusetts and in parts of New York and Pennsylvania, and would be more likely, we should think, to do well than any other species. Experiments with the European hare in this country are reported not to have been satisfactory. See answer to Baron L. in this issue.



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2d Angler;

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NOTICE TO LIMIT CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company:

Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof, such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILLIAM H. LEMA-SENA, Receiver, 802 Broad st., Newark, N. J.

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No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted.	" 3 32
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10 ft., weight 9, 10 1/2, 12, 13 oz.	Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted.	" 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8 ft., weight 20 oz.	" 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint.	" 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9 ft.	" 90c.
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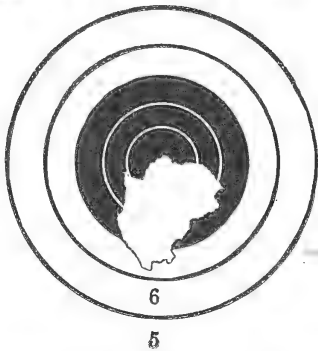
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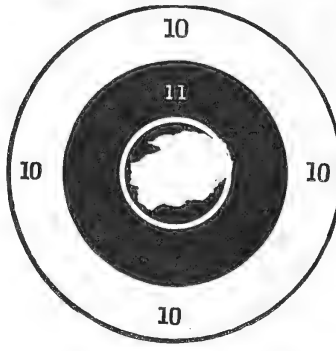
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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FISH HATCHERY FOR LAKE ONTARIO.

A BILL for the establishment of a fish hatchery in the State of New York, near the St. Lawrence River, has been reported by the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries to the committee of the whole House, with a recommendation for its passage provided that the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries shall first be satisfied that the State of New York has taken efficient measures for the regulation of fishing and the protection of spawning fish in the waters of northern New York.

A letter communicated to the Senate by Commissioner McDonald is made a part of the report of the committee. This letter refers to the extensive drainage area which would be benefited by the establishment of a hatchery near the St. Lawrence, to the great decline in the number of whitefish in Lake Ontario as compared with other lakes of the same chain, the magnificent results of artificial propagation of whitefish by the States of Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin, the Canadian government, and later by the U. S. Fish Commission. The Commissioner also directs attention to the necessity of conducting such work under Government auspices, because the benefit will be a public one. The practical extinction of the Atlantic salmon in Lake Ontario is mentioned, and in this connection an instructive report by Messrs. Whitcher and Vening is introduced because of its graphic account of the former abundance of salmon in Wilmot's Creek, the deadly means employed for their destruction, and the consequent extermination of the fish. The Commissioner states that the same agencies which destroyed the salmon of Wilmot's Creek have depleted all the salmon streams of the State of New York draining into Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. Obstructions in the rivers have prevented the salmon from reaching their spawning grounds and made natural reproduction impossible. "It is entirely practicable to restore and maintain the whitefish and salmon fisheries through fishcultural work, systematically and persistently pursued," The Commissioner goes on

to say that this work must be supplemented by concurrent regulation of the lake fisheries by the United States and Canada, and by the enforcement on the part of New York of legislation providing for the unobstructed ascent of the salmon to their spawning grounds. He places the cost of a station, which will be adequate for the purpose, at \$20,000, besides the expense of the site and water privileges, and estimates for its annual running expense the sum of \$9,000. This hatchery should provide for the development of 100,000,000 whitefish eggs and 1,000,000 eggs of salmon, together with trough accommodation for a million salmon fry and an extensive system of ponds for rearing salmon to a size which will insure their safety from destruction by other fish.

LIVE GAME FOR STOCKING.

MUCH indignation has been aroused over a reported attempt by Mr. Austin Corbin of this city to stock his New Hampshire game preserve with live deer captured in Maine and Quebec. As it is forbidden by the statutes of both to capture deer at this season of the year Mr. Corbin's agents are clearly in the wrong, and if they persist in their purpose should be punished. Aside from its bare illegality, however, there is nothing in the enterprise which appears to warrant the expressed indignation against it. Mr. Corbin's scheme of establishing a great game preserve, stocked with buffalo, elk, deer and other species, is one which commends itself to all who are interested in American big game. If the laws of a State where deer abound as they do in Maine make no provision for the capture alive of specimens for stocking purposes, the laws are in so far defective.

The same principle applies here that holds with respect to live quail for stocking. The purpose is laudable; it should be possible of accomplishment by lawful means. Maine might very well provide for the capture alive of a certain specified reasonable number of deer each season, their taking to be duly supervised by agents under authority of the Game Commissioners. Such transportation would not appreciably affect the native stock. Similar provisions for transplanting quail and prairie chickens and Chinese pheasants and other game birds, all under reasonable limitations, might profitably be inserted in the game laws of States and Territories where the supply is large. In short, this is a form of public-spirited enterprise which should be encouraged.

THE NEW YORK GAME BILL.

IN another column are noted several changes which have been made in the game bill now before the New York Legislature; among them is one, the importance of which has been urged in these columns, restoring the original composition of the Board of Fish Commissioners by retaining the present number, five, instead of three. In addition to the alterations mentioned on page 107 numerous verbal changes have been made which do not alter the purport of the several sections, but strengthen the original provisions by the use of more explicit terms. The codifiers have taken advantage of study of the printed text to make the measure more definite in phraseology and more secure in its effect.

As a matter of course comments on the bill have been mainly in the nature of adverse criticism, for those who have taken occasion to speak of it have chiefly been those who have advocated changes. It was not to be expected that where so many interests are concerned and where there is such latitude for honest differences of opinion, any measure would escape criticism. It would be unfortunate, however, if because of these criticisms the public has failed to appreciate how well the codification commission has done its work and what an admirable measure the bill is, in conciseness, clearness and arrangement. The codifiers have brought order out of chaos; they have substituted for an inexact, unintelligible and contradictory "mess" of legislation a succession of sections which are consistent, readily understood and definite in their meaning. Whatever may be the dissatisfaction with different provisions, the codifiers deserve and should receive generous credit for the work done.

As we have already suggested, the game and fish laws of numerous other States should be treated in the same way; and we hope to see the example of New York extensively followed. To codify means to render intelligible and harmonious; which means to make more effective; which means better game and fish protection.

DEMORALIZATION IN MAINE.

WE invite careful reading of the communication from Mr. Manly Hardy, relating to the demoralization which now prevails in Maine with respect to the game laws. The story told by Mr. Hardy is in brief this, that visitors from other States have killed game out of season to an outrageous extent; and have enjoyed practical immunity in doing so; that the people of Maine, contemplating this wanton destruction, have wearied of striving to save the moose and deer for legitimate use, and have adopted the plan of killing out of season to satisfy their wants. This is a startling condition of affairs, and one well deserving immediate and careful consideration, that if possible the remedy may be provided.

It is quite obvious that the lawlessness of visiting sportsmen furnishes no justification for the course pursued by the Maine residents. Two wrongs do not make a right. If men from Boston and New Haven and New York have killed game out of season and left it to rot, they deserved punishment; but their failure to receive their desserts afforded no warrant to others to join in the illicit destruction. That some burglars go unpunished does not justify other thieves, nor do sensible people whose houses have been robbed adopt the plan of evening up by breaking into their neighbors' houses. It was the duty of Maine citizens cognizant of these outrages to bring their perpetrators to justice, or failing in that, to provide better machinery for effective execution of the laws.

All this, we say, is obvious, and must have been thought of by Mr. Hardy. But after all is said, the condition—whether reasonable or unreasonable—remains; and our correspondent has done a public service by picturing it. We hope to lay before our readers more facts shedding light on the case, to present all sides of the question, and to discuss it thoroughly and impartially, in the trust that such discussion will help toward preparing the way for a better state of things.

THE NATIONAL FISH COMMISSION.

IT is a subject of sincere satisfaction that the Senate Committee on Fisheries, after a prolonged and exhaustive investigation of the affairs of the United States Fish Commission, has reported that none of the charges preferred against Commissioner MacDonald have been sustained. The report concludes with this by no means uncertain endorsement of the conduct of the affairs of the Commission:

In view of the great importance to the country of the work of the Commission, and the urgent necessity for its continuance, we ask a careful examination of the testimony presented, believing that it is sufficient to convince all fair-minded persons that there is no just cause to criticize the policy of the Commission or the course of the Commissioner in the matter of administering the affairs of the office, but on the contrary he deserves commendation for the conscientious manner in which he performed his work.

This is precisely the sort of report expected by those who knew anything of the National Commission. The charges preferred against Col. MacDonald and his associates bore every evidence of prompting by a combination of personal enmity and political greed for patronage. The attack was initiated by discharged employees, it was carried on by politicians eager to convert the Commission into a part of the political machine. That the schemers have been defeated means the continued efficiency of the Commission. Col. MacDonald is to be congratulated on having won this vindication and commendation, but vastly more has the country at large reason for thankfulness that the national fishcultural interests have not been sacrificed to political greed.

The volume of travel to Florida this year is very large, and the tourist whose baggage includes rod or gun, or who has a four-footed companion's comfort to look after, in encountered at every turn. If one may believe the railroad folders and guides, game and fish were never in greater plenty than now. The drum fishing season has opened well; one native fisherman paddled his dugout to the wharf at St. Augustine last Friday with a catch of seven drum as the reward of a day's fishing.

The deaths within a week of one another of Gen. H. H. Sibley and Col. Thos. A. Picton have removed two of the circle of writers who were best known to a former generation of readers of sporting literature. Both were contributors to the *Spirit of the Times* in Frank Forester's day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AT THE DEPOT.

THE night express is late, and still prevails
The storm. Far up the frowning mountainside
It rages in its anger, power and pride,
Then, stooping like an eagle, fierce assaults
The groaning pines and hemlocks in the vales.
The air is thick with snow, and far and wide
Resounds around the unabating tide
Of storm. Deep in the woods, between the gales,
The yeeping foxes scold the bitter night,
While I my wrapping furs (the more enjoy,
And pace the sheltered platform, as a boy
Goes forth to hail the winter with delight.
But hark! Now clicks the key, and through the gloom
Breaks the fierce headlight like the day of doom!

S. NELSON MCADOO.

HENRY HASTINGS SIBLEY.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

[From the forthcoming revised edition of "Haphazard Personalities."]

THE name of Sibley has been familiar to me ever since I was a boy of ten years, when I first met Henry H. Sibley at the house of his noted father Solomon Sibley, in the city of Detroit. About twelve years afterward, when he visited New York for the purpose of purchasing Indian goods, of the noted firm of Suydam, Jackson & Co., I not only gave him the prices and boxed up the goods, but remember to have marked them for a region that seemed to me at the time on the other side of the world.

And then again, in 1845, when spending "a summer in the wilderness" of the upper Mississippi, I found my Detroit friend in a log cabin at the mouth of the St. Peters River, performing the duties of an Indian trader. Not only did we have some pleasant talks about dear old Michigan and our many Wolverine friends, but he took me to see the Falls of Minnehaha and St. Anthony, also furnished me with a horse and an Indian guide to take me to Crow Wing, further up the Mississippi. I also purchased of him, at the time, a Mackinaw blanket, large, blue and fine in texture, for use in my prospective camp life—probably one of the specimens I had packed up for him in Pearl street, New York, and which, though now changed by the dyer to a bright crimson, I have often utilized in later years for the sake of the old times.

After another turn of the wheel of fortune, when Mr. Sibley was seated in the National Congress as a delegate from Minnesota, it became necessary for me to "take his life" for my Dictionary of Congress; and as he is at this present writing a remarkably healthy old man, I am reminded of a bit of advice, which he gave me in Washington, to the effect that the drinking of a glass of water every morning immediately after leaving one's bed was a very beneficial habit.

The career of Mr. Sibley as a Western pioneer is in keeping with the progress and present condition of the extensive and splendid region of our country, with which his name will ever be honorably identified. He was born in Detroit in 1811, and after receiving a good education became fixed with a desire to live and labor in the wilderness, and it was not long before he joined the American Fur Company and was assigned to duty at the Sault St. Marie and at Mackinaw. Having made his mark by his abilities, the managers of the company decided to send him to look after their affairs on the Mississippi River. His first stopping place was at Prairie du Chien in 1834, between which place and his Ultima Thule, at the mouth of the St. Peters, the distance was 300 miles, with only one log cabin to break the monotony, and over which he traveled on horseback with an Indian guide. After spending some ten years in doing what he could for the fur company he was compelled by circumstances to turn his attention to matters more closely allied to civilization than the purchasing of furs. As the immigrants tumbled into the new Territory of Minnesota Mr. Sibley was elected its first delegate to Congress, and then when the State Government was organized he was elected its first Governor; he also served as a Brigadier General in the war for the Union, and in 1862 commanded the forces which succeeded in suppressing the noted outbreak among the Sioux Indians. At a banquet which was given to the General and ex-Governor in 1884 the leading speaker, C. K. Davis, summarized his career in the following words:

"From the beginning in all that was intended for our well being, for the cause of education, for public morals, for social benefit, for our municipal advancement, for our chamber of commerce, for our railroad system and for private benefactions, in all acts which demanded integrity, benevolence, business talent and tact and nerve; in all these he has been a leader and an originator. Such debts can never be paid by aught excepting our abounding and inadequate gratitude."

That a man of noble physique and indomitable energy, like General Sibley, should have had a fondness for the sports of the field, forest and prairie, was quite natural. Because of his reputation as a sportsman he has long been known in the West as "Hal a Dacotah" and certain published recollections from his pen, entitled "Hunting on the Western Prairies" and "Buffalo Hunting," are full of information and highly interesting. He was a devotee of field sports from his boyhood, and it was this mania which induced him to cast his lot on the frontiers of civilization. While hunting for the buffalo and other wild animals he had many narrow escapes from injuries and death, and yet the greatest danger to which he was ever exposed came from the assault of a favorite deer-hound, one of a pack to which he was devotedly attached.

Several Indians on one occasion, to use the language of a friend, had dropped into his office to ask counsel of the pale face warrior, whom they regarded with awe and veneration, when the savage dog evinced a desire to attack the intruders. In attempting to quiet the brute, Gen. Sibley awakened the latent tiger-like nature of the hound, and with the premonitory symptoms only of a low growl and fiery flash of the eyes, he sprang at his master. The assembled "braves" fled precipitately, and left the owner to subdue the hound or become a victim to his ferocity as the case might be. Grasping a long iron poker, which he kept conveniently near to be used in case of emergency, Mr. Sibley struck the dog a heavy blow

across the shoulders, but instead of disabling the hound, he succeeded merely in still further exasperating his dangerous antagonist. Determined to conquer at all hazards, he seized a heavy oaken chair, which fortunately was of the most substantial kind, and as the maddened beast prepared to spring, dealt him a terrific blow, following up his slight advantage and striking as fast and forcibly as circumstances would permit. For some time the combat continued, with the utmost fury on one side and deliberate courage and coolness on the other, until the hound, utterly subjugated, retreated to a corner, and his owner advanced and patted him on the head in token of reconciliation. An instant of fear or hesitation would doubtless have resulted in the terrible laceration if not death of the owner. Mr. Sibley ever regarded this as one of the narrowest escapes of his life, and when the conflict was over could but marvel at his own daring in assailing a beast scarcely inferior to the panther in strength and courage. The stout oaken chair was shattered in the savage fight, attesting the desperate nature of the conflict. Not long after he had another encounter in the same manner and place, and demolished another of the oaken chairs, but this was the last difficulty he experienced with the hound, who was ever after completely at his master's command.

The long-continued and intimate intercourse that Gen. Sibley had with the Sioux and Chippewa Indians gave him an influence with them which was almost unexampled. He always treated them with respect, but never yielded to their whims, and it was undoubtedly true that his first conflict with a Sioux hunter had an important influence in securing the respect of the Indians. The incident occurred soon after Mr. Sibley had reached the wilderness, and was to this effect: He was out upon a duck shooting expedition, and having killed not less than eight birds out of a passing flock with his double-barreled gun, he was suddenly startled by the report of another gun in his vicinity, when a stalwart Indian came out of his ambush and proceeded to pick up the game the white man had killed. Mr. Sibley said nothing, but approached the Indian, coolly took all the birds as his property, and left the Indian to his own contemplations. He nursed his wrath to keep it warm, and was wont in after years to relate the incident to his people, but was careful never to cross the path of the duck hunting white man.

During the forty-three years that have passed away since General Sibley entertained me in his cabin in the shadow of Fort Snelling, the great domain with which he has been so honorably identified has had a truly marvelous career. The spot where he traded with the Indians, together with the neighboring post of St. Peter, now contain not less than 300,000 inhabitants, and the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin are to-day perfect paragons of cultivated beauty and the homes of unexampled prosperity and intellectual contentment and peace. And as General Sibley was the man who built the first stone residence on the banks of the upper Mississippi it seems to be the most natural result that, at this present writing, the people of Minnesota should be planning for the erection of a marble monument, in a prominent locality, as a tribute of their regard for the most eminent pioneer of their Commonwealth.

P. S.—General Sibley died at his home in Minnesota in February, 1891, and the press commemorated his long and useful life with earnest and loving testimonials.

THE CHARMS OF INDIAN RIVER.

ROCK LEDGE, Fla., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No one has seen Florida who has not visited the Indian River; and Rock Ledge is the gateway to the whole region. Here come the tourists, the sportsmen and the health seeker, and all find themselves satisfied and well rewarded. The orange appears here to have found its home, undisturbed by enemies, either of climate or of the insect world, and offers the grower a sure and abundant return. The pineapple is already yielding fabulous profits to those who have gone into its culture. Along the ridge known as Rock Ledge, the hammock densely wooded with oak and the tall palmetto runs close to the water edge, where the wayfarer can sit in the cool shade at all hours of the day, or can stroll for miles along the trail, which follows the indented line of the shore. This old Indian trail, now a beautiful path, has without doubt been a highway for many generations of red men, and before them of the Mound Builders, whose remains are scattered all along the river. New vistas appear at every turn, while from behind the cottages appear the groves heavily laden with the golden fruit. On the broad bosom of the river appear all sorts of craft, steam and naphtha and sail, while the number of steamers plying the whole length of the river proclaim the fact that here at least they are still unvexed by railroad competition.

So far as the tourist and the sportsman are concerned there need be no hurry for the railway. If you look toward the other shore the reports of guns tell of the sportsman's success among the ducks which swarm along the river. The venison upon the table, with an occasional steak of manatee, with the showing of a panther skin seven feet long attest the supply of game in abundance. Those who desire to shoot ducks go over to the Banana River, where good shooting is assured.

An example of the intelligence of water fowl is shown at Titusville, where for several years the shooting of ducks has been prohibited on the river along the city's front, and where, as evening comes on, thousands of ducks come swimming in toward their sleeping place, until the water for many rods from the shore is literally black with them. Rock Ledge must shortly pursue a similar plan and protect all water fowl in front, as the birds add greatly to the attractions for visitors, who do not care for shooting them, but who like to watch their graceful movements.

Indeed, Florida must at once proceed to the enactment of proper laws if the game of the State is to be protected from extinction. There are so many who call themselves sportsmen, who kill for the sake of killing without care or thought of the future, that it will be but a few years before the wonderful abundance of game in Florida will be a thing of the past.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the coming session of the Legislature of Florida will enact proper laws for the protection of game and the prohibition at all seasons of the killing of birds of plumage and song. Even now there are long stretches of the Indian River from which the heron and egret have fled and are seen no more,

To those who are expecting to visit this region, the present hotel accommodations, which are of the best, add largely to the delightfulness of the sojourn. Rock Ledge now offers ample entertainment for all comers. The Hotel Indian River is delightfully situated a little way from the brink of the river with a grove of tall oaks and palmettos in front and a small fleet of all sorts of boats from a canoe to a schooner, giving ample opportunity for all sorts of recreation on the water, while an orange grove of forty acres affords the tourist the opportunity to study the delicious fruit at its very best. D. W. W.

A THANKSGIVING CLIMB.

EVERYONE was going to the lake for a Thanksgiving shoot. Canvasbacks, mallards and teal were just waiting to be filled with lead, so reports ran, and there was no reason why I should not enjoy myself. But I had been there before, many a time, and experience taught that, should the day be clear the ducks would rest complacently in the sedges a mile or two from the shore, and should it be cloudy and the waves choppy the five miles of sportsmen that lay along the marshy brink would have all the fun they desired without any assistance. Hence I took to the mountains and hence this yarn.

It was 9 o'clock when we set out, a clear, sharp, bracing morning. Over the summits of that mighty range, that stands, a fortress, between the great inland basin and the rolling prairies, a faint suspicion of the dawn came stealing, and through those yawning chasms, rent by upheavals and worn by the glaciers and torrents of millenniums, the breath of winter came sweeping down upon the sleeping valley. From the light, the warmth, the comfort, we went facing both the winter and the dawn. There were three of us, T., the banker, C., the lawyer, and myself. T. was sure that we would run across a bear. He carried a large navy revolver. C. had heard that there were eight deer near the forks of the cañon. His weapon was an old Winchester. I pinned my faith to willow grouse and fool hens, so it is needless to relate what I carried for self defense.

A walk of two miles brought us to the mouth of Slate cañon. We turned. Below lay the city, the faint white smoke lazily crawling from a few chimneys; beyond a pale haze overhung Utah Lake, and fainter yet across the water the purple hills that fringe the great desert caught on their utmost battlements light lances from the rising sun. And then we went into the darkness. The massive walls closed behind us. We were alone with Nature.

Oh, these cañons of the Rockies—eternal, yet ever new, ever marvelous! I love them and I dread them. There is a time in June when their rugged sides are veiled in blue and yellow, white and green; when the wind sings softly among the nodding wild flowers; when the fierce torrent has dwindled to a babbling brook and the buzzing of the bees mingles with the notes of the birds. Then they are lovely. And in mid summer, when the white coats of the sheep glisten like pearls amid the upland emerald, when the pipe and the horn awaken the slumbering echoes, they are beautiful. And again, beneath soft Indian-summer skies, when every shrub and tree flaunts the oriflamme of war, they are sublime. But in winter they are awful. The trembling vine has fallen from the bare, black rock. The leaves are driven down upon the plain. There is no song of bird, nor hum of bee, and the unchecked wind, glancing from cliff to crag, shrieks with the death wail of the Valkyries. Naked and somber the massive walls rise thousands of feet on either side, and the light that shines above, yet never reaches those dark, cold depths, is but a ray of hope eternally eluding the up-looking spirits of the lost.

As we walked up the cañon we saw a blaze just ahead, and on reaching the spot found a surveyor making a mineral location. Silver is supposed to be silver since the last session of Congress, and an impetus has been given to prospecting all over this Territory and Colorado. By the fire we took our first rest, and as I filled my pipe the surveyor remarked:

"You had better put that up, for you'll need all your breath before you reach the top." As he was rapidly emptying a sack of Durham, I did not follow his advice, though within an hour I found that smoking and walking could not be indulged in at the same time and at such an altitude. Higher we climbed, the surveyor with us, and all along the way were the posts of claims where many a man had sunk his all, and posts of other claims where men hope yet to make great fortunes. At length the surveyor turned back, telling us that we were about 2,000ft. above the town and that we must climb 4,000ft. more before we could reach the peak that was our goal. Still no sun and still no game. Along the narrow trail, over sharp rocks and huge boulders, we went in Indian file. Tom was ahead, and as he stepped into a little level spot, bush-covered and warmed by the rays that stole down through a cross cañon, he pulled his revolver and fired. It took about five seconds to get the shells into my gun, and as I stepped up the word "pheasants" fell upon my ear. Now I had supposed the pheasants of this part of the Wasatch to be the *Pedioetes*, but as no flight followed the report of the revolver I knew I had met something else in the bird line. I could hear them running amid the thicket in the dry leaves, and the way they hid themselves was a caution. Only one luckless wight was slow and heedless of the danger. He lifted his head from behind a sheltering log, and as I saw the ruff upon his neck I thought that I had met with my old friends that I first saw upon the Orange Mountain, before that beautiful range of hills was covered with the stately mansions and villas that I am told are there to-day. But the browner color proclaimed this ruffed grouse to be of the variety *umbelloides*, and in spite of his name and of old associations I dropped him. T. drew him while I hunted in vain for the remainder of the bevy.

The delay brought to our party two boys who had followed us all the way from town. One carried a 10-bore and his shells were loaded with buckshot. The other had a new rifle which he kept in his case, and had a deer jumped within 10yds. of him it would have been out of sight before he could get his traps unlimbered. A mile more was without incident. We were amid the huge aspens, and mountain mahogany and laurel were abundant. At length we reached a snowbank and at its base a little spring. Here we flushed more young grouse, and the birds started off on a half walk and a half fly, after the style of a wild turkey. All blazed away, though I had the only luck in scoring a dead bird. Stopping a while to examine the mineral formation, I heard the

crack of firearms just ahead, and running up found the rifle and the revolver getting in their work on another bunch of grouse, and five victims were added to the bag. Half-past 10 brought us to the forks, and, to our sorrow, we took the right hand branch. For half an hour we had walked, half skated up the bed of a frozen brook, and there our progress was stopped by an ice cascade a hundred feet in height. We were in a veritable *cul de sac*, and it was hard to get out, for the ground was frozen and it was almost impossible to obtain a foothold. But by patient continuance in well doing and by passing up our effects from one to another, we reached the summit of a little ridge, and from that point had easy traveling for a few hundred yards to the edge of the snow line, where we halted for lunch. While we were resting C. brought a porcupine out of a pine tree, and was as proud of his exploit as though he had killed a silvertip. It was now an easy matter to reach the top of the main divide, where our two uninvited comrades left us and went down Flobble Creek in search of deer.

My game pockets being heavily loaded I lagged behind the rest of the party, and just as T. passed over the crest I heard seven shots fired in rapid succession. He surely has his long-coveted bear. But no, down the hill comes a porcupine as large as a hog. I salute it with both barrels, and it stops just long enough to scratch its smarting hindquarters on the rocks and then down hill again, T. after it loading as he ran. Two more shots and then his shout of triumph, at which I sat down to enjoy the magnificent prospect while he once more made the weary climb. He reported that there were five bullet holes and numerous shot marks on the breast, that its lower jaw was shot off and that its entrails were dragging, and yet the cripple kept on until a close shot between the eyes settled the business.

We were on the divide, but the peak was yet hundreds of feet above us. We had a warm climb up the south side, and I had to stop for breath every fifty paces. Near the top I noticed a side cañon with its precipitous sides covered with spruces, and telling C. that it was just the place for pine buns, we went to the brink and were on a level with the tops of the trees. Two birds flew just before us, and soon C. blazed away at an old stayer. He missed it, but the report raised a tremendous tumult. It seemed as though every tree had been alive, and the birds now sought safety on the further side of the cañon. I managed to drop one, and it rolled down hill, leaving me nothing but feathers and the blood stains on the snow. It would have been an hour's work to have got it, so, for aught I know, it is rolling still. But those birds were not spruce grouse, they were the genuine *Centrocercus*—the sage hen—that, leaving natural diet, had come to the mountain tops for a Thanksgiving dinner.

It was not comfortable to stand in knee-deep snow and shoot at birds that would be lost as certain as they were hit, so a last effort brought us to the crest. Such a prospect I have never beheld in the length and breadth of the land. We were 6,000 ft. above the city at our feet, and 11,000 ft. above the sea level. Below lay Provo, and as train after train passed by they seemed like toys, and the houses were toys, and the great farms were checker-board squares. And beyond the town, it seemed within rifle shot, Utah Lake stretched up and down the valley for forty miles. We saw Lehi, American Fork, Provo, Springville, Payson, Benjamin, the smoke of the great Tintic mining camp, and scores of little settlements. Northward we looked into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Westward, over Utah Lake and its further hills we saw the peaks of Nevada. To the far east the mountains of Colorado serrated the horizon and, thirty-five miles to the south, Nebo, monarch of Utah, raised its white and lordly head to a height of 13,600 ft., while at its western foot nestled the fertile Juab valley. Such a glorious panorama would have repaid days instead of hours of toil. But we had to leave, it was already 2:15 and the descent was a difficult matter. It took six hours to get down those four miles, and it was about as trying a trip as it has been my luck to experience. Just before reaching the spruce trees I met with a fall that made me useless save as a bearer of the spoils. So C. took the gun, T. the rifle, and I brought up the rear. Some hunters had fired a clump of dead pines about 200 ft. below the summit. There we took a second lunch, and for an hour we had splendid shooting. T. managed to bring down two hens with one shot from the rifle, and while C. was not an expert, he secured quite a bag. One old hen seemed to bear a charmed life. T. saw her in the top of a dead tree about 50 yds. away. A rifle shot failed to disturb her. Then the revolver was used, and while the seven balls cut the limbs all about her she was still untouched. C. now came up, and though I advised him to get nearer, knowing that his shells were loaded with No. 9 shot, he blazed away at the same distance. The feathers flew and the bird flew, too, and that ended our sport. By the way, all the birds were drawn as soon as shot, and hence when eaten they had neither a sage nor a resinous flavor.

Dark found us at the head of a little cañon whose bed in spring is a torrent, and for three hours we felt our way down. Below we could see the flash of guns at the edge of the lake and long after the report came faintly up between the hills. At length it was over, and we reached a farm house, a well and a road, and at 8:30 we sat down to our dinner. For a couple of days three cripples limped about the streets of Provo, and when asked what was the matter, a point to the summit was a sufficient answer.

That was ten days ago. The snow that then was high up has come down and the mountains are white to their feet. Winter is here, not the harsh, Eastern winter, but it is winter just the same. I cannot endure it, so to-morrow I saddle my pony and start southward for the cañon of the Southern Colorado, for the valleys of the Virgin and of the Santa Clara, to that land—

"Where falls not rain, nor hail,
Nor any snow; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair
With orchard, lawn and bowery hollow,
Crowned by the summer sea."

PROVO, UTAH. SHOSHONE.

MR. EDGAR SMITH, of Maine, who was hurt on a horse railroad in Boston last December, has been discharged from the hospital after six weeks' confinement there, and has gone home. He is at the present time on crutches and not very lively, but we are glad to know that he will be able to superintend his fishing camps at Round Mountain Lake the coming season.—M. (Boston, Feb. 22).

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

XIV.—THE RETURN TO NICATOWIS.

MONDAY again there was thick fog although we were up at sunrise, hoping to be off before the weather could remember what day of the week it was and make up its mind to rain. All our Sundays were pleasant, but on other days we had to take our chances.

When finally we did leave our island and head up Penobscot Brook it was with no little difficulty that we were able to keep the channel, for the water had risen until it stood within 2 or 3 in. of the tips of the moose-ear leaves and was so spread out among side channels and logans that it was almost impossible to follow the winding thoroughfare or to find the carry if we strayed from the stream.

The carry was exceedingly wet, so that, if the description of it had been left till our return, it must have received even a worse name than has been given it. Father engineered a side track past the wettest place, where, by the aid of the setting-pole and by stepping just as I was directed, I managed not to overtop my rubber boots; otherwise it might have been called wading, or it might have been called swimming.

The food question was as perplexing as ever. We had with us only part of a meal of broiled pickerel and we knew Gassobeis would be too high for either trout fishing or duck shooting. But on the way across the carry Father came upon a flock of spruce partridges. We do not count these as game, we do not usually even throw stones to scare them; above all would we disapprove of shooting such a foolish bird with anything but a rifle, cutting its neck off in the good old-fashioned way. But in the present instance the rifle was far ahead, the shotgun handy and it was a question of dinner. Father ran back with the gun and soon, with more of the feeling commonly known as "resignation" than I had previously felt on the trip, I listened to the well-known bang, bang, bang of the old gun, for spruce partridges are commonly accounted as fit only for sable bait, and never before had we been brought so low.

We were two hours and a half crossing the carry with only two loads apiece, and before we got over the sun, which had been struggling with mists and clouds, came out. Gassobeis was at least a foot higher than when we had left it. We followed the right shore closely, hoping to see a birch partridge which we could exchange for one of our spruce grouse, until it became necessary to turn, in order to keep a straight course through the narrows toward the outlet. The canoe had just been pointed out when Father and Jot, almost at the same instant, sighted a deer swimming quietly from the right to the left shore of the narrows.

It was a lovely chase. The deer was on the base of a right triangle; we, with about four times as far to go, on the hypotenuse. If the deer was not alarmed, we could gain; if frightened at us, we must lose ground which we could never recover, for the deer would get ashore before we were within rifle shot. What little breeze there was drew toward us; on the other hand, we were heavily loaded. The men sprang to their paddles without a word—no excitement, no haste, no great exertions; yet the canoe sped forward under the quick, clean strokes. The deer, too, swam well, but not very rapidly, and did not appear to see us, or seeing, not to notice us, until, when quite near the shore, yet too far off for a shot from a canoe, we saw the head turn toward us on the water and gaze curiously at us. The canoe was turned bows on, the paddling almost ceased. The deer began to swim again more rapidly. It was not far to the shore now. On the moment up sprang the men, off came the coats, and then there was pulling indeed. This rush was the crisis. The water boiled behind the paddles, the canoe leaped with great bounds; loaded as she was, she flew through the water. The deer, too, was swimming fast, with a few strokes would have touched bottom, and then, with two bounds, a shake of a wet hide and a flit of a white tail, would have cleared the bushes on the shore, safe from pursuit; but the onrush of the canoe was so sudden, the light shirt sleeves of the men and their unexpected rising so startling, the chase so hot, that the fugitive turned and began to swim away from the shore. The canoe shot inshore, lost headway, struck hard on a sunken rock. The deer was swimming with great leaps, shoulders out at every stroke—ten rods, eleven, twelve; it was the deer's turn now. The instant we struck Father sprang to his feet with his rifle. There were two sharp echoes from the hills, and our deer chase was over; but we were sorry that we had taken the poor, silly, useless, little lives of the spruce partridges.

That afternoon as we stayed at Gassobeis, we could hear the wind howling above the trees, and we knew that there was a zephyr blowing on Nicatowis. It was better to be where we were. We picked some berries, hunted out our hidden stores, and were pleased to find them in very good condition—except our best hats, which, having been left in the dark so long, now appeared in a new light, Father's straw decorated with a multitude of rosy spots, and my black felt adorned with a full coat of green mould. Father left his at Pistol Green later, but I had to wear mine down on the cars—it was that, or a faded red felt, or a Tam O'Shanter that had seen so much of the world that the button was all worn off the top.

Toward night we heard again that mysterious sound, which rose from the earth and vanished—we knew not whence coming nor whither going; and again in the morning it went abroad. More than anything else I ever heard, it possessed me with a sense of indefiniteness and mystery. No animal crying in the night, no melancholy bird could have touched a chord that sympathized so nearly with that primitive feeling which gives rise to superstition; their voices might be unfamiliar or unrecognized, but there is not one among them, bird or beast, with which I am not intimately familiar, which I have not handled in the body or seen in life, and toward them I can bear no deeper feeling than curiosity. None of the noises of the woods could have made the same impression; for I could account for them. It was none of the sounds made by men in their ordinary woods' vocations. Because it was unaccountable it gave an un-kin feeling, such as one might have toward a creature without a soul, for it seemed to dwell in a region apart by itself, away from the realities of the woods, unless the gnomes are real and make such noises in their burrowings. But what kept me from doubting my own senses was that we heard it with such regularity, morning, noon and at nightfall.

Our stay at Gassobeis was entirely uneventful. We

did not see even a duck. When we went down Gassobeis Stream we noticed the change of color that had taken place. The bog showed more bronze than formerly; the withe-rod berries (*Viburnum dentatum*) hung in blue bunches; the wild raisins (*Viburnum undatum*) were a soft purple; the black alder berries glowed vermilion, and the scattering swamp maples were deeply dyed "all in a robe of darkest grain." We ran all the dams and the quick water below the last without having to get out and without striking on the rocks, which much surprised Father, who had never seen so much water on Gassobeis Stream. The stream is gradually growing up to weeds and bullrushes and needs to have another drive of logs run down it to clear the channel, else in a few years canoeing on it will become very difficult.

When we reached Nicatowis there was a strong wind blowing. We worked along the left shore to Page's camp, took dinner there, and in the afternoon crossed the carry to the Upper Sabao, about thirty minutes' walk on a road that in ordinary years would be excellent and even in this was very good. So far as we could see it from the end of the carry, Sabao is a beautiful lake. Had the weather been better for the week or two past, we should have carried across and gone down this and the next two or three lakes.

When we got to Page's camp where we had left our canoe we thought it was blowing too hard to put out. So, not wishing to camp on the chips about an old lumber camp, we waited for the wind to subside; for we had seen in the morning, when we came out of the mouth of Gassobeis Stream, an ideal camp-ground—an opening on the left shore, under tall trees, on greensward as we thought, with a white beach in front, which our imaginations and the sunlight together made of sand. It was an altogether delightful spot.

We waited patiently for our opportunity. The wind lulled at last and we pushed off. A little way out and we wished we had not started. Westward everything grew black. Passadumkeag Mountain was shut off from view by an inky cloud, and the same black curtain overhung the sky. The lake was ebony and ivory under the shadow of the approaching squall, every wave-crest gleaming preternaturally white. If that squall struck us the Lady Emma would leave her bones on the rocks; or if we were borne back into Coombs Brook, there would be the rain. We pulled—for the shore and our delightful camp ground. It was not far: we reached the shore, tumbled our load out on the beach—it was gravel instead of sand—tossed it up over the bank, and in less time than it takes to tell it, had all snug and the tent laid over it, weighted down with heavy rocks. But think of our disappointment; instead of the beautiful grove we had seen under the morning sunlight, was an old hemlock-bark peeling and landing, cut up by roads, a side hill at that, so full of stones that it couldn't be much fuller, while the tall trees, weakened by the removal of so many of their neighbors, often dead themselves, made refuge under them impossible. It began to patter great drops. For lack of any better shelter we all sat down under the side of a bark pile to await the result with fortitude. We waited and it did not come; it even ceased to patter. When we looked out the squall was going round us. Well, we were there, and it was useless to pack up again on uncertainties. So we at last found a place where, by considerable digging, enough stones were removed to bring a little of the original ground to the surface, built a fire near the foot of a dead stump, made a great bed of hemlock boughs, and we had a camping good enough for our not over-tender consciences to praise considerably. It was snug and cosy among the hemlocks, and we felt so rich with the addition of the rubber bag, provision box, and all the other articles which we had left at Gassobeis during our stay at Machias; that we would not have envied a billionaire his gold shoes and gold umbrella. Where else but in the woods can one so easily rise to, so long maintain, that high, heroic temper of Henry before Agincourt, who in night and weakness and adverse circumstances "would not wish himself anywhere but where he was." Where else can one repeat with fuller meaning the prayer of Agur: "Remove me far from vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

XV.—A NICATOWIS ZEPHYRUS.

A loon cried in the night, not his halloo but his hoarse *haw, haw*, and we knew that we should have wind. We intended to get up early and be off before it rose; but when we turned out in the morning the wind had evidently been up all night. It calmed later and we hurried off. We did not stop to make haste slowly, but did the best we were able to reach the long point that forms part of the Nicatowis Upper Narrows. Half-way across and it sprang up again. It was not a tempestuous wind, it did not raise a sea, but it "pressed down upon the deep," as Virgil says, and when it was heaviest our two good paddlers had all they wanted to do to hold their own. But a wind never is continuous in its force, and in the lulls we gained.

I notice that poor paddlers pull a drawing stroke, reaching forward too far and bringing the work entirely on the muscles of the arms, straining the stomach if they work hard, which they seldom do. Those who sit in chairs do the same. But watch a man who is "strong on the paddle," and you will see that he does not reach very far forward nor exert himself until he has brought the blade back nearly opposite himself; then he throws himself upon it, pulls with the hand that is lowermost, and pushes with the other until the strong maple bends beneath him. He uses his whole body, and when paddling hard, springs from his knees. To learn to paddle well one must either sit up on the thwart or paddle Indian fashion on one's knees, though few white men learn to do the latter. It costs too many hours of bitter pain of cramp and numbness. For the low canoe chairs so much in vogue I see no use. If the bowman wishes to paddle, shoot, or fish, he wants greater freedom of movement than can be had in a chair. High with a tall back to interfere with his elbows, and for passenger's place in the second band there is nothing so luxurious as a seat made of the blankets folded flat and square inside the rubber sheets, with a cushioned back made by drawing down in front of the middle bar one end of the tent which is usually spread out over the load to protect it from water.

That was a day. By hard work we got in under the high sandbank on the upper side of the point, and drew up the canoe, waiting to see what the weather would be. At times it almost blew our hats off; then we would talk

of venturing out; the sun was shining, and yet half a dozen times a scud of cloud was driven over us and it spit rain. We picked berries and waited, waited and picked berries, until finally, when it had become evident to our unwilling minds that no canoe could cross Nicatowis on that day, we reembarked and worked our way back to the Short Carry, keeping close under the shore to prevent being blown off.

The Short Carry is not a necessity, but a great convenience; it is, therefore, more welcome than the long carries which we cannot avoid when not inclined to burden bearing. It crosses the neck of the long point which forms part of Nicatowis Upper Narrows. This point is like the Irishman's barn, which was "a thousand feet long and one foot wide," and it swings out into the lake full two miles, like a toll gate across the straight water route to Gassobeis. Usually it is easier to paddle around the end of it than it is to carry the load across the narrow neck, with the extra trouble of unloading and reloading; but in windy weather the Short Carry, so called to distinguish it from the Long Carry past Nicatowis Falls, is a great convenience.

It was sunny and quite comfortable on the upper end of the carry—one might think the halcyon brooded there to make such a calm; and only forty rods away, at the other end, the wind was blowing and howling as if a legion of evil spirits were after it. Unfortunately we could not camp on the comfortable end, it was so rocky; and Providence seemed to think us old enough sheep to take care of ourselves, for it made no effort to temper the wind at the other. But we were glad to be delivered from fear of falling trees; here were only second-growth birches and poplars which no tempest could uproot. Though we searched the woods for several rods on both sides of the carry, the only camping place we could get was a small spot in the middle of the carry near a poplar tree engraved with initials and the significant word "Windbound," showing that others also had been imprisoned here without being confined. Even this best place of all was so rocky that we could not pitch our tent with the usual upright fork for a front pole, instead of which we were obliged to use two forks braced against the ridge pole from either side. It rained a few times while we were getting our tent pitched and our luggage under shelter, and then the draft across the carry caused an eddy round the corner of the tent and drew the smoke into our eyes so that it was unbearable: it was a poplar fire, too—add to previous notes that, for pungency, the smoke of a poplar fire, what little there is of it, will outrank everything else except the smoke of cedar bark.

We easily remedied this fault of the fire by making a wind screen of green trees which diverted the smoke; we chinked the cracks under the canvas with boughs; we dug the superfluous stones out of our bed; and then I picked and laid a great bed of hemlock and cedar boughs, deep and fine, such a work of art that it consumed the better part of two hours in the making; for, being permitted to make the beds in ordinary weather, the family sometimes enjoys sybaritic luxury in its cubicular arrangements.

It still blew, and the wind increased rather than abated. If the best canoe man in the country, in the best canoe, could have come across from Darling's shore to ours, it would have been as much by his good fortune as by his skill. We were snug and comfortable and, in the main, contented to be where we were; for if any one became a little restless in camp, he straightway regained his delight in the land by going to the end of the carry and looking out upon the angry lake, across which, as Jot said, the wind was "blowing enough to bang the apostles."

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

FACTS FROM THE NORTH WOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the following facts for the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested in the welfare of our woods and the proposed scheme for a State park, for which there seems to be the most imminent necessity.

It was my good fortune last summer to accompany my friend the State Forester on a round trip of some 150 miles by trail, our object being to form as clear an idea as possible of the lumbering and condition of the country within the proposed tract, it being that portion of the Adirondack wilderness lying within nearly a dozen townships and containing the source and principal water sheds of the Hudson River, besides the Ausable Region and that tract known as the Cold River Country.

Our route lay from Keene Valley, Essex county, N. Y., through the notch to Van Hoovenberg's, thence to the "Deserted Village" via Indian Pass, and so on to the Preston Ponds and down Cold River, returning by way of Lake Colden, Mt. Marcy, and the Ausable Ponds.

Before I attempt a more detailed account of the present condition of the country, a word in regard to the lumbering and its effect upon the region may not be out of place. Where they have lumbered around the small ponds we found the water greatly diminished, and in many cases great stretches of marsh have been formed. The effect of lumbering in the case of mountain streams has been to form a sediment upon the stones, the water becomes discolored and often unfit to drink, and this, too, where but a short time ago these streams were in fine condition, the clear water running over moss-covered rocks and a gravel bottom. Where the lumbermen flood the stream and "drive," it not only gullies out the bed of the stream to a great extent, tearing away the banks and otherwise injuring its natural beauty, but, as a rule, since there is no shade left all fishing is destroyed, and the sunlight striking the bed of a brook left in such a condition, with even the moss gone, evaporation is so rapid as to so lessen the water supply that unless the stream should head where there was an abundance of green timber it would actually dry up during the summer.

Where there is an abundance of hard wood timber the cutting of spruce would be hardly noticeable, but lumbering solely among soft timber is a far different thing, as soft timber affords a great deal of shade. So much so that there is usually a heavy growth of moss in such places, especially on the mountain sides. The soil where spruce grows is very light, the roots growing near the surface. The result of cutting heavily in such timber is that the smaller trees left as a rule blow down, and the sunlight let in kills the moss.

Finally the disastrous effect of dams erected at the outlets of the larger lakes is to raise the water, killing the timber along the shore line, and producing large areas of marsh land.

Beginning with the headwaters and the great water sheds of the Hudson, no better example of the destruction of our forests can be found than on the tract known as the Calamity Brook Tract, lying on a gore east of Township 47, Totten & Crossfield's Purchase, through which Calamity Brook flows. This once superb stream now lies robbed of all that once made it beautiful.

For nearly five miles it has been heavily lumbered, and its once green banks are now yawning chasms of sand, gullied out by the driving logs, many of which lie stranded along the dry bed of the brook.

Continuing by trail through the Calamity Brook tract we reached Colden, a beautiful little lake of some sixty acres in area and one of the highest reservoirs of the Hudson. Lake Colden is situated in the valley between Mt. McIntire and Mt. Colden, and near the divide between the St. Lawrence and the Hudson River. The snow stays later in this portion of the woods than in almost any other.

The side of Mt. McIntire heavily timbered is covered with a rich growth of moss holding a large amount of water that gradually filters out, thus keeping up the water supply for the upper Hudson in case of drought.

Leaving Lake Colden we continued along a branch of the Opalescent River, which empties into the east branch of the Hudson, draining the water shed of Mt. Marcy and Skylight. There is no finer stream in the woods to-day than the Opalescent. There is something so thoroughly primeval about it. The intense green of the moss, its deep flumes and the sparkling purity of its emerald water make it to me the most charming of all streams. So far it has escaped, but being on this gore it will undoubtedly fall a prey to the lumbermen.

In Township 46 and 47, Totten & Crossfield's Purchase, below Lake Sanford, where the lumbermen have been at work for some years, the region is almost a barren waste. Through this region the upper Hudson now runs its sluggish course, half choked up with logs.

Lake Henderson, but a few years ago in fine preservation, to-day long stretches of green scum and bog land cover about 60 acres of its area, whereas its entire shoreline is fringed with the white skeletons of trees killed by the raising of the water by the lumbermen.

Lake Sanford lies in much the same plight. A dam has killed its entire shore line.

Continuing up the Opalescent we get into Township 45 and on to Mt. Marcy. From the summit of this mountain—the highest in the State—a clear idea of the surrounding mountains is obtained—Mt. Haystack, Saddle Mountain, The Gothics and Basin Mountain, etc., a superb range, all situated in Township 48. Looking in a northerly direction across a sea of primeval forest we overlook Township 12, known as the Old Military Tract. Big Slide Mountain, Table Top, Bear Mountain and the best part of the McIntire range are all on this tract.

The tract is nearly all primeval forest and comprises an area of over 38,000 acres, of which the State owns 19,000 acres. As the tract is all primeval forest with the exception of a few hundred acres in the northeast corner and the timber being in fine condition, it would naturally be a fine acquisition to the State park.

The Ausable Ponds lie below us in Township 48, a region famous for its wild picturesqueness. The eastern part of Township 45 is still in a fine state of preservation. This includes many brooks and the headwaters of the Ausable River. The western half of Township 43, particularly around the Boreas Ponds, is not only unattractive but unhealthy, owing to the flooding of the country by the lumbermen.

In the northern part of the township lies an important watershed of the Hudson. The greater part of the 44th Township is a barren waste from lumbering. Continuing in a southerly direction to the 30th Township we find that two-thirds of it has been so heavily lumbered that no timber of any kind except scrubby "popples" and bird cherries will thrive. The Boreas River, one of the important branches of the Hudson, runs through this township, and the lumbermen are already building a big dam on this river within this township and will endeavor to get out the few logs still in existence. East from the 30th Township we have Township 27—Totten and Crossfield's Purchase—containing a group of lakes, all of them reservoirs of the Hudson.

This township has been heavily lumbered, and is in fact a lumber center. There is an abundance, however, of hard wood in this tract.

North from Township 27, Totten & Crossfield's Purchase, lies Township 28, Totten & Crossfield's Purchase, on which are Newcomb Lake, Catlin Lake and Rich Lake, besides several small ponds, all of them reservoirs of the Hudson. On this township can still be found white pine that in most parts of the woods has become extinct.

The timber here is principally hard wood—birch, beech and maple—very large and of fine and majestic growth, with here and there a mixture of soft woods, such as pine, hemlock and spruce.

In the southern part of this township the Adirondack Railroad Company has been getting out the merchantable timber—spruce, pine and hemlock—and have heavily lumbered this section. All other parts of the township are still in a primitive state.

Northwest from here lies Township 50, Totten & Crossfield's Purchase. Here there is also an abundance of hard wood, with a mixture of spruce, hemlock and pine.

The easterly portion of this township is still in a fine state of preservation.

The westerly portion has been lumbered some, but is still in an attractive condition. In the Cold River country there is an abundance of white pine and spruce in the strip of land between Macomb's Purchase, taking in the side of Mt. Seward and the valley of Cold River.

This section of the country is one of the most secluded and wildest tracts in our northern wilderness.

Perhaps no section of our North Woods at the present day contains more deer or better fishing—around Mt. Seward what few panthers that remain find a safe retreat. I have it on good authority that the lumbermen are now negotiating to lumber this Cold River country. If this happens this now wild and beautiful tract will in a few years be a thing of the past.

F. BERKELEY SMITH.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Famous Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Ad.*

Natural History.

PELICAN AND CATFISH.

COCOANUT GROVE, Biscayne Bay, Fla., Feb. 8.—I don't know whether this incident should be recorded under the head of "Angling Notes," "Bird Notes," "The Sportsman Tourist," "Fishes," "Natural History," "Sea and River Fishing," "Economic Ornithology," "The Trap," "Big Horns" or "Obituary Notices," and I expect that nothing less than a convocation of departmental editors can decide the matter. However, the pelican, a bird of sporting proclivities, interested in angling as a fine art, went a fishing, and set an economical trap. In it he caught a catfish with big horns. Or, possibly it was the catfish that caught the pelican. At any rate, each had the other when I found them, and the result was fatal to both.

For several years a couple of patriarchal pelicans have fished for a living just off the end of my wharf. I have repeatedly begged their lives of sporting tourists, and so accustomed them to my presence that I could row within an oar's length of them without their taking flight. I have often watched their operations with curious interest, and was really much attached to the solemn looking couple, who, with their smooth pates and beard-like pouches, reminded me of feathered caricatures of Father Time. Yesterday, on going down to the beach, I discovered one of my pelican pets drifting helplessly toward land. When he came within reach I found that he was dead, while in his pouch, with its head completely closing the bird's throat, was a catfish still alive and measuring fourteen inches in length. Its horns stuck out through each side of the pelican's pouch, and thus the unfortunate bird had been unable to either swallow or reject its unwelcome prey. The pelican's pouch was also torn and perforated in a number of places, showing that the struggle between would-be-swallower and wouldn't-be-swallowed had been a long and desperate one. The fish died a few minutes after being removed from the trap into which he had fallen. The bird measured 7 ft. 5 in. from tip to tip of his extended wings, and, from his general appearance, was evidently a patriarch of his race.

Now, Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, as you know all about fowls and fishes, please tell me if catfish always prove thus fatal to the pelicans that catch them? Also, can a pelican, plunging down from his aerial observatory, discriminate between the many kinds of fish swimming beneath him? If so, why did not my pelican thus discriminate, and shun the pernicious cat? O. K. CHOBEE.

SONG SPARROWS REARING KINGBIRDS

ALTHOUGH it is a common breeder I did not have a set of eggs of the kingbird (*Tyrannus tyrannus*) in my collection. So, knowing of a nest of this bird my brother and I repaired to it about 9 P. M., June 24, 1890. After a good climb my brother reached the nest, which was placed in the fork of a horizontal limb about 35 ft. above the bank of the Menominee River. As it was quite dark, he could not decide as to how far incubation had advanced, so we took the nest and eggs, and with the sounds of night in our ears and the gloom of a hot summer evening hanging over us, we returned. The eggs were placed in a cigar box to be prepared the next day.

At noon I opened the box intending to blow the eggs, but to my surprise saw before me a gaping, squirming young kingbird. Wishing to save the bird if possible, I decided to hunt up a suitable nest in which to place it when evening came, but did not do so until the next day at noon, when I found another youngster had burst his prison walls. The weather was very warm, the temperature of the room, which had no fire, being about 80° Fahr.

That evening I searched for a home for my charges, but found nothing better than a song sparrow's nest which I was watching, the eggs of which would hatch in a few days. So the little waifs were consigned to the tender mercies of foster parents and, fortunately, were accepted. On June 27 a cowbird egg that was in the nest hatched. One sparrow egg did not hatch, the other hatched June 29. As I needed them as specimens, and considered it best for the kingbirds, I removed the sparrow and cowbird. The old birds found abundant food in some currant bushes and a couple of strawberry beds near by. I noticed that much of the food consisted of a yellowish green larva about 1 in. long, which they found in abundance on the currant leaves.

By July 10 the young kingbirds were very fat and well fledged. As animal life was too abundant in their home, I sprinkled sulphur over them and about the nest; and as I raised one to put sulphur under it, both flew out of the nest with a little cry to the opposite bank—the nest being in the side of the bank of a brook. With a little care I succeeded in inducing them to stay until I had gone; but the next morning I found that they had left home to see the world. I saw nothing more of them until the morning of July 23, when I found both parents and the kingbirds near their nesting place. I first saw the kingbirds (now fully feathered) sitting on the top board of a fence crying for food, while both parents were busily trying to supply the demand. One parent flew upon the fence near a kingbird, which, with gaping mouth, rushed up so fast that the little sparrow had to retreat until the big baby paused; when the little parent stood up on tiptoe, as it were, and deftly deposited a fat grub in the big yellow throat and then darted away to the strawberry beds. I was very much amused to see how busily the little sparrows worked. They would run rapidly about, stopping here and there to scratch nimbly, and finding something about every two or three minutes. Once one flew up between the two kingbirds, which flew up so close that it had to fly to one side of them or be knocked off the fence.

While I was watching them, a kingbird that had a nest in an orchard near by came down several times and, with angry cries, attacked the frightened youngsters so fiercely that they had to beat a hasty retreat: although they would come back in a few minutes.

Several times they flew up into the air, capturing insects in true fly-catcher style, and showing that they had become expert in the use of their wings. After watching them for over half an hour, one sparrow flew off out of sight, followed in a minute or so by the other. In a few minutes the kingbirds went in the same direction, as if they knew where to go or were in the habit of going to some particular place. They went at least eighty

rods, over orchards and buildings, and probably much further. Some two weeks later my brother saw the family again. The sparrows were trying to feed the kingbirds something which the latter seemed to dislike, as they would back away in evident disgust. Apparently the sparrows, true to instinct, were trying to feed their children seeds.

During the time I saw the kingbirds they behaved and made sounds like all young kingbirds, and did not show one sparrow characteristic. REUBEN M. STRONG.
WACWATOSA, WIS.

WINTER RAIL ON LONG ISLAND.—The Cedars, Oakdale, L. I.—About Jan. 20, after our meadows had been covered with 6in. of snow, while I was looking for black ducks I passed a very pleasant five or six minutes in the company of a very fine specimen of the Virginia rail. His actions would lead one to think that he felt very lonely. As he ran out from the cover of some tall sedge grass on to a large mud flat made by muskrats while building their winter homes, came to within 8ft. of where I was standing, seeming to wish to have an interview with me. He was a cunning little fellow. First he would cock his head to one side, then to the other, and his actions were comical to behold. He really seemed very inquisitive. He was very pretty with his deep red breast and long curved bill, and while standing up so proud he looked not unlike a small woodcock. After admiring the little fellow's antics all my curiosity was satisfied, I made a move closer to him. He was gone in the twinkling of an eye into the cover which gives them such a safe retreat. I think I can put up a Virginia rail any day with the aid of my setter dog, but if I had an old dog I owned one year ago I am certain I could put up one or more. He surpassed anything I ever saw on rail, annoying me very much when beating the meadows for English snipe. If he came upon the scent of a rail he would not leave it until he put the bird up or brought him to me alive and with the greatest care in his mouth. I have brought to bag over him the coot, clapper, king, sora, Virginia and yellow rails. The little black rail he flushed several times, but the bird was such a tiny little fellow I let him go on his way rejoicing. The game laws for Suffolk county as framed by the three Commissioners is as perfect as any sportsman could wish. I thank these gentlemen who have labored so hard on our interest, and hope the law will get through the Albany mill and not be tinkered with again.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

DO COONS PREY ON RABBITS?—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I was very much surprised to learn of the new fact that coons have taken up of catching rabbits, as described in Mr. Lathrop's letter to *FOREST AND STREAM*, Feb. 12. Coons are eccentric creatures, no doubt, but before we accept Mr. Lathrop's conclusion in the matter of their preying upon rabbits I think we should examine his practices closely to see if his observations have been made with that thorough minuteness the importance of the subject demand, for it is a death blow to formerly-received theories of abstinence while in a state of hibernation, etc., if we are to believe that coons spend the long mid-winter nights in carnivorous orgies. Mr. Lathrop's argument is based on a case of circumstantial evidence. He saw rabbit tracks, he found a dead rabbit, which had met with a violent death, he saw other tracks of the murderer but, unfortunately, he did not see the deed performed, nor did he capture the murderer. Such being the case, and as long as this state of things exists, I think we must consider Mr. L.'s article "not proven." In other words, I don't believe a coon made the tracks Mr. L. saw. What they were—mink's, skunk's or wildcat's—I will not attempt to say, but, as Mr. L. can neither produce the coon nor the tracks, I think we had better leave the case as it stood before his discovery and not try to convert "Old Zip Coon" into a greyhound.—B.

EIDER DUCK ON THE NIAGARA.—Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Perhaps you can make use of the inclosed clipping from to-day's *Times* regarding an eider duck shot on the Niagara River near Buffalo a few weeks ago. The fact is of considerable interest to local gunners and scientists: "I learn through the *Times* and other papers that an eider duck was killed on the Niagara recently by John Storck, and the notices would lead me to believe that it is the first eider duck ever shot near Buffalo. Such is not the case, although in point of fact the bird is such a *rara avis* that it is practically unknown to the majority of the people. The duck in question is the king eider (*Somateria spectabilis*) and a most beautiful male in full plumage. Both this bird and the common eider duck are noticed in Dr. Bergtold's 'List of Birds of Buffalo and Vicinity,' and are credited to the late Professor Linden. They are both rare, accidental summer visitors to this region. Dr. J. A. Allen has noted a large 'irruption' of the king eider on Lake Erie near Buffalo in November, 1879. At least eighteen were then shot. Rev. Mr. Langille also notes the eiders in his book as being occasional visitors to our water front. Mr. Storck should donate his fine specimen to the Society of Natural Sciences.—D."—EBEN P. DORR.

THE SWIFT FLIGHT OF DUCKS.—I read with interest the last paragraph of Mr. Hough's Chicago letter in your issue of Feb. 12, in regard to the speed of wildfowl on the wing. I have had no experience with the four species of ducks named, but I have often shot (behind) two species here in Massachusetts that are fast goers, the long-tailed duck, locally "old squaw" and "quandie" (*Clangula hyemalis*) and the blue-winged teal. The man who can score two out of three off of either—single birds behind time on an appointment to loo'ard—"knows it all" as to the holding on or ahead question. If any of your readers have done for them what Dr. M. has done for the species he names, it would no doubt gratify many to hear of it through your columns.—F. C. BROWNE (Framingham, Mass.).

WILSON'S SNIPE IN RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, R. I.—On Saturday, Feb. 14, the writer started 10 Wilson snipe on a salt water marsh very near the city, and killed 8 fine birds over a dog, although the day was raw and windy. Gunners here think these birds must have wintered in this locality. Please give your opinion.—F. L. G. [It is quite probable that the birds wintered there. Snipe do not necessarily go south in cold weather provided any

ground remains open where they can feed. Thus there are several records of snipe having been found in Wyoming and Colorado in the dead of winter, when the thermometer had been standing at—15° to—30° Fahr., but they remained by warm springs which did not freeze and where it was always possible for them to obtain food.]

MOOSE HORN MEASUREMENTS.—Belfast, Me., Feb. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have noted the moose horn measurements given by Dr. Parker and others, and I send you photograph of a pair of antlers which I claim to be the largest in Maine. They are of almost perfect shape. They measure as follows: Extreme breadth, measuring convex surface back of horns, 6ft. 4in. by tape line. By straight-edge in front, as shown by arrow terminals, 5ft. 4in. Palms or blades in the clear, by straight-edge, 15in. exclusive of points. If any person has a finer or larger set of antlers, I would like to own them.—C. B. HAZELTINE.

COLLIDED WITH A WHALE.—The steam yacht *Restless* arrived at Baltimore yesterday from Fortress Monroe. Capt. Stiles reports that on Sunday, when the *Restless* was heading in for Hampton Roads, near the Thimble Light, three whales were suddenly discovered ahead, and before the *Restless* could be checked one of the monsters was struck. The yacht shook all over and the ladies and others on board became excited. The novelty of the experience, however, soon commanded attention and the thought of danger was dismissed.—*Washington Evening Star*, Feb. 19.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the war time we had two kinds of war correspondents—one followed the army, was present at the engagements and wrote the truth, the other stayed at home and manufactured their news. Your correspondent "Special" evidently belongs to the latter class. We Maine people would prefer to have the truth told about us. Said a leading Bangor physician to me last week: "It makes me mad every time I read one of 'Special's' articles." This voices the feeling of most who read them. Probably no ten men who write on this subject have done so much to make people hostile to the laws and their enforcement as he has by his wholesale denunciation of our land holders and people generally.

In his article in *FOREST AND STREAM* for Jan. 16 he says: "As near as I can learn a movement will be made to repeal all fish and game laws. The movement will come from the lumber interest, and it is to be hoped it will acquire no force." Again in *FOREST AND STREAM* for Feb. 12, he says: "The opposition to opening the month of September for deer hunting is stronger among the lumber land holders than I had imagined. They will oppose such a measure with all the power they can bring to bear. * * * They are obstinate to pigheadedness about the matter and can see no difference between the true sportsman who would as deeply regret a forest fire as themselves and the worthless, thieving poacher of their own State."

Now, who are these "pigheaded" land owners who are thus held up to public infamy? They are the men who own a body of land more than twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, worth millions of dollars, and who for a score of years have allowed hundreds of non-residents to roam over it at pleasure, to catch the fish, to kill the game, to use all the wood they needed for camp-fires—in fact to use it as if it were their own with no restrictions whatever. These visitors are mostly here to kill game in direct violation of our State laws, and yet these same land owners have kept quiet. I doubt if "Special" can find an article by one of them proposing to curtail any of these privileges. I showed his article to the largest land owner in the State and he pronounced his statements in regard to lumbermen false, as also his statement of the purchase of the dam and right of flowage at Rangeley Lakes.

These land owners employ tens of thousands of our men the year round in the woods, on drives and in mills. They do more for the interests of our State in one year than all the "true sportsmen" ever will in ten eternities. Would it be very selfish, when the prosperity of our whole State depends on the preservation of our forests (for our water powers and farming interests depend on their preservation), if these land owners should wish to take means to preserve them?

And who are these true sportsmen who are so careful of our property? They are the men who for years have come here in June, July, August and September, who have killed large game and left it to rot by every stream and lakeside in our northern woods. "Special" speaks of our thieving poachers. How does it happen he has never heard of Prof. _____ of Yale College, who, with his companions, killed in September six moose, besides caribou, and left them to rot; and the next year killed a moose and caribou in close time besides another moose in October and had the horns seized. It is no secret, Mr. Stilwell can tell him. If he wishes to stir this thing up I will give him names of some of his near neighbors. I can give him a list of some twenty moose killed this very fall near Chesuncook by these same "true sportsmen" and left to rot; I can give the place where each lies, and deer without number have gone the same way.

He speaks of the young man shot in Waltham and slanders the people of three counties—Penobscot, Washington and Hancock—on his account. Generally when a man dies even his enemies let his faults die with him; but ghoul-like "Special" takes delight in telling all he knows and complaining of not being able to find out more. We Maine men have not done so by your true sportsmen killed in this way. "Special" has probably heard that a few years ago a Massachusetts professor, hunting with a noted Connecticut clergyman, was shot with a charge of buckshot, in August, 1883. Out of regard for his friends our Maine papers said nothing about the facts. I know the guides and the whole story; if "Special" wishes it, I can give the bottom facts.

The majority of our land owners and the men in their employ have favored observing our game laws. I have seen beef hauled seventy miles when there were moose yarded within three miles and plenty of snow for killing them; and those moose were saved—for what? The very next fall a Boston sportsman, by the help of Indian guides, killed two (his guides say three) at the same place, and refused to sell the meat as it lay for less than ten cents a pound to Mr. Rod Sunderland, the same man who had saved them, who having salt and barrels there wanted to get the meat for his lumber crews. Most of it was left there to rot.

Year after year our people have seen our game killed and wasted by the ton in close time by rich men, who, belonging outside the State, readily make their escape before their deeds are known—men who do more than the French and Indians of Canada, for these do save hides, while the others often leave hides and all, or at best give to the guides the hides they dare not carry home. "Special" may call our people all the names he pleases, but we have no class of our people who will kill for mere sport; such men come from outside.

My candid opinion, based on facts in my possession, is, that up to this year, more large game has been killed in close time in Penobscot county by parties outside the State than by the inhabitants. The visitors killed in warm weather and wasted; the inhabitants ate all they killed. This year sees a change. Finding that there was no use in saving game only as an inducement for more to come in close time to waste it, by common consent our people in the woods have killed what they needed. As far as I can learn they intend to keep on doing so. For years the sporting papers have been accusing our lumbermen of doing that of which, as a class, they were innocent, and have been shielding the real offenders. Now, these same men who have so wilfully maligned us, can thank themselves for this state of affairs. The fact lies just here: keep your true sportsmen out of our woods in close time and our own people will respect the laws; but if these gentlemen sportsmen see fit to keep on doing as they have done, and have a man like "Special" to charge their sins to us, they must not blame Maine people if we join with them in killing in close time.

MANLY HARDY.

A SHOTGUN TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to show some slight experiments I have been making in regard to the manner of loading powder and wadding shells. I chose a very damp day last week, knowing I would get the worst possible results under those conditions. I had prepared a range at my place in the country, using large sheets of white paper, 36×55 inches in size and the regular penetration pads made for that purpose by Dennison & Co. The distance shot at was 40yds., against a solid outhouse. I used only Winchester shells, but prepared differently, viz., the regular Winchester factory-loaded shells with 3½drs. black powder and 1½oz. No. 6 shot; the Lyman compressed powder, as bought from the agent, Dannefelser, in Chambers street, and FFG dead shot black powder. These shells I loaded myself with 3½drs. of that fine powder, putting one No. 11 card wad over powder with a No. 12 imported felt wad over card, with 1½oz. Tatham's chilled shot, using a Von Lengerke & Detmold very thin card wad. And I think shooters make a great mistake in using too thick a wad over shot. I only crimp the shells lightly, although it does not look as pretty as the flat crimp, yet it gets there much better.

The gun I used was the Colt hammerless that I shot in the powder tests at Claremont in November last under your management. Since that test I have had Dannefelser take nearly all the choke out, so it only measured 13 instead of 15 at the muzzle by the usual gauge, and instead of my gun only being a 50 per cent. arm as at that time, I think it has been improved at least 25 per cent. since he made the change. I have now come to the conclusion that with a modified choke and the new quick powders, great deal better results will be obtained than with the full choke now used so much. They are all right with black powders, but entirely useless with the nitro and other quick powders.

Feb. 8, day damp. Pattern and penetration tests at 40yds.—Lyman's compressed, 65grs.; two cards and felt wad over powder; 1½oz. No. 6 chilled shot; thin wad and crimped lightly.—Right barrel: Penetration 200 (79½ per cent.); penetration 25 sheets (three shots). Left barrel: Pattern 209 (83 per cent.); penetration 28 sheets.

FFG. Dead Shot powder, 3½drs., one No. 11 card wad, one No. 12 imported felt wad, 1½oz. No. 6 chilled shot; thin wad over shot and crimped lightly.—Right barrel: Pattern 176 (70 per cent.); penetration 30 sheets. Left barrel: Pattern 188 (74½ per cent.); penetration 32 sheets.

Winchester factory loaded shells, 3½drs. black powder, 1½oz. No. 6 shot.—Right barrel: Penetration 135 (53½ per cent.); penetration 23 sheets. Left barrel: Pattern 163 (64½ per cent.); penetration 27 sheets. E. A. SUMMERS.

SMALL ARMS FOR CLOSE WORK.—Will some of your readers tell me about the little XL smoothbore gun, 44cal., 24in. barrel, 5lbs. weight? Will it carry the .44 Winchester rifle cartridge up to 10 or 12 rods without the bullets going end over end and flying wild? I want a very light gun that will kill a partridge or rabbit with shot, and that will also carry a bullet with reasonable accuracy at short range. The best gun for my use would be a breech-loader that would take the place of a little muzzle-loader that I once had. Single barrel, smoothbore, carrying a half ounce round ball and also good for shot, and its weight not over 5lbs. For pot-hunting in a heavy timber country such a gun, if good of its kind and skillfully used, will bring in lots of game. Some sportsmen may smile at the idea of a gun like this, but in land hunting and exploring, where everything has to be packed by main strength and awkwardness, it is a question between a very light gun and no gun at all, and a matter of entire uncertainty as to what kind of a varmint you may meet. Will some of your good hunters give me the benefit of their experience.—BACKWOODSMAN.

A SPLENDID opportunity to acquire a good paying gun business is offered in another column, where Von Lengerke & Detmold advertise their Newark store for sale. Its location is a good one, and the business can be largely increased by special attention, which Von L. & D. have been unable to give it.—*Adv.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Mr. Henry J. Thayer, of the committee on acclimatization of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, being anxious to secure some wild turkeys for Massachusetts, was anxious to learn the whereabouts of Rev. Geo. E. Gordon, late co-owner of the Koshkonong herd of wild turkeys. Mr. Gordon could not be reached at Fort Atkinson, Wis., his late address, nor could Mr. W. Y. Wentworth, State game warden, who lives at Fort Atkinson, tell where Mr. Gordon now is. Mr. Wentworth in his letter, however, states that Messrs. Peck Bros., of Chicago, owners of Koshkonong Place, own also the herd of turkeys. These gentlemen would hardly care to sell any of the birds for profit, but might do so in a movement like this, as they are public-minded men and sportsmen.

Mr. Wentworth says that Blackhawk club house has had some improvements of late. He adds that the Wisconsin Legislature will perhaps abolish the law prohibiting spring shooting. This is very largely the fault of Illinois and more especially of Chicago, and it is too bad.

Mr. U. G. Huff, of Detroit, writes under date of Feb. 16: "I have been on a skating trip around Lake St. Clair. Saw thousands of ducks and heard the big guns talking to them. The French fishermen were fishing through the 'haice' with seines. It is a shame the way they do on the Flats. I believe boating and yachting will have a boom on the Flats this spring. We are trying to have a post-office established there. I carried a Kodak on my skating trip and hope to have some interesting prints."

A characteristically pleasant and quiet little house party was given by English Lake Club last Saturday and a number went down to take part in the festivities. Mr. Abner Price, who largely projected and pushed the entertainment, is to be congratulated on its success. Cumberland Club also is about to have a winter meeting, and has issued the following manifesto:

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—The Board of Managers have decided to give an entertainment at the club house, on Feb. 21 and 22, for the benefit of the new superintendent. Live bird and inanimate target shooting (sweepstakes) will be the order of the day. You are cordially requested to lend your presence and bring your friends, as it is desired to make this meeting a substantial one. Respectfully, H. W. Loveday, J. B. Sanborn, L. Hansen, Board of Managers. W. L. Shepard, Secretary.

Grand Calumet Heights Club is still in trouble about its site, its grounds being claimed by a land company operating south of Chicago. The following call is issued:

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—In accordance with the constitution and by-laws of club, I am requested by the undersigned members to call a special meeting of the club on Monday, Feb. 23, at 8 o'clock P. M., at Grand Pacific Hotel, for the purpose of taking definite action as to the acceptance or rejection of the proposition as suggested in circular report of committee, dated Jan. 31, 1891; also to accept any resignations that may be offered, and to take definite action on any and all business that may come before the meeting. (Signed) Alex. C. Young, Wm. Fenny, S. E. Young, G. H. Carlson, John Critchell, James Pittway, Wm. L. Pierce, G. W. Lanterbach, John Wain, F. R. Bissell. The presence of every member is requested.—Geo. E. Marshall, Secretary.

Feb. 20.—The legislative committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met yesterday afternoon at the offices of chairman Wolfred N. Low, Chamber of Commerce Building, to talk over matters pertaining to the proposed work at Springfield. There were present Messrs. Low, Organ, Nicholls and Pierce of the association, Dr. Bartlett of the Fish Commission, Messrs. Baird and Bortree for Fox River, Messrs. Bond and Barney for South Water street game market. Discussion really hinged on two points, that of putting game protection in the hands of the Fish Commission, and that of effecting an alliance with the game dealers of Chicago.

Col. Bond, the game dealer, moved a formal resolution which should bind the committee to favor such change in the present law as would make the fish wardens "fish and game wardens," the Fish Commission to have control; these wardens to have power to search and seize on sight without warrant (as the fish wardens now have); the law on prairie chickens to be changed from Sept. 15 to Sept. 1; English sparrows to be exempt from the present protection.

Mr. Pierce said it was very possible Dr. Bartlett might not wish to take up this joint work. Dr. Bartlett had a national and more than national reputation as a Fish Commissioner. He might not like to be asked to share that reputation in new and different work.

Dr. Bartlett spoke at some length, and with a display of tact and wisdom that certainly did him credit. He was in a trying position and knew it, yet he fairly concealed this fact from those present, and eventually evaded a responsibility which the State Sportsmen's Association should never have sought to put upon him.

"It isn't a question of more money for more work," said Dr. Bartlett. "It isn't a question of salary. I don't believe in salaries for this work, for that brings in the political place-seeking again. I haven't done any work for the money there was in it, I assure you. I have for years stood all kinds of abuse. Not a week goes by but my wife is disturbed by letters threatening me. I have been the best cursed man in Illinois, and that on both sides. Now, gentlemen, I am getting to a time of life when, if you please, I do not want any superfluous and additional damning for what I do or don't do. I feel that I should not like to shoulder the responsibility of protecting game also. I could not do it perfectly, and I do not want the blame of doing it imperfectly. If we had a regular appropriation for that purpose it would be a little different, but our fish appropriation is only \$2,000 as it is. Understand me, I am in perfect sympathy with your work. If you want to use our wardens as wardens for game also, I am perfectly willing, and I hope you will get your law passed which will give them, as game wardens, the police powers they have as fish wardens. But about the control of those wardens, and the responsibilities for their failures—please don't ask me to take that up. You would far better have a head of your own to do that. Suppose you let the Fish Commission appoint such a head, and let him take charge of the wardens' game work. We could do that, and still relieve the Fish Commission from the inevitable kicks and curses."

Mr. Nicholls then spoke in a way for which he should be complimented highly, for he showed consideration as well as discretion, neither of which qualities has been abundant in this unwise effort to cinch the Fish Commission in to do the State Sportsmen's Association's work which it itself has never done. Mr. Nicholls said, "We would not wish to raise a finger to force you into this joint work, Dr. Bartlett. Your free assent would be the only thing we cared for, and if you do not go in for it in

that way, we would not want you to take up the work at all."

Dr. Bartlett—"You all know I am in sympathy with game protection also, but my work has been all fish. Now, up to within two years ago I could do nothing even at that. I owe much of my success to the noble and unselfish practical assistance of the Fox River Fish Association. Those men have helped me actually and practically. They have given me time and money. Now we have got results to show. If you ever get results to show in game work, it will have to be thorough just such local help. You will have to put your shoulders to the wheel, even if you get a little muddy."

Mr. Nicholls said the idea was not to weaken the Commission, but to strengthen it; unless that, then nothing. He thought we could have unpaid game wardens.

Col. Bond said South Water street would raise money enough to pay its own wardens. Mr. Low said he thought South Water street ought to do that, and not brag about it either. The dealers sold game and took money in for it. It was just the other way with the sportsmen. It cost them \$5 for every bird they killed. Mr. Low favored the joint work of fish and game protection for compromise reasons mainly. There was far better chance for an appropriation so. Mr. Low spoke with his usual moderation and good judgment. He said he was not in favor of too broad a resolution or too radical an attempt at change. He thought that on compromise measures purely, and for the sake of the lower part of the State, where the chicken season by climate was earlier, the grouse season might go to Sept. 1 instead of Sept. 15. He would like to see quail open Oct. 15 instead of Oct. 1. Col. Bond agreed that even Nov. 1 would be better on quail, and said that he would agree to Nov. 1, only he didn't think it wise to tinker too much with the present law.

The formal resolution was now put, the points as amended making the Fish Commission not responsible for game protection, but only for the appointment of a head game warden, the local wardens having police powers both in fish and game. The grouse season to be Sept. 1. This resolution was carried, but on motion of Mr. Bortree was reconsidered and again opened up to discussion of the chicken date. Mr. Bortree then moved to retain the date of Sept. 15 in the resolution. There was very long talk over this, and Mr. Bortree and Mr. Baird made very able speeches in support of Sept. 15. They were for the bird and not for the man. It was agreed by all present that Sept. 15 would save more of the birds, but some thought the best interests of game legislation required a compromise, and so sorrowfully clung to Sept. 1. When the matter came to vote it was a tie between Sept. 1 and Sept. 15. Mr. Low, as chairman, cast the deciding vote for Sept. 1, saying as he did so that it was purely for compromise reasons and he was sorry it was so.

During the discussion the two righteous gentlemen from South Water street didn't exactly get up and rear and pitch in their struggle to have the date kept at Sept. 15. Col. Bond reiterated his old foolishness that no illegal Illinois chickens had come into the market this past season. Mr. Organ said, with faint sarcasm, that he was aware that no such thing as an Illinois chicken had been seen on the street since the law was passed making it illegal to sell Illinois chickens at all. Mr. Barnett, the other Daniel from South Water, also had seen no Illinois chickens. Now, these two South Water street dealers make a plain citizen tired. They are either ignorant or uncandid, of course the former. That being so, they are certainly not hustlers at their pretty trade. If they want chapter and page about some prairie chickens that were shipped last fall from along the J. & S. E. road in Illinois, before Sept. 15 and before Sept. 1, I think it no rash promise to say I can get them, and plenty more for them.

And now came the grand issue. Now came the time when something could really be done to save our game. Now came the chance to begin a work, to take the first step toward a purpose whose influence would in time have spread to other cities, and the chance for Col. Bond and his ally, Mr. Barnett, to put themselves on record as men and not as game dealers, to make for themselves a reputation which in a week would ring from one side of this country to the other, and start men in Boston and New York markets thinking who had never before looked above a page of mallard shipments. In short, the time was come to test the sincerity of the game dealers of Chicago in their professions of a desire to unite with the sportsmen in the effort to preserve the game of this country, now almost faded away, and that chiefly through the agency of these same dealers. We may as well make it brief. The dealers stuck to their colors. They showed themselves first game dealers, and after that dealers in game. God bless them and bring them plenty of these pennies that they love, these noble, sympathetic, unselfish and self-denying gentlemen of South Water street!

Mr. Low put the ball in motion by a suggestion for a motion. Mr. Baird moved that the season for legal sale of game be shortened from Feb. 1 to Jan. 1, thus cutting off only twenty days from the selling season, ten days of grace to be allowed to get rid of game on hand at close of season. Col. Bond was on his feet at once.

"You wouldn't save a bird by doing that," he said. "Boston markets would get the game we didn't get. We cannot support a measure which leaves us at the mercy of the big open markets east of us."

It was urged that the Iowa and other seasons closed Jan. 1, and it was shown that the trapping of chickens, whereby most of them are killed, takes place in the cold and snowbound month of January, when the birds are driven to the corn. It was pointed out that Chicago, always in the lead in commercial activity, ought to be in the lead in pure progress of humanity, and ought to set the example of shortening the continuous temptations of the open selling season. It was pointed out to them that the Missouri associations would at once go to work to make the St. Louis market date close Jan. 1, and it was half promised that the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, on the strong appeal of Illinois, would at least set to work and agitate the matter for a date of Jan. 1 in Boston. It was insisted that a stand ought to be made, a first step taken, and that now was the time. I wish I could have space to give the speeches some of these men made. They were eloquent, temperate, full of argument unanswerable, full of entreaty and almost of beseeching. It was urged again and again that this was no selfish movement for the benefit of a few sportsmen, but a measure for the benefit of the

people, moreover, for the sake of the game itself, and so a matter of common right and justice. It was shown that if this infamous Chicago market was kept open all the winter, the State of Wisconsin would repeal her present laws, now found broken all the time through fault of Chicago, and throw the bars wide open for the destruction of game. Arguments of conclusive validity, eloquence of no mean sort, pleading of men who could not so plead if they were selfish—all was in vain. Col. E. S. Bond and George Washington Barnett were not to be moved, and they stuck to Feb. 1, and the pennies. The resolution, of course, was passed. Col. Bond withheld his vote. Mr. Barnett voted against it. But it means that South Water street will not join on Jan. 1. "We will see you at Springfield about that," said Col. E. S. Bond grimly.

The plain fact is, the Chicago game dealers claimed they had conceded enough without conceding to Jan. 1, but in reality they conceded nothing but an extension of the killing season two weeks, which is a concession in their own favor. The dealers have a law that suits them. They will stick to it. Their interests will govern them, not their sense of right. It is true that without the support of South Water street, the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association can do very little. In the past I have taken pleasure in laughing at the pretensions of the association at game protection, and have stood for the dealers' side, doing all possible in a small way to get the dealers a respectful and fair hearing in this matter. I am ready to say that thus far it has been fairness lost, and courtesy thrown away. There is not any real alliance, and there can never be, so long as the "concessions" of the dealers are concessions only in their own favor. The game must go.

The few noble men who represented the State Sportsmen's Association at this meeting, the very flower of that body as they are, must feel a strange sense of rebuff and discouragement to-day. They have very little behind them. They do not represent a very large class in their unselfishness and enthusiasm. They are really but very little more than so many earnest individuals, with small backing but their own honesty and sense of right. They must know that they can do little and that their meeting means really not so very much. But all honor to their pluck and good heart to them. They never before now have been so earnest and never so near success. The time is not ripe, but slowly ripening. All over the country there is spreading one of those slow, dull-motivated waves of popular conviction. The people are just beginning to see that the game is going and that it must be protected. Each year counts now. Two years more must pass before another Legislature meets, but in that two years there may be and will be a great popular movement on this very matter. Out of their humility let the State Association and all the gentlemen who met in this committee take heart of grace and try again. They are going to win in the end. The people of Illinois are going to tell South Water street to shut its doors. Another two years—Boston, New York and St. Louis standing by in aid thereto, let us hope—and we will get South Water street shut up after Jan. 1. Meantime, let us further hope, there will duly come shame and repentance to these two men.

Col. E. S. Bond.
Mr. George Washington Barnett.
They didn't do what was right.

E. HOUGH.

MR. CORBIN'S DEER.

THE bill repealing the law against the shooting of live pigeons from traps did not pass the Maine Legislature after all. The friends of the repeal made a strong fight, and it looked as though they would carry their point, but the House defeated the repeal measure by a vote of 112 to 15. There was a spirited debate in the House. The bill was strongly attacked by Mr. Hawes, of Deering. He branded trap shooting of live pigeons as on a par with cock fighting and dog fighting. "Why not revive the rat pit? The example to the children in the schools would be bad. The schools had already opposed the bill, through the influence of the Humane Society." He regarded it as an inconsistency for the Legislature to pass a law to teach gentleness and kindness to the lower animals, in the schools, and then to repeal the law against this cruelty in its worst form.

Mr. Noble, in his remarks in favor of the repeal, made a strong point. He said that the Humane Society of Portland had sent out its agents to work up sentiment against the bill. The Society had sent its agents into the schools and to the schoolmarm, hoping that the Legislature would not vote against the ladies. He could see schoolmarms with eyes suffused with tears signing this remonstrance. Yet they would go into the streets and wear feathers from bluejays, blackbirds, pigeons and all feathered tribes. Out of the fourteen ladies in a car he counted ten wearing parts of birds. He did not know how many ladies in Representative Hall were wearing feathers and birds' wings. [Sensation among the ladies in the galleries.] The next day the Senate defeated the bill by a unanimous vote.

There is a sensation among the members of the Megantic Club, and well there may be. It is understood that Mr. Austin Corbin, of Croydon, N. H., has made a contract with guides and hunter in the region of Lake Megantic to deliver him this winter fifty deer alive, and that before the Megantic Club was aware of what was going on twelve had been taken and delivered. Immediately Mr. Bishop, president of the club, has taken action to put a stop to the scheme. Correspondence has passed between him and Hon. E. M. Stillwell, the Maine Game Commissioner, on the subject. Mr. Stillwell's first letter was as follows:

BANGOR, Feb. 3.—My Dear Dr. Bishop: It strikes me that you can assist us in the inclosed matter. It is a most rascally scheme. Will you let me hear from you? Yours, E. M. STILLWELL, Fish and Game Commissioner of Maine.

The inclosed matter referred to in Mr. Stillwell's letter read as follows:

DEAR SIR: I have been informed that Mr. S. D. Ball and Jas. Parsons have contracted to catch 50 deer alive for Mr. Austin Corbin, of Croydon, N. H. They are going to commence their work as soon as they can run them down on the coast. The snow is from 3 1/2 to 4 ft. deep at Holey, Me., and with a good crust the deer have no chance. Have they any right to catch deer and send them out of the State alive in close season? Please let me know at once. Mr. Ball lives at Megantic Lake and Jas. Parsons lives at Holey. Both of the men are guides and depend upon sportsmen for their living, but it will be a poor living in the future if they go on catching deer. Yours respectfully, L. F. KINNEY.

Immediately upon the receipt of these letters, Dr. Bishop wrote Hon. E. E. Tache, Assistant Commissioner, Department Crown Lands of Quebec, informing him of what he had heard, and also stating that he thought it would be a deep injustice not only to the members of the Megantic Club, but also to the settlers about Spider Lake, if the practice of catching live deer in the close season for the benefit of private individuals was sanctioned by the Crown Land Department.

Dr. Bishop furthermore said: "If the matter has not already reached your attention, I should suggest that you will at once notify P. W. Nagle, the provincial bush-ranger for that section, and also notify Mr. W. E. Latty, our fish and game commissioner on the Quebec side of the preserves, of Ball's contemplated action."

Mr. Tache has agreed, in reply to Dr. Bishop, to do all in his power to stop this wholesale catching of deer in the deep snows of this winter. But unfortunately there is a law in the Province of Quebec that permits the issuing of a license to take deer alive, and it is feared that Ball has this permit to take 50 deer, 12 of which he has already shipped. Ball is understood to claim that he has this permit, but if it can be proven that he has taken any deer on Maine soil, he will be very severely dealt with, as the taking of deer alive is not permitted by the Maine game laws.

Pickering fishing in Maine is hard business this winter. The ice is three feet thick on many of the pickering ponds, and most of the boys are staying at home till "some other fellow cuts the holes." Then the bait is ready, and they will all go next day.

SPECIAL.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS FOR MARKET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps not one reader of this article that resides in the Eastern States ever thinks when he visits the market of the future destiny of that noble game bird, the prairie chicken. Having lived in northwestern Iowa for more than ten years and being a great lover of legitimate hunting, I think I can interest them by describing the manner in which this noble game bird is being exterminated by a class of men terming themselves sportsmen. In nearly every small town in the sparsely settled parts of the Northwest are located the game freezers. These play a very important part, as all the birds are frozen solid before they are shipped East to market.

The freezer is similar to the cold storage warehouse of the East, only the ice pipes are thick enough together to insure a temperature far below the freezing point. The owner of the freezer is generally a hunter. Having a limited amount of money, he generally starts into business for himself. He commences in the winter by putting up ice enough to run his freezer through the coming summer. He generally has enough second-hand rigs and plug horses, so that he can hire several hunters during the shooting season, which generally commences two months before the law is out (although there are exceptions). They begin the slaughter about the 1st of July, when the young birds are about the size of a quail.

The hunters generally hunt in pairs. One drives while the other does the shooting. They use the best dogs and generally use Winchester repeating shotguns, and by using wood powder, which makes very little noise, they can kill every bird in a covey without the owner of the land knowing anything about it. When they have killed enough for a shipment the birds are packed into barrels, marked as some kind of produce and shipped by express to some of the large cities of the Eastern States. The shipper always receives a fancy price for his birds, which stimulates many to hunt who would otherwise be in some lawful business. When Sept. 1 rolls around the farmer and law-abiding sportsman start out after a bag of young chickens for their own eating. They will find that the chicken crop has already been harvested, and return home with one or two tough old birds, meantime swearing vengeance on all market-hunters. In some sections where chickens were thick two years the hunters have shot them off so close that scarcely one can now be found. If the gun clubs would spend more time in prosecuting the market-hunter and pay less attention to the city sportsman it would surely give better results, and chicken shooting would not soon be a thing of the past.

Iowa.

CLEANING GUNS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Recently I observed an inquiry as to a good method of cleaning the shotgun. I never put away my guns, shot or rifle, after a day's shooting without first cleaning. In the morning when I start on a hunt my gun is clean. Those I now use have been in use about fourteen years, and have seen much service, and are as bright inside as they were the day I received them from the maker. It is a very simple and quick method of keeping them so. Procure four pieces of soft fine sponge, each, when dry and compressed, about two inches long, for the shotgun, and large enough so that it will require a little twisting to force them into the breech of the barrels. I am speaking of breech-loading guns. Wet one of the sponges, warm water better than cold, and squeeze it as dry as can easily be done with the hand, and force it through the barrel with the wiping rod. Repeat the operation once or twice, cleaning the sponge each time. The damp sponge will take up the burnt powder, leaving the barrels clean, then force two of the dry sponges through the barrels, and the barrels will be dry. Stitch the fourth sponge, after having first forced it dry through the barrel, so as to give it form, so as to keep the form. Saturate the latter sponge with a preparation of alcohol and best sperm oil, first shaken in a bottle. The alcohol will evaporate and leave the oil evenly and thinly distributed.

I also use sponge to clean the rifle. I do not oil the barrels of my guns on the outside. When wet, I wipe them with the ball of my hand, but so as to leave them evenly damp.

If they rust too much, oil lightly with a preparation of beeswax and tallow, and rub.

If by carrying the guns they become bright in spots, slightly wet, or touch with tincture of iodine, and when sufficiently rusted oil and rub. By this method the barrels can be nicely, easily and cheaply kept browned.

In two items recently, "Loading," and "Rifle Aiming at Game," the compositor affixed "H. S." in lieu of H. L.

THE NEW YORK GAME BILL.

SEVERAL changes have been made in the codification of the bill, the more important of which are as follows: (See text in our issue of Feb. 5.)

Sections 2, 3 and 4. There shall be five fish commissioners, to be appointed at first for one, two, three, four and five years respectively; subsequent appointment to be for five years; to be paid traveling and incidental. Sec. 40. Venison shall not be possessed or sold between Feb. 1 and Aug. 15, and between Nov. 1 and Feb. 1, unless killed in open season or in another State. Sec. 43. The prohibition of floating or jacking has been removed. Sec. 44. Hounding season is made Sept. 10 to Oct. 11. Hounding is forbidden in St. Lawrence, Delaware, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan counties. Sec. 45. Sale of moose, caribou and antelope is forbidden in close season for the possession of venison. Sec. 49. Close season for hares or rabbits is made Feb. 1 to Sept. 15. Sec. 50. Close season for wildfowl killing or sale is made March 1 to Sept. 1. Sec. 71 forbids pursuit from any boat other than a boat propelled by hand.

Sec. 72 makes close season for quail Jan. 1 to Nov. 10; and in Sec. 73, as to sale, Nov. 1 is changed to Nov. 10.

Sec. 74 makes close season for woodcock and partridge Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, and makes no reference to prairie chickens. In Sec. 75, as to sale, Sept. 1 is substituted for Sept. 15.

Sec. 77 makes close season for woodcock and partridge.

Sec. 77 makes close season for plover, mud hen, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surf-bird, curlew, water chicken, bay snipe or shore birds Jan. 1 to Sept. 1.

Sec. 106 makes lawful length of trout of any kind, salmon trout or landlocked salmon, 6 in.

Sec. 111 prescribes, as lawful size of black bass and Sec. 114 makes the salmon length 18 in.

Sec. 161 makes close season for wildfowl on Long Island March 1 to Oct. 1, and Sec. 169 makes the hare or rabbit close season there Feb. 1 to Nov. 1.

There are numerous changes in the local provisions as to shooting and fishing.

Sec. 237 provides that action may be brought in any county where the penalty shall be incurred, or in any county adjoining, or in any county where defendant resides. But the same shall not be changed to the county wherein the offense was committed.

Sec. 248 reads: No person shall be excused from giving evidence in any civil, or criminal action, prosecution, or proceeding, under or authorized by this act, on the ground that the evidence might tend to convict such witness of a crime, or misdemeanor, or to establish the liability of such witness under the provisions thereof; but such evidence shall not be received against such witness in any civil or criminal action, prosecution or proceeding.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The codified game bill now before the Legislature is unsatisfactory in regard to wildfowl in this part of the State. It makes the opening day Sept. 15. This should be Sept. 1. All sportsmen that take an interest and study the habits of wildfowl know that ducks such as teal and wood duck begin migrating in the latter part of August, and by Sept. 15 a great many have passed us. Section 71 prohibits shooting from any boat. Now this is the most successful way for us to shoot ducks here, especially on the marshes.

I am heartily in favor of stopping the spring shooting of wildfowl, and find that most all the sportsmen feel the same way up here, but all are opposed to Sept. 15 as the opening day, and think it should be Sept. 1.

I also think we should have the privilege of fishing through the ice in waters not inhabited by black bass, trout, salmon, etc.

I saw an article in your issue of Feb. 13 by W. H. Hart, of Hudson. It is to the point and full of good sound common sense.

WOODVILLE, N. Y.

The hearings appointed for last week were not held, the Legislature having adjourned on the occasion of Gen. Sherman's funeral. A hearing before the Senate Committee has been appointed for to-day at 3 o'clock.

THE HIGHLAND GUN CLUB of Des Moines, Ia., has recently received a valuable gift from Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona. It is a handsome collection of mounted birds. The club has acknowledged the gift by resolutions which recite: "Whereas, John G. Smith, of Algona, has presented to the Highland Gun Club his large collection of mounted birds, representing many years of labor, care and perseverance, and great expense; and whereas, the members of this club from long acquaintance hold Mr. Smith in high esteem as a true sportsman and naturalist; therefore be it resolved, that the directors of the Highland Gun Club desire to express hereby their thanks for said gift and their fraternal regard for the donor; resolved, that John G. Smith is hereby elected an honorary member of this club. Attest: WILL BURNETT, Secretary."

A GOOD BAG OF CANVASBACKS.—Judge S. H. Green yesterday returned from a duck shoot that must have been a picnic. He was shooting at Green's Lake, near Knapp's Landing, on the Washington side of the Columbia, and during a few hours' shooting, Wednesday afternoon, he slaughtered forty-one canvasbacks. This is one of the largest bags secured by a single hunter during the season. They were nice, fat canvasbacks, too, and fit to grace the festive board of any aggregation of newsgatherers. Canvasback ducks are now said to be more plentiful in some of the lakes than any other variety, although but very few were to be found a few weeks ago.—*Portland Oregonian*.

SALE OF GAME IN CLOSE SEASON.—New York, Feb. 18. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* A paper states that dozens of store-keepers have been offering game out of season. Now, I have heard this time and again and defy this paper or any one else to prove it. I know that game is sold and served out of season, but not openly. In every case reported but one it has turned out that the game was imported pheasants or hares; and generally it was: "I heard so," or "Some one said they saw it." But that does not answer for proof. I shall be pleased to receive evidence that will convict; but hearsay evidence is of no use.—WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

MR. AUGUSTE FRANCOTTE, the celebrated European gun maker, arrived in New York this week. Mr. Francotte's trip is one entirely for pleasure, and it must be very gratifying to him to see his guns, which are in the best of hands here, so well liked in this country. It will be remembered that it was a Francotte featherweight ejector gun that gave such phenomenal results in the FOREST AND STREAM gun tests carried on last year.

MR. AL. BUNDLE has severed his connection with the Bundle Arms Co., of Cincinnati, O., and has as yet not fully determined upon his future business, but as he has several very flattering offers from sporting goods houses both East and West, and is thoroughly experienced in the gun trade, the prospects are he will not long be idle.

MR. STUYVESANT'S DEER FENCE.—The longest board fence in New Jersey, and possibly in the country, is just being completed at Tranquillity. It incloses J. O. Stuyvesant's new deer park and will be twelve miles long. The tract is 2,000 acres. The fence is ten feet high and is made of hemlock boards an inch and a half thick. The sawmill at Allamuchy has been running constantly for a year cutting lumber for this one fence. It will cost \$20,000.—*Newark Advertiser*.

THE SPRUCE CABIN RUN CLUB.—A number of New York business and professional men have organized the Spruce Cabin Run Game and Fish Association, with preserves including 100 acres of land in Canadensis, Monroe county. The officers elected were: President, Col. E. L. Price; Secretary, Chas. G. Bennett; Treasurer, John E. Blake.

WASHINGTON WINTER.—Whatcom, Wash., Feb. 10.—We have had the most open winter that I have ever experienced, with only about twelve frosty nights since last winter. Game is quite plenty, such as grouse and deer, ducks and geese and bear.—J. G. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

CAMPS OF THE OLENTANGY CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual election of the Olentangy Club, of Columbus, Ohio, took place at its first regular meeting in January and resulted as follows: Pres., W. J. Schenck; Vice-Pres., John Staib; Sec'y-Treas., C. M. Lloyd; Trustees, Charles G. Schenck, Erwin D. Case, Valentine Kiefer, W. G. Perks and John Peirano.

The club was organized in 1884 and the purpose for which it is formed is the mutual pleasure of its members in hunting, fishing, camping and social enjoyment. The club was incorporated Jan. 3 under the general corporation laws of the State of Ohio, under the name and style of the Olentangy Club and now enjoys all the corporate rights, powers, privileges and liabilities imposed by such laws.

Ever since its organization the club has taken an annual outing, lasting from four to six weeks. During the first years of its existence the encampments were generally located on either the Muskingum or Scioto, two beautiful rivers of our own State, but as the club grew stronger, numerically as well as financially, it began to spread its wings, so to speak, and look for a more distant field of sport, where game and fish were more plentiful, a country less settled and a purer air.

In the year 1887 the club located its camp on the Manistique Lake, a beautiful body of water near McMillan station, on the Duluth & South Shore R. R., 64 miles from St. Ignace, the terminus of the above mentioned road. The following year the camp was located near the same place, on what is known as the White Fish Lake, reached by the same route. Fishing was splendid and members of the encampments enjoyed themselves for all there was in it, returning home each year in the best of health and spirits.

In the summer of '89 the club located its camp on Lake Superior, near the Pictured Rocks, a range of cliffs which may be considered as the most beautifully striking of all the scenery of the Northwest. Here we did most of our fishing in a small inland lake known as Beaver Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about three-quarters of a mile back from the shore of grand old Superior, which was reached by a well-trodden trail through a forest of towering pines. Bass, pickerel and pike were the only fish we found in Lake Beaver. Trout fishing in the small streams emptying into Superior in the vicinity of our camp was good, and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the encampment. It would be hard to imagine a grander spot than the one chosen by the Olentangy Club.

The encampment of the club this summer was located on one of the many lakes of northern Wisconsin, known as Lake Vieux Desert. The lake is reached from State Line station, on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western, over a fair road, distance about six miles. Here we found muskallonge, bass, pike and pickerel. The lake is five miles long and from two to three miles wide, and is the headwaters of the Wisconsin River. Indians as well as fish are plenty here, but were peaceably disposed, and were making the best of the berry harvest—that is, whortleberries, or more familiarly known as huckleberries. The boys also took a hand in picking berries for immediate use. They were so plentiful that four or five of us could pick three to four bushels in a few hours, which would last us several days and were considered a very healthy addition to our bill of fare. They were on being stewed very palatable and considered one of the delicacies of the camp. Many pleasant days we spent here in the way of fishing, exploring the surrounding country, visiting an Indian village, also an old abandoned Indian graveyard, located on an island near the middle of the lake. The evenings were spent around a large, bright camp-fire, listening to the events of the day.

In speaking of our camp on Lake Superior I failed to mention the route taken, which may be of some interest to your readers. From Columbus to Detroit, thence by the steamer City of Alpena to St. Ignace, Mich., thence via the Duluth and South Shore to a station called Munising; from there our camping outfit was hauled to old Munising, located on Grand Island Bay, a distance of six miles. There we chartered three sailing yachts, which landed us at our objective point after fifteen hours of struggle against head winds. The trip would have been most tedious and tiresome but for the range of the beautiful Pictured Rocks, which we passed closely by. The nearest post-office, or for that matter habitation is twenty-four miles distant, and is practically only accessible by water, so it may be seen that a camp located at that place is pretty well outside the pale of civilization.

In all probability the club will locate its camp this coming summer somewhere near Gogebic Lake, Mich., making the trip via the Great Lakes to Ashland, Wis., thence by rail to a point not yet exactly determined upon.

C. M. L.

COLUMBUS, O.

MEMORIES OF MACATAWA.

THIS is the season of the year when there being neither hunting nor fishing, the lover of field sports can curl up before the blazing fire, and in the ascending smoke of the fragrant weed he can see and live over again the experiences of the past. Not only in memory does he do this but resorts to some old note book to freshen the incidents of the past, and sharpen his appetite for the good things of the future.

Thus it happened that Izaak, Jr., turned back the leaves of the years and lived over again the experiences of a vacation taken a number of years ago. And this is what he read:

From the sooty and sultry atmosphere of St. Louis to the clear and bracing atmosphere of Lake Michigan was a consummation so devoutly to be desired that I firmly resolved to make the change, and I did it, and that is why these notes written at that charming summer resort, the Macatawa Park Hotel, situated on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, about six miles from the city of Holland.

The hotel is located on a narrow ridge of land which extends between Lake Michigan and Macatawa Lake, and is flanked on either hand by high bluffs covered with pine, hemlock, and oak trees. The summits of these bluffs are delightful spots, as they overlook both of the lakes, and a cool breeze is always blowing. Along the shore of Lake Michigan, and but a few hundred feet from the hotel, stretches a magnificent sandy beach that for bathing purposes can not be surpassed in the whole country. The water is clear and clean, and when the great surf waves roll in it is glorious sport to battle against them.

The sand hills are also objects of attraction, and it is quite the thing to climb the steps on the wooden side and slide down the sandy incline on the other. In my youthful days I slid down the straw stack, and perhaps the cellar door, but here was sliding on a grander scale. The young ladies especially delight to glide down the sandy slope. You observe a fair maiden standing out against the clear sky and then she disappears as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed her up. You hurry up the steps to see if a fatal accident had not taken place. By the time you arrive at the summit another maiden or a bevy of maidens stand expectant on the summit in their white dresses, as if waiting for Ascension Day; but they are not going that way, and their dresses, unlike that ancient damsel's, are unprovided with puckering strings. With little hysterical screams the group jump into the sand and down the steep and sandy incline they rush. You see a gleam of brilliant hose, a shimmering of white dimity, and then there lies a heap of loveliness at the bottom of the bluff. But the sand is soft and clean, and no harm results, except shoes full of sand, and, sitting on the beach, it is the duty of the attentive beaux to remove the dainty shoes and pour out the sand, which they carefully preserve in homeopathic vials. Down one of the sand hills there is a deep furrow said to have been made by the heels of a Chicago belle as she plowed down the sandy bluff. If any one doubts this story they can have the furrow pointed out to them, as I had, and what proof, to a resident of St. Louis, can be more conclusive. Envious ladies say that the beau who emptied her shoes of the sand must have needed a flat quart bottle to have been equal to the occasion. Sometimes, however, accidents occur. A projecting root or stick may cause a sad disaster, and a steely skeleton remains thereon to serve as a danger signal to other venturesome sand skaters.

But I intend to write of my angling experiences at Macatawa Lake, one of the best fishing grounds in Michigan, if the fish are in a humor to bite. The only drawback to this place are the many excursionists who make an angler's life miserable, for I hold that the genuine angler loves solitude. He prefers the company of the loon and heron to that of gum-chewing maidens and cigarette-smoking youths. The wind through the pines and hemlocks is sweeter music to his ear than the banging of the hotel piano by the befuddled summer belle; the lapping of the waves upon the beach gives him greater pleasure than the gurgling of liquids over the bar; and mosquitoes can be endured with a more patient resignation than the aimless crowd of Sunday school excursionists.

I arrived at the hotel in time for dinner, and having gone through with that formality, I at once prepared for a trial angling trip. Mrs. Izaak, Jr., concluded to accompany me, and retired to her room to put on her fishing attire. When she returned she was attired in a rubber ulster and carried a parasol. I mildly argued against the propriety of raising an umbrella in a boat while fishing, but to no avail. And then she wanted to know if she had not better take her knitting along, in case the fish did not bite. I replied, "Certainly, by all means," and kindly volunteered to send for the family sewing machine. I think my satire was useful, for the knitting was left behind.

We finally got safe into the boat, and in the delight of the moment my spirits visibly rose as I rowed away toward the fishing grounds, and I actually smiled to myself at the pretty figure of Mrs. Izaak, Jr., and her parasol, as she reclined comfortably in the stern of the boat. Reaching a spot where I thought we might take fish, I "heaved" the anchor overboard and prepared the tackle for business. First I had to put the minnow on Mrs. Izaak, Jr.'s hook, which operation she watched with great anxiety. "Don't it hurt the minnow to put a hook in it that way?" But I answered that it was no time to moralize when one was on a fishing excursion, and that if a man had a fish on the end of his line, and stopped to argue about the hook hurting the fish, he would lose the fish, and deservedly, too. No, when one goes a-fishing he must leave his society for the prevention of cruelty to animals at home.

By this time our lines were cast, and I settled down to the glorious expectancy of getting a bite. I had my back to Mrs. Izaak, Jr., when suddenly I heard her pole splash in the water, and my heart came into my mouth at the thought that she had the first bite. I turned my head, and, shades of Izaak, Sr., must I say it, she had let her pole fall into the water while attempting to raise her parasol. I groaned inwardly, and fixed a stony glare at my bobber, which obstinately refused to be pulled under water. With the stubbornness born of disgust, I sat and sat; the sun was well down in the western sky; the bell at the hotel was ringing for supper; a big frog set up a croak in the bushes by the shore; the—"I've got a bite," came thrillingly to my ears. The parasol tumbled into the lake, there was a struggle with the pole, a splash

by the side of the boat, and Mrs. Izaak, Jr., landed a bass at my feet to be unhooked. She looked at me with one of her old-time glances, and asked if I didn't want to borrow her parasol; maybe I might get a bite then. "Parasol be ribbed," I ungraciously murmured, as I impaled another minnow on the hook. But why prolong the story. My score was a goose egg; Mrs. Izaak's was two bass. We were both tired, and I was told that I might go alone in the morning; she "had enough of fishing."

A good supper at the hotel restored our spirits, and as we were strolling on the beach afterward Mrs. Izaak, Jr., remarked to me, in her sweetest manner, "My dear, I had a delightful time fishing this afternoon, and I think I will go along with you in the morning." But I determinedly protested against such a course. The morning air was full of malarious vapor, and it was a very rash thing for a woman to go out fishing on an empty stomach at 5 A. M. She retorted that she didn't propose to "fish on an empty stomach; she was going to fish from the boat." I saw it was useless to philosophically discuss the matter, so I dropped it.

But the next morning, at the first peep of day, I silently dressed and stole from my room to the boat house, and was soon gliding through the smooth water alone. I may be mistaken, but I hold that the true angler wants no company but himself and his bait, and, finding myself in that position, I was content with all the world. In front of me rose the blue surface of Lake Michigan, while the prow of my boat was pointed up Macatawa Lake, toward the fishing grounds. The big, round, red sun was just peeping from the eastern horizon, and the smooth surface of the water was broken here and there as some fish rose to gather in a helpless fly returning from an all-night spree. The whole scene was a delightful one, and if the fish would only bite—aye, there's the rub. But the fish would not bite. For two hours I strove to lure one to take a nice fat minnow, but all in vain. I tried trolling with spoon bait, but with no better success. The fish appeared to be all "independent bolters," and seemed determined not vote the regular ticket. About three miles up the lake, however, I had a little better luck, and succeeded in catching about a dozen bass, none of them of large size, but still large enough to afford considerable sport.

I had taken no lunch with me, and my inner man began to assert his rights in so marked a manner that I turned my boat, and a vigorous twenty minutes' row brought me back, when I reduced the profits of the hotel considerably. To my great surprise, Mrs. Izaak, Jr., met me in a smiling manner, and inquired how I liked to "fish on an empty stomach." Then and there we compromised, and hoisted a flag of truce. On my future excursions she always accompanied me, but I struck the line at the parasol, which was left at home. We took considerable fish, but the largest did not weigh over two pounds, and the smallest—well, we did not weigh them. I am aware this is a strange story for a fisherman to relate, but it is a true one, and therein lies its virtue. As the youthful pa of his country remarked, "I cannot tell a lie—unless there is money in it."

But all the anglers were not as unsuccessful as myself. I saw black bass weighing six pounds taken from the very spots where I had fished. On the day I left the lake a little girl hooked a twenty-pound muskallonge, which was safely landed with the aid of her father.

And thus the days passed on—eating, sleeping, fishing, bathing, and taking siestas on the summit of the pine-covered bluffs. What a place it is to recreate the weary man from the hurried and unrestful city. From the summit of Prospect Point I see the sun go down on the land of the badgers; away out on Lake Michigan I discern the white sail of some grain-laden vessel; on the edge of the horizon a thin line of smoke shows where some steamer is making straight for her port; a dim haze is creeping over the lake and the bluff, the songs and shouts of the campers in the valley below are faintly borne to my ears; the bright light from the lighthouse shoots out over the rippling waters; the last whistle of the about departing steamer is heard, and, with a deep sigh of regret, there comes to an end the vacation of

IZAACK, JR.

St. Louis, Mo.

ANGLING NOTES.

NOW is the time for the amateur to lay in a stock of feathers for next season's fly dressing. The best hackles obtainable come from the necks of the capons which are now to be found in great abundance in the markets. Of course the hackles of game cocks are more desirable, but they can rarely be had excepting by those who breed these birds, or who are so fortunate as to have friends who do so.

Hackles should be narrow, tapering to a point, and firm without feeling harsh when drawn through the fingers. Select those which are as near as possible of the same color on both sides. The most useful colors are brown, black, brown and gray furnace, that is, brown or white with a black streak down the center, and white. The latter are used for dying. The gray and brown mallard, teal, widgeon and headhead feathers can also be obtained. They are found just under the wing and on the back just above the butt of the wing. These are used in dressing the Abbey, professor, grizzly-king, queen-of-the-waters, etc. The various colored pigeon wings are also very useful and the poultry stores are full of them. If the angler keeps a sharp lookout he will occasionally find a blue heron or crow hanging among the poultry, the wing feathers of which are very necessary.

The wood duck side feathers are very useful, but exceedingly hard to obtain; still, now and then they can be found, particularly among boxes of birds shipped from the South.

With the above list, including a few turkey tails, one can tie the majority of the flies used for trout fishing.

There are dyes sold in the drug stores that are very easily used; they have the directions printed on them and any one can dye their own hackles with little trouble. The only thing to look out for is the natural grease on the feathers. This can be removed by washing in soap and warm water or alum water. Fix the colors by adding a little vinegar to the dye and rinse in cold water. The hackles should be tied by the stems in loose bunches of a dozen, first stripping off the down.

An angling friend sends us a few specimens of close imitations of natural flies. They are dressed by himself

and would do credit to an expert. He had great success with these flies on the Willowemoc and Neversink, where he found the originals, and believes it due to their use, though the writer has a suspicion that a great deal of it was owing to his being a superb fly-fisherman and using fine tackle. Several of the imitations are almost identical with the golden-spinner, great-dun, oak-fly, beaver-kill, brow-hen and brown and gray palmers, so much so that we are inclined to doubt whether even the most educated trout would notice the difference.

It is reported that a few striped bass tempted by the mild weather have been taken on the hook in the Hudson River.

The spotted weakfish or so-called "sea trout" have developed a great fondness for large-sized phantom minnows. They also take large bass flies, and afford good sport on a stout fly-rod.

Channel bass sometimes can be seduced by these big flies, and when a good-sized "spot" is hooked the owner of a fly-rod has his hands full, and thinks there is more sport in it than catching tarpon on a bean pole.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THE NEW YORK TROUT LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For nearly forty years I have been an annual visitor all over the Adirondacks, and during that time have seen more or less unprofitable tinkering with the game laws. Every section of the State wants its peculiar privilege, and the present new codification is fearfully "under fire." In the main, the laws submitted are good ones; but still I, too, have my suggestions. Make the law all over the State the same for trout fishing. Why discriminate for Long Island? We of the north don't expect to get trout in April, but should like to if we could. We are as much entitled to it as New York city sportsmen and are equally as fond of it, and I think know as much about it as they do and enjoy it as much. Another lame point in the game law: Trout in the Adirondacks spawn about Sept. 1, I mean brook trout. The season is extended to the 15th, which is an error. Lake trout spawn later.

As to transportation; had I my way, I would not allow a trout or any venison to be taken out of the woods in any shape for the next five years. Such a law, with strong restrictions in fine, would increase materially this kind of game in the woods. Make a law for the State entire; not section out here and there with certain privileges. Also stop buoy fishing as strongly as set-line fishing. One is as bad as the other; and both ought to be put under the same restriction, doubling fines for any infringement.

No, Mr. Editor, strike at the root of the matter. There is too much tinkering and child's play in this whole matter. As "J. H. R.," of Canton, writes in your last issue, "Treat all alike;" and as suggested in your "Angling Notes" by "Scarlet-Ibis," the best laws always are those that are reasonably easy to enforce and so simple that all can understand. We want no technicalities and no doubts, but a law equally to be respected over the entire State, and to be enforced without partiality and no discriminations, whether on Long Island or in the dense woods.

D. T.

ADIRONDACKS.

TARPON AT PUNTA GORDA.

PUNTA GORDA HOTEL, Punta Gorda, Fla., Feb. 16. —Editor Forest and Stream: The season here is some two or three weeks later than usual. The fishing season has been rather slow in coming. The first tarpon taken on the Gulf coast (so far as I have heard) was taken here in Charlotte Harbor near the Punta Gorda Hotel. A little way up the harbor the Peace River comes into the harbor, and there on the 12th inst. the tarpon was captured. Mr. C. F. Goodnow, of South Sudbury, Mass., was the fortunate angler. He went for tarpon on two days. On the first day he took a shark; on the next day he killed a splendid tarpon with the usual bass rod, line and reel, with mullet for bait, on a large hook with fourth-inch cotton cord 4ft. long for snell. The fish drew line and his cedar boat and guide nearly two miles up the river, not going all the time straight, frequently giving some slack line, but much of the way taking about 300ft. from the reel, the river not being deep nor wide, and there being more tide inward than current outward. His first leap into the air was terrible, taking up with him a very large mass of water. After thirteen leaps and a fierce battle lasting one hour and five minutes, he slowly yielded to the gaff, but came near upsetting the boat. His length was 6ft., girth 3ft. 8in., weight 162lbs. The taxidermist here has him in hand, and one of his sides may ornament New England and the other the Punta Gorda Hotel.

A Spanish mackerel was killed here yesterday, it being early for that fish, which does not appear here usually before March.

We have now taken here about one-half of the various kinds of Florida fish mentioned and so well illustrated in one of your issues of the FOREST AND STREAM about a year ago.

NELSON MERRILL.

"A BIG CATCH OF TROUT.—Portland, Me., Feb. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: Inclosed is item cut from the Portland Advertiser: 'The Greeley explorers returned to Bangor Monday night, from Randall's Camp above the Katahdin Iron Works, where they have been the last ten days. In addition to George Greeley and party there were two gentlemen from Jersey City, Landlord Bemis, of the Crosby Inn, Belfast, and Caterer Robinson, Messrs. James Miller and S. Bourne, of Portland. This party fished eight days in all, and in addition to the fish eaten, brought home 2,706 speckled trout, none of which weighed a pound, averaging from one-quarter to one-half a pound. This is probably the largest catch of trout ever recorded.' This is an illustration of our beautiful law which allows 'inhabitants of the State' to catch trout through the ice for their own use after Feb. 1. This party goes in every year, and in their case hog should be spelled in capitals.—D.

THE DEFEST ANGLING ASSOCIATION held its ninth annual meeting on Feb. 16, at the Arena, No. 41 West 31st street, this city. The association was organized and received its charter in 1888, owns two hundred acres of land situated six miles east of Boonville, on the Utica &

Black River branch of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R., and is on the direct carriage road to White Lake and the Bisby Club. This association was gotten up for the purpose of making a family resort for lovers of fishing where real enjoyment might be indulged in without restraint. There are two well-stocked trout ponds on the premises, one covering an area of 10 or 12 acres and the other about 30 acres. Those afford ample sport for the members and their families. The reports read at the meeting last week show the organization to be prosperous; and at the banquet in the evening there was a merry round of angling talk and reminiscences of the North Woods.—G. A. D. DEF.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURAL DISCUSSIONS—ETHICAL PHASES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of Jan. 1 came to hand at a time when I was too ill to give it the usual careful perusal, but a member of the family called my attention to your editorial headed "The Status of Fishculture." The paper was at once loaned and when returned was mislaid until a few days ago, when I found nearly a page of characteristic, irrelevant matter from your Denver correspondent, containing his usual tirade of personalities. I also find a short article of my own, sent you some two months before.

I now desire more particularly to reply to your editorial. At the very start you misrepresent me by saying that you have published my communications upon "fishcultural methods in general." Had you stopped at the words "trout culture" you would have stated the whole truth. To be sure, I have stated that some other lines of fishculture—or methods, if you please—were not a success. I have generally said that they were yet in the legitimate experimental stage, which artificial trout culture passed many years ago. I am fully aware that there is extensive opposition to present methods of fishculture, and indeed to all methods, with public funds, but I do not, as you state, represent the extreme of this adverse element. On the contrary, I have for a longer period than any other American citizen been an enthusiastic champion of fishculture under all generally accepted methods, each in its turn as developed, and still continue to champion all methods which have proven a success, or which are yet in a legitimate stage of experiment, and I have myself originated some methods which have proven a success and some which have been failures.

In this connection it is proper to say that I have ever been prompt to publish my failures, in order to prevent others from traveling over the same ground and lose time and money in repeating failures. How many fishculturists can you name who have been thus honorable? On the other hand, cannot you name prominent fishculturists who for years kept up the delusion of artificial fishculture for the sake of personal gain, by the sale of eggs and fry, and when at the same time they knew it was a fascinating delusion and sure to entail loss upon the customers? And you must certainly know that several hundred people in the States of New York and Pennsylvania alone have very thoroughly tested artificial trout culture under the direction of these very persons, who sold them eggs and fry to the extent of thousands of dollars. Did you ever know any of them to receive any return for their expenditures, unless they too succeeded in selling eggs and fry? I could repeatedly fill every page of FOREST AND STREAM with reliable statements of men who were victims of these trout culturists, and who lost various sums, from a few hundred up to as high as eight thousand dollars each. I have met scores of these victims and have communications from hundreds more, and most of them were from prominent men in their respective localities.

Now, it is a fact that most of these men thought for years that they were making a success, and a quarter of a century ago the newspapers of the country teemed with accounts of their supposed success. I particularly recall the New York *Weekly Tribune* with its prodigious circulation, especially among farmers; and I was myself one of its occasional contributors, and believed I was stating facts regarding the success of artificial trout culture; and so I was, as far as the public had adequate experience, namely, successful hatching and distribution of young fry. But here all success ceased, although it required several years to develop this fact, for we all know of the slow growth of trout. But all did learn that it cost from one dollar to two and a half dollars a pound to raise them.

Now, you and your correspondent mention a few instances where parties claim there is some degree of success, although the same is not very clearly specified. I have no doubt that you have read numerous published statements concerning the successful restocking of trout streams, and have had reason to believe them, etc. Your experience is simply a repetition of that of hundreds of others about twenty-five years ago. Because of the simplicity of artificial propagation and distribution of young fry, we all at that time thought that the repopulation of the streams was an assured fact. But the result was a striking illustration of "hope deferred." The years of patient, painstaking, hopeful experiment brought no increase to the table or creel, and in all these years of experimental repetition there have been no consequential returns for the time and money expended. It is true there have been from time to time years of increased productiveness in many trout streams; but in most instances they have been in streams which have never been restocked, and the increase in every case was due to natural causes, whether in stocked or unstocked streams, and these causes are now well understood by all old fishculturists and have been repeatedly explained, even by your humble servant and in your own columns. I know of my own knowledge of numerous streams which have become so restored to their old-time productiveness, and all old trout streams would thus become restored if their surroundings were allowed to revert to old-time conditions, and they will never be restored in any other manner. I believe that all thoroughly experienced students of nature, such men as Charles Hallowell, for instance, will take this view of the matter.

Your Denver correspondent took umbrage because I said he was callow (upon this subject only), and also charged that I antagonized the views of the late Prof. Baird and others who, like him, had investigated the subject. Now, I know what Prof. Baird's views were upon the subject quite as well as the Denver man could, because for nearly three years I experimented with *Salmonidae* by his request and under his direction, and this interval included "Centennial" year, when I was with him frequently. I have a large number of letters from him in this connection. I know that within a year of his death he had nearly despaired of any adequate success with *Salmonidae*. A few months before his death a gentleman then and now in a public position at Washington conversed with him on this particular subject, and being an old acquaintance of mine, asked the Professor's opinion of my oft-published views concerning the propagation of *Salmonidae* and stocking of waters with them. The Professor replied that I was a persistent and industrious investigator and that my views were entitled to respect; that he considered me a valued correspondent of the Bureau, and in the main he thought my fishcultural views were correct. A short time before this the member of Congress from my district called upon the Pro-

fessor concerning a matter of special interest to me, and the Professor voluntarily expressed himself in a similar manner to him. So much for the grandest authority ever known in this country. I am sure you will not deny that from eighteen to twenty-five years ago there were many hundreds of persons in various parts of the country engaged in trout culture, and I again challenge you to locate many, if indeed any more than a dozen persons now thus engaged, unless directly or indirectly backed with public funds. There may also be a few cases where a small business is done in connection with summer resorts, merely as a side attraction. Indeed most of the places mentioned by you and in the newspapers generally in this connection are summer resorts, and thousands of dollars of public money are thus used to boom these resorts. Some people do not think this a legitimate use of public funds. But surely were the business such a success as you claim, there would be, after all these years of experiment, hundreds if not thousands of persons engaged in it. I have no idea that any of the parties whom you think are now making a success of the business will be engaged in it five years hence, unless they can find as customers for their stock enough inexperienced persons ready to travel over the same paths that hundreds of others have marked by universal disaster. I wish right here to confidently express the belief that no other person has investigated this subject so many years and so thoroughly as myself, and I am perfectly willing to take the chances of intelligent readers (and certainly intelligent investigators) accepting my views, rather than the views of those whose stock in trade consists of invective and whose only argument is to charge with egotism those who make some particular subject a specialty. The charge of egotism in such cases is invariably the last argument of the conceited, intelligent ignoramus. Your Denver man says I have some personal grievance against him! Nothing could be more absurd. I only know him as a pioneer publisher of a frontier paper, and quite a "hustler," to use a frontier term. He has the reputation of being quite a successful "boomer" of his region, and it is so much to his credit that some well-meaning people will pardon him in his endeavor to entice tourists to his region under the impression that they will find as good trout fishing as when the region was first settled. Some of the tourists, however, have published statements to the effect that the catch there has been gradually and surely falling off. Residents of the region have written me to the same effect and have also stated that there are but very few persons in Colorado engaged in trout culture and that the business was dying out. I myself heard one of a party of tourists say they would not go to Colorado again, with the expectation of getting satisfactory trout fishing. Now, I place as much reliance upon the word of these various parties as I would upon a person who was engaged in "booming" the region and who acknowledges his ignorance of fishculture.

The long-winded communication referred to is largely composed of old statistics of an alleged increase of shad and whitefish some years ago, and a claim that said increase was due to artificial propagation. I fail to see what this has to do with artificial trout culture, even were it reliable, which it certainly is not. I think I have already stated in your columns that for the past fifty years it has been extensively observed in the region of the Eastern shad-producing waters that there was quite a uniform fluctuation from year to year in the production, from increase to decrease alternately, there being on an average but three prolific seasons in each ten. Every shad fisherman, every dealer and every habitual consumer in these regions will testify to this fact, and, so far, the extensive propagative operations have caused no perceptible change; still, as a new departure in planting (long urged by me) has been inaugurated, there is yet hope of some success; but a "progressive" close time will have to be adopted in the Delaware River, in order to make any success above the lower third of that stream. I will remark here that fish commissions, through their organs, proclaimed the season of 1887 one of the most prolific ever known there. I was on the ground and obtained the same statistics as sent to the U. S. Fish Commission, and know it was the poorest third season ever known. Philadelphia had to obtain much the larger portion of her supply from New York city, the season on the Hudson being a fairly good one. The fish commission statistics, especially estimates, have been and continue to be very incomplete and unreliable. I am quite familiar with that subject. The planting of a small lot of shad on the Pacific coast has been a grand success, and had the plants been repeated every year since, it is not likely that it would have made any perceptible difference in the results. It would be like attempting to create a freshet in a river with a sprinkling pot.

Now, regarding the whitefish, I have always urged thorough experimental work in their propagation and planting. This work has been intelligently prosecuted for a long term of years, especially in Lake Erie. So far, there have been no perceptible results for the great labor and expenditure entailed. Those most extensively and the longest in the fishery trade on Lake Erie are my authority for this statement. The status of the whitefish has been carefully observed by those in the trade for 40 to 50 years past, and about the same fluctuation as in the case of shad has been noted. There were seasons from 30 to 40 years ago when they were scarcer than they have ever been since; a fact which "knocks Fish Commission statistics silly." There has been for the past few years a steady decline in the catch, although the appliances and efforts for their capture were never so extensive and complete. I have been taking especial pains to investigate during the past two years, and particularly during the present season. Even those fishermen who say that there may ultimately be some returns for the propagating operations, have not sufficient confidence in the work to aid even in planting the young fish, unless paid for it. Those the longest and most extensively interested and experienced declare that all propagation of lake fisheries is just so much dead loss; and I cannot understand why those at a distance, and having no adequate means of knowing the facts, should continue to brazenly dispute such authority. It is certainly an exhibition of monumental presumption. So far as I am concerned, I investigate a subject very thoroughly before making published assertions; consequently I rarely make mistakes concerning these matters, but, if I chance to do so, I am prompt to make corrections and not mislead others.

The whole issue in this discussion, on my part, has been the trout question, but you and your Denver man seem desirous of diverting the attention of your readers from the question at issue and gratuitously proclaim me as opposed to general fishculture, for which I am at the present time an acknowledged champion and have been for a longer period than any other American.

Another characteristic operation was the publishing in that nearly full page Denver communication of an idiosyncratic paragraph from the *American Angler* and peculiar to one of the editors of that journal. Himself and your Denver correspondent are in the same boat, both publishing erratic matter on a subject upon which both are ill-informed, and when the bottom is completely knocked out of their statements by the simple presentation of cold facts, which are unimpeachable, they become discourteous and grossly personal. But the *Angler*, to its credit, published my communication complete, which effectually neutralized the prefix copied in the communication referred to, but your correspondent did not have the honor to publish my communication, as it would have neutralized his page communication as well. It is unprofitable to discuss any subject with those who resort to such dishonorable practices as the publication of untruthful squibs and then carefully suppress the replies. Your Denver man seems to think me quite ill-informed

about what he evidently supposes to be modern methods of trout culture, namely, stocking with yearling trout. This method of replenishing waters is older than history itself, having been practiced from remote periods of semi-civilization down to the present time. The first waters I ever stocked with trout were with wild specimens, evidently one and two-year-olds, but there may have been older specimens, as the age of wild trout is enigmatical. I know of waters stocked in this manner from forty to fifty years ago; but this is not artificial fishculture. It is, however, far superior to using artificially hatched trout, which are not nearly so hardy, and besides, when artificially reared to a year or more, they are practically incapable of taking care of themselves. This I have personally tested and know that the method is as unreliable as stocking with young fry. If you and your clearly deluded Denver correspondent will make half the careful investigations that I have, you will learn, as many hundreds have learned by costly experience, that artificial trout culture is a fascinating delusion.

And now, in conclusion, it is to be hoped that you and others will cease misrepresenting me as opposed to fishculture in general. I believe and have for a long term of years, that trout can be made more plentiful by protected preserves, mainly of running water, properly prepared and stocked with adult wild trout, but even this method has never proved a remarkable success in open waters, such as are stocked by fish commissions.

Since this correspondence has been running in FOREST AND STREAM, I have had a large number of letters upon the subject from various parts of the country, and but a solitary one claimed that trout-stocked waters were a success, and he claimed that several streams in his region now contained trout which never had any until stocked by the State commission several years ago. It so happened that I was in the region named thirty-four years ago (then just being settled) and the few inhabitants there were enthusiastic about the purity of their waters, and claimed that they all contained "speckled trout." Several parties write that they had thought of trying trout culture, but thank me for changing their minds upon the subject. I will close by saying that I am notified of arrangements pending for a large game and trout preserve, the land being already secured; and I have been practically engaged to plan and superintend the preparation of the trout feature of the enterprise, and perhaps the whole. There will be no artificial propagation of trout. One of the parties has had several years experience in artificial propagation, but abandoned it years ago as illusory.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Feb. 6.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

SEA TROUT FROM SCOTLAND.

ABOUT 15,000 eggs of the sea trout (*Salmo trutta*), which were sent from Europe at the request of Shooting and Fishing have been forwarded to Mr. Charles G. Atkins, at Craig's Brook, Me., for development.

The sea trout is a migratory species, occurring in rivers flowing into the Baltic and German Ocean, and also ascending rivers of Great Britain. It is abundant in Scotland, from whence the eggs were obtained. This trout is commonly called sea trout, salmon trout or bull trout. It is the *See-Forrelle* or *Lachs-Forrelle* of Germany and the *Orla* or *Lachring* of Scandinavia. The young have nine or ten dusky crossbars. Half-grown individuals have the upper part of the pectoral and dorsal fins and the hind margin of the caudal black. Adults are silvery, sometimes without spots, but usually with x-shaped spots in large or small numbers. The markings, however, are subject to great variation in number, size and shape. On the head and dorsal fin the spots are roundish when present. The caudal fin is forked in the young and slightly emarginate or perfectly truncate in the adult.

The sea trout grows to a length of about 3ft., and females 16 or 12in. long may be sexually mature. The species spawns late in the fall or in the winter, and the young run down to the sea in the spring. In the breeding season the lower jaw of the male is hooked.

The following quotation from Dr. Day's "British and Irish Salmonidae" is of interest in this connection: "Anglers find in rivers these fish will mostly take a worm if the waters are muddy, as it begins to clear a spinning bait, and when fine a fly. If hooked they often display considerable cunning in their attempts to break the line with a blow from the tail, or impetuously dart off, when a similar result ensues, should it not readily run off the reel. Stoddard observed that during the season clean sea trout give more sport than salmon to the anglers; in fact in Scotland an hour or two's white trout fishing when the fish are in the humor is esteemed good sport, as they often take a fly well, while in some places they may be taken up to 6 or 7lbs. weight; in Wales the sewin are also similarly sought after, especially of an evening, with fine tackle and a small fly. But large examples, as bull trout, appear to generally refuse bait or flies, but keltis are readily hooked."

COLORADO STATION OF U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

—The new hatchery at Leadville, Colorado, had the following stock on hand Jan. 31, 1891: Brook trout (*fontinalis*) fry, 19,273; do. breeders, 149; Loch Leven trout fry, 1,277; black-spotted trout fry, 878; do. yearlings, 1,000; do. breeders, 733; rainbow trout breeders, 5; total 23,315. The number of eggs in process of hatching were as follows: Brook trout (*fontinalis*) collected, 139,199; do. from the East, 19,739; Von Behr trout (*farlo*), 99,474; total 258,412. The transfer of eggs and fish from their temporary quarters to the new building was to be completed by Feb. 9. The lowest air temperature in January was 10 deg. below zero, and the highest observed at noon was 41 deg. The water temperature was uniformly 44 deg.

SALMON EGGS SENT TO FRANCE.—In January the U. S. Fish Commission shipped from Cold Spring Harbor, New York, 90,000 eggs of the quinnat or chinook salmon (*Oncorhynchus chouteau*) to France. The consignment was forwarded per steamer La Gascogne. Notwithstanding the comparative failure to acclimate this valuable fish in tributaries of the Mediterranean, the French fishculturists mean to continue the experiment in the hope of ultimate success.

WAS HE INSURED? Is a question we ask almost as naturally after a man's death as after a fire; because it is coming to be recognized as much a matter of business prudence to insure one's life as it is to insure against loss by fire. There are many good business men in the world, and it might be a matter of wonder where they all insured their lives did not the annual reports of the companies call attention to the immense business done by some of them. Here is the New York Life, for example, whose report appears in another column, with an annual income of thirty-two million dollars, with assets to the amount of one hundred and fifteen millions, and carrying over five hundred and sixty-nine millions of insurance on its books. It paid over thirteen millions to policy holders in 1890, and wrote a hundred and fifty-nine millions of new insurance. This company carries about fifteen per cent. of all the insurance in force in American companies, and does about nineteen per cent. of the new business. Its success is the result of superior management, and is well deserved.—*Ado.*

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,882, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sylvan" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 21 to 27.—Fifteenth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
March 8 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Secretary.
March 10 to 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Secretary.
March 16 to 18.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.
March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 4.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.
April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascot Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.
April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.
April 25 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. R. P. Remick, Sec'y.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE Westminster Kennel Club's fifteenth annual show opened under very favorable conditions on Tuesday last. The proverbially good weather which this club nearly always enjoys has not deserted them on this occasion, and consequently throughout the day and evening the aisles were crowded, and an interested gathering of exhibitors, and those drawn by curiosity, could always be found round the judging rings, of which there were four in the center of the hall, forming a square. The new hall is vastly superior in general appearance to the old barnlike structure we have been accustomed to for so many years, still there were many exhibitors present who loudly proclaimed the fact that they wished the old building had never been touched, especially those whose misfortune it was to be buried in the basement, as it was impossible to bench all on one floor. There were many complaints, as might have been expected, from the pointer, setter and spaniel men because they had been "lowered" in more ways than one. Those exhibitors have come to think that they form the most important part of a show—but they don't, and as a part of the whole they must take their chances.

Miss Whitney was the first to commence judging at 10:10 A. M., and visitors and the *connoisseurs* were soon engrossed with the merits of the St. Bernards Sir Bedivere and Alton. They both had many admirers, though of course Bedivere's reputation could not be denied and he had the popular vote, but he did not win by a very big score. All the St. Bernard men one can think of were grouped round the ring and anxiously followed the decisions. Mr. Huntington was also early to work with the greyhounds, being in Ring I, and had an opportunity himself to see what it feels like to be a judge, and, as we surmised from his remarks to us, he did not find it such easy work after all. The new dog Gem of the Season won well in his class. The Bulldog Club were *en evidence* in Ring 4, and such a display of bulldogs has never been got together before in this country, thanks to this energetic club. This good old breed will now no doubt come to the front and stay there. Their souvenir catalogue is quite a valuable one, and is well and tastefully arranged.

In Ring 3 Major Taylor got to work on his English setters, but judging from remarks made he hardly seems to have been so successful in his awards as usual, many known cracks having to be contented with a lower seat. One of England's greatest dogs, Sir Tatton, could do no better than C. and Count Howard had to succumb to a dog whose superiority is hardly visible in any point. Mr. Hoey started to do the fox-terriers in the afternoon and was therefore unable to get through the first day. In fact, the judging all round has not gone with the usual expedition, a good deal of time being unavoidably wasted in getting the dogs into the rings from downstairs and elsewhere. Otherwise everything progresses systematically and one of the busiest men is Mr. Mortimer, whose task is necessarily an arduous one. Mr. Mayhew will finish his classes Wednesday morning, as he could not begin till late on Tuesday afternoon.

There are few innovations this year if we except the heretofore much needed letter-cards to distinguish the different dogs while in the ring. Each handler is given a large lettered card, corresponding with a letter in the catalogue opposite the dog's name, allowing visitors to at once be able to see which are which in the ring. Some of the stewards of rings were particular in seeing that all were furnished with their cards, others did not take the trouble to bother with them. It should be understood implicitly that they must be used, and we hope other shows will follow suit. The attendants this year are decked out with blue jerseys and cap and seem a much superior order of men to those of last year. Among those whom we noticed busily engaged as ring stewards and in other duties were Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock, H. B. Cronwell, Thomas H. Terry, J. Breeze Smith, and J. Pearson, J. H. Winslow, Winthrop Rutherford and others.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Wyoming Kennels' Sears Monarch. *Bitches*: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Lady Colons. *OPENS*: Dogs: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Lord Chancellor; 2d, Mrs. C. E. Wallace's Merlin; 3d, Taunton & Winchell's Beaufort; 4th, R. P. H. Durkee's Melrose Prince. Very high com., R. Exley's Exley's Chief, C. D. Arthur's Olaf, H. A. Taylor's Sir Misting. High com., J. Massey's Misting Minor, E. L. Kimball's Elkon. Com., P. R. Simmonds's Macduff, Mrs. B. E. Spitz's Arminius, G. T. Gray's Duke of Norfolk. *Bitches*: 1st and 4th, Flour City Kennels' Lady Dorothy and Countess's Own Daughter; 2d and 3d, F. T. Underhill's Duchess and Edda. Very high com., Elm Kennels' Cassandra, E. D. Hays's Countess, J. E. R. Boudreau's Baby Bunting. *PUPPIES UNDER 18 MONTHS*: 1st, Trimout Kennels' Pluto; 2d, R. Exley's Exley's Chief; 3d, F. T. Underhill's Ontare Brenda. Very high com., C. E. Greenman's Rex Carolus, G. W. Glazier's Ingleside Princess, E. L. Kimball's Elkon, Flour City Kennels' Beaufort, Jr. High com., F. E. Labovitz's Sultan, H. W. G. Zerk's Superbus, Mrs. A. G. Gorham's White Chief, W. A. Thomas's Bruie. High com., J. G. Ford's Prince of Orange, J. F. Hall's Marquis of Stafford, T. I. Mara's Lakmond, Dr. H. M. Beck's Bravo. Com., Chas. Giller's Jersey Ben, Dr. R. Taylor's Ajax, C. B. Johnston's Friesland Vitzler, V. Petrola's Count St. Vincent, F. Linck's Rith, G. Greiner's Grover. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d, 4th and very high com., E. H. Moore's Melrose, Mrs. J. W. G. Zerk's Duke's Lady Melrose and Corlette; 4d, Wyoming Kennels' Plevna. Reserve, Elmwood Kennels' Zenith. Very high com., Mrs. D. P. Foster's Princess Jura. High com., Miss E. E. Sinden's Lady Rosemont, J. F. Hanley's Duchess II. Com., L. Robert's Lady Talon, F. Schoop's Miss Bellina, Halfway Brook Kennels' Belle of

Halfway Brook. *PUPPIES*—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. G. W. White & Son's Marc Antony; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Norma Joseph; equal 3d, C. Pfeiderer's Roland, Jr. and Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Mount Zion Guy. Reserve, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Noble. Very high com., Col. J. Knapp's Jr.'s Otos, Petrola's Count St. Vincent, Thos. M. Burke's Clavio, C. E. Shaw's Duke of Devon, J. W. G. Zerk's Loeb's Rector, Central Kennels' Jimlimmon, Thos. M. Burke's Gossport, L. Robert's Whitefire, F. Linck's Roller. *Bitches*: 1st, D. Mann's Uarda; 2d, E. H. Moore's Arline; 3d, high com. and com., Halfway Brook Kennels' Segrid, Karen and Sally Gow. Reserve, C. Pfeiderer's Princess Olga. Very high com., J. F. Lutz's Princess Elena. High com., W. A. Gordon's Queen Marathon, P. Mallenda's Rose, C. Pfeiderer's Princess of Wales, S. Schumacher's Sieglinda. Com., J. George's Nellie Bly, L. Robert's Lady Ventry, C. W. G. R. Ridgewood Laura.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Wm. C. Reick's Hector; 2d, W. F. Tilton's Beauchamp. Reserve, C. F. Barney's Nevil. *Bitches*: 1st, D. Mann's Cleopatra; 2d, Wentworth Kennels' Thibbe. Reserve, C. D. Cooke's Wanda. *OPENS*: Dogs: 1st, John Poug's Watch; 2d, D. P. Foster's Leicester; 3d, Elmwood Kennels' Bellestar; 4th, John Keegan's Patrol. Reserve, T. M. Burke's Duke of Sparta. Very high com., L. A. Settle's Victor Van and Contoocook Kennels' Paron. High com., John A. Keane's Noble, John McCarty's Mac. Com., Ridgewood Kennels' Alpine Guide, M. Martin's Pasha and John Brombach's Montreux. *Bitches*: 1st, 2d and reserve, Contoocook Kennels' Empress of Contoocook, Burton Belle and Nora; 3d, Elmwood Kennels' Bellestar; 4th, John Keegan's Patrol. *OPENS*: Dogs: 1st, John Poug's Watch; 2d, D. P. Foster's Leicester; 3d, Elmwood Kennels' Bellestar; 4th, John Keegan's Patrol. Reserve, T. M. Burke's Duke of Sparta. Very high com., L. A. 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Langtry; 2d, H. D. Kendall's Dolly Tester; 3d, J. Lee Teller's Columbine.—**OPEN—Dogs** (under 45lbs): 1st, H. D. Kendall's Bathos; 2d, Woodward & Herrick's Joker; 3d, Buckthorn Kennels' Crib. **Bitches** (under 45lbs): 1st, A. J. Haddock's Blair Girl; 2d, J. H. Matthews's Beatrice; 3d, Hugh Stevenson's Princess. **Puppies**: 1st, Reserve, Woodward & Herrick's Princess Crib. Very high com., W. Mariner's Princess Pedro. High com., C. D. Cugle's Darby Nancy and Woodward & Herrick's Duchess of Parma.—**PUPPIES—Dogs**: 1st, E. W. Roby's Cock Robin; 2d, Buckthorne Kennels' Portwood Pinch. Reserve, W. P. Dismore, Jr.'s Merry Monarch II. Very high com., H. E. Williams's Baby. High com., Retnor Kennels' Podge and E. D. Brown's Bobb. High com., Retnor Kennels' Hodges. **Bitches**: 1st, C. D. Cugle's Darby May; 2d, A. J. Hatch's Solitaire.—**NOVICE—1st**, A. B. Graves's Handsome Dan; 2d, C. D. Cugle's Darby May. Reserve, E. W. Roby's Cock Robin. Very high com., J. H. Matthews's Quiberon and E. Mentzinger's Guy Fawkes. Com., W. B. Dismore, Jr.'s Merry Monarch II.

BULL-TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, F. E. Dole's Starlight.—**OPEN—Dogs** (30lbs. and over): Retnor Kennels' Diamond King; 2d, W. F. Hobbie's Spottless Prince; 3d, E. L. Stevens's Dick Whittington. Reserve, Wm. D. Bryson's Duffin. Very high com., John Fleming's Slavin, D. L. Billing's Protection. High com., John M. Holder's Pilot, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' King of Hearts. **Bitches**: 1st, W. F. Hobbie's Enterprise; 2d, F. E. Dole's Queen Bendigo; 3d, Geo. House's Duchess of York.—**OPEN** (Under 30lbs.): 1st, E. D. Morgan's Grand Duchess; 2d, F. E. Dole's White Duke; 3d, F. E. Dole's Edith. Reserve, E. D. Morgan's Nellie L'Estrange. Very high com., Retnor Kennels' Dusty Miller. High com., J. H. Bonnell's Ideal, Eugene D. Hays's Sailor.—**NOVICE—1st**, 1st, Miss L. Dehm's Ruby; 2d, E. D. Hays's Sailor; 3d, F. E. Dole's Little Prince. Reserve, W. Rowland's White Rose. High com., E. D. Hays's Venus II. Com., J. H. Bonnell's Duke.—**NOVICE—1st**, C. A. Stevens's Fidget; 2d, F. E. Dole's White Duke. Reserve, E. D. Morgan's Nellie L'Estrange. Very high com., John Fleming's Slavin, Geo. P. Buntun's Wild Rose and E. D. Hays's Sailor. High com., Wm. Faversham's Sambo and Wm. Rowland's White Rose.

BASSET HOUNDS—1st, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrud. **DACHSHUNDE—CHALLENGE—1st**, L. & W. Rutherford's Rubenstein; 2d, Lewis & Klocke's Countess Lina.—**OPEN—Dogs**: 1st and 2d, Ed. A. Manice's Superbus II. and Zulm II.; 3d, Carl Wirth's Boss II. Reserve, John B. Heffer's Royal Max. Very high com., Lewis & Klocke's Fritz K. **Bitches**: 1st, Ed. A. Manice's Joan of Arc; 2d, Chas. Pfizer, Jr.'s Kate; 3d, Mrs. Ladenburg's Tiny. Reserve, Geo. P. Barry's Daisy B. Very high com., Lewis & Klocke's Maggie K. High com., Miss L. Barnes's Bird and Dr. Derleth's Gretel. **Puppies**: 1st and com., Ed. A. Manice's Joan of Arc and Darby; 2d, reserve and very high com., Mrs. Ladenburg's Siglinde, Walkure and Fricka. Very high com., C. Muller's Waldine. High com., Chas. Pfizer, Jr.'s Vic.

BEAGLES—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Somerset Kennels' Storm; 2d, H. Bennett's Little Duke. **Bitches**: 1st, Rockland Kennels' Myrtle. **OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, Pottinger Dorey's Lee II.; 2d, Somerset Kennels' Captain; 3d, Rockland Kennels' Roy K. Very high com., Rockland Kennels' Tomboy. High com., Somerset Kennels' Bell Boy. **Bitches**: 1st, Somerset Kennels' Cloud; 2d, Somerset Kennels' Belle of Woodbrooke; 3d, Rockland Kennels' Flora K. Very high com., Rockland Kennels' Belle of Rockland and Sunset Kennels' Flossy. **UNDER 12IN.**—1st, Mrs. Mayhew's Blue Bell II.; 2d, Somerset Kennels' Muzzy. **Puppies**: 1st, Somerset Kennels' Impression; 2d, Rockland Kennels' Emily. High com., Somerset Kennels' Muzzy and Rockland Kennels' Belle of Rockland.

FOX-TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Ruby Mixer; 2d and 3d, Blemton Kennels' Dusky Trap and Lucifer. **Bitches**: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Rachel; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Dazzle; 3d, Regent Kennels' Blemton Consequence.—**OPEN—SMOOTH—Dogs**: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle; equal 2d, J. E. Thayer's Russell Joker and Blemton Kennels' Blemton Valour; 3d, H. A. Carey's First Light; 4th, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Lord. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Victor II. Very high com., J. E. Thayer's Suffolk Risk, C. D. Bernheimer's Ruby Trigger. High com., J. E. Thayer's Hillside Regent, Woodale Kennels' Starden's Jack, Tullaw Kennels' Brockenhurst Quick, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Endcliffe Spice, Oriole Kennels' Le Logos, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tripper. Com., C. M. Billing's Hillside Mix, J. W. Barney's Hillside Dandy, C. M. Billing's Col. Cody, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sabre. **Bitches**: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Dominica; 2d, Woodale Kennels' Ebor Nettle; 3d and 4th, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Jasmin and Warren Cachet. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Tiara. Very high com., H. A. Carey's Resume, J. E. Thayer's Rosa Canina, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Edelweis. High com., H. A. Carey's Dusky II., J. E. Thayer's Princess, Thos. Pulverstat's Adventurer. **Bitches**: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Woodale Relish.—**PUPPIES UNDER 12 MONTHS—SMOOTH—Dogs**: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Crocus; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dapper; 3d, Regent Kennels' Regent Roy. Reserve, Jas. Mortimer's Suffolk Crack. Very high com., Wilton Kennels' Wilton Billy. Com., Regent Kennels' Regent Domino and Regent Renzi, Jonas B. Bottomley's Duke B. **Bitches**: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Queen and 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Faithful and Warren Chary. Reserve, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Rachel. Very high com., Regent Kennels' Regent Easter, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dimity. Com., J. E. Thayer's Hillside Lottery, R. S. Ryan's Linden Dainty, Woodale Kennels' Woodale Relish.—**NOVICE—Dogs** (smooth and wire-haired): 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Vexer; 2d, John E. Thayer's Hillside Regent; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Tripper. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dapper. **Bitches**: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Buttercup; 2d and 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Faithful and Warren Cachet. Reserve, John E. Thayer's Hillside Rachel.

IRISH TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Breda Tiny.—**OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Breda Bill; 2d, The Park Kennels' Mars; 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Royston. Reserve, Frank P. Dole's Barney's Brother. Com., Thos. Pulverstat's Adventurer. **Bitches**: 1st, The Park Kennels' Dunmurry; 2d, John D. McKennan's Rox; 3d, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Exline. Reserve, Edward Lever's Kathleen. Very high com., J. B. Van Schaick's Rags, Frank F. Dole's Biddy Mahone. High com., Thos. Pulverstat's Little Maid, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Ballymoun, John Welsh's Erin.

WELSH TERRIERS—1st, Prescott Lawrence's Which; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Mephisto Dick; 3d, Prescott Lawrence's T'Other. High com., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Rowton Vixen.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS—Dogs: 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Border Wang. **Bitches**: 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Meg of the Mill. **Puppies**: 1st and 2d, G. M. Carnochan's Heather and Janie.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Russell's Trick Tack; 2d, H. R. Childs's Syrup H.; 3d, M. A. Thelberg's Qui Vive. **Bitches**: 1st, W. H. Russell's Christmas Carol; 2d, W. H. Russell's Polly Warkworth; 3d, H. R. Childs's Sweet Boy.

SKYE TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—1st, Clifford A. Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Lovat.—**OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, Lewis A. Spence's Rob Roy; 2d, M. H. Cryer's Gladstone Boy. **Bitches**: 1st, Clifford A. Shinn's Bessie; 2d, W. P. Sanderson and C. Stevenson's Edie Deans.

SCOTT TERRIERS—1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Kilston; 2d, A. T. Hertzler's Glencoe; 3d, Frank P. Dole's Kilbord. Reserve, Sunset Kennels' Brownie.

COYDESDALE TERRIERS—1st and 2d, Miss B. M. Clinch's Belle of Clyde; 3d, J. Parker's Nellie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, John F. Campbell's Kaiser; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' The Senator. **Bitches**: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden.—**OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Bloomfield Sultan; 2d, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Beaconsfield; 3d, John F. Campbell's Frank. **Bitches**: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Bloomfield Maiden; 2d, John F. Campbell's Demodemon; 3d, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Meersbrook Empress. Reserve, John F. Campbell's Rochelle Grit.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS—1st, John Maddox's Spring; 2d, Glenwood Kennels' White Prince.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Toons' Royal. **Bitches**: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Daisy.

PUGS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Mohawk Indianola Kennels' Kash; 2d, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. **Bitches**: 1st and 2d, M. H. Cryer's Vesta and Bessie. Reserve, Mohawk Indianola Kennels' BoPeep II.—**OPEN—Dogs**: equal 1st, A. G. Eberhart's Douglass II. and Mohawk Indianola Kennels' Sprake; 2d, A. G. Eberhart's Eberhart's Cashier; 3d, Miss M. E. Bannister's Saxton. Reserve, Associated Fanciers' Little Jewel. Very high com., R. Schreyer's Toney. High com., Mrs. F. Senn's Fritz, Geo. W. Wambach's Lord Baltimore. **Bitches**: 1st, J. Brombach's Lady Victoria; 2d, Mohawk Indianola Kennels' Rustic Queen; 3d, Mrs. C. Wheatleigh's Yuma Yuma. Reserve, M. H. Cryer's Cassina. Very high com., A. G. Eberhart's Mabel E. High com., Philip R. Simonson's Lady Ashley.—**PUPPIES—Dogs**: 1st, G. Gillman's East Lake Curtis; 2d, A. Schumacher's Jim Dandy. Reserve, A. G. Eberhart's Hippothera. **Bitches**: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Little Bessie; 2d and very high com., A. G. Eberhart's Sara Bernhardt and Mabel E. Reserve, Mrs. C. Wheatleigh's Kielo. Very high com., John Kelly's Baby. High com., Buckthorn Kennels' Dinah.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual meet of the Brunswick Fur Club took place at East Wakefield, N. H., during the second week in February. The club met on Monday, the 9th, and adjourned the following Saturday. The meeting was a fair-sized one, about twenty good lovers of the chase being present. The locality was all that could be desired for fox-hunting, but unfortunately an icy crust covered the snow, letting the hounds slump at every step, while the fox ran over it with ease. Although the conditions were very unfavorable for brilliant sport, good runs were obtained each day of the meet. On Friday, the wind having gone down, a grand race was had, the hounds finding at 7 A. M. and pushing Reynard closely till 6 P. M. This run, on such a crust, was phenomenal, and repaid every one for the trip.

No further meets of the club will be held till the field trials next November. Please allow me to state in your valuable paper that the third annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held in November without fail, and will be arranged as perfectly as those the club has already held. The owners of crack packs in the South and West were invited to attend the last trials, and though some accepted, they failed to materialize. This year we renew the invitation and earnestly hope they will come.

On the first night of the last meet, Feb. 9, the annual election of officers was held and other business transacted. The following officers were elected, viz.: President, L. O. Dennison, Waltham, Mass.; First Vice-President, A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H.; Second Vice-President, C. G. Greenleaf, Bath, Me.; Third Vice-President, F. H. Wilson, Brunswick, Me.; Secretary, J. H. Baird, Auburn, Mass.; Treasurer, H. A. Stetson, Brunswick, Me.; Master of Hounds, R. D. Perry, Braintree, Mass. Executive Committee: L. O. Dennison, Waltham, Mass.; A. McDonald, Rockland, Me.; Samuel Knight, Jr., Brunswick, Me.; W. B. Stone, Waltham, Mass.; and L. E. Conant, Waltham, Mass. Mr. Baird declined to serve another term as secretary, and pending the election of a new one, President Dennison and Vice-President Heffenger will attend to the correspondence of the club.

It was voted to offer the following special prizes at the coming bench show of the New England Kennel Club, viz.: \$10 for the best American-bred foxhound dog, \$10 for the best American-bred foxhound bitch, \$5 for the best American-bred foxhound puppy, dog or bitch, under 18 months. Hounds owned or controlled by members of the club are ineligible for competition for these prizes. It was further voted that, as the club had done so much for the advancement of the foxhound, the New England Kennel Club be requested to select one of its members to judge the foxhound class at its coming bench show.

As the club is anxious to own its own hunting grounds and club house, it was voted that the admittance fee be \$5 and the annual dues for the current year \$2, but that at the next field trials a motion would be made to increase the annual dues, that a sufficient sum may be realized in a few years wherewith to make the desired purchases.

The roll of membership, which was one hundred, being full, and many desirable men having sent in applications, it was voted to increase the membership to two hundred men. The club is in a thriving condition, and its future was never more brilliant. In a few years it will own the best hunting ground, club house and kennels in the country, and fox hunters who have not joined it will have missed a rare opportunity.

A. C. HEFFENGER, Vice-Pres. B. F. C.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

SALISBURY AND CARDINAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Vero Shaw has allowed a misstatement in regard to myself to get into one of his interesting articles to the *Stock-Keeper*. He states (Feb. 6) that at the Edinburgh show eleven years ago, he "got into dire disgrace with Mr. Mason for placing Mr. W. K. Taunton's brindled Cardinal over the former gentleman's Salisbury, which, in my opinion, was a pointer-bodied and always over-rated dog."

Now for facts. Salisbury and Cardinal were shown at Dundee some time before the Edinburgh show, and Mr. Shaw on that occasion tried his level best to put the brindled first. Mr. Dalziel, who judged with Mr. Shaw, said he would hold out for a month or longer rather than be a party to such a decision, and as neither would give way Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, now kennel editor of the *Field*, was appointed referee. Mr. Lee's verdict was quickly given in favor of Salisbury, and he said he really didn't know what all the fuss was about, because Salisbury was much the better specimen. Mr. Shaw, instead of telling us why he preferred Cardinal, wrote out the following very unsatisfactory report in the *Live Stock Journal*:

"Mastiffs came next and were a grand lot; in fact the judges officially marked their books 'a very grand class.' Unfortunately, Messrs. Dalziel and Shaw could not agree about the winner, one going for the brindled Cardinal, and the other for Salisbury, who was very unwell. After considerable delay, Mr. R. B. Lee kindly consented to decide the question, and his verdict was for the fawn."

This criticism, or lack of criticism, was severely condemned at the time and went to strengthen the general belief that Mr. Shaw could not give any satisfactory reason for holding out for Cardinal. Mr. Dalziel's report in the *Stock-Keeper* set forth that gentleman's views in his usual frank way, and Mr. Shaw's report contrasts very unfavorably with it: "The renowned Salisbury, although suffering from temporary illness, is possessed of such undeniable mastiff properties, such grand proportions and so good throughout, and especially in his loins and hindquarters, where so many otherwise good dogs fail, that despite his invalid look, we thought he far surpassed even Cardinal, whose really magnificent head and front will always command admirers; but he falls off a good deal in loin and hindquarters. The judges could not agree as to which of these two should be first, and they were put aside until the afternoon, when Mr. Rawdon B. Lee kindly consented to act as umpire, and after a very careful examination of the competitors gave his fiat in favor of Mr. C. H. Mason's great mastiff Salisbury."

Eleven years later Mr. Shaw comes out in the *Stock-Keeper* and tells us what he ought to have told at the time. Unfortunately this eleven-year-old opinion is even worse than none at all, for it gives but one fault in Salisbury and not any in Cardinal. Admitting Mr. Shaw is right, and that Salisbury had a pointer body, why should he not, with a pointer body, beat a dog that was shelly in body, light in loin, flat and unmuscular in quarters, lacking in size and symmetry, and ring-tailed in the bargain? As Mr. Shaw did not see these defects in Cardinal, the inference is, that he is either a very poor judge or that he did not want to see them.

All this might influence a man's opinion, but it did not change mine about Mr. Shaw. As to the decision at Edinburgh, that is out of the question. Mr. Shaw tried to put Cardinal over Salisbury at Dundee, and I knew he would do the same thing at Edinburgh. Consequently, as I was aware what his decision would be before the dogs were taken into the ring, Mr. Shaw could not possibly have "got into dire disgrace" with me for placing Cardinal over Salisbury at Edinburgh. Mr. Shaw need not look very far to find why he got into "dire disgrace." However, I do not wish to raise the dead, and if he has changed his methods he may hereafter, if he feels like it, count me among his friends in this country.

CHARLES H. MASON.

DOG CHAT.

It is some time since Washington held a recognized dog show, and it would seem as if they are just ready for another, judging from the way the merchants of the city and friends of the club are responding to the call for special prizes. Up to the present date they are as follows: The National Beagle Club offers a suitable piece of silverware, value \$15, for the best kennel of four beagles, entered and owned by one exhibitor. Piece of suitable silverware, value \$10, for the best beagle dog, and the same for the best beagle bitch. To be competed for only by members of the National Beagle Club. The American Fox-Terrier Club offers \$10 for the best smooth fox-terrier in show, \$10 for the best smooth fox-terrier in open class, and \$5 for the best smooth fox-terrier in puppy class. Tomboy stakes: For a solid silver cup presented by the president of the American Fox-Terrier Club, added to a sweepstake of \$5 P. P., for fox-terrier bitches whelped after Jan. 1, '90, to be competed for at the spring show of the Washington City Kennel Club. C. T. Sacket offers \$15 cash for the best bulldog entered. George H. Covert, of Pittsburgh, offers \$10 cash for the best brace of Irish setters (dog and bitch) owned and exhibited by one person or kennel. \$10 cash for the Irish setter with best field trial record. H. B. Stinemetz & Sons offer a special of \$25 cash valuation, not stipulated for what breeds. Robert Holtzman offers \$10 for the best bulldog in the show. Thomas C. Chalmers offers special of stud service of Brockenhurst Quick, for the best fox-terrier bitch in puppy class, value \$15. Peter McGill offers one dozen bottles of champagne for the best setter dog, owned by a member of the Washington City Kennel Club, value \$18. F. S. Webster, secretary Washington City Kennel Club, offers \$25 cash for the best kennel of three or more field trial winning pointers entered and owned by one exhibitor or kennel. From F. W. Moses & Sons, a St. Bernard basket kennel, value \$20; from F. P. May & Co., a fine steel carving set, value \$15; from J. Maury Dove, \$5 in cash for the best English setter in open class; from A. W. Fairfax, \$5 in cash for the best pointer, open class; from R. L. Magruder, druggist, \$5 in cash for the best collie dog in puppy class; from Eastman & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., one set bottles of perfumery, value \$10; from *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York, two subscriptions, one year each; from *FOREST AND STREAM*, New York, two subscriptions, one year each, from *Fanciers' Journal*, Philadelphia, Pa., three subscriptions, one year each, Spratts' Patent (American) limited, one elegant mahogany case of medicine and instruments, value \$25. In addition to these the club has made a challenge class for great Danes, dogs and bitches, with prizes of \$10 and \$5. A challenge class for pug bitches with prizes of \$10 and \$5, also a kennel prize of \$10 for the best four or more pugs entered and owned by one exhibitor. A kennel prize of \$10 has also been added for bulldogs, under the usual conditions. Great Danes have a special of \$5 for best dog or bitch. There is also a special of \$5 for the best collie entered and owned in the D. C. Other specials are expected which will bring the amount to something like \$750, making with the premiums a sum of nearly \$3,000.

The Maryland Kennel Club, notwithstanding its troubles, have secured an entry for their coming show of which they may well feel proud. The list of entries is as follows: Mastiffs 19, St. Bernards 61, bloodhounds 1, Newfoundland 3, Great Danes 8, Russian wolfhounds 1, foxhounds 8, deerhounds 6, greyhounds 4, pointers 48, English setters 21, Irish setters 47, Gordon setters 23, Chesapeake Bay dogs 13, spaniels 24, collies 33, poodles 23, bulldogs 23, bull-terriers 11, Basset hounds 1, dachshunde 10, beagles 47, fox-terriers 45, Irish terriers 5, Skye terriers 3, Clydesdale terriers 2, black and tan terriers 2, pugs 10, King Charles spaniels 1, Blueheim spaniels 1, Italian greyhounds 3, Mexican hairless 1, miscellaneous 5; total 503. As we stated, in reviewing the prize list, there is little doubt but the prizes been larger for the toys and small terriers, a much larger entry would have been secured. The bench show committee has secured, for the convenience of exhibitors who show at New York this week, the first floor of the largest storage warehouse in Baltimore, situated within two blocks of the Fifth Regiment armory, where dogs will be made perfectly comfortable until the opening of their show. Attached to the warehouse is a large yard for exercising the dogs. The committee will also provide a night watchman who will remain on the premises from 10 P. M. to 8 A. M. Dogs will be received after 10 A. M., Saturday, 25th inst.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club has issued its premium list for its third annual dog show at Chicago, Ill., April 8 to 11. The show will be held in Battery D and Seventh Regiment armory, and Spratts Co. will, as usual, bench and feed, and Little's Soluble Phenyle will be used as a disinfectant. The list of premiums, as might be expected, is a liberal one. In the challenge classes for the most important breeds \$20 and \$10 are given, to fox-terriers \$15 and \$10; other challenge classes have \$10 and \$5. In the open classes such breeds as mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, setters and collies have \$20, \$10, \$5 and \$3. In the others, with the exception of fox-terriers, which have \$15, \$10, \$5 and \$3, the prizes are \$10, \$5 and \$3, even down to the miscellaneous classes. The specials are numerous and valuable, the specialty clubs having donated freely. The club also offers kennel prizes of \$25 for the big breeds and \$15 for the others. Black and tan men can surely not grumble at this show, for they are treated splendidly. The club gives \$25 for the largest kennel of sporting dogs entered and owned by one exhibitor, and the same for the best non-sporting kennel. The judges are: St. Bernards, Great Danes and pugs, Miss A. H. Whitney; mastiffs, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, bulldogs, terriers and all others except as below, James Mortimer; setters, field, cocker, Clumber and Irish water spaniels, foxhounds, beagles and Chesapeake Bay dogs, John Davidson; pointers, John W. Munson; collies, John H. Long. The club reserves the right to appoint other judges if necessary. R. J. Withers, M.D., V.S., is the veterinarian.

The Eastern Coursing and National Greyhound clubs will hold a meeting at the Madison Square Garden on Friday evening, Feb. 27, at 8 o'clock.

As mentioned exclusively in *FOREST AND STREAM* last week, Mr. Diffenderfer has purchased, according to reports, one of the best bitches in England, Hepsy. She has cost more than any St. Bernard bitch yet imported by something like a thousand dollars. Mr. Diffenderfer sent his kennelman, Alfred Mash, over to England last Saturday on the Elruria to bring the prize back with him. There is little doubt but that this good bitch will materially add to the strength of this Baltimorean's already good kennel of St. Bernard bitches. She is by Rhoderick Dhu, who was exported to Australia some time since. In the Derby show (where Hepsy won) report, *Stock-Keeper*, speaking of this bitch, says: "Open bitches saw a new face of Mr. Smith's; that is, a new old face, with the best head we have yet seen in a bitch; she is really good in type and quality, and fair in size for her sex, another 'lucky racket' for Mr. Smith." She is to be served by Scottish Prince, who is spoken of in the same report as the St. Bernard which will now assume Sir Bedivere's mantle in England. Hepsy also won first and two cups at Liverpool, the week before Derby. She will, we are informed, go straight to Baltimore. Mr. Diffenderfer is pursuing a good plan in filling his kennel with good bitches and leaving the stud dogs severely alone. He thus can take his pick of dogs and will therefore not be apt to fall into the error of using one dog for any and all sorts of bitches.

Vero Shaw, in his interesting "Fragments of Fancy" in *Stock-Keeper*, writing about an old-time collie says further on: "At this point, without wishing to be personal, I may be permitted—as a Scotsman—to express the fervent wish that there were a few dogs of Old Collie's type, about to counteract the Barzoi-headed, setter-coated, narrow-chested specimens which are so strongly in evidence nowadays. For my own part, having some knowledge of the climate of the Northern hills, I honestly believe that many a modern show dog would perish from the cold within a week if he were to be relegated to his proper station in life. There is no heart or lung room within the breasts of many of the modern winners, which are just as far removed from the old Cockie, Hero, Vero, and Lassie type, as is light from darkness." By the way, this well-known writer on dog subjects is now engaged on a book about bulldogs, past and present, which will shortly be published.

The Bulldog Club intend to publish in their souvenir catalogue of the W. K. C. show, an appendix containing the judge's report and the reports from the different kennel papers. This will make it very useful to the bulldog breeders for future reference, though in the case of the neophyte it may lead to confusion worse confounded, unless the judge will kindly state which is the most reliable report.

Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, intends starting a rough-coated St. Bernard kennel during the next month. This gentleman, it will be remembered by old show goers in the early '80s, had one of the leading kennels of English and Irish setters, such well known animals as Thunder and Berkley hailing from his kennels. It is also interesting to relate that it was in having charge of these dogs that the handler, Ben Lewis, became so intimately connected with American shows. Mr. Moore spent considerable time during the show among the St. Bernards, and we may have some purchases to chronicle next week.

In view of the fact that several Welsh terriers are now being shown in this country, we think it advisable to reproduce, from *Stock-Keeper*, Mr. Moore's excellent sketch of a terrier of this breed, Brynlir Pardon, which is considered one of the most typical Welsh terriers now on the bench. His only fault is a very slight weakness in muzzle, his great points being his smartness, terrier character, coat and outline. He has won numerous firsts, including wins at Crystal Palace and Birmingham twice, winning also a special there as the best in several classes.

The pet dogs of the show as the editor of the *Times* sees them: "These animals are often the property of infatuated and idolatrous owners who insist upon worshipping their idols during the exhibition, and incubate the alleys still further by bruing in chairs for the more convenient performance of their religious duties."

Secretary C. M. Munhall advises us that the following judges have been selected for the Cleveland show in April: Miss Anna Whitney, St. Bernards, Newfoundland and pugs; Maj. J. M. Taylor, setters and foxhounds; Mr. J. H. Winslow, pointers; Mr. Chas. M. Nelles, field, cocker, Clumber and Irish water spaniels. The judge for remaining classes will be announced later. The premium list will be ready March 1.

It is hard lines when one sets out to capture a kennel prize by getting together a good team, as Mr. Symonds succeeded in doing in Irish terriers, to have the best dog worried almost in sight of the show. His Bellman, of which we spoke last week, arrived here Saturday last on the City of Berlin, but owing to the holiday on Monday could not be passed through the Customs until Tuesday. On Monday night, it is said, Mr. Dole's bull-terrier, another good dog which had come over on the same vessel, by some unaccountable means joined issue with Bellman, with the result that Mr. Symonds's dog was so injured that he died Tuesday morning, and the bull-terrier is so cut up that he was unfit to show at Madison Square Garden. They intend, we hear, to try make the steamship company responsible for the loss. The loss is over \$200.

The Bulldog Club of America met at Madison Square Garden at 8 P. M., Tuesday, Feb. 24. There were present Messrs. E. Sheffield Porter, J. H. Matthews, Chas. D. Cagle, C. P. Lawshe, E. A. Woodward, Stuyvesant Wainwright, F. W. Sackett, F. F. Dole, A. Lawshe, A. J. Hatch and E. K. Austin. Both the president and vice-president being absent, Mr. J. H. Matthews was elected chairman. Report of secretary and treasurer submitted, approved and accepted. Communication read from Mr. Thayer, resigning the office of president, accepted with regret. Resolved that 30 days extension be given to the three members who have not paid their dues. Resolved that secretary take a postal card vote on the question of reducing the initiation fee to \$5. Resolved that the sincere thanks of the club be extended to Mr. J. H. Matthews and Mr. Chas. D. Cagle for the very active and earnest interest they have taken in making the club and show a complete success. Also that the club thank Messrs. Park, Porter, Matthews and Sawyer for their kind donations of silver cups. A new executive committee was elected to serve for the ensuing year, consisting of Messrs. E. Sheffield Porter, John H. Matthews, Chas. D. Cagle, H. D. Kendall, E. A. Woodward, F. W. Sackett and C. P. Lawshe. They went into executive session, and elected Mr. John H. Matthews president, Mr. E. Sheffield Porter vice-president, and Mr. Chas. D. Cagle secretary and treasurer. On motion, adjourned.—CHAS. D. CAGLE, Secretary.

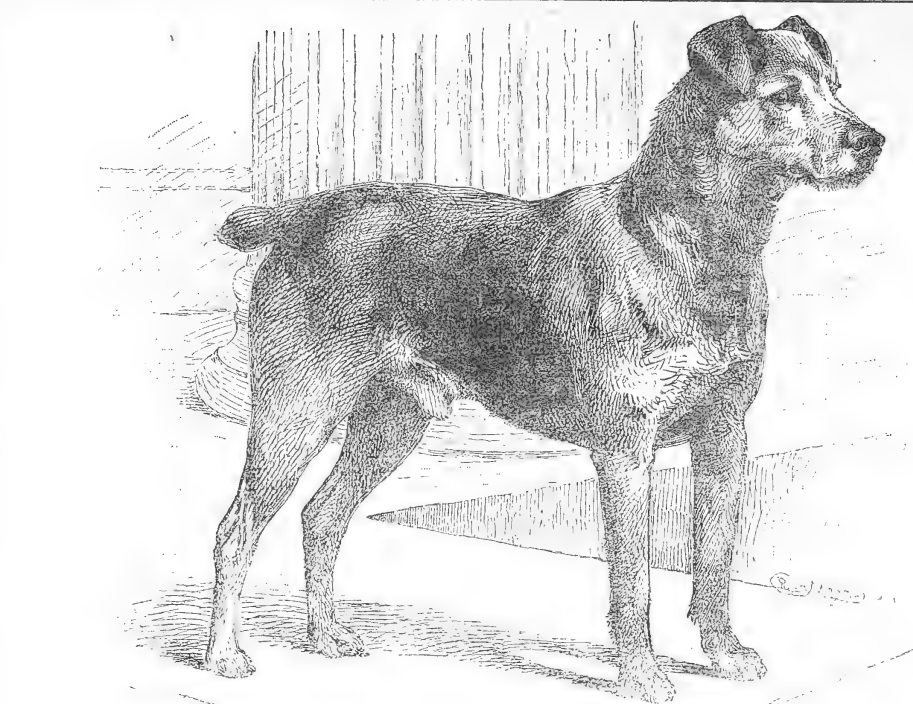
At the meeting of the Pet Dog Club on Tuesday evening at the show, Miss Bannister, the secretary, was presented with a silver salver in appreciation for her untiring efforts in behalf of the club, and the services she has kindly rendered as secretary. A vote of thanks was also given to the W. K. C. for their kindness in changing the location of the pet dogs to warmer quarters.

Los Angeles, California, is to have a kennel club of its own. Several men propose forming one, having secured ample grounds. A trainer will be employed to train members' dogs. The club will secure two good stud dogs, to be owned by the club as a body, the bitches being owned individually by the members, who will see to their care themselves.

The California Kennel Club has secured the new Republican Wigwam, on the northeast corner of Eddy and Jones streets, for its coming bench show, which will be held on April 28 to May 2. This is looked upon as an admirable situation for a show. As stated before, Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes.

In the new Penn Brook Hunt at Chestnut Hill, Pa., the following officers have been elected to serve for the ensuing year: Mitchell Harrison, Master of Foxhounds, assisted by A. St. John Boycott; G. Helde Norris, Esq., Secretary, and Theodore Justice, Treasurer.

Charles J. Peshall, president of the New Jersey Kennel Club, who is under indictment on a charge of libelling A. P. Vredenburg, secretary-treasurer of the American Kennel Club, appeared before Judge Cowing in General Sessions yesterday and argued a demurrer to his own indictment. He claimed that the complainants had virtually "sneaked" into the District Attorney's office through the back way. He



THE WELSH TERRIER "BRYNLIR PARDON."

asserted that the indictment failed to make out a crime and therefore could not stand. What he had done was to simply criticize the management of the American Kennel Club, and in this connection had asserted that the figures of the annual report were false and misleading. As Mr. Vredenburg was simply a clerk for an executive committee, who managed the finances of the club, he did not see how Mr. Vredenburg could maintain the claim that he had been libelled. Assistant District-Attorney Macdonald said that in his opinion it was clearly a libel to print in a newspaper the statement that an officer of a corporation has falsified his accounts. Judge Cowing took the papers and reserved his decision.—*World*, Feb. 25

It was rather ridiculous that a special of five dollars should be the only inducement to bring the noted kings of St. Bernardom, Sir Bedivere and Watch, together, and Miss Whitney did not feel very kindly toward the well-meaning but scarcely liberal gentleman who risked so little to see so much. After a few minutes' consideration Sir Bedivere received the blue ribbon amid slight applause. Watch did not show well in front, but at the same time seemed to move freer than the other dog.

That remarkable greyhound Fullerton has again won the Coursing Derby—the Waterloo Cup—at Altrac, near Liverpool. The Waterloo Cup is a stake for 64 subscribers at £25 each, a total of over £1,600, of which £500 goes to the first dog and £200 to the second. Fullerton was a red hot favorite this year, and two weeks ago the betting was 20 to 1 against any other dog. The meeting opened on Thursday last. Telegraphic advices say that the four left in the second round were T. Baxter's Button Park, by Jester—Brampton; Col. J. T. North's Fullerton, by Greentick—Bit of Fashion; G. F. Fawcett's Faster and Faster (late Pride of Oakfield), by Northern Express—Pride of Belmont, and Bovril. On Saturday the final courses took place, and Col. North's Fullerton repeated his victory of last year. In 1889 he divided with Troughend, also owned by Col. North, and but for this divide, Fullerton would have eclipsed the record of any other dog by winning three years in succession. As it is, he is only excelled by Lord Lurgan's Master McGrath, who won in 1868, 1869 and 1871. Fullerton's sire, Greentick, can, however, claim a record, having been also the sire of Troughend. In the first course of the finals Col. J. T. North's dog Fullerton defeated T. Baxter's Button Park. In the second course, G. F. Fawcett's Faster and Faster (late Pride of Oakfield) beat Bovril. This left Fullerton and Faster and Faster to run the deciding course. Fullerton was the favorite in the betting at 5 to 2 on him. He proved the winner, defeating Faster and Faster with something to spare.

Col. North's luck does not desert him yet. The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia has presented him with two Barzois of great merit. Not to be outdone, although his crack Troughend was catalogued at an auction sale of greyhounds recently and several men were prepared to bid high for him, he was withdrawn and sent as a present to the Grand Duke. In addition to all this we hear that Col. North's dog Simonian won the Waterloo Purse, which is a stake for beaten dogs in the cup match.

At this year's show the fox-terriers, St. Bernards and several terrier breeds, toy spaniels, greyhounds, Barzois, Irish setters, Gordons and bulldogs show the most improvement as a whole, collies and English setters, deerhounds, pointers, etc., seem just about the same—at a standstill.

The Northfield Kennels sold their Irish terrier Breda Bili during the first day of the show to Mr. Mitchell Harrison.

A meeting of the executive committee of the two beagle clubs, held at the W. K. C. bench show, New York, Feb. 24, 1891, resulted in the harmonious amalgamation of the clubs under the name of the N. B. C. The following members participated in the above: O. W. Brooking, Hermann F. Schellhass, W. H. Child, N. F. Rutter, F. W. Chapman, Geo. Latcke, W. A. Powers. It was understood that the members of the old club shall come into the N. B. C. individually as privileged members, but should they wish to compete for club specials they must pay the annual dues now, otherwise they do not pay anything till July.

The latest news in spanielism is the forming of a partnership between the spaniel kennels of Messrs. J. P. Willey and Geo. H. Bush. They will exhibit at Pittsburgh as one kennel, and arrangements have been made with Ben Lewis to take them round the circuit. This kennel of cocker talent will be almost as formidable as the Oldham & Willey combination a year or two back, for Mr. Bush brings three good bitches into the firm and Mr. Willey's stock is well known.

The bulldog men are full of hope. They speak of such cracks as Hedgebury Lion, Selina and other celebrities as very possible visitors to this country in the near future.

Several moneyed men are coming into the club and will buy the best.

One or two of the directors of the Danbury (Conn.) Fair were of the opinion that they could do without the dog show another year on account of the expense, but when they came to discuss the subject among their fellow officers they found that there was a very strong opinion in favor of the canine division, maintaining, and rightly so, that it was one of the principal attractions of the Fair, so there will be a dog show this fall at Danbury after all.

We would recommend to those who love a dog as a companion, and especially those who are ready to admit a high order of perception and intelligence in the dog, to read Yates Carrington's "Teufel the Terrier." It is full of quaint stories of the doings of this celebrated artist's fox-terrier during its life of nine years. The pages are interspersed with pictures and photographs of the author's celebrated paintings, in which Teufel served in most cases as a model, and which tend to show what an intelligent animal he was. To read the closing chapters of his life one feels so much in sympathy with the child Dorothy and the dog's owner that you can almost feel you had known the dog in life. The price being only 75 cents puts it in reach of all.

Our prize list represents the awards made up to 2 P. M. Wednesday afternoon, the time of our going to press. The judging has dragged considerably owing to the limited number of rugs this year and the somewhat late hour the judges began their work Wednesday morning.

WHAT DID IT.

I EXPECT TWO LITTERS OF FINE BRED Llewellyn setter puppies during the months of March and April. For pedigree and low price, inclose stamp to CHAS. YORK, 9 & 11 Grant's Block, Bangor, Me.—Advertisement in *Forest and Stream*.

WHAT IT DID.

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 25.—*Forest and Stream* Pub. Co.: GENTLEMEN—Will you kindly stop my ad. I have sold everything I had to sell and still the inquiries keep coming, so you must stop ad. or furnish typewriter to answer correspondence. Must say your paper is the best advertising medium I ever patronized.—CHAS. YORK.

GORDON SETTER CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At a special meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club of America, Feb. 17, the following members were present: Wm. H. Clay Glover, president; Wm. J. M. Lordly, Dr. J. E. Clarke, James B. Blossom, Wm. Meyer and L. A. Van Zandt. The resignations of Mr. F. M. Bennett and Mr. J. W. Oscar were accepted with regret. Communications from Mascotah, Duquesne, Cleveland and American Pet Dog clubs were held for further considerations. On motion of Dr. Clarke, it was resolved to donate the following specials at the coming Maryland Kennel Club Show: \$5 to second, open dog class; \$5 to second open bitch class; \$5 to fourth, open dog class; \$5 to fourth, open bitch class; \$5 to third in novice class. On motion of Mr. Van Zandt the appointment of Mr. Meyer as a stud book committee was rescinded, as such committee already existed at the time of Dr. Meyer's nomination. Communications from Mr. Harry Malcolm were read and placed in the custody of his secretary. The report of the bench show and field trials committee was received and approved. Mr. John E. Howland was elected a member.—L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y. [Mr. Malcolm's connection with the club has ceased.]

PRIZE MONEY AT THE ALBANY SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I note in your issue of Feb. 19, reference to the prize money that my black and tan terrier champion Buffalo General won at Albany two years ago, in which you say the Albany club claims they have paid all their prizes. They have not paid me. They have several times claimed this, and have asked the A. K. C. to reinstate them. Now, if they have paid me, it should be an easy matter to prove, as they would have my receipt or returned check or draft. If they have paid every one else and wish to be reinstated, I think they can afford to pay me \$8. I am as fairly entitled to my money as any one else.—A. W. SMITH.

MASTIFF JUDGING AT NEW YORK, 1891.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: New York, 1890, mastiff dogs—Beaufort, in middling condition, first; Ilford Chancellor, in blooming condition, second. 1891, Ilford Chancellor, thin, stiff as a ramrod, skin as scratchy as sandpaper, first; Beaufort in splendid condition, third. Same judge on both occasions. Are mastiff breeders expected to meet such kaleidoscopic conditions?—W. WADE.

BROOKLYN TRAPS.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 17.—The Kings County Gun Club was not so well represented as usual on Louis Miller's shooting grounds at Dexter Park, L. I., to day, the murky, wet weather keeping many of the shooters away. In the contest for the club badge, 20 blue rocks, right and left angles, 18 ds. rise, the scores were as follows: Zirkel 8, Greiner 10, Lindstedt 12, Bieber 9, Boegel 10, Link 9, Keller 9, Lindstedt winning the club medal. Three sweepstakes at 5 blue rocks each time, all ties divided, were shot subsequently.

Feb. 18.—The east side of this city was well represented to-day at Dexter Park, where a jolly lot of shooters from the Emerald Gun Club assembled to take part in a private shoot at live birds. Nearly three score of club members and their friends were present, but only 15 men went to the traps in the principal event of the day, a shoot at 10 live birds per man. There were two prizes, a box of imported cigars and 200 shells. The day's sport began with a small sweepstake at 5 birds, in which Messrs Voss and Henry were the winners, and then followed the 10-bird shoot. The best score was made by G. S. Henry, who shot in excellent form, and, although he stood 32 ds. from the traps, was the only one who killed 10 pigeons straight, 8 of them by using one barrel only. The exertions of the pot hunters on the northeast side of the fence, in trying to secure part of the few missed birds, contributed vastly to the amusement of the club's members.

Mr. Henry chose the shells as his prize, and the box of cigars went to M. W. Murphy, who killed 9 birds from the 25 ds. mark, and missed his last, a very strong straightaway driver. Nearly 20 of the 150 birds shot at fell dead out of bounds, L. Pierson, J. Voss, R. Regan and J. Macsel being especially unfortunate in this respect.

Messrs. J. Sax and C. Roemmele, who had during the match indulged in a lengthy argument as to their respective shooting abilities and the efficiency of their guns, agreed at its conclusion to submit their differences of opinion to a practical test, and to make the agreed-upon contest a suitable forfeit for a match, to be shot under the following conditions: 100 live birds each man, Hurlingham rules, 25 ds. rise, 80 ds. boundary, for \$250 a side, to take place at Dexter Park on March 27.

The members of the Falcon Gun Club of Brooklyn, who went to Dexter Park to-day, had an excellent chance of testing their abilities as marksmen, for the birds were a good lot even for the old shooting grounds. The contest was a difficult club rule, a pigeon killed with the second barrel counting half a point, only the scores made were of fair average. J. Vagts killed 8 birds and scored a total of 7, winning the club badge for the first time in the new year. The second prize, consisting of hard cash, went to J. Bobling on a total of 6. A well-contested team match, teams of four, 3 birds each man, followed, Vagts's side winning by the close margin of one bird.

Feb. 20.—The return team shooting match between Excise Commissioner John Schlemm and J. A. Eppig as partners against P. Leibinger and F. Lauzer was shot off to-day at the Dexter Park shooting grounds, Jamaica plank road. The conditions of the match were, each shooter to have 50 birds, gun handicap according to bore of gun, Hurlingham rules. All four shooters were in good form, although J. Schlemm had the majority of the first incomers and his partner had the misfortune to lose several of his birds dead out of bounds. P. Leibinger and partner won easily by 12 birds, 83 to 71.

The Kings County Gun Club held a shoot at Dexter Park to day. The attendance was very poor on account of the wet, foggy weather. The contest was a club rule, 20 blue rocks, 18 ds. rise, for the club badge. Seven members competed. The scores were as follows: F. Zirkel 8, J. Greiner 10, J. Lindstedt 12, H. Bieber 9, C. Boegel 10, J. Link 9, C. Keller 7.

The members of the Erie Gun Club held their postponed shoot at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, to-day. Only nine members went to the traps to shoot for the club badge, with the usual gun handicap. C. Delaney and C. P. Ray had a close race for the badge, which the former won by one bird.

At a meeting of the Wauregan Gun Club, held at the club house, Dexter Park, Long Island, the following officers were elected for the ensuing season: Pres., Edward Bernhoff; Vice-Pres., Dr. W. S. Taylor; Sec'y, C. H. Houghton; Treas., W. H. Brickner; team captain, Mr. Fay. The regular semi-monthly shoot of the club will be held at Dexter Park on Friday next, the conclusion of the regular shoot a match will be contested by Dr. W. S. Taylor and M. Fay against W. H. Brittner and C. H. Houghton. The conditions of the shooting are 25 birds each, 28 ds. rise, Hurlingham rules to govern, for \$100 a side.

The last of a series of invitation team shoots will be held under the auspices of the Parkway Gun Club at Dexter Park, on Thurs day. The conditions of the shoot are each man to shoot at 10 live birds, 25 ds. rise, 80 ds. boundary, modified Hurlingham rules. The trophy to be competed for is known as the Parkway cup. The Fountain and Coney Island teams are the favorites, but the Glenmores hope to get there.

FORESTER TOURNAMENT.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Feb. 21.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The Forester Gun Club's annual tournament commenced Tuesday morning with a good attendance of shooters, the most prominent being Budd, of Des Moines, and Leffingwell, of Clinton, and Grim, of Iowa. The weather was bad for the shoot, but the boys started in with good spirits and expected to complete the programme, which would have occupied four days. But "the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft aglee." On Wednesday it was cold and disagreeable, and on Thursday came the very worst storm of the season, and it put an end to the tournament. The tournament was conducted under the revised American Association rules. The birds were in excellent condition and hard to hit. The result of the first two days' shoot is as follows:

First Day.
No. 1, 7 single live birds:
Leffingwell.....111111-7 J. Davis.....1011000-3
Grim.....111111-7 Harbaugh.....1011011-5
Budd.....111111-7 Kemper.....0111111-6
Reese.....111000-3 Lewis.....010111-4
Stone.....111101-6 Racerster.....111100-5
Frank.....111111-6
Leffingwell, Grim and Budd div. first money, \$25.20. The shoot off of ties on 6 for second, \$14.15, was won by Howard; Racerster and Harbaugh div. third, \$12.60. Lewis took fourth, \$6.30.

No. 2, 10 single inanimate targets:
Leffingwell.....0000001000-1 Reese.....0000001000-1
Grim.....00001111-9 Howard.....0000110110-6
Budd.....11111111-10 Benewitz.....0110100111-6
Stone.....0001110011-5 Kemper.....1010010110-5
Frank.....1110000011-5 J. Davis.....1011011100-6
Budd took first money, \$6.20; Grim second, \$5.10. On the shoot off of ties on 6 Benewitz won third, \$2.30; the shoot off of ties on 5 fourth was won by Stone, 55 cents.

No. 3, 6 single live birds:
Budd.....111111-6 Hulse.....010011-3
Leffingwell.....111111-5 Bodyfield.....010101-3
Grim.....111111-6 Stone.....111111-6
Reese.....111111-6 Howard.....011100-3
Lewis.....010111-3 Harbaugh.....101100-3
Lafin.....111111-6
Budd, Grim, Reese and Stone div. first, \$18.20; Leffingwell, Lafin and Frank div. second, \$14; on the shoot-off of ties on 3 Harbaugh won third, \$4.55.

No. 4, 6 pair targets:
Budd.....11 11 11 10 10 10 Frank.....10 10 10 10 11-7
Leffingwell.....11 11 11 10 10 Benewitz.....11 10 00 00 01-4
Grim.....11 00 10 10 10 8 Keller.....11 00 10 10 10 9
Budd took first, \$4.60; Leffingwell and Stone div. second, \$3.45; Grim took third, \$2.30.

No. 5, 8 single live birds:
Grim.....11111111-8 Lafin.....11010111-6
Budd.....11111111-8 Frank.....11110111-7
Reese.....01101111-5 Howard.....11110111-7
Stone.....11111111-5 Harbaugh.....01010100-3
Leffingwell.....111111-7
Grim and Budd div. first, \$21.60; Howard won second on shoot-off, \$13.45; Lafin won third, \$10.80; Reese won fourth, \$5.40.

No. 6, 15 single inanimate targets:
Grim.....0111110111-12 Kemper.....111110101110-12
Budd.....11111111-12 Black.....11111111-12
Leffingwell.....0111110111-11 Keller.....1111101111-12
Benewitz.....110010001101-8 Schi k.....111010101101-9
J. Davis.....111111110111-13 England.....111111111111-14
Budd won first, \$8.60; England won second, \$6.45; J. Davis and Black div. third, \$4.90; Grim, Keller and Kemper div. fourth, \$2.15.

Second Day.

No. 7, 10 single inanimate targets, entrance \$2:
Grim.....1011010110-6 Knowles.....1000010111-5
Schick.....1111011011-8 Budd.....0111111110-8
Leffingwell.....0111011100-6 Howard.....0111101111-8
Black.....1111111111-8 Harbaugh.....1111111111-3
J. Davis.....1111000110-6 White.....1010111101-7
Keller.....0110111100-6 Lafin.....1111110110-6
Dean.....1111011100-6 Frederick.....1111100111-6
England.....1111011111-8 Jaques.....1110100111-6
Reese.....1001001011-4 Voss.....0101011109-5

First money, \$12.35, was won by Schick on the shoot-off of ties on 8; second, \$9.70, was divided by White, Lafin and Frederick; third, \$5.85, was won by Grim and Leffingwell on the shoot-off of ties on 6; fourth, \$3.25, was divided by Knowles and Voss.

No. 8, 10 single live birds, entrance \$10:
Grim.....1110110111-8 England.....0111101011-7
Budd.....11111111-10 J. Davis.....1001001101-9
Leffingwell.....11111111-9 Frank.....0110111011-7
Howard.....11110111-9 Lafin.....01110111-8
Reese.....1010101111-7 Schick.....0111010111-7
Harbaugh.....1110111011-8

First money, \$22.60, won by Budd; second, \$24.45, divided by Leffingwell and Howard; third, \$16.30, won by Levin on the shoot-off of ties on 8; fourth, \$4.15, won by Reese on shoot-off of ties on 7.

No. 9, 15 single targets, entrance \$5:
Grim.....111011111011-13 Dean.....00110110001111-7
Schick.....111111111111-15 Reese.....10001100101101-8
Budd.....111111111111-15 Keller.....10011111111101-13
Black.....111111111111-13 Leffingwell.....011111111111-13
England.....10101011011111-11 Harbaugh.....00110000000101-5

No. 9, 15 singles:
White.....10111011000111-10 Jaques.....11111110111100-12
Lafin.....01100101101010-8 Howard.....10110100000000-9
Stone.....10001110101111-9 Knowles.....00101000111111-9
Voss.....01010001110101-8 Voss.....01111111101011-12

No. 10, 4 pairs:
Budd.....11 11 11 01-7 Harbaugh.....00 10 10 00-2
Grim.....10 00 11 10-4 Howard.....11 11 10 01-6
Leffingwell.....11 11 00 01-5 Lafin.....00 10 10 00-2
Reese.....11 00 10 00-3 Frank.....10 10 00 10-3
J. Davis.....11 00 10 01-5 England.....00 10 10 10-3

First money, \$16, was taken by Budd; second, \$9.15, was won by Howard; third, \$8, was div. by Leffingwell and Schick; fourth, \$4, was taken by Grim.

No. 11, 15 singles:
Collier.....01000001100110-6 Dean.....00011010100101-7
Reese.....100001100110-6 Schick.....11111011111111-14
J. Davis.....0111010011100-9 Black.....11111011111111-13
White.....00001011111111-10 Keller.....11111011111111-12
Leffingwell.....11110111111001-2 England.....11110111111111-13

First money, \$12.25, was won by Budd; second, \$9.15, was won by Schick and Black; third, \$6.10, was div. by England and Grim; fourth, \$2.50, was won by Keller on the shoot-off of ties on 12.

No. 12:
Grim.....011111-5 Howard.....010111-4
Keller.....011110-4 Leffingwell.....101011-4
Budd.....111111-6 Warner.....111110-5
J. Davis.....111100-4 Stobl.....111110-4
Helmsius.....101001-3 Schick.....101111-5
Hofer.....111011-5 Scheef.....111011-5
Reese.....100111-4 Lafin.....001111-4
First money, \$25.20, was taken by Budd; second, \$18.50, was div. by Grim and Scheef on the shoot off of ties on 5; third, \$9.10, was div. by Reese and Stobl on shoot off of ties on 4; fourth, \$6.30, was won by Helmsius.

Extra No. 1, at 6 single live birds:
Grim.....010111-3 Lafin.....110001-3
Reese.....011111-5 J. Davis.....111111-6
Keller.....101111-5 Leffingwell.....111111-6
Frank.....110111-5 Stone.....011111-5
Harbaugh.....010111-3 Hulse.....111101-5
The ties on 6 for first was won by J. Davis and Leffingwell, \$17.50; ties on 5 for second, \$10.50, was won by Reese and Frank; Grim, Harbaugh and Lafin div. third, \$7.

Extra No. 2, at 6 single live birds:
Grim.....111111-5 J. Davis.....111110-4
Budd.....011011-4 J. Frederick.....010111-4
Reese.....111111-6 Lafin.....010101-3
Leffingwell.....000011-1 Harbaugh.....010111-4
Hulse.....110010-3 J. Davis.....111111-6

First money, \$17.50, was div. by Reese and J. Davis; second, \$10.50, was taken by Grim; third, \$5.50, was won by Budd and Frederick on the shoot off of ties on 4.

Extra No. 3, 6 single live birds, entrance \$5:
J. Davis.....011111-5 Schick.....110111-5
Budd.....101111-5 Leffingwell.....101011-5
Grim.....111111-6 Lafin.....111111-6
Jones.....111111-6

Grim, Jones and Lafin div. first money, \$12.25; J. Davis, Budd and Schick second, \$7.35; Leffingwell fourth, \$4.60.

Extra No. 3, 10 single inanimate targets, entrance \$1.25:
Harbaugh.....111010110-7 Black.....111101011-8
Grim.....1111010110-8 Schick.....1111101011-8
Budd.....11111111-9 J. Davis.....001111110-7
Reese.....111011011-8 Kemper.....11111111-9
Benewitz.....100110111-7 Kemper.....100111110-6

Extra No. 5, 10 single inanimate targets, entrance \$1.25:
England.....0001101111-6 Leffingwell.....111101010-7
Schick.....1111001111-8 Harbaugh.....111001110-9
Budd.....11111111-9 Kemper.....01111111-6
Frederick.....11111111-9 Benewitz.....1011001010-5
Black.....10010111-8 J. Davis.....01011111-8

Budd, Frederick and Kemper div. first money, \$4.20; Second, \$2.55 was won on the shoot off of ties on 8 by J. Davis; Leffingwell third, \$2.11.

LIVE PIGEON SHOOTING.

In 1887, at which time A. Nelson Lewis, a member of the Philadelphia Gun Club, was indicted before the Bucks County Court under the act of March 29, 1889, which makes it a misdemeanor to wantonly or cruelly kill or ill-treat, overload, beat or otherwise abuse any animal.

On the 14th of December, 1887, the Philadelphia Gun Club held a pigeon shooting match at their grounds on the "Old Brinkley" homestead. Among the other contestants being the exuded Gun Club, the Westminster Kennel Club and the Riverston Gun Club. The club members and their friends went to the grounds by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Upon the same train from Broad Street Station were two uniformed officers of the Woman's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who openly avowed their intention of making arrests if the match should take place.

The grounds were filled with people, the contest became very exciting and a large amount was staked on the result. Shortly after the shooting began the officers of the woman's society approached the gates and were met by members of the club, who stated that they had intended to meet the issue and would allow an arrest to be made. They did not raise any question as to the right of the officers to enter, because it was known that it was not admissible had any of the visitors or members of the clubs been arrested. In that case, as far as all present were concerned, the day would have ended in disappointment.

Then came the question of who would allow himself to be arrested. None cared to come up to the scratch, although several were approached. Finally General Grubb, the president of the club, approached his ground, and to throw himself into the breach, if no one else could be found courageous enough to do so. This, for several reasons, was undesirable, and A. Nelson Lewis was appealed to. Without a moment's hesitation he gave his consent, resolving to be sacrificed in friendship to his club members, and that the purpose and pleasure of the guests might not be marred.

Mr. Lewis was then technically arrested and taken before a justice of the peace. He was defended by General Dechert. Subsequently the club presented him with a resolution of thanks, highly extolling him for the way in which he had stood up for the interests of the club.

The late Lewis C. Cassidy was have defended Mr. Lewis, but died before the case came to trial. On the trial the jury returned a special verdict in which they found that it was the custom of the association to hold matches for skill in marksmanship, that Mr. Lewis participated in the match in December, 1887, and "for the purpose aforesaid fired with a gun upon certain pigeons liberated from a trap, killing one and wounding another. The bird so wounded alighted upon a tree, and as soon as his wounded condition was discovered it was killed by a member of said club, for and on behalf of said defendant, according to the custom of said club in regard to wounded birds. The bird so killed was immediately sold for food, according to the rule and custom of said club."

Judgment was entered in favor of the Commonwealth and a fine of \$500 was imposed on Mr. Lewis. From this the jury returned an appeal. Judge Paxson, as Chief Justice, delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court, which is as follows: "The specific charge in the indictment was that the defendant did unlawfully, wantonly and cruelly shoot, wound, torture, abuse and ill-treat a certain pigeon," etc. The jury found a special verdict, upon which the court below entered judgment for the Commonwealth. We are, therefore, limited to the facts as found. From the verdict we learn that the defendant was member of an association called the Philadelphia Gun Club; that on the 14th day of December, 1887, he attended a pigeon-shooting match and fired with a gun upon certain pigeons liberated from a trap, killing one and wounding another. The bird so wounded alighted upon a tree, and as soon

as its wounded condition was discovered it was killed by a member of said club for and on behalf of said defendant, according to the custom of said club in regard to wounded birds. The birds so killed were immediately sold for food, according to the rule and custom of said club."

"We have thus the finding of the jury that the object of this association was to test the skill of its members in marksmanship. In other words, it was a training school for sportsmen, in which they could acquire skill in shooting on the wing. This being the object of the association, the jury further found that the defendant attended for the purposes aforesaid. It was conceded that had he killed his bird he would not have been liable under the act of 1889. But having merely wounded it, he was guilty of cruelly under said act. So that the crime committed by him in the fact of shooting, but in wounding instead of instantly killing it. From the facts found by the jury, the defendant has merely been punished for want of skill.

"It is doubtless true that much pain and suffering is often caused to different kinds of game by this unskillfulness of sportsmen. A squirrel badly wounded may yet crawl to its hole and suffer for many hours or days and die. It was not pretended that the act applied to such cases. The sportsman in the woods is not responsible for the accuracy of his aim under the act of 1889. At the same time it is manifest that much suffering would be spared wild game if sportsmen were better trained. Skill in shooting upon the wing can only be gained by practice. It is not so with the accuracy of aim. There is no way of attaining it but by shooting at a mark. It is conceded that the sportsman in the woods may test his skill by shooting at wild birds. Why, then, may he not do the same with a bird confined in a cage and let out for that purpose? Is the bird in the cage any better or has it any higher rights than the bird in the woods? Both were placed here by the Almighty for the use of man. They were not given to him to be needlessly and cruelly tortured and were there for the finding of the jury to show that the object of this association was to torture pigeons we would not hesitate to sustain the judgment of the court below. But no such purpose appears, nor is there any finding that the defendant was guilty of needless and wanton cruelty. The bird was immediately killed as soon as its condition was discovered."

"A distinction was pressed upon the argument between the case of a captive bird and one at large in the woods. In the latter instance there is a necessity to shoot it in order to capture it for food or other lawful purpose; and if wounding results, it is an unavoidable incident; while in the case of a captive bird, no necessity exists for putting it to death in this way. Some force may be conceded to this as an abstract proposition, but we do not see its application to the facts of this case. The right to kill the pigeon was and must be conceded and there is no finding of the jury that its suffering was greater because of the manner of its death than if it had been killed in some other way. This is a scientific question which I do not feel myself competent to pass upon. Nor do I think the average jurymen is any better qualified to do so. It may be that science in the future will discover the method of killing a pigeon with the least possible pain. So far as other animals are concerned, it is, perhaps, an open question, and the attempt of well-meaning humanitarians in a sister State to reduce the sufferings of condemned criminals by putting them to death by electricity instead of by hanging, has produced a long controversy which can hardly be regarded as settled. An attempt has been made, so far unsuccessfully, to show it is unconstitutional because of its cruelty.

"We do not say there might not be a violation of the act of 1889 at a shooting match, but in our view the facts found by the jury do not bring this case within it. The judgment is reversed."—*Philadelphia Times*, Feb. 25.

NIAGARA, N. Y., Feb. 18.—Niagara River Gun Club, match at kingbirds, three moneys, \$1 entrance, 10 singles:
M. A. McBean.....13 J. Koch.....7 W. Murphy.....6
L. A. Boore.....13 J. Koch.....7 W. Murphy.....6

Twelve singles and 4 doubles:
McBean.....16 Margetts.....8 J. Koch.....15
Boore.....13

Five doubles:
McBean.....5 Margetts.....6 Smith.....5
Boore.....7 Pierce.....7

Five live pigeons, 30 ds. rise, 80 ds. boundary, \$2 entrance:
Case.....2 Smith.....0 Margetts.....3
Koch.....5 Sorgel.....0 Boore.....4
McBean.....1

Fifteen single kingbirds:
Boore.....10 Koch.....15 Besser, Jr.....12
Boore.....13 Kellogg.....9
Shirley.....10 Rose.....13 H. P. Smith.....10
Sinclair.....13 Peaseland.....4 W. Murphy.....12
McBean.....14 Case.....12 J. Pierce.....6
Margetts.....7

Twelve singles and 5 doubles:
Boore.....14 Brooks.....11 Geo. Hawley.....3
Margetts.....13 Shirley.....11 Kellogg.....16
Koch.....18 McBean.....19 Pierce.....18
Besser.....18 E. H. Smith.....17 H. P. Smith.....18
Sinclair.....17

Fifteen singles:
Brooks.....13 Koch.....14 Rose.....12
Sinclair.....11 McBean.....11 H. Smith.....11
Boore.....11 Kellogg.....13 Besser.....13
Margetts.....12

Ten kingbirds:
Margetts.....8 Kellogg.....5 Pierce.....9
McBean.....9 Sinclair.....9 E. H. Smith.....10
Boore.....9 Brooks.....7 Besser.....7

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 19.—South Side Gun Club sweepstake, at 10 kingbirds, 5 traps, unknown angles:
Martin.....10111111-8 W. H. O'Connor.....10011011-8
Whitney.....111011110-8 Fish.....100110110-8

At 15 kingbirds:
Smith.....10110101011111-11 Scott.....01111101111111-13
Tallett.....00011111111111-11 Kinsley.....11000110000111-7
Taylor.....11101111111111-13 Martin.....11001110110111-10
O'Connor.....101111111111-11 Fish.....00011011010000-4
Whitney.....111011110111-13

Badge match, at 15 kingbirds, 5 traps, unknown angles:
Ayres (21 birds).....1111111111111111-19
O'Connor (24 birds).....01111100111111111111-19
Taylor (25 birds).....11111111111111111111-18
Kinsley (26 birds).....01111111111111111111-16
The losers, 1001-1, O'Connor 1111-5, O'Connor wins badge for the second time.—DUSTY.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 16.—This afternoon those interested in the shoot for the Smith gun went to the Cleveland Gun Club grounds. The smoke and fog were so thick that they could almost be cut with a knife, and the shooting was excellent considering the conditions. Murray and Holt tied and will shoot off the tie at the next trial for the gun.

The score is as follows:
Murray.....27 W. H. Murphy.....42-44
L. O. Jones.....32-40 Sweetman.....32-40 Holt.....41-45
Wherry.....38-40 C. Calhoun.....32-34 Alexander.....39-43
Fritz.....38-42 Joe.....36-44 Tamblin.....27-29
Storey.....28-34

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 21.—In the silver cup match at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day, at 15 singles and five pair standards, Leslie Cowee and Snow tied with 18 each. They then shot off the tie, and the cup was awarded to Snow, he not having won a cup in two previous matches. The scores were: Perry, Stone and Melcher 16, Bradley, Gore and Bowker 15, Perry 13, Dill 12. In the classification match for silver match boxes, at 15 single and five pair standards, Perry won in class A with 20, Stone in class B with 21, and Snow and Purdy in class C with 16.

In the shoot-off between Snow and Purdy for the match box, Snow won with 20, and Purdy with 16. In the silver match boxes, at 15 single and five pair standards, Perry won in class A with 20, Stone in class B with 21, and Snow and Purdy in class C with 16.

The ties will be shot off next Friday afternoon, when each man will shoot at 60 single and 20 pair standards.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 23.—The season of 1891-92 of the Roseville Gun Club will begin on March 27, and regular shoots will be held on the last Friday of each month thereafter. Every member will be required to shoot at 300 targets during the year. A Saturday close the season of 1890-91, and every member is urged to be on hand to finish his yearly total of targets shot at, in order that the secretary may have no trouble in arranging a system of handicap for the season of 1891-92. The Essex Gun Club has elected the following officers for 1892: President, R. H. Breintnall; Vice-Pres., William Hayes; Treasurer, W. Speer; Secretary, A. C. Whitehead.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Feb. 17.—The famous jockey and horse owner, Edward Garrison, is recruiting his health here and enjoying himself. To-day he had a shooting match with J. N. Wilson, also of New York. The former hit 23 out of 40 birds to the latter's 17 out of 40. Quite a little betting was indulged in on the outcome of the match.

Canoing.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 60 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By W. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neide. Price \$1. Canoe Handling. By C. B. Vaux. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakboat. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price \$1.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.
COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: C. V. Wynn, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Dayton, N. J.
EX-COM: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM: G. L. Parmelee, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Apollonio, Winchester.
EX-COM: Earl Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
EX-COM: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:
VICE-COM: L. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: Rich'd Hobart, Newark N. J.
EX-COM: H. L. Quick and H. M. Krenner.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of a member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore: D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commadore: N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commadore: O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Purser: J. C. Edwards, Dayton, N. J.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec'y-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

- MAY.
30. Bayonne, Annual, Bayonne.
JUNE.
6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Brooklyn.
13. New York, Annual, S. I. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
20. New York, Sandy Hook Race —. Ianthe, Spring, Passaic Riv.
JULY.
11-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST.
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
SEPTEMBER.
7. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River. 6. Orange, Ann., Passaic River.

WHITE SQUALL'S '88 CRUISE.

[Concluded from Page 98.]

As we pushed into the stream we saw a woodboat under way about 50 yds. ahead. She ran out of her way to speak the A. Gibson and we got near enough to spell out the name Zephyr on her stern. Then I settled back with the remark, "That's the last time we'll be able to spell that name to-day." The wind freshened and a thin creamy streak of foam seemed to have got entangled across the canoe's bows and was trailing off from either quarter. Horace said, "We are gaining on that wood boat." I looked up and it was on us. Then we trimmed our sails more fully, heeled up about ten degrees. Still the wind breezed up; the streak of foam changed to a pale brandy-colored wave, and in five minutes the nose of the Squall was lapped on the Zephyr's quarter.

Her captain evidently not liking the turn affairs were taking, held his head in air and steadily resisted all our attempts to get acquainted. "He despises us on account of our size," said one of the Squall's crew. "He doesn't know we have paced the quarter deck, rolled the wheel and taken sign along the compass card, or perhaps he wouldn't put on so many airs. Now suppose we give him a hint that we were once of the brotherhood, by breaking out one of those rollicking old sea shanties?" "Shenanadore," "Lowlands," and "Whistling Sam" were turned up, rejected, but there was "Renzo," none could find any fault with that—it was a good humble sea song. And his rich beary-tone voice rolled forth on the first line:

"O! my Renzo was no sailor,"

But he never went any further. Like most amateur performers, he had kept one eye on the audience to note the effect. When he saw the worthy captain darken his brow and make a motion to flatten the singer by throwing a bunch of lath on him, he resented the fact that in an 11-mile race we beat a loaded boat of 75 ft. waterline, with a stiff whole sail breeze, part of the time on her quarter and the rest dead aft. Had there been any sea on we could not have done it, and until I saw it I would not have believed that it could be done at all.

Before we reached our camping place two boom men hailed us with a long drawn Hello! and then shouted, "Eel-grass ahead." "All right, pass it on over to the wood-boatmen, they're interested in eel-grass, it don't affect our craft a mite." A chuckle from one of them announced that the answer struck him favorably; and a moment later one of them shouted, "How yer makin' it?" "O! we've a good fair wind, plenty of grub, and the cook's sober—first-rate, first-rate." When d'y' leave Fredericton?" "Four o'clock, same time as that wood boat." "Be a yer holdin' her well," Horace said. "Who is that fellow?" "I don't know." "Why you seemed to talk like old acquaintances." "Ab, my son, you may not put on any airs, or affect any stiffness, when talking with lumbermen; and, above all, be civil—even polite. I need only have said, 'Go to blazes,' when he first hailed, to have heard a torrent of abuse, mingled with a smell of sulphur that would shame a volcano." And the above is true, in my judgment. The outer may, in his camp life, approach as near that of the savage as seems to him desirable; but in his intercourse with his fellow men, no matter what their station in life, he should never forget his good breeding. If he does, he will some day run up against some one who will make him regret it. If, however, he is treated uncivilly by any of the natives, and thinks he can come out as the Chinaman says, "topside," in a word scolding, without using any language that he will be ashamed to repeat when he gets home, let him sail in, if he wants to, and success to him. But the game is rarely worth the candle.

Opposite the head of Oromocto Island Horace hailed the deal boat Seattle, bound to the Nashvauk, commanded by Capt. Williams, a friend of his. By this time the wind had veered around to the north, and we were in close-hauled. The captain begged Horace to lift sheets and return to Fredericton; and failing to persuade him fired as a parting shot, "Surely you're not going down river in that thing! How heavy a life insurance do you carry?" I wanted Horace to put the canoe about that we might follow and kick him, but he steered for the island, and we were all snug in camp an hour before sundown. As I wish to go

on record as a person who can mention the mosquito without indulging in hyperbole, I will attempt to estimate of the numbers that assailed us that evening. It is enough to say that we were obliged to eat close up on the lee side of the camp-fire, and even then they were unbearable. Prospects for a night's rest were slim, but we beat them by a very simple expedient. We gathered two bundles of cedar bark from drift "shingle-shims," and placing a live coal in the end of each, laid them in the tent door, and we were troubled no more. The pungent smell of the smoke was too much for them.

The next day was Sunday and Horace did not want to travel, so we lay in camp and saw a gale of fair wind howl by nearly all day. We cooked potatoes for dinner, and just as I was lifting them off the fire, which H. W. "chanking up" with a board edging, two tablespoonsful of oil were flung from the end of said edging into the pot. We were more successful in our second attempt, though the pot boiled dry so quickly that we had to keep adding water from a kettle, which we kept boiling. In the afternoon we visited the mainland for spring water, and had a chat with the men at one of the boom houses. While we were getting supper a boating party, consisting of two men and a half dozen ladies, sailed by, raising hats and waving handkerchiefs, which so flattered Horace that he tried to stretch a pot from my hand to wave a return, while I was doffing my 50-cent felt in answer. I had to threaten to kick him before he desisted, and dove into the tent for a towel, which he whirled till it looked like a Catherine wheel.

After supper more mosquitoes and cedar bark. It may be worth mention that we whittled the latter into shreds two feet long and carried it tightly into bundles the thickness of a man's wrist, two such lasting till morning. We were on the mainland, near the border of dreamland, when we were aroused by sound of singing, and the writer caught the following words from an old hymn in the collection used by the Episcopal Church:

"Here in this body pent
Absent from thee I roam,
And nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

We thought a church choir had gone adrift; but it proved to be our boating party on its way back to Upper Maugerville. They rendered some fine pieces of sacred music, and wound up with old "Gloria." The force was not made of four males since we found free concerts; they can sing, and they reflectively, "I never saw such a place for singing as this St. John River; we've had a serenade every night since we left home, and this is the best of the lot."

I awakened at dawn on Monday to find a light southerly wind blowing, and after lighting the fire "chewed the bitter cud of reflection" on the folly of allowing a fair wind to go by while we were observing the Sabbath, that we might have an opportunity to break our backs at the paddles on Monday.

By six o'clock everything was stored in the canoe, and we were pushing out into the river. The southerly air had now hauled around to the south-west, and we could make a straight course for the foot of the island. Here we ran out of our course to speak Commodore Walden, who had made four miles since we passed him on our way up. By this time the wind was westerly. We rounded the foot of the island, and with sheet well off headed for Middle Island, which we left on our starboard hand, as we did all other islands on our way down. Then the wind came in fair and about as hard as we wanted; and to make a long story short the forenoon's sail was one of unmarred pleasure.

Of the many incidents which occurred I will mention two. As we passed the small schooner Native, which was making her way down under mainsail and jib, Horace said: "It's a good thing the old man hasn't his foresail on, if he had there would be no way for him to excuse a ghastly bad defeat." This illustrates the moral effect of victory. Because we had thrashed the Zephyr he took it for granted we could make short work of the smaller craft. The undersigned did not have felt in the same way, but he had raced enough before to have had all such thoughts beaten out of him.

The other episode was something unique in my experience. We were rounding the lower point of Mauger's (pronounced Mā-jōrs) Island when a little jet of water was flung on the foredeck right by the stem and landed in the water just in front of the cockpit. We saw a red squirrel scurrying up the side of the boat, his collision with the canoe having in no way changed his purpose. We wished him good speed without inquiring whether like Casius he was swimming a race with some chicaree Caesar, or, imitating Leander, he was crossing "all for to see his dear." Instead of returning by way of the "raging canawh" we sailed down around "No name" and made our camp on the camp on "Grimsor's Neck," nearly opposite the village of Gagetown.

About 2 o'clock we started under paddle against a heavy sea. We had gone, perhaps, a mile, when we sighted a golden-eye duck with a brood of very small ducklings. Seeing us she maneuvered about 50 yds. to one side of her brood, with the evident intention of diverting our attention from her young. But we were too close to that. Holding straight to our point, we hit the duck, now huddled in a compact mass, we put on the muscle. The duck, bird, divining our purpose, raised her head high in air and seemed to balance herself for a moment on her tail, then she dived like a flash, and as she did so there was nothing but blank water where the bunch of ducklings had been. In a quarter of a second she reappeared, and rising as before, craned her neck to see if her little ones had been injured. We troubled them no more. But I have many a time paid a dollar for the privilege of looking at a poorer exhibition.

In crossing the river near the mouth of Gagetown Creek we shipped a gallon of water through the centerboard trunk, which we had carelessly left open. Had the canoe filled in that sea our earthly cruise would have been ended. It is needless to say that the water was so scarce in that craft, and we jammed a stop-water in before she could make another thrash. At the lower end of the Friend we hoisted our reefed mainsail and drove down the Lawson River. At the head of Colwell's Creek we made everything snug and "rode out" a thunderstorm in a hay barn—a mighty good harbor, by the way. We bowled down to the mouth of the lake before a nor'west gale and lay to for some time under Musquash Island Light, waiting for the wind to abate. But we had to get somewhere before we could eat another meal, as our grub sack was entirely empty. We concluded we could meet the raging of the skies, but not an empty larder; so we worked across the broad bay at the lower end of the lake and arrived at a farm-house, where we had both been before. Here we took the first civilized meal in five days.

About 6 o'clock we hoisted sail before a nice little southerly breeze that had sprung up, and made home just at dark, thus closing a most enjoyable cruise with a day of rare good luck.

The next day a sailor man who had crossed the Atlantic a half dozen times, and circumnavigated this terrestrial ball once, borrowed a 15 ft. catboat of his best girl's uncle, and tackled the Squall when we were in train. In a puff of non-resistance we outtailed him on every point; in fact, as an eyewitness put it, we "made a holy exhibition of the outfit." This was a glorious round-off to our cruise. I have a suspicion that some may think the account rather long-winded. To such I can only reply, that I have done the best I could under the circumstances; but to show how much I could do at a chop, if I tried, I will say that I had a five-day cruise on the St. John, between Washademoak and Spring-hill. There, "you pays your money and you takes your choice."

L. I. FLOWER.

THE LIBRARIAN RECEIVES A CRUISE.

WE take great pleasure in the facts that out of the thousand members of the A. C. A. there are three who have made a cruise last year, and one of them has been so overworked enough to write it up and forward it to the Librarian, as provided for in the by-laws. The percentage is not particularly large, 1 to 999; but still it marks a distinct advance on the previous year, in which no cruise was reported, so that presumably none was made. Through the courtesy of the A. C. A. Librarian, Mr. W. P. Stephens, we are enabled to publish the cruise, which is a model of condensed information.

WALKILL RIVER.

Librarian A. C. A.:

DEAR SIR—In compliance with Chapter XI, A. C. A. By-Laws, I send you herewith a record of a cruise made by three members of the N. C. and B. A. during this past season. We used on our cruise three canoes, a Canadian basswood, partially decked, 16½ x 33 and very light. A Mohican No. 2, 15 x 31½, and an Ontario longitudinal strip cruising canoe, 15 x 31½. The lighter basswood and the topside bark canoe were built by the leather smooth-skin in the many stone places where the water was "thin."

At 10:30 A. M., July 8, 1890, we shipped our canoes and baggage by Lake Erie & Western Railway to Hampton, 24 miles, following in a later train. The canoes arrived at Hampton at about 6 P. M., and were carried by wagon one mile to the nearest point on the water, at a place where the wagon road crosses the stream, "Chee-chunk" by name.

Fare for three, \$2.25; freight, \$1.53. In running the mile to our first camp we passed three small gravelly riffles. Made camp in a high pasture on right hand side of river at about 8 o'clock. Farm house ¼ mile away, where milk and water may be found; river water not fit to drink.

From camp to Phillipsburgh one mile, still water, with one fish dam to carry over. Dam at Phillipsburgh with break at left end which might be run at high water, but not at present stage. We carried over the fish dam, quick water with high rocks and stones for half a mile, then still water to Stonyford bridge, four miles, and thence to Montgomery, eight miles. Left canoes at boat house near the road, and dined at hotel just across the way. Dinner for three, \$1.20. There are two dams at Montgomery about half a mile apart. Quick water over slate rock, with occasional stones scattered about between the dams, but at high water it would be well to examine them carefully before trying it. The lower dam, which is a double one, especially.

From Montgomery to Walden, three miles, still water with many large boulders. Keep a sharp lookout for those under water. They are black and hard to locate. At Walden there are two dams and a fall between. We did not examine these, but were assured that they were impassable. Made the camp in an express wagon. Three-quarters of a mile, at a cost of 50 cents per boat. From Walden to Walkill, four miles. Half the distance rifts and slate ledges, balance back water from Walkill dam.

We found a good camping spot on the left bank at head of back water. Farm house on opposite side of river where excellent milk and good water may be purchased. Between the camp and the house passed Jordan's milk condenser. Below the dam at Walkill the rocks are very bare. Hired man with hay wagon to carry us quarter of mile to end of tail race, \$1. For half a mile further slate ridges, stones and black boulders, those under water being particularly troublesome. From Walkill to Galeville, two miles, quick shoal water most of way to back water of dam. Water not running over. Carried over at right hand side of river.

From Galeville to New Paltz, three miles, quick water, with water most of the way. There are many large boulders and quick above the dam. Keep a sharp lookout for those below water. The dam is in a bad state of preservation and full of projecting iron spikes. We carried over, as usual, at east end of dam. The river below the dam is filled with immense boulders crowded so closely together that it is with difficulty that a passage can be found. From New Paltz to Newburgh, three miles, quick water, two or three rapids and at one place a drop of four or five feet over a slate ledge. The best place to run it is near near the middle of the river. It looks bad but is in reality all right. After passing this there is still water. From New Paltz to camp, on right side of river in a grove on high bank, three miles. Milk and water on opposite side some distance back.

From camp to Perrine's Bridge, five miles, the water is still and river very crooked. Dashville Falls, a half mile below the bridge, about fifty feet fall, very fine. There are three falls within a little over a mile, Dashville, Rifton and Buttermilk. We dined at the hotel at Perrine's Bridge, at 30 cents a head and hired two teams to carry the canoes around the three falls, by the road about three miles, at a cost of \$5 for the three. Rather high, but in the haying season it is hard to get a man and animal. It might be possible to carry a light canoe around each of the three falls. We did not try it.

From Perrine's Bridge to Powder Mill Ferry, where we put our boats in the water is three miles. From Ferry to guard lock in canal, three miles. Here we passed through a short canal and were locked down into the Rondout. Rondout Creek, tide water begins here. It is better to put your canoe on a canal boat looking down, as this is a very busy spot, and they will not hold a loaded canal boat to let a canoe go through.

From canal lock to Rondout Light, four miles. The balance of cruise was on the Hudson River. Our first camp on the Hudson was on a rocky point west of Eopus Light. From camp to Poughkeepsie, ten miles, quick water, roughkeeping to Newburgh fifteen miles. Total expenses, \$13.68.

In closing this report I would say that our cruise was made in a very dry time, when the river was at least two feet below the high water mark, making the wear and tear much harder on both canoe and canoeist, particularly the former. With six inches or a foot more water it would have been much better, although we enjoyed it very much. From it was the river winding through meadows most of the way, with distant views of the Mohawk, Shandaken and Catskill Mountains. After passing Perrine's Bridge the stream runs through a deep valley to the Hudson at Rondout. I would advise any one making the trip to go as light as possible. If intending to extend the trip to the Hudson, ship sails and rudder to Rondout and all for them there.

In the expense account I have not included the provisions taken with us from home, nor the milk and eggs bought on the way. Information in regard to stage of water may be had by inclosing addressed postal to postmaster at Montgomery or Walden, I think. The cruise, for a short one, is well worth taking.

Yours fraternally, N. S. SMITH, A. C. A. 153.

CARELESS CANOEING.

WE have frequently spoken of the danger of the ordinary amateur-built canvas canoe, and of the manner in which these canoes in particular are misused by boys without skill or experience, and who should not be permitted to go afloat except in large boats and in company with experienced boatmen. The vicinity of Bergen Point, Bayonne, and the bays on each side, has been noted for this class of poor canoe, from which serious, and in some cases fatal, accidents have occurred, the latest one being on the night of this week. The poor canoe was drowned was due only to the accidental presence of a local expert boating men and not to the efforts of the would-be canoeists.

Early in the morning two boys, James Van Bueren and Charles Collins, started from the house of the Newark Bay Boat Club, at a canvas canoe about 10 ft. long, built by one of the poor model and fitted only for one person. About 2 P. M., when in mid-channel and just abreast of the club house, the canoe capsized, as it is stated, through one of the boys standing up to shoot. Both were thrown into the icy water, where they clung to the capsized canoe, being carried down swiftly by a strong ebb tide. They were seen by some young boys on shore and a man put out in a small flatboat, with no rowlocks and but one oar.

After the capsized two canoeists, Mr. H. C. Ward, of the Brooklyn C. C., and his brother, happened to visit the beach, and while they were looking for a boat they were joined by Mr. Hobbs, of the N. B. C. C. The three quickly launched the first boat in the club house and pulled off. They reached the canoe just after the man with the flatboat had already taken the one of the canoeists, but was unable to rescue the other. Both were quickly pulled into the yawl, and with the punt and canoe in tow the party pulled in to the station of the Newark Y. C. C., half a mile below where the canoe had capsized. The two boys were completely exhausted, and for two hours the rescuers worked over them, aided by the club janitor, and his wife, who provided warm blankets and drinks. They finally recovered and were taken to their homes.

In spite of the pluck and promptness of the first rescuer his work would probably have been in vain if other help had not arrived, as even in case he had taken both boys into his boat it would have been a long time before he could have reached the water again in an overloaded boat, with but one oar and carried down in mid-channel by a strong tide. When taken from the water the boys were so exhausted that immediate care was necessary to save one, if not both.

If properly built, and used with any care, the ordinary small canoe of wood or canvas, is not specially dangerous; but as these boats are commonly built by boys they have no bearings at the ends, and are very cranky. In no case should one be used by a person who cannot swim and who is not familiar with small boats. In no case should more than one person be crowded into one, and above all, a canoe even of good model, is an unsafe boat for a boy to shoot from, as there is little room to handle a gun in. The combination of two boys, two guns and a small cranky canoe, with the water at winter temperature, is simply an invitation for a fatal disaster that would be laid to the blame of canoeing instead of the ignorance and recklessness of boys.

MOHICAN C. C.—The annual meeting and camp fire of the Mohican C. C. was held on Feb. 14 at the residence of Mr. Howard Martin. The election of officers resulted as follows: Captain, Charles V. Winne; mate, William A. Wheeler; purser and sec'y, William S. Hackett; member of the executive committee, W. B. Wackerhagen. The following were elected members: Stewart McKimley, Ben W. Hackett, Theodore McLaughlin, S. Howard Ransom and George Hackett. Later on a merry camp was set up at a table, which was fairly loaded. In the center was a large portable, the totem of the club, beautifully mounted and polished and surrounded by smilax. During the evening the Turtle Mandolin and Banjo Club gave selections, and songs were sung and stories told. Mr. Martin was voted a jolly good fellow and his health was drunk standing in the famous Regatta punch of the Fort Orange Club. The turtles are now beginning to appear, a great revival of the sport is expected in the spring. P. M. Wackerhagen, a former member of the club, at present living in Racine, Wis., has given a fine silver cup to be sailed for at the next regatta in June.

WINTER QUARTERS.—The meeting on Feb. 20 was one of the most successful of the season, Messrs. Dunnell and Winttingham giving an excellent display of lantern views. Arrangements are being made for a novel entertainment by Messrs. Seavey and Rogers, who will each tell the story of their cruise on the Housatonic River, neither being present while the other is speaking. The meetings and the dinner which precede them are well attended, and have proved of great value in uniting local connoisseurs through the winter.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: C. H. Stewart, Newark, N. J.; Eastern Division: Fred. M. Clark, Jr., W. F. Robinson, Del. Morgan, William A. Dustin, Walter J. Holden, Worcester, Mass.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the *Canoe*, peep into the *Keel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

FIXTURES.

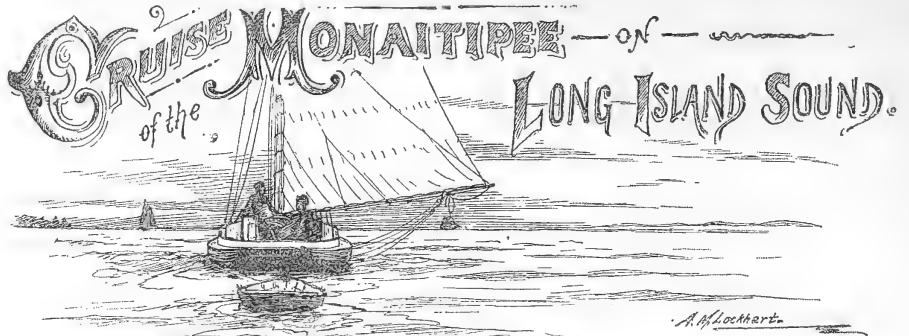
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|--|--|
| APRIL. | |
| 5. Excelsior, Ann., New York. | 26. Corinthian, Opening Cruise, San Francisco. |
| MAY. | |
| 30. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont. | 20. Corinthian, Annual, San Francisco. |
| 30. Rochester, Open, Sodus Bay. | |
| JUNE. | |
| 11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte. | 22. Pavia, Annual, New York. |
| 13. Lynn, Lynn. | 25. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 13. Quincy. | 27. Hull, All Classes. |
| 15. Phila., Ann., Del. River. | 27. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester. |
| 17. Hull, Under 2ft. | 27. Lynn, Lynn. |
| 18. Roch. Ladies' Day, Charlotte. | 27. Quincy, First Championship. |
| 20. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont. | |
| JULY. | |
| 3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch. | 11. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto. |
| 4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck. | 18. American, Steam, Milton's Neck. |
| 4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont. | 18. Hull, First cham., 1st and 2d classes. |
| 6. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck. | 18. New York, Ann., New York. |
| 11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester. | 18. Riverside, Annual. |
| 11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. | 20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester. |
| 11. Lynn, Lynn. | 20. Rochester, L.Y.R.A., Charl. |
| 14. Quincy, Ladies' Day. | 20. Hull, Y. R. A., Oswego. |
| 14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton. | 25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester. |
| 16. Lake Y. R. A., R. C. Y. C., Tor. | 25. Quincy, Second Cham. |
| AUGUST. | |
| 1. Hull, Second Cham., 1st and 2d classes. | 13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich. | 15. Hull, Ladies' Race. |
| 6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. | 19. Hull, Ladies' Day. |
| 8. Hull, Second Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. | 22. Quincy. |
| 8. Lynn, Lynn. | 26. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester. |
| 10. Quincy, Third Cham. | 27. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| | 29. Hull, All Classes. |
| SEPTEMBER. | |
| 7. N.Y.Y.R.A., Ann., New York. | 12. Lynn, Cup, Lynn. |
| 7. Lynn, Open, Nahant. | |

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The Delaware River Squadron held its organization meeting on Feb. 13. Mr. Wm. Dressler, of Camden, N. J., was elected Commodore; Mr. Geo. D. Gideon, of Philadelphia, Purser. Commodore Dressler appointed the following officers and committees: Measurer, Winfield Van Dusen; Committee on Education, W. E. Rothery; Committee on Regatta, Dr. C. P. Tuttle, C. L. Leison, G. T. Hugo Schram. The new squadron starts in with an excellent membership, and thoroughly good officers. The New York Bay Squadron will hold a meeting at 757 Broadway, on Feb. 23, at 4 P. M. The Staten Island Sound Squadron will shortly hold its organization meeting. The Navy as organized for 1891 is composed of the following squadrons: East River Squadron, New York Bay Squadron, Long Island Sound Squadron, Staten Island Sound Squadron, St. Lawrence River Squadron, and Delaware River Squadron. New members are coming in at a rate that assures this popular organization a membership which is simply astonishing, when its age is taken into consideration. The New York Bay Squadron will give a lecture at the Hotel Marlborough at an early date. The following names have been proposed for membership: Geo. B. Colborn and G. T. Hugo Schram, Camden, N. J.; Frank W. Leison and W. E. Rothery, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. F. G. Wey, R. Bonnell and Paul A. Oliver, New York; M. Gates, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—On Feb. 18 the annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held at Delmonico's, the following officers being elected: Gom., Girard C. W. Lowrey; Vice-Com., Joseph H. Sterling; Rear Com., David Irwin Jackson; Sec'y, Chas. A. Singer; Treas., Wm. Murray; Trustees to serve for three years, Augustin Monroe, Eugene L. Bushe. Some changes were made in the sailing rules, the time limit for races being fixed at 30 minutes after sunset, while cat yachts were classed with catboats, to be rated under the allowance for yawls. It was decided to make the annual regatta a handicap. The following resolution, offered by Mr. Eugene L. Bushe, was carried unanimously: Resolved, That this club declares its opposition to the bill lately introduced in the Senate of the United States to amend the navigation laws, by imposing penalties or charges upon foreign-built yachts coming to this country; and we also declare our opposition to all laws imposing charges upon such yachts so long as they are employed exclusively as pleasure vessels. We point out the great value of the contests sailed in our waters with yachts of foreign build. They have developed and advanced the science of naval architecture not only in the United States, but throughout the world. We also point out the fact that every foreign-built yacht brought to this country has stimulated yacht designers and encouraged yacht building. Resolved, That the commodore, with two others whom he shall name, be appointed a committee to represent this club before Congress and to oppose such legislation.

ONE GUN STARTS.—The *Boston Globe* speaks as follows in favor of the one gun start which we have so long advocated. Now that racing is confined almost entirely to small fleets, as in the 40 and 46ft. classes, there can be no argument in favor of the lubberly old method of allowing anywhere from 5 to 15 min. in which to cross the line. The *Globe* says: "Without doubt a one gun start offers a splendid chance for an expert to gain an advantage. This may be pushed too far, and some skippers may blurt a faint-hearted helmsman out of his rights. Nothing is prettier than a cleverly executed one gun start, and nothing tends more to elevate the standard of yacht handling. If the yachts are allowed time in which to cross the starting line, there is always the danger that the boats will meet different conditions, and that the value of the race will be vitiated by a fluke. Then again, one never knows where he stands when the yachts do not start together, and the race is robbed of its most exciting features. Instances are numerous where a yacht has sailed over the whole course in the lead, and her crew have thought they had won the race, only to find that some boat which started five or ten minutes astern, which they had hardly considered at all, has sailed the course in faster time and won the race."

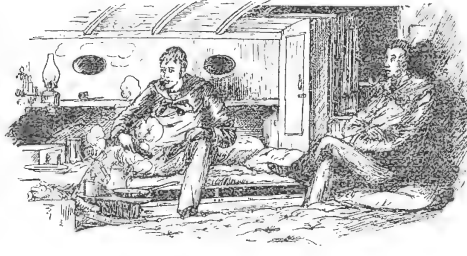
SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The regular meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on Feb. 24, with Com. Hill in the chair. The race committee offered several changes in the rules, the principal one being in the regular club cruises. The old start at Buoy 18 and finish at Cravens Shoal Buoy; the three courses being around the Sandy Hook Lightship, around the Scotland Lightship, and around Buoy 1, off Point Comfort Shoal. This latter course replaces the old club cruise for the smaller classes, around Buoy 5, over which so many hot races have been sailed. Several changes to Rule XXIV. were proposed, and will be voted upon at the next meeting. The race committee is now at work on a scheme for securing entries for the annual race, which includes a provision for yachts in cruising trim.



PART III.

[Concluded from Page 96]

AFTER breakfast we took the skiff and towed ashore, landing on a sandy beach, which formed part of a boat builder's yard. The cat-yawl *Empress* was undergoing some repairs on the marine ways close by. We strolled along the water front and saw a number of well-known yachts. Afterward we went into the town and enjoyed ourselves in various ways until about two o'clock. On our way back we purchased a nice fresh bluefish, which we carried on board and demolished, or, I should say, partly demolished, as it was a good-sized one, weighing, if I remember correctly, 6 lbs. After eating we got out the awning and put it up;



under which, protected from the sun, we quietly watched the maneuvers of several sailing craft.

The sloop yacht *Wizard* was trying to beat past the breakwater against the ebb tide, but appeared to make no progress, as after four or five tacks she was in the same place as when we first saw her. About this time two large catboats came up astern of her, and a man, who happened to be in a boat alongside, told us to watch them. Instead of beating back and forth in the channel they ran well into the lee of the breakwater; then, going about, stood off parallel with it, with sheets slightly started, so that they were going fast when the end was reached. As they ran out, both

keg, and when we came back our neighbors on the skipjack, two in number, were cooking their evening meal. We immediately found employment in the same way.

As we reclined after everything was cleared away we perceived that our flat-bottomed friend had swung around so that we were within easy speaking distance, and Tom fell into a conversation with one of the crew, inviting them on board our craft. They expressed great astonishment at the size of our cabin and its comforts. Judging from an exterior view one would pronounce it very small and squat, but the floor being low down and with a centerboard trunk to split it up, one can get around quite handily; and best of all can stretch his legs in any direction he pleases.

Our visitors were cruising, and said they had just arrived from New London, having left there the night before. It being calm all night they had drifted about the Sound until morning, when getting the wind they made their way into Greenport. Another boat had started with them, but they believed she had turned back. They informed us that they were going to cruise around Peconic Bay; they had been there before, and from the account given us of it we felt disposed to spend a few days on its waters, but as Tom's time was limited we thought it prudent to start on our return homeward in the morning.

We were invited to come aboard their boat, and during the evening we spent a couple of hours there very pleasantly. Cruisers are sociable fellows, and we enjoyed ourselves without restraint. Their cabin was considerably larger than the *Monaitipee's* with the exception that it had no more head room. Being a much longer and broader boat she was supplied with any amount of lockers and storage facilities. They used a coal burning stove and had a spacious icebox, in the bottom of which was the water tank. Altogether she was a very comfortable cruiser—for smooth water.

We retired to our bunks early, setting the alarm for 2 A. M., at which time we reluctantly forsook our beds and got on deck ready for a start—and found a dead calm. Our object in starting so early was to get down to Plum Gut before low water, so as to go rough on low water slack, thus escaping the worst of the tide rip. We got our anchor and drifted along with the current toward the Gut. A coaster got under way at the same time, but we so n left her astern by using a sweep. In a short time the current took hold and whirled us along rapidly, sometimes bow and then stern first, occasionally sideways. Once in a while a light breeze would give us steege way for a short time, but the tide was our chief motive power on this occasion. I sent Tom below to finish his nap, as he was yawning and gaping at the rate of four per minute, and promised to call him at five o'clock.



flattened down and shot up into the wind and reached far enough to clear the breakwater on the other tack. The *Wizard* followed their example and succeeded in reaching her mooring shortly after.

When the tide began to flood we got up sail and took a turn over toward Shelter Island, but did not land, continuing on in channel for a few miles. On our way back we had a brush with a large open catboat, which came along with an impudent air, having a pile of sand bags to windward. Fortunately we had the wind free and our clubtopsail aloft, and the cat soon found that he had tackled the wrong one, for the *Monaitipee* is a slippery customer before the wind, and we were all furling up when our friends came up. We found that during our absence a large skipjack had arrived and was lying close abreast of us, but there was no one on board when we espied her. We went on shore to fill the water-

Time dragged heavily until we were within a half mile of Orient Point, when the bell at the Lighthouse startled me out of a doze, and I looked about to discover the cause of the ringing. A glance southward toward Shelter Island revealed a bank of fog rolling down toward us, and I perceived that we were soon to be enveloped in its clammy folds. I immediately altered the course of the yacht and stood inshore with the aid of the light breeze which came before the fog. I thought I would be able to get close enough in to keep the land in view when the fog closed down, but had not gone a quarter of a mile when it shut in so thick that I could not see beyond the edge of the bowsprit. I held her on her course for twenty minutes, guided by the fog-bell, and when I considered ourselves clear of the track of any steamers I let go the anchor to await developments.

This state of affairs brought to me forcibly the need of charts



and a good compass, neither of which we had. Our compass, which had been a good one in its earlier days, was now practically useless, and until the boat was perfectly motionless the needle would wander about from one point to another, regardless of the north pole. The glass had got broken, allowing the water to collect in the bowl and saturate the dial until it was pulp. Well, it was no good, and we desisted all we got for not providing ourselves with a reliable one before starting. The same in regard to charts. We had every one except the ones we wanted, and several times during the cruise we haunched our set of charts, comprising the whole south side of Long Island and the Jersey coast to the Delaware, in a vain search for something that would give us any information about the waters in which we were cruising, but found nothing further east than Whitestone. And on several occasions we bewailed our carelessness and neglect in not attending to these matters before attempting to navigate in, to us, strange waters. I sat down on a camp stool with my back against the cabin, lit my pipe and began wondering how long this was going to last, and if it preceded a storm, perhaps a southeaster, in which case our position would be an unenviable one; and in a dejected state of mind I dozed off and fell asleep.

When I awoke what a glorious sight; no signs of the fog were visible, and the sun shone forth in all his grandeur, while small fleecy clouds chased each other across the sky before a spirited southerly breeze. I immediately turned toward the cabin, which was the only sail I had lowered, stood out toward the Sound.

I now called Tom, who had snored in peaceful oblivion through all my racket on deck, to say nothing of the fog bell which had kept up a continual clanging close alongside. He took the tiller and as soon as possible I dove into the cabin, determined to have some more sleep.

It is wonderful how a person can snooze when on the salt water, but fate was against me on this occasion, I had not been asleep an hour when I was pitched out of my bunk on to the floor and awoke painfully to the fact that the Monatippe was lurching herself into a good bit of a sea. Going on deck I found we were a distance about four miles from the coast, and the wind was blowing quite hard from the west. A nasty little squall was blowing, causing the boat to pitch about in a jerky manner. Tom put her about on the starboard tack as I appeared and headed her on a southwest course, which we held for an hour, the wind steadily increasing. When well in under the land again we put a reef in the mainsail and made several short tacks along shore.

About noon the tide turned and we found we were making but slow progress, for the current is very swift along the Long Island shore here. We were at this time just east of what is called Horton's Point and in order to get by it, and escape the strong tide-way which makes around, we took a long reach off shore until well out in the Sound, and here we observed that the Connecticut sloop was not much further off than the Long Island and we suddenly made up our minds to keep on the course we were pursuing and cross the Sound, thinking we would stand a better chance of finding a harbor for the night over there than on the Long Island coast, for we had learned that Wading River was the only opening between Plum Gut and Port Jefferson, except Miller's place, which could only be entered at certain stages of the tide and was not by any means a desirable haven.

There was every appearance of a good blow, and we set to work and made all snug inside and out. Even now the yacht was laboring heavily in the constantly enlarging waves which she encountered as we proceeded. It soon became necessary to reduce our headsail and I gave the tiller to Tom and went forward. Tom is such a long fellow that when he straddles the bowsprit his pedal extremities are immersed in the water, so I thought under the present circumstances, I being the shorter and somewhat lighter in weight, it would be prudent to keep Tom aft. He was not sorry. When I returned to the cockpit after reefing the jib I was wet to the waist, having been dipped to that extent a number of times.

We found we had not shortened sail any too soon, for the wind got up stronger than ever, the sky took on an angry appearance and the white foam showed sharp and distinct on each wave crest as the boat was pitching heavily. Tom and I alone on the Sound we fought the storm and strove hard toward the shore.

About 3 o'clock Tom went into the cabin to light his pipe, and when he returned told me that there was considerable water in the yacht, as he could hear it swishing about under the floor. I did not think much about it, as there is nearly always a little water in her when sailing hard, but when I looked in shortly after I started back in amazement, as the water was washing across the floor. I rushed in and tore up the mattress and found it soaked on the under side and the water was slopping through the slats which form the bottom of the bunk. I threw the blankets and mattress on to the windward bunk and then tried the pump, but owing to the strong list to starboard the water was in the bilge, where the pump, which is situated in the middle of the boat, could not get at it. I then went aft and found one or two strokes to turn up the slats, and seizing the tiller from the cockpit began bailing out. I soon reduced the water considerably, and as soon as possible began to search for the cause of this sudden catastrophe, which I found quicker than I expected.

As I shot a quick glance about the cabin I noticed that the ceiling boards on the starboard side opposite the mast were wet. And on closer inspection found that every time the boat pitched and heeled a wave a flow of water ran down the side into the bottom of the boat. I got down on my hands and knees and peered about for an opening that would permit such a flow of water to enter, and I will admit that a sensation not unlike a chill passed over me as I looked and saw daylight through the side of the boat between the planks near the water line, and the water was pouring in like a waterfall. Without stopping to look further I went out and informed Tom and told him to go and see what he could make of it. He disappeared into the cabin and in a few minutes reappeared and said that the screw bolt which served as a chain plate for the starboard shroud had pulled out of the gunwale, bringing all the strain on the plankhead and thus causing it to spring upward, and thus an opening nearly a quarter of an inch wide, at a distance of two feet along the top strake. This was indeed serious, and we wondered when it could have happened, as there was certainly no strain on that shroud now, being on the lee side, and we concluded it must have happened during the forenoon while beating along the Long Island shore. However, it mattered little when it occurred. The fact that there was a dangerous leak in our boat was alarming, and Tom immediately set about finding something to stop it with, but before he could do so he had to bail out again, as the water was again rising rapidly.

My attention was now fully occupied in steering the yacht, for she required dexterous handling to contend with the boiling waters that swept beneath her. Although the sky was thickly withered with clouds and all seemed dark, but it was at least twelve miles away, still it was apparent that we were getting nearer to the shore as time progressed, and we hoped to be able to reach a harbor before dark, as it would be extremely risky for us to fool about the coast in search of shelter after nightfall. We did not know anything definite as to where we were, and we had no desire to knock about the Sound all night in such a sea, and a gale of wind was blowing from the west, which in itself was cause for alarm, and would require one of us to be constantly bailing unless we could manage to stop it up.

I waited anxiously for Tom to report what progress he was making in that direction. It was nearly a half-hour before he came out, and he said he stuffed the seam full of lampwick and cotton, but even this did not keep the water out entirely, although it stopped the flow to some extent. He looked about at the raging tempest and inquired if we were making any headway. I told him that the shore looked nearer, and that we were getting closer in. He gave a whistle as he noted the size of the waves that towered about us, for they were getting higher every minute. We would have liked to put in another reef, but could not do so without deserting the helm, and to leave her at the mercy of such billows was something we could not bring ourselves to do; so we started on bailing to luff and spill the wind from the sails at every screaming gust.

Tom returned to his bucket to bail out, and for the next hour he could be seen bobbing up and down, disappearing with the pail and emptying its contents over the rail. He did not seem to be much worried about the mishap, and smoked away at his pipe, occasionally uttering some cheerful remark. Suddenly he came out without having bailed, and his bucket and the water which he had poured from the seam again, and the water was pouring in like a waterfall into a continual stream. This was disheartening indeed, for the lee side was constantly under water except when she leaped from a wave, and then the deck would be full to the rails. Our only hope now was in reaching smooth water, and we were somewhat relieved in looking about to see that we were within about four miles of the shore, though we could as yet discover no positive opening.

Tom bailed harder than ever, and could just keep the water from rising any higher, but could not lower it any. With the addition of weight in water, which rolled about in the bottom, the yacht was more sluggish than ever, and rose heavily on the sea and wallowed deep in the trough. But now we observed that the waves were becoming smaller as we neared the land, although not less vicious. It was five o'clock when we made out some islands which we have since learned were Faulkners, and a half-hour later we passed to windward of them and found the water less

troublesome, and now began to wake up from the state of anxiety and gloom into which we had fallen, and with a determination to get to some safe anchorage I eased her off and gave her the full force of the wind. When she got right down on her side and clawed at a furious rate with the brine lapping against the cabin windows, I mechanically got as far to windward as I could and still reach the tiller. Tom stood in the bilge and threw out the aqua unconcernedly, with a look of suppressed exhilaration on his face, while he puffed spasmodically at his meerschaum, sending clouds of smoke out through the companionway to be whisked away in the gale.

We made good to a point of land which appeared ahead; just before dusk we passed between it and a reef of rock going at a 7-knot speed; and I found ourselves in a sheltered bay, protected from the Sound by the reef. It was low tide, but we found about 8 ft. of water, and we let go the anchor, lowered the dripping sails and sat down and looked first at the Monatippe and then at each other.

"Well," said Tom.

"Well," said I.

"We're here."

"You bet!"

"She's a daisy!"

"Don't mention it."

In his admiration of our gallant little craft he patted her affectionately on the side, after a short rest, receiving that dark press was rapidly coming on, we set to work and furled up, put things to rights and pumped out. We were too tired to do anything about the opening in the side of the boat, and after helping ourselves freely to the provisions we stretched out and conversed until fatigue closed our eyes in slumber. I was aroused shortly after midnight by the violent pitching of the boat and finding myself in a bad way, and the wind had shifted and was blowing a gale from the southwest. It was high water, and the sea was rolling straight in over the reefs, which were now almost entirely submerged. Fearing that we might drag I went forward and let out about four fathoms more cable. The anchor light was burning all right and I crawled back, steadying myself by leaning on the cabin as I came aft. Being in my night clothes I was thoroughly chilled by the time I got inside again, where Tom was still sound asleep.

I could not go to sleep and lay there bracing myself with feet and hands to prevent being rolled off the bunk, and all the time wondering how in thunder Tom managed to stay on his bed, when of a sudden the yacht gave an extra heavy lurch and he landed out on the floor in a heap. Before he realized where he was he sprang to his feet and I thought the reef was a goner when his head brought up against one of the carlins. He says to-day that there is more crown to that cabin top ever since he hit it. He resumed his seat on the bunk, muttering a short prayer, and solemnly swore that this was the five thousandth time that this had happened since he had started on this blooming cruise, and the confidently expected to have his brains scattered about the cabin before he got home. I consoled him as best as I could, and producing the deck (no pun is intended) suggested a game of euchre. In this way we passed the time until about 4 o'clock, when it began to calm down; and soon we were enabled to return to our blankets and sleep.

When we turned out about 6 o'clock scarcely a breath of wind put the yacht in motion, and showed no evidence of having been disturbed during the night. I set to work and reared up the mainsail and she had sustained as well as possible, by driving the bolt down and nutting it up under the gunwale. I then took the skiff alongside and caulked the seam outside, putted it and damped it over with black paint.

When the tide began to flood we got under way and with all sail set began our journey along down shore toward home. The breeze was very light and half the time there was scarcely a breath. Nothing occurred during the day worth mentioning. It was one of those scorchers when exertion is out of the question and we were contented to drift, and drift we did all day, and at dark we had just left Black Rock Light astern. The night was beautiful and shortly after dark a smart breeze set in from the east and with the aid of the Monatippe sprang away before it. We lowered the jib and started off in the best of luck, with the wind square astern. In view of the fine night and favoring wind we had decided to keep on and hoped to reach New York by morning if not before. We took our turns steering, as usual, and about midnight, when my trick had expired, I called Tom and we laid to and put in a reef, the wind having increased to a hard gale. A number of schooners were visible in the moonlight, bound west, some reefed and others broke away mainsail and jib. Occasionally the flash of lights could be seen as we passed the numerous beacons situated along shore.

I turned in for a nap, but had not been asleep an hour when Tom called me and said we were carrying too much sail. I was astonished to see it raining, and donning a complete suit of oil cloth and a hat, I went on deck and found the water was pouring over the skin. The yacht was rolling along at a terrific speed. It was pitch dark and nothing could be seen except the foam that dashed from her sides and went seething and sparkling astern. Tom had been afraid of jibing as she was sheering about, almost beyond control in the running sea, which caused him to call me out. We both stayed at the tiller and let her drive with the sail we had. About 2 o'clock the wind shifted to the east and we were Execution Light a couple of miles ahead, and twenty minutes later we passed it, and shortly after rounded up in the lee of a three-masted schooner at anchor off City Island, with the intention of waiting for daylight before proceeding further.

It was still raining a little and blowing squally. We got into the cabin and lighted the stove and tried to get dried out, but succeeded only in getting ourselves wet passing through Hell Gate, and a little more than an hour later, after being whirled through the East River on the ebb tide we hooked her up at Bay Ridge, having consumed just eight days in our cruise on Long Island Sound.

A. M. LOCKHART.

GEN. PAINE ON POWER.—In commenting on his new 46 Gen. Paine, of course this is a very bold experiment in the use of power, and I think that all the weight of evidence so far is against its success. Our experiments have not been very complete so far, but such as we have had, I think for example, have not been very successful. I don't think that the Gosson proves that the use of very great power is an advantage, for taking the average of her races, she did not beat the Minerva as much as the difference in the power would seem to demand. While I think that history, so far as it goes, does not warrant a belief in the efficacy of great power, still have considerable faith that big power will win. Otherwise, of course, I have advised a different kind of craft. The experiment will be interesting at all events. Gen. Paine has been very anxious to make sure of the services of Capt. Hoff and has corresponded with him a good deal in the last few weeks.—*Boston Globe.*

"REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN YACHTS."—Mr. Henry G. Peabody, the marine photographer, of Boston, has now in preparation a large and handsome collection of heliotype reproductions of his best yacht photos, under the title of "Representative American Yachts." We have received the first part, containing ten views of the larger sloops and schooners, which will be followed by the other parts at intervals of two or three weeks. The work in the fall of next year. The collection will include all the modern American yachts, one or more parts being devoted to each class. The work, both of the photographer and printer, is most artistic.

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.—On Feb. 18 the Indian Harbor Y. C. held its annual meeting, electing the following officers: Com., H. Doremus, yacht. Sirene; Vice-Com., Henry O. Astor, yacht. Lassic; Rear-Com., Francis Burrill, Amateur; Sec'y, E. B. Bruch; Treas., Richard Outwater; Meas., E. Burton Hart. Regatta committee—Messrs. R. Outwater (chairman), F. B. Jones and Howard Kitt. Delegates to the New York Yacht Racing Association—Com. Doremus, Lt. Outwater and Geo. E. Gartland.

ESSEX Y. C.—This club has elected the following officers: Com. Wm. J. Walker; Vice-Com., W. E. Wicklehaus; Rear-Com., Patrick McKoon; Fleet Captain, William B. Garrison; Sec'y, Edward Goldsmith; Treas., Fred Hartung; Meas., Henry Haegele; Trustees, Frank Lanier, M. Milne, Chas. Dunn. The club station is at Bayonne, on Newark Bay, though the members are residents of Newark.

CEDAR POINT Y. C.—The members of the Cedar Point Y. C. sat down to a very pleasant dinner on Feb. 18 at the Hotel Stanley, at Saugatuck, Conn., where their clubhouse is located. The host of the new hotel provided well for the yachtmen, and the affair was a great success.

BABOON.—Gen. Paine has sold his 40-footer Baboon to Mr. Geo. A. Goddard, owner of the cutter Fad.

ALVA, steam yacht, sailed on Feb. — from New York, with her owner, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Messrs. Louis Webb, Center Hitchcock, Henry DeForest, F. O. Beach and Winfield Hoyt on board. She is bound for the Mediterranean, stopping at Bermuda and Madeira.

ROBERTS WATER TUBE BOILER.—Yachtmen and others who are interested in steam will do well to send for the handsome catalogue lately issued by the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. The illustrations are specially good.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—Mr. W. J. Henderson will deliver a lecture on the theory of navigation on March 7.

WANDERER, sch., Mr. Geo. W. Weld, was at Barbadoes at last reports on Feb. 5.

NEW STEAM YACHTS.—Seabury & Co., of Nyack, are building three steam yachts of 80, 75 and 65 ft.

CAMILLA.—Mr. Amory has sold the 30-footer Camilla, designed by Mr. Burgess and built last year.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. R. B., Holyoke, Mass.—Yes, the pup should make a good field dog.

Mr. A. M. BIGELOW will receive a letter sent in our care if he will send address.

S. H. S., New York City.—What should the height of a thoroughbred mustiff be at 18 months of age? Ans. Twenty-nine to thirty inches.

J. M. B., Nashville, Tenn.—Can you tell me where I can find anything of the history of the blue belton setter. Ans. You will find what you require in "The Setter," Laverack. We can supply it. Price \$2.75.

L. M. B., Eastville, Va.—I have a gun that has become by constant use very bright. Can you through your paper tell me what I can use on it and how? Ans. See notes on this topic in our shooting columns this week.

J. M. D., Ithaca, N. Y.—1. What are the judging points of a thoroughbred fox-terrier? 2. Is a thoroughbred fox-terrier ever a solid black? Ans. 1. You had better buy Lee's book on "The Fox-Terrier." Price \$1.50. It will give much valuable information. We can supply it. 2. No.

R. E. J., Washington, D. C.—Will you please publish pedigree of Irish setter bitch No. 14,335 or 14,355, she is registered under the name of Clyde? Ans. Her number, if registered, is not 14,335, or Vol. VII., for 1890, containing the other number, is not out yet. Write to the secretary A.K.C., 44 Broadway, New York City.

L. L. I., Jersey City, N. J.—Will you please give me the extended pedigree and age of Soudan, orange and white setter dog? Ans. Breeder, H. E. Hamilton, Sire—Druid (E. 3,307), by Lewellyn's Prince (Dash II.—Moll III.) out of Dora, by Duke out of Rhosbe. Dam—Ruby, by Bergundthal's Rake (Dam—Lewellyn's Ruby) out of his Fanny, by Leicester out of Dair.

T. H. H., Pleasantville, N. Y.—Will you please inform me, through your paper, of the pedigree of Thorndale, a belton dog, owned recently by a man named Reynolds. Also if he is registered or not. Ans. There is an English setter, Thorndale (8265) registered. Breeder and owner, J. Reynal, Rocky Dell Kennels, White Plains, N. Y. Whelped Jan. 15, 1887, by champion Foreman out of Cecilia D.

CONSTANT READER.—Can you give me the name and address of a first-class dog trainer residing within 100 to 200 miles of Chicago? I have a finely-bred registered red Irish setter which I wish to have thoroughly broken on grouse, quail, woodcock, etc., and know of no trainer nearer than Maryland or South Carolina. Ans. We do not know of one. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish the information.

G. G., Washington, D. C.—I have a good hunting dog who recently began finishing his game. He has been an excellent hunter always, and to-day has this only fault. A reply from you giving a way which will make good the above point will greatly oblige. Ans. If he has been trained, he must know that he is doing wrong, and after one or two punishments he will, if he is any good, redeem himself.

REYNOLD, Brimfield, Mass.—Please give pedigree of foxhound bitch Sis, A. K. R. 4735. Ans. Breeder, A. McDonald, Rockland, Me. Sire, Roake's Dime, by Irwin Harding's Bugle (Isaac Adams's Caper—C. Davis's "Pink") out of Peabody's Hunter, by Hardin's Spot out of C. Carroll's Fannie. Dam, A. M. Titus's Ringer, by F. L. Musgrave's Hunter (Isaac Adams's Float) out of Titus's Dorne, by Hardin's Spot out of Carroll's Fannie.

A READER.—Will you kindly give registry numbers of the English setters Bramble, Donna J., Fairy Belle, Plantagenet and Fairy III., also her pedigree for two generations? Ans. Bramble is not registered. Donna J. 1854, Vol. II. Fairy Belle, 3634, Vol. III. Plantagenet, 1710, Vol. II. Fairy III., 1382, Vol. IV. 1882, by Prince out of Fairy II.; Prince by Pride of the Border out of Petrel; Fairy II. by Bailey's Victor out of Blue Daisy; Victor by Dash II. out of Moll III.; Blue Daisy by Blue Prince out of Blair's Corn.

CONSTANT READER, Buffalo.—Will you kindly inform me through your next issue the words of command and gestures (together with their meaning) employed by our best sportsmen in directing a bird dog during a hunt? Also please state at what age a Gordon setter should be broken? Ans. We cannot answer these inquiries briefly, nor is there space here to give a satisfactory statement. We advise you to read Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking," published at this office, price \$1.

C. M. B., Lakefield, Ont.—In what States and what counties can one get the best variety of field sports and covering over many months of the year as possible, combined with residence in a locality where a retired army officer (British) will find some congenial society. I want to hear of a place where during most months of the year one can get some sport or other with gun, rifle, rod or horse, and of course. As there must be many like myself who want to know about the sporting resources of the different States, could not the editor publish a short summary of them. Some years ago when in India I remember hearing or seeing in some paper that a general gazetteer, a guide to American sporting localities, was being prepared under the auspices, I believe, of FOREST AND STREAM. Has any such ever been published? It would be a most valuable work. It is impossible to reply categorically to such a question without writing a gazetteer of sport in the United States. Some place in the mountains of Virginia, the Carolinas or Georgia should answer the requirements of our correspondent. Of course, there is no place where one can have shooting the year round. A sportsman—no matter what the law may be—will respect the natural close seasons. The work referred to in the Sportsman's Gazetteer, Hallock, now out of print and not, we understand, to be reissued.

LEARNER.—1. How does the English system of training differ from Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking," especially as relating to ranging dogs? 2. How do the English dogs excel the American? 3. Can you recommend the very best work on the English system of such handling, with price? 4. Can you furnish me Charles Lancaster's "Art of Shooting" with price? 4. What constitutes "show shape" for a pointer? Should his ribs and bones be prominent or not, and his coat sleek? 5. How can a dog be fitted so as to be in first-class shape? 6. How do they feed and groomed? 7. How can a pointer bitch be kept from getting too fat if only bred once a year? 7. Would a 16-gauge shotgun with 20 in. barrel, 7 lbs. weight, be as effective for quick brush shooting at woodcock and grouse as a 12-bore of same weight and length of barrels? Ans. 1. There is little material difference. As a rule the American dogs are the faster and wider rangers. 2. "The Scientific Education of the Dog for the Gun." See the review of this book in our issue of Jan. 1. We can supply the book, price \$2.50, 3 Yrs. Price \$3. 4. In good show condition the bones should not show, but be just nicely covered with flesh, at the same time well muscled and feel hard to the hand. 5. Feed twice on dog biscuits or good well cooked meat, mixed with stale bread, give plenty of exercise and groom the dog at least once a day. 6. There is no reason for her getting fat if she is exercised and not over fed. 7. Yes, but you would have to hold a little closer.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 333 pages, price \$2.50, for sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

New Publications.

THE WHITE SHOSHONE.*

THIS is the title of a poem by our correspondent, Mr. Charles L. Paige, which gives, in remarkably smooth verse, an ancient tradition current among that tribe of the appearance among them of the first white man that they had seen. The story is divided into six chapters, which tell of the condition of things in the early days after the Indians had obtained horses, yet before they knew the whites or firearms. This chapter closes with the appearance of the white man. The second chapter tells of his reception by the tribe and of the Indians' speculations and futile efforts to learn whence the strange being had come. They learned nothing of this, yet the man, whom they named Malo, lived with them, proved himself skillful and helpful to all and was loved. At the close of the third and opening of the fourth chapter, a party of warriors come to the Shoshone camp, and report meeting with white men far to the south and east. They had had a battle with them, had lost some of their own people and had killed all the white men and one woman. A second woman they had taken alive. Malo, with a party of Snakes, starts out to rescue the woman, does so and brings her back to the Shoshone camp. He comes to love her, but she feels herself a captive, refuses to listen to him, wishes to return to her people, and at length, when it is learned that other white men are near, Malo gives her his great horse Koshah, and she rides away, and does not return. The horse returns, and soon after this Malo himself departs and the Shoshones see him no more. All this was many, many years ago. Yet they believe that now he often rides over the desolate sage plain, followed by a thousand braves, and that some day they will see him again. He will appear mounted as of old on his great black horse, and with a wave of his hand will call up from the grave the warriors who knew and loved him in the past.

The poem is full of deep, tender feeling. All through it runs
* The White Shoshone, by Charles L. Paige. Author's Edition. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1890.

the sad plaint of regret over the change that the years have wrought in the life of the aborigines. The hopelessness of it all is pitiful.

"WITH FLY-ROD AND CAMERA."—This is a book which makes one wish that he could have been the hero of the story, but failing in having that wish gratified, the angler and lover of nature is well satisfied to have the narrative at second hand. What makes this a remarkable book is not only the excellence of the text and the beauty of the typography, but it is the wonderful illustrations which the book contains. When we state that there are 150 full-page plates, reproduced from photographs of fishing scenes, etc., in the land of the salmon, one can realize what a treat the book contains. The text of the volume is conversational in style, and while free from technical terms it conveys a vast fund of information, suitable even for beginners, relative to fly-fishing for salmon, sea trout, bass, etc. The author of the volume, E. A. Samuels, is president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, and an ardent sportsman, as the pages of his book attest. In closing his delightful volume Mr. Samuels says: "Reader, my story is told. I have endeavored to describe to you the charm of an angler's life. I have succeeded poorly, I am certain, but I have shown how and where you may enjoy them. To appreciate them in the highest degree you must go to them. Do so: take fly-rod and camera, camp outfit, and canoe, and seek the beautiful, the graceful, the gamy denizens of the rivers and lakes; follow them in their wildest haunts, and, my word for it, you will never, never regret it." Ah! if we could only follow the advice.—*St. Louis Grocer.*

Engineer Faust has been making a few trips of late on the southern end of the division, and while lying down the road on his steam horse he noticed on every trip what appeared to be three monstrous crows at a point near the bayou. They were such gigantic ravens that he longed to get one for a curiosity, so he drove down in his buggy, loaded for crow.

Sure enough, there they were, and staking his horse he crept up and blazed away, downing one of them nicely. To his surprise, however, the two remaining, instead of flying away as he expected, came for him with a rush. He braced himself, and as they got near he dropped another one, but the third swooped down on the back of his neck. He drove it off in a moment or two and picked up his dead birds, which proved to be eagles. He brought them to town, and, after all, feels as highly elated as though they had been crows.—*Tulare (Cal.) Register.*

Antelope and Deer of America. By J. D. Caton. Price \$2.50. *Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with the Rifle.* By W. C. Bliss. Price 50 cents. *Rifle, Rod and Gun in California.* By T. S. Van Dyke. Price \$1.50. *Shore Birds.* Price 15 cents. *Woodcraft.* By "Nessmuk." Price \$1. *Trajectories of Hunting Rifles.* Price 50 cents. *Wild Fowl Shooting;* see advertisement.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. *Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout.* By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. *American Angler's Book.* By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. *kennel Record and Account Book.* Price \$3. *Training vs. Breaking.* By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. *First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds.* Price 50 cents.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price \$1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1888, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.



At a meeting of the *United Protective Association of Fishes*, it was Resolved: "That the use of **ABBEY & IMBRIE'S** Fishing Tackle is exceedingly dangerous and should be prohibited under severe penalties."

Resolved: "That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

18 Vesey Street, New York."

NOTICE TO LIMIT CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company:
Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof, such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILIAM H. LEMA, SENA, Receiver, 802 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

J. B. CROOK & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

Fishing Tackle, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers

And all kinds of

Goods for the Sportsman.

52 Fulton St. & 1191 Broadway, New York City

Send for a Catalogue. Specialty of Salmon, Trout and Bass Flies.

WINCHESTER STAR RIVAL LOADED PAPER SHOT SHELLS.

Ask your Dealer for them.

Not Sold at Retail by the Manufacturers.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
312 Broadway, N. Y. **NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

Notice to Fishermen. Cut Prices for 1891.

Here I am again as usual cutting the prices of Fishing Tackle. Low prices and good quality of goods increases my business. It will pay you to buy your tackle in Brooklyn.

No. 1, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Trout or Black Bass Fly Rods, solid reel seat below hand, nickel mountings, silk whippings, extra tip, all complete in wood form, length 9½, 10, 10½ft., weight 7, 8, 9oz. Price \$2 72
No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 32
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8½, 9, 9½, 10ft., weight 9, 10½, 12, 13oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz. " 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. " 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft. " 90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25yds., 33c.; 40yds., 55c.; 60yds., \$1.05; 80yds., \$1.15; 100yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40yds., \$1.75; 60yds., \$2.25; 80yds., \$2.50; 200yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300ft., 4lc. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300ft., 9 thread, 38c.; 12 thread, 45c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., doz., 45c.

J. F. MARSTERS. 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send 2c. stamp for Illustrated Catalogue for 1891. OPEN EVENINGS.

FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT
 OF THE
 NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Offices: Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1891.

Amount of Net Assets, January 1, 1890.....\$101,027,322.46
 Less Contingent Sinking Fund (reduced value in securities, December 31).....568,525.11
 \$100,458,797.35

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....\$28,963,854.71
 Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1890.....1,635,645.37—\$27,228,209.34
 Interests and rents, etc.....5,571,235.38
 Less interest accrued January 1, 1890.....441,844.64—4,929,890.74— \$32,158,100.08
 \$132,616,897.43

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, and Endowments matured and discounted (including revisionary additions to same).....\$7,078,272.48
 Dividends (including mortality-dividends), annuities, and purchased insurances.....6,201,371.54
 Total Paid Policy-holders.....\$13,279,644.02
 Taxes and re-insurances.....290,257.97
 Commissions (including advanced and commuted commissions), brokerage, agency expenses, physicians' fees, etc.....5,400,061.19
 Office and law expenses, rentals, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....1,032,662.86— \$20,052,526.04
 \$112,564,371.39

ASSETS.

Cash on deposit, on hand and in transit.....\$6,348,924.46
 United States Bonds and other bonds, stocks and securities (market value, \$67,250,000).....63,567,546.16
 Real Estate.....14,341,917.35
 Bonds and Mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$15,000,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....19,446,083.13
 Temporary Loans (market value of securities held as collateral, \$5,391,511).....4,168,000.00
 Loans on existing policies (the Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, amounts to over \$2,000,000).....431,108.71
 *Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, '91.....1,893,927.00
 *Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection. (The Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, is estimated at \$2,000,000).....1,431,828.15
 Agency balances.....195,312.91
 Accrued interest on investments, January 1, 1891.....474,333.32—\$112,564,371.39
 Market value of securities over cost value on Company's books.....3,383,438.58
 *A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1891.....\$115,947,809.97

Appropriated as follows:

Approved losses in course of payment.....\$818,040.54
 Reported losses awaiting proof, &c.....364,562.44
 Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented).....39,829.77
 Annuities due and unpaid (claims not presented).....22,901.83
 Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies (Actuaries' table 4 per cent. interest).....99,954,304.00
 Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....54,660.53
 \$101,049,359.11

Surplus, Company's Standard.....\$14,898,450.86

Consisting of

Estimated contingent Tontine Surplus Fund.....\$3,670,539.50
 Estimated General Surplus.....6,327,911.36
 From the undivided surplus, as above, the Board of Trustees have declared a Revisionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

GROWTH OF THE COMPANY DURING THE PAST DECADE.

New Insurance Issued.	Insurance in Force.	Assets	Annual Income.
In the year 1880.....\$22,229,079	Jan. 1, 1881.....\$135,726,016	Jan. 1, 1881.....\$43,183,934	1880.....\$8,964,719
In the year 1885.....68,521,452	Jan. 1, 1886.....259,674,500	Jan. 1, 1886.....66,894,321	1885.....16,121,172
In the year 1890.....159,570,063	Jan. 1, 1891.....569,338,726	Jan. 1, 1891.....115,947,810	1890.....32,158,100

Number of policies issued during the year, 45,754. New Insurance, \$159,576,065.

Total number of policies in force January 1, 1891, 173,469. Amount at risk, \$569,338,726.

TRUSTEES:

WILLIAM H. APPLETON,
 WILLIAM H. BEERS,
 WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
 HENRY BOWERS,
 JOHN CLAFIN,
 ROBERT B. COLLINS,
 H. C. MORTIMER,

ALEX. STUDDWELL,
 WALTER H. LEWIS,
 EDWARD MARTIN,
 RICHARD MUSER,
 C. C. BALDWIN,
 E. N. GIBBS,
 W. B. HORNBLLOWER.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.

ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-Pres.

RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.

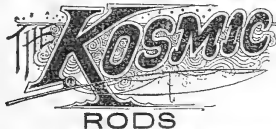
THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.

A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Medical Director.

The fame of



Reels, Lines, etc., is world wide. Ask all Anglers.



Are the most skillfully made. Best material, more perfect in action, of any Split Bamboo Rods in the World.



Are the smoothest running, strongest in power, noted for lightness, beautiful in finish, full steel pivots, patented side plates, highest quality, unequalled.



Are made of best silk, enameled, water-proof, flexible and tapered. Warranted not to crack, nor to become stiff. The Fly-Casting Lines par excellence.

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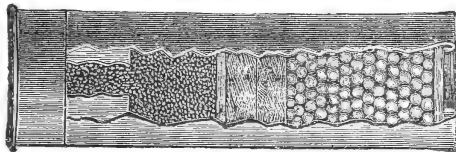
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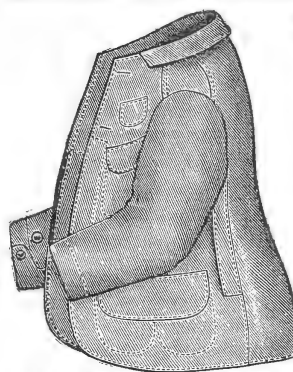
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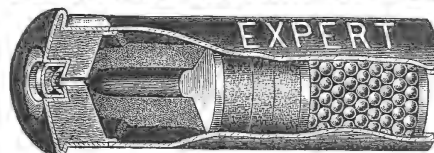
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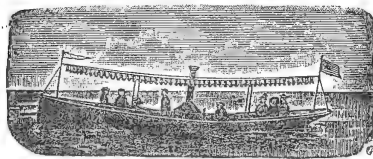
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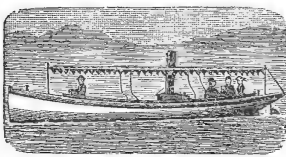
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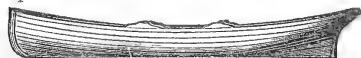
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WYOMING SHOULD ACT.

ONE of the few good hunting regions for big game left in this country is in the State of Wyoming. East and south of the Yellowstone Park there is a considerable range for big game, a country too rough and high for settlement, into which comes a considerable overflow of elk and deer from the natural increase of the stock protected in the national reservation.

In past years this country was little known and by no means easy of access, but of late it has been often visited. It is not so very long ago that we used to hear of Jackson's Hole as that far distant point, where the game was always plenty and the fish always bit. And in truth, when we first visited it, there was enough game and fish there to satisfy the most exacting sportsman. Of late years, however, the settlements have crept up Snake River, the Indians from Washaki and Ft. Hall come there and hunt; there is even a hotel on Jackson's Lake.

The game and the fish are being destroyed there just as they have been in so many other places. During the winter of 1889-90 a great deal of game was killed near this point by men who wintered north of Jackson's Lake. In one place there were seen last summer the skeletons of thirteen elk, which had been shot down, and not very far from this were a number of moose skins lying on the ground. Near all the places where elk had been killed were evidences that trapping had been carried on. Not satisfied with destroying the game, the greedy settlers are ruining the fishing in Snake River. Parties come in from the west to that stream just north of Jackson's Lake, and in their wagons bring nets, skiffs and dynamite. With these agents they make the destruction complete. Some of these poachers are well known, but we do not know that any evidence has been collected against them.

It will be remembered that the country on the east side of the Park is pretty well protected, from south of the Gray Bull River north to the Montana line, through the efforts of the local association which was organized largely through the efforts of Col. Pickett, Mr. A. Rogers

and others; but this is a private association, paying its own men and receiving no help from the State. At the last session of the Wyoming Legislature, Col. Pickett, of that body, procured the passage of a good game law which is still in force, but this law exists only on the statute books. The result of the efforts made by Col. Pickett and his association has been a very considerable increase in the game throughout the Territory covered by his protective society. The butchers have learned that in that country they cannot kill, and the game is not unduly disturbed. In view of what has been accomplished here, and the fact that Wyoming has a good game law, it certainly seems that it would be worth while for the State to spend a little money to enforce that law and protect its game, which is certainly worth more to it on the hoof than it is dead. A small force of efficient game constables, who should patrol the country south and east of the Park, reporting at certain intervals to some chief, could in a short time, we believe, put an end to the game and fish butchery, which is now a disgrace to the newest of our States.

We venture to predict that if a movement in this direction were to be made, Col. Pickett would be glad to give the State the benefit of his great experience, and in this way to help on this much needed work.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

ALMOST from the time that the project for a National Zoological Park at Washington took shape, it has been felt that the Yellowstone Park might furnish many specimens of our native mammals for exhibition there. Such specimens could be captured for this good purpose without in any way interfering with the game supply in the Park, and the wild animals there are so abundant and so tame, that it is almost possible to make a selection of the finest specimens for transportation to their new home in the East.

Although game is plenty and tame in the National Park, the animals have not reached such a point of gentleness that it is possible to go out and put a rope around the neck of a moose, or a buffalo and lead him into the barn. These animals must still be trapped, and to trap them successfully calls for the services of a man familiar with their habits. While it is no doubt true that there are many men in the West who are competent to undertake this work, we are glad to learn that the choice of the authorities has fallen on the very one who, in our opinion, is best qualified to perform it. This man is our correspondent, Mr. Elwood Hofer.

Mr. Hofer, who is known to many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM by his writings, is an old mountain man, a sportsman, an ardent lover of nature, and a close observer of all her works. He is a man of great nerve and courage, as was shown by the difficult and dangerous snowshoe trip, which he made in the dead of winter through the National Park as special commissioner for the FOREST AND STREAM. The graphic report of that trip, which was published in our columns in 1887, excited great public interest, and was widely copied.

Mr. Hofer has resided in or near the Yellowstone Park for a good many years, and takes the deepest interest in the protection of that reservation. His appointment as Smithsonian trapper will be a good thing, not only for the Zoological Park at Washington, but also for the National Park; for in the discharge of his duties he will of necessity be much abroad, and will have an opportunity, while traveling about the Park, to look out for forest fires and for poachers, who may slip into the Park to kill game. His appointment is therefore, in a certain degree, like the appointment of another civilian scout for the Park.

It is satisfactory to know that among those persons who have been most deeply interested in the National Park, there is but one opinion as to Mr. Hofer's fitness for his new position, and that all these persons have cordially united in recommending him for the appointment he has received.

New York fishermen who have taken Hudson River salmon in their nets have not always complied with the law, which says that the fish must be freed, but have taken them over to Jersey City, where there being no law, a ready sale was found. Now New Jersey has passed a salmon law, drafted by Commissioner Blackford, and uniform with the New York law. A capital instance of co-operative legislation.

SNAP SHOTS.

THERE was a large attendance at the Assembly hearing at Albany last Thursday to consider the codification bill. Fish Commissioner Burden objected to any reduction of the number of Fish Commissioners, and asked that the present members should retire by lot, one each year, beginning with Oct. 1 of this year. He showed that the work could be better accomplished if the office were in New York. He recommended that 12 in. should be the lawful length for trout, and 9 in. for black bass. Mr. Horace White, of Syracuse, advocated the prohibition of spring duck shooting, and Mr. F. E. Hamilton, of Oswego, sustained him; and Mr. Reeves, of Smithport, contended that Long Island gunners wanted spring shooting. Dr. S. B. Ward asked that professional men going to the Adirondacks might have the privilege of hounding deer after Sept. 5. Mr. Stevens, of the committee, said that hounding in hot weather was cruel.

There is decided opposition to certain provisions of the New York codification bill relating to the Fish Commission. This opposition is so strong as seriously to endanger the entire measure. As Gen. Sherman points out in a communication published to-day the laws relating to the Commission need revision; and a consistent, definite law is urgently desired. But is it not a mistake to hamper the fish and game protection bill by this Fish Commission rider? We cannot at all afford to lose the entire measure by reason of antagonism to the Fish Commission sections. It would be wiser to separate the two subjects than to sacrifice the entire bill.

Historic Castle Garden, the emigrant reception depot, having been abandoned by the Emigration Commissioners, has come into the control of the Park Commissioners, and remains to be converted to some public use. Fish Commissioner Blackford proposes to convert the building into a great aquarium to be maintained by the city. Its position on the Battery is ideal for the reception and maintenance of salt-water specimens; and the building can readily be adapted to the purposes of an aquarium. The scheme is worthy of careful consideration, a public aquarium such as might here be established, would furnish an immense amount of amusement and instruction.

The old story of the apprentices who stipulated that they should not be compelled to eat salmon every day in the week has its counterpart in an American tradition that in the old times the slaves on a Maryland plantation revolted because they were fed so exclusively on diamond-back terrapin. With these delicacies now selling at \$60 per dozen, that story sounds very much like a yarn.

A brief summary of the report of the committee of investigation as to the conduct of the National Fish Commission was given last week, we publish a more complete record to-day. It is a complete exoneration of Col. McDonald.

The Massachusetts game importation enterprise is winning fame for the Association in foreign parts, its work having been favorably noticed by our contemporary, *Le Chenil*, and other journals.

The bill to repeal the charter of the West Jersey Game Protective Society will probably come up in the Trenton Legislature next Monday evening.

REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.—The growing popularity of revolver shooting has led to the making of scores far beyond what the weapon was thought capable of making. Minor improvements in loading, etc., have brought the arm up to a point of precision which should satisfy the most critical user. Thus far the scores made have been without any very precise conditions, and comparisons have been difficult to make. In order to bring about a definite fixed championship record to determine the amateur having the highest degree of credit as a shot, FOREST AND STREAM has undertaken the conduct of a formal championship match. This is at the special request of Mr. Walter Winans, whose position at the head of the line of English revolver shooters is well known. He will contribute as an emblem of the championship one of his own artistic pieces of sculpture done in bronze, and the conditions, of which more will be said in our next issue, will be made as open as possible and an opportunity made for all to shoot in what promises to be a match of more than ordinary importance.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

XVI.—DOWN NICATOWIS BRANCH.

WE got off early the next morning while as yet the white frost made both ground and air chilly. As we approached Darling's, seeing no smoke nor any sign of life, we thought to pass unseen; but when we were still quite a distance away a man came to the doorway, and we caught the shine of a field glass leveled on us. We drew up alongside of the landing and the man came down for a chat. It was Charley Morey, of whose exploits I had heard so much—of his fleetness, strength, agility, and of his adventures with the sheriff, which have precisely the flavor of the tales of the merry greenwood, and like them are not unpopular as a fireside entertainment. Why should such stories delight us if they happened six hundred years or more ago in a foreign land, and yet their counterparts of to-day or yesterday happening close at home be passed by unnoticed? Here they are not so neglected; and it is a fact worthy of comment, one without which the present attitude of the people of this State toward the game laws cannot be fully explained, that many, if not most, of us were brought up on stories native to the soil, with our own Achilles the dauntless and Odysseus the crafty, and our own Wat Tylers and Robin Hoods, who defied the sheriffs and loved the common people. Each little place has its cycle, with its own list of heroes grouped about those of wider fame. What robustness and dignity, and, in time, what good literary form some of these acquire: the unimportant fades, the characteristic grows more clear, the figures rise into form and color and we have the beginning of an epic even in the nineteenth century. But to strangers these things do not appear so plainly, and they do not see the hold they have upon our imaginations; for we do not talk much of what most nearly affects us. My childish Odysseus, preferred before the great original, was of tales of hunting on the Tobique with Leonard and Philbrook and Peol Antoine Tomah; and to this day my Robin Hood ballads read better with the names of living people. But it is a mistake to speak of Jack Darling as the modern Robin Hood; the situation may warrant a comparison, but there is no point of personal resemblance: Charles Morey, however, would make up admirably as Will Scarlet.

Father walked from the foot of the lake to the head of Nicatowis Carry, while Jot and I went down by stream. We found plenty of water. There were two or three sets of little rips, of which only the one just above the carry deserves a name. The rest of the stream is good plain canoeing. Nicatowis Falls, however, is called "very bad water." Although Morey told us that he usually ran it and others sometimes do the same, watermen equally skilled, but less rashly adventurous, prefer to lug both their loads and their canoes two miles across the carry. Few who go to Nicatowis ever see the falls, for the road does not follow the river, but many doubtless have heard the story of how, one day in the spring when a heavy freshet was pouring over the falls and the drive had just got down to them, Isaiah Morey, father of Charles, stood up before all the men and gave them the dare, saying he would run that place if he could find a man for bowman. No one could run it, that they all knew; but any one around Nicatowis can tell you how Lon Spearer stepped out with, "I'm your man, Isaiah," and held him to it; how Lonz followed the precept to obey orders if it breaks owners and held to his rope; how Isaiah had nothing to say afterward except (with a sniff), "Didn't think 'twas so bad." When all the rest of the world has forgotten it the owner of that bateau will still remember.

It was our own Big Sebattis Mitchell who ran Nesowadunchunk Falls on the West Branch one spring. Everybody knows what kind of water that is. Joe Aitteon—Thoreau's Joe—was at the end of the carry with the other boats' crews and saw him and his bowman make the leap. They had just lugged their boats across, but this was too much for them. They shouldered the boats again, staggered back under the load, put in and ran. Why tell of the boats crushed on the rocks, of the number drowned? The same thing happens too often. Joe Aitteon, at least, lived to be drowned at another place, in another way.

Only one more. There are those four Penobscot Indians, well known to us, who in 1876 ran Canaan Falls on the Connecticut. The brother of one of them told the tale. It was unvarnished water, and they were in the eddy below the pier of the bridge which crosses the river just above the falls, holding on by a ringbolt waiting, when word went abroad that the Penobscot Indians were going to run the falls. People began to gather on the bridge. The Indians below looked up at the line of faces above them and below at the black water, swelling in ridges as it gathered its strength for its white plunge among the rocks. Sappiel Orson was one, Sebati Clossian was one, little Sebati Solomon was one—better watermen never were; they consulted; no man ever had run the place, man could not do it, but the honor of the tribe demanded it; it was a mistaken rumor that had brought the spectators, but—the pity of it and the tragedy!—to disappoint them meant dishonor to the tribe. "Old man, younk man, boy, gal, all sort, was there. Oldtown Injun she got great name ribber drivin'. We mus' go. We know it was die, but we musn' go back on our name," said the brother, speaking out his approbation of the act and his willingness to do the same. They went. One died; three were saved by a miracle. They were drunk when they did it, they were unlettered Indians at best; but call up the knightliest knight of all antiquity, Bayard or Lancelot, and ask if he ever did a deed more noble, more devoted, more honorable to Honor, and when he answers Nay, I will call up four more like these, and four more, and four more, until he cries he never saw any army all so knightly. That is the Penobscot waterman. That is the kind of story on which Penobscot children are brought up.

At the upper end of Nicatowis carry, which is part of the woods road from Gilman's to Nicatowis, there is a hill, and on the hill there is a camp, and at the camp we found a man who was waiting for Darling to come in from Lowell. Porter was his name, and for a reasonable sum we got him to answer to it and help us. But first we hunted around in the beeches and drew forth our hidden supplies, some of which were the worse for water, especially the potatoes and the angletworms. (Good gentlemen, we do fish with a worm when the fishes prefer

worms). Frankly, the worms were all dead, having been drowned by the frequent rains.

This carry is the best two-mile carry I ever saw in the State, not excepting Northeast Carry. I claim to know because I lugged on it myself. Usually this is not permitted; and, being entirely under masculine control, and very submissive, I can seldom steal a chance to carry anything but my handbag. But in the present instance, as there was a little more than two loads for each of the three men, rather than have the expedition delayed while one man traveled two miles and back for a mere handful of small articles, I was allowed to be useful. True, I got Jack Mann's load—two axes, a fish-pole, a frying-pan, a bundle of ropes, my heavy jacket and the two grape baskets—not much in pounds but a fine assortment for inconvenience, for the jacket had a satin lining and was as hard to hold as an otter, the frying-pan was not desirable as a near neighbor, and the axes and fishing pole utterly refused to fellowship; if one pointed east and west, the other two pointed north and south, and to the zenith and nadir. But we all held together until we were across.

It is worth narrating that I inquired of our porter about that noise which we heard at Gassobeeis. "Oh, you always hear that about Nicatowis," I was piqued at the reply; it was just such an answer as woodsmen often make to greenhorns to put them off, and—is it going beyond the bounds of modesty?—there didn't seem to be any call for such an answer in the present instance. It was not so easy to believe in the supernatural when invited by another person; and so I told Father. "It's the blasting on the foundations of the great pulp mills at Montague (Howland)," he said with an illumination, "thirty miles away, due west; that's why we heard it at noon and night." But in justice to our porter, it should be stated that I am informed from a most trustworthy source that before a storm there is frequently heard at Nicatowis a rumbling like thunder, proceeding from the south, never explained, but conjectured to be blasting in the mines at Bluehill.

In the afternoon we ran down Nicatowis Branch to Pistol Green. For several miles the stream runs through meadows and rush grounds, with a strong current but no quick water. In places the rushes are so thick that it is hard to free a passage. Further down the right bank is low and wooded with swamp maple, while the left bank, toward which the stream sweeps and from which it retreats again with sinuous curves, is a high horseback, wooded with birch, maple, poplar and black growth. It is a part of that great Springfield-Deblois horseback which extends across the country for more than a hundred miles, perhaps the finest and most interesting horseback we have in the State.

Pistol Green, our camping ground for the night, is just above the mouth of Pistol Stream and a mile above the fork of the Passadumkeag, the most famous camp ground in the region from time immemorial.

XVII.—UP MAIN STREAM.

If it were not for telling those who have been there what they know already, the trip up Main Stream might just as well be left a blank; we saw nothing except people, did nothing except paddle against a strong current and there is nothing to tell except guide-book facts.

However, it is worth mentioning that when we reached the trout-hole which Al McLain spoiled by rolling in a rock, Father heard a partridge drumming on the ridge back from the stream and started in after him. When he returned he brought back the partridge, more pleased than if he had killed a deer. To locate a "drummer" by the sound, creep up to him on the log and kill him is the most difficult piece of hunting ever done in Maine. It requires the very best efforts of a born hunter, for the sound is very deceptive, it ceases the moment the pursuer gets in sight, they are many times shyer than a deer and for some cause unexplained shot seems to have less effect on them than at other times. Is it sportsmanlike to kill them so? Yes; and those who say it is not cannot perform the feat.

The Main Stream is principally meadow and crooks. A few rounded bushes, springing up among the grass, do not relieve the monotony of the banks; and patches of pickerel-weed, moose-ear, and lily pads do not improve the paddling on the turns, which are so frequent that a long canoe like ours needs a hinge in her, as the hunters say, to work her round the curves. On the left, going up, Wyman Brook comes in. Cold Springs, on the right, is the first camp ground. We drew up here a moment to look at the signs, and Father announced that a large party had camped here not more than two nights before, from the beds that they were fishing instead of hunting; various signs that they had at least two women with them, from new rubber tracks; that a little way up stream we should see a bright blue canoe, from paint on a rock. At Maple Growth, on the end of the carry to Spring Lake, we passed the blue canoe; at Lower Taylor Brook we passed two men, evidently of the same party, fishing; a little above we saw two women and seven men cranberrying—all as the signs had foretold.

Just above the bog where these last were, the stream grows narrower, with alders and wild raisins and, notably, the tall wild raisin (*Viburnum lentago*) which here reaches the diameter of 6 in. The high bush cranberry (*Viburnum opulus*) is abundant also, though this was not a fruitful year for them. It is one of our best native fruits, the only sauce for venison when one has learned how to prepare it; but those who do not know how may be left to experiment for themselves, thereby increasing their enjoyment when they know how.

At this part of the stream, which is more tedious than any that precedes, is an artificial cut called the Lower Dugout; then on the right comes Upper Taylor Brook, where the trout are always dark-bellied, while those in the stream just outside have pink bellies; on the left above, Brown Brook; then the Two Brothers, good-sized rocks in the middle of the stream, more crooks, taller trees, the Oxbow, where a carry of a few rods cuts off half a mile or less of stream, Doby Carry on the right, the Upper Dugout, and, above, the ponds in which the Passadumkeag takes its rise, and the Indian Carry to Upper Doby.

The way was long but not tedious; every turn suggested some incident which might or did happen there, and the succession of turns and stories rivalled in number and continuity the similar series of which the fair Scherazade made herself so agreeable. From his hunting trip here with Lon Spearer twelve years before, Jot detailed all the scenes in Lonz's adventures with the fire,

and Father told with effect the story of the man at Cold Springs who mistook sandpeeps for game, while Mr. Fairbank's public-spirited service in cutting off the big end of a green ash tree which had been felled across the stream while everybody else went around the top, was not forgotten. And like Dinarzade in the story, we said of each one, "I find this the most entertaining of all; pray give us another."

Just below the carry to Upper Doby we shot a duck and heard a partridge drumming. To hear partridges drumming in the fall of the year bodes foul weather; but Father's treatment of all such bad signs reminds us of Tom Dana and the robin. This time, however, the partridge got away wing-broken, and probably hid in some of the rotten cedar stumps which abounded there. We trailed him five or six rods and lost the sign where the cedars were thickest.

As this was only a short distance from the carry we decided to camp here for the night. Such a bed and such a fire! Sancho Panza blesses the man who invented sleep; but no man should stand higher in the calendar of Maine saints than he who first taught the virtues and the uses of good dry poplar.

XVIII.—THE CARRY TO UPPER DOBSY.

The next morning it rained. On Machias it had been necessary to wait for the weather; but here, as we were not intending to lug on the carry but only wished to see it and the lake, a little rain could not hinder us. So, putting off the execution of our threat against rubber coats and mackintoshes until we should get where we did not need them, we called forth to cross the carry. There was a slapping of wet rubber garments, the ghostly, empty sound of rubber boots walking and the soft squish of the same withdrawn from the suck of mud and moss. Three miles and twenty rods that carry measures, and all the way over and back there was the sound of the flapping and the walking, and most of the way it rained right merry marching music.

The carry to Upper Doby is a good one. There is a little low land near the Passadumkeag, which, on the present occasion, was wet; but most of the way lies across a rocky ridge, rising, heavily wooded and with much good hemlock still uncut, gradually from the stream. The road is easy to travel, but would not be easy for a stranger to follow because it has been so cross-hauled and blocked by trees felled into it. Apparently it has been little used of late. If there has been much travel from Main Stream to St. Croix, it has probably gone by way of the old Indian Carry from Weir Pond to Upper Doby, since that is only a third the length of this.

As we went up the Passadumkeag slope, Father told us of a smuggler, who, years ago, had died on this carry when on the way across from the Provinces, and who was buried here. The spot had been marked by a fence of logs, rudely but substantially put up, as men mark Mortality, seeking to defy it. But Time had mossed the logs and gradually had mouldered them to the general level. When last he saw the place there had been nothing to mark it—a little hollow sunken like a cradle and a round-bellied beech tree once blazed with some rude mark or symbol at the head. After the years that had passed since then, he was not sure that he could recognize the place. But he knew it by intuition, though now the lusty beech showed scarcely a mark on its round trunk, and the little hollow, which is yearly growing less, will soon reach the level of the surrounding earth. The smuggler's grave—we stood by it a moment in the mist, without gloom or disheartenment. Even there Life had conquered Death; in place of the signs which marked Mortality was the living, growing tokens of the Immortality which succeeds.

There are many such graves in the woods, "under the sod and the dew, waiting the Judgment Day." Murder and accident and disease each have their graves, equally unmarked and equally indistinguishable. They say that there are four on the old Indian Carry just above; and last year at the head of Pamedumcook the pseudo-guide, whom we dubbed the Professor of Woodcraft, told us a long story about a number between Pollywog Pond and Rainbow Lake; which may not be true, for the man is the champion liar of the State since Uncle Bill Barrett died. If one were to search out all these tales of the woods there would be a strange collection of them, from the story of the retributive justice which faced Old Dirty Donald at his ending to that of Nolan's murder; from the grewsome tale of Larry Connor's skull to the simple incident at which smiles and tears are blended, of how Joe Aitteon's boots hung for years in rain and shine at Shad Pond, where they found him, viewed with respect by all the river-drivers, a strange but touching memorial of their affection for the governor.*

On the height of the ridge between the Passadumkeag and Doby, and about three-fourths of the way across (for the short, steep slope is toward Doby), is the old Doby Farm. For many years cattle have been pastured herein in summer and the old barn kept in repair; but when last seen the little shanty on the place was yielding to the assaults of time and the weather. Therefore we were somewhat surprised to see that the little house had been patched up for habitation, and that an effort was being made to reclaim the farm from life-everlasting to live-for-ever. They say that from this point, which is the height of land between Penobscot and St. Croix waters, there is a grand view of Katahdin; but it was lost on us. A thick mist covering everything, and the pouring rain, in which we made our appearance, must have made our little pleasure trip appear a highly quixotic proceeding to the three men in the barn, who suddenly were aware of a rubber-coated procession, armed with gun and hatchet, emerging from the mist close upon them.

We went down to the lake, but it was scarcely more visible than Katahdin. The water was very clear, and it must be a pretty lake, for there are hills about. A feature of the carry-end is a large scarlet-fruited thorn of unusual beauty, laden with fruit, the nearest to being edible of any thorn-plum I ever saw. This is damning with faint praise; but, rather to the contrary, I am persuaded that the excellencies of the thorn-plum, as Thoreau

* The antiquarian should be cautioned against mistaking for these relics a pair which I once left hanging upon a tree near the outlet of the same pond—much traveled shoes that had seen the whole of northern Maine, a good deal of the country between Glens Falls on the Hudson and the pinnacle of St. Armand, that had climbed Katahdin, and woe's the day they ever were left behind, that should have been made to travel from Shad Pond to Mattawamkeag that hot August weather instead of the new pair that took their place.—F. P. H.

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S NOISE.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly correct my letter in yours of Jan. 22 to read "hen" not woodcock hen, and "Robt. Morrow" not Narrow. I note that a writer in *FOREST AND STREAM* states that some cock do not whistle in August, in fact, are completely noiseless, while another writer states he has seen the bird flying about, opening his bill, and making sounds like *c-r-e-e-k-e*, *c-r-e-e-k-e*. Both these gentlemen confirm my views, as all sounds are vocal and are made at the will of the bird.

A woodcock flushed, when he first comes here, in March, before the snow is off the ground, and in April, May, June, July and August will make the same whistle just as loud and just as strong and long as when flushed in October and November, if he wants to, and I have heard and seen them at the different times stated. But he does not always make the whistle, for sometimes, when put up, he will go off without a sound. You catch a glimpse, mark him down, put him up again, when he will whistle loud and strong as possible. Now if this is caused by the wings why don't we hear it every time the bird is flushed, and how could the wings cause that long, tremulous, unbroken sound. The very thrill in the whistle shows that it must come from the throat and could not be controlled or caused by the wings.

Previous to '88 our cock shooting began on Aug. 1. In one cover, on first day of each year, I shot nine birds, each time in company with Dr. John F. Black, of this city, and in almost every case the cock when flushed would whistle. I have put the birds up in May, June and July, when fishing and when hunting for their nests, and the birds would whistle then just the same as in any other month.

I have seen a cock put out of the cover in August, by my spaniels, come right close by me, and alight in full view, in the open, without uttering one sound, and the bird instead of running a short distance, as is usual with them after alighting, has simply squatted down close to the earth, and kept both his wings extended to their full spread, not out straight, nor up in the air, but curved and nesting on the ground. In this position I watched him until dogs came up, and not until, as it seemed to me, they pretty nearly had him in their mouth did the bird jump, using his wings as a kind of lever, to shove him up as it were, with a bound, from the ground—as a dusky duck jumps from the water at flash of one's gun—and off he would go, whistling like fun.

Another writer in your columns says, "The cock let themselves down through the air, with their wings set edgewise, making a loud rushing noise."

What is the reason the whistle is not heard about that time? As this occurs at dusk and in the evening I have not been able to note the exact position of their wings, nor how they were set, but I state most positively that they go round and round in circles, making a vocal sound, like *two, two, two*, as described in my last letter, and exactly like the twitter made by a lot of chimney swallows, when they are chasing one another about in circles overhead, the sound goes faster and faster, until at last it is merged or lost in their long tremulous whistle, and when they alight they go *speak, speak*. This they invariably do, and it proves conclusively that the sounds are vocal.

The night hawks, when flying around in the evenings, go *speak, s-p-e-a-k*, but go near their young or nesting places, and how soon they snap their bills and *cluck, cluck, cluck*, in your face, or light on the ground, drop their tail and wings, spread them out, and drag themselves along, uttering a twittering whistle, all of which is vocal. Now see them again, way up in the blue sky, almost out of sight, hear them come swooping down, 100, 500 and 1,000 yards distant, making a tremendous whirl with their wings, but you don't catch the least sign or sound of a whistle.

The snipe when flushed discloses his whereabouts by his vocal *sneep*. His wings go with as much rapidity as the woodcock's, but you hear no whistle, and the whistle made by him of an evening in spring when flying around overhead is vocal, like his *sneep*, and the woodcock's whistle.

Not the slightest doubt but that the cock whistle is vocal. If Mr. Brewster ever gets this way in spring time, let him come to me and I will take him to grounds of the cock, my dogs will put them up, and I will guarantee the whistle is there, just the same, just as strong as in October. It is a curious bird, king of sport, makes funny sounds, but all are vocal.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of your paper I find the following statement, made by a correspondent: "No one believes the *sneep* of the snipe is made by the wings, nor are the booming notes they utter when circling around overhead of a spring evening."

Now, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Austen as to the *sneep* being vocal, but of the "booming" or "bleating" I had other ideas, and as evidence would submit the following extract from Darwin's "Descent of Man." Speaking of the bleating of the European snipe he says: "No one was able to explain the cause until M. Meves observed that on each side of the tail the outer feathers are peculiarly formed, having a stiff, sabre-shaped shaft with the oblique barbs of unusual length, the outer webs being strongly bound together. He found that by blowing on these feathers, or by fastening them to a long, thin stick and waving them rapidly through the air he could exactly reproduce the drumming noise made by the living bird."

All interested in the use of attenuated feathers should read the chapter of which the above is an extract; but for the present purpose, and remembering that the bleating of the snipe is only heard when the bird is rushing downward with quivering wings and spread tail, I think the evidence pretty good that this sound is not vocal.

The nearest relative our woodcock has is the woodcock of Europe, and the principal difference between the birds is in the structure of the point of the wing, the European woodcock not having the first three primaries attenuate, but only the first slightly narrowed. Now, as it is probable the habits of such closely allied species would be somewhat similar it would be interesting to

know if this bird, that never has those peculiar, all important feathers, moulting or not moulting, ever twitters as he jumps from cover. I have had some acquaintance with the European cock, but have no notes on this particular point, and will not trust my memory. But some of your readers who have had more experience with the bird might give us the needed information.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

WM. E. PRAEGER.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

WHEN a brood of grouse separate, which they do about Sept. 1, the birds select some place apart, usually some pleasant and sunny nook near the edge of a woods and in the close vicinity of springs or running water, as they drink frequently, being naturally very thirsty birds.

They rarely leave this place, except for the purpose of betaking themselves to some feeding ground; usually not very far distant, morning and evenings, or when driven away by an intruder. In this latter case they take several flights to lead their pursuer away, even crossing fields and entering another woods, and then after an interval return by one long flight. Sometimes, instead of flying, they will walk or run the whole distance back.

One day while going along a road that ran through a grove I started a grouse and he flew toward the end of it and lit on the ground. There was quite a deep ditch that ran parallel with the road at the distance of about 20ft. When I reached the end I was unable to find the bird and was puzzled to know what had become of him. Happening to look along the ditch or drain, which was perfectly dry at that season, I discovered in it the grouse walking deliberately back. We had passed each other at that short distance. The grouse knew I could not see him while there and had taken that means of return.

Young grouse when driven from their home have a habit of lying or sitting on the ground behind a small tree with nothing visible but their heads and thus awaiting the approach of their pursuer, sometimes not flying until he is as close as within 15ft. of them. I have never known an old grouse to do this.

The grouse when pursued rarely, if ever, alights on spots of the same character twice in succession. If on his first flight he alights again on the ground the chances are he will on his second do so in a tree, and so as to the elevation on the ground, if on the high ground on his first, he will betake himself to the low on his second.

A covey of grouse fly from the ground in one of two ways. Either they will all rise at once in the form of a crescent and fly off in diverging lines. Or the old bird taking the lead the young will follow at intervals of two or three seconds. This latter is the more usual way.

The ruffed grouse is a bird of the forest. I have once or twice seen one walking on an open meadow, but he is generally too wary and fearful to be caught at any great distance from cover. The grouse is sometimes tempted to go out a little way from the timber or cover to visit old dead logs that may lie near. I have several times seen them in such situations. Perhaps they feed upon the grubs, perhaps they go there to sun themselves.

When the autumn is past and winter and snow are come the grouse resort to the dense dwarf evergreens, from thence on frosty mornings they go to the sunny hillsides to lie among the brown leaves and enjoy the warmth, and particularly near a spring where the grass is green through the whole season.

I have seen but one grouse sitting on her nest. It was in a large and rather open woods, where a herd of cattle were wont to roam and go to a spring within it for water. Her nest consisted of a mere depression in the ground, rather shallow, at the base of a hemlock tree. I discovered this grouse by accident, while I was walking through the woods in the latter part of May. I had passed rather close without disturbing her, when happening to turn round and look back I saw her. After that I went every day to the forest to see the sitting grouse, and standing off about 25yds. behind a tree enjoyed the sight. I was never fortunate enough to find her away from the nest and so could not tell the exact number of her eggs. She undoubtedly left her nest for food and drink; but at what times I could not say.

After two weeks' watching, on my last visit the grouse was gone, and the nest was found deserted. A few broken egg shells were in the nest and some were scattered around. I examined the nest or depression rather critically; it appeared to be a natural depression in the earth lined with moss, and was between two roots of the tree, which projected slightly above the ground; the center was about 2 1/2 in. below the surrounding surface. There was no cover whatever around the nest, nor was it in any manner concealed. On the side leading to a dense and favorite cover for grouse adjacent to the large woods there were shells extending along for about 10ft., and I judged this was the direction the mother and her brood had taken.

DORP.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.—We were driving along following a winding road through the alders on the way to the Pickerel Pond, Phon, Hi and I, when Phon, leaning over the side of the sleigh, said: "See that partridge track?" It followed along the road for a rod or so when it was joined by another. No mistaking that one; that's Mr. Fox's. How slyly he crept along trailing the bird, as a hound would him. See there, that is where he jumped at the unsuspecting bird buried in the snow. But he didn't get him. All those little pieces of snow were scattered by the bird when he got up. But if it hadn't been for that little pile of alder trimmings left there by some chopper (and being partly buried in the snow Mr. Fox did not see them from his side of the house) this tale would have been different. His paws struck on them and away went the bird from beneath them. Clucking to the mare we jogged on to the pond commenting on the uncertainties of life.—DEXTER (Albany).

WINTER ROBINS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Under the head of "Winter Robins in New England" a Massachusetts writer notes with surprise a flock of these pretty songsters that wintered with him. It may be unusual in some sections of that State, but directly back of where I live, in what is known as Deep Hollow, a good-sized flock of robins have made their home, and for the past three winters have never migrated, to my certain knowledge, as I have seen them nearly every day during that time.—J. W. G.

admitted of its relative the wild apple, are not inherent, but depend on the forgiving disposition of the eater.

We called at the little farmhouse on the way back, and, finding that the eldest of the men had known Rod Parhs, with whom in his youth Father had hunted and fraternized, we spent some time there. To have known Rod Parhs is a passport to favor. A famous rifle shot and deer hunter, as well as a widely-known lumberman, popular even from the stories which such a reputation multiplies, Parhs had also that magnetic power which attracts and repels; he had enemies, but his friends he drew close to him, and those who knew him, such was his selective power, are no strangers to each other.

On the way back we noticed where a bear had been trapped in the summer—late in June or early in July we judged from the leaves on the dead alders—and from the fur around it was evident that he had spoiled while in the trap. He had been caught in the alders by the clog of the trap becoming entangled, and in his efforts to get free he had chewed and torn the bushes until they were beaten into brooms. There is, or was, at Pistol Green a hemlock tree which had the top, where it was fully six inches in diameter, gnawed entirely off by a bear that had climbed it with his trap and become caught up among the branches.

After dinner there was some delay on account of the weather and a discussion as to whether we should lie about the camp for the afternoon or, taking our chances of rain or shine, go on down stream. Our temper is of the kind which grows more valiant when the odds are against us; and we started out. It must be twelve miles to Fork and we were three hours making, for though the current was with us, the turns of the stream were so frequent that every few moments we would lose our headway. As we got to the Fork and the early twilight began to draw on we discussed the chances that some one else would have taken our camping place at the Green, as well as the good pile of dry poplar which we had left against our return; and our uneasiness increased the nearer we got, until—as we poled up the swift Nica-towis Branch, now on one side of the stream, now on the other, wherever the bottom was best and the water shoalest, scaring our old heron from his perch among the maples—we became quite apprehensive. It was a relief to find our fears groundless. Wood and camping place were both undisturbed. Of course our tent poles and pins were there and our wood ready; but though we camped from 40 to 50yds. from the stream, in seven minutes by the watch we had our tent pitched and our fire burning.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

MEXICO TWO YEARS AFTERWARD.

MORE than two years ago I tried to impart to the "goodlie companie" around the camp-fire yclept *FOREST AND STREAM*, some of the novelty of a "First Hunt in Mexico." Justice to truth requires that I should refer to one or two things set forth in that narrative. Perhaps no reader of this remembers them; I hope no one does. It isn't nice to take things back. I recall, however, two, if not more, references by your correspondents to the mysterious "animals" that were supposed to inhabit Bocas Lake. One ridiculed the story, as it deserved, and the other expressed some curiosity about it.

Since that first trip I have been to Bocas many times. I can go in the morning and come back the same day. A week or two ago I was there with a pleasant little party. The old rock quarry is now abandoned, no Americans are to be found there, and the straw-thatched adobe, in which I was so well lodged and made so welcome on my first trip is going to ruins. In my Acme I have rowed again and again over the little blue lake, seen it full and wide and again almost dry. The last time I was there the choppy waves were high enough to dash over the sides of the boat, wetting our guns and rather dismaying the ladies of the party. I have killed many ducks, and passed many pleasant hours about the little lake, but never seen the "animals" since that first visit. I long ago settled down to the belief that they were only schools of small fish. There is a little insipid fellow about 6 in. long that is fairly abundant there. I don't know his name—not even his surname. I don't study fishes any more. I can scarcely bear to read the yarns in the "Sea and River" department. One can't try to go a-fishing in this country.

One other romance must go. *Sic transit gloria*. Maximilian never owned the Bocas hacienda nor had anything to do with the little church whose white towers shine in double splendor, reflected in the clear waters below and outlined against the rusty gray of the barren hills. Its present owners have had possession since about the time of the French invasion, and Don Juan told me that if Maximilian had ever had anything to do with it he certainly would have heard of it. Besides, I was told by Don Luis Espinosa, my host of Angostura, that his ancestors, who were of the Spanish nobility, long included Bocas among their possessions, which comprised a strip of land of some twenty miles in width, reaching from west of Bocas straight through eastward to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of some four hundred miles. Think of the scion of some old Dutch family pointing out as the domain of his fathers a belt of land, wide as an ordinary county, from New York city westward to the middle of Ohio. But revolutions, a favorite diversion a few years ago in Mexico, brigandage, and the uncertainty of markets and the labor supply made such large holdings unprofitable. Much of this territory is still in the family, which is a large one, but it is now divided up. Some of the places still seem very large, but they are in the hands of large-hearted gentlemen, who love their country and their countrymen, and who meet even the stray "gringo" with a hospitality so generous that he unconsciously relaxes the severity of his views on the subject of large land-holdings.

The Maximilian story is still current among Americans here. Only last night in the post office I heard one recounting it to some new arrivals. He is a hunter and ought to know better. But for "miscellaneous misinformation," to use a felicitous phrase of Mr. Roosevelt, commend me to the American in Mexico. After he has been here a few months he knows just enough Spanish to misunderstand everything he hears. His desire to tell wonderful stories is in exact proportion to his lack of information. What he tells should usually be taken with a grain of salt—a whole sackful, in fact.

AZTECO.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

EXPERIENCE WITH RATTLESNAKES.

WHEN I first went West, in '76, rattlers were very plenty during the summer months in certain parts of Montana, much too plenty for pleasure for one whom business, riding the range, constantly brought him in contact with them. My sheep herders would kill as many as two and three, and often more, rattlesnakes a day.

So plenty were they that the sheep were constantly being bitten by them, and although an old sheep would, if possible, steer clear of a snake, the curiosity of the lambs would lead them to investigate any peculiar moving object, and proceeding to walk up and smell a snake they were usually bitten.

The herders would carry a little paper of cooking soda or a small vial of stronger water of ammonia in their pockets for use when necessary. The sheep would invariably be bitten on some part of the head or under the jaw. When first noticed the herder would catch the sheep, lance the bitten place in several places with his pen knife and squeeze out the poisonous water, rubbing the soda or ammonia into the cuts and all around the part bitten. If bitten in a vein the poison seemed to circulate so quickly through the system that death soon followed. If bitten elsewhere, and immediately doctored, the evil effects were generally of not much consequence and the sheep was all right again in a few days. I have seen sheep which had been bitten in the head, and for which nothing was done, swell fearfully, and finally the hair and wool would come off of the head, and by degrees they would get well. One day a fine mare was bitten in the jaw, and a horse, used on a mowing machine, was bitten in the leg. Soda was the only remedy used in each case, and they soon recovered.

My herder was once using a collie pup of which he was very proud. He sent it around the sheep, when suddenly it jumped to one side and began to cry, and came back to him; he thinking she had stepped on a prickly pear was examining her foot, when he saw she had been snake-bitten and was fast swelling. He was near a spring, and taking off his drawers he tied a string around the lower end of one leg and partly filled the sack thus formed with soft mud. In this sack of mud he placed the dog, and carried her with him all day, renewing the mud as opportunity offered. At night when he reached camp he blistered the dog's leg with turpentine, but the poor thing seemed to suffer so from it that he washed the turpentine off and used soda water. The next day the dog was able to follow him, and in a few days was as well as ever. I once cured a sheep bitten by a rattler, by lancing it and using turpentine externally. Next day the sheep was all right.

A friend of mine, an old hunter, had been shooting prairie dogs, on which there was a bounty of 10 cents per head. In making his morning round he would pile up the dogs he had killed in one place, go on to another place and make another pile, and so on till he was ready to return, when he would skin each dog and take the skin to camp. A rattler was concealed beneath one heap of dogs, and as the hunter was pulling out a dog the snake bit him on the arm twice. He at once hastened toward camp, a mile distant, having previously taken the precaution to bind his handkerchief above the place bitten and around his arm, and twisting it as tightly as possible with his rifle rod. He was quite sick before reaching camp, so that he was obliged to rest several times. In his tent he always kept a cure for snake bites in a demijohn, which, although often indulged in as a preventive, was never allowed to go dry. On arrival, for once in his life he really had a good excuse for getting drunk, and started in earnest. When he felt the medicine beginning to work strongly on him he loosened the bandage on his arm, allowing the blood from his arm to circulate to his body, and having the effect of at once sobering him up. Letting the good work go on, he again resorted to his demijohn, and this time keeping it up till he was gloriously drunk. Shortly afterward his partner, returning, wished to send for a doctor, but no. He said, "I am all right." In a few days the swelling went down, and excepting a little sickness at his stomach at times he was as well as ever. I asked him if the bite of the snake was painful. He described it as the stinging of a hornet, only a hundred times worse.

While hunting with a favorite pup, I noticed him trailing and coming to a stiff point. I had all the birds I wished, and as it was getting late, I tried to call him off, but he would not come. All of a sudden he jumped five feet up in the air and nearly turned a somersault, just in time to avoid the spring of a large rattler. It was only his agility that saved the dog.

Going into my tent to cook supper I heard a rattle, and lighting a match saw his satanic majesty coiled up on the flour sack, close to the stove, and seemingly perfectly satisfied. He was not contented very long.

I could relate rattlesnake stories by the bushel, but I hate to. I dread to think about the horrible crawling things. Only a merciful Providence has kept my feet off them when it seemed as if I must have stepped on them. As everybody makes it a part of their creed to kill a snake whenever seen, their numbers are now so greatly reduced that it seems as if they also must follow the buffalo and the deer; but when one realizes that the bite of the last rattler is just as poisonous as was that of the first, it behooves him to watch his footsteps as carefully as ever, and not to "tread upon the serpent less he turn and sting thee." R. W.

MONTANA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the tale in your issue of 19th inst. relating to the death from snake bite near St. Augustine, Fla. I spent the whole of last winter in Florida, in and about St. Augustine and the Indian River country. I have often wondered after a day spent about the hamaks that neither I nor my dog had received a bite from some poisonous reptile. Any one familiar with the swamps of Florida will not wonder at this, knowing as they must that these swamps are the retreating place of almost everything poisonous in the South, and in dry seasons of almost the entire animal life. It is almost impossible for a human being to penetrate these swamps, and once in your whole attention is taken clearing a passage. You might step upon or alongside of a dozen rattlers and not know it. From the time I entered a swamp until clear of it I never saw my feet or that portion of my limbs below the knees. Since reading of the death of this gentleman I have known no rest. His sad death must recall

to many of your subscribers many narrow escapes of their own. What is the jaborandi remedy for snake bite?

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ANTI SNAKE.

QUAIL IN A SKUNK TRAP.—Towanda, Pa.—A skunk has been taking too much interest in my poultry for my benefit. I found his tracks in the snow, and they were very plain and easy to follow. I found what seemed from the number of tracks to be quite a den of them. Procuring a good trap I placed it well down in the hole, and in the morning the skunk was in the trap all right. I let the trap remain in the same place until seven had been caught; and then imagine my surprise to find a quail in the same trap that all of those deadly foes of quail and all birds that roost on the ground had been caught in. Have they no instinct to tell them to keep away? There was quite a flock I should think by the tracks around the hole. I have been a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM since 1881, and wish to extend my thanks to it for the many pleasant hours I have enjoyed reading "Nessmuk" and "Kingfisher" and many others, and may it long remain as it is now, the leader of sporting papers.—A. V. R.

EVENING GROSBEEK IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Montoursville, Pa., Feb. 21.—In an article on the evening grosbeak, published in your paper May 2, 1890, I advanced the opinion that these birds would breed in Pennsylvania, but although I kept a close lookout for them, I failed to find a nest, or even see a bird through the summer. I have just been informed, however, by a reliable party, that he saw a pair of these birds as late as the last of June. They were feeding apparently on potato bugs, and came regularly, one at a time, to his potato patch: these visits were kept up for several days. Now this, together with the fact that they are quite plenty in this locality again this winter, strengthens my belief that, if they were properly protected from merciless gunners, they would become common and regular breeders here.—F. F. C.

BIRDS' NESTS AND EGGS.—St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am greatly interested in birds, and especially in their nests and eggs, but I cannot find any good work on the latter subject. What can you advise me to purchase?—ANXIOUS. [A thoroughly full and satisfactory work on oology is much needed. Several have been projected, but almost all have stopped before completion. We have Davis's "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds," 475 pp. Extra cloth. Price \$1.75.]

LINNEAN SOCIETY MEETING.—The annual business meeting of the Society will be held at the rooms of the American Geographical Society, No. 11 West Twenty-ninth street, Friday evening, March 6, 1891, at 8 o'clock. A paper will be presented by Mr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and Dr. C. S. Allen will make some further remarks upon venomous snakes.—JONATHAN DWIGHT, Jr., Sec'y.

BIRD NOTES.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Feb. 28.—On the 22d inst. I observed robins and red-winged blackbirds near New Brunswick, N. J. On the 24th heard bluebirds and song sparrows. To-day saw robins, bluebirds and a purple grackle, or crow blackbird. Hawks a-plenty, but quail are wintering well. Broadbills in the bay all winter.—J. L. K.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

THE following guns have been tested at the FOREST AND STREAM Range, and reported upon in the issues named. Copies of any date will be sent on receipt of price, ten cents:

CLARROUGH 12, May 1, '90.	PARKER 10, hammer, June 6, '89.
COLT 12, July 25, '89.	PARKER 12, hammerless, June 6, '89.
COLT 10 and 12, Oct. 24, '89.	REMINGTON 16, May 30, '89.
FOLSON 10 and 12, Sept. 26, '89.	REMINGTON 12, Dec. 5, '89, Feb. 6, '90.
FRANCOTTE 12, Dec. 12, '89.	REMINGTON 10, Dec. 25, '89.
GREENER 12, Aug. 1, '89.	SCOTT 10, Sept. 5, '89.
GREENER 10, Sept. 12-19, '89.	L. C. SMITH 12, Oct. 10, '89.
HOLLIS 10, Nov. 7, '89.	WHITNEY SAFETY 12, March 8, '90.
LEFEVER 12, March 13, '90.	WINCHESTER 10 & 12, Oct. 3, '89.

THE NEW YORK LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Utterances in "J. H. R.'s" letter in your issue of the 19th inst., are of exceptional interest at this moment. "The men of St. Lawrence have worked long and earnestly for protection. * * * But if after all their work the deer are to be turned over to the dogs * * * everywhere except [in] St. Lawrence, I protest. In place of hounding give St. Lawrence floating"—by which "J. H. R." intends to express disapproval of the prohibition against floating in the report of the Commissioners.

The protestation finds an emphatic response in St. Lawrence. But it will not prevail, just now. In compensation for the water-slaughter in other counties, we have in the report prohibition of night-slaughter and protection to does. Does not "J. H. R." get a grain of comfort in this?—Just a grain?

"Give St. Lawrence floating." At what cost, and at what exposure? Why at the cost of legalizing night-slaughter in all the counties, or of confining all the horrors of jacking exclusively to St. Lawrence, "the breeding ground of the State;" at the cost, too, of the provision against killing does—for jacking is an indiscriminate slaughter necessarily. Which alternative would "J. A. R." choose?

Always excepting the water butchery, this "floating" or "jacking" is the most detestable, the most degrading exhibition imaginable. Its horrors have been too often dwelt upon, are too familiar to need repetition. And had I been in quest of one whose detestation and whose sympathies run in the right direction I would certainly have sought him of the canoe and paddle.

And what an exposure of retrogression in protective sentiment in St. Lawrence, this ignoring of the two features that mark advancement in the right direction—the abolition of night-slaughter and protection to the

does. Strike these out of the codifiers' report and what's left of it? And what modification, what humiliation to the codifiers after the advanced stand they have taken in the interests of fish and game protection and an elevated sportsmanship to find in the proposed protective sentiment of the State, a carping, unreasoning, greedy selfishness that find in their labors nothing to commend and everything to find fault with.

The exhibition in this direction going on in committee rooms and likely to be repealed *in extenso* in committee of the whole, are most damaging, destructive of that popular interest in game and fish propagation and protection, which must be their life, if they are to live at all.

"Will some one tell me how we, of St. Lawrence, are to get any venison?" writes "J. H. R." Hunt and kill it like a sportsman and a man! Are you answered? By still hunting? Yes, by still hunting, *par excellence*. But no one is relegated to the moccasins in August and September—oh, no! Perhaps the average outer may need further explanation, but not "J. H. R." He knows to a certainty that the places in the woods where deer resort to water—and 'tis very, very frequent—are largely in excess of those where they may be approached by boat and jack. At such places the game may be found in the early morning, at and after sundown, and at noon, betimes, with such certainty and frequency as to reward reasonable, intelligent effort in "getting venison."

Indeed the chances, at such places, with proper attention, are in excess of those afforded to the jack-hunter. Chances, I say, not all against the game, but enough, in R.'s conceit, I'm sure; nor do I believe his commiseration will much concern the "common outer," who is either unwilling or too lazy to pursue a manly method, with a manly satisfaction to it.

Interest centers now in the fate of the codifier's recommendations. They have made an advance. Is there unselfish devotion in the professed protective interests to support it? SAINT LAWRENCE.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

RUBBER BOOTS FOR HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are many sportsmen who have never used anything but leather for covering the feet in hunting. For fishing it is almost unanimously conceded, I believe, that rubber boots are the thing.

When sporting on dry ground, and noise in traveling is not taken into consideration, low shoes or leather boots are advisable of course, but in hunting on wet ground the best thing the writer has used are rubber boots, especially so in hunting in sloughs and timber swamps, for deer. Such boots in timber, when hunting deer, are about as good as moccasins, with the advantage of keeping dry feet.

One objection raised by some to the use of such boots is that they retain the perspiration, feet becoming thereby damp and uncomfortable. All this can be easily avoided by a careful selection and a little care afterward when using the boots. Rubber boots, I believe, are generally one size larger than leather boots of the same number.

If the hunter wears a No. 7 leather boot then obtain a No. 8 rubber boot, which will be about two sizes larger than the leather, and he will be able to wear two pair of socks in colds weather, besides the feet will not, if damp, feel as uncomfortable as in a close fitting boot.

By all means have boots that are smooth inside. Felt lined ones are an abomination, because it takes so long to dry them. When smooth inside they can be dried in a few minutes by wiping them out with hot cotton rags. At night hang the boots, top upward, in a warm place and by morning, without wiping, they will be dry.

The most of my shooting friends when hunting in wet weather, and in wet places, use long-legged boots. I use both long and short legs, the long legs in wet brush and long wet grass, or if I have wading to do. I wore leather boots made specially to my order for many years.

In selecting the boots take those of medium weight, not light, fancy-legged ones, because there is danger of punching holes in light legs and feet with stubs and sharp stones.

The sportsman who has never used rubber in hunting should try it once. H. L.

SOME CURRITUCK SCORES.

FROM a circular issued by the trustees of the Swan Island Club, offering for sale a portion of their preserves in Currituck county, N. C., we take the following statement of the bags made in a series of years by the members of the Swan Island Club; also the average daily bag of ducks, geese and swan for one stand, counting every day, good and bad, for about three weeks' shooting at the same season of each year, except in 1890, when the period was shorter. The attendants are not allowed to shoot:

FOR THE ONE STAND.		TOTAL BAGS.	
1875.....	20	1872-3.....	634
1876.....	17	1873-4.....	1,421
1877.....	194	1874-5.....	576
1878.....	194	1875-6.....	1,719
1879.....	229	1876-7.....	1,432
1880.....	18	1877-8.....	2,100
1881.....	16	1878-9.....	1,803
1882.....	32	1879-80.....	2,006
1883.....	23	1880-1.....	1,384
1884.....	21	1881-2.....	2,168
1885.....	23	1882-3.....	2,220
1886.....	24	1883-4.....	2,667
1887.....	39	1884-5.....	2,839
1888.....	40	1885-6.....	2,839
1889.....	40	1886-7.....	2,839
1890.....	30	1887-8.....	2,402
		1888-9.....	3,090
		1889-90.....	2,100
		1890-1.....	So far, 2,900

It will be seen that there has been no falling off of the shooting, but that, on the contrary, it is much better now than formerly, and has improved steadily. The highest bag of ducks and geese this season, made by a single gun in one day, was that of Dr. Charles G. Weld, eighty-eight birds; the next highest, by Dr. John Bryant, eighty-two birds. Besides the duck shooting, which is the best available in the United States, unless perhaps at the extreme South, the shooting at both English snipe and bay snipe is unsurpassed anywhere. Bags of over two hundred English snipe have been killed by a single gun in one day, and seven hundred and twenty bay snipe were killed by three guns in one day on the beach, where the great stretches of sand flats and shallow pools, lying in the line of the spring and autumn migrations, afford extensive feeding grounds of the best kind.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—The Possum Club met last night, taking a change of venue from Werner's to French's restaurant, on State street. About fifty plates were laid, but from various causes only about half that number of members were present. The Lexington quartette of gentlemen singers entertained the guests very nicely with melodies frequent and appropriate.

Charlie Gammon was at the Possum Club, grand, gloomy and peculiar. Charlie has eaten prairie chicken numerous. Prairie chicken is now out of season. Mallard duck isn't. Mr. Nicholls, chairman of the evening, had ordered mallard duck. Charlie Gammon arose and said his'n was chicken. Then there was war, intermittent to the end of the meeting.

Judge Fields, late of the Indiana Supreme bench and now chief counsel of the Monon railway was present with several friends from Crown Point, once his home, among these Messrs. Geo. I. Maillet, M. T. Hart and Dr. Schwarz. Judge Fields was called upon for a speech before he had fairly gotten settled down to the business of the evening and promised to talk better later on. Ben Dicks told some weird incidents of the late Southern trip. Mr. George Andrews, of the *Sporting Review*, thought the Mardi Gras a farce. He was probably about right. Mr. Anderson also thought the Southern men behind the times in shooting matters. Dr. Schwarz had to speak, and so did Rolla Heikes and Leo Hamline, and by and by things got into pretty smooth working order and everybody had to make a speech. Mr. Low and Mr. Organ turned the talk in the right sort of a direction when they showed the present crisis in game law matters and urged the gentlemen of the club to be alive and earnest in the work of getting better results in game protection.

Charlie Gammon again rose. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "we wrong ourselves if we do not thoroughly investigate the question which has arisen here to-night. We have been offered illegal game, and under the circumstances such action by Mr. French is nothing short of an insult to our intelligence and our character as sportsmen. I move you we withdraw our custom from this place."

Mr. Hamline seconded. Discussion came up. Mr. Organ was certain he had been served prairie chicken. Mr. Price thought it was duck. Mr. Pfeffer and several others declared it was chicken. Mr. Nicholls once more insisted on the explicit orders given Mr. French to serve no illegal game. Mr. Gammon's motion carried.

Mr. Low spoke on the outlook for Illinois sportsmen on the pigeon law question, and mentioned the strenuous efforts now making by the Humane Society to stop pigeon shooting. Mr. Low highly eulogized Judge Fields, and called upon him to speak. The Judge responded in a humorous vein, and expressed his delight at having discovered the Possum Club. "I am a shooter myself," said he, "and have had to do with shooters. I remember that, some years ago, when the Howe and Knickerbocker cases were up, those well-known gentlemen having been arrested on a test suit for carrying game out of the State of Indiana, I was the magistrate before whom the suits were laid, and it was my pleasure as well as my duty to say to those gentlemen, 'Go, your liberty is no longer restrained. The suits are dismissed.'" Judge Fields said that after this any member of the Possum Club who traveled down Water Valley or Cumberland way must come to him and he would see that his tickets were of the most desirable sort. He then started in and made a dignified and able speech about the sportsman and the law, one which ought to be given in full, but which must have been heard to be felt fully, for there is much of the orator in this pleasant-faced and able-minded jurist. It is a question if the Possum Club has soon a better or more thoughtful evening.

Mr. Thomas Wilmarth was a friend of Mr. French, the caterer who was alleged to have sinned. Mr. Wilmarth had Mr. French bring in a pan full of dressed ducks. He offered also to bring in sundry receptacles filled with hide, hair and feathers, to prove further that the ducks just eaten were not chickens but ducks. Mr. French said, "I would not serve illegal game to men like you. Of course, I have to please the people, but I will say that as long as my competitors don't serve illegal game, I will not. I have to keep my business, but I wouldn't serve chicken to you gentlemen."

This lame and halting confession of faith from the Chicago restaurant man was received with no very polite credence, and he had some very plain denials offered him direct. The question was not settled. If that duck was not chicken, then many of the Possum Club were sadly mistaken. There was a good deal of a stir about it. The gentlemen present were Judge Fields, guest of the evening, Messrs. Maillet, Hart, Schwartz, Nicholls, Organ, Low, Mussey, Ab. Price, Wells, Stone, O'Neill, Cleaver, Andrews, Hamline, Ehlers, Place, Pfeffer, Dicks, Gammon, Heikes, Smith, Wilmarth, Loveday, C. A. Price, Stevens. Mr. R. B. Organ was chosen chairman for the next meeting.

Feb. 22.—Word from V. M. Lincoln, at the Undercliff Hotel, Lake Senachwine, dated yesterday, says that the ice is out of the lakes and ponds, plenty of ducks moving, and two good days of shooting have been had. The ducks are coming. The season is opening. The winter is over. The year of sport in the field began here Feb. 21.

Feb. 24.—Mr. Lester is in from Tollaston Club. He says the ducks were all over that marsh two days ago.

Last week I described that dramatic struggle between sentiment and money which transpired when the sportsmen's legislative committee ran up against Col. Bond and Mr. Barrett, the South Water street game dealers' committee. That hour was the time of the final sundering of all real or pretended alliance between these two diverse interests. Perhaps it might as well come first as last. Diverse interests will not blend, no sentiment can stop the tide of trade. There is more to add about all this to-day, for the result of the open split has been that the dealers have dug up the hatchet. On last Wednesday the Produce Exchange held a meeting, and the dealers took some action. Col. Bond and Mr. Barnett handed in the following report:

"Your committee met with the Illinois Sportsmen's Association as invited members to consult with them in regard to proposed changes in the game law. We went there with the understanding that we were sent by the exchange to represent its sentiment, with the order that we were satisfied with the law as it now stands, as far as game dealing is concerned, as we are now allowed the same time in which to sell game as other principal mar-

kets in the country, and that we had no change to make. It was further understood by us that the engrossing clerk in the Legislature made a mistake last year, and instead of entering up 'the season shall open on Sept. 1,' he inserted Sept. 13.

"This meeting was held last Thursday and the law question was thoroughly discussed. The matter of spring shooting of ducks was brought up and we stated that we had no preference in the matter. The matter of the protection of English sparrows was introduced, and it was decided that it was best for the country that the law should not prohibit the killing of them.

"We offered no objection to the opening of the season for the shooting of game two weeks earlier, but when it was proposed to close the season for selling game brought here from other States twenty days earlier than the law now allows we objected to any change and told them that we could not see wherein they were interested in the selling of game killed in other States. If the game did not come to Chicago it would go to St. Louis or New York, and we did not see how we could take any legislation to protect game in other States.

"Trap-shooting of pigeons was discussed. They advocated it and we strongly opposed it, believing it to be the education of hardness of feeling and to be demoralizing. We would recommend that this exchange combine forces with the Humane Society and have trap-shooting of pigeons stopped in this State."

It is said that a copy of this report will be sent to each member of the State Legislature, and as soon as the proposed amendment of the Sportsmen's Association comes before the Legislature the exchange will have a committee present to fight it. Now here's a pretty kettle! It seems to me that about all we can do is to sit down and laugh at the wholestate of affairs. So here was the outcome of the friendliness of South Water street and the Humane Society. Retaliation, reprisal and grim-visaged war. White-winged peace is not in it any more. South Water street suddenly righteous. Bless our hearts, what a lot of fun we do have out here!

The result of all this was that I had to go to headquarters at the seat of war, and therefore called on Col. Bond yesterday. I told the Colonel that I was jumping on him some this week, and had come down to get a chance to do it some more.

"Oh, that's all right," said Col. Bond, "that's all right. I'm used to it, and rather like it. You can't hurt a Christian. Jump on us all you like, if it amuses you. Our shoulders are broad. Come and see us. Pull up a chair and sit down."

Well, now, what are you going to do with a man like that? You can't do anything, but sit down and listen to him and try to get his side of the case, and see whether maybe there isn't more to his side than you at first thought. It really seemed that there was some justice in the position taken by the game dealers, of not wishing to shorten their selling season by 30 days, although there was nothing that could lead one to predict any ultimate or permanent union between the dealers and the sportsmen.

"We are out of it now," said Col. Bond, "and there will be no more alliances or joint conferences between the dealers and the sportsmen. We see no use talking with the sportsmen, for they violate their promises and agreements. From now on, we will hoe our own row. Personally I do not care about seeing this pigeon bill carried. I don't want to see trap-shooting stopped, but you may say that we are going to fight this proposed amendment to stop our selling season at Jan. 1. We are going to fight that, and we are going to beat it.

"Why do I claim a breach of faith by the sportsmen? I will tell you. Lucius Crooker is the father of the old game law, and represented the sportsmen in framing it. We met him at Springfield and held a conference. We dealers agreed to give over the Illinois game to the sportsmen, to make what laws they chose for it. In return, we were to have to Feb. 1 to sell game, thus enabling us to get the very valuable shipments of mixed game and poultry from other States, especially Missouri. We would lose all this Missouri trade if we closed our market Jan. 1, for St. Louis would gobble it, or Boston. We wouldn't make so much on the game itself, but the poultry trade mixed with it is very valuable. That was the arrangement. We were to have the other States, and the sportsmen of Illinois were to have Illinois. Now they kick that all to pieces, and ask us to agree to Jan. 1, which we cannot and will not do. The amendment they wish to pass, changing the date from Sept. 15 to Sept. 1 on chickens as it does, and closing the market Jan. 1, may properly be called 'an act to slaughter more widely the game of Illinois, and to protect the game of Iowa, Missouri, Dakota, etc.' Now, we will beat that amendment."

I presume they will. What use to talk of alliance? There is no common multiple. The shooter and the seller are not alike. There will be no union.

It is coming to be thought here that we must have uniformity in our State laws, or all the laws will be only as good as the poorest one. Much regret was expressed that the dealers of Chicago would not make the start in a movement to secure a general closing of the selling season on Jan. 1. Uniform laws have been dreamed of by sportsmen so long that they are for the most part now regarded as a purely visionary scheme. They are that, so far as sportsmen's accomplishment is concerned. But what if our sturdy friends, the game dealers, do for themselves what we can not do for ourselves, and secure a practical uniformity of dates for the larger markets? It will be startling news to hear that they are beginning to work for this. Col. Judy, the big St. Louis dealer, has written Col. Bond querying why not hold a general dealers' meeting at some spot soon. Col. Bond showed me a resolution framed by himself, which he will introduce before an early meeting of the Produce Exchange of Chicago. It reads thus:

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to correspond with the dealers in game in all the Eastern cities, with the object of calling a meeting to be held in Chicago or such other place as may be agreed upon, to take into consideration the necessity of uniform game laws throughout the country."

The uniform law which the dealers are after means Oct. 1 to Feb. 1 for selling game. They will not agree to Jan. 1. It seems to me that very much should be sacrificed for the sake of uniformity. The sportsmen of the country would be far better off with the selling date fixed uniformly in St. Louis, Chicago, Boston and New York at Feb. 1 than with a date of Jan. 1 in some

markets, and no date at all in others. There never will be a game law respected in this country until it is ratified and upheld by the game dealers. When they all agree on a date, be it Feb. 1 or May 1, and then shut down, all at once, all over the country alike, the market for game will on that day be closed, and there will be no inducement to kill game for the market, and then, for the first time in America, will the people, who rest behind any law, begin to understand and to respect a game law. From this respect for any sort of game law will grow the respect for a better game law. Under the uniform date of Feb. 1, which would give the deadly trapping month of January to the game killer, our game will slowly disappear. After a time the people will see it nearly gone, and will resolve to protect it. Then the uniform market date may be changed to Jan. 1. We can not change it so now. Why fret and fume about it? It would make little difference if we did change the date to Jan. 1 in Illinois alone. The game would go. We must wait upon the dollars of the dealers. They will make the laws, or break them, or observe them if they like. Meantime, lucky the man who owns a preserve. We may say this, and still speed the agitation for a better state of things.

Feb. 28.—The first bags of ducks of the season have come in and they are good ones. Rolla Heikes and Charlie Gammon last Wednesday brought up 35 ducks, mostly pintail, from Cumberland Club grounds. A party of a dozen or so, including the above gentlemen, Messrs. McFarland, Robbins, Dicks, Freeloar, Dominico, Hoffmann, Nicholls, Matlocks and Fich, went down to Cumberland Lodge to celebrate Washington's Birthday. They had some trap-shooting, but noticing the heavy flight of ducks soon quit that and went out on the marsh shooting ducks. Mr. Heikes says he never saw ducks come in so fast. The marsh was alive with them. By working for it he thought himself and Mr. Gammon could have bagged 75 birds on Tuesday. There were a good many mallards coming in too. A tidal wave of ducks seems to have burst upon the country. Their ways of migration are past finding out.

I remember that we once had some talk about the regularity of ducks in migrating along a certain parallel. A gentleman in Nebraska thought the ducks went north on one leg of a triangle and south on the other leg. I don't know, but last night I heard a story, told by Mr. Thomas Hudson, of this city, which is at least interesting, if not conclusive, on this head. About fifteen years ago Mr. Hugh E. Steele, of the firm of Steele & Worth, was running the rolling mills at Laurel, near Coatesville, Pa., which are now run by Worth Bros. Mr. Steele had had a fine old place, and Mr. Hudson used to visit there. On the place was a pond, where Mr. Steele had a flock of ducks he was fond of feeding. One day he saw a wild duck, a mallard, hovering over the flock of tame ducks, and finally it alighted among them, and staid on the pond for weeks. It grew so tame that it came up to be fed with the other ducks, and ultimately Mr. Steele could take it up in his hands, like any of the flock. One day there came the report of a gun, and the wild duck sprang straight up into the air and flew away. It was not seen again until the next year, when it returned. It came back in this way for six years, always solitary. On the seventh year it did not reappear, and was supposed to have been killed, no one knows in what corner of the world. This bird migrated regularly, and on the same parallel without question. The case is authentic, and the facts such as to make mistake impossible.

On Feb. 24 bass were taking the minnow fairly well in the Fox River near Aurora.

Some splendid bass are being butchered now, or were while the ice held, by the ice fishers of the Fox Lake district. The men I mentioned earlier have been doing it, I suppose. At any rate, many bass have been sent down weighing 4 and 5 lbs. The leading game dealer to whom these fish are sent, told me he didn't care for this trade for what money there was in it. "It takes a lot of bass to bring much money," said he. "Those men will make maybe \$40 or \$50 during the winter at this fishing, and kill more bass than all the anglers will catch next summer. They are very short-sighted and unwise. I wish they would stop it."

Mr. Sheldon I. Kellogg, long at the head of the cartridge department of the Shelby Smelting & Lead Co., of San Francisco, writes me that he has associated himself with his brother-in-law, Mr. Hall. The new firm, Kellogg & Hall, will conduct a business as manufacturer's agents in general sporting goods for the Coast. The wide acquaintance and genuine merit of these gentlemen will stand guarantee for a good business without delay.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, the widespread man of popularity, or man of widespread popularity, was in town this week, and it is thought he came to explain to Captain Anson the way he handles his new Parker gun. By the way, this Parker, made to order for the blonde baseballist, is the gift of that always wide awake and generous firm, the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., of Chicago. I don't see what made them give Anson any gun. He can't shoot to mention. After Mr. Tucker has taught him to hit a barn door at 40 paces, he, Mr. Tucker, will start out West on his regular big trip, going to Helena, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. Mr. W. S. Perry, of Worcester, Mass., a very warm friend of Mr. Tucker's, thinks of taking his wife and making part of the trip in company with him, revisiting some of the scenes of the old Iolanthe triumphs on last winter's U. S. Cartridge Co.'s tour.

Mr. Harvey McCurdy, the urbane diplomat who represents the L. C. Smith gun in foreign parts, will be back here now shortly and will start within the week on his annual trip to the Coast. He has promised forty ladies to send each a horned toad or a "resurrection plant" from the Gila plains, and if he don't forget it he may send one or two.

Mr. A. S. Comstock, of Evanston, has invented a tent. He put a little advertisement, one inch long, in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago. To-day he told me that the first week brought him inquiries from fourteen different States of the Union. FOREST AND STREAM is well spread and well read, and it is a good thing to talk into its telephone I should think.

E. HOUGH.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanik," "Glean," "Dick Swadlow," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Westmoreland occupies a prominent place in the history of western Pennsylvania, being the oldest county west of the mountains, rich in coal and iron mines, gas, oil and salt wells, well timbered and watered and in the foremost rank as an agricultural and stock raising section. Yet with all this and a population of 115,000 we still have a fair supply of game and fish. Many deer are killed every fall, an occasional bear is seen and the panther and wildcat are familiar to our mountaineers, more particularly the cats. Foxes, coons, possums and smaller vermin are plentiful. Quail, ruffed grouse and rabbits are quite abundant, while a good day's sport may be had with the turkeys, squirrels or woodcock, though these are not so numerous. A day's trout or bass fishing may be had between the rising of the sun and the setting of the same with an average catch of perhaps fifty if the angler knows his business.

Our game laws are fairly well observed, and but little market-hunting is done, but the fish do not escape so easily I am sorry to say. Most of the illegal shooting is done on Sunday by English and French who work in the coal mines and stone quarries. It is to be hoped that the present Legislature will amend the laws so that wardens may be appointed to protect game as they now apply only for the appointment of water bailiffs.

The presence of such a variety of game (I have not named all) in so thickly populated a district is undoubtedly due to the dense covers and mountain fastnesses which only the genuine hunter cares to penetrate. To hunt the deer or "Billy" Raccoon or "kittens" over chestnut and laurel hill ridges, the sportsman must bargain for many scratches from thorns and briars, badly abraded skins from climbing and crawling through immense laurel thickets, plenty of stone bruises, and occasional sprains or breaks; and he will also stand in need of a pocket edition of Roge's "Thesaurus" to which he can refer for English idioms whereby he may express his opinion of the kind of a country he has been fool enough to get tangled up in. Well! we were raised to all this and we like it just the same as we do our "sourkraut and speck," "pon-hoss" or buckwheat cakes and wild honey in the winter time, not to mention "stomped" pork and beans.

Sometimes I hope to give a little sketch of our club whose members gather nightly around the stove in the rear end of "the store" and swap stories. It is a unique crowd "for sure," but withal a sociable one, notwithstanding differences as to ages, occupations and politics.

DEACON.

GREENSBURG, Pa.

GOOSE SHOOTING ON THE ARKANSAS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the afternoon of Dec. 30 Prof. H. W. Charles and I boarded a spring wagon with our hunting traps and were off for the Big Arkansas, a distance of ten miles. About one mile from the river we noticed as our boy driver remarked "great herds" of black Canada geese feeding after the cattle in the pasture. We viewed them in their majestic appearance for a little time and moved on to the river. We planted our decoys on an island, secreted ourselves in blinds and began to wait anxiously of course for the coming of the birds we left in the field. But to our disappointment, in their flight to the river they managed to steer well to our left and up the stream out of range. There was, however, one flock of eight which passed up between us and our decoys while we were looking out to the field. We did not see them as they went by until out of reach. Seeing our decoys they whirled and came moving back. We fired into them, dropping among our decoys two fat ones, my partner killing from left barrel, second shot and I from right barrel, first shot. It was now getting too dark to shoot, so we gathered our birds and plunder and made for a farmer's house for all night. We made it a point to engage lodging near by where we saw the geese feeding the evening before, so that we could be on the grounds before they came from the river in the early morning. We were up early in the morning, and after breakfasting hastened to the field. We had not more than staked our decoys and scarcely under cover when the Canadas began to come in. It was a grand sight to see them move so cautiously over our heads and in range. It was not long until we had four lying at our feet, and by 10 o'clock we were off for home with six geese and four ducks, the result of four or five hours' sport.—B. F. W. (Sedgwick, Kansas.)

A MAINE GAME PROTECTION FUND.—Salem, Mass., March 1.—I was much pleased to see that you made a note of my offer of \$40 to protect the deer about my favorite hunting grounds. Would it not have been well to have exhorted the hundreds of sportsmen who go to Maine for deer hunting to come forward like men and give some substantial proof of their appreciation of the game and the efforts being made by the Fish and Game Commissioners of that State to protect the deer and moose? In addition to the protection I am offering the deer in those six towns of Oxford county, I will be one of one hundred to raise \$2,500 to be offered for the conviction of those outlaws who are bent on the destruction of moose and deer, the above sum to be drawn upon to pay \$25 on each conviction for illegally killing deer and \$50 for moose. Each of the one hundred persons to be held to pay such a part of the above amount as shall be necessary to pay for the persons so convicted. Let us hear from one hundred of the liberal-minded at once, that no time may be lost. Each day means the killing of more or less deer.—N. C. LOCKE.

A MAINE HUNTER.—There appeared recently before the committee on Fisheries and Game at Augusta one of the most remarkable hunters living in Maine—Alexander McLain, of Mattawamkeag, 67 years of age. He gave his testimony for the protection of game and for the enforcement of honest law. Mr. McLain is remarkable from the fact that in his experience as a hunter and guide for 47 years, killing more game than any other man within our borders, he has always been a still-hunter. It is the boast of his life that he never dogged a deer, even when the law allowed persons to slaughter game in an unsportsmanlike manner. McLain always gave a deer a fair chance for his life. In outwitting them he experienced the real enjoyment of a true hunter. It does not require much skill to put a hound on the track of a deer and then to station yourself on the banks of a lake, and when the dog has driven the exhausted animal into the water to

shoot, perhaps by resting your gun over a stump. That is the mode of the pot-hunter and poacher, but not of the true hunter and guide that McLain is acknowledged to be. For ten years he was a fish and game warden, and has done as much to protect game as any man living in Maine. He never made a dollar as a warden, but brought many a poacher to justice. Mr. McLain gives the following statistics of game killed by himself: Deer 1,000, moose 125, caribou 18, bear 211, wolves 52, red fox 350, otter 165, black cat 125, sable 175, beaver 35, mink 215, raccoon 42, lynx 45. And in addition thousands of muskrats and other small game. This last fall McLain killed one moose, one caribou and two deer. McLain has had many adventures in the woods. Once he caught an Indian in a bear trap. The jaws of the trap fastened about the ankle of the Indian and held him a prisoner for 36 hours. The Indian's cries were heard a long distance before the trap was reached. Five years ago he had a fight with a bear which was caught in a trap. As he intended to take up the trap he went into the woods without his gun. When the trap was reached he found an enormous bear fastened by one foot. The bear had just got in and was ugly. McLain attempted to kill the animal with a club. The clog which held the trap gave way and the bear with the trap hanging to his foot made for McLain, and a savage fight ensued. The bear caught McLain by the arm and bit it through. His clothes were torn off and occasionally a portion of the skin with them. At this juncture the clog caught around a small tree, anchoring the trap, and McLain was able to make his escape. With the blood pouring out of his arm he walked two miles to the river, where an Indian was encamped. His arm was partially dressed, and with the Indian and a gun he started back into the woods for the bear. The animal was found, but before the Indian could shoot, the bear pulled his foot out of the trap, leaving his toes in the jaws, and made his escape. Mr. McLain has caught most all kinds of game alive. He caught a live moose and sold him to Charles Welds, of Olamont, for \$150, to whom he also sold three caribou for \$175, and thirteen deer for \$7 each. Seventeen young bears have been captured alive. Two wolves were caught in a trap and an attempt made to tame them, but without avail. In capturing them McLain piled brush on top of them and then slipped a muzzle over their heads. He says, notwithstanding his years, he is ready to put his friends on the track of game, in the season, and will warrant that the hunt will not be fruitless. He has guided Belfast sportsmen and they are loud in his praise.—*Belfast Journal.*

NOVA SCOTIA PROTECTIVE SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society of Nova Scotia, held in Halifax, the president, Lieut.-Col. Clerke, presided, and there were present Maj. Bagot, Lieut. Macgowan, Capt. Beileau, A. M. Scott, C. S. Harrington, Geo. Piers, J. G. Seivert, Robt. Clark and others. A resolution was passed referring to the council the question of devising some means of distributing more generally over the province licenses to kill game so that strangers coming in at different points can get them more easily than under the present system. It was suggested that the pursers of the steamers Yarmouth and Evangeline be authorized to issue such licenses. The report of the council was read and adopted. The report of Treasurer A. M. Scott showed the year's receipts to have been \$462 and expenditures \$225. The report of C. S. Harrington, chief game commissioner, was most encouraging. During the year one conviction for shooting moose in the close season had been obtained. A close watch had been kept for poaching and illegal snaring, and many snares found in the woods had been destroyed by Indians and others in the employ of the society. The moose have been saved from the extermination which threatened him a few years ago, and Nova Scotia now indeed is his principal retreat on this continent. There is no doubt that moose and other game are increasing in numbers, largely owing to the efforts of the society. Officers and council for the year were elected as follows: President, Lieut.-Col. Clerke; Vice-Presidents, Geoffrey Morrow and Col. Ryan, R. A.; Secretary, George Piers; Treasurer, A. M. Scott; Council, Mr. Macgowan, R. A.; R. G. Leckie, Londonderry; J. G. Seivert, A. M. Scott, Chas. Stubbing, Major Bagot, C. S. Harrington, D. W. Archibald, Sheet Harbor; George Piers, John Bowers, Shelburne; Captain Boileru, H. T. Jones.

THE FIRST DEER IN FORTY YEARS.—Newfield, Me., Feb. 23.—Ruffed grouse seem to be wintering fairly well. I saw about twenty in one flock the other day and have seen many smaller coveys. There are twenty-one deer yarded a few miles from here, which is something uncommon, but we hope to see them plenty before many years. Wilson Abbott and brother shot a buck this fall close to this village, which weighed 125 lbs.—the only one shot here for some forty years. A doe with fawn was found dead on one of our small lakes a few weeks ago with one hindquarter gone, we need a game warden badly here. I am informed that it cost two men \$40 a piece in the town of Porter, this State, for catching two deer alive that died after a few days captivity. Pickerel fishing through the ice has been very good this winter, some good catches reported.—Lo.

LYKENS, Pa., Feb. 24.—The Lykens Fish and Game Protective Association has been organized. Hon. A. F. Thompson, Pres.; W. S. Young, Vice-Pres.; F. J. Douden, Treas.; W. V. Barrett, Sec'y. Executive committee to consist of president, treasurer, and three other members. The object is to protect and propagate the fish and game in the stream and covers. We have applied to the Fish Commission for fry of rainbow and brook trout and also propose stocking our woods with Chinese pheasants. We hope, with the cooperation of similar associations and all sportsmen in Dauphin county, to fill our now depleted streams with trout and our covers with game.—W. V. BARRETT, Sec'y.

THE MONROE COUNTY QUAIL.—Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 27.—The Monroe Sportsmen's Association has taken advantage of the recent spell of fine weather in this section and put out all the birds on hand. The order has been increased 2,000, and birds will be received all through March, being sent out to the parties who are still unsupplied as soon as they arrive. This will doubtless save many birds which would die if subjected to confinement after arrival here.—OSCEOLA.

PECULIAR DEATH OF A DEER.—Metropolitan, Mich.—Last Sunday I went out to look after my wolf bait, and came to a small creek where two cedar poles were laid down to cross on. A deer had attempted to walk over on them. One of his hind legs had slipped in between the poles. He was unable to extricate it, lost his balance, fell into the creek and perished. Its legs were not broken, but twisted out of joint at the knee. That makes ten deer that have died through natural causes in this vicinity and coming under my personal observation within the past eight months—the 2 bucks I wrote you about in December last, and 7 last May and June found by rivermen between here and Foster City. They had attempted to cross the river on a jam of logs, fell or jumped in among the logs and were unable to get out. Deer are quite plenty here the present winter. The weather so far (Jan. 28) has been very favorable; not very cold, and only 8 or 10 in. of snow in the woods. The game law is being respected in this locality.—B. B.

SNAP SHOTS.—While out rabbit hunting with my beagles King Mack and King Lead I stumbled and fell, the noise flushing a ruffed grouse. Jumping to my feet I shot and wounded it, but did not see it fall; the only knowledge I had of hitting it was the usual amount of small feathers flying in the air, and if it had not been for King Mack, who trailed him up, he would have been left to die a hideous death by starvation, or worse, fall a prey to sly reynard or some stray skunk. A few days after this I made a snap shot on another grouse, and the feathers told the usual tale. He flew for over 40 rods, taking quite a curve, and as both of these shots were in the woods I could not see the birds long, this time King Lead got in his work, and I heard the flutter or would never have bagged him.—S. C. G.

STOCKTON, Kan.—There is an abundance of quail, cotton-tails, jack rabbits and prairie chickens. The latter are found only in the western part of the State, but as there was an abundant crop of wheat which was so short it could not be harvested, but which formed a good, firm berry, they are wintering splendidly; and, as this whole western country is practically depopulated, we may hope for good sport next season. I am sorry to state that the game law is wholly ignored out here, and many who profess to be sportsmen begin killing chickens as early as the latter part of June.—A. L. T.

EARLY WOODCOCK.—Meriden, Conn., Feb. 24.—While walking this afternoon with two friends in my back yard we flushed a large woodcock from a heap of old ashes. He flew about four rods and then squatted in under a bush. We flushed him again and he flew into a small field by the side of my house. We flushed him four more times in the field and then left him. I guess we could have kept on flushing him all night he seemed so tame. Is not this a rather early bird?—J. P. B. [It is not very unusual to see woodcock here in February.]

THE TRANSPORTATION OF GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading the following letters he quoted from a letter of Mr. E. S. Bond of Chicago, Ill., regarding shipping game from a State. Mr. Bond said: "The point in question has been passed upon by courts of two or more States," and held "as unconstitutional on the ground that the Legislature had no right to interfere with commerce between States."

One might be led to believe that the question of unconstitutionality of State statute to prevent the illegal killing of game and the shipment of game within its territorial limits is not so one-sided as some would have us believe. Let us examine in the first place the commercial clause of the Constitution.

The Constitution of the United States, Section VIII., Article I., reads: "The Congress shall have the power: To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes."

I hope to show that the non-export clause of the game laws is not in conflict with the Constitution. These laws (non-export) are merely the police powers of a State to protect certain property within its borders. We will now examine the evidence to show that this plea has some merit.

In *Railroad v. Hus* (95 U. S. 465) the United States Supreme Court said: "While we unhesitatingly admit that a State may pass sanitary laws, and laws for protection of life, liberty or property within its borders . . . it may not interfere with transportation into or through the State beyond what is absolutely necessary for its self-protection." It is "self-protection" for a State to prevent the wholesale slaughter of game for export. If not self-protection what is it?

In *Pierce vs. New Hampshire* (5 How. 503), the United States Supreme Court said: "That the police power of the States was reserved to the States, and that it is beyond the reach of Congress; but that such police power extends to articles only which do not belong to foreign commerce, or to commerce among the States, at the time the police power is exercised in regard to them; and that the fact of their condition is subject for judicial ascertainment." "That the power to regulate commerce among the States may be exercised by Congress at pleasure, and the States cut off from regulating the same commerce at the same time it stands regulated by Congress, but that until such regulation is made by Congress, the States may exercise the power within their respective limits." "That the law of New Hampshire was a regulation of commerce among the States in regard to the article [fish] for selling of which the defendants were indicted and convicted; but that the statute was constitutionally passed, because of the power of the State thus to regulate, there being no regulation of Congress, special or general, in existence to which the State law was repugnant."

In *Machine Co. vs. Gage* (100 U. S. 678) the United States Supreme Court held that "A State statute imposing a like tax without discriminating as to the place of growth or produce of material or manufacture, was adjudged to be constitutional and valid, as made in and brought from another State."

It will be seen by the above decision of the highest court in this country that the exclusiveness of the powers of Congress to regulate commerce among the States was somewhat restricted.

In *Woodruff vs. Parham* (8 Wall. 123) the United States Supreme Court held "a State statute imposing a uniform tax on all sales by auction within it was constitutional as applied to sales of goods the product of other States, and sold in the original and unbroken packages."

The statute in question, while not aimed at inter-State commerce, must have some relation to the movement of goods from one State to another. While in the territorial limits of a State that State has the police power that extends to and controls the regulation of property—not barring game. In preventing the shipping of game from a State that State is simply maintaining the exercise of its police power, not in conflict with the Constitution. In *Cooley vs. Board of Wardens* (12 How. 28) the United States Supreme Court said: "Whatever subjects of this power [for Congress to regulate commerce] are in their scope national, or admit only of one uniform system or plan of regulation, may justly be said to be of such a nature as to require exclusive legislation by Congress until Congress should find it necessary to exercise its power, it should be left to the legislature of the States, because it was a local and substantial matter, and likely to be best provided for by one system or plan of regulation, but by as many as the legislative discretion of the several States should deem applicable to the local peculiarities."

The idea that shipping game from a State is a national issue is certainly preposterous; it is simply a local issue. According to the opinions of the Supreme Court of the United States it certainly appears that States which have statutes forbidding the shipping of game killed within their borders are not attempting to regulate commerce, but are exercising a legitimate and appropriate exercise of their police power. These laws do not discrim-

inate against the citizens and products of other States in a matter of commerce, and do not prevent game being brought into and through the States.

In *Gibbons vs. Ogden* (9 Wheat, 203) the U. S. Supreme Court held relation to the police powers in States: "They form a portion of that immense mass of legislation which controls everything within the territory of a State not surrendered to the general Government, all which can be most advantageously controlled by the States themselves." "Inspection laws, quarantine laws, health laws, laws of every description, as well as laws regulating the internal commerce of a State." "No direct general power over these objects is granted by Congress, and consequently they remain subject to State legislation." The exclusive authority of State legislation is strikingly illustrated in the case *City of New York vs. Miln* (11 Pet. 102). In that case the defendant (Miln) was prosecuted for not complying with a statute of New York which required of every master of a vessel arriving from a foreign port in that of New York city to report the names of all his passengers, with certain particulars of their age, occupation, last place of settlement and place of their destination. It was argued this was an invasion of the exclusive rights of Congress to "regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States." It cannot be denied that such a statute operated at least indirectly upon commercial intercourse between the citizens of the United States and foreign countries.

But notwithstanding this the United States Supreme Court held it to be an exercise of the police power properly within the control of the State, and unaffected by the clause of the Constitution which conferred on Congress the right "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States." Pomroy's Constitutional Law (page 273) says: "The Constitution does not confer upon Congress an absolute and unlimited power over commerce. On that with foreign nations, the several States and with the Indian tribes, is placed under the control of the National Legislature." "Transit and traffic therefore, which are entirely within the boundaries of a particular State, are completely subject to the jurisdiction of the Legislature."

Pomroy's Const. Law (page 311), on the police power of a State to regulate transit and traffic, says: "It has been settled by a still more recent decision of the Supreme U. S. Court that a large measure of the powers of control and direction over inter-State means of traffic and transportation still remains in the State Legislature and is exclusively theirs, being beyond the competency of Congress. The measures which the States may thus adopt belong to their police power and are not regarded as true regulations of commerce. They may, however, much they may incidentally affect the process of traffic and transportation."

In *Peik vs. Chicago & N. W. Co.* (94 U. S. 164) the U. S. Supreme Court decided that a State had the power to prescribe a schedule of charges to be made by railroad companies, not only for transporting persons or property within the State but also persons or property taken up outside the State and brought within it, or taken inside and carried without.

In *Prigg vs. Pennsylvania* (41 Peters 639) Mr. Justice Story, of the U. S. Supreme Court, says, in relation to the police power of a State, as follows: "The police power belonging to the States in virtue of their general sovereignty extends over all subjects within the territorial limits of the States and has never been conceded to the United States."

In *Leisy vs. Hardin* (135 U. S. 128) Mr. Justice Gray, of the U. S. Supreme Court, said: "The police power of a State includes all measures for the protection of life, the health, the property and the welfare of the inhabitants, and for the promotion of good order and the public morals."

In *Sherlock vs. Alling* (93 U. S. 99) the U. S. Supreme Court said: "In conferring upon Congress the regulation of commerce it was never intended to cut the States off from legislation." " * * * though the legislation might indirectly affect the commerce of the country." "Legislation in a variety of ways may affect commerce and persons engaged in it, within the meaning of the Constitution." The U. S. Supreme Court very properly said in case of *State Tax on Railway Gross Receipts* (15 Wall. 299) that "it is not everything that affects commerce that amounts to a regulation of it, within the meaning of the Constitution." In *Munn vs. Illinois* (94 U. S. 113) the U. S. Supreme Court in relation to warehouse charges and police power said: "Their regulation is a thing of domestic concern, and, certainly, until Congress acts with reference to their inter-State relations, the State may exercise all the powers of government over them, even though it may indirectly operate upon commerce outside its immediate jurisdiction."

Under these [police] powers the government (State) regulates the conduct of its citizens one toward another, and the manner in which each shall use his own property, when such regulation becomes necessary for the public good."

Mr. Chief Justice Taney, of the U. S. Supreme Court, in the *License Cases* (5 How. 523), said regarding the police powers of a State: "They are nothing more or less than the powers of government inherent in every sovereignty. * * * that is to say, * * * the power to govern men and things."

The State of Iowa had a law which read: "Section 4,058. If any person bring into this State any Texas cattle, he shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars or imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding thirty days, unless they [cattle] have wintered at least one winter north of the southern boundary of the Missouri or Kansas line."

The law was claimed to be unconstitutional, and a case was carried to the U. S. Supreme Court in deciding this case, *Kimish vs. Ball* (129 U. S. 222), the court said: "The section in question is not unconstitutional by reason of any conflict with the commercial clause [Congress to regulate commerce among the States] of the constitution." It would appear that when a State statute which forbids the importation of Texas cattle, unless those cattle "have wintered at least one winter," and the statute even specifying the limits, and the highest court of this country declares the section "not unconstitutional by reason of any conflict with the commercial clause of the constitution," a State ought to control the transportation of game killed and shipped within its limits.

Many other cases can be cited bearing on the point that a State can legislate for the transportation of poultry within its territorial bounds without coming in conflict with the power of Congress "to regulate commerce."

A. C. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, Conn.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Several articles have appeared in your paper lately adversely criticising Article I. of the proposed new game code reported by the Commissioners. The reasons for the recommendation of this article are that the present laws on this subject are meager, vague, incomplete and in as much need of revision as the game laws proper, and they are in such intimate connection with the game laws that for convenience of reference only, if there were no other reasons, they should be included in the same chapter.

The Commission of Fisheries in this State was established in 1868. The original purpose was to aid Seth Green in his then important experiments in fishculture. The Commissioners were to serve for two years, and were to make examinations of waters with reference to ascertaining whether they could be rendered "more productive of fish," and were to report at the next meeting of the Legislature, which they did, and their duties were ended. But in 1870, before their terms of office had actually expired, and in view of the success of Mr. Green's experiments, a three years' extension of their term of service was granted and they were directed to "establish the artificial propagation of shad, whitefish and salmon trout and take such other steps as they should deem necessary toward improving the fisheries of the State." In 1873 the Commissioners, then consisting of Horatio Seymour, Robert B. Roosevelt and Seth Green, were by a further act of the Legislature continued in office for three years. Mr. Green resigned in order that he might take active

charge of the operations of hatching at his own establishment at Caledonia and on the Hudson River, and Edward M. Smith, of Rochester, was appointed in his place. In 1873 an act was passed which continued the Commissioners in office indefinitely. The only further authority given to make appointments was to the Governor to fill vacancies. In 1879 a law was got through the Legislature by the efforts of a Mr. McGovern, of Long Island, and without the knowledge of the other Commissioners, requiring the appointment of an additional Commissioner to be a resident of Long Island. Mr. McGovern expected to be the Commissioner, but while he beat the bush Mr. Blackford caught the bird. In 1888, when the oyster franchise law was passed, a provision was inserted for the appointment of still another Commissioner, who should be a "practical oysterman," and under this law Commissioner Joline was appointed. The laws above referred to, the several statutes authorizing the establishment of hatcheries at Caledonia, Cold Spring, Adirondack and Sacandaga, which conferred no new general powers on the Commissioners, and the law of 1888, authorizing them to appoint game and fish protectors who should make reports to them, are all, substantially, that the statutes contain in regard to the organization duties and powers of the Commission. These powers are given in fragmentary statutes lacking cohesion, and many of them lapsed by the execution of specific acts required by them. The powers which the Commission possess to carry on their current operations are derived, not so much from the statutes referred to as from the terms currently used in the annual appropriations made by the Legislature.

Among other defects in the present laws is that they have the tenure of office uncertain. The term at first was for two years, then it was extended three years, and then made indefinite. It was the understanding of the Commissioners up to a recent time, that they held by a life tenure, and in this view Governor Seymour held for twelve years and Mr. Roosevelt for twenty, when their service ended by their respective resignations. Attorney-General O'Brien, by request of Governor Hill, for a construction on this point, gave an opinion, from an examination of all the statutes bearing on the subject, that the legal term was five years; but as there has been no appointment since the creation of the Commission to fill a vacancy except by death or resignation, there has been no judicial test on the subject. According to the Attorney-General's opinion the terms of Commissioners Blackford and Bowman have expired; so that the change proposed by the Game Code Commissioners has necessarily no bearing upon them. The Governor may make appointments in their places at any time. He could do no more under the new provision. Messrs. Burden, Joline and Huntington have yet several years to serve, and if the code bill passes in its present shape, two of them must be necessarily dropped.

It is obviously proper, with the state of facts presented, that the law should provide some definite time of service. Whether that term should be one, two, three or five years is not material as long as it is precisely specified. A life tenure is inconsistent with a republican form of government and ought not to be permitted in any office. All public offices should be amenable to the appointing power, and the nearer any official can be brought to an accountability to his constituents the better will be the safeguard to honesty and faithful service. Long tenures, even if for less than life, are also objectionable. No officer, from Governor down to constable, ought to be placed out of reach of popular discipline.

The proposed code provides that the Governor shall appoint three commissioners to serve for terms at first of one, two and three years respectively, and after the first term each serves for three years. This secures always in service two experienced commissioners and gives opportunity each year to infuse new blood if the appointing power deems it desirable. To preserve a just equilibrium between the different sections of the State it is further provided that no two commissioners shall be appointed from the same judicial department. There are five such departments, and the effect would be to give to the St. Lawrence and Adirondack regions, which now have no representative in the board, one commissioner. As the Commission is now constituted, four of the five commissioners are located in one department, and that is all at tidewater. The great interior of the State has but one representative, Mr. Bowman, of Rochester. The mode of appointment is not changed. The power is still with the Governor, to be exercised as he shall deem wise. If he chooses to appoint three of the present commissioners he may do so; but two are to be dropped. Who these two may be is no concern of the commissioners. In their work they do not represent persons, but have in view only the public interest as they regard it from an impartial standpoint. They do not at all recognize the necessity of five commissioners, but hold that the work may be more economically and better done with three. All experience goes to show that the smaller the number of any public commission the better will be the work. The larger the number the less will be the individual responsibility. The work of commissions and committees, whether the number be great or small, falls on one or two of the most earnest. A late member of the Assembly, noted for his industry and usefulness, remarked that the only committee on which he had satisfactorily served was composed of himself and one other member, and that the "other member" was too sick to do anything himself.

The case of the Commissioners of Fisheries is no exception to the general rule. It is true that each of four commissioners has a hatchery in his charge; but this charge is only nominal. It consists principally of an examination and formal approval of a monthly abstract of expense. The detail of the work is wholly in charge of the local superintendents, all of whom understand their business and give it faithful attention. The work of the Commission is legislative rather than administrative. They hold monthly meetings to receive reports, dispose of oyster applications and dispose of incidental business; but in the intervals there is but little to do except to attend to casual correspondence. One of the Commissioners, Mr. Joline, having no hatchery to supervise, is put nominally in charge of the work in the clerk's office in New York. But Mr. Doyle, the clerk, a competent officer, both directs and performs the work.

Another reason for the more equable geographical location of the Commissioners is to be found in the administration of the oyster franchise department. The oyster law of 1888 was so loosely drawn and gave such large discretion to the Board, that in order to sufficiently guard

the public interest they found it necessary to bind themselves by a rigid code of rules for the faithful administration of their trust. One of these rules required the assent to be entered on their records of three Commissioners to any grant. This was to give any one of the interior Commissioners, as it were, a veto power over the acts of the two tidewater Commissioners, who might perchance, from their location, be disposed sometimes to act from favoritism. But by the accidents of appointments, this check no longer exists, and three of the tidewater Commissioners may have the whole voice in making the grants. The change which the Commissioners propose, puts it out of the power of the tidewater men to favor or control local or personal interests.

But one more subject of criticism remains for notice. This is the objection urged against making the headquarters of the Commission at the Capitol. There is no law at present making this headquarters anywhere. For the convenience, it is alleged, of applicants for oyster franchises the Commissioners have opened an office in New York, which entails heavy expense for rent and general maintenance. All the State Commissioners except this have their headquarters at Albany, where ample office room is provided in buildings erected for public purposes. Here necessary interchange of communication with other public offices is always available. The Attorney-General is at hand to answer questions of law, in regard to which none need to be more frequently informed than the Commissioners of Fisheries. The Comptroller's and Treasurer's offices, also important adjuncts, are here. The Forestry Commission and the Chief Game Protector's office are both in the Capitol, where they ought to be, and the intimate relations between these and the Fish Commission demand that the offices should be as near to each other as may be. As to the oyster applicants, why is it not as proper for them to go to the Commissioners as for the Commissioners to go to them? But even this is not necessary. The code bill provides that every alternate monthly meeting may be held elsewhere than at the Capitol, so that if it should be more convenient in the administration of the oyster business to hold meetings at New York, Staten Island, Coney Island, the Great South Bay or anywhere else within the territory of the State, they have it in their power to do so.

It seems to me that the claim that the principal office should be held in New York, contrary to the case of all the other State Commissions, which are required to be located at Albany, has no just or even plausible basis.

RICHARD U. SHERMAN.

NEW HARTFORD, Feb. 23.

The New York Fishery Commission held a meeting on Friday morning in the office of the Chief Game and Fish Protector. The only business of importance transacted was the appointing of the president of the board, E. G. Blackford, to the vacancy existing in the Codification Commission, caused by the resignation of R. U. Sherman from the Fishery Commission.

RAINBOW AND BROOK TROUT CROSS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Through the columns of the *Highland Star*, of Highlands, Macon county, N. C., I have read an article on the trout fishing of that section, from the able pen of Mr. Henry Stewart. I also note your remarks about the crossing of the *Salvelinus fontinalis* and the *Salmo irideus* in the stream of which Mr. Stewart makes mention.

Will you kindly allow one who has fished these waters for the past three summers to state that it has been his luck to capture a good many of the trout Mr. Stewart refers to, and that it is undoubtedly the case that they are crossing, the markings on the fish putting this beyond dispute. I have noted what appeared to me several degrees of crossing or at least a considerable degree of difference in the distinctness of the markings. I suppose the *irideus* being the larger and stronger fish is the reason that the crosses show more of that breed than the *fontinalis*. During the season of 1890 I noticed large quantities of these crossed fish apparently about one year old. I captured none older than that, which would lead to the conclusion that the crossing must have taken place during the season of 1889.

If you will still further permit me I would like to add my testimonial to Mr. Stewart's as to the superior quality of the trout fishing in western North Carolina. Since youth I have been an enthusiastic angler after trout, and have had the pleasure of fishing the best preserves of Scotland, and I must say that for size, numbers and fighting qualities the trout of North Carolina far surpass any I have met. The section being very little known to the fly-fisher, the trout are not very "knowing," and during the past season I have fished streams in that section on which a fly had never been cast till I arrived. The *Salmo irideus* referred to by Mr. Stewart are only to be found in one stream, a large portion of which is on that gentleman's estate, and as a game fish I must award them the palm, as I firmly believe that a 6in. *Salmo irideus* will afford more sport in the way of fighting than a 10in. *fontinalis*. They seem to have a tendency toward going down stream, as I have found large quantities of them from seven to eight miles below where they were first placed in the water, while I have never captured any above. This may be accounted for in some measure by the fact that the stream rapidly narrows down above and is much fished by pot-hunters, while below the stream as rapidly increases in size, and the nature of the glens and wild cañons that it rushes through affords the fish a better chance to escape the ravages of the "trout hog."

For beauty of scenery and reaches of water that would delight the heart of the tourist and the trout fisher it has never been my lot to see a better. Every conceivable kind of water can be found here, from the wild cascades and roaring waterfalls to the deep black pools and "wimpy" waters that chatters over gravelly bottom.

W. M. BROWN.

FLORENCE, S. C.

[We shall esteem it a favor if Mr. Brown will send us one or more of these hybrids for examination and inform us whether any artificially produced hybrids have been introduced into this region. Specimens can be safely forwarded in alcohol or strong whisky in a Mason or other glass jar and will be reported upon fully. We have never seen a natural hybrid among trout and salmon].

IN THE FRANCONIA WILDERNESS.

EIGHT o'clock of a foggy, drizzling, morning saw two friends and their guide issue from Sargent's farm house in North Woodstock, N. H., and turn their steps up the valley of the East Branch of the Pemigewasset River. The two friends had been playing at camping for a week or so on a beautiful knoll near the Hume House. They had not been strong enough for thorough camping, so they generally slept on their bed of spruce boughs, and lounged there, and spent rainy days there before a Nessmuk fire, but they turned up pretty regularly to inspect the morning and evening bill of fare at the Hume House. And in truth it bore inspection well, and never failed to materialize up to the full anticipation. Yet the two old campers longed for some genuine outdoor living in the heart of the wilderness which they had seen from the summits of their various mountain climbs.

And so here they were, wending their way toward the primeval forests which still shade the mountain springs of the East Branch of the Pemigewasset River. Their plan was to proceed northeasterly up the East Branch five miles to the Hancock Branch; then four miles up this, southeasterly, to the Forks of the Hancock. They would camp here for the night, and the next day go out by the south, through Mad River Notch, to Greeley's at Waterville, some eight miles distant.

As they tramped along the narrow but well-worn path from Pollard's up the East Branch—now by the rushing river, now just out of sight of it—they were an interesting and, withal, well-assorted trio. The two younger men were old and fast friends, who had taken many a hard tramp together, and shared at rarer intervals the same camp. We will call them the Fisherman and the Mountaineer. They both enjoyed all kinds of open-air exercise, and appreciated nature in all her moods, but the one thought the waterways led to the abodes of her fairest scenes and rarest secrets, while the other regarded her mountain tops as the right standpoint of observation. So they had impartially devoted themselves to the mountains, woods and streams of that beautiful region, nothing coming amis. Yet the Fisherman had rather the best of it, for their bodily strength was not as it had been in the days when they had taken their forty mile walk between breakfast and bedtime, or had carried their knapsacks from the Fulton Lakes of the Adirondacks to the heart of the Catskills in a week. The leisure scramble along the rocky stream beds was now a more appropriate exercise than the tough climbing which all the mountain-side imposed. Confining desk work had left their spirits still youthful, but, in spite of themselves, it had weakened their shoulders for the knapsack, and placed a limit shorter than the sunlight to their pedestrian powers. Yet they were confident that they could easily make the nine miles to the camping ground by a late dinnertime, and that the journey out could safely be tried after the next day's nooning. The intervening afternoon and morning would give a fair chance to explore the streams of that remote wilderness. So they planned.

The guide was a middle-aged man of gentle character and finer grain than one usually finds in his position. He had evidently sprung from good stock, but poor health and bodily weakness had kept him down. He could not wrestle with the rocks and stumps of his native fields as a thriving farmer must do in that region. So he had taken to fishing as a profession. His legs were his toughest part, and could carry him into the unfrequented places where trout still abounded, and his back was strong enough to take in his axe and provisions and bring out from 15 to 30 lbs. of dressed fish. Twenty pounds would net him \$5, and would take two or three days of hard work to catch and market. It was not large wages, for the season was short, but it kept him forehanded, and he had his horse in Sargent's pasture lot and his buggy in the wagon shed. He knew the wilderness through its waterways; in fact, he was half amphibious, like his companions in trade, the mink and otter. He was garrulous of himself, but was quaint and humorous in speech and clean in language, and was full of the lore of woods and water and weather. He was altogether a choice companion.

Meanwhile the party were wending their way along the trail making the most of the limited observation which a woodland path affords. A camp ground on the hillside, with its small patch of thinned trees and old bark shanty, was passed. Then the attention was taken with the foot of a slide which had come down a little brook, clearing out all of its trout, and spreading sand and stones and debris all around its mouth. Next a burnt patch was struck, where the young growth was about twenty feet high, and the trail was almost covered over by a rank growth of weeds which hung dripping with water. A little of this was passed, and the party arrived at the mouth of the Hancock Branch.

The stream came in on the opposite bank, and the travelers dimly supposed that a log bridge or some stepping stones would take them over. But they were soon enlightened. Charles quietly remarked, "Here is the best place to cross. You won't find the water more than knee-deep." He then cut a stout staff for each one and led them down. There were stepping stones, to be sure, but they were a foot under water. None the less they were highly useful, as they saved another foot of wetting. It was a curious sensation looking down through the crystal green of the water to pick the way along on the highest stones, while the current rendered the foothold uncertain and a misstep meant a douse up to the middle. The twenty or thirty yards of stream were soon crossed, and they saw before them the bed of the Hancock Branch. Here the party had expected to follow a "spotted trail" up to the Forks. Now, it takes three things to make a good wilderness trail. First, it must be blazed or "spotted." This is done by chipping a piece of bark as big as one's hand from that side of the tree which is toward a person as he walks, first on one side of the track and then on the other. Another set of blazes must also be made facing in the opposite direction to guide those going the other way. This makes a spotted trail. Next it is bushed out; that is, all the bushes and overlapping branches are cut off to make an open path. Lastly, it must be walked upon to render the track easy to follow and to make the ground firm for the feet. Now, a spotted trail is only better than the unmarked woods in that one will not lose his way. It will be rough to the feet, and tangled with bushes and overlain by logs.

On that particular day the ground was wet and slippery, and every branch and leaf hung dripping with rain drops. Progress on such a track would be slow and very

unpleasant, so the guide suggested that it would be much the best plan to go up the bed of the stream. This bed was peculiar. It was an open avenue, 30 to 40 yds. wide, paved with large cobblestones from 6 in. to 6 ft. in diameter, averaging some 18 in. Down this open space, crossing from side to side, ran the stream, in a deeper grove, similarly bottomed, and 5 to 10 yds. wide. Up the dry part of the stream bed the route now ran. It was slow work stepping from stone to stone, all slippery from the rain. After a few hundred yards the stream came so close to the wooded bank that it was necessary either to take to the woods or to ford the stream. Charles at once settled the question by quietly wading across to the open rocks on the other side. Again the feet and ankles, and even the knees, were well cooled off. This process of crossing and recrossing was repeated time after time.

Meanwhile the hours were rapidly passing, and the four miles to the falls seemed indefinitely lengthened. By noon it seemed as if they must have gone the whole distance, and yet the guide said that their camping ground was yet a long way off. So a halt was called and a cold and cheerless lunch was eaten, for there was not time enough to start a good fire.

Up to this time the novelty of the whole experience had kept it interesting, but as the hours wore away into the afternoon it became very monotonous. The fisherman's heart sank with a sense of irreparable loss as reach after reach of the stream was passed with no stop for fishing. How he longed to halt right there and set the guide to camp building while he and his friend enticed the wary trout from the crystal green of the pools. Everything made it an ideal place for a mountain camp. Of course nothing can equal a lakeside as a camp site, but most inland camps are so shut in that there is no outlook nor that sense of breadth which belongs to the woods. But here was the long stretch of open stream bed, most of it dry, opening up the sky and the distant mountains and affording long ranges for work with the rod without either bush work or wading. The fly-fisherman could stand 10 yds. from his pool on dry stones and cast 10 yds. behind him with no fear of obstructions. The user of the worm while well concealed could throw his bait into the rapids and falls and let it drift down to the deeper eddies and around the big stones in the manner most natural and taking for trout. A few logs felled across the stream would have given a mile of such fishing with neither need nor much risk of even wetting the feet. The stream was not often visited and was of size enough to insure large fish. But the travelers did not stop, for the Forks must be made without any delay if a camp was to be made there before dark. So they pushed on up the narrowing stream, which ran and now filled its bed till the last of the traveling was by wading.

At last the Forks were reached. But no map nor guide can convince those men that they had gone but four miles since wading the East Branch. They had tramped pretty steady from 10 to 3, and would have believed that the distance was eight or even ten miles. But it was now accomplished, and a little search revealed the old camp where they were to stop. Gladly they dropped their knapsacks and bundles and rested their tired frames. But time pressed them. If they were to fish now was the chance. So, leaving the camp to the guide, they took rods and creel and explored the pools of the East Fork. It was like going up stairs. Six or ten feet of rise and thirty feet level. But the trout were there, and one or two came out of every piece of deeper water. Worms and flies were both used and the fish bit equally well at each, but they hooked themselves more readily on the worm. Over boulders and drifted logs, back into the heart of the great wilderness, and up toward the tops of the high ridges the anglers pushed their way till the waning light warned them to return. Then they halted and poured out the creelful of fish on a flat rock and counted up into the nineties. It is true that they were small, but that detracted nothing from their beauty or excellence. Down, down the rocky terraces the pair rapidly proceeded. The rain had ceased some time before and the rocks were now dry, but they risked some falls in their quick descent. As the dusk of evening crept forth from the shadows of the pines and hemlocks to veil the whole landscape, the now weary trampers threw themselves before the bright fire with that delicious feeling which comes only to the true camper. The guide might gently remonstrate that they were late in getting in if they wanted trout for supper. They put fish and all further arrangements into his hands and abandoned themselves to fate, thoroughly happy except for some feeling that intimated that when the supper should be ready it would not be long neglected.

Their waterproof coats had kept the rain out as far down as their waist, and they began to consider some further lowering of the dry line. Soon a motly array of trousers, shoes, stockings and linen hung from camp poles, and improvised horses, glowing brightly in the firelight and steaming off their moisture, while the owners were trying to find the line of comfort, where they would neither shiver with cold nor scorch with heat.

Meanwhile Charles appeared with the trout. He took a tin plate and made a long handle for it by splitting the end of a sapling and inserting the edge of the plate in the cleft. Then some slices of salt pork were put in the plate and it was held over the fire until a skim of boiling grease covered the pan. Into this the trout were dropped, and the most savory of odors curled with the smoke around the camp. Meanwhile the tea can was boiling away on the fore log, and also a kettle of eggs, and it was not long before tea, eggs, trout and bread and butter began rapidly to disappear. What feast could be better? And what could equal the luxury of the repose after the meal, every sense satisfied, the body refreshed, and the tide of life rising higher and higher as the minutes passed. The only temporal thing that claimed any care was the gradual resumption of the dried clothing and the inspection of the quarters for the night.

The old camp had been much repaired by Charles's industry. It was about seven feet square and four feet high in front, sloping back nearly to the ground, thatched and sided with henlock bark, mostly freshly peeled by the guide. Close in front was the bright fire, and at the side was a generous pile of wood for the night and early morning. The bed might have been thicker, but the bushes were so wet that new browse could not be stripped. Yet the old bed had some softness left, and when it was covered with thin sheets of bark from the white birch it looked very inviting to the weary campers. The party turned in about 9 o'clock, and there was not much time

wasted between then and the next daylight. All night the fire was kept just not too hot by the occasional attention of the faithful guide, and whenever they waked it was with a sense of pleasant glow.

The next morning found them in no hurry to stir. The hard tramp, with its unusual experiences of rock climbing and wading, still affected them. Also the hearty supper eaten just before retiring left them with less than the usual appetite. But by the time some trout were fried and some tea made and a dish of corned beef frizzled, the appetites were ready for a square meal.

And now Charles prepared to take his departure down stream, leaving the two to go on southward along the trail, which from that place was both spotted and foot-worn. They bade their escort a hearty farewell, threw an extra dollar into his pay, and hoped that the next time they went into the wilderness they would have Charles Huckins for a guide and not less than a week for the trip.

It was agreed between the two that the Fisherman should have till 10 to try the stream again, while the Mountaineer rested in camp. Fisherman used this time, and in an hour and a half ten trout were brought to the creel, of which one was the largest caught on the whole trip. Even it was not more than 11 in. long. But the Fisherman found no such water as had been passed a few miles below. In due time they met at camp and packed up for their further journey. They hoped to reach Waterville by one or two in the afternoon. Still they took some bread, and butter, and salt and meat from their stores, besides the trout. Their packs also contained plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons, besides rubber clothing and a few extra garments. The Fisherman carried his duffle in a canvas knapsack made on Nessmuk's pattern. The Mountaineer was content with a shawl-trap. Thus equipped, they bade fare well to the Forks of the Hancock and took up their march.

Now the Fisherman had recently taken to wearing glasses, and was not yet so accustomed to them as always to remember to put them on again when he had laid them aside for any purpose. He had nearly lost them several times, and hoped that he had his last lesson in carefulness. But, no, for when the train had stopped to rest awhile after an hour's tramp it was discovered that the glasses were again missing. After humbly appeasing the wrath of his comrade, the luckless loser cached his knapsack and rod and started back to camp to look for them. He searched the camp and the stream side; he examined minutely the places where he had performed his morning ablutions and had stopped to drink; but no glasses gladdened his anxious and now tired eyes.

By this time it was evident that Waterville would not be reached in time for dinner. So he made one more visit to the few remaining camp stores for some further supplies. This done, he paused to take a final glance at the camp, and lo! his eyes fell on the missing spectacles. These were quickly fitted to their place, and the pleased finder hurried back on the now familiar trail. Sounds of distant thunder spurred him on, and he soon rejoined his waiting comrade. It was now noon and both were ready for dinner. So a halt was soon called, and a fire built. In front of this was stuck up a stout bush with its branches trimmed short. On each of these spurs a trout was hung. An occasional turning was the only further attention they needed. Meanwhile the remaining corned beef was hashed in a plate and mixed with some stale bread duly seasoned. The edge of the plate was inserted into the cleft end of a long stick, and held by this handle over the fire. The trout were excellent and all were eaten. The corned beef scalloped tasted of coffee, from too intimate association with that article at some past time. Nevertheless there was none of it thrown away.

Refreshed by the fire and lunch, the party again took up the trail, just as the thunder storm broke over them. The ground became suddenly sticky, and the bushes were saturated with water. Their nether clothing soon was equally wet. Still they pushed on, going through the Mad River Notch and coming out on the little Greeley Ponds. Here they saw a welcome sign of 4 M. On they trudged over a beaten trail, and when they had begun to think that they must have passed unnoticed the third notch sign, they came upon the 3½ M. Then and there they revised their estimate of time for wilderness traveling. On a fine road they could make four miles per hour, but on a trail, under a knapsack, it should be cut down to 1½ or 1. Finally, at 5 o'clock, they emerged into the Waterville Clearing, soaked from the waist down. They could not go to the hotel in that plight, so they found a secluded sand bank by the Mad River, collected some dry drift wood and started a fire. Again they hung out their wash on improvised clothes poles, the fire, meanwhile, supplying the need of more extensive covering. A half hour of steaming sufficed, and, ironing being dispensed with, the garments were returned to their places. But, alas, the Fisherman learned a lesson about the rapid drying of wet leather, for his shoes were so shriveled that the whole uppers cracked open, and the soles threatened to fall off at every step.

As they sought the comfortable quarters of the hotel, they moralized on the need for proper precaution in wilderness traveling. They concluded that events might easily have happened which would have left them out in the woods all that night, with no ax or hatchet, no tent and no food. It is true they could have put together a brush shelter, and kept a fire going with dead wood, and probably caught a trout, but it would have been a very uncomfortable experience; while an ax or hatchet, and a pound of cornmeal, would have rendered them equal to any emergency of delay. So they unanimously adopted the resolution never to go into the wilderness again without some means of cutting wood and a supply of light provisions. In coming out of the primeval forest into civilization, no more fitting place for transition could be found than this settlement of Waterville.

A line of farms had crept from the open country of the Pemigewasset, 10 miles up the narrow valley of the Mad River, till it reached a broad interval of a few hundred acres, right in the heart of the wilderness, and 1,500 ft. above the sea level. On all sides of this rise the peaks of the lower Franconia Mountains, 2,500 to 3,000 ft. higher. Down the gorges between these rush the streams which here unite to make up the Mad River. The waters abound in trout and through the woods and up the mountains have been opened more than 50 miles of paths and trails. It is a most charming gateway to the untouched haunts of nature, either for entrance or exit. They tarried in it

but for the night and then tramped down to the train at Campton. The trip was over, but the memory of it is as green as the hemlock mountainside, as clear as the water that leaps down Mount Hancock and as cheering as the aroma of the evening camp.

PENN.

ANGLING NOTES.

It seems to be the universal opinion of those who have had experience in restocking trout waters that 100 yearlings will improve a pond or stream more than 10,000 fry. The only way fry seem to thrive is by placing them in tiny trickling springs, where it is impossible for their enemies to follow or see them, or else to keep them in little artificial ponds where they can be fed and protected until able to look out for themselves. Of course these small ponds should be covered with wire netting to prevent the herons, kingfishers, frogs, watersnakes, minks, etc., etc., from feeding on them. It is also said that a great many of the little fry are dead when they are turned out of the cans, but this the owner rarely hears of, they go in all the same and count as being delivered.

How severe or warm winters affect the trout and black bass seems to be an open question. When there is little or no ice on the ponds and streams the fish must get more food and air and be in better condition in the spring than when the waters are frozen up all through the winter. In very severe weather both trout and bass bury in the mud to escape freezing. There is one thing certain, many a fine bass is caught through the ice by those who fish for pickerel in the winter season.

According to reports from Maine brook trout are being caught through the ice in great numbers. No wonder anglers often find such poor fishing at the beginning of the season when they flatter themselves they are first on the ground.

The latest "fad" in trout rods is to have them colored black, ferrules and all, making the angler look as if he was in mourning. This notion is taken from the English, and is supposed to prevent the fish seeing the glister of the rod when in motion. When the angler gets so near trout or bass as to enable the fish to see him casting, it matters little whether his rod is black or white, the motion made is sufficient to render the fish suspicious. The only way when the water is low and clear is to fish up stream and approach his victim from behind.

Some one interested in Lake Edward is trying again to boom that place by giving marvelous accounts of the trout fishing there. The truth is there is little if any fly-fishing to be had excepting in the streams that empty into the lake, and they are all private and protected. To kill trout there, the angler must descend to deep bait fishing, and it is indeed rare to hear of one being caught of over 2 lbs. in weight. In fact nearly all the good trout waters back of Quebec are private property.

The first flounders of the season have been caught in Coney Island Creek. This is always considered a sure sign of the approach of spring. On the evening of Feb. 25 the peepers could be heard piping in every direction in the country, but on the 27th it was snowing, and this morning (the 28th) the thermometer marked only 11°, and felt more like winter than any time since Jan. 1.

During the month of March the weather is very uncertain, and though the strawberries, green peas and asparagus and glistening shad abound in the markets, one can not tell whether to get out his tackle or invest in snowshoes and a toboggan.

SCARLET-IBIS.

PENNSYLVANIA WATERS.

I FIND on looking over my record that the season of 1890 was not even an average one. On the opening, May 30 last, the general opinion of fishermen in this locality was that it would be a very good one, which, of course, meant that many fish would be caught. This opinion was based on the fact that the preceding winter having been mild bass would multiply and grow faster on that account. This hypothesis is certainly wrong if judged by results. In place of multiplying they appear to have diminished, both in number and size.

Early in the season I visited a favorite spot known as McCormick's Island, about two miles above Harrisburg, where the stream runs clear and deep over a rocky bottom, where small islands of sand have formed, bearing a crop of long, coarse grass. Great rocks and shelvings are here and deep pools. If the fisherman be a lover of nature, with an eye for the beautiful (and who among them has not?), he will find enough here to chase the hours away. I succeeded on this occasion in capturing one sunfish, where on previous occasions I had caught 25 and 30 bass. My experience all through the season of 1890 was of this character—very few fish. The most I took at any one time during that year was 9. The largest was 3 lbs. My experience appears to have been the same with the majority of fishermen in this locality.

HARRISBURG, Pa. T. H. J.

From Warden J. W. Hague, of Pittsburgh, Pa., we have the following interesting notes on the good results obtained by persistent and impartial enforcement of wise laws regulating the taking of fish in western Pennsylvania. We hope others may continue the good work and reap a similar reward.

"The recent floods reveal the fact that the protection of last year has increased the fish in the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers about this city. Large carp and salmon have been found in the cellars of the houses of the flooded districts after the waters receded, and large numbers of the jack salmon are seen in the eddies of the river. [Salmon and jack salmon are wall-eyed pike.] As a result, the poachers are hard at work at night to get supplies of these fish, and the silent watches of the night are employed by them to do their devilish work. For two years past the warden has been watching a place at Sewickley, twelve miles west of Pittsburgh, for parties who have been cleaning out the fish at several pools at that point; and last night succeeded in capturing the seine, which was 33yds. long and worth \$50. To-day the sportsmen are rejoicing over the event, and the matter of protection has risen in their minds."

"The weather here is warm and the song birds are making their appearance. Everything indicates an early spring."

THE SAGADAHOC ASSOCIATION.

BATH, Me., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Sagadahoc Fish and Game Association was held on Friday evening last, and the following officers elected: Dr. Chas. A. Packard, President; James Purinton and Wm. E. Hogan, Vice-Presidents; Geo. H. Nichols, Brunswick; S. W. Carr, Bowdoinham; Aug. Hatch, Bath; Chas. H. Greenleaf, Bath; Chas. B. Furber, Bath, Executive Committee; Geo. E. Newman, Secretary and Treasurer.

The following resolution was unanimously passed: *Resolved*, That we not only protest against the repeal of the present law in regard to the use of seines in our rivers and within three miles of our coast, but respectfully suggest to the members of the Legislature now in session, that the law be made so effectual in its operation as to entirely prohibit this mode of exterminating our food fishes, under the severest penalties.

A desperate and determined fight is being had in the Maine Legislature over the law in regard to the use of seines, the porgie men appearing before the committee in force. But it now looks as if their cause was a hopeless one, and there is a possibility that the present law will be cleared up so that the law breakers will have no chance of escape. It looks as if these seiners were pursuing their nefarious business utterly regardless of the law or the wishes of the people, and an employee on one of their steamers last season informed me that they were directed to follow the fish wherever they went, and they did so. A case against two steamers that fished within half a mile of the shore off Cape Small Point and in Small Point Harbor is entered for trial at the next term of the Supreme Court, at Bath. I have faith to believe that the people of Maine can no longer be deceived by the misrepresentations of unscrupulous men engaged in the destruction of the food fishes along our coast, who assert as their most convincing argument that the greater the destruction of the fish the more they multiply! Why, it was stated before the committee by a gentleman who had been for two years engaged in the business, that ninety per cent. of the mackerel caught during that time were thrown overboard as unfit for commercial purposes.

TROUT IN THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY.—Waterbury, Conn., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the current issue of your valued journal I notice that "Notlikes" has been making a tour of the Naugatuck Valley and vicinity. And although much pleased to see mention made of this section and the sport to be had piscatorially I am forced to remark that some of his "authentic information" is inclined to be a trifle "off." We did have good fishing—the best for years—but unfortunately the prospects are not so bright for the coming season. The largest trout captured in this vicinity was taken on the opening day (and a horrible one it was) from Long Meadow by Dr. S. B. Munn and weighed 2 lbs. 6 oz. five hours after being caught. In Naugatuck the genial Col. Tolles (not Tolley) did indeed scoop one from Hop Brook which tipped down at 1½ lbs., but it was by no means the largest, as S. D. Bingham, G. C. Squires and the writer each brought in a number from the Ten-Mile River and Quinnipac section of good two-pounders. Stocking has greatly improved all these waters the past few years, but the two preceding extremely mild winters had much to do with the size of the fish.—J. W. G.

A CARD FROM COMMISSIONER BLACKFORD.—New York, March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to a card published by John D. Collins of Utica, in which he intimates that there is a letter or letters of mine which would show that I had written something at some time or other to some one, suggesting or urging them to violate the trout law for my personal benefit. All that I care to say in reply to this, is virtually what I said in my card in the FOREST AND STREAM two months ago: That I challenge Mr. Collins or any other one else to produce, publish or exhibit any letter of mine which would show that I had been guilty of anything inconsistent with my position as Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of New York.—E. G. BLACKFORD.

THE CHUBB FACTORY FIRE.—Thousands of anglers will sympathize with Mr. Thos. H. Chubb, of Post Mills, Vt., in the serious calamity which has come upon him in the destruction of his factory by fire on the 23d ult. The loss is put at \$65,000, with an insurance of \$30,000. Mr. Chubb is a man of grit and stout heart, as the immense business built up by him testifies. In a letter just received from him he tells us that he has set up in an empty mill what little machinery was saved from the wreck, and hopes soon to get into shape again. He is filling retail orders, and while the stock holds out he naturally hopes that his friends may not be deterred by the reports of the fire from sending their orders. We have received and will notice next week the Chubb catalogue for 1891.

PROTECTION OF POTOMAC FISHES.—An effort has been made by a majority of the committee on the District of Columbia to have referred to the committee on merchant marine and fisheries the Senate bill containing the old law intended for the protection of Potomac River fishes, especially upon their spawning grounds within the District. The latter committee has reported a bill framed for this purpose, and will call up the subject at the earliest opportunity. The opposition to the movement comes as usual from the fishery interests, and has been sufficiently powerful to delay this greatly needed legislation.

TROUT IN MEXICO.—Under date of Feb. 18, 1891, Señor Cházari, Fish Commissioner of Mexico, wrote to Col. John Gay that he now has, from the U. S. Fish Commission, eggs of brook trout, lake trout and von Behr trout (*Salmo fario*) in good condition. The hatching process was going on satisfactorily and with small loss.

FIRST NORTH RIVER SHAD.—On Saturday, Feb. 28, a fine roe shad weighing 5½ lbs. was taken off Perth Amboy, New Jersey. This is the earliest date on record for the appearance of the North River shad. It was on exhibition at Blackford's, in Fulton Market, a part of the day, and then sent to Chauncey M. Depew.

A NEW HAND GRASP FOR RODS.—We have examined with interest a new cork and celluloid hand grasp for fishing rods, devised by the Syracuse Bamboo Furniture Co., of Syracuse, N. Y. This appears to us a valuable invention, comprising as it does bulk, lightness and a material which is readily held in the hand without slipping. Its size fills the hand so that it is grasped without effort; its lightness does not alter the balance of the rod, and the cork is easily held firmly, that is, it does not slip. We are informed that a patent on this improvement has been applied for.

A TROUT KILLED BY AN OAR.—The Cedars, Oakdale, Long Island, Feb. 28.—On Feb. 26 a captain of an oyster boat killed a brook trout weighing 3½ lbs. in the Great South Bay near Sayville. He was killed by the stroke from an oar.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

Fishculture.

LIST OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

- UNITED STATES—
(Office Sixth and B streets, S.W., Washington, D.C.)
Col. Marshall McDonald, Commissioner; J. W. Collins, in charge, Division of Fisheries; Richard Rathbun, in charge, Division of Scientific Inquiry; T. H. Bean, Ichthyologist and Editor; J. J. O'Connor, Chief Clerk; John Gay, Inspector of Stations; H. A. Gill, Disbursing Agent.
- ALABAMA—
Col. D. R. Hundley, Madison; Hon. Chas. F. G. Doster, Prattville.
- ARIZONA—
T. W. Otis, Chairman, Prescott; John Howard, Prescott; C. W. Stearns, Phenix.
- ARKANSAS—
H. H. Rottaken, President, Little Rock; W. B. Worthen, Secretary, Little Rock; J. W. Calloway, Little Rock.
- CALIFORNIA—
Joseph Routier, President, Sacramento; C. M. Josselyn, San Francisco; J. Downey Harvey, San Francisco.
- COLORADO—
Gordon Land, Denver.
- CONNECTICUT—
Jas. A. Bill, Lyme; Robert B. Chalker, Old Saybrook. The Shellfish Commissioners are: Dr. Wm. M. Hudson, Chairman, Hartford; George C. Waldo, Bridgeport; Bryant A. Treat, Wallingford.
- DELAWARE—
Charles H. Shubert, Odessa; Dr. E. G. Shortlidge, Assistant and Superintendent of Hatcheries, Wilmington.
- GEORGIA—
R. T. Nesbitt, Atlanta; Dr. H. H. Cary, Superintendent, La Grange.
- ILLINOIS—
N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago; Dr. S. P. Bartlett, Secretary, Quincy; George Breuning, Centralia.
- INDIANA—
Col. W. T. Dennis, Richmond.
- *IOWA—
E. D. Carlton, Spirit Lake; Ole Bjorensen, Superintendent.
- KANSAS—
John M. Brumbaugh, Concordia.
- KENTUCKY—
This State is said to have no Commission now.
- MAINE—
E. M. Stilwell, Bangor; Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield; B. W. Counce, Thomaston, Sea and Shore Fisheries.
- MARYLAND—
G. W. Delawder, Oakland; G. R. Rider, Salisbury.
- MASSACHUSETTS—
E. A. Brackett, Winchester; E. H. Lathrop, Springfield; Isaiah C. Young, Wellfleet.
- MICHIGAN—
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- MINNESOTA—
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- MISSOURI—
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- NEBRASKA—
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- NEVADA—
George T. Mills, Carson City; Ernest Harris, Deputy Carson City.
- NEW HAMPSHIRE—
George W. Riddle, Manchester; Elliott B. Hodge, Plymouth; John H. Kimball, Marlborough.
- NEW JERSEY—
Wm. Wright, Newark; Frank M. Ward, Newton; Robt. D. Foote, Morristown; W. A. Newell, Pennsville.
- NEW YORK—
Eugene G. Blackford, President, 80 Fulton Market, New York; L. Huntington, New Rochelle; William H. Bowman, Rochester; Henry Burden, Troy; A. S. Joline, Tottenville. Superintendents: Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor; Monroe A. Green, Caladonia; J. G. Roberts, Adirondack; E. F. Boehm, Sacandaga; E. L. Marks, Fulton Chain. Clerk and in charge Engineer's Department: Edward P. Doyle, Room 50, Fulton & Market Bank Building, New York. Shellfish Commissioner: Eugene G. Blackford. State Oyster Protector: Joseph W. Mersereau, 80 Fulton Market, New York. Chief Game and Fish Protector: J. Warren Pond, Albany.
- NORTH CAROLINA—
No Commission.
- OHIO—
C. V. Osborn, President, Dayton; James A. Henshall, Secretary, Cincinnati; E. D. Potter, Toledo; J. H. Newton, Newark; Wm. R. Huntington, Cleveland; G. W. Hull, Chief Warden, Lima; Wm. Lantz, Supt. of Fisheries, Sandusky.
- OREGON—
F. C. Reed, President, Clackamas; E. P. Thompson, Portland; R. C. Campbell, Ranier. (Term expires Feb. 18, 1891.)

PENNSYLVANIA—

Henry C. Ford, President, Philadelphia; James V. Long, Corresponding Secretary, Pittsburgh; Henry C. Demuth, Secretary, Lancaster; Walter L. Powell, Treasurer, Harrisburg; S. B. Stilwell, Scranton; L. Streubler, Erie; Superintendents: J. P. Creveling, Allentown; William Buller, Corry.

RHODE ISLAND—

Henry T. Root, Providence; Wm. P. Morton, Johnston; J. M. K. Southwick, Newport.

*SOUTH CAROLINA—

Hon. A. P. Butler, Columbia.

*TENNESSEE—

W. W. McDowell, Memphis; H. H. Sneed, Chattanooga; Ed. D. Hicks, Nashville.

UTAH—

A. Milton Musser, P. O. Box B, Salt Lake City.

VERMONT—

Hon. Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans; F. H. Atherton, Waterbury.

VIRGINIA—

Dr. John T. Wilkins, Jr., Bridgetown.

WEST VIRGINIA—

C. S. White, President, Romney; F. J. Baxter, Treasurer, Sutton; N. C. Prickett, Secretary, Ravenswood.

WISCONSIN—

The Governor (*ex-officio*); Philo Dunning, President, Madison; C. L. Valentine, Secretary and Treasurer, Janesville; Mark Douglas, Melrose; A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee; Calvert Spensley, Mineral Point; E. S. Minor, Sturgeon Bay; Jas. Nevin, Superintendent, Madison.

WYOMING TERRITORY—

Louis Miller, Laramie.

DOMINION OF CANADA—

Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa; Hon. John Tilton, Deputy Minister, Ottawa; S. P. Bauset, Chief Clerk, Ottawa; Samuel Wilnot, Superintendent of Fishculture, Ottawa. Inspectors of Fisheries: J. R. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.; R. C. Hockin, Pictou, N. S.; A. C. Bertram, North Sydney, N. S.; J. H. Pratt, St. Andrews, N. B.; R. A. Chapman, Moncton, N. B.; D. Morrow, Oromocto, N. B.; E. Hackett, Piquish, P. E. I.; W. Wakeman, Gaspé, Basin, P. Q.; Thos. Mowat, New Westminster, B. C.; Alex. MacQueen, Winnipeg, Manitoba; F. C. Gilchrist, Fort Qu'Appelle, N. W. T. Officers in Charge of Fish Breeding Establishments: Chas. Wilnot, Newcastle, Ont.; Wm. Parker, Sandwich, Ont.; L. N. Catellier, Tadoussac, Quebec; H. Davis, Gaspé, Quebec; A. M. Moore, Magog, Quebec; Alexander Mowat, Restigouche, Quebec; A. B. Wilnot, Bedford, N. S.; C. A. Farquharson, Sydney, N. S.; Isaac Sheasgreen, Miramichi, N. B.; Chas. McCusky, Grand Falls, N. B.; Thos. Mowat, New Westminster, B. C.

NEWFOUNDLAND—

Hon. A. W. Harvey, Chairman, St. Johns; M. Harvey, Secretary, St. Johns; Adolph Nielsen, Superintendent of Fisheries, St. Johns.

*No information was received from these commissions.

COMMISSIONER McDONALD EXONERATED.

THE Committee on Fish and Fisheries of the Senate, to whom was referred the resolution of June 3, 1890, as follows: "Resolved, That the Committee on Fish and Fisheries be, and it is hereby, instructed to make an early inquiry into the administration of the affairs of the United States Fish Commissioner's office, and especially in respect of the changes in the force, compensation paid to employees, and any alleged favoritism, or other undue administration, and report to the Senate thereon; Resolved, That the said committee have power to send for persons and papers," made the following report, which was ordered to be printed Feb. 21, 1891:

The passage of the foregoing resolution was owing to the publication of certain charges of a rather sensational character which appeared in the press of the country, seriously reflecting, not only upon the administration of the affairs of the Fish Commission, but also upon the character and integrity of some of the officials connected therewith.

The charges so made having been brought to the attention of the Commissioner, he very promptly asked an investigation. The charges summed up can be best expressed in the words: Inefficiency, extravagance, dishonesty, political favoritism and nepotism.

Your committee, at its first meeting after the passage of the resolution of investigation, appointed a sub-committee consisting of its chairman and Senators Blodgett and Squire to investigate the affairs of the Fish Commission in respect to the charges referred to. Every person whose name was known to the committee as being in any way connected with the publication or dissemination of the said charges was notified that the committee would give him an opportunity to be heard, and would also be glad to have him submit the names of any persons whom he desired subpoenaed; also that any material and relevant interrogatories which he might desire to have propounded to witnesses would be so propounded upon filing the same in writing with the clerk of the committee.

In all sixty-three witnesses were sworn and examined, a very great majority of whom were subpoenaed at the special instance of the persons appearing to have charge of the case against the Fish Commission. In every instance the committee accepted all the interrogatories filed, and although many were of doubtful relevancy they were propounded to the witnesses designated, and also upon request of the same individuals subpoenas were issued for every person whose name was furnished, where it was in the least made to appear that the testimony of such persons would be at all relevant to the subject matter of the investigation, and great care was exercised to secure a full and impartial investigation of the pending charges without favor to any one.

The testimony so taken and submitted with this report comprises over 600 printed pages.

It will suffice to say in a general way that not one of the charges affecting the administration of the affairs of the Commission or the standing and integrity of any official connected therewith has been proven to have any foundation in fact whatever. It is true, as has been charged, that the force of assistants employed in connection with the work of the Commission has been increased over the number employed in former years, and that there has been a corresponding increase in the cost of maintaining it; but it must be remembered that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, there were but twelve fish-hatching stations in operation, while during the year ending June 30, 1890, there were twenty-one; also that the production of eggs, fry and yearling fish for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, was 250,000,000, while for the year ending June 30, 1890, it was 358,000,000, or an increase of 98,000,000.

It should also be remembered that the amount of money available for the propagation of food fishes and for the general administration was in 1877 \$126,614.92 while in 1890 it was only \$160,000. We feel warranted in saying that the practical and scientific results of the work of the Commission exceed anything heretofore attained and that with a very moderate increase in cost to the Government over former years.

In conclusion, your committee, in view of the great importance to the country of the work of the Commission and the urgent necessity for its continuance, ask a certain examination of the testimony herewith presented, believing that it is sufficient to convince all fair-minded persons that there is no just cause to criticize the policy of the Commission or the course of the Commissioner and his subordinates in the matter of administration, but on the contrary that they deserve commendation for the conscientious work which they are performing.

FRANCIS B. STOCKBRIDGE.
WATSON C. SQUIRE.
RUTUS BLODGETT.

THE VERMONT HATCHERY.—Rutland, Vt., Feb. 23. Gov. C. S. Page has announced the appointment of two of the Hatchery Directors. Dr. H. H. Swift, of Pittsford, and Chas. C. Warren, of Waterbury. It is rumored that the

hatchery will be located in St. Johnsbury, in which case the third director will be a resident of the place. The Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury have offered to the State the use of their ponds for breeding purposes. While the location as a distributing point has disadvantages, nature has made it one of the best for breeding purposes. Both of the above directors are members of the Vermont Fish and Game League, as also is Gov. Page. The sportsmen of Vermont will not be satisfied until there are at least two hatcheries, one in the northern part and another for the southern section of the state.—WHEELLOCK.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 3 to 6.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Maryland Kennel Club, at Baltimore, Md. W. Stewart, Defender, Secretary.
March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Little, Secretary.
March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.
March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 3.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.
April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutell Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.
April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.
April 23 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. R. P. Rennie, Sec'y.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE years roll around with alarming frequency nowadays, and one W. K. C. show follows another with rapid strides on the track of time. Each succeeding show sees new faces, both human and animal, and the improvement of quality and breeding is just as apparent in the former as with the latter. Society having set its stamp of approval on such exhibitions, it is a foregone conclusion that better men—when we say better men, we speak from a financial point of view—have joined the ranks of the fancy-aye, and women too, who in years past would have thought twice before lending their names to any such publicity. Now it is a society fad, and consequently dog shows in New York are as much a part of the social programme of the *grande dame* as the opera, society balls, fashion show, or any other gatherings which wealth, fashion, most do congregate. The dog show which opened on Tuesday last may be put down as one of the most successful yet held, and there is no surer indication of the popularity than the personnel of the crowds which poured into the handsome Garden, despite the worst weather that a W. K. C. show has so far experienced. The first day was a fair one, but the weather of Wednesday and Thursday could hardly be surpassed for natural perverseness. When it was not raining it was snowing, and a tearing wind blew the flakes with aggravated force till one would think that the dainty women would prefer a seat by their cosy fireplaces to the risking of health and silks and satins in the storm outside and the crush within. Superintendent Mortimer wore a pretty long face on Wednesday and Thursday, and visions of his European trip looked hazy indeed, but Friday pulled itself together and all was sunshine and more crush. The scramble on the home stretch, from midday to 10 at night, was a terrific one, and no doubt put the balance on the right side. The expenses incurred this year were far greater than formerly; we are told that the rental of the Garden for the week was \$6,000 alone, and this led the management to impose the large entry fee, for single dogs, of \$5. Though no doubt this kept a few dogs away, it was better, for the entry piled up to 1,527 after all, more than in any previous year, and in most of the breeds almost any one of these entries could be counted on to get a mention at outside shows. With the improved surroundings and the style in which such exhibitions are conducted in the Garden now, came an improved class of attendants, and at no time during the show did we come across such men, who attended to the wants of the dogs, as those of last year. On many sides we heard expressions of praise for the men, and during our rambles through the aisles we experienced the greatest courtesy from the attendants, who were ever ready to help us in getting the dogs up and off their benches. We are the more pleased to write this way considering the fact that last year our story was very different. It is a pity that in altering the Garden the floor room has been curtailed, and it would seem as if the old Institute building is still the best for a New York dog show, there the whole entry can be ranged on one floor and a larger space given to the judging rings than was possible this year, and which had the effect of delaying the judging. Unless some other arrangement is made, either limiting the entries to one thousand or using the American Institute building, there is little doubt that many of the principal sporting dogs will be kept away, as such seemed to be the general feeling among many of the exhibitors. The pointer and setter and spaniel men want to be on the ground floor every time, to see and be seen, but as it was, being in the basement, they were divided from the rest of the show and not half the visitors saw their dogs. The spaniels were, however, moved up on Wednesday morning and their benches arranged at the Fourth avenue end of the building. As we shall give the names of the judges when criticising the different breeds of dogs it is needless to recapitulate them here. We are sorry that we cannot say that the judging gave unbounded satisfaction, because it didn't. There was much grumbling. The English setter men were the first to feel out of sorts, and toward the end of the first day the mastiff men claimed a grievance. It is not our province here to say anything harsh about judges, the exhibitors themselves have the remedy in their own hands, and the criticisms on these classes will show where the trouble lay. We have already mentioned the names of those gentlemen who were active in attending to the many duties which arise in the running of such a large show. Messrs. Hitchcock, Terry and Cromwell were, however, noticeable in this direction and were at all times ready to confer a favor if possible. Mr. James Mortimer had of course his hands full as superintendent, but he has got the running of this show down to a fine point, and though everything worked very nicely and smoothly there was not that look of bustle and anxiety so generally apparent in former years, and we were able to get in many a little conversation during the week without his being bothered by six different fellows at the same time. Mr. Tallman, as assistant superintendent, was in the language of the street "all over the shop," and as a result the aisles were kept clean and sweet, dogs were well bedded, and, in fact, we never remember seeing a dog show of this size so free from dirt and objectionable litter. Walker's disinfectant seemed to do its duty well, is cleanly to handle, and, when not used too freely, is not at all offensive. Dr. Glover evidently kept an "observant eye" on the dogs as they came in, for it was remarked by more than one old exhibitor that

they had never seen so little sickness or skin complaints visible; not more than three dogs being taken sick during the show. In conclusion, we may remark that at no previous show have we seen so many out-of-town dog men, fanciers coming from ten to 1,000 miles to see the fun. The prize list of the rest of the classes and the specials, which had not been judged up to the time of our going to press last week, will be found appended, and now we may as well proceed to a criticism of the dogs present. It will be seen that our reporters in most cases aim to state the faults of the dogs exhibited rather than to question the decisions of the judges. Our idea of a report is, that those who are absent as well as those who have been at the show can, from these criticisms, form some idea of the failings and good points of the dogs exhibited. The reporter cannot, as a rule, put himself in the judge's position, and, therefore, it is manifestly unfair to rejudge the classes on paper. This rule should hold good in every report, except in a case where some very glaring or palpable error has been committed. We had almost forgotten an important feature, the feeding, which, we are told, was all that could be desired; this department of the show being, of course, in the hands of Sprats Co., whose facilities were also severely tested to supply the large quantity of benches necessary for such an entry.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MARSHALL.)

(Report by Mr. Chas. H. Mason.)

The good class of mastiffs shown in 1889 gave one hope of still further improvement in the near future, and I regret to say that the dogs this year, taken as a whole, show a slight falling off. Not only is the quality of the dogs in more than one class worse than it was, but the judging also has taken a turn the wrong way. It was in 1889 that Mr. Marshall made his debut as a judge, and it was a great pleasure to me to have been able to say a good word for him in these columns. On that occasion I prefaced comments on the dogs by the following statement: "There were manifestations of dissatisfaction over several of the awards, but in justice to the judge, who made his debut on this occasion, we must say that but few mistakes were made, and those that we noticed were not of a serious nature." I would gladly repeat that opinion now, but Mr. Marshall's very serious blunders have made it impossible for me to do so. The inclination to say a word of encouragement is still there, but the decisions made will not permit of its being used. There is no use in mincing matters, and sloppy criticisms, which merely act as balm and benefit nobody, are out of the question with me. The judging was bad, very bad indeed, in fact as bad as I have ever seen, and I will proceed to show why, in my opinion, it was bad, hoping always that the judge will give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM his views and endeavor to make clear to us how he came to reverse previous awards to such an alarming extent. Sears' Monarch and Lady Coleus were unopposed in the challenge classes. Great credit is due somebody for the former's grand condition. This useful but by no means high-class specimen is nearly always shown as fit as hands can make him. Her Ladyship might have been looking better, especially in coat. Both are well known. Here the awards were correct, but nowhere else. The open class for dogs brought out a good lot, and the judge, after taking more than an hour to examine the competitors, got things badly mixed. The winner turned up in Ilford Chancellor, a good dog possessing many essential points. He is good in skull, fair in muzzle, strong in bone, and stands over an average amount of ground. His muzzle, while decidedly better than the other exhibits, lacks the perfect hang of lips seen in several of the other exhibits. In eyes he is a shade light, and the excessive dewlap and empty face skin, well enough in a bloodhound, but not the correct thing in a mastiff, are a detriment to a head that is good in outline. Ears not perfect, yet not bad. Body strong, but not cylindrical enough for me. Hooks too straight, but not actually bad. Movement only fair. Coat not in good condition. Shown too light. Merlin, second prize, is a new one, exhibited by Mrs. Chas. E. Wallack. He is a dog possessing a number of good points, and, if not placed in the best company, should score again before the show season is over. On this occasion he certainly got more than he was entitled to by merits. Head vastly better than average, though a trifle long in muzzle; lips not sufficiently forward; ears rather long; and general appearance of head not square enough; body fair; leggy; straight in hocks; light in second thighs; coarse in coat. Has plenty of size. Stands well, forward. Good in stern. Lacks the quality seen in Beaufort, Lady Dorothy and others. Melrose Prince, well known and fully described in old reports, was fourth. His coat was blotchy, blood all wrong, and he was scratching most of the time, yet, notwithstanding this, I would have placed him higher on the list. Exley's Chief, vhc., is a young dog of far more than ordinary merit, although, like Merlin, not quite in the first flight. His strong points are skull, depth of chest, fore-limbs, size, coat, color and massiveness. Defects, muzzle lacking volume in proportion to size of skull, lips not sufficiently forward, forelegs too close, body not round enough, quarters rather light in proportion to foreparts, ears a shade large and hocks not sufficiently bent. He was placed equal with Czar, Olaf and Sir Minton, and can beat any one of them. Czar, vhc., lacks in width of muzzle, hang of lips, size and quality of ears, length of legs (too long for bulk and length of body), formation of ribs, position of feet, formation and position of hocks, and in addition, he is of wrong type. He was clearly over-rated in this company. Olaf, vhc., is too long in muzzle, shallow in head and generally plain. His best points are back of the occiput. He got rather more than he deserved. I see he is catalogued to be sold for \$75, which is a bit more than his worth. Sir Minton, vhc., is a better specimen than either Czar or Olaf. Defects, eyes staring, ears too large, leggy and rather light in middle (the ribs should be deeper and better sprung, and the loin should not be tucked up). His head is too small in all directions and he might be better in hocks. Through all of these defects he shows good breeding. He is not a big one. Minton Minor, hc., was first at Toronto last year and second in 1889. He was fully described in my report. He is a better dog than Olaf, though faulty in eyes, head markings, size and massiveness throughout, and in bone especially. Elkon, hc., can beat Czar and Olaf, albeit defective in muzzle, throat, skin, ears, pasterns, straightness in front, position of forelegs, depth of ribs and in quality of coat. Macduff, c., lacks in depth and width of muzzle, length of legs (they are too long for his body), ribs (they are round), formation of hindquarters, position of forefeet (they turn outward), and he lacks true character in head as well as quality throughout. Arminius, also c., is a long-faced, beagle-eared, houndy specimen, lacking true mastiff character and quality. Beaufort, third prize, was looking infinitely better than last year, when the same judge placed him over Ilford Chancellor, whereas Ilford Chancellor was not on this occasion looking nearly so well as he did last year. Placing Ilford Chancellor over Beaufort was wrong; placing Merlin over him was absurd. In head, size and quality of ears, lips, neck, chest, back, loin, set on of legs, straightness in front, feet, coat, stern, length from withers to stern, quality throughout and true mastiff character he smothered every competitor in that class. Grand dog that Beaufort undoubtedly is, I would like him better had he a somewhat shorter muzzle, better set eyes, more bone, cleaner hocks, truer formed hindlegs and a bit more wrinkle. I am informed on excellent authority that Mr. Marshall put the dog back because he has been much used in the stud. It is no part of a judge's business whether a dog has been used in the stud or not so long as the dog does not show the effects of heavy stud work, and who can say that Beaufort showed the first symptom of weakness in any part

of his grand frame. It is a question if he ever looked better in his life, and the greatest credit is due Mr. Winchell for the excellent condition in which he was shown. If Beaufort's record in the stud must be considered his defeat becomes the more remarkable. He has sired a larger number of winners than all the others in the class together, and his superb condition, as compared with Hford Chancellor's, Merlin's and Melrose Prince's, either goes to show that Mr. Winchell is more expert than the handlers of these dogs, or that Beaufort has an iron constitution, the latter being the more probable. If judged by his appearance at the time Mr. Marshall examined him, he should have won with many points to spare. If judged by his record in the stud and appearance combined, he simply outclassed every mastiff on the benches at this show. But no judge has the right to take into consideration what a dog has done in the past or what he is going to do in the future. That is none of his business. The prize is for the best mastiff dog at the time the class is judged, and Beaufort was fairly entitled to that prize without the additional points that must be scored in his favor when his fine constitution and immense worth to the mastiff interests are considered. The bitch class brought out twelve entries, two or three of which were absent. That nice bit of quality, Lady Dorothy, was rightly placed first on this occasion, but there was a bitch in the class that should, had her true merits been discovered, have given her a close run. The mastiff men assembled about the benches seemed in such a hurry to condemn the decisions in the dog class that they failed to notice a worse decision than the wrong placing of Beaufort. This was giving fourth prize to Caution's Own Daughter, a grandly bred one (Hford Caution—Lady Dorothy), that fairly smothered the second and third prize winners. If a decision like this is passed without the severest kind of a censure upon it, there is no telling where we may drift to before long. It were better to call a halt on dog shows than to permit the uninitiated to suppose that indifferent specimens like Duchess and Edda can fairly beat a mastiff like Caution's Own Daughter. Such specimens are simply out-classed when placed in competition with her, and there is no room for difference of opinion among men who know what a mastiff should be like. Caution's Own Daughter has a true mastiff head which is moulded on the same lines as Beaufort's, with better wrinkle and the best kind of ears. She stands over a lot of ground and has excellent limbs. Lack of black face markings mar the beauty of her head, but do not alter its correct formation or detract from its character and quality which are as plain as the sun at noonday. Like many of Caution's get, she is throaty and lacks in massiveness of body. Judged by merit she would have been the closest kind of a second, in fact she beats Lady Dorothy in a number of essential points. Edda, third prize, is not nearly so good in head properties as the bitch just described, and is rather light in bone and defective in stern. Her body is the best part of her; she has dew-claws, her ears are not well carried, and she lacks character. Duchess, second prize, is very heavy and long in ears, defective in muzzle, light in bone, and she does not move very well behind. Like the third prize winner, her best points are in body. Caution's Own Daughter is worth a dozen like her. Cassandra, vhc., defective in skull and muzzle, but good in body, is not quite a show dog. Baby Bunting, vhc., lacks in lower jaw, is big in ear and wrong in lips. Countess, vhc., is small and has no chance of winning in good company. She is entered as having won "second, New York, 1889." Mr. Mortimer should see to it that this is not repeated. A number of dogs that have won in the novice class at New York are entered as having won first, second or third prizes at New York. This is dreadfully misleading and should be stopped. A dog might be able to win first in a novice class and yet be unable to take a commended card in a strong open class, and Countess is one of these. Ingleside Princess, unnoticed, is a better specimen than Cassandra, Baby Bunting or Countess. Defects: Stop and foreface, hocks, back ribs and ears. Pluto, first in the puppy class, is a very big one; in truth there is far more dog than mastiff, and he should have exchanged places with Exley's Chief, that shows far more true character. Ingleside Princess, vhc., here got what she deserved. Elksan, vhc., is described in the open class, where he got her. Now, the open dog class was much stronger than the bitch class, and if Elksan was good enough for her in that class, why was Ingleside Princess unworthy of notice in the open bitch class, especially when she is his equal in the puppy class? This sort of thing must be stopped or the dog show of the future will be a sort of circus with the double somersault the leading feature. Ontario Breda, third prize, Rex Carolus, vhc., Caesar III., hc., Willie, hc., and Kanfrid, hc., are all of them sadly wanting in true mastiff character. Every dog but one in this class was given a card, and it is safe to say that nearly a dozen of these will never be noticed again. The cards represent not their merit but lack of it. The novice class brought Caution's Own Daughter to the front an easy winner, with Exley's Victor second, the rest being a very seedy lot. If any attention is given by breeders to the awards in these classes the result is bound to be disastrous. They had, therefore, better draw a veil over the judging and forget that in 1891 there was a show of mastiffs in New York.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS—(MR. HUNTINGTON).

(Report by Mr. Mason.)

As it is my intention to say something in regard to this breed in FOREST AND STREAM at an early date, I will now merely call attention to the points in the dogs as they appeared to me, and will take up the question of flat ribs, straight stifles, broad backs, "fur-coated feet," short necks, curly coats, etc., etc., in an article for this paper. It must, however, now and then be understood that I do not pose as "authority," but rather as an old fancier pointing out what seem to be defects and good points, and asking information about matters which I frankly admit being unable to understand. For instance, I shall want to know how a dog can have a broad back, flat ribs and a narrow chest. That is to say, the Russians will be asked to prove that the ribs are not attached to the vertebrae. If flat ribs were attached to the vertebrae the back certainly could not be broad. It will be dog talk versus "Russian authority," and I have an idea there will be some fun. Anyhow, I will try to keep up the American end of the discussion and get a standard that will be a credit to us.

Zloem, first in dogs, has a good, quality-showing head, with plenty of power in front of eyes. Neck of fair length and strength. Shoulders very badly placed and weak. Back strong and ribs much better sprung than in most specimens of the breed. Loin also stronger than average. Quarters fair. Set of forelegs all wrong. Rather light in bone. Pasterns not very strong. Feet defective and one of them damaged. Coat and feather fair. Stands over plenty of ground. Movement not correct. Above the average size. A good topped dog, weak where a sporting dog should be strong. Vladimir, second prize. Good head. Lengthy neck of average strength. Ribs rather flat and as a result the back inclined to be narrow. Feet well formed, but inclined to turn outward. Loin rather light. Fairly good and strong behind. Coat and feather of fine quality. Moves well. Good size. A youngster showing quality. Ivan, vhc. Long, clean head. Very weak in front of the eyes. Shoulders and set of legs not right. Ribs as flat as a board. Back narrow, as it is bound to be with so flat ribs. Loin narrow as it must be when the back is narrow; in addition to being narrow it is long and weak. Light in bone. Straight in hocks. Short in feather. Fair size. Movement moderate. A dog of more than average size, showing quality without strength where it is most needed. Princess Irma, first prize in bitch class. Same type as Vladimir, with feet better placed. She beats

Prokaza, second prize, in quality of head, position of shoulders, set of forelegs, straightness in front, pasterns, feet, quality of ears and carriage of same, and also scores in length and straightness of coat. Prokaza in turn scores in chest, ribs and strength of loin. Her right ear is carried down like a fox-terrier's; she is rather short and curly in coat and begins to show age. Zerry, unnoticed, was passed on account of chorea. Nice quality of head. Ears not just right. Chest shallow. Straight behind. Coat showing curliness. Fair size. I should say that the awards were correct beyond a doubt, and as the judge here made his debut he is to be congratulated.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. HUNTINGTON).
(Report by Mr. Mason.)

This was a very strong class, notwithstanding that all the prize winners were owned by the Master of Hillside, Mr. John E. Thayer. Much credit is due Hald for the good condition in which the dogs, with few exceptions, were shown. Chieftain, Robber Chieftain, Wanda and Ramona took all the money in the challenge classes. Robber Chieftain came very nearly beating his great sire, and though I endorse the award as it stands no fault could have been found had it gone the other way. Wanda, that was all to pieces last year, has had a long rest and looks something like herself again. I feared she was going to drop out altogether, but Hald has brought her around, and as Ramona has been shedding and has not got her new coat the award in favor of Wanda is correct beyond doubt. Olga, that took the reserve, is a big grand bitch, and but for her not very good hindlegs would make it hot for the best of them. Douglas, first at the National Greyhound Club's show, won first in the open class for dogs, which was strong in point of quality. Mr. Huntington here got badly mixed, but this being his first attempt I shall let him down easy. Douglas has fairly good head, neck, legs, feet, size and expression. He is rather short in back, inclined to be flat in loin, a bit straight in hocks and not close enough in coat. Hillside Warrior, second prize, is very weak in front of eyes, a very serious defect in a dog of this breed. Ears rather large and not well carried. Travels rather close behind and is on the leggy side. He has a good body that would be improved by more length and strength of muzzle. His ears also are not just right and his hocks and movement of same are not correct. A useful young dog, good in neck and body and not wanting a great deal in legs and feet. Duncan, vhc., has not the length of head seen in the cracks, but it is not a bad head. Fair neck. Heavy shoulders. Set of legs not quite right. Stands well. Not quite straight in front, yet good in bone and strong. Good chest, loin and hind parts. Fair size. Coat too short. Allan Breck, hc., is rather heavy in ears, not first-class in head, rather leggy, light in second thighs, and does not stand over enough ground. He has excellent legs, a strong body, and as good a set of feet as were ever seen under a deerhound. Leo, unnoticed, is a curly yellow dog. "Date of birth, breeder and pedigree unknown." I should think so. This brings us to the flower of the flock, the third prize winner. When Robber Chieftain was defeated I said there was only one dog in America that could beat him, and that dog his sire. Subsequent decisions have proved that statement correct. Well, here is another Robber Chieftain. He just simply outclassed everything in the class and is a young dog with very few defects. He has size combined with strength, and his dam, Thora, has transmitted to him her superb legs and feet. I predict for him a brilliant future. Hillside Harold is his name. In bitches Mr. Huntington again went wide of the mark, placing the best in the class third. Hillside Romola, first prize, is a good young bitch with plenty of size, a fairly good head, correct body and loin, good legs and feet, clean shoulders, good quarters and strong hocks. Her ears are heavy and very badly carried, and as a rule she does not stand true in front, the elbows being confused and too much under the body. Hillside Sylvia, third prize, while not being so big a bitch as her sister, shows more quality in head and has far better ears. She is grand in body, loin, quarters, legs and feet, and is bound to go to the front. I would have placed her first, with the winner second, and Highland Lassie (well known) third. Alida, reserve, is a long way behind Sylvia in all deerhound attributes.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. HUNTINGTON).
(Report by Mr. Mason.)

Here the judge seemed quite at home, and he got through his work in a satisfactory manner. In the challenge class for dogs Balkis had the easiest kind of a win over his kennel companion Highland Chief, beating him in head, position of shoulders, legs, feet, thighs, back, loin, ribs and gait and smothering him in stifles and hocks. This is not all for Balkis stands over several inches more ground than Chief. Balkis's most conspicuous defect is his chest, which is too wide, and in this point he is clearly beaten by Chief. The latter's flash and catchy color is at all times liable to mislead the novice, but when judged by points and not by color the black dog must always win with many points to spare. Harmony was alone in the bitch class and looking fairly well, although like all dogs from this kennel she was drawn too fine. Gem of the Season, first in the open class for dogs, is a good greyhound, and if shown will do a lot of winning. He is a white and brindle, showing much quality all through and strength along with it. Had he more power in front of the eyes, more room between the couplings, and a longer reach, he would take a world of beating. Exception is taken to his gait, but in view of the fact that many of the fastest greyhounds move exactly as he does I attach no importance to this, and look elsewhere for negative points. Charles Davis, first at the N. G. C. show, was a good second. He is a black dog, set up on the very best kind of legs and feet I can imagine. In skull he is too wide, and his whole head lacks in fineness of outline, but he has got something about that head which no other greyhound in the show possessed to the same extent—a game and resolute expression which I have seldom seen surpassed. He is a trifle straight in shoulder, very flat in ribs, short in neck, and would be improved by more liberty behind; he is also wider in front than I like. He covers a lot of ground, has a well turned and powerful loin and looks like going. Jolly Ranger, reserve, was second at Toronto. He ran Davis very close for second place. Tim, vhc., I cannot stand. He is weak in face, light in bone, flat in loin and ribs and bad in pasterns and feet. Highland Warrior, hc., I like better for the place. He is defective in head, shoulders and neck, is scarcely straight in front and shows coarseness. Five of the eleven in this class were absent. In bitches, Dolly Dollar, a new one, came to the front, beating the N. G. C. winner Maud Torrington, but by the narrowest kind of a margin. Dolly's flash color and catchy appearance are liable to carry her into a too prominent position, but as color does not count under Mr. Huntington, he made it a tight fit between these two bitches and that is just what it is. Dolly has a nice quality head and neck, but her shoulders and the set of her forelegs are not only defective, but very bad. She has a fine top, deep thighs, and stands over plenty of ground, but her shoulders, set of legs, lightness of bone in proportion to her stout body, and moderate feet will always beat her in really good company. Maud Torrington is a bit weak before the eyes, upright in shoulders and her hind parts would be better if set further back. She has good body and loin, excellent legs and feet and is not without quality. I did not examine the reserve bitch Lancashire Lass. Queen in Black, vhc., is well known. Her most conspicuous defects are in loin, bone, legs and feet. Fanny M., hc., is a well-known third rate, plain as hen meat. Zoe, vhc., is a red bitch, weak in foreface, defective in shoulders, light in bone, out in feet. She is far better behind than in front.

Kismet, third, is very moderate indeed, being weak in muzzle, light in bone, wrong in shoulders and shallow in middle. Miss Rialto, first in puppy class at Boston, is not a show bitch. Short head, light in bone, flat loin and wide in front. Black Bess II., also unnoticed, is light in bone, bad in feet, straight in shoulders, narrow in front and veedy throughout. First in puppies is a bit on the coarse side, wide in front and lacking liberty behind. He stands back at the pasterns but will come right, good bone and feet. Marguerite, second prize, is bad in head, light in bone and straight in shoulder. The best part of her is below the hips. This was a very weak class. At least ten of the entries in the greyhound class were absent. As I was unable to bring Balkis and Gem of the Season together I will reserve my opinion of the awards for the specials. It was nip and tuck between Harmony and Dolly Dollar, but for the kennel prize Mr. Pope's lot were clearly ahead. The judging was carefully done and the awards in nearly all cases were correct.

POINTERS—(MR. TRACY).
(Report by Mr. Mason.)

Taken all in all the quality of these classes was better than last year, and with the exception of a few mistakes of a serious kind Mr. Tracy did better than he usually does. I have been unable until very recently to account for some of Mr. Tracy's decisions at past shows, but Mr. Luke White has explained all this in a report for a contemporary, and as he speaks on authority, having known Mr. Tracy for years, and been afield with him many a time, the cause of the peculiar awards that have been made at this and other shows is fully explained. Mr. White says: "Mr. Tracy has original and pronounced ideas about pointer and setter form." That settles it and explains everything. But the Pointer Club of America has adopted the "Stonehenge" standard, and has Mr. Tracy or any other judge the right to discard that standard and without permission introduce his own "original and pronounced ideas?" I think not. In criticizing the classes I shall discard all "original" ideas, being guided only by a standard that has been good enough for old breeders, such as Whitehouse, Lort, Francis, Shirley, Sam Price, Lloyd Price, Brierley, et al, and which is good enough for me. In the challenge class for dogs of large size Robert le Diable was placed first, beating Duke of Vernon and Brake. As large-size pointers there is no comparison between Robert and the Duke. Robert scores in eyes, stifles and shoulders. The Duke wins easily in head and smotherers his competitor in true type, back, loin, quarters, legs and feet. It is an unjust decision and one that could not be made under the pointer standard. Both dogs were in fine condition. Brake, that was placed over Duke of Vernon last year by Mr. Wise, on this occasion was sent out without a card. Mr. Wise, like Mr. Tracy, has "original" ideas about pointers, and that I suppose is why both of them missed the best dog. Trunket's Chief was outclassed and Graphite was absent. In the corresponding class for bitches, Revel III., better at both ends than Belle Randolph, scored a very easy win. First in the open heavy-weight class for dogs was very properly awarded to Lad of Kent. Defects: Eyes rather light. Head fairly good. Loin and quarters light in proportion to foreparts and thighs too flat. Stern carried too high, though not very much. A bit throaty. Good chest. A white and liver ticked dog showing more quality than character. Graph, second prize, was just about good enough for the place, but he ought to have been hard pressed by Lansdowne, a specimen that the judge failed to see, and a dog of exactly the same type as the winner of first. Graph has not a typical head, and his lips are not just right. He also falls too much behind the hips, is long in tail, hardly deep enough in body and not perfect in ears. Stands on fairly good legs and feet, is strong in middle, has a superb neck and good shoulders more quality than the rest. Lansdowne, unnoticed, should certainly have been no lower than third in the list. He is a white and liver, fairly good in head, correct in chest and good in legs and feet. Defects: Fold of ears not just right; throaty; stern carried too high; loin rather flat; second thighs like Robert le Diable's. He was second at Detroit last year. Graphite, third prize, got more than he deserved. He is a white and liver, lightly ticked. Defects: Wrong in muzzle and lips. Straight behind. Falls too much from hips. Tail badly carried. Tory White, fourth prize, is quite as good a dog. Hyles of Naso, hc., was as good as any for fourth place. Defects: Head rather coarse but not bad in outlines, rather light in eyes, throaty, hang of ears not quite correct, does not stand quite true in front. Nick of Beaufort, hc., is a white and lemon. Defects: Long and light in loin, head somewhat plain and cheeks too full, leggy, stern too long and not very well carried. Gus Tammany, vhc., is a fairish white and lemon with fine expression, good type of head and nice ears. He shows much character in head. Defects: Feet inclined to turn outward, rather leggy, light in bone and only fair in middle. He is as good as the third prize winner. Duke of Richmond, c., is light in eyes, full in cheeks, and rather light in bone. I thought him worth vhc. Beaufort's Lad, unnoticed, lacks in stop, expression, neck, shoulders and set of legs. His body is the best part of him, though his pins are not bad. Dor: Croxeth, unnoticed, has a fairly well-outlined head that shows coarseness, rather full eyes, light loin and quarters, his legs are not well set and he is cow-hocked. Chest and stern are his best points. Bangstone, first at Detroit, did not get a card, but his good body, legs and feet surely deserved recognition. He is not clean cut in head, and his stifles and hocks while not right are not actually bad. Royal Don, unnoticed, lacks in expression, stop under eyes, carriage of ears and hind parts. Frankfort, unnoticed, is plain in head, wide in front, bad in shoulder and lacking in character. He is not a show dog. First in bitches was correctly awarded to Woolton Game, a very useful-looking one, white and liver in color. She has a good type of head, right quality of ears, good middle, well-carried stern, good gait, and every appearance of being a worker. Her legs are not set just right, she is heavy (rather) in shoulders a bit coarse in stern and lacks some in quality throughout. I fail, however, to see why she should win over Peggy if Robert le Diable is a better dog than Duke of Vernon. It's a poor rule that only works one way, and the inference is that Mr. Tracy dropped his "original" standard when he placed the bitch first and judged by the right one. Peggy, second prize, is a white and liver ticked one of light appearance, wrong in color of eyes, faulty in muzzle, rather throaty, light in bone, light in middle, straight behind and none too good in hocks. She stands true in front, has good ears, and is a light and rather shelly-looking bitch that should have won under the "original" standard. Miss Meally, fourth prize, should have been second under the pointer standard. She is not first-class in stop, below the eyes or in the hang of ears, and her stern is not carried to my liking. Fair good shoulders, legs and feet, good body some character in head and expression, has good length of legs, light in bone, stands a bit back at the pasterns and might be better from the hips down. Duchess of Naso, vhc., lacks in quality of head, formation of loin, substance between couplings, stern, and also in set of legs. This bitch is vastly inferior to the highly commended Pearl, that has a fair type of head, good body and good quarters. She lacks some in shoulders, straightness in front, neck and in hang of ears. Belle of Winchester, unnoticed, was in no condition for the show bench, and should have been left at home.

Mr. Tracy again shook off his "original" ideas, and in the challenge class for light-weight dogs placed the strong-limbed Duke of Hessen over the lighter built Launcelot,

The winner again in the ownership of the Hempstead Farm Kennels. Both are well known and the decision was correct. The company was too good for Spot King. The next class found the judge all at sea. He returned to the light-boned, light-jointed and rather shallow-bodied type, and cleverly missed the best bitch in the class—Sally Brass II. Juno S., unnoticed, should have been second. These bitches are well known. The winner should have been third, with Sally Brass II. the easiest kind of a winner. The open light-weight classes contained nothing of correct type. There were no Duke of Vernons, Revel III.s, Woolton Games or Duke of Hesseus, in fact, nothing of correct type. They were nearly all of the light, shelly, no substance order; and as the Robert le Diable type ran right through the classes, no serious errors were made, in truth the judging was vastly ahead of anything I have ever seen Mr. Tracy do. Tribulation, first in dogs, is an easy moving dog, showing quality, and is a well-known winner in the field. That structural defects do not prevent a dog from getting to the front in the trials is evident. Defects: Head dish; muzzle lacking in depth; set of ears not just right; rather light in middle; inclined to stand back at pasterns; position of stern not first-class. Inspiration, second prize, lacks the quality of the winner. He has the dark nose and eyes of the Bang Bangs, with a better neck than that dog. Body shallow. Good stern. Plenty of bone and correct feet. Roderick, third prize, is much better in head than the second prize winner, good ears, fair good legs and feet, rather light loin, long tail and lacking in substance behind the short ribs. Einstein, fourth prize, is rather wide in front, not first-rate in shoulders or in loin and inclined to be straight behind. Fair good head and proper legs and feet. Black Spot Beaufort, he., is rather coarse in head, bad in shoulders and set of legs and stands badly. Ossining, vhc., is very throaty, too fine in muzzle, ears not well hung, loin rather flat, tail not straight, good quarters. He has won several prizes but is not a show dog. Of the unnoticed ones, Tammany Hall is a plain, coarse and wide-fronted specimen. Hickory Stanchus is a white and black, very throaty, coarse, and of wrong type. Bing of Kippen is throaty, coarse and heavy where he should be light. I must not forget Bracket's Lad, vhc. He is rather strong in head, a bit wide in front, high in stern and rather light between the couplings. Celso is a bit shelly in middle, defective in feet and lacking in character of head. A big class, but not a good one. Lass of Kent first in bitches was the best provided, and Concave, second prize, could not beat her. The latter, a puppy, had been sent home before I got a chance to inspect her. The winner lacks in quality of head, in stop, below eyes, in color of eyes, loin, stern, position of hocks, spring of ribs, rump and in set of forelegs. She can stand true in front when she likes, but don't often like; has good bone and typical feet. She also shows some quality back of the head. Frivolity II., third prize, lacks in lips, expression, hang of ears, shoulders, set of legs and is not just right in stop. She is of better type than the winner, but neither is fit for good company. Lady Tammany, fourth prize, is light and staring in eyes, a trifle wide in front, none too good in shoulders and position of elbows and much too small in feet. Good in body and better than average behind. Merry Legs, vhc., Hempstead Road and Tory Juno were not on the bench when I called. Lovell's Miss Fancy Free, vhc., has good body, but is not typical in other points. She is a broody looking bitch. Daisy, c., was worth vhc. in this company; she has fair legs, good feet, plenty of bone and average body, but lacks in brow, stern and upper quarters. Tiny, he., is big in feet, coarse in head, light in bone and wrong in hang of ears. Body and quarters will do. Among the unnoticed ones are Dora B., coarse and sour in head, wide in front and heavy in shoulders. Louisa, a boudy specimen. Bella Bangs, a chunky-headed, coarse-sterned and poor-coated (at present) specimen. Westchester Girl, sway-backed, shallow in head, light in bone, wrong in position of elbows and not a credit to her parents, Graphic and Juno S. Dog puppies were a miserable trio. All prizes should have been withheld. Daisy, second in bitch puppies, is described in the open light weight class. Hattie Vernon, winner of first, is said to be a good one, but as I did not see her I am not in a position to say what she is. Getting notes in these classes was the hardest kind of work. The dogs were scattered all over the place, and it is useless looking for reform until some of the club members try their hands at reporting. Then, and then only, will the press and the public get a say in the matter and have the pleasure of attending a show where the dogs are benched as they should be—properly. The best pointers in the show were Duke of Vernon and Revel III.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

(Report by Mr. Mason.)

The quality in these classes was about the same as last year, excepting in the puppy classes, here there was considerable improvement. Unfortunately the awards in many cases were of a most peculiar character, and I would be gladly excused a criticism. Intense dissatisfaction seemed to permeate the whole Garden, and this is to be regretted; more especially is it unfortunate as this was the first time the new standard had been put into operation at a prominent show. Cincinnatus, according to Major Taylor's interpretation of the standard, is the best, or at least very nearly the best, English setter in America. He may be the best, but men who have agreed to judge by that standard say that the judge has failed to interpret its meaning properly, and that they now believe it was intended to bring in such dogs as the judge brought into prominence at this show. Last year Cincinnatus, judged by a man who has had a very large experience behind good field dogs, took a vhc. card. This year he walks off with the special for the best English setter in the show. Major Taylor says he won that prize fairly and squarely under the requirements of the new standard, while other judges say he could not have won it under the new standard or under any other standard. This goes to show that the standard is useless, and instead of benefiting the breed it will work to its detriment. A standard that is only understood by one judge and which that judge forgets before he has judged three classes, is worse than no standard at all. If the new standard, before being adopted, had been mailed to setter breeders and experienced dog fanciers throughout the land, and they had been given time enough to consider and carefully weigh every suggested alteration embodied in it, none but incompetent persons would have agreed to awarding prizes to English setters with "bowed stifles" and skulls of a "peculiar character." As a matter of fact there is no breed of dog that has a skull of a less "peculiar character" than the English setters, but as the standard calls for "peculiar character" the judge has clearly the right to award prizes for "peculiar character," and he exercised that right at this show. Intelligent criticism on the awards is most difficult when the critic must deal with English setters and a standard for English setters on one hand and Tennessee setters and a standard for Tennessee setters on the other hand, so I will ask the reader's patience. In the challenge class for dogs Count Howard, an English setter, was opposed by Cincinnatus, a Tennessee setter. The latter won. Count has a fine English setter head with good skull of true, but not peculiar character, excellent body, ribs well sprung, a strong loin, good quarters, fairly good legs and feet and a fine coat. Cincinnatus has a good Tennessee head, light and bitchy, rather flat ribs, a light loin, hocks turning out, tail not carried straight, short in coat and feather, leggy. The Tennessee dog won. It is merely a matter of fancy. Both of the exhibits in the bitch class are of English type, the better one took the prize, scoring in head, body, legs, bone and quality throughout. The open class for dogs had a very large entry,

more than half of them being Tennessee setters. Breeze Gladstone has not a Tennessee head, for it is broad, short from ear to eye, and entirely different from that of the winner in the challenge class. It is a head built on the old-fashioned pointer lines, though of course lighter. He has flat loin, is short in body and couplings, carries his tail very high, and was not entitled to a prize under the Tennessee standard. Mataue and Reverdy were nearest to the correct type. The former is light in eye, short in ear, has the same type of head as Cincinnatus, rather light loin, no feather or fringe, stifles and hocks not just right, a trifle throaty. He should have been a very easy winner. Reverdy, third prize, should have been second. He resembles Cincinnatus very much in size, length and quarters, but is not quite so bitchy in head: good bone, fair legs and feet, expression not very good, ears not good in quality, correct coat and stern. Gath's Mark, vhc., is coarse in head, but his body, ribs, loin, length and size bring him into this class, and he should have beaten Dan Gladstone, reserve, that is short in body, bad in head, stern, ear and feather, and not of true Tennessee type. Jean Val Jean is leggy, not good in feet, falls away behind, and is not quite of the same type as Cincinnatus. Andy, c., is bitchy and plain throughout. Antonio, he., has plenty of bone, good feet, a coarse head and average legs and feet. Goth, c., is open and curly in coat, has fair good head, forelegs and feet, short loin, and falls away too much behind the hips. The inconsistency of the award in favor of Breeze Gladstone was apparent, but as it takes some time to learn a new standard, I do not feel disposed to be severe on the judge for having forgotten it before he had finished judging the Tennessee half of the open dog class. Among the English setters in this class were such well-known winners as Sir Tatton, winner at Birmingham, Crystal Palace and a dozen other large shows in England. He also won first at Philadelphia and special for best setter in the show under Mr. Percy Ohi, who is one of the new setter club's judges. Major Taylor gave him a commendation card. Royal Kent, first at Ottawa and winner of several other prizes; Roger, a winner at New York and in the field; and Roderigo, a Tennessee bred one, but a dog of correct type with the exception of his head, which is a trifle bitchy, were undoubtedly the best English setters shown. These dogs are well known. I would have placed Sir Tatton first, Roderigo second, Roger third, and Royal Kent fourth. Gale, c., has a nasty sour head, light bone, light and flat loin, and is not a show dog. Placing him equal with Sir Tatton was a royal farce. Gunnar, c., is weak in front of the eye, some jaw, is throaty, wrong in set of legs, sour in expression, rather straight behind, open and ragged in coat. No standard that was ever fashioned, born or hatched can place an animal like this on equality with Sir Tatton. Glen Belton, c., has deteriorated considerably. He is not a show dog. Defects: Head, neck, carriage of stern, set of legs, and not perfect in quarters or in hocks, good coat. Fancy the owner being able to advertise this dog in the stud as "equal with Sir Tatton at New York, 1891." Truly a nice state of affairs. I am unable to say which standard was applied to the open bitch class, but I do know that the first prize bitch had no right to win under the English setter standard and that the Tennessee setter standard does not fit her. She is of extreme opposite type to Cincinnatus, being a bit spaniel-like in head, inclined to be cow-hocked, light in bone, wrong in knees, large in feet, not right in set of forelegs and coat not right at present. A broody-looking bitch lacking in quality for the show bench. Bessie Arent, second prize, is a short-coupled one with well-sprung ribs; she cannot win under the English setter standard, nor yet under the Tennessee, and is not a show bitch; in fact the only good show dog from the Arent Kennels was Roderigo, a dog of nice type and great quality. Bessie's defects are: Shortness in body and loin, light eyes, shallow muzzle and wrong lips. She might also be much better in set of forelegs and in carriage of ears. Myrrha II., third prize, should have won. She is worth a dozen Donna Juanitas and a shipload of Bessie Arents. Good head (though cheeks are a trifle full), excellent chest and loin, stands on proper legs and feet, fine coat, stern not well carried. A good bitch. Spectre, vhc., is a promising youngster, and notwithstanding her age, so vastly superior was she to the rest of the class that she should have been second. Good head, capital body, not perfectly straight in front, plenty of bone, well bent stifles, too long in stern, nice quality, moves well. Alaphazard, unnoticed, is a well known winner and notwithstanding her not very good condition should, I think, have been third, with Blue Nell, a roomy, good-bodied, fine-coated bitch, fourth. She is a bit doggy in head, not true in front, and does not move as well as she should behind, but for type dogs like Bessie Arent, Lilly Burgess and Fanny M. have no business alongside of her. Lilly Burgess, fourth prize, Fanny M., vhc., and Esther, c., are not show dogs, though doubtless they are good in the field. Bonnie Gladstone Girl, he., is not nearly so good a bitch as Blue Nell that was chained next to her. Coarse head, sour expression; not perfectly straight in front; long in tail; ears not right; wrong movement; good chest. Canadian Lass, c., is short and sour in head, short in coat, long in tail, wrong in set of legs, and short in ear. Stray Shot, unnoticed, though weak in foreface and not in the best of condition, should have had a card. Hazel Kirk has gone off. Donna, well-known, was surely worth a card, even though she is faulty in head, tail and width of chest. The judge, who had evidently again forgotten the Tennessee standard long before he reached the puppies, did not attempt to find it, and in dog puppies Glendon, by Rockingham—Donna, was placed over Bohemian Laddie, by Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl. Glendon has a fairish head and good chest, but lacks in neck (it is throaty), tail, set of legs and in quantity of bone. Laddie has a very plain front. Beau, third prize, has promising head, fair good legs and feet, and should certainly have been second. Bounce, he., is plain in head and leggy. He will not make a show dog. Bitch puppies were a good class and brought out a very smart one, Dimpity, that got second prize. She was clearly ahead of the winner, and if all goes well will be a hard nut to crack next year. She beats the winner at both ends, has a lovely head and is brimful of quality. Prima Donna, first prize, is long in tail, rather short in ear, not quite clean cut below the eyes, legs not set just right; good body, feet, coat and quality. Spectre, unnoticed, and described in the open bitch class, should, I think, have been second, with the winner third. Gwynnie, third prize, is a short-legged, strong-boned, but rather coarse-headed pup that will not improve. She is as much like the Tennessee type as a brick is like cream cheese; but the Major had forgotten all about the standard. Spook, vhc., is a better pup than Gwynnie, and will make a better bitch. With the exception of a rather plain head she is a good one. Druidess, he., is not just right in stop, is very throaty for a puppy and carries her stern too high. Alma, he., is a better pup, notwithstanding fullness below the eyes. She has good body and nice quality. Virginia Rockingham is a white bitch, and lack of markings is apt to give one a wrong idea of her head, which is really not badly formed; good body and limbs; worth vhc. Brookside Maid is a stumpy-headed, throaty youngster, that cannot possibly develop into a show dog. The judge now took up the Tennessee standard and awarded the kennel prize to J. M. Arent, who showed one fourth prize winner (a good English setter dog), one second prize Tennessee winner (not a show bitch) and two highly commended Tennessee dogs (neither of them show dogs). The Rosecroft Kennels showed two first prize English setters, and two second prize English setters. Three of these could beat the best of Mr. Arent's kennel, yet he got the prize. The decision caused intense dissatisfaction, and the owners of the best kennel

promptly lodged a protest. A friend of the judge informed me, before the judging commenced, that the Major was going to make a record for himself at that show. He did it.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. WENZEL).

(Report by Mr. Mason.)

The judging here was in marked contrast to that in the English classes, and while there were some mistakes, Mr. Wenzel got through his work without making many glaring errors, and his decisions were fairly well received. I cannot say that there has been any improvement during the past two years; and if the breed is not on the down line it most certainly is not advancing. Typical heads especially were few and far between, and bad loins, heavy fronts, and light eyes were noticeable all along the line. Dick Swiveller, at all times an overrated dog, so far as real merit goes, was rightly placed over Max A. and Desmond II. in the challenge class for dogs. The last named was not in his best form, whereas Dick was in excellent condition. Max A. is a bit coarse in head, is not perfect in ribs, not first-class in loin and is inclined to stand back at the knees. He stands over more ground than Desmond, beats him in head and was in vastly better condition. A typical dog like old Palmerston would just smother the lot of them, and the class was much weaker than has often been seen at New York. Tim, looking better than he ever did in his life, was shown not for competition. In his present great form he can romp right away from any Irish setter on the benches to-day. Ruby Glenmore and Winnie II., both in good trim, took the money in the bitch class, Mollie Bawn being unnoticed. This decision I cannot indorse. Mollie was light in flesh and looked stale, but her vastly better type all through, better legs and feet, stouter limbs and more typical head, should have pulled her through. First in the open dog class went to Beau Brunnel, the best in the lot, though by no means a flyer. Defects: Skull somewhat coarse; expression rather sour; neck a trifle throaty; not just straight in front; too much drop behind the hips, hocks too far from the ground and not sufficiently bent; would do with more length of loin; might move better behind and does not carry his stern any too well. Good chest, bone, feet and color. Huntington, second prize, is not a good one. Skull too heavy; muzzle lacking in quality; rather light in bone; body and loin very moderate; straight behind; coat showing cuteness. Fine color; stands true in front; good ears; proper feet. Henmore Shamrock, third prize, is coarse in head and he throws out his feet in front. Good stern, good color, nice straight coat and the grandest kind of a body. Jack Malone, vhc., is growing coarser in head. Hector, vhc., Checks, stop, below eyes, position of ears not correct; not quite straight in front; eyes a shade light; do with more length and arch in loin; rather coarse all through, but useful looking and strong in bone. Inchiquin, vhc.: Head lacking in length and neatness; skull fairly well up and ears well placed; good legs and feet, but inclined to get over at the knees; do with more depth of chest and width through the back ribs; loin should be longer and more arched; good bone; stern carried too high; good coat; moves very well indeed; correct color. Friar Tuck, vhc., is a shade light in color; flat in skull; not just right in expression; high in ears; rather straight behind and not sufficiently arched in loin. Useful looking and good in chest. Shamrock, reserve, is coarse in head, rather short in loin and thickish in shoulder, also very throaty for a young dog. Good bone, legs, feet and color. Luzerne, he., is fairly good between couplings, but light in bone, rather coarse in head, high in ears, light in hocks, and he moves very gingerly behind. Darragh Pat, he., is a bit coarse in skull, rather light in eyes, flat in loin, rather shallow in middle, only fair in feet, light in bone, stands back a bit at the pasterns. Ears well set and color correct. Minstrel, he., is plain in head and much too leggy. Good legs, feet and color. Pickets, unnoticed, is a better dog than Friar Tuck, that got vhc. Good head, but expression, owing to size of eye, not correct; too light in color; rather straight in hocks; too flat in ribs; proper legs and feet. Tim's Dandy and Young Glencho, a brace of thirteen months old dogs, are better than the second and third prize winners, though of course not fully matured. They were unnoticed. Young Glencho will likely beat all the class one of these days. I don't know what Mr. Wenzel was doing to overlook them. This was a large class, but not a strong one in point of quality. In bitches it was a very close thing between the first and second prize winners. Mollie Asthore, the winner, has a goodish quality of head that might be a bit clearer in one or two directions. Ears well formed and correct in set; good neck; bone of good quality; not straight in front (a bad fault); shoulders not quite the thing, and elbows not in good position; truly formed feet; excellent body, with capital loin; good quarters; nice style, carriage and quality. If right on her legs would take a lot of beating. Endora, second prize, is good in body and very nice in front where the other fails. She has, however, plenty of defects. Lips too tight; eyes a trifle small; good body; light in bone behind; hocks not perfect; tail longer than I like; good feet. Nora, third prize, is a shade light in color, has a fair good head, average legs and feet, loin rather short and not well arched, too short in middle, good shoulders, fairly good behind and showing quality. Ruby Glencho, reserve, is well known. Her good points are back of the occiput. Gladys B., vhc., has a stumpy head that lacks quality and character, bad feet, heavy shoulders, and might be much better in set of forelegs. Body, quarters and color are her leading points. Gracie, vhc., is fairly good in head, a shade light in eyes, rather short in back, good in loin, long in tail, rather straight in hocks, somewhat light in bone and not strong in character. Her feet are so bad that they alone would beat her in good company, but this was not good company. Red Belle, vhc., is an old winner. Hazelnut III., vhc., lacks head quality, her feet are only moderate and are inclined to turn outward. Body and quarters are the best parts of her. Rye Lilly, fair in head, rather light in color, not good in carriage of ears, straight in shoulder and flat in loin, was worth a card. Beauty T. is coarse in head, wrong in coat, rather short in neck and too flat over the loin. Good quarters and fine legs and feet. Daisy, he., lacks in skull, lips, below eyes, position of feet, length of loin, and would be improved by more bend in hocks. Fairly good color and coat. Belle Ida, first at London and Toronto, was sent out without a card, which was clearly an error, for she is vastly better than a number of the commended ones. Lassie S., c., is plain in head but good in body and color. There was nothing very great in puppies. The winner in the dog class can be had for \$50 and may be less. He is rather coarse in head, shallow in body and not quite first-class in legs and feet. I shall expect the unnoticed Young Glencho to make the best dog in that class. The winner in the bitch class was first in the open class. The judge discovered some merit in Tim's Dandy by the time he got to the novice class, and placed him over dogs that had won over him in the open class.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. GLOVER).

(Report by Mr. Mason.)

It is just ten years since I first took notes on the Gordon setters at New York. The class at that time, while not strong, was 50 per cent. better than it is now, which gives us some idea of the ability of dog men in this country to breed dogs. There has been a steady decline all the time since then, and a more miserable looking lot of characterless animals than the Gordons shown at New York, 1891, I trust it may never be my misfortune to see. There are more dogs than have been exhibited at several other shows, but where are the Gordons? Beaumont just simply towers over the rest of them, and a typical dog could give Beaumont points and a beating. Having won high honors on the bench in this class and seen all the cracks of days gone by, it fairly makes

my heart ache to look on these worthless fragments of true Gordon type. But giving advice to the average dog breeder is like pouring water into a sieve. He will commence at fifteen and breed from a mongrel until it dies, when he will get another of the same sort and proceed as before until his hair is gray.

Beaumont, by long odds the best dog in America to-day, was alone in the challenge class for dogs. He was well shown. Becky Sharp, in the bitch class, had no trouble in beating Madge, that must, I suppose, be a Gordon, seeing she is in the challenge class. King Item, first in the open class for dogs, was way ahead of the others. He is not first-class in head, is wrong from the second thighs down, inclined to be throaty and lacks liberty behind; good legs, feet and color, and fair in other points. This dog has improved immensely. He should do some more winning as Gordons go in this country. Doc, second prize, is of entirely a different type; long in face, light in eyes, only fair in legs and feet, rather short in coat and feather, would be improved by more depth of chest, and might be much better in color; not of correct type. Tyrus, third prize, is a better type of dog than Doc, and should have been second. This dog is well known. Comus, fourth prize, may just escape being classed as a cripple. Such a dog is worthless, and if there was nothing better in the class the prize should have been withheld. Gordon, vhc., while only fair in head, light in eyes, leggy, light and flat in loin and not perfection behind, is a better dog to-day than Comus; his type, however, is not so good. Dukemont, vhc., has an English head, is out of condition, over at the knees, breeched, and not just right in shoulders. He would have been a better bitch than dog. Chandos is coarse, plain, clumsy, straight in hocks, stands wide in front, is flat in quarters, and moderate in pasterns and feet. Cliff B., c., is light in eyes, stilty and narrow in quarters; his best points are bone and coat. In bitches Beaumont, of better type than Fly, was rightly placed first. She is good in color, flat in coat, correct in stern and shows some quality. Head only fair, quarters light, too narrow in front (not enough heart room), feet inclined to turn out, rather throaty, a bit shallow in middle and too narrow all through. Fly, second prize, is moderate in head, rather light in color, a bit flat over the loin and lacking in true character. Has better body than the winner and fewer structural defects, at the same time I think the decision a just one. Vic, vhc., is a weedy bad one of wrong type. Flomont, third prize, lacks in coat, has an English head, is not right in color, rather straight in hocks, too long in tail, travels with feet turned inward, better bone and body than the first and second prize winners, but not a good one. Vic III., fourth prize, is better in body than any where else. Sally Beaumont, reserve, has wrong type of head, is short in ear and rather straight behind. Puppies were weak, as usual. Winners in the novice class were shown in the open class.

SPANIELS—(MR. WILMERDING).

(Report by Mr. Mason).

There has been no improvement in these classes during the past year. The decisions were made in a painstaking manner, and were well received. Very few mistakes were made, in fact I have never seen Mr. Wilmerding do so good work.

Newton Abbot Don, truer to type, especially in head, than Baron, beat him and rightly so. Both are well known. Compton Bandit, in terrible condition, should have been left at home, and the judge must have been in a charitable turn of mind when he gave him the reserve card. Newton Abbot Laddie, I judge, was not shown for competition. The winning bitches are well known. First in the open class for dogs runs to the cocker type of head, which is wrong in a field spaniel. Plenty of bone; not straight in front; long in legs than the second prize winner, but better in skull and eyes; good stern; a few white flecks on body; good ears. Bolus, second prize, is of cocker type in head, lightish in eyes; toes in when in motion; not straight in front. Echo, third prize, is somewhat leggy, not quite straight in front, plain in head, and would do with more coat. Compton Brigand, vhc., has the best head in the class, but is leggy and light in the middle, not quite straight in front. Eyes rather light, good ears and position of same. The winning bitch shows some quality in head, although in skull she does not equal the unnoticed Clio. Good length of ear, shoulder and set of legs not quite the thing, cheeks and lips might be much better; would be improved by more bone, stern carried too high, moves well. Dame Trot, second prize, is too cocky in head and her ears might be much better. Feet not first-rate, stern too thin and not well carried. Good in body, but her head spoils her for the field class. Clio has a neat head, with well set ears, but is leggy and carries her stern too high. Good legs and feet. She should certainly have had a card in this class. Miss Ben d'Or, unnoticed, is going all to pieces. She was never good in head, eyes and set of ears. Should not have been shown. The first and second prize winners in the class for liver-colored dogs are coarse in head. Don II., that took first, is light in eyes, very wide in skull, throaty and not straight in front, he also might be better in loin. Beau, in addition to his coarse, plain head, is curly in coat. Properly placed. Rosedale Dolly is supposed to be a black and tan, but where the tan should come in the color is yellow. Weak forefeet, feet defective, lacks character and quality. Patti, third prize, is an overgrown cocker, and a poor one at that. Saybrook Chance, c., is not a show dog. She has cocker head, high-set ears, is of wrong type and very curly. There was nothing really good in these classes.

Challenge cockers found the old family party again on hand. Jersey, an easy first, and Rabbi many points ahead of Brantford Red Jacket. I am disappointed in the last named. He is wrong at both ends. Novel and Bessie W., first and second, in the corresponding bitch class, are of better type than Bene Silk. It does not need Miss Obo II. to beat Bene, lots of others can do that. There was nothing very good in the open class for black dogs, but the competition between the first four was very keen. There could have been no room for kicking whichever had won. Black Dufferin, first prize, is not deep enough in muzzle and his lips are not what they should be. He also lacks a clean-cut appearance below the eyes, is not all that could be desired in forelegs, especially about the knees, carries his stern too high, and does not stand quite true at the elbows. He is quite a young dog but I am inclined to think he is as good as he ever will be. Obadiah, second prize, lacks in head. Oban, third prize, is rather coarse in head and undershot in the bargain, but from what I saw of him I like him as well as either of the others. As these dogs were in the "cellar" when I examined them, I do not care to express myself too freely. Examining small black dogs by gas light might easily mislead. It is, however, safe to say that they are very nearly equal in point of merit. Jersey Obo possesses a number of good points, but his long back is against him, and but for that he would undoubtedly have taken first. He is not quite straight in front, is too open in coat, throaty for a youngster and not just what is wanted in lips. In head, legs and quality he beats the others, also in feather. Truffle, hc., is large, a bit coarse in cheeks and muzzle, not good in eyes, leggy, light in bone, high in stern and short in feather. Body will do. Brush W., vhc., is small in eyes, not first class in feet or in pasterns, slightly roached in back and not perfect in front of the eyes. He has good legs and feather, and an average coat. Phil, c., is shallow in muzzle and wrong in lips. He is also leggy, curly and faulty in set of legs. Nig W. and Brad, both hc., are below Mr. Willey's usual form. Banjo, unnoticed, was worth a card. Black Duchess, first in bitches, has a niceish quality of head, not perfect in hang of lips and rather light

in eyes, chest wider than I like from front view, coat rather curly, stands back a bit at the knees, good behind, with proper quarters and correct carriage of stern, also right in ears. Amusement, second prize, is also a bitch of far more than ordinary merit, and one that will likely be heard from again. She is beaten by the winner in stop, neatness below the eyes, muzzle and one or two minor points, but she scores in coat, chest and shoulders. Woodstock Birdie, third prize, lacks in muzzle, straightness in front, hocks, and her feet are smaller than I like. She toes in considerably with the left foot. Meg Obo, though not well shown, is so much better than Woodstock Birdie that she should have been third instead of vhc., in fact I have an idea she may hustle the others one of these days. She is not perfect in eyes, lips, position of elbows, or in coat (at present), but there is a lot of good in her. Midget, vhc., has considerable white on her breast and chest, and I have my doubts about her being eligible to compete in this class. Brantford Lass, hc., is not bad in head, but she is a bit high-stationed, not straight in front and not quite straight in coat. Bandy, c., is leggy, plain and of wrong type. Canadian Girl, hc., is big enough and high enough, light in muzzle, back at the knees, rather long in back and not quite true in front. She moves well and has good quality of coat and feather. Blossom, c., is not a show dog, being flat-sided, moderate in head, light in bone, and curly in coat. Beauty B., c., was lucky, because—Dusty Dolly, hc., has a rather nice quality of head, with long ears. Nostrils very small and she stands too high. Idea, reserve, is coarse in head, the muzzle being too wide and cheeks too prominent. In hindquarters, bone, feet and carriage she will do. Meg Obo can beat her. In the open dog class for cockers other than black, Cherry Boy, rather plain in head, but good in body and fairly so in legs and feet, was the only decent specimen shown, and all other prizes should have been withheld. King Pharaoh's Sister, nearly all name and very little cocker, was the best of the bitches. Her head is bad. Silverton, first prize, is a rusty black dog with a funnel-shaped head, decorated with yellow markings. I guess Mr. Wilmerding got this class wrong end about.

In Chumbers the Ottawa Kennels took all the prizes without competition. Boss III. and Lady Bromine, the challenge class winners, are well known. Neither is quite first-class, but the bitch is much the better. Johnny Jo, that was given first in the open class for dogs, in truth is not a show dog, being all wrong in muzzle, skull, expression, carriage of ears, stern and character. He has a stout, strong good body, is a most active dog and may be an excellent fielder, but he will not do for the bench. First in bitches was won by Lady Snow, Mr. Mercer's recent importation, and she is the only really typical specimen I have seen in America. This is a sterling good bitch, and when in good condition it will need something of very high class to beat her. Lady Belle, second prize, was beaten in all points by the winner.

Irish water spaniels were weak in numbers and quality. The first prize winner, although on the coarse side throughout and open in coat, had a very easy win. Countess Bendigo, third prize, is woolly, plain in head and not up to show form. Dot, vhc., has a very bad tail with curls all the way to the end, a plain head and staring eyes. Romeo, hc., is another bad one, with heavily-coated tail, very wide front and wrong character of head.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. HOEY).

(Report by Mr. Mason.)

There has been no improvement in this class during the past year; in fact, one or two of the classes showed less quality than heretofore. Mr. Hoey had a full house when he stepped into the ring to pass on the merits of Blemton Rubicon, Raby Mixer, Splauger, Blemton Volunteer, Lucifer and Dusky Trap, and the fearless and commendable action taken by him to right one of the greatest wrongs ever committed in the judges' ring will not be forgotten in many a day. Two and a half years ago Blemton Rubicon, known in the dog fancy as the "robber dog," made his first howl to the public, winning three first prizes at the fox-terrier show held at Saratoga, there beating Raby Mixer, Dusky Trap, Blemton Volunteer, Reckoner, Luke, New Forest Ethel, Blemton Consequence, and a large number of other terriers. Mr. Mortimer was the judge. Since then he has won the highest honors on the bench in this country. At New York last year Mr. Hoey placed him over Raby Mixer. Last week in Madison Garden Mr. Hoey, amid a burst of applause, the like of which I have never heard at a dog show in this country, handed the blue ribbon to the handler of Raby Mixer and sent Rubicon out of the ring without a card. After the judging Mr. Hoey said to me: "I acknowledge my mistake; he is not a good one." That is right, and would it not now be a graceful and courteous act if the late owner of Rubicon were to return to Mr. Thayer the prizes won by the dog, prizes which all of us know he never won on his merits? It would heal old sores, blot out the past and cause a better feeling all around. Commencing at Chicago, 1889, I described the dog as a bad one—an impostor—and I have never missed a chance to get a whack at him. The criticisms which appeared in this paper made enemies not only for the writer but the paper as well. We were fighting in a good cause, and though justice has been retarded it has come at last, and from the Fox-Terrier Club itself. That is sufficient. Let strife and ill-feeling, if there has been any, be buried with the dog. Heald had Mixer in great shape, and Hopkins had evidently been at work on Dusky Trap. It was nip and tuck, Mixer having all the best of it in front, and the little dog outscoring Mixer behind. As the dogs appeared to me from the ringside, I thought the decision a correct one, and a further examination of the competitors strengthened that opinion: Public opinion, which, however, is not always right, was with the judge. Lucifer, reserve, has gone off, but he is still a grand dog, and in body can give the best of them points and a beating. In the bitch class, Rachel, who is going in front, was rightly placed over Richmond Dazzle, that was given second. Blemton Consequence, that has often been placed over Dazzle, was here placed behind her. FOREST AND STREAM has always said a good word for Mr. Thayer's racy-looking bitch. The open class for dogs was large and of about the same quality as last year. Raffle again took first, and had I been judge would have been very closely pressed by the third prize winner, First Flight. He has a very neat and good head, perhaps lacking a bit in expression, beautiful ears, and he can stand very true in front. He is a bit light all through, but shows nice quality, has a good outline, good coat, and is a very showy dog. Russley Joker, equal second prize, is not nearly so good a dog as First Flight, being inferior in skull, muzzle, expression, shoulders, coat and length of loin (it is too short), also in movement. Joker is owned by Mr. Thayer, but is not one of his breeding. Blemton Valour, a youngster from Mr. Belmont's kennel, is not going to take the place of either Lucifer or Dusky Trap. He has a white speck in the left eye, and I don't just know how many points to cut him for such a blemish. He is a bit round and full in skull, which makes his muzzle not look so good as it really is, and is also a bit cheeky for so young a dog. Back ribs might be deeper to his advantage. His coat is too long about the neck, but he stands on the very best of legs and feet, is very good behind, has a nice outline, stands well and has a lot of devil in him. I think him a better dog than Russley Joker, though not so good as First Flight. Warren Laird, fourth prize, is longer in face than is necessary, and he did not carry his ears right when I had him out. Coat too soft and open, shoulders rather heavy, muzzle not right, being too lumpy and bull-terrier-like. Loin flat. Stands a bit down in the middle at times; moves well. Blemton Victor II., reserve, is a niceish puppy, with fair good head and ears, stands very true in front;

might be better in feet, is a trifle leggy, but should come down; too coaty about the neck. He can beat some of those placed over him. Suffolk Risk, vhc., disappointed me very much. This is the first chance I have had to give him a really thorough overhauling. He has a plain sort of a head, large feet, rather large ears, does not suit me behind, is flat in loin, rather light in bone and off in coat. Victor II. I thought fairly outclassed him. I would not have given him more than one letter in this class. Baby Trigger, vhc., lacks in head, is rather soft in coat and is not just right in shoulders and position of feet. Hillside Regent has a very plain head, is rather short in loin and is wrong in hocks. He got all he deserved. Starden's Jack, hc., is a well-known winner that found the company too good for him. Hillside Mix, c., is cheeky, big in ear, wrong in stern and soft in coat. Hillside Dandy, c., has grown the wrong way. Brokenhurst Quick, hc., is defective in head, light in bone, not right in front—feet included—and his coat is a bit soft. Col. Corly, c., has fair body and coat, with plenty of bone, but his head is very plain. Endcliffe Spice, hc., is a useful looking one, faulty in skull, hocks and back ribs. Le Logos, hc., is snipy and light in loin. Warren Sabre, c., is not a show dog. Dominica, first in bitches, is quite a nice puppy, with a fairish head, ears well formed but carried wide as a rule, good neck, legs and feet, a trifle low at shoulder, body only fair but ought to improve, nice quality, coat should be denser, fairly good behind, lacks some in character. This bitch will likely improve. Ebor Nettle, second prize, is well known. Warren Jasmin and Warren Cachet were placed too high. The former has a collie face, with very badly carried ears, which had been glued down and still show the effects. She is also bad behind and too open in coat. Cachet is a very poor specimen indeed and the judge clearly overrated her. Bad head, light bone, round ears, flat loin, poor coat, not a show dog. Warren Sequel, c., is simply not a show dog. Resume, vhc., is all over a better specimen than the third and fourth prize winners, albeit weak in muzzle and rather soft in coat. Dusky II., hc., is bad in feet, toes in slightly, has wrong carriage of stern. Good body, coat and bone. Rosa Casina, vhc., is way ahead of the third and fourth prize winners. Princess, hc., can beat the third and fourth. The two last named bitches are old winners and well known. Tiara, reserve, Tunlaw Villanelle, hc., and Verdict, hc., can any one of them easily beat third and fourth prize winners. The judge, who took a lot of pains, seemed to get things badly mixed in this class, but there were so many different types before him that placing the dogs correctly was a difficult task. As very few of the puppies were on the bench by the time I got to these classes I shall be compelled to pass them. Mr. Belmont was first in both classes with the Rutherford second. It was a disappointment to me not being able to see the winners, as Hopkins said he had something good. Raby Mixer downed Rachel for the special for best fox-terrier in the show, but the decision leaves lots of room for a difference of opinion.

ST. BERNARDS—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

The fair judge had in these classes a task set before her more difficult than she has yet had to contend with. With 174 dogs benched and 195 entries, it needed some one thoroughly conversant with the breed to place the awards with satisfaction to herself and the expectant owners. That Miss Whitney acquitted herself well is proved by so little grumbling being heard. It was undoubtedly the finest exhibition yet seen in this country, and as we have now pretty well the best dogs from England, it would be difficult to find a better lot of St. Bernards even over there. In the challenge dog class two well known animals appeared—Hesper and Ben Lomond. The latter's excellent coat and size were hardly sufficient to offset Hesper's superior head, markings and bone, so Mr. Sears's dog was given the ribbon. In bitches Macon's superior head placed her in front of the well known Miranda, who certainly keeps her age well, her excellent body and bone being sufficient to put her in front of Lady Wellington for second place. Then came a class which filled the ring, but head and shoulders above the rest stood Sir Bedivere and Alton. As this was an important class it was doubly necessary that the lettered cards should have been attached to the owners and handlers of the dogs, to enable the visitors and reporters to distinguish one from the other. Barring Sir Bedivere's intense look of quality and splendid condition, there is little to choose between the two cracks. Bedivere loses in length of body to the other, and though Alton has a little the best of it in bone, Bedivere is straighter in front. They are about equal behind, for though Bedivere shows a slight straightness behind, and when walking does not move as freely as the other, still Alton's hocks bend in just a little when standing still. Bedivere loses in hind feet to the other, being flat and open, in body he gains somewhat by greater depth of chest, in head there is little difference except perhaps in muzzle, where Alton may lose slightly, though he gains a little in skull, and to sum them up Sir Bedivere's excellent condition and an air of showing himself off and a dignified look that he has, which I have never seen excelled, gained him the coveted ribbon. Shorn of the romance and sentiment which surrounds Sir Bedivere, and which the tremendous advertising the dog has had, condition will play an important part whenever the two dogs meet. Alton took second. From Alton to Don H. is a big stride, he is short in muzzle, has a bad expression which is not improved by his large and light-colored eye, he is small, faulty behind, has good bone and excellent coat, he is, of course, more furnished than Lord Melrose, whose great size and excellent front is marred by straight stifles and lack of markings, though his massive head and fairly good expression might well have put him in the other's place. The winner in this class last year could get no nearer than reserve, his lack of shadings and light eye, long muzzle may have put him back, but he certainly has more St. Bernard quality than the third prize winner, coat, bone and legs excellent. In the vhc. division Helfred lacks markings and is long in head, though skull is good. Sir Marmaduke is fairly good in head, faulty in front; Lothario lacks size, but little fault can be found with him otherwise; Bruie was lucky, as he is long faced, light in bone and faulty in body. Sultan III. is too black in coloring and faulty in head and body, not substance enough; Superbus has a Leonberg look about him, lacks expression and markings, but has splendid bone; White Chief has a fairly good head, though light in eye and lacking in expression, has a good body and bone. In the hc. lot were Marquis of Stafford, who is simply a big white dog and as such does not show true St. Bernard quality; Lakmond has good bone, is of nice type, but hardly massive enough in head; Bruno has too much white on face and is curly in coat, bone excellent. Jersey Ben, of the commendeds, has no markings and Ajax is narrow headed and long faced; Friesland Vizier is also long in head, curly coated, but has nice markings. Rinn is flat-faced and faulty in eye; Grover, entered in mastiffs is only moderate. In bitches Ladies Livingstone and Snerwell are both good bitches and by their look of quality and excellent coloring, they were put in front, in the order named, of the much vaunted Plevna. Though Lady Livingstone turns one foot out now and then her good bone and body and especially her excellent head just put her in front of her kennel mate, who beats Plevna considerably in head, which is faulty in stop, long in muzzle and too dark in markings, in fact a rather plain head; she beats Snerwell slightly in depth of body and bone, but her coat is her worst fault, and this will always put her back in close competition, as in this case. Lady Melrose, like her brother, lacks shadings, otherwise is good in head, has excellent bone, is faulty in front and is also a bit sharp behind and is now out of coat; she, like her brother, needs time to fill up. Zenith, reserve,

lacks markings and is small in head, otherwise she is well formed and has excellent coat and color. Corrette in vhc. division is well known, Princess Jura is light colored, large in ears, but with this exception is of good formation all round. In the hc. lot, Lady Rosemont is too fine in muzzle and light in eye, bone only fair. Duchess II. is faulty in head, nice coat. Among the commendeds, Lady Talton is weak in pasterns and hindlegs, carries her tail badly, but has a fair head; Miss Bellina has a bad expression and is more like a thick-headed sheepdog. Belle of Halfway Brook is small, and was not shown in as good shape as she might have been. The winner in the dog puppy class proved a good one, with one of the best heads to be seen in a day's march, behind the head he has a fault, being flat-sided and, of course, not furnished up yet, excellent bone and coat; Mont Sion Guy pushed him hard though, and had he a better color is quite the other's equal, an excellent head and coat is combined with well-boned limbs, he has a much better head than his breeding would imply. Roland, Jr., is narrow and long in head, but with a fair coat and good bone deserved his place. In the vhc. division, Rector is faulty in muzzle and lacks markings; Otos is a pup of nice size, bit faulty in eye and muzzle; Count St. Vincent was spoken of before; Claudian fails in muzzle and is not too well off for bone; St. Elmo is long-faced and straight behind, but his splendid bone redeems him somewhat. Jlimlimmon, in the hc. crowd, is too houndy-headed; Gosport, shown too fat, is a promising youngster of good coat, but hardly massive enough in head, faulty in muzzle, good bone; Whiteflier has only his good coat to recommend him, he was hardly worth the mention, he has very poor markings and knuckles over in front considerably; Roller got as much as he was worth, poor head. This was a large class, but there was nothing very striking except the winners. In bitch puppies, Uarda is a nice sample, has a good head, coat and front; Arline, second, we did not see; Segrid has a charming head, spilt somewhat by a light eye, good bone and coat. Princess Olga, reserve, is flat-faced; Princess Helena, faulty in muzzle and body. Rose, hc., has a light muzzle, otherwise a pretty head with some good points; Princess of Wales is flat-ribbed, and also not dark enough in eye; Sieglinda is faulty in muzzle and straight behind; Queen Marathon is too long-faced; and Karew is as yet undeveloped enough to tell much about her; Lady Ventry is Barzol-headed, and so is Blossom to some extent; Ridgewood quite got her deserts.

In challenge smooths Hector had not much difficulty in accounting for Beauchamp, especially in general type and coat, and Nevis, reserve, ran the other close. Hector was looking well. That nice-bodied bitch Cleopatra had not much trouble in beating the poor conditioned Thisbe, though the latter will never lose her intense look of quality. Wanda was outclassed. Open dogs saw the great Watch an easy winner; he was looking in good shape. Leicester was a street behind; though good in general type, he loses in head, a bit houndy. Belisarius has an excellent front, hardly bone enough behind, is well-shaped, but his color is against him. Patrol lacks markings and is straight behind. Duke of Sparta is well known. Victor Vane has poor expression and is a bit out in front. Parson is plain-faced, and Noble is faulty in head; his muzzle is deficient. Mac has a stary, light eye, ruining his looks, though his head is of good shape. Alpine Guide is light-eyed and snipy in muzzle. In bitches the winner, Empress of Contoocook, is one of nice quality, albeit a little long-headed and ears slightly boundy; she is also flat-sided, faulty in tail, but is nicely boned. Burton Belle is well known and pushes the winner close, though handicapped in hind parts. Lady Gwendoline has a nice head and shows quality. Monastery Myrtle took a place further back this time; she is well known. Nora, reserve, is a well-formed bitch, though long in head. Bena II. we did not see. Thisbe Wagner is faulty in muzzle and a bit plain. Mignon is faulty in muzzle. Appolona is an old friend. Hallowe'en is straight-faced and light in bone. In dog puppies the winner, Prince Ivo, is a nice stamp, and Prelate has a fair head, but is straight behind. Rignold is faulty in skull, excellent in muzzle and bone. Caesar is not a nice type; too long in head. The winner in bitches was Nora, already spoken of. Svanhilda lacks type in head, otherwise she will do for her age. Acme lacks markings and is light in eye, but body and legs are well formed. The winners in the novice class dogs have all been commented on in other classes. Leicester the smooth beating Lord Melrose the rough, but Lady Melrose redeemed the lost laurels by beating Lady Stella handsomely in her class. Sir Bedivere and Watch met for the special, and the former, though he does not move as freely as the latter, beats him in several points—depth of body, front, hindlegs and tail—and is himself beaten in hindfeet and head.

BLOODHOUNDS—(MR. MAYHEW).

There were not many entries, only three. Burgho, Jr., is a little the better in head, though the other beats in body, but is very shy and shows himself badly. In bitches the winner last year, Judith, had the class to herself. She shows good quality.

GREAT DANES—(MR. MAYHEW).

Melac, whom we have described before at Toronto last fall, had the challenge dogs to himself, and the well known Irene, in good shape, had matters her own way. In open dogs last year's winner, Parcha, was again the best of a lot of dogs which do not show any marked improvement. Nero, the winner of second at Boston, last year, came next; he loses in body and muzzle to the other. Turk is throaty and full in eye. Harmes loses in muzzle, cleanness of throat and formation of body. Caesar could be better in legs and head. Skoal is well fronted, is faulty in ears and throaty, but is well ribbed. Flora Florida was the winner in bitches; she puts up a nice clean-cut head, a well-ribbed body and fair legs and feet. Flora, well known, was second. Minckar is too short-faced, short in neck, straight behind and was heavy in whelp. Fritz, reserve, has a fairish head, though a little too straight-faced, is faulty in quarters and ribs and was uncropped. Ulna III. loses in legs and feet, and Marquise, drop-eared, is not ribbed up enough, and is faulty in muzzle. Puppies were an indifferent lot, Nora being about the best, though snipy in muzzle. Melac had little difficulty in winning the special.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MAYHEW).

As usual quality was conspicuous by its absence. Rover, the winner, is spoiled by a light eye, but coat and bone are good; another light-eyed one is Nero, second, also bad in muzzle, coat just fair. Sailor Lad has not a correct eye either, too full and large. Newfoundlanders need a small, dark, well-sunken eye, which only one in the class seemed to have, and that was Pascha, unmentioned, though he had more Newfoundland quality in head and coat than many others, though the latter was very curly. Brunette is also a poor one. Not a very good class certainly, and a disgrace to the country.

FOXHOUNDS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

In challenge dogs our old favorite Brave had little difficulty in beating Roseville Rover, from an American point of view; the dogs are utterly different, but as an American hound Brave is the best, and would that his stamp was more encouraged instead of the whippet animals we so often see. In the open class for English dogs, Warrior, a fine hound with excellent front beat Barrister a trifle in head and ear, Songster a little out in front coming next; Major Warlock loses in muzzle and feet and so does Forager. In bitches Clonmel Rakish, an old favorite, had to give way to Shot, Contest and Goldfinch in the order named, though there is little between them; Clonmel beats in legs and feet somewhat; they are all of nice type, good hound coats and well furnished with bone. In the American division the Cook

Kennels' dogs showed a half-way type between the Avert Kennel dogs and the English ones, but I do not feel able to mix the types and will confine myself to remarking that there is no doubt they showed speed lines and plenty of grit, though I fail to see where they show the intelligent countenance of their more massive cousins.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS—(MR. J. F. PEARSON).

Mr. Mallory's dogs Mary and Flow are considered excellent specimens of the breed, and were placed in the order named, Rap taking c. I shall try and say something more about these dogs in my Baltimore report.

COLLIES—(MR. A. D. LEWIS).

Chestnut Hill supplied the two winners in challenge dogs and again the older dog Scotilla had to give way to his son Roslyn Wilkes. Scotilla begins to show age and the younger can now beat him a trifle in head and always so in quarters. Roslyn Dandy showed up well in such company. The sweet little Flurry III. had no one to oppose her in her class and was in nice feather. Open dogs saw a big class, but notwithstanding this was Mr. Lewis's debut as a judge he did not get rattled and handled his classes well throughout. The Snire took pride of place over his kennel mate Maney Trefoil, whom he excels in head and body, the latter's point being his grand coat. A youngster, Montana, by The Squire, came next, he is strong in head and coat, ears faulty; Metchley Wonder II. is full in eye and trifle strong in head, has nice carriage of ears and good coat, legs and body. Far View Donald II. has a fair head, ears poor and is flat sided; Melrose has a taking front, but ears are carried badly and is a bit coarse in head; Noble Wonder lacks quality somewhat, nice coat; Manoranica is faulty in ears, otherwise fair; Roy is a little out in front, carriage of ears not quite the thing, but has a good body. March, hc., has good length of head, is big in ear and not in good shape; Carlyle Wonder is too high in brow and open coated. Outside the winners, this was only just a fair class, showing little improvement. Wallace Wonder, also c., is coarse in head and open coated. In the bitches we were introduced to about the prettiest piece of dog flesh I ever saw. Roslyn Dolly is a bit on the small side and aptly named, but for model, carriage of ears, legs and feet she cannot be excelled, a bit fine in muzzle, this may of course strengthen somewhat yet, as she is only nine months old, and a little rough and tumble life would harden her coat; her action is superb; the judges evidently thought well of her, too, judging by the row of blue ribbons on her chain. Bonnie's Baby, well-known and looking in nice shape, but faulty in legs and feet, came second, and Roslyn Parole, a little full in brow, but nice coat, came third. Dawn is open in coat, but is well formed. Adila Wonder I have seen before; she has a taking head and expression. Collie Belle is soft in coat and big in ear. Buttercup II. is coarse in head, ears not correct, and is soft in coat. Lothian Model is a bit short-faced and coat might be better in texture. In dog puppies Roslyn Tory proved the winner in only a moderate class. Collies are not improving as a whole; Montana I liked better for the place, and Airlie, third, might have been higher up, better in coat and body. Roslyn Regent I did not see. Glenfoyle had also gone when I came round, but in the ring he showed a bit faulty in skull as near as I could see. In bitch puppies of course Roslyn Dolly scored again, with Frida some distance away. Clove is dorny in skull, but possesses a coat of good texture. Far View Shepherdess is faulty in head and coat, a bit open, nice body. In the novice classes the winners have nearly all been described. The hc. dog Strathmore Rob Roy is only a moderate one, head poor and eyes quite wrong, coat is the best point. Dolly, of course, won again in the bitch novice class, and Vernon Gypsie, vhc., is about the only one not mentioned before, she has a dense coat, but of wrong texture, and her head lacks many good collie attributes. In smooths Taffy, the winner, should have been turned out; is a coarse commoner. Roslyn Wilkes beat everything for the special for best in show.

POODLES—(MR. A. J. PEARSON).

In the absence of Mr. Hecksher, who was down to judge these dogs, Mr. Pearson undertook the duties. I cannot compliment him, however, on the outcome. Mr. Pearson evidently having an eye for bangles and mere beauty. In the challenge class there was no mistake to be made, Styx having the class to himself. In open black dogs, Darkie, under whose entry appeared the winnings of a much better dog, the well-corded Dexter, Darkie won and Dexter got vhc. Darkie has a fair head, hardly bone enough and is not well off in that poodle attribute—lengthy cords. Bob, second, is bad in loin and feet, lacks bone and coat wrong. Dexter far away the best in his class, though his splendid cords need attention, his strong head and loin and excellent front could hardly escape any one. Bendigo was of course deserving of better treatment. In open bitches the light-boned but catchy Czarina took the blue ribbon. She is wrong in eye and muzzle as well. Topsey, undershot, came second and the woolly-coated Bess third. Purbeck Nell, whose light loin may have put her back, got nothing. When taking into consideration her head and coat, she should have been second at least, and Olga, not near so good, got hc. In any other color but black Prince Toto ran away with the judge to the extent of beating such dogs as Styx and Dexter for the special. He is poor in skull, wide in front and woolly coated. Rex is only a moderate one, small-sized, and Jap is bad in muzzle and woolly coated. There were only three good ones in the lot.

BULLDOGS—(MR. E. SHEFFIELD PORTER).

The Bulldog Club certainly worked wonders with their initial effort to bring their forces together, and their exertions were so successful that an unprecedented entry of these dogs was seen on the benches. In the challenge class for dogs I found Harper and Merry Monarch in the order named. Harper's much better body and front, to say nothing of his head, put him well in front. They were both shown well, and the Yale blue was conspicuous around Harper's stall. Old Soudan made herself at home in the front seat in her class; her only competitor being Thespian, whom she easily vanquished in her present condition. Monarch VI. took the blue ribbon in open heavy dogs. He has a good skull and chop and is well out at shoulder. Bo'swain, a new face, has hardly volume enough of skull, being a bit flat, too; he loses also to winner in front, though he is well off for chest. Oswego, third, is a bit plain-faced, not broken up enough and too much bull-terrier in front. Reserve, Handsome Dan, lacks volume of skull, not deep enough in jaw, is faulty in back, but well out at elbow. Carisbrooke has come along nicely, and deserved his letters. Bombardos, also vhc., has a fair skull, is a bit straight in front and large in ear. The plain-faced Quasimodo had here to be content with hc. In bitches Lera Langtry scored over Dolly Tester. There is room for question in this, as Lena is not out enough, ears faulty, pinched in muzzle, though deep enough, excellent bone and fairly good skull. Dolly is better in front, though faulty in body and ears. Columbine, third, has a good body but is not broken up enough in stop and wants to be thrown more forward. Bathos then took the premier honors in the under 45lbs. class. He has too much of a dachshund front, skull could be improved, too flat at sides, has good layback, is well out at shoulder, but is a bit slack in back. Joker came next; he is plain-faced, could be improved in front and is flat-sided. Crib, shown fat, stands well forward and has a fair head but is faulty in ear. Quiberon was over weight. In the bitch class the recent importation, Bloater Girl, has a good head, is well off in legs and feet and is well out in front, is well ribbed but shown a little light in loin; she easily accounted for Beatrice, well known, whom she beats far away in head; Princess Mab, third, is

fairly out at shoulder but is plain-faced, not broken up enough, reserve going to Princess Crib, who stands well forward but is faulty in feet, a bit long and narrow in head and flat in skull. Princess Pedro, vhc., is faulty in eye and fore part. Darby Nancy has a small head and is too narrow in front. Duchess of Parma is hardly what I expected, skull only fair but layback and chop better than the average; nice body. There was nothing startling in puppies. Winner in dogs, Cock Robin, is a bit plain faced, but has a good body and promises to be well out. Portswood Pinch is very middling. Darby May, winner in bitches, is one of Mr. Cugle's new ones, but hardly up to good form; a fairly promising head, ears faulty, but bids fair to stand well forward. In the novice classes it is needless to go over the winners again, as they were the same dogs.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. E. S. PORTER).

There was hardly any improvement apparent in these terriers. Somehow the native-bred stock, with few exceptions, is not up to good form. In challenge dogs there was no entry, and Starlight, our best home bred one, in the absence of Attraction had a bloodless victory in the corresponding class, she keeps her form very well. In open dogs Diamond King was well to the front, Spotless Prince losing to him in head and front. Dick Whittington, third, is a trifle thick in skull, has good bone and stands on good pins. Protection is a bit long-cast and leggy; Pilot shows too much stop and falls away before the eye, is a bit cheeky, otherwise fair; King of Hearts is cheeky and a bit full in eye. Dufferin, reserve, has a fair head only. Enterprise accounted for the bitch class, her good head, though a little soft looking, pulling her in front of Queen Bendigo, whose faulty and only moderately well-ribbed body placed her second. Duchess of York, third, is well known, now a bit passé. In the under 30lbs. class the first to catch the judge's eye was Grand Duchess, winner last year; White Duke, second, is a bit Roman nosed, and faulty in skull; Edgewood Belle is cheeky, and might be better in front and bone; Sailor is bad in front and body, might be improved; Dusty Miller, good in body, is too prominent in brow. Ruby took the ribbon in the new class of under 20lbs., she has a nice head with excellent ears, and body is good for that weight; Sailor took second this time; and Little Prince, a bit round in skull and a trifle out in front, came third. Reserve going to White Rose, full in eye and showing too much stop. Venn, hc., is faulty in eye and front. Duke is a bad 'un. Fidget won in novice class, and boasts a good head, legs and feet, might be better in body. The other winners have been mentioned.

There were no Airedales entered.

BASSET HOUNDS—(MR. E. S. PORTER).

The old winner Bertrand, in fair shape, took the prize, Chief losing in head and bone.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. E. SHEFFIELD PORTER).

These sprightly little German dogs turned out in force, Rubenstein easily accounting for the premier position in the challenge class, Countess Lina losing in head, length and ear. Superbus II., first in open dogs, has good length, crook, but is faulty in eyes. Zulu II. knuckles over a bit, has a fair head and nice length of body. Boss II. has too much stop, could be better in eye and body, and Royal Max, reserve, is a bit thick in skull, nicely crooked, and chest well let down. Fritz K., vhc., is coarse in head, and shown in poor shape. Joan of Arc was the winner in bitches; ears not set on right and is faulty in front. Kate has a nice head, is well crooked and chest well let down. Tiny, third, is too full in eye and faulty in ears. Daisy B. loses in muzzle and skull, but is nice type behind the head. Maggie K. is only moderate, and Gretel lacks chest development, but has good length. Joan of Arc was the winner in puppies. From what I hear there is some likelihood of these dogs becoming more popular, and I trust they will, for no better companion can a man have for a day's run in the woods.

BEAGLES—(MR. SCHELLHAAS).

There was hardly the entry here that a show like New York should command, and the members of the new beagle club thought fit to keep their dogs at home. Now that the amalgamation has been formed we shall no doubt see the breed well represented at every show of importance. Somerset Kennels had things pretty well to themselves, winning with Storm in the challenge dog class, Little Duke losing in muzzle to the other, though more of a beagle. Myrtle, shown too fat, but otherwise keeping her age well, accounted for the bitch class. In open dogs an old exhibitor, Pottinger Dorsey, showed Lee II., too large and coarse, second in coat, head of fair shape, front good. Jupiter came second, and Roy K., faulty in muzzle and skull and rather coarse throughout, but fairly good in legs and feet, took third place; his kennel mate, Tomboy, a bit wide in front, but possessing a nice bound coat, secured the three letters. Bell Boy, thick in head, hc. Cloud, a well-known winner, took first honors in bitches, and another equally well known, Belle of Woodworth, whose fault lays in front, came next. Flora K., bit out in front, and faulty in muzzle, otherwise good, took third; Belle of Rockland, hardly straight enough in front, and a bit deficient in muzzle, was well placed at vhc. Flossy is too long in muzzle and was a bit soft in coat though of excellent type throughout. Under 21lb., had Blue Bell II. the winner, though soft in coat and flesh she is a nice model. Muggy is a bit large and shown too fat, is light in eye and of peculiar color. There was nothing very striking in puppies, Impression being the best, Emeline coming a good second.

IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

An old-time winner, Breda Tiny, had the challenge class to herself, and looked well. Breda Bill's better front no doubt influenced the judge in putting him over Mars, whose head and body I like. Breda's teeth are out in front, and this should act against him in a close finish. Roslyn Murphy is too soft in coat and looks a bit cloddy, and is faulty in muzzle. Barney's Brother is of fair type; might be improved in head and front. The new bitch Dunmurray is especially well-fronted; coat fair, and certainly the best bitch seen since Breda Florence came over. Roxy is a bit wide in front, has nice texture of coat. Exile, third, loses in skull; excellent coat. Kathleen, reserve, nice front, faulty in body. Rap bit on the large side. Biddy Mahone loses in head. Erin and Ballymony are faulty in head, but the latter shows up well in coat; legs and feet. Irish terriers are evidently on the move. Nora S., one of the best in her class, was said to have been fixed in coat, and was turned out.

WELSH TERRIERS—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW.)

Several new importations have made this breed more conspicuous at this show, and the picture of the Welsh terrier in our last issue was eagerly scanned for points. None of those shown fill the bill, and there is not much to choose between the winners Which and Mephisto Dick; To'ther is wide in front and not well shown; Rowton Vixen we liked better.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

The old rounders, Border Wang and Meg of the Mill had the two open classes to themselves; both are now well known. In puppies two very promising youngsters, Heath and Janie, were placed in the order named. The former beats the other in head and body.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

In dogs Syrup H. and Tick Tack changed places this time from last year, and rightly so, the latter won easily though beaten in muzzle by her kennel mate Polly Warkworth. Sweetbrier is a promising youngster and took third.

SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

The challenge had the two old antagonists Sir Stafford

and Lovett, the former won, and both were fully described in Charleston report. Open dogs, Rob Roy showed better type, Gladstone Boy being somewhat on the Clydesdale order, soft coat, but beating the other in body and bone. Bessie, faulty in skull and slack in loin, won over Effie Deans, too fine in muzzle.

CLYDESDALE TERRIERS.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

Clydesdale Loris had to succumb to his kennel mate Belle of Clyde this year, but the dog wins all over in coat. This breed has not shown much signs of popularity as yet.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

This class introduced us to the new crack Kilston, certainly the best yet seen here, with an excellent head and front he combines good bone and coat, beats Glencoe in head, ear and coat; Kilbroad loses slightly in head and coat, which is soft. Brownie, reserve, was a bit out-classed.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

These grand terriers are fast coming to the front, and though it is hardly time yet for a specialty club, yet the breed is fast becoming popular, and we now have about the best dogs that England has produced in late years. The Senator, looking in fine shape, had to succumb to Kaiser again, the latter's excellent front doing the trick, though beaten in marking by the other. The best bitch we have, Meerbrook Maiden, was alone in her challenge class and looked in nice shape. Open dogs brought together the two new arrivals, and the result after much examination was that the hitherto winner, Beaconsfield, had to pull his collar down to the younger dog. The decision is open to question either way. Beaconsfield's short body and excellent front and head is marred by his crippled quarters and failing mouth, color of tan might be better, but he excels the other in pencilings and thumb marks. Sultan's tan is good, but hardly bright enough, and head is a bit narrower than I like; forelegs cannot compare with the other, but is infinitely better behind in tail and quarters, and with age his body will furnish up somewhat; at present he lacks depth of chest. I shall have more to say on these two in the Boston report. Frank was outclassed in this company. In open bitches Bloomfield Midge is not the correct stamp of terrier. Faulty in head, body and markings; she also moves queerly behind. Desdemona, taken all round, is of better stamp. Meerbrook Empress shows age, is small, but nicely marked. Rochelle Girl, faulty in ears and dark in tan. Spring and White Prince were placed in the order named in white English terriers, neither a good class. No whippets were entered.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—(MR. MAYHEW).

Toons Royal, in excellent condition and coat, was alone in the challenge dogs, and in bitches that sweet little terrier Daisy filled her position well, afterward being sold at a long price. The North Fields Kennels had an outing in the open dog class. Toons Royal George made his debut over here. He is certainly the best coated dog we have yet been introduced to, with an excellent head and color of tan. He is a little on the large size, however. Fishpool Gem, hardly so good in head, came second. He is now too well known to need description. Merry Prince was poor in flesh, but excellent in coat and coloring. Prince Al, an old friend, looked well. Dude, vhc, has nice tan and color, but short of coat, and same owner's Star, he, quite deserved his letters. Ben II, loses in coat, as does Sargent, but is of nice color. Bob's coat is short, too, and smutty in tan. Major is too large and not class enough here. In open bitches Venus had no easy win; though rather dark in blue and tan could be better, was in good coat. Bradford Leah is better in color and has a well-shaped body. Rose is a bit round in skull, has fair blue and rich tan. Duchess needs age to furnish coat and color, and Yum Yum has a good body, coat too dark, tan coloring middling. Minnie is only moderate.

TOY TERRIERS.—(MR. MAYHEW).

Jerry was the best of a poor lot, being hardly so round-headed and full-eyed. Nellie, second, is one of the apple-headed sort, and Tiny might have well been placed higher up. These classes do not improve, considering the interest taken in them by the fair contingent.

PUGS.—(MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY).

Kash and Bob Ivy met in the challenge dogs. Competition was keen, and the blue ribbon eventually went to Kash, who showed himself much better than the other. There was some little question about the award in this class, as we believe Bob Ivy was marked first in the judge's book, though Kash certainly got the ribbon. In bitches Vesta beat her kennel mate Bessie, was nicely shown, reserve going to Bo Peep II., who is not far behind the winners. In open dogs we met a good one, Sprake, a son of Kash, his excellent head, wrinkle, body and curl placing him well ahead of Eberhart's Cashier, who is a bit lengthy, but has a fair head, ear and good curl, is a bit leggy. Saxon's good wrinkle and body placed him third. Little Jewell, an old friend, took reserve. The others were only fair, and we shall have a chance to go over them in future shows when time lags a bit. In bitches Lady Victoria, a bit faulty in muzzle and ear, beat Rustic Queen, a well-known winner, and Yuma Yuma, the winner in 1887, had to be content with third this time, the dark-colored Cossina coming in for reserve. Mabel E., vhc., is faulty in head, nice body and curl. Lady Aylesford has not much merit. Puppies were a fair lot, and nothing very startling, though Little Bessie shows some good points.

TOY SPANIELS.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

In the challenge class dogs, Milwaukee Charlie had a good win over Roscius, a bit out of shape. King Victor, faulty in muzzle and wide in front, getting reserve. Most of these dogs being locked up, it was almost impossible to get at their faults or good points. The winner in open dogs, a new face, Calumet Bend 'Or, won luckily from Lady Hilary, who is shorter in face and better in tan, but not so good in eye and skull. Floss is too long in muzzle and large sized. Charley, reserve, is faulty in head and body, nice tan; Romeo, smutty in tan and the short-faced dog and winner last year, had to put up with vhc. this time; moves bad behind. He beat Lady Hilary last year. In Blenheim's, Exeter Earl, a bit curly in coat, won over Calumet Lulu, whose skull could be improved, Cromwell is small in ear, but head is fairly good.

PRINCE CHARLES, RUBY AND JAPANESE SPANIELS.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

In this mixed class Jenny Lind, second at Boston last year, won and was in much better condition; her good skull and better coat defeated Bell, who is a bit long in muzzle; her ears are her good point. Marguerite, third, is faulty in muzzle and legs, otherwise fair. Japanese spaniels saw a big entry and consequently the class was divided. In dogs Kioto, excellent skull and muzzle and nice coat, beat Beauty, who has hardly the face of the other. Tai-Sho, one of Mrs. Clarke's breeding and a son of Kioto, with seemingly many of his sire's good points, took third, reserve going to young Ching, whose fairly good skull, but lengthy muzzle, was all I could see. In bitches Tamah, last year known as Nellie Bly, beat Mrs. Clarke's Kura, who is not so good in skull but, like all her dogs, well off for coat, Momo, faulty in ear and eye, taking third; Ki-Ku, from the same kennel, is small yet and faulty in muzzle, only a puppy. In puppy toy spaniels Marguerite proved the winner, Sara the Superb taking second honors. It is, however, hardly necessary to criticize these youngsters yet.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

Some nice little hounds were shown in this class, our old friend Cupid just pulling through ahead of Sprite, he beats in size but is beaten in ears. Sprite being shown a little

above herself. Third went to Nixie, who is faulty in eye and ears, Tello taking reserve. Ruby, he., is a puppy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

Pippo, the Mexican hairless, winner last year, won again, second going to a nice little white Chihuahua, and Topsy, the Maltese terrier, an old friend, caught the judge's eye for third place, reserve going to Coquette, but of what breed we cannot tell, as she was *non est* when I came to her compartment and a notice to the effect that she was homesick was tacked on to the cage, which led one to infer that she had sought "all the comforts of home."

SCHIPPERKES.—(MR. R. F. MAYHEW).

Prince, Jr. beat Cople Sophia and Cople Sophia beat Dreiske and that is all I know about it, suffice to say that Mr. Connolly owned the whole six entries. H. W. L.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS.

IRISH SETTERS.—In the challenge class Geo. H. Covert's champion Dick Swiveller took 1st, instead of Max Wenzel's Chief.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, 2d and reserve, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Toons' Royal George, Fishpool Gem, 3d, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212nd, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 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1375th, 1376th, 1377th, 1378th, 1379th, 1380th, 1381st, 1382nd, 1383rd, 1384th, 1385th, 1386th, 1387th, 1388th, 1389th, 1390th, 1391st, 1392nd, 1393rd, 1394th, 1395th, 1396th, 1397th, 1398th, 1399th, 1400th, 1401st, 1402nd, 1403rd, 1404th, 1405th, 1406th, 1407th, 1408th, 1409th, 1410th, 1411st, 1412nd, 1413th, 1414th, 1415th, 1416th, 1417th, 1418th, 1419th, 1420th, 1421st, 1422nd, 1423rd, 1424th, 1425th, 1426th, 1427th, 1428th, 1429th, 1430th, 1431st, 1432nd, 1433rd, 1434th, 1435th, 1436th, 1437th, 1438th, 1439th, 1440th, 1441st, 1442nd, 1443rd, 1444th, 1445th, 1446th, 1447th, 1448th, 1449th, 1450th, 1451st, 1452nd, 1453rd, 1454th, 1455th, 1456th, 1457th,

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y. Feb. 21.—Hoosick Falls Rifle Association scores at 200 yds. off-hand, standard American target:

H. Parsons.....	9	8	8	7	5	8	7	7	10	—75
F. Lansing.....	10	8	8	5	8	7	5	6	6	—73
P. Palmer.....	8	10	10	8	4	6	7	7	7	—72
D. Macomber.....	7	10	7	8	7	6	7	9	7	—70
E. Lansing.....	10	9	5	5	7	6	7	10	—70	
P. Russell.....	4	4	0	0	3	8	8	7	6	—44

A NEW RIFLE MODEL.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 25.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In Mr. Sneider's gun store one day this week, I had the pleasure of examining his new model magazine rifle, which I think is far superior to anything in the line of a repeating rifle that I have ever seen and I believe am pretty well acquainted with all the different systems of repeating arms, nearly all of which require a movement of the arm from 6 to 10 in. or even more, which in this new rifle is entirely done away with, requiring only a motion of the trigger finger of about 1/16 in., lever being in forward end of trigger guard in shape of a ring, thereby allowing a much steadier aim in rapid firing than is possible with a gun having so much swing of lever in loading and ejecting the magazine. The magazine is in the middle of the right side of barrel, ejects empty shells on left side, works very smooth and without any perceptible jar. Another advantage it can by turning small lever on left side be taken apart in an instant without the aid of a screw driver or tool of any kind and can then be packed away in a very small space, when to be used can be just as rapidly put together again.

H. A. V.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the *Forest and Stream*, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

March 24-25.—Detroit Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. \$1,000 guaranteed.
April 28-30.—New London (or New Haven) Inter-State Association.
May 5-6.—Algonia (La.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John G. Smith, Sec'y.
May 5-7.—Pittsburgh Tournament. Open to all. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Club gives \$1,000. Association raises \$1,000, total \$2,000.
June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000. Club adds \$2,000. Total \$3,000.
June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.

THE ILLINOIS PIGEON-SHOOTING BILL.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23.—A pleasant little party met at Watson's Park, Burnside, this afternoon, for the purpose of celebrating in becoming manner the birthday of Mr. Washington, which really fell yesterday. The party consisted of Messrs. Donald, Lord, Burton, Willard, Smith, Kent, Babelf, Foss, Kent and one or two others. Mr. H. W. Jenney, of the Jenney & Graham Gun Co., went along, but couldn't be coaxed to shoot. Charlie Willard hadn't any gun, so took a Colt out of the stock. It was too crooked, and he spent most of his time in trying to build a comb on it with leather and old newspapers. Some very decent shooting was done. Mr. Jenney was a pretty well for a young one. Mr. Hollister got a considerable many, making some good two-barrel kills. Mr. Donald distinguished himself also. I have carefully disguised Mr. Donald under the pseudonym of "Donoghue," so that the public will not know his real name in case he wants to get on an important match. The birds were good at first, but fell off. When the shooting began a tremendous wind was blowing, and the birds went like rockets. It veered and fell off a little toward the close. The following are the scores of the sweeps:

Sweep No. 1, 10 live birds, \$3. Illinois State rules:
F C Donoghue.....2000123010-5 F Hollister.....1222120122-9
C S Burton.....0122011112-8 C E Willard.....1001111212-8
H Foss.....1012222211-8 H Smith.....2002002211-6
C R Babelf.....2221111212-10 Wm Kent.....2220111001-7
Babelf first, Hollister second.
Sweep No. 2, same conditions.
Donoghue.....20020202-4 Willard.....0012121212-8
Burton.....02121122-9 Kent.....0121122211-9
Foss.....1020012201-6 Hollister.....001122102-7
Babelf.....01111022-8 Smith.....011111212-9
Ties on first carried on to next shoot, second div. by Willard and Babelf.

Sweep No. 3, same conditions:
Willard.....121201111-8 Smith.....102020201-6
Babelf.....101101021-8 Kent.....2121211210-5
Foss.....1121211202-9 Donoghue.....0000102021-5
Hollister.....221202211-8 Burton.....2201120121-8
Kent first in sweep No. 3 and No. 2, Foss second.
Miss and out, \$1. Willard 12, Babelf 12, Foss 21, Hollister 21, Smith 0, Kent 11, Donoghue 20, Burton 10. The birds were exhausted when the score stood as above.

To-day the shooters of Chicago, threatened by the Humane Society with a bill suppressing pigeon shooting as being a cruel and wanton sport, have read in the despatches of all the great morning dailies the following, which is respectfully submitted to the gentlemen of the society:

"PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 23.—Special.—The Supreme Court today delivered a decision reversing the judgment of Judge Yerkes, of Bucks county, and holding that the shooting of pigeons liberated from a trap, provided that it is done not wantonly and cruelly, but as a test and training in marksmanship and with proper attention paid to the immediate killing of wounded birds, is a justifiable sport and not a cruelty to animals."

This decision is worthy of note and comment. There are many who do not believe in shooting pigeons at the trap. Some of these are honest and some are not in their expressed belief. They should be equally honest in opposing every form of field shooting, which is more cruel, because it sees more crippled birds which escape to suffer. In trap-shooting very much fewer crippled birds escape. The birds are often killed as quickly as if their heads were cut off and they are sold for food as much as turkeys whose heads have been cut off. There is only one feature about pigeon shooting which goes to make it repugnant and that is the fact that the bird has been already reduced to possession. Given the bird wild and free, and there is in most men the savage hunter's desire to kill it, to reduce it. This is a savage and not a civilized instinct. Therefore, there rests against the shooting of pigeons from the trap simply the weight of a repugnance which is founded not upon a civilized but upon a savage instinct. Have all the gentlemen of the Humane Society attended pigeon matches as conducted to-day? Do they really know what they are talking about?

The sportsmen of Chicago would like nothing so much as to have the members of the Humane Society come and see a pigeon shoot for themselves. If they should still wish to abolish such shooting, the sportsmen will ask them to extend their efforts also to the abolishment of all field shooting. The main thing is to be fair. Each side should try honestly to see the validity of the other's standpoint. A week or so ago I wrote some severe things about Mr. Shortall, from the standpoint of the shooters of Chicago, yet after all I was probably unwise, unkind and unjust in doing that, and violator of a principle all men too often and too easily forget—that of trying to see the other man's side of the case, and not accusing him out of hand of sheer unfitness to live and breathe because he doesn't happen to agree with one. The "pigeon bill" will not be passed. Let us hope that out of the agitation there will simply arise a better understanding between the two elements here arrayed against each other. If the Humane Society has been seeing pigeon shoots which were barbarous and brutal, let us hope honestly that they will succeed in abolishing all such forever. None will be gladder to see that done than the real sportsmen of this city and State. But not all pigeon shoots are such, and this the sportsmen who oppose Mr. Shortall's measure know very well. If the Humane Society and its friends do not know this, it is time they were becoming far more wise.

This is a jarring and discordant world. There is none guiltless in it, and none without the mote. But cannot the Humane Society, if we grant it and its officials to be animated only by the purest of motives, do more good elsewhere than among pigeon shooters? Their efforts should be toward lessening the greatest amount of suffering in the world, in the most effectual manner. Are they at this here? The streets of this city reek and groan not only with individual cases but with whole practices and customs of unmitigated cruelty to dumb creation. There is work to be done. Not long ago a Chicago & Atlantic train struck a team of horses at one of the street crossings, and crippled both the horses. Word was at once sent to Mr. Donald, then general passenger agent of that road, who at once telegraphed to the Humane Society to go to the scene and have the horses killed to end their sufferings. (In cases of this kind the Humane Society steps in between the owner and the railway, and assumes the responsibility for possible

damages, and kills the injured animal, thus leaving the owner's right of suit unimpaired. No satisfactory reply could be had, though Mr. Donald telegraphed repeatedly. The Humane Society sent no agent. To destroy the horses now meant, of course, to make his company directly responsible for their value, or was in law an admission of damages without defense, yet Mr. Donald could not await the convenience of the Humane Society, whose business it is to mitigate suffering, and therefore took the responsibility and had the horses destroyed, for humanity's sake.

There is one instance of a corporation with a soul. Mr. Fred C. Donald, the official who couldn't get the society's agent to act, is a well-known shooter. He was last year president of our State association. I have seen him shoot a great many pigeons. How about the comparative humanity in this case? Who has it, the shooters or the Humane Society? Now, the point I want to make is that, until the Humane Society has its work so systematized that it can promptly and efficiently handle some of these glaring cases of animal suffering, it is working wrongly and out of its sphere when it wastes its already inadequate energies by attempting a thing whose performance is not sanctioned or inspired by a rational and just humanity. It is effort like this last, leaving its proper field to go into a less fit and less urgent labor, which is drawing upon the men behind this proposed pigeon law the ready epithet of insincerity, which I confess has been all too quick upon my own lips. Let us be more fair than that, more just, and, if need be, more charitable. Let us not call this anti-pigeon measure insincere, but only ill-advised, unwise, unfit, unseemly, and foredoomed to fail.

Feb. 26.—In the despatches I find another case on this question of cruelty: "MATROOX, Ill., Feb. 25.—Special Telegram.—Sheriff William Checkley, of Coles county, keeps a pack of hounds and two tame deer. On Friday last he and his friends enjoyed the luxury of a chase. Parties at Windsor had the Sheriff arraigned upon the charge of cruelty to animals. The case was called at Windsor this evening and was dismissed. The spectators made up a purse to cover the Sheriff's expenses." Comment on this is difficult, because the full facts are not known. Queen Victoria, of some notoriety in England, is at much annual expense to keep the Royal Buckhounds, a pack employed for just such sport as this. As a sport it may not be high. Perhaps the Windsor magistrate holds that a Queen or a Sheriff can do no wrong.

E. HUGH.

Feb. 25.—Score made here to-day by the Lake County Shooting Club in practice match at live pigeons. Illinois State rules:
W J Edbrooke.....111121221-10 Col Bond.....1022011110-7
W J Edbrooke.....30122210-6 *Wilcox.....202121101-8
Nie Ford.....101010112-7 *Farker.....0110011001-5
W J Edbrooke.....102200121-7 Col Bond.....1012112010-7
H Koehler.....020101210-6 *Wilcox.....1201020002-5
Nie Ford.....11010112-7

*Not members.

Feb. 25.—Scores made here to-day for the Herald medal and Jenney & Graham trophy, at live birds, Illinois State rules:
G B Klineham.....021200101221110100-13
R B Wadsworth.....2022222111222212220-18
M J Eich.....00110020101222211112-15
J E Price.....222222020222211112-15
A V Reeves.....11101000111111122-16
*O Von Lengkeke.....02101001101012210112-14
*Not a contestant. Wadsworth having won the medal and trophy three times they become his personal property.

Feb. 25.—Scores at live pigeons, American Association rules, except Reeves shot at 29yds, with 12ga. gun, four lots of birds, 50 each:

Alex T Loyd.....22110112211110210101111022011111011002-40
A V Reeves.....1210102211212001110202221200111121010121-40
The result being a tie, both agreed to shoot a similar match at some other time to decide it.

The Gun Club of Chicago for live pigeon medal, Illinois State rules, with several sweeps included:
P F Rock.....1102111010-7 F Willard.....012211200-7
F Place.....222000112-6 J O'Brien.....022222010-6
C E Willard.....111212001-7 W Kent.....111101111-8
H A Foss.....0212222-8 E Lloyd.....212121210-9
Geo Deiter.....121121230-9 Ed Steck.....112220220-8
Loyd wins medal, Steck second, C. E. Willard third.

Same club's blackbird medal:
F Willard 10111111111100011111-16 W Kent.....10101011111111111-17
G Deiter.....0011111111100111-16 J O'Brien.....101001101100-11
H A Foss.....11000111111101100-14 P Rock.....100100101101101111-12
C Willard.....101001000100000-10 F Place.....10001011011011011-12
E Steck.....000100111001000011-8

KINGSLEY (22 birds).
PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 25.—The Eclipse Club shoot took place at Martin's club house, 68 Wayne avenue; 10 glass balls, Huber trap, 18yds. rise, Huber rules, \$50 and \$25 prizes:

Geo Doremus.....110111111-9 J Davies.....110101011-6
Chris Rafferty.....01111111-8 J Walker.....011111111-6
H Turner.....11011111-8 S Smith.....1000011011-5
S Monks.....100101000-4 J Cartwright.....011111110-8
Fred Anderson.....11111111-10 J Bustard.....011110111-8
R Radcliffe.....111011010-7 J Byrnes.....0101101010-6
L Coors.....0001010100-3 J Stevenson.....111011000-6
J Post.....0010111010-5 T Bogers.....0010001111-5
H Devine.....00111111-8
Match for \$50 a side, at 10 live birds, 21yds. rise, old Long Island rules:
T C Wright.....001111111-8 Geo Doremus.....0110010101-5
M. WILCOY, Sec'y.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 25.—South Side Gun Club, weekly shoot, badge match (handicap), at kingbirds, 5 traps, unknown angles:
O'Connor (23 birds).....1101111111111111111-20
Taylor (23 birds).....1011111111011011111-20
Kingsley (22 birds).....10101010101010111001-14
Ayres (21 birds).....101010111111111111-18

Ties, miss and out: O'Connor 3, Taylor 4. Taylor wins the badge for the third time. Team shoot at kingbirds, 5 traps, unknown angles:
Taylor.....101011111-8 O'Connor.....111111111-10
Tallett.....11110111-9 Ayers.....011111111-9
Kingsley.....110001011-6-23 Knapp.....111101111-9-28
Winners challenged to another shoot.
Taylor.....111111111-10 O'Connor.....100111111-8
Tallett.....111011111-9 Ayers.....001101111-7
Kingsley.....011111100-7-26 Knapp.....101111101-8-23

Shoot at 5 pairs doubles:
Taylor.....10 10 11 11 11-9 Ayers.....11 11 11 10 10-9
O'Connor.....01 11 11 10 7-7 Kingsley.....00 00 11 10 11-6
Tallett.....11 01 11 10 7-7 DUSTEN.

MONEY VS. BROKAW.—Bergen Point, N. J., Feb. 27:
Capt Money.....222012121-9 W G Brokaw.....29222202-7
302212121-9 121221212-9
212212022-9 222212121-10
222222221-9 222222222-9
221212121-9 222222222-8
212212220-9 222222222-10
0002220210-5 220210222-7
222211123-10 022122022-8
222222022-9 1222220210-8-76
1012002122-7-86 10 birds scored as dead....10-86

NEW HAVEN.—The Fast Day tournament of the New Haven Gun Club will be held on the West Chapel street grounds Friday, March 27. All are invited. Any person wishing to shoot for the targets only can do so. Entry money in all events except No. 5 and 8, \$2.00. Entry money, \$2.00. W. H. HAZEL, Sec'y.

PATERSON, N. J.—Eclipse Gun Club, 68 Wayne avenue, match at live birds, old Long Island rules, \$25 a side:
Geo Fritz.....101111101-8 A Kerchner.....1000011000-3
The next match will be on March 20, between Hugh Devine and George Doremus.

SHORT LINE TO KANSAS CITY.—That is what the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces to readers of this paper regarding the completion of its own line into the cities of Leavenworth and Kansas City on Feb. 1, 1891, forming the most direct and expeditious route for passengers and freight traffic between principal commercial centers and the great States of Iowa, Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri and Kansas and the West and Southwest. Its splendidly equipped Southern Express limited, with brand new coaches and the celebrated vestibuled compartment sleeping cars and dining cars, is beyond comparison with the advantages offered by any other line. Information regarding this popular route, and particularly the new features it has recently added to its service in the interest of the traveling public, will be cheerfully furnished by its agents.—Advt.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

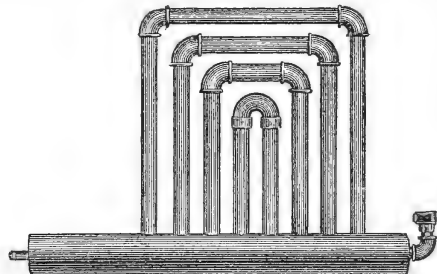
Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the hatches of the Canoe, peep into the Kennel, squint down the barrel of the Rifle, open the Fish Car and Game Bag, inquire of the Sportsman Tourist, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the Editorial and Advertising Departments.

FIXTURES.

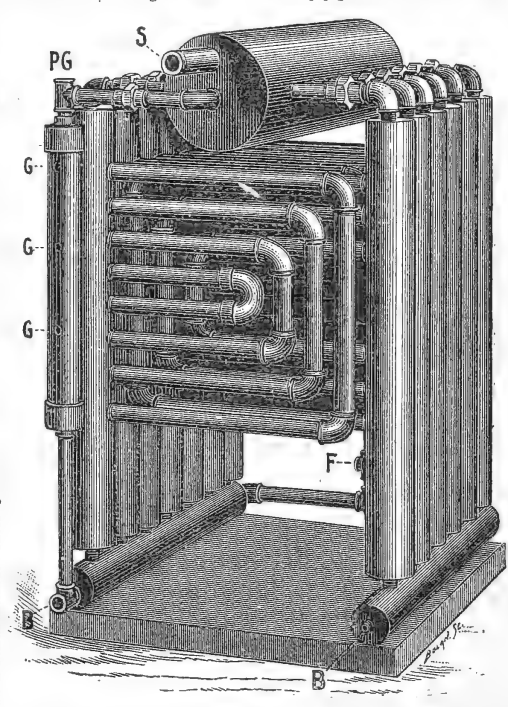
APRIL.
5. Excelsior, Ann., New York. 26. Corinthian, Opening Cruise, San Francisco.
MAY.
30. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont. 30. Corinthian, Annual, San Francisco.
JUNE.
11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte. 22. Pavonia, Annual, New York.
13. Lynn, Lynn. 25. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
15. Phila., Ann., Del. River. 27. Hull, All Classes.
17. Hull, Under 21ft. 27. Rochester, Club, Dorchester.
18. Roch. Ladies' Day, Charlotte. 27. Lynn, Lynn.
20. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont. 27. Quincy, First Championship.
JULY.
3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch. 17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto.
4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck. 18. American, Steam, Milton's Neck.
6. Larchmont, Ann., Larchm'r. 18. Hull, First cham., 1st and 2d classes.
6. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck. 18. New York, Ann., New York.
11. Rochester, Club, Dorchester. 18. Riverside, Annual.
11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. 20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester.
11. Lynn, Lynn. 20. Rochester, L.Y.R.A., Charl.
14. Quincy, Ladies' Day. 23. Lake Y.R.A., Oswego, Oswego.
14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton. 25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester.
16. Lake Y.R.A., R.C.Y.C., Tor. 25. Quincy, Second Cham.
AUGUST.
1. Hull, Second Cham., 1st and 2d classes. 13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Green- 15. Hull, Ladies' Race.
wich. 19. Hull, Ladies' Day.
6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. 20. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
8. Hull, Second Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. 22. Quincy.
8. Lynn, Lynn. 26. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
10. Quincy, Third Cham. 27. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
29. Hull, All Classes.
SEPTEMBER.
7. N.Y.Y.R.A., Ann., New York 12. Lynn, Cup, Lynn.
7. Lynn, Open, Nahant.

THE TREGURTHA SAFETY YACHT BOILER.

THE accompanying illustrations show the safety yacht boiler made by Murray & Tregurtha, of Boston, builders of marine and stationary engines and of pipe boilers. The boiler is built in sections, one of which is shown in the smaller cut, which may be

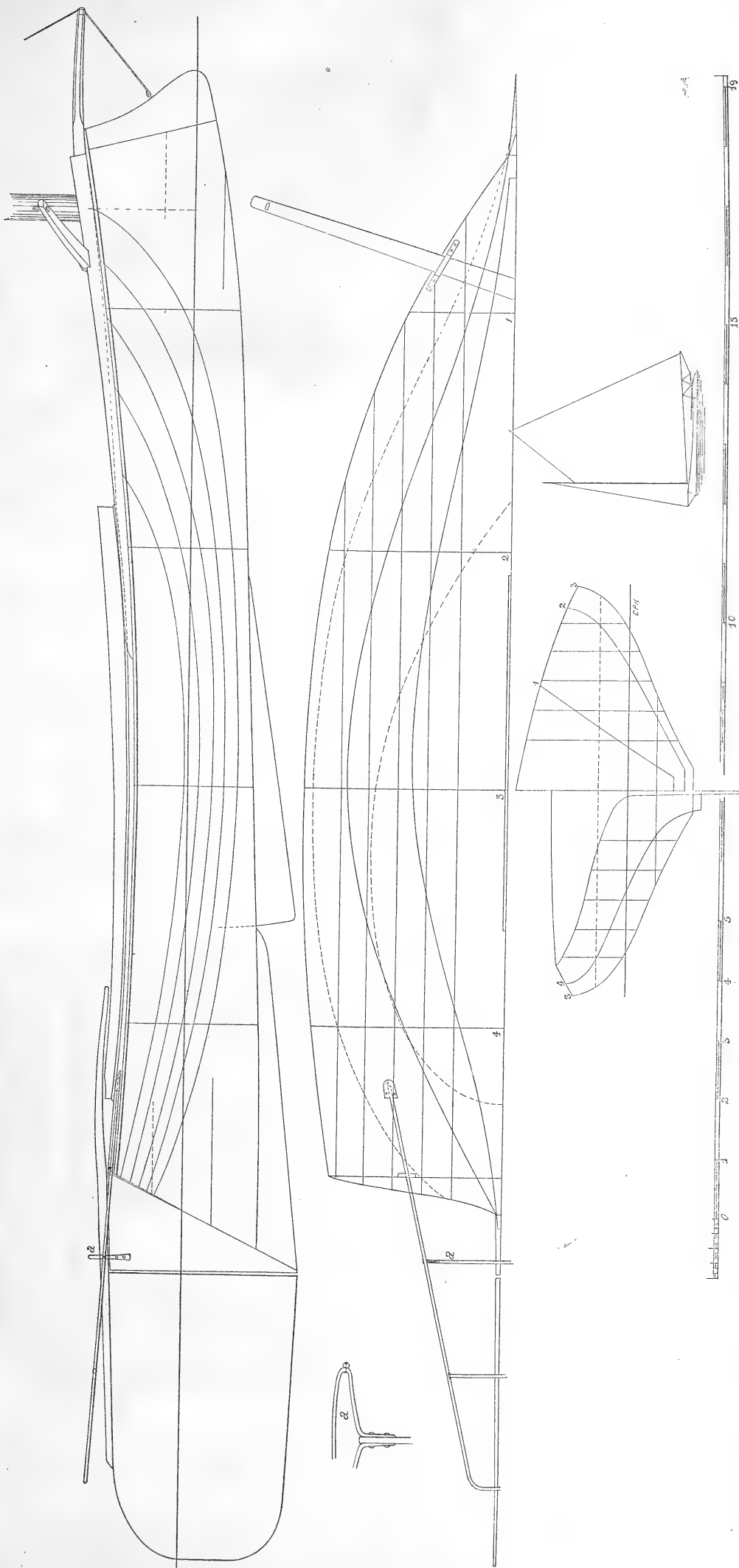


removed or replaced readily. Each section, consisting of a vertical pipe and a series of circulating tubes, is connected at the base to the horizontal steam pipes, or mud drums, and at the top to the steam drum, through which runs the dry pipe S. The feed enters



at F, at P G is the steam gauge, and at G, G, G, the gauge cocks. The casing is of sheet iron, lined with asbestos. Among the advantages claimed are reduced weight and floor space, safety from explosion, quick steaming and freedom from priming, and economy of fuel. The boilers are tested to 400lbs. and designed to work up to 350.

SATAN.—The centerboard is to be represented in the new 46ft. class by a Burgess boat, the owners being Mr. Chas. A. Prince, former owner of Helen, 46ft., and Shark, 30ft., Dr. John Bryant, owner of Shadow, and two other Boston yachtsmen. Captain Crocker will have charge of the boat. She will be 16ft. beam, 7ft. 6in. draft, and of light construction, with no cabin fittings, being intended solely for racing. Her name will be Satan, and the rather lurid statement has been made that she will be painted red above water. Lawley & Co. will lay her down, but as they are too busy to build her, the work will be done by Frisbie, of Salem, who built the Helen. In such good hands the centerboard will have a very good chance to show what it can do beside the keel; but the results in the 30 and 40ft. classes show that the keel boat is the faster, and the same is likely to be true in the 46ft. class.



DELAWARE CAT, "CHAS. COHILL."

A "MEAN LENGTH" RACING BOAT.

THE "length and sail area" rule is now in such general use, and the open sandbagger has in so many localities given place to better types, that awful examples of the bad tendencies of the various length rules under which such boats once flourished are fortunately no longer necessary. As this is the time, however, when changes of rules are in order, the accompanying design is of interest as showing the extreme tendencies of a rule that is still fondly adhered to by a number of the smaller clubs.

The Charles Cohill was a Delaware River hiker, built at a time when the racing in this type of boat was at its height, and when the measurement was of the simplest kind, without even a "plus" in it, being the length from the rabbet at stem to the inside of the sternpost, with no restrictions on beam or sail area, the allowance being 2 minutes per foot in a 30 mile race. The Cohill was built by Capt. R. G. Wilkins, of Philadelphia, to the limit of length of her class, 17ft., and with no more beam than the boat she was intended to beat, but with more depth and freeboard. As the waterline was entirely untaxed, it was lengthened as much as possible by means of the projecting stem and absurdly wide sternpost, the effort being to build a longer and bigger boat on the same deck measurement. Her dimensions were:

Length by club rule.....	17ft.
L.w.l.....	20ft.
Beam, extreme.....	6ft. 10 in.
L.w.l.....	5ft. 5 in.
Least freeboard.....	10 1/2 in.
Sheer, bow.....	1ft.
Stern.....	3 in.
Draft.....	2ft.
Mast.....	33ft.
Boom.....	25ft.
Gaff.....	10ft.

In racing she carried a crew of 8 men, each with a 35lb. sand bag, the crew "hiking" out to windward by means of short lines, spliced into eyebolts in the keel and with a toggle or handle in the outer end of each, by which a man could throw his whole weight well outside the boat, as on the sliding seat of a canoe.

As a racer the Cohill was entirely successful, and effectually served the purpose of her designer, to kill a bad rule. As the result of her sailing the rule was abandoned in favor of one based on length over all and beam, which is still used, though the "tuck-up," built under a rule which limits length and sail, has driven the hiker out of the racing. The lines were sent to France by Capt. Wilkins, and a very successful boat was built there from them.

From the point of view of simplicity, which has been so often urged, even by those who should know better, against the length and sail area rule; that under which the Cohill was built was an ideal rule. It was absolutely free from cube root, square root, or even addition, and the boats might be measured by a man who could not add 2 and 2 together. From this standpoint it was even better than the common "mean length," which at least necessitates a knowledge of addition and division. Though it placed a still higher penalty on deck length than the latter rule, the tendencies were the same, and in any club in which the racing was kept under the mean-length rule, the boats being built solely for racing, the ram stem and projecting stern of the Cohill would soon be developed. Just now there is not sufficient racing in any one club using the mean-length rule to induce the building of a special boat of this type, and the matter rests with the encouragement of plumb-stemmed and square-sterned boats, and the exclusion of all modern craft with some pretensions to grace and beauty. Even in this form the rule is out of date, and is gradually giving way to more modern ideas.

THE FALL RIVER LINE.

IT is becoming more and more apparent, as the yachting season approaches and no new keels are laid, that if New York yachtsmen wish to see any racing they will have to go to Marblehead for it; a fact that is feelingly commented upon by the Boston Globe as follows: "It is really about as convenient for a New York yacht owner to keep his boat at Marblehead as at Bay Ridge. He could take the night boat on, get a pleasant sail and a good night's rest, breakfast in Boston, and take the train for Marblehead, arriving in good season to go aboard his yacht and start her in the race. At Marblehead he is right out to sea, and there is no need of getting a tug to tow down the bay, or fighting with baffling winds or tides early in the morning."

Of the 8 yachts that will race in the 46ft. class but three will be owned about New York, and the bulk of the racing is certain to gravitate to Marblehead, whose natural advantages certainly surpass those of any other point on the coast. If, as the usual story goes, the New York Y. C. is still hunting for an out-of-town site, it might be worth while to go further east than City Island or New Haven, to Ficker's Island or Marblehead Rock, where members could view the races from the club house piazza.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON.

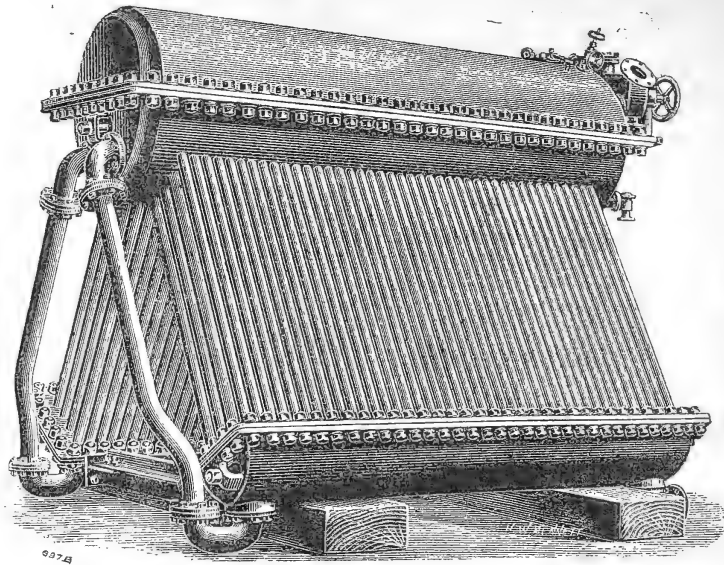
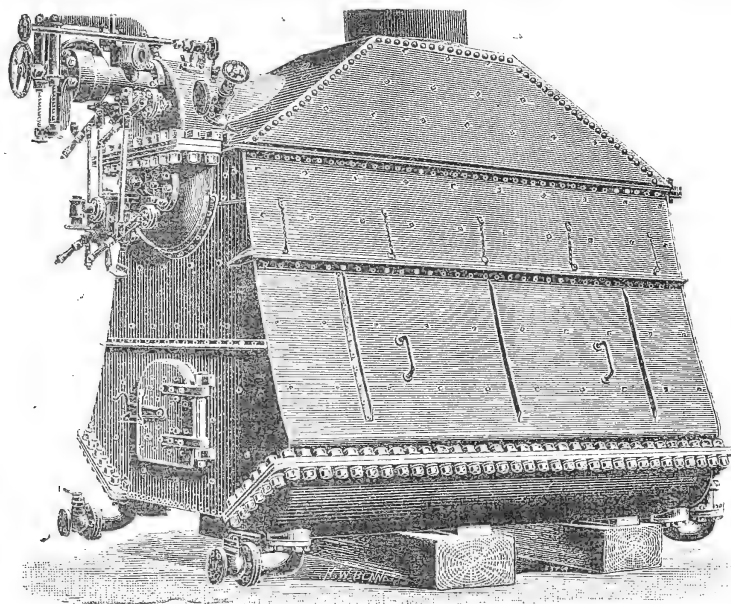
THE news has been received by cable of the death on Feb. 25 of Sir Richard Sutton, the second British challenger for the America's Cup. Sir Richard Francis Sutton was born on Dec. 30, 1853, and succeeded his father, an old yachtsman and owner of the schooner *Elmira*, in 1878. In 1888 he built the cutter *Genesta* from designs by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, and in the fall of the same year he sent a challenge to the New York Y. C. for a series of races for the America's Cup. He was on board the yacht for nearly two months in American waters, during which time the races were sailed with *Puritan*, in both of which *Genesta* was defeated, but her owner made many friends here by his courtesy and sportsmanlike conduct. In 1888 he was married, and since then has done no yacht racing, having sold *Genesta*. His action in refusing to accept a sailover after his yacht had been fouled and disabled by *Puritan* is one of the memorable incidents of the contests for the Cup and will long be remembered by American yachtsmen.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The Larchmont Y. C. will retain the classification by corrected length, adopted last year, but with some changes in the limits of the classes, which will give a better division of the fleet, and will be specially advantageous in case of new yachts being built to the rule at any time. As we pointed out last spring, it would have been possible to build a very much larger boat than the *Titania* or *Katrina* for the limit of the class, 81ft., and similarly the limit of Loris's class, 84ft., would permit a boat far larger than any of the existing forties. The new limits, 77 and 49ft., keeps existing boats just at the top of their classes, and so are much fairer than the old. The amended rule reads: Cabin yachts shall be classified according to their racing length, and open yachts according to their actual load waterline length, as follows: Cabin yachts—Schooners—Class A, over 90ft.; Class B, 90ft. and over 81ft.; Class C, 81ft. and over 77ft.; Class D, 77ft. and over 60ft.; Class E, 60ft. and under. Sloops, cutters and yawls—Class 1, over 77ft.; Class 2, 77ft. and over 69ft.; Class 3, 69ft. and over 60ft.; Class 4, 60ft. and over 55ft.; Class 5, 55ft. and over 49ft.; Class 6, 49ft. and over 43ft.; Class 7, 43ft. and over 36ft.; Class 8, 36ft. and over 30ft.; Class 11, mainsail yachts (yachts carrying main and mizen sails only shall be entitled to enter in this class and shall be rated as yawls). The other classes to remain as at present. After Class 16 add the following: The regatta committee may, if the number of entries warrant, divide Class 11 into two classes, dividing it at 25ft. The regatta committee, with the approval of the commodore, may establish special classes for any regatta.

SING SING Y. C.—Officers: Com., Ralph Brandreth; Vice-Com., Francis Larkin, Jr.; Rear Com., Benjamin Jenks; Sec'y, Robert T. Dennis; Treas., Joseph Thompson; Meas., William E. Hafl; Regatta Committee, Colonel B. S. Gibson, chairman, Pierre Reynolds and Charles S. Gowen; House Committee, Joseph Thompson, chairman; James Bedell, Robert T. Dennis, E. S. Pelham and Charles S. Raymond; Committee on Admission, Dr. E. B. Sherwood, chairman; W. I. Townsend, Francis Larkin, Jr.; Edwin L. Todd and Joseph Thompson; Auditing Committee, Dr. E. B. Sherman, chairman; W. I. Townsend and S. Olin Washburn; Trustees, Ralph Brandreth, Dr. E. B. Sherwood, Isaac B. Noxon, Gilbert M. Todd, Edwin L. Todd, Francis Larkin, Jr.; S. Olin Washburn, Colonel B. S. Gibson and Joseph Thompson.

SEMI-RAMIS.—Mr. Jos. Pulitzer, of the New York World, has lately chartered the fine steam yacht *Semiramis* in England for use abroad. The *Semiramis*, designed by Mr. A. H. Brown, is a steel yacht, 185ft. l.w.l., 27 1/2 ft. beam, 16ft. hold, with triple expansion engines 18, 20 and 47x33. She is rigged as a two masted schooner with yards on foremast. Mr. Brown is now engaged on a design for a smaller yacht for Mr. John Lysaght, owner of *Semiramis*.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—Officers: Com., Leon Abbott; Vice-Com., John F. Black; Rear Com., F. M. Hausling; Sec'y, R. Condit Eddy; Treas., F. T. Young; Meas., Charles T. Miller; Trustees, Walter Large and Frank S. Brady; Membership Committee, Charles Chamberlain, Edward E. Lambden and H. Thompson; Regatta Committee, Edward H. Sturges, F. W. Schoonmaker and E. B. Louder; Law Committee, Martin J. Keogh and John F. Lambden.



YARROW'S WATER-TUBE BOILER.

THE CORINTHIAN SWEEPSTAKES.

WE have received from Mr. Chas. Stewart Davidson, acting secretary of the sailing committee of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, the following minutes of a meeting of the sailing committee at which the matter of the sweepstakes race sailed last August was finally decided. The dispute over the measurements of Minerva and Gossoon gives conclusive evidence, if any more be needed, of the necessity for one uniform system of measurement and classification for all the large clubs, and also the measurement of every yacht prior to starting in a race. In the present case the rules of the Corinthian, New York and Eastern Y. C., all of which were to a certain extent involved, differ from each other in some minor details, though nominally the same. The minutes of the meeting are as follows:

At an adjourned meeting of the sailing committee of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, held pursuant to notice on Feb. 9, at 56 Wall street, New York city. Present: In the chair, Mr. E. B. Clarke, Treasurer, Mr. Wm. Gardner and Mr. Charles Stewart Davidson (acting secretary).

The meeting being called to order, the chairman, Mr. Clarke, states that the business of the meeting is the matter of the sweepstakes for 40-footers held on Aug. 11, 1890, at Newport, R. I., and the awarding of prizes thereon, and that the long delay in calling the committee together for final action has been due to his own protracted and serious illness, and to his subsequent absence in Bermuda during convalescence.

On motion of Mr. Gardner, the (1) original circular, (2) instructions for the race and (3) copy sailing regulations of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York are read.

Upon like motion the (4) schedule of the official times of the boats as taken at the race by the committee is also read. Mr. Clarke further states that a question in relation to measurements was raised by Gossoon shortly after the race, in relation to which he calls the committee's attention to the fact that immediately upon the termination of the race and the return to the harbor at Newport, upon its appearing that the race had been very close between Gossoon and Minerva the entire committee visited Minerva and Gossoon for the purpose of obtaining from them their official measurements (the boats having started under approximate measurements furnished to the committee verbally prior to the start by those in charge subject to production of official figures later).

Mr. Clarke stated that on the committee's visiting Minerva those in charge of the boat stated that she had been recently measured by and had sailed on the preceding Friday (Aug. 9) under the measurement of Mr. John Hyslop, measurer of the New York Y. C., and that they would have the certificate found and handed to the committee. That immediately thereafter on visiting Gossoon and stating to Mr. Adams that the race had been very close between Gossoon and Minerva and that the committee's decision would not be rendered until official measurements were handed in, Mr. Adams stated that Gossoon also had been measured very recently by Mr. Hyslop and had also sailed under that measurement on the preceding Friday in the New York Y. C. race, and that he thought that that would be a fair measurement for her for all parties to take for the race, and asked if that would be satisfactory. Thereupon the committee agreed to accept Mr. Hyslop's measurement for both boats, and so notified Mr. Adams and those on board the Minerva.

During the course of the afternoon the certificate of Minerva's measurement by Mr. Hyslop was handed to the committee.

Mr. Clarke further states that on Aug. 21 he received a letter from Mr. Burgess, Measurer of the Eastern Yacht Club, inclosing Mr. Hyslop's measurement of Gossoon above referred to.

Mr. Clarke further states that in the letter handing him this certificate Mr. Burgess stated that Messrs. Adams, owners of Gossoon, would doubtless object to Mr. Hyslop's measurement for either of the boats being taken if it was intended to figure the time to decimal fractions of a foot, and that he had replied that it had been the rule of the C. Y. C. in all races to figure to the decimal fraction.

Mr. Clarke also stated, in relation to Mariquita, that during the race a member of the committee, on this boat's rounding the first mark (a C. Y. C. flag on a pole and raft), called attention to the fact that the main boom had touched the pole; and also called attention to the fact that a protest against Mariquita for such fouling was made by a competitor at the termination of the race.

Mr. Clarke further states that Minerva had been subsequently re-measured by himself and found within $\frac{1}{10}$ of a foot (corrected sailing length) of Mr. Hyslop's measurement, which would make $1^{39.100}$ seconds difference over a 25 mile course.

He also stated he had had considerable correspondence with Mr. Burgess in relation to the measurement of Gossoon. That Gossoon, having gone to Eastern waters immediately after the race, having carried away the more spars and shipped others in their place, having then gone further East upon a cruise, and it not being practicable for him to be in Boston for the purpose of measuring her until quite late in the season, at which time the boat was found wholly stripped, he with Mr. Burgess's assistance, had then made various measurements of the boat and her spars, lying on the adjacent dock, but that it had been impossible for him to arrive at any definite or absolute figures as having been her actual measurement at the time of the race. Messrs. Gardner and Davidson each stated their recollection of Mr. Adams's expressed desire at the termination of the sweepstakes race that the measurements used for the New York Y. C. race on the Friday, Aug. 8, preceding the sweepstakes Aug. 11, should be accepted by all parties, and of the acquiescence of Minerva therein.

Mr. Gardner stated that he thought in view of the uncertainty that would attach to the adoption of any other measurements the only fair method of disposing of the question would be to award the prizes on the measurements as quiesced in at the time by all parties.

Mr. Davidson moved that the certificates of measurement by Mr. John Hyslop handed the committee by Mr. Carroll and Mr. Adams respectively for Minerva and Gossoon and produced here by Mr. Clarke be accepted as the true sailing measurements on that day of those boats respectively.

Mr. Gardner seconded the motion. The motion being put by the chairman was carried.

Mr. Davidson then moved that Mariquita be disqualified for having fouled the first mark in rounding. The motion was seconded by Mr. Gardner. The motion being put by the chairman was carried.

Mr. Gardner then called for the computation of the corrected time based on the elapsed time and the time allowances as figured upon the respective measurements of the various boats,

Mr. Clarke produced the figures, which being examined and verified by the committee were found to be as follows:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allow- ances.	Cor- rected.
Choctaw.....	47.20	11 59 01	3 31 42	3 32 41	2 20	3 50 21
Gossoon.....	47.34	11 57 04	3 14 08	3 17 04	1 20	3 15 35
Liris.....	48.00	11 57 17	3 16 12	3 18 55	0 00	3 18 55
*Mariquita.....	48.18	11 57 24	3 14 42	3 17 18	1 03	3 16 15
Minerva.....	46.14	12 01 55	3 21 12	3 19 17	3 40	3 15 31
Moccasin.....	47.00	11 57 36	Withdrew disabled.			
Ventura.....	47.00	12 01 20	3 32 56	3 31 36	2 36	3 29 00

* Disqualified. Mr. Davidson then called the attention of the committee to the fact that the order of the boats as shown by the above figures was: Minerva first, Gossoon second, Mariquita third (disqualified), Liris fourth, Ventura fifth, Choctaw sixth, Moccasin disabled, and moved that the first prize be awarded to Minerva, the second prize to Gossoon and the third prize to Liris on account of Mariquita's disqualification. Mr. Gardner seconded the motion. The motion being put by the chair was carried.

The chairman states that the prizes, to be awarded in silver plate, are as follows:

Number of starters—seven, at \$100 each.....	\$700.00
Number of entries that paid forfeit—one (Tomahawk), at \$25.....	25.00

Total amount of sweepstakes.....	\$725.00
Whereof 10 per cent. to expenses.....	72.50

Leaving for the three prizes.....\$652.50

Under the conditions of the race the value of the first prize is 60 per cent.\$391.50

Of the second prize, 13 per cent.130.50

Of the third prize, 12 per cent.78.50

The chairman then suggested that Mr. Davidson be requested to consult the Whiting Manufacturing Company, the silversmiths who had heretofore furnished the prizes to the club, with a view to having sketches made for the above prizes, and that he submit the same to the respective owners, and if their approval be obtained forward the same to the secretary of the club to cause them to be made and awarded.

There being no other business before the meeting, on motion the meeting adjourned. CHAS. STEWART DAVIDSON, Acting Sec'y.

YARROW'S WATER-TUBE BOILER.

THE accompanying illustrations show a type of water-tube boiler which has lately been introduced by Messrs. Yarrow & Co., of Poplar, for use in the torpedo boats built by this firm. The particular boiler represented in our illustration has been placed in a second torpedo boat, which is one of a number that the firm has lately constructed for the Argentine Government.

Although this form of boiler has only recently been brought forward by Messrs. Yarrow, it can hardly be described as new; for the design has been worked out for some time past, and is the result of a large number of trials and experiments which have extended over the last ten years or more. It is now about that time since Mr. Yarrow patented a water tube boiler which he believes was fairly successful in working, and it is two years or more since we were shown a smaller boiler practically identical in form with that which we now illustrate, but which possesses certain additional features that have since been proved by practical experience to be necessary.

The arrangement and general design are fairly well shown by our illustration. There is a horizontal upper chamber or receiver and two lower chambers, each of the latter occupying the space at the sides of the fire grate. The receiver is connected to the lower chambers by numerous straight lengths of pipe, composed of welded steel tube. The parts of the chambers into which these tubes are inserted are flattened so that several rows of tubes are possible. The tubes are expanded into the chambers in the ordinary way. Each chamber is made in two parts, which are flanged out and joined by nuts and bolts, a copper wire serving as packing to make a steam-tight joint. The water gauge glasses and other fittings are attached to the upper cylinder. The whole is inclosed by a smoke jacket, and the products of combustion pass upward among the tubes to the uptake on the top of the boiler. In the boiler fitted to the second-class boat to which reference has been made, the length of the cylinders is about 6ft., and the diameter of the top receiver is 20in. The tubes are galvanized, and we understand Messrs. Yarrow & Co. have made arrangements whereby the whole of the boiler can be galvanized complete.

When running, the water level is kept half way up the receiver, and the top of the tubes is therefore always below the water level. In connection with this point the question of circulation—the crucial point in design of all water-tube boilers—will arise, and in regard to this point the long continued experiments of Messrs. Yarrow have brought some curious facts to light. As first designed this water-tube boiler had certain exterior pipes which were intended to aid the circulation by allowing the cooler water in them to fall, while the hotter water and steam in the tubes subject to the heat of the furnace flowed upward, in a manner already familiar. The boiler from which our illustration has been taken has these exterior pipes. It has been found, however, by recent experiments that the exterior pipes are unnecessary, a sufficient circulation being obtained by the difference in heat to which the rows of pipes respectively near to, and furthest removed from, the radiant heat of the furnace are subjected, and the consequent difference in specific gravity of the contents of the pipes or tubes. The fact is interesting, as showing the greater simplicity in design which can often be obtained in engineering structures by further research.

Another important point which will strike the engineer acquainted with the history of past water-tube boilers is that which depends on unequal expansion and contraction. The tubes being straight, if one expands under the influence of heat more than the rest, a compressive stress will be put upon the tube, while the colder length of pipe will be subject to a tensile stress. This, it would be thought, should lead to a loosening of the joints and consequent leakage. It is unreasonable to expect any boiler to work without stress of some kind, and the question arises whether the structure is sufficiently strong to resist the stresses to which allusion has been made. The recent experience with certain boilers of the more ordinary type fitted in some of Her Majesty's vessels, would lead to misgiving on this point; but is doubtful how far the compression and tension of tubes, due to unequal temperature, causes tube ends to leak in shell boilers. At any rate, the boiler

under notice stands on a different footing, and the experience of Messrs. Yarrow is that their new type of boiler neither leaks nor primes when put to the high duty required in torpedo boats. That that duty is up to the average may be taken as granted from the fact that the boat in which the water-tube boiler has been placed made a knot an hour more than her sister ships. The annexed table contains a copy of the official record of the trial.

OFFICIAL TRIAL OF SECOND-CLASS TORPEDO BOAT FOR THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT, BY MESSRS. YARROW & CO., DEC. 23, 1890.

Fitted with Yarrow's tubular boiler. Load on board, 2 tons. The trial took place at Long Reach on the Admiralty measured mile.

Steam.	Vacuum.	Air Pressure.	Revolutions per minute.	Time.	Speed.	First Means.	Second Means.
lbs.	in.	lb.	H. M.	knots.			
170	23	2.7	570	3 3	19.672	17.765	
170	23	3.2	577	3 47	15.859		
170	22.7	3.5	568	3 1	19.890	17.909	
171	22.5	3.3	680	3 46	15.929	18.133	18.021
172	22.7	3.2	597	2 57	20.338	18.063	18.908
172	23	3.0	578	3 48	15.789	18.130	18.121
174	22.5	3.1	582	2 55	20.571	18.215	
173	23	3.4	583	3 46	15.929	18.250	
means 172	22.7	3.35	578				Admiralty means 18.113 knots.

The boat is 60ft. long by 9ft. 3in. broad. Her displacement when fully loaded is about 15 tons. The engines are of the triple-compound type, and work up to about 250 horse power. The average speed attained with the same type of boats with locomotive boilers is 17 knots.

The advantages claimed for the boiler by its makers are that it is free from complicated and intricate parts, there being neither bends, elbows or intermediate obstruction to the free flow of steam and water through the tubes. By unscrewing the nuts and dividing the chambers at the flanges, a straight length of pipe becomes accessible, thus allowing of freedom for cleansing purposes. The boiler is light, easy to repair, and has high steaming powers for the surface exposed and fuel burned. Steam can be raised in a very short time—about twenty minutes, we believe, starting with all cold. The great point that remains to be considered in this boiler is its durability, and on that subject it is evident that no one can speak with authority for the next nine or ten years—at least authoritatively as comparing it with the locomotive type with which it is brought into competition. Messrs. Yarrow have, however, constructed a few of these boilers which have been in a work for some years with satisfactory results, and they are only now bringing the design forward after having satisfied themselves that there is no serious doubt as to its practical success. Probably we should have heard more of the invention ere this, had it not been for the satisfactory results Messrs. Yarrow & Co. always seem to get from their old and tried friend the locomotive type of boiler.—Engineering.

THE RACING OUTLOOK.

ALTHOUGH spring is almost here, and there are indications of an early season, the outlook for yacht racing is less promising than it has been for twenty years. International racing is dead for the year, no challenge has been received for the America's Cup and none is expected; there is no prospect of a visit from a British yacht to contest for the Paine cup or to take part in the regular races; nor is there any talk of challenging on the part of American yachts for the New Royal Victoria cup or either of the American trophies now held in England. The stagnation in international racing is accompanied, perhaps as a natural consequence, by similar inactivity at home, there is no talk of racing on the part of the owners of any of the large yachts, and the meagre entry lists of last season are likely to be still smaller this year in the 50ft. class and in all sizes above up to the largest schooners.

The only signs of life are in the 40ft. class, for which seven racing craft are now building, while one or two more are likely to be ordered; but this is peculiarly an Eastern class, and though three of the boats will hail from New York, the cream of the racing is certain to be kept about Marblehead. In New York there is no prospect of any good racing, either by big mixed fleets in the regattas, as in years gone by, or by a few well-fitted racing classes, much as the 40ft. last year. This class is practically dead, the boats, save Gossoon and Minerva, having been converted into cruisers, the 35 and 30ft. classes are no better off, and the promised 25ft. corrected length class has but two boats building.

The blame for this state of affairs certainly does not lie with the clubs or the regatta committees and the energetic gentlemen who have charge of the racing in the New York, Seawannaka and Larchmont clubs are already at work on various schemes to arouse and interest owners and secure entries. Various methods of handicapping, rules for cruising trim, etc., have been discussed and the Seawannaka C. Y. C. will make a canvas of the yacht owners in an order to ascertain their views. A similar work has already been done in Boston by the committee of the Eastern Y. C., which has sent out the following circular to all yacht owners.

EASTERN Y. C.

Boston, Feb. 23.—Dear Sir: Your regatta committee are con-

ident that there exists among the yacht owners of the club a sportsmanlike spirit sufficient to insure numerous interesting races during the approaching summer; and that they may offer an acceptable programme at the earliest moment, they ask you to fill out and return before Feb. 23, an answer to each of the questions on annexed sheet. The committee do not promise that all or any one of the races suggested will be given, and will not regard any promise to enter your yacht, but simply seek to gain early knowledge of the probable preference of owners. By permission of the commodore it may be stated that the annual cruise will probably begin in the early part of July. A full answer with suggestions is requested.

WM. S. EATON, JR., Chairman,
R. D. SEARS,
F. E. PEABODY,
P. T. JACKSON, Jr.,
HENRY H. BUCK, Secretary.

FEB. 24.—To Henry H. Buck, Secretary Regatta Committee, E. Y. C., 60 State Street, Boston.—Dear Sir: In reply to the regatta committee's circular of Feb. 23, I number (from 1 to 6) the kinds of races suggested in the order in which they appear attractive to me, and I do not now see anything to prevent my entering my yacht in those of the following dates against which I mark X in case they are decided upon:

KINDS OF RACES SUGGESTED.	DATES OF RACES SUGGESTED.
Racing trim.	May 30, Decoration Day.
Cruising trim.	June 17, Holiday.
Handicap.	June 29, Annual Regatta.
Sweepstakes.	July 4, Holiday.
Match race.	July 11, Two days before cruise.
Port to port.	Cruising trim, club topsails barred.
	Aug. 15, or at end of cruise of N. Y. Y. C.
	Sept. 1 (about).
	Sept. 15 (about).

I suggest.....
The..... will..... be in commission by.....
She could be in commission by.....
Name.....
Address.....

The following circular, announcing the result, has since been issued: In view of the expressed wishes of the yacht owners, in answer to the circular of Feb. 23, the regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. propose the following races for the season of 1891. All details will be stated in circulars hereafter.

May 30—Handicap race for first and second class schooners and fifth, sixth and seventh class sloops.
June 17—Sweepstakes races for first and second class schooners in cruising trim, and for fifth, sixth, and seventh class sloops in racing trim.
June 29, subject to change—Annual regatta.
July, two days before the cruise—Races for all classes. Handicap, cruising trim.
Aug. 15, or end of N. Y. Y. C. cruise—Sweepstakes for first and second class schooners, and fifth, sixth and seventh class sloops.
Sept. 1, subject to change—Fall regatta for all classes.
The club will pay all expenses of the races, and should the entries for either or both of the sweepstakes warrant it, the club will add to the stakes.
The regatta committee reserves the right to invite visiting yachts to enter any of these races and will be glad to arrange additional races, or races on these dates for other classes should prizes be offered.
The above programme includes two features, a race in cruising trim and a handicap, both of which are new in American waters. The committee is set to work in earnest, and it receives a reasonable amount of encouragement from the owners, the season at Marblehead will be by no means a dull one.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C.—The Rhode Island Y. C. has elected the following officers for 1891: Com., James Lawrence; Vice-Com., F. P. Sanders; Rear-Com., C. G. Bloomer; Pres., Geo. H. Slade; Sec'y, E. P. Eddy; and Treas., E. T. Herrick. The annual dinner was held on March 2 at Providence E.

THE RIVER IS OPEN.—The first harbinger of spring, in the shape of the club boat Addie, Capt. Merrill, reached Newburgh on Feb. 24 and the ice yachts have folded their white wings for the season. The vocabulary of Arctic names having been nearly exhausted we would suggest, as a novel and very appropriate title for the next ice flyer, the name Hope.

JESSICA.—It is stated that Capt. Ben Parker, who began his sailorizing many years ago as a boy with Mr. Beaver Webb in the little 5 ton Freda, and who has since won renown as a skillful racing skipper, being in charge of Dragon for two years, will race Jessica this season.

CAPE ANN Y. C.—Officers: Com., J. McLaughlin; Vice-Com., J. Brooks; Capt., Aaron Brown; Sec'y, Arthur Hall; Treas., A. P. Parkhurst; Mens., Franklin Davis; Trustees, Aaron Brown, Henry Norwood, Daniel King.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, monthly signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.
COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 41 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. Mackendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM: C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM: T. T. Coffin, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
EX-COM: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

EASTERN DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM: J. W. Cartwright, Jr., New York.
REAR-COM: L. F. Farnelle, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Apollonio, Winchester.
EX-COM: Paul Budie, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by address log the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE: D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
VICE-COMMODORE: N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
REAR-COMMODORE: C. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec'y-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

MAY.
30. Bayonne, Annual, Bayonne.
JUNE.
6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Beach.
13. New York, Annual, S. I. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
20. New York, Sandy Hook Race. 27. Ianthe, Spring, Passaic River.
JULY.
11-20. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST.
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
SEPTEMBER.
7. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River. 8. Orange, Ann., Passaic River.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH C. C.

AS DETAILLED BY THE COMMODORE.

PART I.

"GREAT Scott!" cried Lacy, as the train dashed out of a long, deep cut and thund'ered across the lofty iron bridge, and we caught our first glimpse of the river. It was as red as brick dust.

"That knocks the fishin'," said George disconsolately, as we gazed out upon the hopelessly muddy stream that meandered alongside of the track as we sped onward.

"There must have been a rain down this way," said Lacy. "It's curious how red these Virginia rivers get after a rain or during high water."

"Yes, it's the surface wash from the red clay soil," said George. "The river is not high, though, and perhaps it will clear in a day or so. At any rate, Middle River was clear when we crossed it back at Verona, and we'll reach the point where it comes in to-morrow, and we can go into camp there for two or three days and fish in that stream while North River clears."

It was rather a heavy job carrying those three loaded canoes down the long hill from the station to the river along the primitive road that led to the ford; and the three lusty loafers whom we picked up at the station and beguiled into the evidently unaccustomed exertion of doing the bulk of the carrying, certainly earned their quarter apiece, as they did not feel as they rubbed their astonished arms, backs and legs, and gazed curiously at us and our outfits as we arranged our cargoes and shoved our canoes stern first into the river.

It was 6 o'clock in the evening when we stepped aboard our boats, pushed off from the bank and turned our bows down the river. The river was in the distance, and a fine spring marked on my chart three or four miles below, before we came to camp for the night. The rifle, a few yards below where we embarked, so shall we that we at once stepped out into the water, ripping down over the bar, and lifted our canoes over as soon as we drove their sharp bows against the rough gravel bottom in a fruitless attempt to pass over.

"I counted my first rapid in my cruise on this stream four years ago," said I, as we passed under the lofty railroad bridge, upon which the entire noble-bodied male population of the little hamlet around the station appeared to be assembled, presenting a curious silhouette of arms, legs and hats against the sky. We rounded the bend below, and the river, at the present low stage, ran smoothly though swiftly through a narrow channel, its surface broken by a few bushes covered flats, profusely sprinkled with big rocks, whose black heads also dotted the surface of the water.

"The river was way up, booming, and the waves ran big over these rocks along here. It was smoother on either side along close to shore, but in midstream it looked very much like the wake of a stern-wheel steamboat; and, as a boy, I used to be fond of riding steamboat wakes at a respectful distance, of course, so I sailed right down the middle."

"It was my first camping cruise, and the Frankie had a tremendous miscellaneous assortment, in the way of supplies, on board; enough for two men, in fact, with plenty to spare; and I noticed when I pushed out that she was low in the water and rode heavily. Also, she was my first canoe, home-made of course, and her shape was somewhat crude, and she had very little fulness at her bow and stern, with all her 30in. beam. Well, she lifted slowly over the first wave, and dropped her nose and drove nearly right through the next one, and the water rolled in a smooth, unbroken sheet clear over her from stem to stern, and came aboard by the bucketful, under the poorly arranged apron with which I was equipped, wetting my legs and feet thoroughly, and I was thankful to get through the rapid without swamping. Fortunately it was a short one, and after that when I saw a more big wave piling up ahead, I was only too thankful to get a chance to dodge them, if such a chance offered which was not often."

"Hold on, fellows; my canoe is leaking like an old tub!" shouted Lacy, who had dropped some distance astern, and had stopped paddling and was using his hands in wiping the water out of his boat with his tin cup and boat sponge. We beached our canoes on the crest of a huge fish dam that stretched across the river just below, and awaited his arrival.

"Can't you find the leak, and stuff your handkerchief into it?" "No, but the water is above the floor boards and coming in right fast."

"You knocked a hole in the bottom of your canoe up at that first riffle; you mustn't try to force your boat over such a place, but whenever she sticks hard and fast, as she did up there, you must step right out and ease her over," said George.

"There's no place to camp here," said I. "Can't you keep afloat until we reach a house or a ford or spring or some place to hang up for the night?" "O, yes, if you'll wait for me to bail out occasionally."

"We lifted our canoes over the fish dam, as there was no shoot in it, and shot down the swift, rocky rapid below, and picked our way along cautiously among the reefs and ledges that abounded everywhere; consequently our progress was slow, and twilight began to throw its shadowy mantle around us and we were still some miles from the spring, and had in mind as our camping place for the night. We abandoned all hope of finding a place, and scanned the banks closely along the base of the steep, wooded bluffs that skirted both sides of the river, as we passed along, in hopes of finding a spring and room to camp.

"I don't know about that shoot!" I remarked dubiously, as I looked down over the crest of another big fish dam, which, like most structures of its kind, was simply an irregular wall of loose stones piled up across the river, some three or four feet high, with a slight gap or notch in the top for the passage of boats; or, more likely, the place where the trap had stood, through which the water poured in a furious torrent down over the rough, steeply-sloping face of the dam.

"It's right narrow and steep; and there's a big rock at the bottom, so you must be careful. What do you think of it?"

George paddled up to the top of the shoot and took a look down its foaming slope and at the suspicious-looking wave at the bottom; and the only answer he vouchsafed was to close the hatch in front of him with a snap, pull the apron up to his chin, and drive the Rosa straight down it. By a dextrous twist of the paddle he swerved aside and avoided the rock at the bottom, and the Rosa—the spray streaming from her decks and closed her sheets—slid safely and gracefully out into the smooth water below. I followed in the Frankie, but she would not swing, owing to her sailing lines and greater bulk, but struck the rock on her starboard bow with a crash that made the tinware in her hold rattle again; sustaining no apparent damage, however.

"Commodore, that canoe of yours don't seem to handle as promptly and easily as your smaller boats; she's a little too full and broad, ain't she?" said Lacy, as he drew up alongside and bailed the water out of his leaking canoe, after successfully making the shoot.

"I don't think so; she's a very dry boat, owing to her full lines. I came down over that dam with my hatches open and did not get a drop of water, while the water rolled clear over your canoe, and George's also."

The bluffs fell away on either side; the country became more open and level; and presently our eyes were gladdened with the welcome sight of a borseman fording the river a quarter of a mile below; so we pushed on for the ford, knowing that we would, in all likelihood, find room for a camp alongside of the road; while the roof of a house, showing up indistinctly across the fields in the rapidly gathering shades of night, gave promise of water.

"Hello, Johnnie!" George sung out to a little tow-headed, tow-breeched urchin who stood on the bank staring at us in open-mouthed amazement, as we rounded to at the ford; while a slatternly, sun-bonneted woman, with two or three more little waiting tow-heads clinging half in fright to her limp skirts, stood gazing at us with curiosity a little further up the road.

"Is there a spring anywhere close around here?" "Yes, sir, right up here in the bushes; I'll show you," said he, as he trotted along up the bank, his little flag of truce fluttering out behind, followed by Lacy with the camp kettles.

It was indeed a lucky find, and while George purloined a board off the fence and used it to spread, I gathered the camp-stove and kitchen outfit from the hold of the Frankie, set up my kitchen and quickly prepared a bountiful supper of lamb chops, fried potatoes, bread and butter and coffee, George and Lacy in the meantime unpacking and carrying the canoes and stoves up the bank and locating them for the night.

After supper, which we disposed of by the light of our lanterns, Lacy's canoe was turned over, and an examination revealed quite a good-sized hole, knocked through the canvas skin, which was readily patched by pasting a piece of canvas over it by means of the composition of resin and grease carried for that purpose.

It is one of the advantages of a canvas canoe, that while easier injured than a wooden one—and not a great deal easier either, when the canvas is covered with heavy duck, well oiled and painted, the canvas becomes a tough leathery skin very hard to break, and being yielding and elastic it will stand blows without injury that would split a wooden shell—it is also much easier repaired. If the bottom is well protected with bilge keels a canvas canoe will stand an astonishing amount of hard usage and knocking around generally. Our canoes were protected by an oak keel

3in. broad and 3/4in. deep, and by four bilge keels on each side of it, each 1in. broad by 3/4in. deep, and when the cruise was finished the keels and bilge keels were bristling strips of splinters, while the canoes were practically uninjured.

It was intensely morning, and we hunted the shade as

The entire bed of the Shenandoah from the utmost springs of its triplet headstreams, North, Middle and South rivers, in Augusta county, Virginia, to its final swift union with the Potomac at picturesque, historic Harper's Ferry, is literally ribbed and scored with rough, jagged limestone ledges, looking like great shells set on edge and generally extending in more or less regular parallel lines, either with the stream or across it.

Sometimes they are so deeply submerged as to be invisible in the "eddies" or pools, but an examination of the bottom with pole or paddle reveals their presence; and sometimes the rapids appear to be simply short gravelly bars, but the gravel drift only fills in the spaces between the ledges, and it is often difficult in the rapids and falls that everywhere abound in the river to find gaps or channels through the ledges for the passage of canoes; and in low water, even in the eddies, they frequently approach the surface so closely as to be quite troublesome, as we frequently found, to our great annoyance, when we hung up on one (which we too often did squarely amidships, with no bottom to be found on either side) with paddle or push-pole, the only way of getting her off being to employ the push-poles as levers against the bottom of our canoes as possible, and with the i-verage thus secured, to rock and rock them off sideways. Throughout this entire cruise of over 100 miles, owing to the very low water, we were obliged to pick our way along through rapid and eddy (as the long still reaches or pools are incorrectly termed in local parlance) as carefully as one might expect to find in a field of stumps. With a foot more water we would have had no difficulty coasting down the miles of rapids that abound in the Shenandoah.

"The canoe's too big for me; I'm going to sell her this winter and build a smaller one," said I, for about the ninth time that morning, as the Frankie went bumping and drifting stern first down a stiff little rapid, after hanging her how on a submerged rock whose rim she had seen for 50yds. above, and which she had, with high-headed obstinacy, run her stern right upon, in spite of every effort on my part to induce her to dodge it.

"What! certainly is your boat built from, commodore?" asked Lacy. "It certainly is beautifully shaped, but what induced you to build such a big boat, and with so much sheer to her bow and stern? I should think it would be hard to paddle against a head wind with all that bow."

"It probably will; but wait until we strike some real rough water, some of those Shenandoah falls, the falls at Port Republic, or Kemple's Falls for instance, where the big waves come piling up at you several feet high, and then you'll see where that full, high bow comes in. Why, I've been going over these fish dams and rapids all the morning with my hatches open, and have hardly taken a drop of water on my decks even, while you and George go under every time with your little sharp-nosed, low-decked Rob Roys."

"But she seems to turn so hard."

"Yes, if her bow and stern were cut away more like your canoes it would be better, for she would then undoubtedly turn quicker. As it is, she has a bad habit of going straight ahead, or bodily with the set of the current, in spite of my most earnest efforts to place her where I want her. On such occasions I feel strongly tempted to whale her over the head with my paddle. Also being so much bigger she paddles harder than your canoes, but on the other hand she draws less water, for I have several times this morning gone over and through places where you and George both stuck."

"What are her dimensions, and why did you build so big a boat? You look lost in her."

"She is built from the noted Jersey Blue model, modified for this kind of cruising on rapids, shallow rivers of course, by rounding her stern away, just like the bow, by leaving off her deep keel, and dispensing with her rudder and sails; and by putting in an 8ft. cockpit, as well like yours. She is 14ft. long, 30in. beam, 10in. deep amidship, 14in. at stern, 16in. at bow. She is your canoes, with the same length, are but 26in. beam, 8in. deep amidship and 10in. at each end. I built her so large because I particularly wanted more sleeping room, as well as more storage room, and in these respects at least she certainly is a success. I have ample sleeping room, while you fellows have to get up and go out of doors to turn in, and I do not have to part my hair in the middle to keep her from rolling over with me either. She is undoubtedly the best boat of the fleet, but for a man of my size, weight and muscle, a smaller boat—still a boat somewhat larger than yours—would undoubtedly have been better."

"We easily portaged the Showalter Dam and also the Brewbake Dam a couple of miles below it, by simply sliding the canoes right over the crests of the dams; Lacy and I standing on the dams above and pulling them over, while George stood in the shallow water on the rocks below to ease them down. Further down the river we frequently slid the boats over the dam from above into deep water below by simply letting the ends go right down into the water; and in no instance did we ever ship a drop of water, though we always ran stern down, and sometimes ran down a couple of feet or more below the surface."

"There are some fellows fishing yonder on that point where the river turns," said George, as we entered a long straight reach a mile below the Brewbake Dam.

"Yes, that's the mouth of Middle River; they're right on the point between the two rivers," I replied.

"Now this looks most like a fine place to hang up here for a few days if we can find a good camp place," said George, as we passed the point and paddled out of the muddy water of North River into the calm clear waters of Middle River, on whose crystal depths we seemed to float, suspended as lightly as bubbles. The natives seated on the point fishing looked upon us with wondering interest as we glided smoothly and silently by.

"Good, Bill! did you ever see such purty little tricks as them boats?" was the admiring comment we heard, in an undertone, as we passed.

"See how distinct and plain the line is between the two rivers," said Lacy, as we were making our way ashore for a belated and much-needed lunch, at a fine spring in the bank some 50yds. below the junction of the two rivers, to which we were directed by the kindly disposed rustic fishermen on the point. The muddy waters of North River and the clear waters of Middle River, they run along side by side without mingling as far as you can see."

"Yes, I was just noticing it," said George. "This frequently occurs when a clear and a muddy stream come together so near the same size as these two rivers. Ah, here's the very place for a camp!" "Shall we stop here for two or three days? What do you say?" "Agreed," was the ready reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASHINGTON CANOE ASSOCIATION.—The fifth annual dinner of the Washington Canoe Association took place on Feb. 23 at the residence of Mr. Frank Dyer, 1325 Vermont avenue. After the dinner, which began at 9 o'clock, several interesting speeches and other forms of entertainment added to the record of the evening's enjoyment. Mr. Otis B. Goodall gave a bright history of canoeing in this city since 1884, when it was first introduced as a separate sport. A letter was read from Ex-Commodore J. R. Lake, who is now a New Yorker, and Rev. T. S. Wynkoop gave a delightful talk on canoeing in India and England. The members gave some club songs. The table decoration and the menu card were appropriate to the occasion. Those present were Rev. T. S. Wynkoop, Mr. C. L. Dyer, Mr. T. O. Riech, Mr. J. A. Oliver, Mr. Otis B. Goodall, Dr. Hugh M. Cline, Mr. Alfred Kenaster, Mr. Charles E. Bright, Mr. L. Dyer and Messrs. Perkins, Berry and Clarke. As the Canoe Association is a thing of the past, having amalgamated with the Anaslantian Club, the old members took advantage of this reunion by organizing themselves as an honorary association, and electing the following officers for one year: Rev. T. S. Wynkoop, Commodore; Frank C. Dyer, Vice-Commodore, and Otis B. Goodall, Secretary.—Evening Star.

WINTER QUARTERS.—The regular winter will take place on Friday at 19 West 24th St., dinner being served at 7 P. M. Messrs. Sayre and Rogers will tell of their trip down the Housatonic.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Div., Chas. E. Cragg, Point Henry, N. Y.; G. S. Whitteck, Chicago, Ill. Atlantic Div., S. W. Ball, New York.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blitzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 25 lithographic plates. Price \$1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1893, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

Small Yachts. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$7. Steam Yachts and Launches. By C. P. Kunhardt. Price \$3. Yachts, Boats and Canoes. By C. Stansfield-Hicks. Price \$3.50. Steam Machinery, By Donaldson. Price \$1.50.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

CAP LOCK.—We will ascertain the boundaries of the preserve for you.

E. S. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—We recommend you to try Canadensis, N. Y.

J. M. B., Brooklyn.—The "Nautical Magazine" is published at 28 Little Queen street, London.

J. K., Gloucester.—We cannot give lines you wish at present. The other boat would probably be wet in rough weather.

S. H. P., Kittery, Me.—Write to Supt. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C., for price of "Atlantic Coast Pilot."

E. E. W., Neihart, Montana.—We can supply back numbers at ten cents each. New York fur dealers are C. G. Cunther's Sons, 184 Fifth avenue.

JACK, Washington, D. C.—You will find design small yachts and sailboats in the book. For canoes and cruising boats see "Canoe and Boat Building."

R. J., Buffalo, N. Y.—We know of no dealer who keeps large bamboos in stock. They are sometimes to be had in New York, but are difficult to find.

C. W. H., Albany, N. Y.—Is there such a thing as a list of St. Bernard breeders published, and if so, where can I obtain one? Ans. Write to Mr. K. E. Hopf, Arlington, N. J.

J. W. G.—Please inform the depth of chamber to order for my Parker hammerless, 74 lbs., 30 in., 12 gauge gun, and oblige. Ans. The chamber should fit the shell, generally made 2 5/8 in.

E. B. P., Brooklyn.—You can make the greatest part of the trip by water, but there are some very small bridges, and a portage must be made at one point. The ad. will cost about \$1.

CONSTANT READER, who asked last week for dog trainer within 100 miles of Chicago, is advised that the Riverside (Ind.) Kennels (see advertisement) are 90 miles from Chicago, and will doubtless answer his purpose.

D. G., Oswego, N. Y.—1. Where can I procure St. Bernard pups? 2. What is the general price for them? Ans. 1. Consult our advertising columns. 2. Anywhere from \$35 to \$75, according to reputation of sire and dam.

LIGHTHOUSE, Summitt, O.—How can a person secure a position as lighthouse keeper and to whom should they apply for such a position? How much is the salary paid lighthouse keepers? Ans. Application should be made to the Lighthouse Board at Washington. The salaries vary.

1. Please let me know if the pups whelped by the bitch Fannie are eligible to registry, and cost, also send blanks to be filled out. 2. Will you oblige by giving the address of Mr. Naylor, breeder of Scotch terriers. Inclosed find pedigree of dog and bitch. Ans. 1. Yes; write for blanks to A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York city. The fee is \$1. 2. John H. Naylor, Mount Forest, Ill.

INQUIRER.—What caliber rifle is most used by Western hunters and frontier men? Which sight is most used in hunting large game? Can you give me description of strap and method of attaching it to the rifle, worn by hunters and cavalry men, moss used when riding it is worn over the shoulder? Does the Mills belt come for any size rifle cartridge? Ans. 1. 45. 2. The Lyman 3. See any military rifle for style of strap. 4. Yes.

C. M. W., Providence, R. I.—I have a very slight dent in the cylinder barrel of my gun. Do you think that it would be better to have it removed? I took it to the gun shop here and there they said it would not hurt the shooting at all, and that it being such small brass it would be rather hard to get out. However that may be, one can see it quite easily when the barrel is clean. As the gun is a very valuable one, I should feel obliged if you would give me your opinion about it. Ans. You may well enough have it taken out for the satisfaction of appearances, but it will not affect the shooting to any appreciable extent.

DOCTOR, Oswego, N. Y.—Can you tell me the greatest length of gun barrel constructed in former years? If information is not at hand perhaps some of your numerous correspondents can assist

you. There is in a museum at Florence a single barrel of extraordinary length. I would like to know just how long it is. Our representative in that city would doubtless be pleased to send you its dimensions, which, I think, would be of interest to your readers. The museum is in a former city hall, where there is a large collection of arms. The gun was evidently used for sporting purposes. Ans. Some of the old wall-pieces had barrels 11 ft. long.

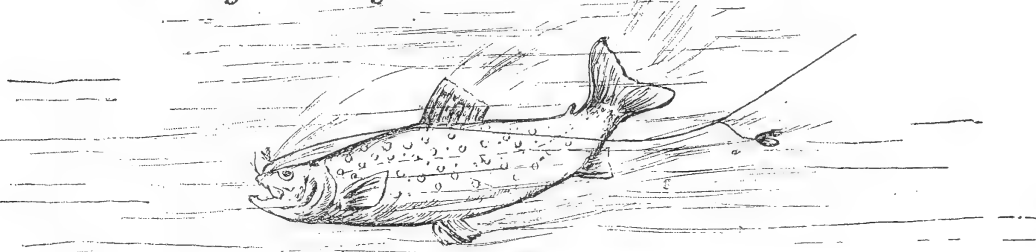
D. F. C., Tampa, Fla.—1. Which do you consider the most practical and best State game laws? We are about to attempt to have one put through in this State, and it is with regard to its framing that I ask the question. 2. What do you think is the best thing that can be done to rid setters of fleas and vermin and keep them free, or that will come nearest doing so? 3. Where can I obtain for a reasonable price a good strain of Irish setters? Ans. 1. It is certainly high time that Florida had a game law that amounted to something. Of course the same law will not answer for Florida and Maine. Your best course would be to procure a copy of the *Book of the Game Laws*, study the laws of the different States, and with the help of a lawyer draw up a bill for your Legislature. Let it be simple, as far as possible from legal verbiage, and so, easily to be comprehended. 2. Any of the advertised dog soaps are good; we have also found whale oil soap an excellent thing. 3. Consult our advertising columns.

It also applies to men. Says Mr. Lawson Valentine: "The dog that goes hunting with his master for a day has a good time. The dog that stays at home has nothing to do but scratch fleas. The fleas don't bother the dog that goes hunting."

Dogs: *Their Management and Treatment in Disease*, By Ashmont. Price \$2. *Kennel Record and Account Book*, Price \$3. *Training vs. Breaking*, By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. *First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds*. Price 50 cents.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Ad.

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To avoid losing big fish—Use only ABBEY & IMBRIE'S HIGHEST QUALITY MIST COLOR LEADERS—Every one of which is carefully tested. A prominent angler tells us that our salmon leaders were beyond question the best he saw in use on the Restigouche last season. 18 VESEY ST. NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO LIMIT CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company: Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof, such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILLIAM H. LEMASSENA, Receiver, 802 Broad st. Newark, N. J.

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No. 1, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10 ft., weight 9, 10 1/2, 12, 13 oz. Price 3 82
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8 ft., weight 20 oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8 ft., weight 20 oz. Price 3 82
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. Price 2 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancewood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9 ft. Price 90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25 yds., \$3c.; 40 yds., \$5c.; 60 yds., \$1.05; 80 yds., \$1.15; 100 yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Chuck, Nickel Plated, 40 yds., \$1.75; 60 yds., \$2.25; 80 yds., \$2.50; 200 yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300 ft., 4 lb. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300 ft., 9 thread, 38c.; 12 thread, 43c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1 ft., per doz., 15c.; 2 ft., per doz., 30c.; 3 ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1 ft., per doz., 15c.; 2 ft., per doz., 30c.; 3 ft., per doz., 45c.

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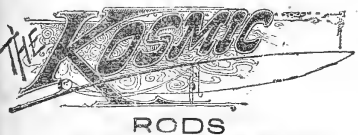
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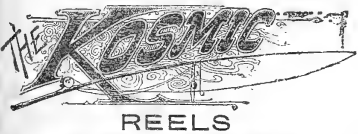
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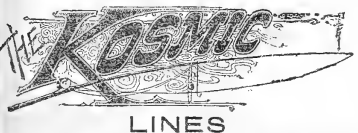
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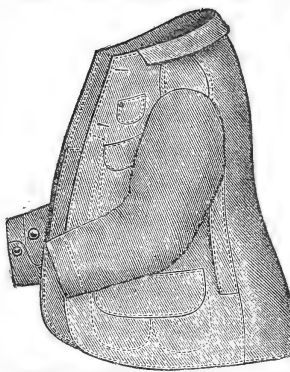


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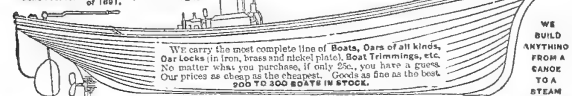
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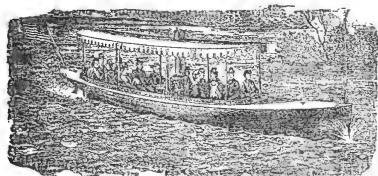
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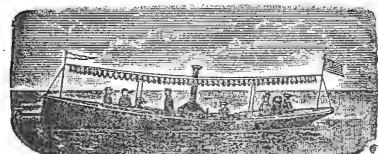
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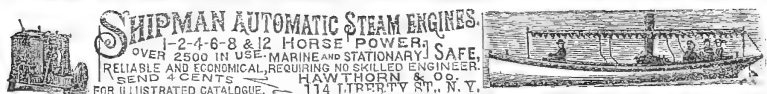
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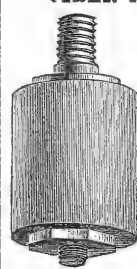
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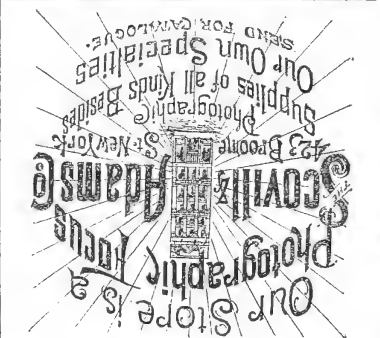
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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No. 318 BROADWAY.

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AMATEUR REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

MR. WALTER WINANS, who is well known to American marksmen as the best revolver shot of Great Britain, has asked FOREST AND STREAM to act as his representative in fixing the amateur revolver championship of America. In his letter to FOREST AND STREAM he announces his desire to offer a piece of bronze as the emblem of that championship. The *objet d'art* which he contributes will be of his own make. For years it has been a work of loving pleasure on the part of Mr. Winans to fashion the daintiest bits of sculpture in wax, have them cast in enduring bronze and present them to appreciative and specially honored friends. It is not impossible that in a response to a demand which has been often repeated, some of these works may find their way into the regular channels of art sale and thus come within the reach of those who would gladly possess these quaint artistic samples of wax sculpture. It is one of these pieces, a figure of a mounted cowboy, we believe, which is to come over here as the emblem of the championship.

The problem now is, and one which we invite our revolver-shooting friends to share with us in solving, to fix the conditions; our own notion is to make the conditions so free that no one will feel that he is shooting under a handicap of any sort in striving for the honor of being the first revolver shot of America. Briefly stated, the conditions will probably be fixed so as to have the shooting at 20yds., by any revolver, with any sight, with any trigger pull, with any ammunition, strictly off-hand, 6 shots, at a target which will enable the shots to be measured each in inches and fractions from the fixed center. With such a target it will be possible to translate the record into the scores of any target of the dozens now in use. An open match first, with scores from anywhere, and then a final struggle of the leading ten or a dozen

shooters, under strict scrutiny at a fixed time and place, will determine who shall have the honor of first holding the trophy, to be defended for a certain length of time against challenge before becoming personal and permanent property.

These, in a general way, are the conditions which strike us as about right for such a match, and likely to give the widest satisfaction. On these and all points, however, we shall be glad, before fixing finally the rules of the contest, to hear from the Massachusetts Rifle Association's revolver shots, from those who do such fine work of this sort at Conlin's famous New York gallery, or the members of the New York Revolver Club meeting at the Zettler gallery. St. Louis has revolver marksmen whose opinion will be welcome as prospective competitors, and the Philadelphia galleries are also to be heard from. We invite the widest discussion and, by a prompt expression of opinion from all sides, hope to have the competition on at a very early date.

THE NATIONAL PARK BILL.

THE lobby which was working to obtain the right of way for the Montana Mineral Railway through the National Park has again succeeded in preventing Congressional action on the bill for the enlargement and protection of that reservation. Almost up to the last hour of the session there was some slight hope that the Senate bill might come up for action, but in the hurry of conference reports and other matters this important measure was crowded into the background. The lobby—if their agents are correctly quoted—do not hesitate to boast of the means which they employed in their attempts to monopolize the National Park; and in a recent interview Col. May, the "promoter" of the Montana Mineral Railroad, is reported to have said: "We had a powerful lobby, * * but the opposition was too strong." Except for the efforts of the railroad lobby to put through their iniquitous scheme the measure would probably have become law before now, and the next season would have seen the surveying of the boundaries of the Park and the establishment there of a form of government which would have been not only a great benefit to the Park at large, but also a security to each individual who might visit it. All this is now indefinitely postponed, as is also the prospect for building any railway from Cinnabar to Cooke City, something which might have been done had the Montana Mineral Railway people been willing to assent to the cutting off the northeast corner of the Park.

The statement is now made that the road will be constructed, but that a new route is to be selected, which will not enter the Yellowstone Park. It is said that the work of construction will be begun as soon as the surveys are completed, which last seems to us to have a familiar sound.

The mine owners at Cooke have only that lobby to thank for their present isolation. If they want an outlet to the Northern Pacific R. R. we would suggest that they now take an active interest in pushing the construction of some railroad between Cooke City and the Northern Pacific which shall not threaten the integrity of the Park.

THE CORBIN GAME PARK.

MR. AUSTIN CORBIN'S game park in New Hampshire is an enterprise so generous in scope, so praiseworthy in spirit, and so important in its bearings on game preservation, that it has excited widespread interest among sportsmen and naturalists. In response to our request Mr. John R. Spears has written an account of what has been accomplished up to the present time; and the story is printed in our game columns to-day. Mr. Corbin is engaged in an attempt to bring together all the large game species of our continent adapted to the climate of New Hampshire, and to maintain them there under conditions as nearly as practicable approaching their native haunts. His great preserve is admirably adapted to the purpose, since there are within its boundaries diversities of cover fitted for each species. The results sure to follow the successful maintenance of game under these conditions will be of immeasurable value; and we speak for every sportsman in the land when we bespeak for the promoters of this New Hampshire enterprise every encouragement and a cordial public support.

The market hunters of the lower Potomac call canvas-back ducks "white-backs." And sportsmen they call "sports."

SNAP SHOTS.

THE telegraph brings us the news of the death on Tuesday last, at Neosho, Kansas, of Col. N. S. Goss, the State ornithologist of Kansas, and a member of the American Ornithologists' Union. Col. Goss was one of the best known men in Kansas, and had a wide acquaintance among ornithologists. In the pursuit of his favorite science he had traveled over a great deal of the North American continent, for he was anxious to have a personal acquaintance with each species of our birds. His collection of birds, and also of insects, was very large, and the results of his ornithological labors was seen in the papers which he has published on the birds of Kansas, and the numerous additions to the avifauna of that State which he had recorded. A much more ambitious work from Col. Goss's pen on the Birds of Kansas was received at this office only the day before his sad death, and is now on our table for review. Col. Goss, who was no longer a young man, died of heart disease. When his death was announced to the Legislature, the Senate adopted resolutions setting forth his invaluable services and the irreparable loss to the State by his death.

A well known Boston commission merchant has a letter from a merchant down in the Province, asking for a bid on a live caribou. The owner desires to sell him. He is tame, will eat hay, oats and turnips like a horse, would be likely to run faster than any of the trotters of Beacon Park. He is three years old, or believed to be. Has a fine pair of antlers. Some of the boys in the produce trade think of forming a stock company and bringing that caribou to Boston. The game laws of the Provinces permit of taking and sending deer and caribou out of the country in close time if alive. Some of the dime museums will doubtless get the animal, but Mr. Austin Corbin can doubtless have him, if he will bid against the showmen and pay enough.

Now that the cartridge trust has removed all restrictions as to the selling price of cartridges, it is to be expected that ammunition will be to the dealer in sporting goods what sugar is to the grocer, a line on while the profits are nil. Under the old rule, which the Ammunition Association held up prices, the rates fixed by them were such that on all ammunition there was a profit of at least 10 per cent. There are so many dealers who will cut prices down to bare cost, to make a "leader" of ammunition, that the prices will inevitably drop all around. The buyer will gain, to be sure, but the individual purchaser's benefit will be so slight, after all, that he will hardly feel it.

Whether or not the trout season will open in New York on April 1 is something nobody can tell. The codification bill retains the date of May 1 as the opening day. The bill provides that the new law shall take effect immediately upon its enactment. If the Legislature shall retain the date of May 1 and shall pass the bill sometime in April, say the 10th, after the season under the present law shall have opened, it will complicate things for the angler who may have left home for the trout streams on the 9th. But this is borrowing trouble. There is time enough yet for the opening to be put back to April 1, where it belongs.

Why should the New England States not have uniform game laws, or so nearly uniform as to secure the advantages of coöperative protection? The Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, through its secretary, Mr. Richard O. Harding, invites correspondence from other societies on this subject. It is hoped that a convention may be held in Boston at an early date.

The work of the Boston society toward stocking the covers of the Old Bay State with game birds is going bravely on. The acclimatization committee has received over 1,000 quail and 143 prairie chickens, with more to come. It is to be hoped that the spirit of the association and its object in increasing the game supply of the State may be so thoroughly appreciated that the birds may have necessary protection.

The New York codification game bill has been largely modified; and numerous concessions have been made to suit local interests. The bill is now in the printer's hands. We hope to give the details of the changes next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A STAMPEDE IN THE STORM.

"ANOTHER stampede, by all that's holy!" And springing to his feet Taylor gazed anxiously out into the night in the direction of the herd, whence the sound of a thundering thousand hoofs mingled with the faint shouts of the herders fully demonstrated the truth of the Texan's exclamation.

To the reader inexperienced in all the phases of nomadic life the dread significance of the above remark may not be at once apparent, but to the freighters and cowboys upon our Western plains that strange, indescribable and often inexplicable panic, which sometimes seized their stock, was one of the worst calamities connected with their hazardous calling. One of the favorite methods employed by hostile Indians to harass the trappers, traders or immigrants passing through their country was by creating this panic among their animals; and descriptions of how it was accomplished by crawling into the herds on all fours, or dashing down upon them on horseback, hideously accoutered and yelling like demons, are familiar to all who take pleasure in tales of Western adventure.

But a stampede in one of the great herds of cattle which were formerly driven from Texas to markets in the North and West, that were many hundreds of miles distant, possessed some features that were essentially unique and which are not perhaps as generally known. One singular fact in this connection was that the most disastrous stampede always occurred in those herds composed entirely of full-grown beeves, four years old or upward; while mixed herds, containing cows, calves, yearlings, etc., seldom stampeded without some excuse therefor. The selected droves of great steers that had possibly never been touched by the hand of man since they were branded when calves, among which it was as much as a man's life was worth to go on foot, and which in the daytime would with a slight provocation give battle to a grizzly, will when driven far away from their ranges into wild and to them unknown regions, often acquire at night a timidity surpassing that of the most defenseless animals with which I am acquainted.

These panics usually occurred when there was little or no moon, and unless the first one was promptly checked in its incipient stages, was sure to be followed by others, each more easily created than the last, until only a vigilant, strongly-mounted guard in constant attendance could prevent them from occurring nightly. Strange to say, the human voice had at such times a most tranquilizing effect even upon the wildest cattle, and although of but little influence after the stampede had fairly started, a continuous talking, shouting or singing was one of the best preventives that could be employed. It was in times of the greatest quiet, when everything seemed most secure, that the greatest danger was to be apprehended. Along toward midnight the whole herd, tired from the long day's drive over the dusty trail, lies down to rest, not a sound in all that vast solitude around breaks upon the listening ear, the melancholy howl of the gray wolf that an hour before arose at intervals like the wail of a lost spirit, is hushed, and even the jackal-like voice of the coyote for the moment is still, all nature seems to have sunk into repose, and the silence is oppressive in its intensity. To the inexperienced herder, who has perhaps been constantly riding since sunrise, this seems to be a most favorable opportunity to relieve his aching limbs. He slips quietly to the ground, and the horse, equally relieved, gives the heavy Spanish saddle a vigorous shake. The effect upon that great motionless mass can only be described by a simile. It is like the action of a flock of shore birds at the report of the fowler's gun, or the electric shock that runs through a school of menhaden when struck by the bluefish. Where a moment before many hundreds of cattle were quietly dozing, not one now remains. Every instinct, every faculty seems swallowed up in the one that prompts them to flee from a horror, whose unknown character makes it tenfold more terrible than any actual danger that ever existed. The herders stationed in the direction of the stampede spur their trained horses to either flank. Both horse and rider are fully aware of their danger. Both know the futility of attempting to check that resistless surge, that like a mighty flood bears everything in its course to destruction and death; they would be safer in the path of a cyclone. To skirt the sides of that flying phalanx of hoofs and horns and go with it wherever it shall lead them is all they can hope for now.

By this time the sleepers at the camp are all upon their feet. The sounds that come from the herd are too familiar to be mistaken or to need explanation. Each man has at least three horses at his disposal, and at night one is kept staked and saddled near by for just such emergencies. For weeks the men have ridden sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and during that time have snatched the little sleep they could get with their boots on and their bridles by their sides; and without waiting for directions or company, each as he mounts dashes off into the darkness after the fugitive cattle, with no prospect of a moment's rest until the light of day shall allay their mad frenzy.

It was under conditions such as I have attempted to delineate that the writer found himself during the summer of '67, while endeavoring to drive a band of cattle from Texas to southern California. The journey had from the beginning been a disastrous one and this fatality attended it to the end. We had started with 1,500 head of full-grown beeves gathered in Lampases, San Saba and Llano counties, with an outfit of two wagons, sixty horses and twenty men. The men had been mostly recruited in Austin, which was filled at that period like many other frontier towns with disbanded soldiers, criminals and refugees of all descriptions from the older States. Subsequently we found to our sorrow that we had secured the services of several of these gentry, who proved worthless in the drive and dangerous to the peace of the camp. Two marked exceptions, however, were Taylor and Coffee, both experienced cattlemen and splendid specimens of the native-born Texan. These two men were a host in themselves, and their sterling qualities and valuable services gained for them our warmest consideration to the end. Considerable game it was expected would be found along the trail, and as the Comanches were at that time making frequent raids into the border counties for horse stealing purposes, some

arms were considered necessary; but as my partner, who was the principal owner, was no sportsman and intended to go round all the Indians, a dozen or so old Spencer carbines were the only addition made to the side arms of the herders.

It was the middle of May before we were beyond the settlements and fairly started on our journey, and very soon after we began to suffer from the incompetency of our men. Before we had reached Kickapoo Springs we had lost more than a hundred head of cattle, mostly by their eluding the guards and running back to their old ranges. On our way we had passed Phantom Hill, a place whose singular name had often attracted my attention and excited my curiosity while looking at the map. No one lived within many miles of it at the time, but there were the remains of a large fort with many detached buildings. The houses had disappeared, but the chimneys, built of a very white limestone, were still standing, and their weird outlines among the scattering trees gave them a spectral appearance, especially at night, which doubtless suggested the name. Deer and antelope were quite plentiful, and we saw several bands of wild horses, but the turkeys dwindled in numbers as the timber to the west grew less abundant.

Soon after we passed the springs two of the worthies we had hired in Austin concluded they had gone far enough with the outfit and decamped one bright moonlight night, taking two horses, two of our best saddles, two guns, four revolvers, and a few other trifles, none of which were their own. Recalling their talk and actions during the evening, it was apparent that they had intended to take the two fastest horses in the band and thus defy pursuit, but fortunately these happened to be staked so near the camp-fire that their removal could not be effected without great danger of discovery. Their flight was discovered at midnight. The cattle had already shown signs of stampeding and half the entire force was on guard until that time, and the remainder then went on until morning.

Taylor and Coffee volunteered to pursue the deserters at once; and, well armed and mounted, they took the track before it was two hours old. The men were shaping their course for the settlements; and as a heavy dew had fallen in the evening their trail through the long grass could be followed on a lope for miles. Taylor rode a gray mare, his own property, and the assistance she rendered in the chase was as surprising as it was unexpected. The sagacious animal soon comprehended the object of this midnight ride, and, without breaking her gait, followed the trail like a hound over ground where its faint impression would otherwise have caused much delay. Shortly after sunrise they came in sight of the quarry, and succeeded in getting within a few hundred yards before they were discovered by the runaways, who, not dreaming of any pursuit before morning, were riding very carelessly and leisurely along. A running fight ensued, in which Taylor and Coffee, from their superior position, marksmanship and horses, had decidedly the advantage. The fugitives then endeavored to reach a river bottom a short distance ahead, where there was a small growth of timber, but they never got there alive; and by noon the same day Taylor and Coffee were back to our camp with all the plunder intact, a striking example of the swift and terrible retribution that sometimes overtakes the horse thieves of the border.

Our intention was to cross the Staked Plains from the headwaters of the Concho, and when we arrived at the latter point we went into camp to rest the stock for a couple of days before attempting the ninety mile drive that lay between us and the Horsehead crossing of the Pecos. In the evening of the same day two men, nearly dead from exhaustion, came into our camp and reported that a band of Indians on the Pecos had already captured the three herds which we knew had crossed a few days ahead of us and that they would serve us the same as soon as we reached the river. From their account the reds did not seem inclined to kill the herders when it could be avoided, fearful, no doubt, of drawing the attention of the troops there, by jeopardizing the profitable speculation they were engaged in of running the stolen stock over the line and selling it to the Mexicans. All the preliminary steps to this transaction were manipulated with the greatest ease. The drive over is made, of course, without stoppages; for forty consecutive hours the cattle are hurried over that waterless waste as fast as they can be forced along. When still several miles from the river—some put it as high as ten—they smell the water and hasten forward with all their remaining energy, some of the stronger ones breaking into a brisk trot. The herders do not attempt to restrain them and could not if they should; they only try to urge along the laggards. The result is that when the foremost reach the river the remainder, with a herder here and there, are scattered along the road for three or four miles. At the proper time a strong force of Indians show themselves, make a few hostile demonstrations, the herders disappear as if by magic, and after the cattle have refreshed themselves they are started by the Indians on their way to Mexico.

This startling news threw the camp into a state of great consternation. A council was held and it was decided that the writer should go to Fort Chadbourne and endeavor to get a cavalry escort over the dangerous divide. There was some little risk attending this move. It was quite certain that Indian scouts were watching the herd, and if they discovered the move the scalp of the messenger would be likely to adorn their girdles. But there seemed to be no other alternative; and accordingly, well mounted and armed, with a little jerked beef tied to the cantle of my saddle, I left camp by starlight the next morning, and by sunrise was many miles away. No startling incident relieved the monotony of my lonely journey. The country was favorable for fast riding and my mission admitted of no delay. Long low swells with broad shallow ravines and occasionally a rather elevated plateau almost perfectly level were the general features of the landscape. In one essential respect it differed from the Northern plains. It was not entirely destitute of timber. Trees, mostly post oak and mesquit, were thinly scattered everywhere, but seldom in groups dense enough to obscure the vision. Deer and antelope were in sight most of the time, and from a low thicket I routed two of the curious little wild pigs, similar to the peccaries I subsequently saw in Costa Rica, but smaller, being about the size of coons.

Soon after sunset I selected my camping place for the night in a shallow gulch containing patches of low brush, but rode slowly on until dark, when I retraced

my steps, staked my horse in the grassy bottom and spread my blankets in the bushes 200yds. away. A portion of the jerked meat answered for supper; and without fire or water I lay down to rest. Daylight the next morning found me in motion buoyed up by the hope of reaching the fort that night. But in this I was disappointed, for the sun again went down without my having seen a sign of civilized life since I left the herd, and what was still worse, I found that the remainder of my meat, which in my haste I had tied carelessly, had disappeared. I made camp under an oak in the midst of a great level plain with a feeling of comparative security, knowing that the fort could not be many miles away; and weary from the long ride was reclining on the grass with my saddle for a pillow, when a fine buck antelope came trotting along not 75yds. away. Seeing a strange object, but not being able to make out what it was, he stopped and began to snort. Silently I reached for my rifle, which lay near me, and the next instant he dropped in his tracks with a bullet through the breast. Hungry as I was I did not feel quite safe enough to build a fire and cook supper in that exposed position; so after cutting a large chunk from one of the hams and hanging it in the tree above me as a safety precaution I went supperless to bed.

During the night nothing disturbed my slumbers, and it was broad daylight when I awoke. As I arose to my feet I noticed that the dead antelope, which had been in plain sight the evening before, had disappeared. Somewhat astonished at this, especially as the country about was so open that I could have seen it for half a mile had it been dragged off, I proceeded to investigate. It was easy to find the spot where he had lain by the blood, and it was evident that he had not been dragged off, but had been torn to pieces and devoured there. Nothing remained but a few slivers of bone an inch or two long; and I have never ceased to wonder how this was accomplished without my knowledge. Certainly I must have slept very soundly that night.

Moving on to a little gulch I cooked and ate a hearty breakfast of antelope, and then pushed on to the fort, which proved to be only five or six miles beyond. My mission, however, proved a failure. The commandant informed me that all the troops that could be spared were already out; and that it would be at least two weeks before any of them would return. So after a night's rest in the quarters I set out for camp again, where I arrived in safety.

Another long discussion then took place, which resulted in our deciding to relinquish that route, turn to the northeast, cross the Indian Territory, and winter the stock in Kansas. Our route to the Red River lay through Shackelford and Jack counties; and from the day we left the Concho until fifteen emaciated, fever-stricken men, with about thirty horses, drove what remained of the herd through a blinding snow storm down into the rich bottoms of the Marias de Cygene, the journey was a series of hardships surpassing anything that had ever fallen to the lot of any of our number. Five of our original party were dead. Of the last three, some pieces of boards torn from the wagons, upon which the name of each was rudely carved with a jackknife, marked the shallow graves in which we had lain them down to their final rest on the rich rolling lands of the Indian Territory. Constant toil, exposure and loss of sleep had made us all an easy prey to miasmatic influences; and the deadly malaria in the vicinity of Fort Arbuckle left its impress upon the survivors for years after.

Among the many stampedes that occurred during this latter portion of the drive, none have left so vivid an impression upon my mind as that with which I began this episode of Western life. All that afternoon an immense bank of inky clouds capped with thunder heads had been slowly rising. There was not a single garment in the whole outfit that made any pretensions of being waterproof, and those who had the watch below (to use a nautical term) until 12 o'clock, were discussing the brilliant prospect for a soaking, when Taylor's exclamation, as given above, extinguished any hope of escape that may have lingered in our breasts. Darkness was prematurely coming on, and big drops of rain were already falling as one by one we vaulted into the saddle and rode to the fray. Coming right from the fire we could see nothing. But that was immaterial. Our horses knew as well as ourselves what there was to do. They needed no guiding to take us to the herd as fast as we cared to ride. The only fear was that they would fall and maim or kill themselves or their riders.

The herders had concentrated their whole force on one of the flanks as soon as the stampede began, and until the assistance which they knew would soon come arrived, were endeavoring to "mill" the cattle or keep them running in a circle. This was really the only effective course to pursue that promised any good results, and as fast as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we all dashed into that living tornado of hoofs and horns, each being immediately lost in the darkness and able to locate the others only by their shouts. Gradually the storm increased in violence; the rain descended in torrents and the steady roll of thunder, with frequent flashes of lightning burst from the heavy banks of clouds that seemed to be concentrating over us from more than one direction. The lay of the land was fortunately quite favorable for our operations, or the situation would have indeed been deplorable. It was a rolling prairie, nearly destitute of timber, with but few ravines and no ledges or precipitous banks. Badger and prairie dog holes were, however, uncomfortably numerous, and we were in constant fear of being thrown by them in our headlong ride. The ground soon became soft, and the sides of some of the small gulches slippery with mud, while the splash of water beneath the hoofs of our horses revealed many a pool that we could not see. Once or twice the whole herd came for an instant to a dead stop. They seemed to be listening as a hare listens for the beagle that is hot upon her trail. But it was only as the momentary lull of a gale; and then the panic, like the shock of a galvanic battery, struck them again, sending them off in a flight wilder if possible than before.

What frightful visions of impending evil must have been theirs to drive them to such madness; surely the fear of death cannot wholly account for it. Something supernatural, demoniac or ghoulish there must have been, a fear perchance akin to that which filled the breast of Tam O'Shanter when fleeing from the goblins whose revelries he had disturbed in "Alloways auld haunted kirk." In the glare of the lightning we could see them

with their eyes bulging from the sockets, their great horns striking together like the clashing of a thousand sabers, crowding against each other as if for safety, in a mass so compact that we could have crossed over the backs of the whole herd on our horses. Now and then one of the multitude would stumble and disappear; a dog hole or some slight inequality of the ground had snared his feet, and the chances of his never rising again after the herd had passed over him was as two to one.

The situation shortly after midnight was one calculated to appal the stoutest heart among us. The tempest then had reached its climax, and I do not remember that I have ever seen its equal even in the tropics; the flood gates of the skies were thrown wide open, drenching us with the waters of a deluge, peal after peal of thunder immediately over head and apparently not further off than the top of a tall tree, smote upon our ears like the crash of worlds; the sharp flashes of lightning followed each other so rapidly that at times a constant sheet of flame seemed to be playing all about us, illuminating the landscape with the light of day; and its momentary absence left us with a vision entirely destroyed. The neck of the horse we rode was not visible; the open hand held a foot from the face could not be seen. Concerted action on the part of the herders became impossible. Our voices drowned in the roar of the tempest no longer reached the ears of the cattle, and deprived of this stay the herd began to break into small bands, each taking a different direction. This really was the crisis of the stampede. If a band escaped unattended is loss was almost a certainty; therefore as soon as this occurred some one of the herders made the detached bunch the object of his special attention.

With one of these bands, numbering about 150, went the writer. By the lightning's aid we scanned the ground between us and the flying cattle, and if it looked tolerably safe urged our horses into a gallop, trusting to another flash to come in time to enable us to continue it without a break. When this failed, we slowed down until it did come. There was no expectation of turning them again to the herd; our greatest desire was to be able to locate them at daybreak, and to do this we must keep ourselves somewhere in their vicinity, for the rain would obliterate every vestige of a trail.

The storm waned with the night, the rain ceased and here and there the stars appeared, until with the first faint blush of morn I found myself with my little band in a small bottom where we all appeared to have stopped from sheer inability to go any further. Where I was I had no idea, only that I was probably several miles from camp. My horse was trembling beneath me, his drooping head and smoking, sunken flanks painfully attesting the terrific strain of the night's work. It was my favorite mount, for such we always reserved for the dreaded stampede, sparing them when possible all other duty, and his piteous condition excited my liveliest sympathy. It was evident that it would be many days before he recovered from the wear and tear of this single night.

As the sun rose the panic entirely subsided, the cattle became obedient; and leaving them in the bottom, I rode to the highest point near me for observation. About two miles away I discovered one of the herds with a small bunch of stock; and I lost no time in bringing the two herds together. This left one of us at liberty to ride in different direction, until familiar landmarks were discovered by which to shape our course toward the camp. The subaqueous condition of the prairie seriously impeded our progress. Ponds and pools confronted us in every direction; and the dry gulches of yesterday were waist-deep with running water to-day. On our way we passed five or six victims of the panic, two of which were dead and the others lying helpless with broken limbs, the bones projecting for inches beyond the flesh. These looked up to us so beseechingly with their great liquid eyes that the hardest heart could hardly have refused the act of mercy; and putting them out of their misery with our revolvers we hurried on to camp, where we found that a number of the men with a majority of the cattle had arrived before us, and several had already been dispatched upon fresh horses to hunt up and aid those still out.

It was noon before all the stragglers came in, and we were able to ascertain the losses of that memorable and disastrous night. Nearly 200 head were missing; rather more than a score of these had been killed outright or had their legs broken, which practically amounted to the same thing; and the rest had escaped unseen, or at least unattended at the breaking up of the herd and were never recovered. Besides this there were quite a number whose horns had been broken off close to their heads; they were continually moving about with forequarters bathed in blood, apparently in too much pain to permit a moment's rest; and the entire herd, wild-eyed and gaunt, presented a picture of utter demoralization that afforded us not even the shadow of a hope for the future.

My observations during this journey enable me to correct a mistaken idea entertained by many at the present day. It is, I believe, a quite common impression that the great grassy plains of western Texas were until the beginning of the skin-hunting era in '69 or '70 crowded with buffalo at all seasons of the year. I have often heard this asserted and have also occasionally seen articles in the *FOREST AND STREAM* where the writers made similar statements. Such, however, was by no means the case, for in this drive, covering over 1,600 miles of travel, every rod of which was in a fine buffalo country, we neither saw nor heard of one until we had crossed the Red River into the Indian Territory, where we saw a few old bulls, never more than three or four together, and frequently only one. These were stragglers, or had been driven from the main herd, which was at that season in the Yellowstone country, where they invariably spent the summer. What was known as the great Kansas herd, before civilization had driven them further west, migrated north in the spring and south in the fall yearly, and while it is hardly exaggerating to estimate its number in millions; it practically took all there was, the only exceptions being a few in the Colorado parks and similar places, which never seemed to migrate.

FORKED DEER.

OAKLAND, California.

THE HARSHIPS OF SPORT.—As a rule, says an English writer, a sportsman may take great liberties with himself without being much the worse. No man was ever harmed by wet feet on a moor, though if he comes home and contemplates them for an hour over a gunroom fire he may be reminded of the indiscretion. A deer stalker has to put up with great exposure and temporary discomfort, but he is rarely the worse for it.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

XIX.—COOKING.

THE next day we had duck stew for dinner; partridge also, I suppose; for, though small game was very scarce we got two of each on our way up and down Main Stream. But in these days the bill of fare was not of prime importance, and the journal ceases to mention it. Jot's best efforts were now expended in the preparation instead of in the provision of food.

There are people who do not consider cooking a profession; but Jot had a higher idea of it. He was master of half a dozen trades; but if he had a point of pride, I believe it was his cooking. He went about it most methodically. A given amount of hair combing and hand washing was the initial step; then the food was prepared with equal neatness and system: the kettles were put on, and the cooking proceeded to the accompaniment of some appropriate tune like "O think of the home over there." No interruptions or difficulties ever seemed to interfere, and fried, boiled, broiled or stewed, the food came to the table neither underdone nor overdone. I think it was science that accomplished this, for my own humble endeavors were always unsuccessful and I laid the failure to lack of science; but Jot knew it all and could explain every wherefore. When I tried to make a dish of the cheerful beverage warranted to do no harm, it tasted of the tannery rather than of the tea caddy; they told me that it was smoked because I had not put the cover on the kettle. What town-born cook would ever think of her tea being smoked? I have done more things than that which are set down as sins against Hygeia—let us not talk of them.

At home, economy consists in using every scrap of food and the least possible fuel; in the woods, it means the preparation of what you have in the least time and in the simplest manner. At the last reduction, one becomes a question of money and the other of dishes. In the woods we call dishes of all sorts "cooking tools." There is a homely candor about the phrase which I admire; it makes no attempt to raise these useful articles to the rank of ornaments and unessentials; it does not seek to disguise the fact that their utility is the sole excuse for their existence; it expresses in the most satisfactory way this principle of economy and selection; for if any one word contains the whole sum and substance of true economy of time, labor and money, it is that word "tool."

Many years and more experiments have reduced our kit of "cooking tools" to such shape that it is neither heavy, bulky, nor inconvenient. Excepting two or three odd articles, the whole is packed in a heavy ten-quart camp kettle with straight sides and a pointed cover—three large tin plates, two small ditto, two straight-sided tin basins of three and four quarts' capacity, two camp kettles holding corresponding amounts (one kettle iron, the other of tin for tea, both with covers and with ears riveted on to prevent melting), four tin dippers with handles nesting inside each other, three large spoons, three small ditto, three knives and forks, and besides these, when convenient, pepper and salt shakers and the dish cloths and wipers. It takes three days' practice to learn how to pack that pail. When this is done, the cover is tied on to prevent the loss of time or articles in case of a stumble or an accident. In camp the large pail is used for a water pail and the cover becomes a hand basin.

A few articles are not included with the rest of the kit. The frying pan is always tied up in a piece of burlap kept for the purpose, so that it goes very well, only when swung on the end of the setting pole it acts like an insane pendulum—for, of course, it is a long-handled frying pan, as all which are used in the woods must be. In the old-time lumber camps, before stoves were used, 4ft. was the regulation length of the frying pan handle, and a boy was often employed to tend it. Far more useful than the frying pan is a little ten or fifteen-cent bread toaster, of the sort which fashion at one time allowed to appear on parlor tables as a photograph holder when decorously appareled in a bow of orange ribbon. It is perfectly flat, weighs but a few ounces, is easily cleaned, and is a great advance on the primitive sharpened stick for broiling fish, fowl, or venison. A folding baker is also a great convenience. Ours is made in exactly the shape of the old-fashioned baker which was formerly used in cooking before open fires. After the baking pan is removed it can be folded into a flat sheet of tin, the sides lapping in, the narrow back falling so that the long legs on its lower edge come flat against the lower reflecting tin, and the upper reflector dropping over all. The baker serves not only for bread but also for baking fish and meat. The reflection from the two sloping sides, above and beneath, upon the baking sheet cooks quickly and evenly, and when the surfaces have become dull a little scouring quickly restores the brightness and good cooking qualities.

With these simple "tools" Jot could prepare a dinner fit for a king, and never was monarch more liberal of his praises to his cooks than we to ours, as Jot himself will testify.

XX.—CLEAR WATER AND WOODS HOSPITALITY.

The peculiar feature of Pistol Green is the soft green sward and white clover which cover it. Grass is a rarity in the woods; the weeds come early, almost before the lumberman, but only the lapse of many years and the frequent presence of man will make these civilized grasses grow in the wilderness. Pistol Green from time immemorial has been a favorite ground for camping, and this is attested by its deserving the name of Green, which, in our State, is very uncommon. Another sign was a part of the thigh bone of some large animal, which we dug up from several inches beneath our camp floor. Moose, ox, horse?—we asked which it was, and all judged it to be moose; for it had been cracked Indian-fashion to obtain the marrow. It is a long time since there were any moose in this region, except as infrequent stragglers.

From the Green several paths diverge; most are drivers' paths used only in the spring; the central one is the carry to Pistol Lake—two miles if we go all the way by land, but on high water like that of this year, it is not necessary to carry beyond the head of the roughest water.

I asked why Pistol Stream got its name, and was told that it was because "it went just as if it had been shot out of a little gun." An entire stranger would know it at once from this description. It is what woodsmen call "smart water" with a good strong "spring" in it. (Has it never impressed any one unused to our Maine woods and ways that we have a very peculiar feeling toward running water, calling it "good," "bad," "mean," "wicked looking" and so forth with a seriousness which so far exceeds

any figurative or rhetorical intention that it seems to impute personality and moral responsibility to the element? There is something Greek in this: so came the gods about.)

Pistol is beautiful water, clear enough and beautiful enough to make dear old Garvin Douglass, could he but have seen it, as I wish he might have, write an epilogue to every book in the *Æneid* in its especial praise, telling us more about

"The sylvan scalyt fyschis on the greit.

Ourthwort cleir strenmys sprynkland for the heyt."

Abol has richer colors, more of the crystalline iridescence of the iceberg, as if it held an imprisoned rainbow, more of the translucent emeraldine tints of cold caverns brought with it from its birth out of the side of old Katahdin, more absolute purity; but Abol is not navigable. And Millinockett has the spring and the impetuosity, but without the same pellucidity. The charm of Pistol is that it is itself. We poled up it in the clear, cool air of the morning, as much delighted as if it were a fresh creation made for us alone. The stream came down like a highway through the trees; ferns on the shores, waving half-vines, which we call "buck bean," in the water, and the tall stalks of the cardinal flowers, now brown with ripeness that erewhile had lighted up the banks with their flames; clean gravel in the shallows where the water was clearest, a rock-ribbed channel where it flowed faster. Great granite boulders lay along the stream, worn concavely to the height of several feet by logs and spring freshets, and rocks in the bed of the stream made it give continual little hops and leaps to get over or around them, as it ran from one side to the other along its devious course, like a Naiad pursued by the great god Pan.

The first Pistol is a beautiful, rounded lake, apparently about two miles long, with high wooded shores, partly pineland and partly hardwood, rising highest on the side toward Nicatowis. The edges, especially near the outlet, are set with great granites both above and beneath the water, which in a heavy sea would make canoeing difficult.

As we knew that Alonzo Spearen, of Passadumkeag (the Lonz so often referred to), and his partner, Sanford Hodgkins, of Burlington, had a camp here, we hunted it up. Lonz was not at home and his partner we did not know personally, but, woods fashion, nothing would satisfy him unless we promised to come back to dinner. There is a heartiness and cordiality about such a welcome that entirely masters me. This man did not consider the difficulty of getting supplies in to the camp, hauling, boating, lugging and poling them so many miles, it did not matter that he did not know us, we were friends and welcome to half of the last biscuit if it came to that. And that is the kind of cordiality to be found everywhere through the woods unless it has been chilled by unresponsiveness of those who, ignorant of our native customs, have failed to return the welcome extended or, as some unfortunately have done, have taken unfair advantage of hospitalities offered them.

Less is expected of strangers now than formerly; but it used to be a common complaint among hunters, explorers and others that the élite of society who came here "hadn't no manners; they didn't know enough to invite a man to eat with them." As long ago as Thoreau's day Joe Polis felt called on to reproach him for his discourtesy in not visiting old blind Thurlotte in his hut on Mud Pond Carry, for this is the true significance of the incident which Thoreau himself relates. Much experience has caused the gradual remission of civilities to strangers unless by speech and action they prove themselves of native stock; but thirty years ago the same were extended to all, and no one asked the name of his guest unless he chose to give it.

After promising to return to dinner, we set out for Spring Lake, which lies between the inlet to Pistol and the Main Stream, outletting into the latter. It can be reached either by a short carry or a long one. We went by the latter, going up the sluggish inlet, where we saw signs of otter, until we got to the foot of the quick water, where a horseback comes down. The first part of the carry lies along this horseback through an open growth of Norway pines. We saw a number of bear-biting trees along this ridge and several bear traps adapted to all grades of ursine stupidity—none of Hodgkin's and Spearen's work, however, who know how to set a trap. The rest of the way is wet and boggy underfoot, though not an open bog.

Spring Lake is a jewel, the perfection of regular shape, clear water and shining white bottom—a little gem, with a cincture of prismatic colors, from the autumn-changed leaves upon the shore, playing about its margin in reflections of red, green and yellow, like the lambent flames of a noble opal. The shores are of broken granite, and the bottom being of the same, finely crushed, shows better than sand would the clearness and sparkle of the water, which welling up from springs beneath, fills this granite bowl with liquor brighter than any wine. It may not look on all days as it looked on this; but never on any day did I see so much beautiful water as here about Pistol; it was an experience not to be communicated by words.

There are large trout in Spring Lake. A man whom we met said he caught one the day before that measured 19in. in length and 5in. in depth. We were told that in Pistol they got white perch measuring 15in.

When we got back to the camp Long had arrived with the gentlemen who were staying there. We were even more warmly welcomed than at first. Nothing was too good for us. The "wicket" was ours while we stayed, everybody in it was at our service. It was like having a crowd of powerful genii spring up at the rubbing of the ring or of the lamp to do our bidding. They prepared us a dinner of the best the land afforded, fully equal to Jot's best efforts. They showed us the camp and offered us anything they had. We did want some salt and had brought a little box to get it in; but when we made known our want, our entertainers would not think of giving any one so little and packed up a large baking powder canister, as much as we should have used in a month, bidding us not to think of taking less, for salt was cheap—cheap after it had been brought all that distance!—and we had much ado to escape carrying off ten times what we wanted. We were urged to stay over night, pressed to remain, and our refusal was barely accepted; indeed, it was a temptation when we thought of the stories that would be told about the fire that evening—Jot with downright earnestness, Long with irresistible drollery, Hodgkins with quiet gravity equally entertaining, Father

Natural History.

HORN SNAKE-FOX SPARROW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire knowledge on two points in natural history, and confidently turn to FOREST AND STREAM for the needed information.

Is there a work on natural history in which a snake, with a horn on the end of its tail, is described and named? The works which I possess, and others to which I have access, fail to mention such a snake.

Will some correspondent tell me where the fox sparrow (*Passerella iliaca*) winters? The fox sparrow comes to my cabin home (in the woods) twice a year. He arrives in the fall, about Oct. 1, and leaves for the south about Nov. 15. I have fed the birds spring and fall for the last six years. This season they left Nov. 16, but after a month's absence one bird returned. He remained here ten days and then left, or perhaps was shot. HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Feb. 28.

[The snake with a horn or spine in its tail is mentioned in more than one work on natural history and undoubtedly exists, but that this horn is used as a weapon of defense is another matter. This is, however, a popular belief which is hundreds of years old. One of the best known of the American spine-tailed snakes is *Trigonocephalus piscivorus*, described in Lawson's "History of Carolina," 1707, and again in Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina," 1731. Holbrook, in his "N. A. Herpetology," New York, 1842, also describes it quite fully. Another spine-tailed snake is *Lachesis mutus*, a South American species. There are others. The fox colored sparrow winters not very far south, and on warm days in winter may often be seen in New Jersey, New York and even Connecticut. Probably the great majority of the birds go further south. We have seen them in Virginia and North Carolina in winter.]

DRAGON FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Doubtless hundreds of Maine people scattered throughout the land have read and enjoyed "In the Region Round Nicasotwis," by your spirited correspondent, Fannie Pearson Hardy.

The perusal of her article has been a source of much pleasure to me. First, because all things relating to my native State are of interest; second, because many of the localities described are familiar; and third, because of the glimpses of natural history sparkling through every sentence.

That description of the pickerel is perfect. The people of Maine do appreciate the good qualities of this fish. For one, I remember it with genuine pleasure, and even now I respect it for the numerous frights it gave me in my boyhood.

But after all your correspondent has sinned almost beyond forgiveness. She has made light of my pets, the dragon flies. Read what she says: "I never yet saw a dragon fly do anything worth mentioning, except to whizz about like a portable windmill, or to sit on a stick and duck his head and rub it just like a fat bald-headed man."

If your correspondent could drop down on Cape Ann some May or June afternoon, at twilight, and see the "Hermit" sitting before his log cabin with half a dozen dragon flies whizzing about his head preying upon mosquitoes, she would change her mind and admit that a dragon fly can do something worth mentioning.

GLOUCESTER, March 4.

HERMIT.

NOTE ON THE WHITE GOAT.—New York, March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: It may be remembered that in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 19, 1890 (Vol. XXXIV. 62), I printed some notes on the range of the "white goat" (*Oreamna montana*), in which I spoke of the reported occurrence of this species in the Bull Mountains of Montana. These Bull Mountains are a range of low buttes out in the prairie at a considerable distance from the main range of the Rocky Mountains. They are on the southeast side of the Musselshell River in Yellowstone county, Montana, and being low and in a very dry climate seem not at all fitted to be the home of this species. The evidence of its occurrence in these hills came from Mr. J. W. Schultz and Mr. Henry Norris, and was in each case secondhand, and so a little doubtful. An additional bit of testimony on this point has just been sent me by Mr. Schultz, who under date of Feb. 12 writes me as follows: "Last night we were talking about a number of goats which have been seen lately on Birch Creek. A rail-roader, Chas. Ross, who was present, said: 'I saw some goats last fall in the Bull Mountains.' 'How many?' I asked. 'Not many, but lots of sign. I believe I saw six head, also a number of sheep.' 'What are the Bull Mountains?' I said. He replied, 'They are buttes, most of them with rocky walls and flat prairie tops.' It is possible that among those who read this note there may be some who have actual knowledge of the occurrence of this species in the region referred to. If so I should be greatly obliged to any one who would send me a full and detailed statement of the occurrence, giving date, place, number killed and all particulars possible.—GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

ANOTHER PET FLYING SQUIRREL.—Montreal.—Reading the article signed "F. B., Ottawa, Kansas," about flying squirrels, moved me to write of one I had for a pet when a boy living in Worcester county, Mass. I discovered a nest of two which looked like youngsters. One soon died, but the other we raised—we—that is my mother, for she ran the culinary department and always claimed the credit of keeping alive any animals or birds that I brought home from my wanderings through the woods or fields. As he grew older he made his home in my pockets, and was my constant companion in my gambols and at school. I often sent him up into trees, and as soon as I called he would come sailing down and catch on to some part of my body. It was a very sad day for the boys when he was drowned by a careless servant. I was very much surprised to read in your issue of Feb. 12 that coons capture and eat rabbits, and would like to see some more direct evidence on the subject. Perhaps that coon was red and had a large bushy tail.—IRVING.

carrying a free lance on all topics, and the rest of us joining in or listening as the ball of conversation came to us or rebounded.

The camp is, as its constructors claim, "a snug little wicket" of logs, with a roof of split cedar, large enough for at least a dozen men and several ladies. It is in the midst of a fine hunting and fishing country, the best of scenery on all sides, and within easy reach of four lakes besides First Pistol. Built primarily for the use of sporting parties, it is resorted to by some who care only for the scenery and rest. Many ladies go there. The gentlemen whom we met at the place declared in their enthusiasm that the next year should see not only themselves but their wives there. We were told that next year the camp was to be improved by the addition of a separate cook room; though, if I were to be there, I would beg the privilege of sitting in the kitchen to look on, for both the partners are famous cooks, as well as first-class watermen, workmen and hunters. Somewhere on the trip Jot told us a story of Long which I had heard before from another source, of how, when a boy of sixteen working in a lumber camp on Birch Stream, he saw a moose track, and starting out with nothing but a three-dollar shotgun, a half-pint tin cup and a little uncooked oatmeal, followed on the track for five days, sleeping in the snow without blankets and crossing both the Piscataquis and main Penobscot rivers, where they were open, on rude rafts, at last overtaking the moose in the town of Lee, where he killed him and sold him for a good price before returning.

In the afternoon we started out to see Side Lake, which lies to the right of the Pistol Inlet at the end of a two-mile carry; but we were not permitted to go before promising to return to camp again.

The carry to Side Lake, which is one of the Pistols, was partly bog, though most of the way good walking through tall growth, hemlock partly, I should say, with a vague remembrance of feathery saplings; but some of the undergrowth was beech. Near the end the carry divides, one part going to the Third Pistol and the new right-hand branch to Side Lake. With the sun in the quarter where it now was, Side Lake was softer in its color than the glowing gem of the morning, but even clearer in its transparency. It was absolutely calm, and looking down we could see the bottom for a long distance from the shore. A canoe and paddles lay near by but we would not ruffle its tranquility. To me such clear, still water suggests solidity more strongly than anything else, so that the comparison to glass or marble seems not only highly expressive, but the only allusion properly explanatory. It is not the surface of the water alone, Milton's "clear hyaline, the glassy sea," but its depth and body, so to speak, which, in proportion to the transparency of the water, gives it more and more this appearance of being a solid block of glass, an under world in which the fish are imprisoned. Our clearest ice looks scarcely more impenetrable than such pure still water to which may be given the fine Horatian phrase, *splendidior vitro*, not of surface only but of depth. We tarried awhile, watching the little fishes, and tossing in bits of moss and dry twigs to see them rise and draw under the coveted but disappointing morsels. We wished we had something better to give them; but finding that they learned nothing from experience, gradually withdrew our repentance and kept up our sport. They were beautiful, both clubs and breams, though the latter had put off their brilliant summer garb of green and copper color and scarlet, and were now but shadows of their former splendor, recognizable only by the black spots on their gill covers and their pretty motion. A fish out of water is a coarse, clumsy, limbless creature; in its element it is sylph-like.

We stopped again at the camp, according to our promise, and again were entertained. The camp and all that was in it was ours to control, use, or carry away. But we had a tent standing with open doors on the Green, and westered out into the blaze of the declining sun.

Father walked down the carry, not to overload the canoe, as the water seemed to be falling, and Jot and I went down by stream. A changing color hung in the treetops, amethyst or purple, or between the two; the first chill of early evening lay along the stream; from the shadows of the trees the great rocks stood out more boldly, and the little ones lifted up their heads where the waters parted round them to rejoin in a trailing ripple; and others hid beneath the crowning current which mounted them smoothly on one side to run away in white-curling wavelets on the other. There was no sound above the voice of the stream but the ring of the metal-shod pole on the rocks as, now dipped on one side now on the other, it directed or restrained our progress.

We went back across the lower part of the carry at the time when, earlier in the season, the hermit thrushes would have been at vespers; but it was too late in the year for their music. Instead of their melody there was stillness throughout the woods, until Jot, coming after with the canoe on his head, gave a cheery hail as he passed on down to the landing.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

CORRECTION.—I will not mention all the errata. I wrote worse than usual and deserved it; but, gentle reader, for "Red Paths" in the last issue, please read "Red Park." I shall have more to tell about him later.—F. P. H.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IT is well known that most animals, quadrupeds, are natural swimmers, but I know of an exception which is as well authenticated as it is peculiar. A gentleman of our neighborhood had a foxhound which was mortally afraid of deep water and could swim but a few strokes. His head would invariably go down and his hindquarters up, when he would have to be rescued. A friend who well knew the dog's failing, made a bet with the owner that the unfortunate beast could not swim across a good-sized stream which they had to cross. When the stake was put up the proprietor of the phenomenon calmly attached a good-sized stone to the canine's tail, and with equilibrium thus restored in this novel manner he successfully swam the stream with head and shoulders triumphantly poised, winning the wager for his ingenious master. DEACON.

DRUMMING OF THE GROUSE.—Bay Farm, Essex Co., N. Y.—In this locality ruffed grouse have repeatedly been seen drumming on a stone. The general opinion is that the male always selects a log, generally a hollow log, on which to perform. Many think the hollowness of the log has a good deal to do with the peculiar sound; but the noise was exactly the same made by the one drumming on a stone as one drumming on a hollow log. [This subject is one that has been pretty thoroughly threshed out in past issues of FOREST AND STREAM, and many observers have contributed notes on it. The grouse drums on a log, a stone or a stump, but it may be doubted if this position is assumed for any other purpose than that of raising itself above the ground so that it may have a wider outlook.]

BIRDS OF MINNESOTA.—We have received from Mr. George G. Cantwell, of Colorado Springs, Col., a copy of his "List of the Birds of Minnesota," published in 1890. The material for this list was accumulated during six years' field collecting in the vicinity of Minneapolis, near Lake Minnetonka, and in Lacquiparle county, supplemented by the local lists which have been issued from time to time by Dr. Roberts, Mr. Bonner, Dr. Hatch and by the notes of other observers whose names are given. The list, which is briefly annotated, makes mention of 295 species and sub-species of birds, two or three of which appear to be now included in the State fauna for the first time.

SNOWY OWL IN NEW YORK.—Red Hook, N. Y., March 9.—About three weeks ago a snowy owl was seen in this neighborhood. It soon disappeared and was supposed to have gone to a climate better suited to its taste. To-day, however, it appeared again, and three gunners started in search of it. One of them, John W. Bain, was fortunate enough to get a shot at the bird. At a distance of 120 yds. he made a center shot. Though the rifle was a .38cal., the specimen was not injured. The bird goes to John Wallace, 16 North William street, New York, to be set up.—C.

SNOWY OWL.—Westfield, Mass., March 5.—There is on exhibition in the show window of Conner's stationery store, a magnificent specimen of the Canadian snowy owl (*Nyctea scandiaca*), which attracts considerable attention, as it is quite a rare thing to see so fine a specimen of this beautiful bird. The mounting was done by "Prof. Scott," of this place. The owl was shot in Greenville about Christmas time, by John D. Ripley of that place.—WORONOCO.

ENGLISH PHEASANTS FOR VERMONT.—Dr. W. Seward Webb, of this city, has received at his Shelburne Farms, Vt., twenty-three English pheasants, which will be turned out there. Gamekeeper Liddiard, of Yorkshire, Eng., came over with the birds, and will have charge of them.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE CORBIN GAME PARK.

HERE is an interesting study in human nature—a picture of the inception and growth of an enterprise of great moment to the naturalist and sportsman and of interest to every one. Six years ago a friend presented to Austin Corbin, the well-known railroad man, a few young deer. Mr. Corbin accepted them, and having a great country seat that included many acres of woods as well as cleared fields out on Long Island, he caused a part of the woods to be suitably fenced and turned the deer into the inclosure. Mr. Corbin at that time was neither a sportsman nor a naturalist in the sense in which those terms are understood by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. He had no special interest in wild animals of any kind. Nevertheless, as a lad he had lived on a farm in New Hampshire among the foothills of the White Mountains and had trapped woodchucks, and shot partridges and chased foxes, and the good healthy delights of those days lingered in his memory. Small wonder then that the gentle pets his friend had given to him won their way into his affections from the moment they became his. It was a new pleasure—something he had never known before—to go and watch their graceful motions and gaze upon the beauty of their forms. Moreover, Mr. Corbin had a son, a lad, almost a man grown, in whose veins runs a deal of the energetic blood generated in back country of New Hampshire, the sort of blood that makes young gentlemen take as kindly to athletic and out-of-door sports as they do to a square meal after a day in the field. Austin junior was as much (if not more) delighted with the pets as his father was, while the father was delighted because the boy was delighted.

There was ample room on the Long Island farm for more than the few deer, and the Corbins decided that more should be had. This led to the examination of sundry books on the subject of deer culture, if one may use the term—books like Judge Caton's, for instance, while the FOREST AND STREAM and other periodicals printed for men who know how to live were necessarily read regularly. Certainly the love of nature grows with what it feeds upon if any emotion of the heart does. If deer could be kept, why not the deer's cousins, the elk, the moose, the antelope and the buffalo—especially the buffalo.

Mr. Corbin had lived in Iowa when a young man, and in the days when his law office shingle was becoming weather-beaten in Davenport the herds of buffalo on the plains of Nebraska, Kansas and Texas numbered untold thousands. It was a great pity that such noble animals were likely to become extinct, and the Corbins determined to join in the effort to perpetuate the species. They had begun with a few deer, and they added the elk, the antelope and the buffalo, and then it became apparent that the Long Island estate was too small for the proper care of these animals, or at least for the care which the owners desired to give them.

It is to be particularly noticed that the Long Island estate was not suited to the sort of care that the Corbins wished the animals to have. From caring for the few pets had grown the desire to rear herds of these animals

under such conditions of freedom as would leave them with all their natural characteristics. A pet deer was beautiful, but it was not the deer of the wild woods after all. A pure-bred buffalo in a barnyard was, in fact, a buffalo, but he was too much like a Durham bull to be perfectly satisfactory. On the Long Island farm the animals could scarcely become anything more than pets.

So the thoughts of the elder Corbin went back to the days of his youth and the foothills of the White Mountains. As most of the readers know, there is plenty of land in New Hampshire that is just as wild now as it was when Hudson first looked on the ground where the Statue of Liberty now stands. There was a deal of it in Sullivan county—perhaps not the wildest in the State, but certainly a plenty of unbroken forest that covered hills and valleys and surrounded little lakes—forests of birch and beech and maple and pine and spruce and hemlock and balsam—forests beautiful and fragrant enough to give a city man the heart ache when he thinks of them. Mr. Corbin determined to buy from 20,000 to 30,000 acres of these hills and valleys and there establish a park for his new found four-footed friends in which they would find the conditions as near as possible to which they were best suited.

Everybody knows that New Hampshire farms in the back country will not bring the price of the buildings at ordinary sale, but Mr. Corbin could not buy all that land without people learning that much land was wanted. Thereat prices rose amazingly and soil that wouldn't raise oats brought the prices of truck farms in Jersey. It takes a stack of money to buy a game park where 500 different people hold the titles to the tract. Still, the location was suitable for the purpose, and moreover, there was the old home. Mr. Corbin had to have it at any price, and he eventually got 22,000 acres in one tract.

The next thing was to fence it, and only those who have tried building elk tight fences can appreciate the job. Here was a tract of over thirty-five square miles of land to inclose. They started out with a wire net 6ft. high secured to stout posts 10ft. apart. Above the net they strung ten lines of barbed wire, and that made a right good fence. But when eighteen miles had been erected they abandoned the wire net and used barbed wire only for the rest of the way. That was cheaper and just as good. It is not uninteresting to note that the fencing cost \$74,000.

In all nine gates are to be placed in this fence, with a keeper's lodge at each gate, something made necessary by the presence in every community of the skulking lout who will steal or destroy the property of the well-to-do and especially such property as this fence will inclose. Mr. Corbin is sure his park will not in any way interfere with the rights of legitimate sportsmen.

Here in this tract of woodland with only enough cleared land on it to afford meadows over which the animals would like to wander at times, are gathered twenty-five buffalo, sixty elk, over seventy deer, half a dozen each of caribou and antelope, eighteen wild boars imported from Germany, and an unknown number of moose—perhaps a dozen. He had four reindeer brought from Labrador, but all died. He expects to have a community of beavers, for the lakes and streams of the park are admirably adapted for these beautiful animals.

Quite as interesting as any description of the park and its inhabitants is the story of the gathering of the specimens. It is too long to tell in full, but room remains for enough. The agent employed to gather a large part of the animals from Canada was Thomas H. Ryan, who has served Mr. Corbin in a number of capacities for the past twelve years. Along in October last Mr. Ryan was commissioned to go to Canada to see what could be done about getting "any wild animals there except bears, panthers, wolves and foxes."

Without knowing exactly where he ought to go he got a letter from Mr. Erastus Wiman introducing him to Mr. H. P. Dwight, general manager of a great telegraph system in the Dominion, with headquarters at Toronto, and then went up to Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec. He had a notion that some deer might be found down near the United States line thereabouts. At Sherbrooke a friendly newspaper man said one Dan Ball, of Megantic, knew all about the deer of that country, and so to Megantic posted Mr. Ryan. He met Ball and found him able and willing to get the deer, but Ball was a little doubtful about the law. He knew that the law prohibited the transportation of a carcass of a deer or any part thereof out of the Queen's domain, and he thought Mr. Ryan should look up the point. Mr. Ryan found that the open season in Ontario was from Oct. 15 to Nov. 20, while that in Quebec was from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. That was good as far as it went. The next thing was to see about the meaning of the word carcass.

At Montreal Deputy Collector of Customs Riley thought the word meant the dead body of a deer, and that no one in framing the law had contemplated the possibility of live deer being exported, nevertheless he would not give a permit passing the deer. Thereat Mr. Ryan went to Ottawa and saw Sir John MacDonald himself. Sir John considered the matter and said he thought Mr. Ryan's interpretation of the law good. From Sir John Mr. Ryan had to go to the Minister of Customs, whom he had no difficulty in seeing, and his coincided with the views of Sir John. Thereat Mr. Ryan addressed a letter to the Minister, and next day received the following reply:

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, CANADA.
OTTAWA, Oct. 14, 1890.
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(In reply refer to file No. 4222.)

T. H. Ryan, Esq., Ottawa, Ont.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 13th inst., addressed to the Hon. the Minister of Customs, respecting the exportation of live deer, moose and caribou to the United States.

In reply I am directed to inform you that there is nothing in the Canadian law to prohibit exportation of these animals alive; the law now in force prohibits the exportation of these animals in the carcass. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
J. J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

With this in hand Mr. Ryan wrote to Dan Ball to go ahead with his deer catching. Then he went to Toronto and met Mr. Dwight. Mr. Dwight is a sportsman and was just ready to start with three others for a hunt in the Mu-cogee region. Mr. Ryan on invitation joined the party, and that night took train for Huntsville. How they arrived at Huntsville at night, how the rain fell, how they walked to the hotel, how they couldn't eat breakfast, how they waded to a steamer, how they crossed portages in farm wagons to other boats, how they at last reached a comfortable camp with comforting fire and grub on a point in Long Lake, is a tale which Mr. Ryan tells

picturesquely. Here he remained two days but got no deer, and then went fifty miles to North Bay, 200 miles west, and from there to Mattawa on the verge of a region where moose abound, deer are plentiful, and beaver possible to obtain alive. A contract was made with a trapper, whose name Mr. Ryan does not wish to mention, for a supply of all of these animals—at least twenty of each if that number be possible.

Meantime Dan Ball had gone to work at Megantic by selecting a few friends and looking over the woods to see where the deer were yarding. Along in December the snow became five feet deep in the woods, and Dan knew of one yard where at least 300 deer were gathered together.

Then he and six others went on snowshoes with buckskin thongs and one gun loaded with powder only. Locating a bunch of deer in a thicket, six of the men crept up as near as possible to leeward without alarming them. Then the seventh came tearing down with the wind and with a wild yell and the discharge of the gun scattered the bunch like a flock of quails before a cur pup. Some of the fleeing beauties plumped into the snow that was so deep and so fluffy that they sank out of sight at the first struggle, nor could they escape till Dan and his friends kindly lent a hand. In all a dozen were captured thus, and with legs bound with the soft leather thongs were carried to an old shanty in the woods some distance from Megantic.

So word was sent to Ryan, and along in January he went away to bring the deer to the park in New Hampshire. Megantic is on the Canadian Pacific road. A box car was sent to a siding formerly used by a lumber mill, and there carpeted with hay, straw and no end of browse. The ends were then partitioned off from the space between the doors by means of poles and within the spaces thus formed the deer were placed—simply lifted in. They had been kept in the meantime in the old mill unbound.

With Dan Ball to look after and especially to water the deer, the car was hauled to Newport, Vt., the location of the United States Customs Office. Mr. Ryan found he would have to go back to a Canadian customs officer for certain documents, and as trains do not run very often he drove in a sleigh. It cost him \$1.50 to drive 28 miles in a cutter behind a team that the owner refused \$450 for. The deer were passed duty free, and were sent on to Newport, N. H., by the way of Concord; nearly 100 miles further than necessary. The extra ride proved disastrous, for one deer died *en route* and two after arrival. The nine are now as well and frisky as when in their native forests.

The importing of these animals has made a stir that has reached Boston, and perhaps New York, for there is a Megantic Club of American sportsmen there, and its members do not like to have the woods round about their haunts depleted even by a score or two of deer, and what the outcome will be no one can tell now.

The buffalo in the park came originally from Montana, but were purchased of a Minnesota man. The moose, elk and caribou came from Minnesota also, and were captured along the Canadian border.

Among the interesting experiences in the transportation of the animals for this park may be mentioned these: Moose have been carried 2,000 miles in four days without apparent injury. The last consignment included 16 moose, 3 deer and 1 caribou. All arrived in good condition, but 8 moose died afterward, because, it is thought, of the change in their diet or water, or both. On one occasion when 30 deer were *en route* over the Nickel Plate a collision with another train killed 22 of them outright, and 4 more died afterward.

It is noticed that the largest deer most easily succumb to railroad travel. None of the animals ever eat or sleep while the car is in motion. On a side track they will eat a little. There seems to be more danger of their suffering from heat in a box car than from cold, but the worst trouble is in the jerking to and fro of the car when the train is stopping or starting. They are fed barley, corn, bran and hay. In the woods they are expected to live as they would naturally, but places will be established where feed will be left for them so that none shall lack.

Beginning with a few pet deer in a paddock, the Corbins now have a private zoölogical garden, where, if at any such place in the world, the animals on hand can be seen and studied under natural conditions. What it will be in the future Mr. Corbin cannot say, but that he will, as fast as convenient to do so, add all the animals of the world that can live there harmoniously need not be doubted. His outlay up to the completing of the park is not far from \$400,000. Some of his friends say he is likely to spend half as much more on it and make of it a place to fairly delight the naturalist. They say that the work of Judge Caton will be supplemented and added to by that to be done at the Corbin park to the great benefit of all investigators into the habits of wild animals.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

ADIRONDACK DEER KILLING METHODS

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly grant me space to answer the criticism of "Saint Lawrence" and define my own position more clearly. I did not intend to express disapproval of the prohibition against floating except as taken in connection with hounding. The last sentence of my former letter reads, "Treat all alike, and to do it you must give St. Lawrence more or the rest of the State less than there is in the proposed law." There is the point. It was proposed to give the rest of the State forty days' hounding and St. Lawrence nothing. I asked that St. Lawrence have floating in place of hounding. (It is the less destructive of the two.) Now, instead of giving St. Lawrence floating in place of hounding, they give us floating, but also give it to the rest of the State in addition to hounding.

"Saint Lawrence" detests floating. If I mistake not, "Saint Lawrence" has eaten salt pork many a time in honor to his convictions, and while others less scrupulous have feasted on venison; also, that he has not camped in the wilderness for several years. He says, "Its horrors (floating) have been too often dwelt upon." Yes, and I will add, exaggerated; and it is because I have never seen its "horrors" that I do not condemn it. I have been a "floater" over thirty years; I have also killed deer by still-hunting, and by watching a pond. I never killed a deer in winter or early spring, nor wasted a pound of the meat. The first deer I ever floated jumped twice after the rifle cracked—the last one ran perhaps twenty yards,

Will "Saint Lawrence" tell me what "horror" there was in that kind of killing? "Saint Lawrence" will ask, "Were all shots as successful?" and I will answer, no. I can now recall but one deer wounded that escaped, but I am willing to grant that there were more. But are not deer wounded in all kinds of hunting and do not some escape? As regards the killing of does by floating—if the law says we must not kill does, I for one will not pull trigger until I see horns. Easy enough to fix that.

I asked "How are we to get venison" and "Saint Lawrence" says, "Hunt and kill it like a sportsman and a man," and then suggests watching where deer come to water. Let us see. "Saint Lawrence" watches a pond where he feels sure a deer will come, and when it does come he draws a bead and fires—he may only wound it. I am paddled up to a deer on the same pond a couple of hours later and I only wound it. Are we not quits?

Now in regard to does. The proposed law will not protect them because it is so easy to destroy proof of sex. Mr. Editor, as proof that this section of St. Lawrence is not "retrogressing in protection sentiment" I will propose the following enactment:

No deer except it have horns shall be killed at any time. No deer shall be killed save between the 15th day of August and the 1st day of November of any year. No deer shall be killed while swimming in any water of the State of New York. No deer shall be killed from any boat or other device floating upon the waters of any stream, pond or lake.

This will stop floating, this will protect does, this will stop club hunting. Give the whole State (if you please) the privilege of hounding, but let the hunter stand on the runways and take his chances—once the deer is in the water let it be safe.

Under such a law, enforced, deer would increase. I know "Saint Lawrence" will only too gladly agree to such a law. Will the hounders? I can answer the question, no. Then, while they ask and receive forty days' privilege to hunt by the most destructive method known, I ask for myself, and I think many more, that St. Lawrence be given something.

J. H. R.

CANTON, N. Y., March 7.

THE MAINE GAME LAWS.

THE committee on fisheries and game of the Maine Legislature has voted to report a bill containing substantially the amendments proposed by the Commissioners, already given in detail in the FOREST AND STREAM. In the committee there was not much opposition to the amendments, as I am informed, in spite of the force brought to bear by the enemies of wholesome fish and game legislation. Mr. Darling and others were given a respectful hearing, but their demands for greater license in the killing of game have not been heeded in the committee. The result, when the measure comes before the full bodies of both branches of the Legislature, is of course still in doubt, but the case is more hopeful than appearances indicated early in the session. A letter from a gentleman well informed in fish and game matters in that State says that there is rather a growth of better sentiment within a few weeks in some parts of Maine, and that it is having its influence upon the Legislature, even if that body, in its majority, was not already favorable to the wholesome amendments asked for by the able Commissioners. The deer-hounding element is receiving a setback from a force of its own nature that is striking stronger blows than its advocates are aware of.

The Maine newspapers are giving a good deal of attention to game matters, and it has been made plain to the people of the State, and to members of the Legislature, that a number of hounds are owned in the State for the purpose of dogging deer. The newspapers have done much of late in disseminating this information, and the spreading of the news has come in a form that is not doing the cause of the deer hounders any good. A number of items like the following, besides those already published in the FOREST AND STREAM, have lately appeared in the Maine papers: "L. O. Dudley and his wife were crossing Upper Jackson Lake in a sleigh the other day. Suddenly a deer bounded out of the thicket on the opposite shore, closely followed by a hound. At the urgent request of his wife Mr. Dudley turned his horse, and with all possible speed followed the chase, hoping to save the life of the deer. Gyp, the mare, trotted nobly, considering that there were 3in. of water on the ice, and the chase was a very exciting one for the lady. But the deer seemed exhausted, and the dog soon brought down his game, and had its throat bleeding before they reached the spot. The sight of the deer floundering in the water on the ice, which was crimsoned with its blood, frightened the horse, and Mr. Dudley was obliged to hold her, while his wife got out of the sleigh and drove off the dog, which went sneaking toward shore with the blood dripping from his jaws. A man working in one of Mr. Dudley's logging camps now came up and the deer was left in his care. It was doubtless killed by the bite of the dog at its throat." Another Maine paper says that Mrs. Dudley has written a strong letter to the Legislature, against the cruelties of dogging deer. If she has not, there is not the least doubt but what she desires to, and when the women of Maine declare against a form of cruelty, there is little danger but what legislation will be pronounced in their favor.

Game Warden French arrived at Calais the other morning and gave the substance of the following report: "I have just got home from a trip up the lakes and I never saw the game laws so grossly violated since I have held my commission as they have been the last month. A number of parties consisting of from two to four persons hunting deer with dogs and making a wholesale slaughter of them. While away I arrested Frank Graham and Charles Gilpatrick, of Weston, for the above named offense. They were arraigned before Justice Dresser, at Forrest City, found guilty and fined \$40 each and costs. I also arrested Charles Eaton and E. Tupper, of Princeton, for dogging deer at Pleasant Lake. They were found guilty and gave bonds to appear at the April term of the S. J. Court. I found Pete Newell selling trout and fined him. I also found two more men dogging deer but was unable to catch them. I am familiar with their names and will arrest them on my next trip up river."

It is unfortunate for the cause of the deer doggers that these items are being promulgated through the Maine papers at this time. But the good often prevails through the adverse action of evil itself and it is now to be hoped that deer hounding will receive the worst setback it has ever had at the present session of the Maine Legislature.

MARCH 8,

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 6.—Heavy snow is falling here to-day and though the thermometer is not low it looks more like winter here now than it has at any time. It is very likely that the storm on this latitude will hold back that big burst of the spring flight which invaded the country from Illinois to Kansas at just about the same time—Feb. 21 to 25. The Kankakee and the Illinois countries were free of ice last week and thousands of ducks were in. Charlie Gammon and Billy Mussey were to go to Cumberland country to-morrow after an old-fashioned duck shoot, but unless this storm moderates quickly they may have to wait a few days before they meet good shooting. The same is true for Mr. Cleaver and his friends, who plan a trip to Putnam, in the Senachwine country.

It is impossible to say how the flight will hold out, but from all that can be told now the promise seems unusually good for wildfowl in the West this spring. I have just been out in Iowa this week and they report birds in unaccustomed quantities along the old Skunk bottom, so long nearly deserted by the flight. At Reasnor, Jasper county, ducks were in numbers a week and a half ago. They have appeared also in great quantities along the Missouri bottom above Sioux City. At Des Moines I found plans going on for a special car party to Sioux City, to start at an early date. Our friend Charlie Budd will probably go, also Messrs. Royal, Converse, Chase, Burnett, Reed, McClintock, Harris, Eason, Yearshaw, Perkins, Martin, Vertrees and Kercher. That is to say that most of 'em probably won't go. These gentlemen tell me that ducks are in or were in last week over a great part of Iowa.

At Des Moines I met my friend John Hamilton, editor of the *Daily News*. He was just back from a goose trip to Kansas, and I helped eat a Canada honker which he brought back with him. Mr. Hamilton is young at this shooting business, and openly declares himself not above potting a goose whenever he gets a chance. He gave us at table a thrilling account of how he crawled a quarter of a mile through the grass to get a "settin' shot" at a flock on a sand bar, the result of which nefarious deed was four geese. "I hope this goose wasn't killed in that way," remarked one of the party, "for if so, we cannot eat any more of it." But Mr. Hamilton relieved such fears by declaring that the taking off of this fowl was quite legitimate. This party numbered three guns, and they bagged 31 geese in four days. They were at Mrs. Dodge's place, 12 miles below Hutchinson, on the Arkansas River. They report the fields and bars full of geese last week, and the flight along the Arkansas is said to be heavier than for five years.

"Doesn't it make you feel awfully bad to see the poor geese fall down out of the air all shot up?" asked one of the ladies at the goose dinner aforesaid.

"No," replied Mr. Hamilton deliberately and naively. "The first bird I ever killed on the wing was a wild goose, and when I saw him falling down, although I knew I must lose him across the river, I think I never felt so good in all my life."

I take the extreme pleasure in telling of the exploits of my friend, Mr. Hamilton, because he is a good specimen of the terrible example reformed through saving grace. For years he was the strictest utilitarian, thinking nothing in the world was good but plain hard work. I am glad to see he has nearly killed himself at that. Finally he had to get outdoors or die. He went outdoors. His shooting dates back for a very few years, and barring his still rather utilitarian notions about pot shots, I have some hopes for him.

Now I want to show the reverse of this cheerful picture. About two weeks ago Mr. James Reynolds, a business man of this city, took his own life, under circumstances the most distressing, in that he left a wife and family who loved him. This is what the papers here say of the matter:

"As to the cause of the suicide there seems to be but one opinion. The man had worked himself to death. In speaking of the matter to T. G. Otis, a neighbor said: 'I have known Reynolds for twenty years. I am positive that overwork had rendered him temporarily insane. He was the first at the store and the last one away. Nature had to give way some time, and poor Reynolds went crazy.'"

Too much work doesn't pay. Read the wholesome sporting papers. Go out of doors. You will be nearer manhood through it, and the time is passing when people will sneer at you for that.

In this connection I am reminded of a talk I had lately with a gentleman of this city, who is somewhat known as a shooter and sportsman, and who is now holding for a second term a position of high trust as an officer of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. This gentleman told me that he did not read *FOREST AND STREAM* nor any other sporting paper, because he did not have time, his business was so pressing. He represented himself to me as a hard-driven man, with scarce time enough left to get acquainted with his family. This only shows how amusing some men can get to be, and also how far they can get away from the paths of right living. I don't think my friend is any busier than plenty of other men in Chicago, who find plenty of time to read *FOREST AND STREAM* and other fresh, modern literature. If he is so very busy I scarcely see how he can spare time for any official duties outside of his office. But, I say, all this is simply amusing; for every one knows that any man has time to do just what he wants to do, and no man was ever so busy he couldn't be busier. If my friend the official of the State Sportsmen's Association will take time of an evening at home to read some good journal of outdoor sports, I think he will find the pressure lighten at times, and he will not feel so busy. He will do just as much, but will be freer from that strain of energy which makes a worse than slave of many and many a man. I doubt if the world is so very much better off for these overbusy men. Indeed, they seem to realize this themselves, and once in a while they seek another world by gate of self-destruction. I have reported several just such cases here in Chicago. I will warrant not one of them was a reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* or a breather of good outdoor air.

March 7.—The marshes are reported frozen. The shooting is not yet.

Mr. Julius DeLong, of New York, spent a day in town this week. He and Mr. A. Hirth have some sort of a mascalonge scheme on the fire for this spring.

Mr. A. Von Lengerke, of the well known New York firm, fitted across the Chicago horizon last week, leaving a smell of Schultze behind him.

Mr. Gardner Thatcher, of this city, has outfitted here for tarpon and goes to Florida.

Some unknown friend has sent me a copy of the *Beardstown Illinoisan*, with the following marked: "A. M. Smith made a large haul of fish in Sangamon Bay last week, aggregating some 30,000lbs." There is a brevity and directness of assertion about this which we could wish less conspicuous.

Br'er Hank Kleinman went out behind Br'er Abe's house, down on Lake Calumet, for a little while last Monday and bagged 19 bluebills, 1 goldeneye and 3 canvasbacks. The birds still hang about that persecuted lake. Br'er Gawge killed 7 bluebills that same morning.

I take pleasure in forwarding to the kennel editor of the *FOREST AND STREAM* a cutting from the *Commercial Gazette* of Cincinnati, sent me and I think, written by the hand of that remarkable greyhound enthusiast Mr. M. Phister, of that city. The article speaks of the third winning of the Waterloo Cup by the phenomenon Fullerton, a feat unparalleled in coursing. Mr. Phister is fortunate in having a half brother of Fullerton, the big brindle Norwegian.

Within 90 days we shall have good shooting and some fishing around Chicago. The Kankakee at Momence is one of the earliest streams to offer any fishing.

E. HOUGH.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.

ST. LOUIS, March 2.—At a stand in Union Market I noticed the other day a fine string of croppies, the fish averaging 2lbs. in weight. They came from some point down the river, and were netted, of course. It makes the gorge of the angler rise to see the fine game fish, bass especially, which are shipped to Union Market from local waters and caught by means of nets and seines, but there has been no slaughter this year from fishing through the ice, for the very good reason that no ice has formed in this section of the country.

Now that the quail season is over, it will do no harm to "give away the soft snap" of a St. Louis sportsman who last fall killed nearly 200 quail within two miles of the western limits of the city. While other hunters went out many miles looking for quail, he had fine shooting literally at his own door. No one thought of looking for game so near home, and the favored party was too smart to say anything about it until the season was over. But what chance will these quail have next year?

There never has been a better winter for the preservation of game birds than the one just ending. It has been extremely dry all over this section, with no extremely cold weather and but few snow storms, so that the birds will winter over in good condition, and should increase and multiply at the maximum limit. The absence of ice will also insure the safety of the fish in the shallower streams and lakes. The prospects of a good game season the coming fall are consequently most excellent.

Numerous petitions have been sent to the Legislature to pass a law prohibiting all seining of fish in the State of Missouri. The House recently passed the following bill, and, as there is a similar one pending in the Senate, it is probable that we will soon have a law prohibiting all seining:

SEC. 3,910. If any person shall place or maintain, or cause to be placed or maintained, in any of the waters of the State, any seine, net, gill-net, trammel net, wire or other device, or by any such means shall take or catch a fish in the waters of this State, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof be fined in a sum not less than \$5 nor more than \$100, provided the provisions of this section shall not apply to persons who own land adjoining such waters from taking fish for their own family use, and provided, further, that they shall not prevent the free passage of fish up and down such waters.

Ducks struck in here quite freely last week, and there was a rush for the favorite shooting grounds.

Croppie fishing with hook and line has been carried on all winter at Creve Coeur Lake owing to the mild weather.

The State Senate has shortened the deer shooting season by knocking February out of the old law.

There will probably be amendments to the game law of the State. The Hawkins bill has received a favorable report in the House and will probably pass. The bill provides that game shall not be killed during the following seasons: Wild turkey, between March 1 and Sept. 15; prairie chicken, between Feb. 1 and Aug. 15; quail and grouse, between Feb. 15 and Oct. 1; woodcock, between Jan. 10 and July 1; and wild ducks and geese, between April 1 and Sept. 1. The bill also makes it a misdemeanor to trap or net prairie chickens or quail at any time.

The following bit of genuine news I clip from a San Francisco market paper: "Japanese pheasants from Oregon have been quite common in the game market during the past fortnight. The male pheasant of this variety is of handsome plumage. These birds were imported into Oregon and for years were protected by very strict game laws, until now they are quite plentiful and are allowed to be hunted. The meat is in favor with lovers of game. Sales were made this week at \$9 to \$12 per dozen wholesale."

ABERDEEN.

A WEST VIRGINIA RESORT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I notice in your columns, under date of Feb. 19, a communication from "L. R. S." Scranton, Pa., who refers to an article from the pen of Mr. T. B. Wilson, Capon Iron Works, W. Va., which was published in your paper some weeks ago, who desires to know if the reports of T. B. Wilson can be relied on. I wish to say a few words in corroboration of Mr. Wilson's statements. It has been my good fortune for the past ten years to spend my annual hunt and fish with Mr. Wilson. I have fished all the streams mentioned by him, viz., Wait's Run, Trout Run, Pond Run and Stoney Creek; and have taken many fine specimens of brook trout from these streams. The trout of Wait's Run and Trout Run are fine in point of size and flavor. Mr. P. Johnston, of Linden, Va., an old disciple of Izaak Walton and a very intimate friend of Mr. Wilson's, has perhaps taken more large trout from the latter than any other angler; and he informs me that on one day he took from a single pool in this stream thirty-six trout, varying in size from 14in. to 18in. in length, and on the day following took twenty-six trout equally as large. While he had no means of ascertaining the weight of these trout, it is safe to say some of them would have weighed 3lbs. Four years later Mr. Johnston and I

took from this same pool one day seventeen very fine ones. On one occasion Dr. John McKeever, of Wardensville, W. Va., took a trout from this stream weighing 4lbs. One peculiarity of these large trout is that they are seldom, if at all, taken with the fly, but bite on the bottom.

Game is abundant in the mountains and valleys surrounding the hospitable home of Mr. Wilson, as I can testify from personal experience, and deer, bear, turkeys and pheasants can be had in season; and with Tom, or the "General" as he is more familiarly known, as guide, the sportsman is sure to get a shot. The name and fame of Tom and his achievements with his "bone smasher" (Manton rifle) cannot be touched on here, but will endure as long as the mountains which he has hunted. In one hunting season Mr. Wilson, J. W. Thorp and I killed twenty-two deer, turkeys and pheasants not being taken into account, though we bagged great numbers of them. This was done by still-hunting, and on no occasion do we use dogs.

A few shots made by Mr. Wilson will to the "kid glove" hunter seem incredulous. I speak truth, however. In 1874 he killed at three shots two four-prong buck and fifteen turkeys. A few years after bagged eighteen turkeys at three shots!

Visitors are always cordially received and every hospitality extended toward them. It is, indeed, "a region full of interest to the sportsman and naturalist," and in no other country will he find a more contented, congenial and true-hearted people.

I beg to refer you to an article by the late Alexander Moseley, late editor of the *Richmond Whig*, relative to the trout of this stream, published in *FOREST AND STREAM* in the fall of 1879.

A. M.

LINDEN, Warren County, Va.

REARING PHEASANTS.

AN English correspondent writes: "The period has now arrived for making preparations for the pheasant rearing season. The results produced in many parts of the country by the semi-artificial culture of these birds are certainly encouraging, and are in part due to the increasing experience of game keepers in rearing them. The pheasant shooting season of 1890 I was on the whole satisfactory, and would doubtless have been one of the best on record but for the bad weather that prevailed during the summer. The weather was favorable during the early part of the summer, and the young birds had a fair start, but the effect of the wet and cold which supervened during June was disastrous to them. Heavy bags were, however, recorded in many parts, and the condition of the birds proved to be good on the whole."

The practice of rearing by hand, which obtains on many estates, has prevented a great amount of depletion which otherwise must occur. When nearly 4,000 pheasants are killed on one estate in two days, as was the case last season, it is apparent that these birds would speedily be exterminated but for the system of cultivation now in vogue.

As is generally known, the game keeper is responsible for this work, and the uninitiated have no idea what anxiety and labor it causes him, nor of the nights that he spends with the young birds when sickness demands his attendance. In the matter of feeding he has to exercise incessant zeal at all times, providing them with food carefully and skillfully prepared. In conversation with the well-known pheasant rearer, Mr. Wm. Burgess, of Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, the other day, I was informed that the acclimatization of the British variety is being actively prosecuted abroad and that he (Mr. Burgess) has, for many years past, assisted in the work by sending eggs from his pheasantry. In the matter of fish he has also done the same, and has by way of experiment successfully transmitted living examples of perch to Japan. The Chinese pheasant had, I learnt, succeeded in nearly every country, and I can speak from experience as to the favorable results attending its introduction in England.

NEW JERSEY CODIFICATION.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Among the bills introduced in the Senate is one providing for the creation of a fish and game commission whose duty shall be to revise the fish and game laws of the State and report a comprehensive bill to the next Legislature. The bill provides that the Governor shall appoint three commissioners, who shall hold sittings in various parts of the State during the recess of the Legislature for the purpose of hearing the views of all persons who may desire to present the same. The commission is then to prepare a bill, embodying the present laws with such amendments and alterations as the commission may deem proper, and report the bill to the next Legislature. The object of the bill is to follow in the wake of the States of Pennsylvania and New York, where commissions of this kind have been created by legislative action; in Pennsylvania the work has been completed; in New York the commission is still in session.

There has always been serious complaint concerning the fish and game laws of this State, and no laws could be more contradictory. Thus, according to one law, a man taking perch out of lakes or ponds is liable to go to State prison for six months, but there is no law against persons taking the same kind of fish out of streams. There is a law which prohibits catching trout during a close season, but there is no law prohibiting the possession of trout during this close season, so that the former law is rendered practically worthless, it being a difficult matter to capture a person while in the act of hauling in the fish. According to one law, persons polluting rivers or allowing anything to flow into any stream which will injure or kill fish are subject to a penalty of two years in State prison and a fine of a thousand dollars, and by another law justices of the peace are given jurisdiction in all these cases; the law in relation to the pollution of rivers applies to corporations, so that justices of the peace are given authority to send not only private individuals but corporations to State prison. These are only a few of the absurdities of the fish and game laws as they stand at present. In fact, these laws are in so badly mixed up a state that nothing but a revision will unravel the tangle, and it is this that is sought by Senator Mallon's bill. That the laws are defective and contradictory is apparent, for the State provides no way of enforcing the laws in relation to game, although several thousand dollars are annually expended for protecting and propagating fish. Wardens who do their duty do so at their own pecuniary risk,

The laws of New York and Pennsylvania differ materially from the laws of this State, but by coöperation the laws of New York and Pennsylvania have been made as near alike as territorial reasons will permit. It has always been a subject of complaint that the laws of New York open the season some time before the season opens in New Jersey, the New York sportsmen shooting off their own game and then coming into New Jersey and getting their share of the game here. If the seasons opened about the same time it would be of great advantage to Jersey men who cannot afford to travel long distances in quest of their favorite sport. It is consequently that now is the proper time for a general revision, which would result not only in better protection, but also be of convenience to all concerned.

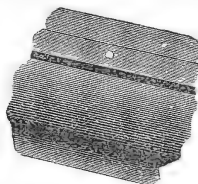
PATERSON, N. J., Feb. 25.

NEW SYSTEM OF SIGHTING SHOTGUNS.

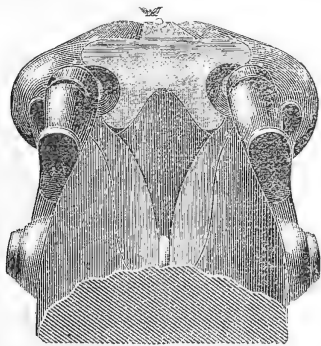
THERE has always existed a serious difficulty in aiming shotguns, and this difficulty has increased with our modern chokebore guns. When shooting, the attention of the gunner should be chiefly directed on the flying bird, and any arrangement of sights which interfere with a full view ahead, or sights that require to be looked at, are worse than no sights at all. In fact, good work with the shotgun has required that the gun should fit the shooter well, i. e., come up in good alignment with little attention at aiming. One of the difficulties of shooting is that the gun is not used from the same position, the shooter often having to take a sharp right or left position which makes it difficult to align the gun the same. I have found that a small and short ivory sight placed not more than 18 in. from my large muzzle sight gives wonderfully good results on a shotgun. Not only is the vertical alignment readily obtained, but as the two sights are seen quite distinct and away from each other, the lateral alignment is made at the same time. This is a most important point, for one of the common mistakes is sighting too close to the gun rib, which results in under shooting. In very quick shooting neither of these sights are much noticed, but the eye is more or less guided by them in the quickest work quite unconsciously, and when shooting more deliberately one forms the habit of bringing the gun up in the right position. There is no better test as to whether the gun is a good fit or not, than to look over it with these sights on. This method of sighting can be applied to a rifle, though I would not recommend it except possibly at short distances and where great accuracy is not required. This target which was made with the rifle on a Daly gun shows a fair degree of accuracy. The sights are easily applied by any gunsmith. As many shooters have my muzzle sight they now will only require the new rear sight to make their gun perfect.



This cut shows the large muzzle sight on gun.



Cut of the small rear sight on the gun. This sight is placed 18 in. from the muzzle sight.



This engraving gives the appearance of the sights when aiming at a straightaway bird. It will be noticed that the muzzle sight is the most prominent and when the aim is taken should be seen above the rear sight and in line with it. In this cut the elevation of the gun is right, but the rear sight shows that the gun is out of line, which would not be discovered if these sights were not used.

A large proportion of the sportsmen who use the Lyman rear tang sight do so with the ordinary crotch sight on the barrel. This crotch sight is much in the way of the rear tang sight and the shooting is done at a great disadvantage. To overcome this trouble I have invented a folding leaf sight to take the place of the crotch sight. This new sight has no notch in it, being straight across its top. In this respect it is a bar sight. This sight folds down close to the barrel, allowing the shooter to use the Lyman combination sight or the wind-gauge sight in an unobstructed manner, and the result is that the shooting is twice as good as when the ordinary crotch sight is on the barrel.



Although the shooter should in any case use the Lyman tang sights for nearly all shooting, he has the satisfaction in knowing that if he wishes to use this leaf sight, that it is a better sight than any rear barrel or crotch sight in use, both as regards accuracy and quick-

ness in aiming. The left hand engraving shows the sight on the gun barrel folded down. The right hand cut gives the appearance of the sight when in use and shows the bead or top of the ivory muzzle or front sight when aiming.

In taking a long shot the front sight should be seen high above the bar of the leaf sight depending on the distance of the game. The shooter needs to make no effort to see the front sight in the middle of the bar, for the eye will centralize the front sight with the bar sight unconsciously while the shooter is getting the front sight on the target. The top of this sight has a knife edge slot on its face which prevents any reflection from rays of light and always gives the bar a black appearance. This edge also gives the thumb nail a hold in turning up the sight. The sight has also a horizontal bar of ivory "partly exposed" below the square top which allows the sight to be seen when shooting in a dim light. The folding part is regulated by the right hand screw to move as firmly as desired.

MIDDLEFIELD, Conn.

WILLIAM LYMAN.

BEARS AND BEAR HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading "Hunter's" dissertation on trapping bears reminds me of old hunting days when the wild woods were my happiest abode and trapping bears my specialty. I have killed seventy-three bears, trapped the most part of them, and the manner and kind of bait are a desideratum worthy of note.

In the spring of the year I never used bait, but set traps in wild animal trails or paths, which are to be found around ponds and beside rivers and brooks where the bears inhabit.

Later on I found that fresh fish was the best bait. Some hunters use stinking meat or waste scraps or bones of any animal, thinking that the smell of the decaying meat would entice brui, but I have always found that the fresher the bait the better. I think bears have a delicate sensitiveness in their organs of smell, and I have found honey to be a great attraction to them. I have also bored auger holes in roots of trees near my traps, and filled them with molasses and rum, for be it known, the black bear, although a native of Maine, never consented to her prohibition statute, and can be made as drunk as any two-legged animal.

There is, however, in my humble opinion, more in setting the trap than in the kind of bait, and at different seasons of the year in different ways.

As to the time they breed, I see hunters vary in their opinions. I have kept them in confinement, but they do not breed the same as they would in their native wilds. Friend "Hunter" thinks they drop their young the first part of February, but says he found four in a den in March. Well, if anybody finds a female bear in a den in January, he will find the cubs, for immediately on being disturbed the mother will drop her cubs. You cannot get a bear out of her den before she drops them. Yes, he found four cubs in March, that is the month she naturally has them.

I like the talk of that Maine "Hunter;" it sounds like my own experience, and here is my hand. Shake!

J. G. R.

BETHEL, Maine.

SPORT IN MISSOURI.—Marshall, Mich.—I arrived in Keytesville, Mo., Dec. 24. The weather was fine; and the next morning I called upon my friend Mr. Wm. Hill, and I told him I wanted to have a good hunt. He introduced me to two of the best hunters, Ward brothers. That afternoon one of them, John Ward, and I went out a short time and bagged 20 fine quails; and for two weeks we kept it up, and had splendid shooting. My Gordon setter was only 13 months old, but she was a "daisy." Two of us bagged in one day, I think, 93 birds. In the early fall and spring there is splendid duck and geese shooting. I once was advocating a 10 lb. gun and 10 bore, but I do not want any more of them, nor do I advise their use for small game. A gun which weighs from 5 to 6 lbs. is heavy enough, and toward evening the gunner will think even that weight is too heavy. I believe that a person can kill just as much, if not more, with a 16-bore, using 2 drs. of powder and 4 oz. of shot. It is all useless to shoot so much ammunition when less will do, and besides I do not want to carry 3½ to 5 drs. of powder around with me when I will do. To me it seems ridiculous to use 4 drs. of powder for one bird and to blow him all to pieces, while all is required is to kill the game. From what I heard, the bird crop is very abundant all through the southern part of Missouri. There are some wild turkeys there, and I saw quite a few geese. The day I arrived there James Ward killed a goose at 180 yds. with a .84 in. muzzleloader. The game is too wild to shoot with a shotgun at that season.—M. R.

WYOMING GAME.—Big Piney, Uinta county, Wyoming.—This section is the home of the elk, deer and antelope, bear of several kinds, mountain lion, mountain sheep, cat, lynx, beaver and a few timber buffalo in the mountains, wolf and coyote of the plains; ducks and geese in summer and fall; sage hens, grouse in large quantities at all times of the year. In all streams and lakes are the mountain trout and they are very gamy. Sometimes the noble elk get very poor in winter and have been killed in large numbers for their hides, although there is a strict law against this. Last winter we had some rare sport roping elk on horseback. We sold several which were shipped to Austin Corbin, of Newport, New Hampshire. This country must forever remain an ir reclaimable wilderness. Here hunters may live in tents and follow the migrations of the game and lead a life of savage independence.—C. V. B.

A GAME CLUB which appears to be earnestly endeavoring to do some good in its neighborhood writes: "Can you not suggest some way for us to increase our treasury? Do not some of the Western associations receive something in the shape of contributions from the different gun dealers and sporting goods houses?" The gun dealers and sporting goods houses contribute to trap shooting tournament prize lists; but most houses that we know anything about are invited to contribute to an extent far beyond their means. We have never known of their contributing to a game protective club. It is hardly to be expected that they would. Perhaps some one can suggest to our inquirers a method of raising funds for game and fish protection purposes.

THE DOG BROUGHT OUT THE GAME.—The story of the man who bet that his pup could bring the coon out of the barrel, and won his bet by throwing in the dog backward, which triumphantly emerged with the coon fast to his hindquarters, is matched by the story which F. B. sends from Kansas: Several days ago the Bacon boys, who live about four miles west of Ottawa, started out to hunt coons. They had three hounds and were soon on the trail of an animal which turned out to be a large and fierce wildcat. He led them a long chase and finally came to bay under a dark railroad culvert, and here the two older dogs stopped. The other dog was just learning to hunt and had never had any experience in this line, so he started boldly in to bring out the game. He brought it out a great deal quicker than any one expected and made a considerable noise about it too. When the hunters caught sight of the dog he was coming toward them like mad with the wildcat standing straight up on his back. The other hounds now took hold of the cat and soon finished him, but he gave them some ugly wounds in the fight. The pup that brought the wildcat out will probably remember the feat for a long time.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 6.—The annual meeting this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club resulted in the election of E. F. Swan as secretary. Last year he was dropped and Henry W. Webber elected. This year Mr. Webber declined a reelection and the only other man nominated withdrew from the contest. The result of the annual election of officers follows: President, Gilbert J. Rugg; Vice-Presidents, A. B. F. Kenney, E. S. Knowles, M. D. Gilmore; Secretary, E. F. Swan; Executive Committee—John B. Goodell, W. R. Dean, C. Harry Morse, O. A. Benoit; Committee to Revise the By-Laws—A. B. F. Kenney, C. H. Morse, F. M. Harris, O. A. Benoit. The following were elected members of the club: Geo. Cutting, Wm. Brown, Geo. W. Purington, Henry W. Smith, Geo. Langdon, W. L. Smith, A. P. Cutting and Geo. I. McClellan.

NEW YORK RESTAURATEURS.—At the monthly meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, last Monday evening, Messrs. H. T. Carey and Chas. F. Inabrie, of the executive committee, reported that through the efforts of Mr. W. Holberton, a member of the association, and State Protector Dr. Willet Kidd, they had obtained evidence against Morello's restaurant and the Hotel Brunswick for serving game out of season. Whereupon it was unanimously voted that the counsel of the association should begin suit immediately against the offending parties. Why does the District Attorney not go on with the suit against Delmonico, who is charged by Dr. Kidd with having served woodcock out of season?

HE BRAGGED NOT WISELY.—A Hartford man, George J. Helm, recently wrote to a Western paper, bragging of his being out shooting on Sunday and escaping the game warden. The case was followed up by Game Warden Collins, Helm was arrested, found guilty, and fined \$7 and costs of \$20 or more. Helm's attorney wanted to take an appeal, and Attorney Markham strongly objected and read Section 693, Revised Statutes, 1888, which says: "Any person, convicted by a justice of the peace of any offense, except profane swearing, cursing or Sabbath breaking, may appeal from the judgment." Good lawyers claim that the case is not appealable, and that the justice's decision must stand.

"BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS."—It speaks well for the *Book of the Game Laws* that although it is now nearly six months since its first number was published, neither in the October, 1890, number nor in the January, 1891, number has any serious error been discovered. There was one stupid critic who averred that the *Book of the Game Laws* gave the Long Island quail season incorrectly; but in this case it was the critic who erred. The January number, by the way, contains the full text of the recent Illinois decision respecting the sale of quail killed for market. It is a pleasure to record that the *Book of the Game Laws* is appreciated for accuracy and completeness.

IOWA ASSOCIATION.—J. G. Smith's trip to Forest City last week was not a fruitless one, after all. He set the ball in motion by which, two days later, a fellow was caught attempting to ship prairie chickens, and was convicted and fined \$20 and costs. When the State Association for the Protection of Game in Iowa gets after a fellow, it is very likely to run him down before it is through with him. It has been the means of saving up much of our game which was formerly killed and shipped out of the State during the closed season, and has done much good in a general way.—*Alzona Upper Des Moines, Feb. 25.*

GAME PROTECTOR KIDD.—New York, March 4.—State Game Warden Dr. Willet Kidd, of Newburgh, has just notified me that Carl Smith and Smith Vance were lodged in Kingston jail March 2. They will now have to pay \$240 or serve out 240 days. They were arrested at Ellenville for netting trout in the Sandburgh Stream in Ulster county. I think Dr. Kidd is very efficient, and deserves great credit. Last season he brought sixteen suits to a successful termination, three of which were in this city.—W. H.

BIRDS IN NEBASKA.—Loup River.—The quail are having a hard time this winter, but are so abundant that I fear no great depreciation in numbers for next season. Prairie chicken were not plenty last season, but I have about 200 located in the hills just back from the river, and with a good spring and no prairie fires I think they will be as abundant next fall as formerly.—C. P. H.

SPRING SHOOTING.—When the Illinois Legislature was considering a bill to prohibit spring shooting of wildfowl in 1887, petitions were sent in to the General Assembly opposing the measure, and bearing something like 10,000 signatures.

TROUBLE WITH THEIR EYES.—A correspondent puts it thus: "Game is scarce about here; too many sportsmen who cannot read when it comes to the game laws; their eyesight gives out all at once."

RUST IN GUN BARRELS.—My recipe for preventing it may not be original, but I recommend it to gunners. I have tried all the zinc arrangements mentioned in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, but always find that there will be more or less rust. I use a round stick one inch longer than the barrels and a quarter-inch smaller; cut a strip of soft, thick cloth as wide as the circumference of stick, sew the edges together from end to end, soak in sweet oil and place in gun. There will be an even pressure on all parts. I have examined my gun several times this winter and there is not the slightest sign of rust.—IRVING (Montreal).

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—The *Commercial* of March 4 says: "It is very rarely that the canvasback duck ventures to the Southland, but there are lots of them within a radius of fifty miles of Memphis at the present writing, and the grounds of the Oakdornick Club are fairly alive with them. Several good bags have been made, and the slaughtered ones are as fat as butter. The presence of the 'backs' in this locality is accounted for by the recent storms, which have driven them from their usual haunts."

NEW ENGLAND GAME AND FISH CLUBS are requested to communicate with Mr. Richard O. Harding, secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, 304 Washington street, Boston. The association hopes to have representatives from many sections and States of the New England district at an April meeting, to discuss the feasibility and desirability of uniform or consistent game and fish laws.

"TRANSPORTATION OF GAME."—In this paper by Mr. Collins, last issue, concluding paragraph, for "poultry" read property.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE UNKNOWN RIVER.

HERE we are again on the banks of the Unknown. The very scenes lie before us which we had thought of so many times during the past year, and wished with all our heart that we would be permitted to see again. We did not care a straw that we were eighteen miles from a post office and probably would not hear from the outside world for some time. The road to our camping place led along the river bank for about a mile, and we watched the river all along, noting the changes the water had made since the year before. We found the river perfectly clear of logs, trees and brush, and we knew that if the trout were on the rise we should have some splendid sport.

Riding over corduroy roads and through pine woods for eighteen miles had given us appetites that could only be excelled by larger capacity than we possessed, and when we arrived at the farm house at the mouth of the river we were ready to make a clean sweep of anything Mrs. R. might set before us. The dinner was excellent and we ate long and hearty. After this we made several live-boxes and got our fishing tackle ready for use, and at 3 o'clock we all started up the river, each with a live-box, intending to place them along the river at convenient places. We found the river in splendid condition and full of trout. Mr. W., who is from England and had never before fished in American trout waters, was stationed at one of the best pools, where in three hours he took ten trout; seven of them averaged 1½ lbs. each. This he said was the finest trout fishing he ever had, and beat England all to pieces. We all had good success and returned to the house in high spirits. The man with our tent and blankets did not come that night, so we had to sleep at the house.

The next morning we made a fish pond just below the old mill, where we could lead the water from the spring and the river through it. We found it quite a big undertaking, as it was hard digging and the mosquitoes bothered us a good deal, but we finished it in about two hours, and we felt proud of having a place to keep our trout alive. George said this was really building a dam by a mill site, and we all voted that we would rather have it this way than the other way at present. The next thing was to float the live-boxes down the river and put the fish we had caught the day before into the pond. We found some of them nearly dead, but they soon revived when placed in the pond, and swam around enjoying themselves as if nothing was wrong.

That afternoon was favorable for casting, and we had glorious sport, taking about twenty trout altogether. The trout run quite as large as the year before, and it was rare to hook one smaller than ½ lb.

The next morning it was raining when we got up, and we had to stay indoors. For amusement we tried whist, but Mr. W. did not play American whist, so we abandoned that and tried cribbage, and Schlapper Hannes. Just before noon the rain stopped, and we all went down to the mouth of the river, where a dock reaches out into the bay about 400 ft. Getting to the end of this we sat down and enjoyed an hour of cool delight.

The bay here is five miles wide, and on the opposite shore several Indian villages are located. The people farm a little and fish and hunt a good deal, but some of them make good hands getting out logs in the winter season. The fish they catch are principally whitefish, which are cleaned and packed with pounded ice in large boxes on stationary trucks, and taken by small steamers to the nearest point, where large boats land, and shipped south.

Just outside the bay we could see a steam barge towing a schooner, and beyond that a large sailing vessel almost hull down. In several places where the sky and water met only smoke could be seen, and some one suggested that these vessels "were out of sight." While we were taking in the enchanting scene around us the dinner bell rang, and before the second tap every man was on his feet and moving toward the house. Romance and dreams were forgotten, castles came tumbling down, and however different our thoughts had been a few moments before, they were unanimous now, and there was no division until we got up from the dinner table.

The afternoon was fine for casting and all took about as many trout as they wanted. All that we could possibly save alive were put into the live-boxes and the remainder were bled and put in the ice house for present use.

Bright and early next morning I started with Jim, one of the teamsters, to a point up the river six miles, called Two-mile Rapids. The road is along the river for the last two miles and I could see that the river was a succession of rapids and pools the entire distance. About two-thirds of the way up the rapids I left the wagon and started in to fish. The only regret I have for this day's fishing was that I was alone, I wished forty times that the others had come, for it was the finest sport I ever had and I wanted some one to enjoy it with me. Where I started in there is a deep pool with a big rock on one side, and just above and below this pool the water rushes like mad. In three hours I took 43 trout, the lot weighing 30 lbs., from this one pool. I first filled my creel, and then taking the hoop from my landing net I filled that as full as I could carry it. I am sure I could have taken as many more, as the trout were rising just the same when I left as when I started in. When I reached the wagon Jim had returned from his errand up the river and was feeding the horses, and while he built smudges around the horses I got out the lunch. It was a pretty wild looking place where we were, a dense forest of pine and hemlock would not permit of seeing very far in any direction. There was a fresh bear track in the road 3 ft. from us and deer tracks were thick along the river bank. After dinner we took a short rest and talk over our pipes. Jim stated that eight miles north of this point there was quite a large lake which an old bear hunter had told him was full of big trout. I lost interest in the lake full of big trout when Jim told me there was no road to it, for I did not fancy a walk of eight miles through those woods.

I began to get uneasy about my fishing rod; was afraid some porcupine might come across it and take a notion to climb, so telling Jim I would be at the bridge at five o'clock I hastened back to the river.

I walked along the bank and in the edge of the river for half a mile, for I felt sure I could get all the trout I wanted close to the bridge and I would not have to carry them so far. Nor was I mistaken, for long before I got in sight of the bridge I had my creel as full as it would hold. I passed a number of fine-looking pools, and at the last one above the bridge I took off my creel and began filling my landing net, and by the time Jim came with the wagon I had both creel and net full. No time was lost in transferring the fish and myself in the wagon and we were soon on the road. The remainder of the noon lunch was disposed of and then pipes and tobacco until we reached the farm. I should not have taken but one creel full of trout that day, but there was a party at the farm who intended to start for the southern part of the State the next morning and wanted to take some trout with them. I gave them all that I caught that day and cleaned and packed them in ice, and we learned afterward that they got them home in good shape.

The following day we did not do much of anything but lay around and read and smoke. We put in part of the day out on the dock as, on account of the mosquitoes, it was the only place we could loaf in peace. Monday was a big day with all of us. Mr. W. caught the largest trout on the trip to-day, weight 3½ lbs., but we were all after him with several weighing from 2½ to 3 lbs. each.

For the next three or four days we gave the lower rapids a rest, and visited several points up the river. At a place called Short Rapids, three miles up, we had excellent sport. The first day we were there George, Charlie and I all hooked at the same time and in the same pool, Charlie with two on and George and I with one. How we did yell as the rods bent and the lines sailed through the water. I can see the boys now—George biting his under lip feeling sure that he would save his trout (but he didn't), Charlie with bent form trying to steady himself in the swift water, and with a pleased look on his face as he slipped the landing net under the two beauties. George's fish was a big one, and after two or three leaps in the air he sailed down through the tail of the rapids and did not stop when he came to the end of the line. These rapids extend about half a mile and was the prettiest place to fish we had struck. We had only come half way down the rapids and our creels were already as heavy as we wanted to carry back to camp. We came back here several times and always with good success.

Some of the best flies we used were royal-coachman, chippie, Montreal, professor, governor, bee, Martin, queen-of-the-water, Proctor, gray and brown hackles.

One morning three weeks after our arrival we pulled up stakes and started for home. We had over a hundred trout in the pond and these were killed and packed in ice and taken with us. Arriving home in due time the trout were distributed among friends, who seemed to think it a great treat to have fresh brook trout.

Our trip had been a grand success in every way and one long to be remembered by us. JACK.

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

THE PICKEREL FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, Mass.—The pickerel fishermen are out; that is, if the weather is not too cold and the ice is not too thick. One gentleman, he does not wish his name mentioned, fished the Charles River above the dam, with plenty of live bait, all day Saturday of last week, and the day following, and not a pickerel. Another fisherman, with permit, fished the Cambridge reservoir on the same day, following Saturday, and he got no pickerel. His ill success he gives as his reason why his name is not to appear in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. But in both of the above cases it is possible that the day following Saturday may have something to do with the matter. Others have been fishing, however, and they did not fish the day following Saturday. Mr. R. S. Foster, of the commission firm of Foster & Weeks, was born in the Pine Tree State, and he dearly loves the rod and line, and what son of that State does not? He, with Mr. John H. Farnham, in the fruit trade in Boston, took the train a week ago on Saturday morning for a pickerel pond in Connecticut. They went down to Hampton station, several miles from Willimantic. There a team was waiting for them, by previous engagement. It was a light Concord wagon. Would it carry them, the driver and all their traps? The driver declared it would. It was dark and the road was

rough and muddy. They started with some misgivings on the part of the fishermen, but the driver was sure. "Three miles of darkness, wheels in ruts to the hubs, and the worst road," Mr. Foster says, "I ever passed over, brought us to the house." The house is the dwelling of the owner of the farm and the pond. This pond is artificial. It was dammed for a sawmill, and the stumps of overflowed trees are sticking through the ice. The morning came. The pond was covered with several inches of snow and several more of water on top of the ice. It did not look like pickerel fishing, and the sportsmen were minded to take the train home. But consultation of time tables proved that no Boston train was reachable till well toward night. They concluded to try the pond. They wet their feet, through overshoes, in getting on to the pond. Again they were minded to start for home. No pickerel would bite with a dark ooze of surface water running down through every hole in the ice. But the lines were set. Pickerel enough were taken to fry for breakfast on Sunday morning, the day they were not to fish. Sunday, they did not start back to Boston, the weather looked better. The water had nearly disappeared from the ice. Monday they fished till it was time to start for Willimantic, twelve miles, where an express could be touched that would take the happy fishermen home to Boston that night. They were happy with their catch of pickerel—over seventy, with several monsters weighing 3 lbs. and up to 4 lbs. Mr. Foster is in favor of an artificial pond for gamey and handsome pickerel of large size, and one of the desires nearest his heart is to troll that pond in summer time. The local fishermen claim that there is a monster pickerel in that pond that has broken every sort of a rigging—silk lines and linen lines. Mr. Foster would like to try that same pickerel with pliant rod in summer time. SPECIAL.

TARPON AT FORT MYERS.

FORT MYERS, Fla., Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed in sailing on the Caloosahatchie numbers of tarpon; and have wondered at our Northern anglers stopping at points of so little attraction simply to fish for tarpon, when Fort Myers not only offers the finest tarpon fishing, but also gratifies the eye with her beautiful homes surrounded by purely tropical verdure equaled by no other point in Florida. The river is here ½ miles wide, the banks covered with guavas, sappodillos, grape fruit, shaddock, oranges, coconuts, bananas, date palms, roses and a myriad of other flowers, rendering it most beautiful.

On the 15th inst. Mr. H. N. Brooks, of Meriden, Conn., landed a tarpon weighing 80 lbs.; length, 4 ft. 9 in. He wired his brother anglers and the next steamer brought them with rod and reel. On the 20th Mr. R. B. Duykinck brought to gaff one that weighed 110 lbs., 5 ft. 4 in. in length. On the 24th Mr. H. N. Brooks landed two that tipped the scales at 120 lbs., 6 ft. in length each. Mr. Brooks is a thorough master of the rod and reel. On the same day Mr. J. N. Stevenson, of Chicago, safely landed a tarpon weighing 110 lbs., after a hard fight lasting ¾ hours. Mr. Stevenson caught another on the 25th, weighing 125 lbs., 6 ft. 7 in. in length. Mr. Prindell was unfortunate, having several strikes, and after playing one noble fellow over two hours his tackle parted.

Besides the tarpon, black bass are plentiful, weighing up to 15 lbs. Redfish, snappers, sand perch, sheepshead, rovalie, jackfish and other fish abound; in fact, the waters are filled with them.

The gunner can find ample pastime in quail, deer and turkey shooting. Quail are so plenty that numbers are seen in the yards of our town.

The Plant Steamship Line have established a line of steamers from Port Tampa, and the sportsman tourist can be assured of transportation that is very satisfactory. Should any of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* wish sporting information we will cheerfully reply to any inquiries. MICKLE & ROE (Lock Box 29).

TROUT AND MOUSE.

WE have recently learned some interesting facts concerning Colorado trout and trout streams from Mr. Thomas Withers, Civil Engineer and Deputy U. S. Land Surveyor for the State of Colorado. Mr. Withers has been in Washington and while there collected some useful information preparatory to establishing a trout hatchery on a beautiful stream owned by him near Denver. He will probably make a special effort to get the native red bellied trout (*Salmo purpuratus*), and devote considerable attention to its propagation. Mr. Withers is an enthusiastic fisherman and well posted as to the habits of the trout. He states that the helgramite is extremely common in the north fork of the Platte and its fly form, which is there known as the willow fly, is one of the best natural foods for trout and, also, one of the most excellent baits of the region.

Mr. Withers gives a very amusing account of the capture of large trout at Buffalo, near Denver, on the South Fork Railroad. There is in that vicinity a so-called mouse which has the habit of going into the water very freely, and on this account we suppose the animal to be one of the shrews, probably the common water shrew (*Neosorex palustris*), which is the largest of the shrews aquatic in their habits. It grows to a length of 6 in. including the tail, which is 2½ in. long. It is found from Massachusetts to the Rocky Mountains and northward. The muzzle of this shrew is very long and abundantly supplied with whiskers. Its feet are very long and have a fringe of hair. The ears are valvular and adapted for life in the water. It feeds upon insects and also upon other larvae, as we may gather from the description of a kind of stick bait mentioned by Mr. Withers. But to take up Mr. Withers's description of the capture of a big trout with a live mouse. He says: "We were led to try the mouse from the fact that on cutting open a large trout we were very much astonished by finding a mouse in its stomach. A hook was passed through the skin of the neck and the leader was attached to a large chip in such a manner that the mouse could not get away from its float. Then the chip with its live freight was liberated in the creek at some distance above the bridge under which the big trout was known to secrete himself. The chip went merrily dancing down the stream, the mouse meanwhile running backward and forward as far as the limits of his raft would allow, and things went swimmingly until the bridge was reached. Here we saw a sudden commotion, which we knew was caused by the

big trout. His troutship seemed to hit the chip with his tail, for it flew out into the air a foot or more above the surface of the water, and he swallowed the mouse. The fisherman in charge of the line succeeded, after some difficulty, in landing the trout, which proved to be a fine pounder." Afterward Mr. Withers learned that the live mouse was known to many of the fishermen as one of the most killing baits for the black-spotted trout, and its use is very general in that part of Colorado.

ANGLING NOTES.

NOW and then justice, though slow, does seem to reach the wicked, and the two individuals who indulged in netting the Sandburgh Brook are probably wishing they had confined themselves to legitimate fishing. We also hear that another poacher came to grief over the Wallkill for netting black bass. He was fined over one hundred dollars through the evidence of a "chum" with whom he had quarreled. That "chum" will have to fish fair now, for the other fellow says he is going to catch him next season.

Mr. W. R. Cook, who purchased the famous Saterly stretch of the west branch of the Neversink, has added to his property by buying Biscuit Brook from the mouth to the falls. This brook in its best days, or even a few years ago, was alive with trout, and the lower stretch contained some charming pools which afforded excellent fly-fishing. With the building of the Ontario & Western R. R. came along the usual gang of loafers who spent Sunday in poaching the trout streams and robbing the farmers of fruit and poultry, etc. Giant powder soon finished the fish, but of late years these waters have improved, and under the protection of Mr. Cook, will not only afford himself and friends good fishing, but supply the public waters below with a never failing stock of trout.

Though it is yet weeks before the anxious angler can wet his line and the weather not at all suggestive of fishing, yet trout fishermen are getting uneasy. The annual spring fever is beginning to show itself, and, as it is very contagious, it will soon spread over the whole community. Already it seems to me that I can hear the tinkling of the cow bells and the sweet song of the wood robin, while a perfume of spruce and hemlock, and the damp, fragrant odor of moss and dead leaves mingles with the cloud of tobacco sent up from my old briarwood. I must overhaul my rods and traps, and as I do so the "good wife" wants to know, "For gracious sakes, what are you getting out that rubbish for? It's months yet before you can go to the woods, do put the old stuff away!"

The usual rubbish about best flies for April, and May, and June, etc., begins to appear in the papers. One list we read was undoubtedly copied from Sarah McBride's old catalogue, no where else can you find such high-flown descriptions of "hyaline" and "sub-hyaline" wings, etc. Most people discovered years ago that a good fly in April was a good fly any time when the same conditions existed as to height of water. SCARLET IBIS.

RIPARIAN RIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fifty years ago a small natural stream flowed through a certain Connecticut section. About thirty-five years ago a manufacturer bought the right of flowage from the land owners bordering on the same, forming a lake of some fifty acres. About five years ago this lake was stocked with fish by parties, asking no permission of the flowers or land owners. Can the flowers control the fishing in this lake, or do the land owners bordering it have the right to do this? The flowers own a little land bordering on the lake. Can the flowers prevent boating on the lake? ENQUIRER.

[Our correspondent must be aware, if he will think a little, that questions such as these are not to be answered off hand. They require to be brought up in the courts and to be ruled upon by the highest judicial authority. The statutes bearing on this subject are as follows:

2500. Every person who shall take or carry away any eatable fish from any stream, pond, or reservoir without the consent of the owner of the land covered by and adjoining such water, shall be fined not less than three nor more than fifty dollars, or imprisoned not more than thirty days or both.

2501. Every person who shall enter on the land of another for the purpose of taking fish from any private pond, stream or spring thereon, after the owner or occupant of such land or pond, stream or spring, shall have posted a notice adjacent thereto, forbidding such entry, shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars.

2502. All waters, the shores of which are owned or leased by any one person or corporation, and all artificial ponds or ponds formed entirely by erecting dams across streams, such ponds and dams being owned or leased either by private parties or by corporations, except ponds now owned, or in part owned by the towns in which they are situated, or which have been stocked by the Fish Commissioners, shall be private ponds or streams within the meaning of this chapter, but nothing contained in this section shall be construed to apply to North Pond in the towns of Lebanon, Hebron and Colchester.

The above are the statutes on the subject, and we may add that the North Pond mentioned in the last statute has been the cause of litigation for many years. One P. W. Turner leased all the land bordering on the pond and has attempted to prevent all persons from fishing therein. The people of the adjacent towns are so indignant that after many years' contest in the courts they have petitioned for the lay out of a public highway to the border of the pond, so that they can reach the water without trespassing upon any one's land. The decision has not yet been made public. In view of these statutes the answers to the lay mind seem plain, and competent Connecticut authority agrees with us that (1) The parties who stocked the pond with fish without the permission of the flowers or land owners acquired no rights whatever. (2) From the statutes quoted above that owners of the land bordering upon the lake can control the fishing by preventing any one reaching the pond by crossing their lands. (3) That the flowers have no rights whatever, except such as they derive from their ownership of land adjacent to the pond.]

The North Pond case has just been decided, and Dr. Wm. M. Hudson sends us this report of the finding as given in the Hartford Times of March 3: "WILLIMANTIC, March 3.—There is great rejoicing among the people of Hebron and in the adjoining towns at the result of the so-called Hebron Pond case. Ex-Chief Justice Park,

the Hon. Luzon B. Morris and the Hon. Chas. E. Searls, the committee appointed by the Superior Court for Tolland county to hear and report the facts in the case, have made their report. They find that Mr. P. W. Turner does not own North Pond, as he claimed, from the time that he purchased the land all around the pond up to and during the time of trial; but that the town of Hebron itself owns a considerable portion of the land covered by the waters of the pond, and that the title to the greater portion of land covered by the waters of the pond has become lost and abandoned. The committee say in their report:

Joshua Chappell conveyed all his right and title to said pond to Abigail Bosworth, in the year 1773. The most diligent search of all the town, Court of Probate and other records has failed to discover that the title of said pond, within the five mile square of land, ever passed from the said Abigail Bosworth, and so the committee find that the said title never passed from her to any party or parties, but the same became lost and abandoned.

True it is, that no party has ever appeared during the past 117 years, claiming title or any interest in this part of said pond, from or through the said Abigail Bosworth; and during this long period of time 106 deeds have been given of the land contiguous to this part of the pond, which have, in every instance, bounded the grantee or grantees by the shore of the pond.

The only land covered by any of the water of the pond which the committee find Mr. Turner owns is a small strip lying near his dam and extending northerly a little way along the shore of the pond.

The committee further say:

From time immemorial, all members of the great unorganized public, both near the pond and remote from it, whenever and wherever disposed so to do, fished in North Pond as a matter of right, at all seasons of the year, in boats during the spring, summer and fall, and through the ice during the winter. This was done without objection from any source whatever down to the time when the plaintiff (Turner) bought all the land adjoining the pond, when he only made complaint.

This conclusion of the committee has been reached after a long and exhaustive trial in which able counsel were engaged on both sides, and will give thorough satisfaction to all sections of the State favored by large bodies of inland water, from the fact that the number of these natural lakes in our State where people may resort for the cherished sports of fishing, boating, picnicking, and other healthful recreations, in accord with the custom of their fathers, are none too numerous; and if the late tendency of crafty men to lease and buy the land surrounding these lakes, and thereby exclude all persons from access to them is to become general, the greatest injustice would result therefrom.

It is unusual that a committee is composed of so able and experienced men, and when such have passed upon Mr. Turner's title it would seem that it would put at rest further attempts on his part to monopolize North Pond.

Charles E. Perkins, of Hartford, and Solomon Lucas, of Norwich, were counsel for Mr. Turner. Messrs. Buck and Eggleston, of Hartford, and Charles Phelps, of Rockville, were counsel for the town of Hebron.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having seen several inquiries of late about flies for shad, and being interested myself, I have asked some friends about the matter, and, so far as I can ascertain, fly-fishing for this species is rather unsatisfactory. Way back in the 80's Dr. John D. Hyer, of the U. S. Patent Office, took a few young shad in the Potomac at the Virginia end of the long bridge, Washington, D. C. These were very small fish, about 4c. in weight, and were taken on a light colored fly. Mr. Hyer is not certain, but thinks it was a white-miller. Under date of Feb. 26, 1891, the well-known Baltimore angler, Mr. A. F. Dresel, writes my friend D. H. Mohler, of this city, as follows: "concerning his fly-fishing for hickory shad: 'I have had some little luck with the Montreal fly. Almost all the fish were taken in the moderately strong water, from thirty to sixty feet below the dam at the Relay House. On receipt of your letter of Jan. 14, I immediately wrote to Mr. John J. Donaldson, who has fished more for 'hickories' than any one I know of, and I now inclose his answer.' Mr. Donaldson writes as follows: 'With regard to fly-fishing for shad in the Patapsco River, I have never known any to be taken with the fly in that stream. Hickory shad will rise to the fly whenever they are running. They generally begin to come into the Patapsco River between April 15 and May 1, and run from one to three weeks. The conditions of water and weather that are best are very much those that suit other kinds of fly-fishing. The flies that are most killing, according to my experience, are in the following order: 1. The fly that Dukehart named after me, the 'Donaldson.' 2. The red and white fly (Dukehart). 3. The Pennell gold salmon fly. All these dressed on Pennell eyed hooks, about No. 9 or 10. I never have had much success with any other flies. The largest catch that I have ever known was on April 21, 1885, I think, when I basketed thirty-six, ranging in weight from 1½ to 2lbs. Since that year the largest catch I have made was ten.'

The size of the Pennell books mentioned are Nos. 5 and 6, usual style of measurement. I am very anxious to learn if there are good flies for shad and hope some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can give us accounts of success in fly-fishing for that savory species which is just coming into season in the Potomac. RELPA.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW JERSEY PICKEREL.—Among the big pickerel hauled through the ice last week was one of 5½lbs, caught by John G. Budd, at Budd's lake; one of 6½lbs, taken at Morris lake by J. H. Sutton, of Sparta, and one of 5lbs, caught at Swartswood lake by Joseph Brickner, of Newton. He and his friends caught 5½lbs. of pickerel. Myron H. Cook, of Dover, caught 47 pickerel at Pickett's lake on Wednesday and 18 the day before.—*Newark Sunday Call, March 1.*

EARLY CATCH OF SAUGERS.—Mr. Henry Douglass, of Sandusky, Ohio, under date of March 1, writes Col. John Gay, of the U. S. Fish Commission, that the fishing has begun unusually early in Lake Erie this year. Eight tugs, belonging in Huron, Ohio, are now fishing with gill-nets, and although the work is very cold and disagreeable, it is actively carried on and with good results. The fish principally taken is the sauger (*Stizostedion canadense*),

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW BILL.

THE Assembly Committee on Fish and Game has finally reported the codification bill, with many amendments. At a hearing before the committee last Wednesday Fish Commissioner Blackford, of New York, said his Commission was responsible for the creation of the revision commission, and it was expected that its members would call upon the members of his Commission to meet with them and exchange views, and together draw up a codification bill looking toward the best interest of fish and game protection. This, however, had not been done, and as a result we have a bill which, judging from numerous amendments already incorporated, will cease to be a codification bill by the time of the committee's action.

He objected to the provision abolishing his Commission and for removing the office from New York to Albany. He proposed an amendment to secure a gradual change in the personnel of the Commission by providing that the present five members shall determine by lot which one shall go out of office on Oct. 1, 1891, and one each year thereafter, the vacancy thus provided to be filled by the Governor. He said the New York office was an absolute necessity for the convenience of those employed in oyster culture.

The Commission had no power under the law under which they are acting to abolish this Commission, and their action was inspired by petty malice on the part of one of the members of the Commission, who recently resigned as a State Fish and Game Commissioner. He proposed several amendments. One provided that the open season for brook trout should be from April 1 to Sept. 15, except in the forest preserve, where the season shall open May 1. He thought the bill should go into effect not before July 1.

CAMP COMFORT, a Vermont fishing resort, near Bennington, is highly recommended by a recent correspondent of the Troy Times. "Little Pond, or Lake Placid as some have called it, is one of those beautiful sheets of water which occasionally gem the highest valleys of Vermont. It is somewhat octagonal in form, and covers about fifty acres of land. The water, which is perfectly clear, varies from 2 to 13ft. in depth. Trout are the only kind of fish that inhabit these waters. They are plentiful and some will weigh from 3 to 5lbs. About 18,000 yearling trout were put into the little lake a few weeks ago, and that number will be supplemented in a short time by the addition of several thousand half-pound fellows, thus insuring excellent fishing through the season."

IDAHO TROUT FISHING.—A Coeur d'Alene correspondent, who has contributed many entertaining sketches to FOREST AND STREAM, writes that he proposes to spend May and June fly-fishing on a fine sheet of water in that vicinity, and will gladly accommodate a party of six or eight gentlemen in his camp. Later in the year he proposes to visit a good hunting country.

Fishculture.

NEW YORK FISHCULTURE.

WE have received the report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York for the year ending Sept. 30, 1890, and find in it a vast number of items of great public importance. The enormous expansion of the work of the Commission is fully expressed in this valuable document.

The results obtained in the State hatcheries were greater than in 1889, although that year was a remarkably successful one, and the work of fish and game protection was wonderfully efficient. Owing to numerous freshets in the Hudson in the spring of 1890, the water was unusually muddy and interfered seriously with the shad hatching operations. The success of stocking rivers with shad was made evident by the enormous catch in the Delaware in 1890. The fish ascended the fishways at Lackawaxen and deposited their spawn in the natural breeding grounds above these obstructions. The increased distribution of lake trout and whitefish was especially noteworthy, and a great number of whitefish and ciscoes were deposited in Lake Ontario. Great care has been bestowed on the selection of localities for planting fish in order to prevent the enormous waste of fry, which often follows careless stocking. Applicants frequently ask for pickerel and brook trout to be associated in the same body of water, and, of course, such applications were refused.

A fish car was provided for by the Legislature of 1890, and will greatly facilitate the distribution of fry and the investigation of streams to learn the result of previous stocking. It is the intention of the Commissioners in the future to deposit fish only in public waters, when the work is done at the public expense. Attention is called to the excellent work performed at the several hatcheries, and especially at the Caledonia hatchery, the site of which is regarded as a most fortunate purchase by the State. The hatching of wall-eyed pike was carried on this year at Clayton under the supervision of Monroe A. Green, and a large number of fry were deposited in Lake Ontario. During the coming year it is proposed to stock the Mohawk River with wall-eyed pike. The Commissioners believe that the propagation of food fish should be the main object of their work.

After numerous experiments, Messrs. Green and Mason succeeded in rearing mascalonge on Chataqua Lake. It is now considered practicable to collect and hatch millions of eggs during the coming season.

The total number of fry and eggs distributed in 1890 was about 40,000,000. The details of this distribution have already been published in our columns.

In the engineer's department there has been much activity in surveying the oyster grounds. The oyster protector finds continual improvement in the condition of the waters of the State, but owing to the want of power to compel corporations to come into court and plead to an indictment he has been unable to stop the gas companies from emptying refuse into public waters.

The attention of the Legislature is again called to the necessity of preserving the Adirondacks as a public park. The health-giving properties of the region and its advantages as a summer and winter resort have been recommended of late years by many distinguished physicians. Much of this territory, which should be permanently kept and improved for the benefit of the people, is passing into the possession of corporations and will benefit only the few individuals interested in its purchase.

Two fishways of the Rogers pattern have been built on the Hudson River at Mechanicsville and Northumberland, and the river is now accessible to anadromous fishes to a point fifty miles above Troy. The reports of the stocking of the Hudson with salmon continue to give great satisfaction, and it is believed that complete success will attend the experiment of making this a salmon river. The Commissioners remind the fishermen that the law prohibiting the taking of salmon in nets is intended for their own benefit, and its

abolition will be recommended as soon as the general system of fishways can be perfected. They recommend the passage of a law making it obligatory to place fishways in all dams across any of the streams in the State whenever they act as a barrier to the ascent of fish to their spawning grounds. The Commissioners are gratified with the growth of public sentiment throughout the State in favor of liberal appropriations for fish propagation and distribution.

"The excellent trout fishing in the Adirondacks and Catskills during the past year and the large numbers of lake trout taken throughout the State, and especially at Lake George, have shown the value of their work." They acknowledge the valuable assistance rendered by the U. S. Fish Commission, and express their thanks to the Hon. Robert Lennox Banks, of Albany, for his synopsis of the game laws of the State, and to the several railroad companies who have furnished transportation for fry and the men in charge.

The reports of the hatcheries contain many items of interest. The Caledonia hatchery has the enormous number of 30,000 breeding brook trout. It has also 30,000 brown trout, many of which weigh from 3 to 6 lbs. In Spring Creek trout of this kind, weighing 6½ lbs. and not more than five years old, have been caught. It is believed that from eight to ten millions of eggs will be furnished by the breeding brook trout. Mr. Green makes the following statement as to their quality: "They are equally as good a table fish as the native trout, and can be kept and shipped fully as well as natives. Many fishermen would hardly know the difference when taking them, and I believe that no one could distinguish between them when caught and placed on the table."

The ponds at Caledonia contain about 8,000 California trout. Mr. Green makes the following observations concerning this species: "Mountain trout are a very game fish and furnish the angler more sport than any other variety. They are a fine fish for eating at once. After being taken from the water they become soft and lose their flavor quicker than any other variety. They also roam from pond to pond if they can do so, and are not always found where they have been planted. In lakes where they can be confined they make a good and game fish. They will live in warmer water than native trout and brown trout."

The black bass which were distributed in New York waters were obtained at the foot of Lake Ontario.

Mr. Green recommends the planting of a large number of lake trout in the lakes of the Adirondacks. "Many of the lakes in the immediate vicinity of Caledonia and heretofore stocked have furnished excellent fishing during the past season. Most of them would now be stocked plentifully with both lake trout and black bass if poachers could be kept from taking them unlawfully."

In attempting to hatch masalonge Mr. Mason had some difficulty in obtaining ripe fish for the want of proper nets. He used a box and placed the eggs in the lake about 4 ft. from the bottom in about 18 ft. of water, instead of using jars or trays as before.

The Adirondack hatchery developed 950,000 brook trout eggs, 1,850,000 lake trout, 1,600,000 brook trout and 245,000 brown trout. There was practically no loss in hatching the eggs. "The results of artificial stocking are being seen in surrounding lakes. In Big Clear Lake trout were common this year for the first time and in Lake Placid fishing is better than ever before. The same is true of the neighboring streams and lakes, and this in the face of the fact that there are one hundred fishermen to-day where ten years ago there was but one."

At the Sacandaga hatchery it has not been necessary to buy fish food because of the abundance of suckers and chubs. The fish planted last year in Mill Creek have already done well. Some of the brown trout were fin long at the time of Supt. Boehm's report. At the Fulton Chain hatchery trap nets are used for catching trout and suckers. The net does not injure the trout for breeding purposes and it has proved very effective in taking bullheads and other inferior fish which destroy the trout. Nine hundred and thirty thousand lake trout were hatched and distributed at the expense of sportsmen, guides and camp owners. "The largest catch of this species during the past year was 64 lbs. 7 oz., caught by what we term a fish hog. There were many catches of from 15 to 35 lbs. to each boat."

In the report of Mr. Mather, on the Cold Spring Harbor station, we find an account of Pleasant Lake and Sackett Lake, in Sullivan county. In Pleasant Lake the water is deep and cold. The fishes found in it are small-mouthed black bass, yellow perch, sunfish, pickerel, suckers, catfish and eels. It is believed that lake trout and possibly landlocked salmon might thrive in this body of water. Sackett Lake is similar to Pleasant Lake.

In feeding old and young fish at Cold Spring Harbor soft clams were freely used, the raw clams being chopped fine for the fry, and cooked whole clams fed to large fish. Among the brook trout Mr. Mather found many barren ones in 1889 and the year before and he begins to think it possible that trout do not all spawn every year. Some of the Loch Leven trout did not spawn until five years old, when they weighed from 3 to 4 lbs., and then only three of them yielded eggs. Mr. Mather succeeded in hatching 62 per cent. of the eggs of smelt, which they obtained at Northport from a stream belonging to Hewlett Scudder and Henry J. Scudder. In Adirondack waters smelt were introduced as food for the landlocked salmon, and it is hoped they will thrive in these lakes as well as in lakes of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. Mr. Mather is now positive that his belief that the male black bass guards the nest is correct, and he finds the same to be the case with the pond sunfishes and the rock bass.

The State oyster protector, Mr. Mersereau, reports an improved condition of the waters of the oyster region. "The plentiful oyster set of the past year, the general good quality of matured oysters, the unusual abundance of fish and crabs are signal evidences of the decrease of the volume of poisonous matter heretofore militating against profits from fish and shellfish industries and the pleasure of anglers."

From July 7 to Aug. 29, 1890, the summer school of biology, which originated under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, assembled at the fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor and utilized the buildings for laboratory and office purposes. Sixteen students, mainly from colleges, attended the lectures given by the various professors. Dr. Bashford Dean, of the College of the City of New York, is the director of the school. The success of this establishment was apparent and its continuance is more than probable.

Among the papers in the appendix of this valuable report are Observations upon Fishes of Great South Bay, by Dr. T. H. Bean, with twenty-six plates, and notes on the common catfish and a thesis on the Pinal Pontanella of Placoderm and catfish, by Dr. Bashford Dean, accompanied by fourteen plates. The discussion of these papers must be reserved for a future occasion.

WRITTEN and sprung on us by Dayton National Bank, Dayton, Ohio: The "shoe-rest" made by Brown is the nicest thing in town. And we use the one you sent us with much pleasure; it is handy and it's nice. At a very moderate price. And the man who has a "shoe-rest" has a treasure.—Dayton, O., Jan. 12, 1891.—See Ad.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Ad.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 224 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 10 to 13.—First Annual Dog Show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, at Pittsburgh, Pa. W. E. Littell, Secretary.

March 16 to 18.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.

March 31 to April 8.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munnell, Secretary.

April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.

April 23 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. R. P. Rennie, Sec'y.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

THE BALTIMORE DOG SHOW.

ONE of the best managed shows it has ever been my good fortune to attend was held last week at Baltimore, under the auspices of the Maryland Kennel Club. The three active promoters of the show, Messrs. W. C. Farber and D. C. and W. S. Diffenderfer, no doubt, in view of the troublous times their club is passing through just now, felt some anxiety as to the outcome of their second venture, but with the hearty response of 503 entries to their call, it showed that dog men in general were with them in their fight for independent action. They deserved this confidence, for a better managed show has yet to be seen. For this part John Read, the superintendent, is of course partly responsible. Owing to the late hour at which the club secured the building, 11 P. M. Monday night, it was impossible to have the benching well set up by early morning, and then the late arrival of dogs retarded the judging, so that it was 1 P. M. before the three judges, Messrs. Mortimer, Glover and Lacy, got to work. There were plenty of attendants, but at first a lack of stewards, but this was soon remedied, and for myself I must say a word of thanks to Mr. Lamb for his efficient services in that capacity in Ring 3. As stated last week, the way the bulletin board was arranged and the prize cards expeditiously affixed to the stalls of the lucky winners was worthy of much praise. Spratts Co. attended to the benching and feeding with their usual efficiency. In only one respect was there any drawback; that was the weather of Tuesday. With snow overhead and under foot the good people of the Monumental City did not feel like venturing out, and consequently the attendance was not what was expected, but Old Sol saw fit to put a good face on the matter and on Wednesday and the succeeding days sunshine reigned supreme, and the bells of the bulletin rang out in great shape, so that the crowds at the show every afternoon and evening brought smiles to the faces of the management. It was reported when I left Thursday night that they were just about even, and that Friday's crowd would put the financial balance where it should be. The 5th Regiment Artillery is fairly well adapted to the requirements of a bench show, though at times the building was quite cold, and when stoves were set going those dogs nearest the fire suffered slightly from the heat. The building was at all times free from odor, "Sanitas" being the disinfectant used. The dogs were generally in good condition and skin disease was not perceptible in any of the dogs I came across. The quality of the dogs benched was very good; in fact, in many of the classes, sporting dogs especially, it was a simple reflection of New York the week before. Mr. I. T. Norris, in consequence of illness, could not judge Chesapeake Bay dogs, so Mr. J. F. Pearson took his place, and Mr. Chas. D. Cagle judged the bulldogs. There was no "milk route" this year, and in point of propriety and steadiness the show would compare favorably with a church festival. Thanks are due the three gentlemen of the committee named above for their kind courtesy to your representative during the show. Prof. Parker's troupe of performing dogs were on hand to go through their tricks, and this part of the programme always draws as many, if not more, people than the show of canine celebrities.

As a means of attraction, an auction was arranged for Thursday night, but despite the efforts of both the professional and the amateur auctioneer, no healthy bid could be secured on several nice fox-terriers and setters, Baltimore people evidently not being a dog-buying public. One of the features of the show was the display of beagles, no less than 47 entries being made, more, I believe, than has ever yet been brought together at a show in this country. With these few remarks I will pass on to a criticism of the dogs present.

MASTIFFS—(H. W. LACY).

As usual, this breed headed the list of breeds in the catalogue. Though the entries only numbered 17 some of the best mastiffs in the country were on hand, as the Flour City Kennels showed its choicest stock. Lady Coleus was the only claimant for challenge honors. Ilford Chancellor was sheets ahead of the others in open dogs, a local dog, The Moor, coming a moderate second; he is a bit narrow in head, not deep enough in body and hardly stands right in front. Linkwood Chief, third, has a good skull and fair front and there his good points end, as his muzzle, light eye and straight stifles will always put him back. Clito, vhc., deserves the letters for good legs and body, but head and ears are very faulty. The others in the class went early to their benches. In bitches that lovely specimen Caution's Own Daughter, one of the truest formed mastiffs in the country and a native bred one at that, was here placed where she should have been at New York the week before. For true formation of head and mastiff character she is excellent; she was placed over the New York winner Lady Dorothy, whom she beats in head, wrinkle and front, losing a little in body only. Third prize, after this taste of quality, was withheld and he. generously given to Linkwood Lady Catharine, who is a little better in head than the other, Linkwood Lady Margaret, given c. both are weedy specimens. In the novice class Caution's Own Daughter had a walkover, the other prize and mentions being withheld for want of any merit at all, seemed as if they had a touch of St. Bernard in them. The Flour City Kennel took the kennel prize.

ST. BERNARDS—(H. W. LACY).

An excellent entry of fifty-three faced the judge in these classes, and the local contingent showed up in force. In the rough challenge class for dogs the gallant Hesper was well ahead of Ben Lomond, who loses to the winner back and front. In bitches Miranda's excellent body, bone, legs and skull placed her well in front of Lady Wellington. In open dogs Alton, in the absence of Sir Bedivere, who was entered for specials only, was quickly marked for first, his nearest competitor being Lord Nelson, a very well formed dog, with good coat, body and bone, but rather plain-faced from lack of markings and a wide blaze; his rather long muzzle, deficient in depth, spoils his good skull; eyes are also faulty. Lion, third, has a good skull, might be better in muzzle; markings good, though dark in coloring throughout; too short in body, but has good bone. The next, Jersey Ben,

was given ha.; he is a big, well-formed dog, but of the Leonberg type, no markings, and would have been sent out in a better class. Bruce is roach-backed and bad behind, but fairly good in head, though a trifle long. A splendid line of bitches faced the judge in the next class and much quality was to be seen. Mr. Moore's two titled dames, Lady Livingston and Lady Sneerwell, occupied the same position as at New York, and then Mr. Diffenderfer's Republican Belle came third, though very closely pushed by his Pleiad, reserve. The former beats her in front, Pleiad turning out one foot rather badly, neither is she so strong in loin and back, nor as good a mover. Prudence, vhc., has an excellent skull, front and length of body, and were she in better condition might have been put in front of Belle. Blodwen, vhc., an old friend, of excellent type, hardly had the size and substance of the others. Lakme is well known, though deficient in good head qualities, she deserved her two letters for her good bone and body. These five all belong to the Maryland Kennels, and Mr. Diffenderfer has a band of good brood bitches of which he may feel proud. Josephine Marie Sanderson, we have in our experience come across many peculiar names, but this takes the Spratts, but a c. card was all she was entitled to in this company, carried her tail badly, too long a head, and coat inclined to be curly, nice markings, and good front and bone. In the novice class Lord Nelson won hands down; Count St. Vincent, whose slack back and somewhat curly coat put him back to c. in the open class dogs, was given second here, chiefly on account of his head, which is rather good, though too long. Bruce was reserve; Stonewall Jackson, vhc., has good body and legs but is not massive enough in head, nor likely to be; Athos has a poor head, no markings, but excellent body and legs, coat not right.

Neither of the challenge smooths, Nevis and Hector, put in an appearance and Thibe was absent when her class was called. In open dogs three fair ones came forward. Adonis II., by his better bone, body and head, beat Lord Hector, who, though brimful of quality and an old friend from suckling puppyhood upward, is not straight enough in front and too straight behind. Lord Clifton, third, excellent in body and legs, has a broad blaze which added to a stary eye and a too pronounced stop gives him a bad expression. Eric, vhc., a promising three months old puppy, shows excellent bone and markings. In smooth bitches Maud, faulty in ear, fine in muzzle and bad tail, was given the blue; body and bone redeeming features. Shirley, hc., is a three months old puppy, bit weak in pastern, faulty in head. Novice class prizes withheld: dogs lack type and are bad fore and aft. E. H. Moore's kennel won the kennel prize. This was a reversal of last week's decision. The two crack teams of the country were gone over very carefully and this is how I came to the conclusion that Alton and his consorts had a trifle the best of Mr. Sears' "big four." Hesper beats Ben Lomond and Lady Livingston beats Plevna in about the same ratio, Lady Sneerwell beats Lady Wellington more than Sir Bedivere beats Alton, that is presuming that he does every time; then putting the four opposite each other, the general average is slightly in favor of Mr. Moore's kennel, as Mr. Sears' two bitches and especially Plevna are considerably behind the two dogs in type and quality. The St. Bernard Club medal for the best American bred rough bitch went to Mr. Diffenderfer's Lakme, and that for best smooth dog to same owner's Lord Baltimore. The other specials did not fill.

BLOODHOUNDS AND NEWFOUNDLANDS—(H. W. LACY).

The only entry was the much-talked-of Jack the Ripper, a rather large coarse dog, lacking in wrinkle and quality and faulty in tail.

Newfoundlands were curly-coated—a bad lot—therefore prizes were withheld.

GREAT DANES—(H. W. LACY).

In the absence of Greene, Melac, about the best ever seen in this country, walked off with the blue ribbon. In open dogs, Pedro, well-known, was hard pushed by his eight-months old son, who, had he shown himself better, might have won. He has excellent legs and feet, well formed, is a bit throwy and dips a trifle behind the shoulder at present; he beats vhc. vhc. however, for he is short-faced and faulty in eye and tail. Minca beat Minca Mia in head. The only Barzoi entered was absent.

FOXHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

Nothing very striking was shown in these classes. In English hounds the winner, Stranger Lass, beats her kennel mate, True Lass, in body and head, neither very good in front. In native hounds only two poor ones showed up; Hark beats the other, Music, in body and back. Hark (American) won the special for best dog and Stranger Lass (English) the same for best bitch.

DEERHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

In dogs, Breck Allan, first, is a well-built dog, with excellent loin, more length of head, and better ribs, legs and feet than Argyle, second. Venar II., vhc., is a trifle pig-jawed, has a fair head, good legs and feet, and nice coat. Ernle, vhc., is light and too full in eye, snipy muzzle, soft in coat, and legs not quite the thing. In the bitch class, Olga was a good winner over Alida from the same kennel. Dunrobin Kennels took the kennel prize.

GREYHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

Though the entry was small those present were high-class enough for any one. In dogs Gem of the Season again asserted his superiority to Chas. Davis in ribs, head and loin. Mr. Mason's criticism of these two dogs in the New York report covers the ground, and in the matter of Gem's hind action he is also right. In bitches Maud Torrington, described last week, had it all to herself in the absence of Lady Clare. The kennel special did not fill.

POINTERS—(JAS. MORTIMER).

An entry of forty-one in this breed was a compliment to the judge, and lots of good ones were on hand. In challenge heavy-weight dogs Robert le Diable had little difficulty in defeating Trinker's Chief, who is coarse, light in eye and full in skull. Belle Randolph was alone in the corresponding class. Graphite caught the judge's eye in the open dog class; he has been repeatedly described. Glen Morgan is throaty and might be better in muzzle, but has excellent legs and feet and ribs. Tory White came third. Bangstone, vhc., is too thick in skull, is throaty, just fair in body points but legs and feet are good. Dick Swiveller, hc., is coarse in head and light-eyed, has a good front and a well-ribbed body. Mart O'Bannon, also hc., is too fine in muzzle, nice skull, excellent ribs, legs and feet, but hardly enough depth of chest. In bitches Woolton Game took the ribbon nicely over Bev R.; she was described in New York report. Bev R. loses in muzzle, otherwise she is well formed. Cicely, third, is flat-faced, light in bone and shown too fat. Only three in the class. In challenge light-weight dogs, that good field dog Duke of Hessen beat Spot Sting easily, and Stella B. beating Rosa May in body and won in the corresponding challenge class. Tribulation again took premier honors in the open dog class. Inspiration, second, has a fair head though light in eye, legs and feet good, body lacks depth and substance. Nick of Ion, third, is faulty in head, good legs and feet. Bing of Kippen, reserve, is light of eye, bad in stop and expression, and rather coarse throughout. Hickory Staunch, vhc., is thick in skull, light-eyed, heavy in shoulders, but otherwise well formed. Peterkin of Naso loses in head and front. Lizzie Porter, third last year, won the blue this time. She has a nicely formed head, good neck and shoulders, nicely turned body, but is faulty in feet and a bit straight in stifle. Bloomie II., faulty in head and does not stand quite true, came second, followed by Dora B., whose loaded shoulders and poor muzzle puts her

back. In the novice class Nick of Ion took first. Pontiac, Jr., too short in muzzle and light boned, came next. Mart O'Bannon, vhc. Von Littlejohn, bc., is coarse in skull and straight in stiles. The Hempstead Farm Kennels won the kennel special and Woolton Game the Pointer Club specials for best in show and best in her class, Graphite winning the special for best in open dogs.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(DR. H. CLAY GLOVER).

—There was, in the absence of the challenge entries, Count Howard and Princess Beatrice, little quality present, of course excepting Sir Tatton. In open dogs the last named had an easy win over Druid Hill, whose faulty muzzle and quarters could not compensate for his good legs and feet. Mark Twain, third, has a plain head and is heavy in shoulders. Dun of Rich Hill is a fairly-made dog, faulty in muzzle, bit coarse in skull; Gawayn is common in head, slack in loin, a bit out in front, but legs and feet of good formation. In bitches, Bonnie Gladstone Girl, a nicely-formed bitch of nice quality, beat Nelly Bly, who is faulty in muzzle and only moderate in body, legs and feet are her best points; Ruby R. came third, they were the only entries. The novice class winners have been commented upon, excepting Hustling Hannah II., bc., too long in body, and faulty in head and ear. Specials did not fill.

IRISH SETTERS—(DR. H. CLAY GLOVER).

There was an excellent show of the red dogs, and this time the Doctor thought Max a better dog than Dick Swiveller by giving him the ribbon, though where he excels him unless it be in quarters is hard to tell. In bitches, Ruby Glenmore and Molly Bawn being reserved for specials only, left the honors to Winnie II., a much inferior bitch to either. In open dogs, Beau Brummel easily beats Ben C. for first, who is coarse in skull and faulty in ears; coat, body, legs and feet fairly good. Henmore Shamrock's coarse head and faulty front must be responsible for his falling into third place. Dennis the Gossoon is pinched in muzzle, faulty in loin and ribs. Pickens, vhc., is a nice stamp, good in body, legs and feet, faulty in head. Darragh Pat, in same division, is coarse in head, faulty in pasterns, ribs and loin, and Limerick is wrong in muzzle.

Jeannette, the winner in bitches, got her due this time. She has been repeatedly described. Eudora, second, is a bitch of nice type, her defects were explained last week. Norna, third, is hardly straight enough in front and a bit weak in muzzle. Quail, reserve, is faulty in head and light in bone. Bessie Glencho, vhc., is well known as a very fair bitch. Red Belle, vhc., is well known. In novice class Beau Brummel and Eudora were the winners. Kildare Kennels won the kennel prize: Killarney Kennels' Tearaway (2) best Irish setter with a field trial record; best brace, Beau Brummel and Ruby Glenmore.

GORDON SETTERS.

Quite a nice display faced the judge in these classes, Beaumont taking the challenge prize again, and Dr. Meyer resumed his cheerful smile which had vanished at sight of that awful Cunnings. Becky Sharp was the only entry in her class and Canada claimed the prize. In open dogs, Shot, too dark in face, tan, light in eye, but excellent otherwise, won over Bob, good in tan, fine head. Conus, third, is a dog of fair type, but faulty in legs and feet. Bash, reserve, is too round and coarse in skull, rich tan. Dukemont, vhc., is out of shape and faulty in head. Gordon, vhc., lacks substance. In bitches, Beaumont, rich tan, light eye, not sprung enough in ribs, beat Flomont from same kennels, described last week. Princess, light in tan, weak in muzzle, came third. Sally Beaumont, faulty in head, eye not right, took reserve. In novice class Bob beat Flomont in head, though he does not stand true in front. Beaumont Kennels took the kennel prize and Mr. Hale's Princess the Beaumont Kennels' special, the other club specials ran with the awards in the open classes.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS—(J. F. PEARSON).

These were poor, only third being given in open dogs to Duke, who comes nearest the Baltimore type, and Dundee Plunder, vhc., loses in head and coat to the other. In bitches, the only entry, Dundee Lily, could do no better than third. Specials did not fill, excepting for best bitch, awarded as above. In puppies Bush took third and Dundee Lucy vhc. There were 12 entries all told but the exhibition was not as good as last year, the quarrels of the club, no doubt, having something to do with it.

SPANIELS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

In the challenge class the well-known Baron beat Lady somewhat easily and in open black field dogs Beverly Negus had little difficulty in accounting for the other entry, Toady Obo, he beats him in head, coat and front. In bitches Miss Ben D'O'r was alone. Any other color class did not fill. Black Duke, now well known, but showing signs of his constant traveling lately, was the only one present of the four entries. In open black dogs Snowball, a little fine in muzzle and a dachshund front, was the only one present, and so was Chip K. in her class, she is gone in mouth, faulty in muzzle, good body and front. There were several absentees in these classes. Clumbers saw Lady Belle the winner over Johnny, Jr., both described last week. Patsey O'Conner, an old rouser, beat Countess Bendigo in water spaniels. The Spaniel Club did not support the show, as the classification did not suit. No specials.

COLLIES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

A fair lot of dogs faced the judge in this breed. The old winners, Scottilla and Flurry II., taking the challenge prizes. Wellesbourne Hero, a new face, a bit strong in head, but excellent coat, body and front, won well over the rather plain-faced Hempstead Zulu, whose black color is against him. Nemo, third, coat inclined to curl and too open. Foxey, vhc., has bad ears, and is coarse in head, coat soft and open. In bitches Wellesbourne Gypsy, nicely fronted, but with a bad carriage of ears and fair coat, had to succumb to Zulu Princess II., open coated, wide in front, excellent carriage of ears. Lady Moll, third, loses in quarters. Other entries absent. The novice class brought out a good entry, Wellesbourne Gypsy taking the ribbon. Flungua, second, too short-faced and snip-muzzled, ears faulty, coat good. Dublinia, reserve, was fine, otherwise would have been higher up, no doubt. The others were just fair specimens, several of them faulty in ears. Chestnut Hill Kennels took the kennel prize. The Collie Club special for best dog in open class not over two years, went to Wellesbourne Hero. Hempstead Zulu won the medal for second best in open class, and Wellesbourne Gypsy that for best in novice class.

BULLDOGS—(CHAS. D. CUGLE).

These classes were just a reflex of the New York show, and as many of them were commented on then, it is no use going into them fully here. Harper and Soudan accounted for the challenge classes. In open dogs African Monarch beat Bo Swain in head and front. Joker took reserve; Quibron vhc., and Troit, bc., has a bad expression, not broken up enough in stop, fairly out at shoulders. In bitches The Graven Image has a nice head and is well out in front, beating in these respects Cleopatra II. Beatrice took reserve, and Princess Crib vhc. The other entries were entered as property of the judge. In novice class Cleopatra II. proved the winner over Troit. Messrs. Woodward and Herrick won the kennel prize. The Bulldog Club medal for best bitch, Soudan. Best American-bred dog or bitch in the show went to Beatrice.

BULL-TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

Nothing very good, with the exception of Starlight, was shown, she winning the challenge prize for bitches without

competition. In open dogs Dufferin beat his only competitor, Mr. Dick, in head, front and movement; one is large and the other is small sized. In bitches Lomont Kit, a bit cheeky, beats everywhere but in tail the second winner, Lady Melville, patched on ear.

BASSET HOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

The old winner Bertrand was the only entry.

DACHSHUNDE—(H. W. LACY).

The well known Feldman K. beat Black Prince in head and front; the latter knuckles over a bit also. Waldman I. is only a poor one, not length enough. In bitches Countess Lina ran second to Lizetta; the former is a bit coarse and not so good in front as the latter. Rosie, vhc., not good enough in head or crook.

BEAGLES—(H. W. LACY).

A capital entry of forty-three came together in this breed. There was a little overturning of previous winners who run too much on the large size. We want a medium sized beagle without lumber, and not a dog that may be fairly classed as a harrier or small foxhound, and with this end in view, Storm, a many times winner, and a hound of good formation, was disqualified for oversize; he measures at least 15 1/4 in. and is heavily built. This left Little Duke a clear winner over Racer, Jr., in the challenge dog class, though he loses in muzzle he gains tremendously in hind parts and action. The sweet little hound champion Lou went ahead of Myrtle, shown fat and aging rapidly. A big class came out in open dogs, but when the measure went round several had to walk. Roy K. turned out the winner, though he has his faults in head he came nearest to type; good legs and feet. Jim Simmons, second, is a bit faulty in ears and head, but has a good front and excellent well-ribbed body, and fair hound coat. Lee II. just came under the standard, and though coarse, is a well-fronted hound with good coat. Stonevall Jackson, vhc., is a little out at elbow and weak in muzzle, soft in coat, nice skull and ear, and fair legs and feet. In bitches several pig-jawed and frail-looking animals were disposed of, and the winner turned up in certainly about the best beagle in the show as regards working type. This was Twintwo, excellently formed in body, good legs and feet, good coat and well carried stern, head a bit long but skull good. Emeline, second, has a nice front, fair skull, bit long in muzzle and hardly square enough, nice action. Belle of Woodbrook is a bit coarse now, and her bad front will always put her back in decent company. Venus III, vhc., is long in muzzle, fair coat, well ribbed and has good action. Flossy, a bit light throughout, was hc., and so was Glenrose Topsy from the same kennel as the winner; she is a bit cloddy, head nicely formed, but she stands too wide in front. Letter must thank her well ribbed body for the single letter; head and front not up to the standard. In the novice class Twintwo had an easy win, and The Bard, one of the best of the Somerset Kennel pack, has a well-made body and stands fairly well, but head could be improved. Impression stands a bit out in front, otherwise she has some good points, especially in legs and feet. Lady Thorn, c., is faulty in front and muzzle. Glenrose Kennels won the two specials for best kennel, and the competition for this prize was a very pretty sight. The Glenrose pack was more even sized than the Rockland one, its nearest competitor. Little Duke took the special for best dog, and Twintwo that for best bitch. If judges will stick to a certain type in making awards we shall soon have an even class of workmanlike-looking beagles, and this I take it is what the N. B. C. wishes to attain.

FOX-TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

A capital lot of these game 'uns came together, especially so for a second-class show. Lucifer and Dusky Trap fought the battle for challenge dog class honors, and Lucifer pulled it off; and the peerless Rachel easily beat Blenton Consequence in her class. In open dogs Warren Laird played the trump card, beating Blenton Racket in body, head and front. Baby Trigger here took third; faulty in head and loin. Blenton Corporal reserve. Endcliffe Spice, vhc., too thick and coarse in head; has good coat, body, legs and feet. Brockenhurst Quick, vhc., and Le Logos, both described last week, bc. Valens, faulty in head and front, c., as was Regent Domo, too long cast and poor front, also a bit under-shot. In bitches, a neat little bitch, Dona, took premium honors over her kennel mate, Dominica; she has a nice head, of good expression, fair front, but might be better behind. Dominica, by the crack Dominie, is a very promising pup; good head, legs and feet, and of course needs time on her body yet. Tiara, third, is well known. Verdier, reserve, is also an old winner. Tunlaw Villanelle, vhc., is not quite straight enough in front. Warren Cachet, hc., was described in New York report. The winners in the novice class were Warren Dapper and Regent Rocket; the former is faulty in muzzle, bit round in skull, nice legs and feet; Rocket faulty in skull, loses in body and coat to the other. Rowdy, vhc., is coarse in head, ears wrongly set on, good legs and feet. Rienzi is poor in head and front. Wire-hairs had two entries, the winner being Carlisle Vamp, a terrier all over; bit big in ear and stands a bit wide in front, nice coat, but could be longer in face with benefit. Phasa, second, loses in coat, but I like the head better than the winner's, and is better in front. Blenton Kennels won the special for best kennel, and Rachel for best in show. Best smooth in open classes, Warren Laird. The winner of the Apollo Stakes was Warren Dapper, and special for second in novice class went to Regent Rocket.

IRISH TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

The entries were few, but good. Dummurey beat his kennel mate Mars in head, coat, legs and feet, Breda Tiney, well known, getting vhc. beating the puppy Kildare, hc. in coat and substance. No Dandie Dinmonts were entered and Skye terriers saw Sir Stafford the only winner, the others being simply wooly terriers of no particular breed.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

The Senator caught cold the first day and was quite a sick dog, but by careful treatment showed an improvement during the week. He was, however, unable to compete, the winner proved to be Beaconfield, easily, second going to Meersbrook Empress, who beats Brown Madge, vhc., in head, ears, front, tan, body, tail and movement.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

Toon's Royal proved to be the winner, beating his companion Venus in coat and color. The other entry was marked N. G. in judge's book.

TOY TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

Tiny though almost hairless is of so much better stamp than Frances that they were placed as named.

PUGS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Kash, looking well, was alone in challenge dogs, and Bo Peep beat Nelly Bly in bitches. Sprake had an easy win in open dogs, beating Lord Baltimore in skull, ears and curl, Penrice absent. Dollie, in bitches, beats Trixie in muzzle and body, the latter is better in ear. Koni, reserve, is faulty in muzzle and front, Rustic Katti is long in muzzle and skin might be better. Babe, hc., is poor. Dottie, in novice class, beat Bippo in head and curl. Major, vhc., is long in muzzle.

TOY SPANIELS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Bendick was the only entry in King Charles spaniels, has a nice head and tan, coat fair. In Blenheim's a good headed one a bit large sized took the ribbon, only entry. Italian greyhounds had Sprite, well known, a winner over Cute, large size and faulty in front and head. Prince, vhc., bad in ears. Duke was the winner in Mexican hairless.

MISCELLANEOUS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Kilston, the best Scotch we now have, was placed first, beating another, Brownie, of same breed in head, coat and bone.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

THIS show opened this morning with 485 entries, and, comparatively speaking, absentees are few. Owing to the late arrival of some of the dogs, judging did not commence till 1 P. M. Space in the hall, which is known as the Skating Rink, is rather limited, and judging rings are, therefore, set up on the stage, which, while affording visitors a good view of the proceedings, is somewhat awkward for the dogs, especially the large ones, as the stairs are too steep. Messrs. S. L. Boggs, the O'Hara Brothers, W. E. Littell, J. A. Horne, John Moorehead, Jr., D. J. S. Phillips and W. E. Patrick are conspicuous in their endeavors to make everything run in the right groove. The class of dogs present is excellent. Pointers and setters are especially well represented, the pointer classes being well filled with dogs of good quality: Sir Tatton, Monk of Furness and Count Howard are on hand. Mastiffs have filled well, the Whitney and Cook Kennels supplying the quality. With the two Melrose kennels, the St. Bernards are a capital show. Mr. Mortimer placed Plevna over Lady Sneerwell, reversing New York positions. Sir Bedivere is on hand and the center of attraction.

The beagles are well represented, and bull-terriers are an excellent lot, Starlight, Enterprise and Marguerite being in the challenge bitches. Irish setters are very good, and Mack N. spread the others in the challenge class; he is an excellent dog of the correct type and color. Fox-terriers are strong with Blenton and Oriole kennels out in force. Among those present from the East are Messrs. James Mortimer, Frank Windholz, C. W. Twyford, Henry Jarrett, German Hopkins, Arthur Tucker, F. Loveland, Frank F. Dole, S. Mann, Ben Lewis, S. Wilcox and Fred Kirby. A drawback to the building is the poor ventilation and poor light, requiring the gas to be lighter during the day; at night it will be better. Since the show opened the building has been crowded, admission being only 25 cents, and this makes the management pleased with the venture. An event which has caused some comment is the disqualification of Dick Swiveller, the Irish setter, or rather the veterinary would not pass him in; said to have mangled on the nose! The weather is beautiful and everything is running nicely. Messrs. Davidson and Mortimer getting along with their work with little kicking to be heard. The prizes awarded to-day are as follows, the judges stopping at 6 P. M.:

MASTIFFS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Chas. C. Cook's Moses. *Bitches:* 1st, Flour City Kennels' Lady Colons. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Flour City Kennels' Iford Chancellor. *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. Sellers' Major Sellers. *3d*, and very high com. John M. Chaplin's Benedict Neville and Reginald Neville. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Flour City Kennels' Lady Dorothy and Caution's Own Daughter; *3d* and very high com. Chas. C. Cook's Duchess of York and Miss Beaufort. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st and 2d, Chas. C. Cook's Wilkes and Dude. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chas. C. Cook's Beaufort Queen and Duchess of York.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Wyoming Kennels' Hesper. *2d*, E. H. Moore's Ben Leonard. *Bitches:* 1st, Wyoming Kennels' Lady Wellington; *2d*, E. H. Moore's Miranda. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, E. H. Moore's Alton; *2d*, Keystone Kennels' Prince Victor; *3d*, withheld. Com. John Weitman's Donnias. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston; *2d*, Wyoming Kennels' Plevna; *3d*, E. H. Moore's Lady Superwell. Very high com., Frank Haslage's Warwich Abbess. **PUPPIES:** Prizes withheld.

ST. BERNARDS—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, Daniel Mann's Cleopatra; *2d*, Keystone Kennels' Lola. **OPEN—Bitches:** 1st, withheld; *2d*, F. E. Lamb's Keepsake; *3d*, S. A. Bryce's Irma Keystone.

POINTERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs (over 50lbs.): 1st, Chas. Heath's Graphic; *2d*, L. Gardner's Duke of Vernon. Reserve, Acme Kennels' Trinker's Chief. *Bitches (over 50lbs.): 1st, Chas. Heath's Revel III. **OPEN—Dogs (over 50lbs.):** 1st, Chas. Heath's Pontiac; *2d*, Louis A. Birdie's Glamorgan; *3d*, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Tom. *4th*, Wm. Seager's Nona. Very high com., Lieut. E. S. Aris's Trinker's Chief, Jr. *High com.* Allegheny Pointer Club's Dick Swiveler. Com., H. R. Parker's Rex. *Bitches (over 50lbs.):* 1st, Albert Davis's Dell; *2d*, Louis A. Biddle's Cicely; *3d*, Howard S. Paine's Faustina.*

POINTERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs (Under 50lbs.): 1st, Chas. Heath's Lancelot; *2d*, J. P. Cartwright's Spot Sign. *Bitches:* (Under 50lbs.) 1st, Chas. Heath's Sally Brass II.; *2d*, J. P. Cartwright's Rosa May; *3d*, Reserve, Fleet Vly & Reading Pointer Kennels' Belle Randolph. **OPEN—Dogs (Under 50lbs.):** 1st, E. M. Stevenson's Rindolph; *2d*, J. L. Sumners's Bingo of Kipper; *3d*, John R. Daniels's Graphic Foxie. Reserve, J. A. Hartman's Nick Naso. *High com.*, J. A. Hartman's Ma k Naso. Com., J. Fawcett's Duke Fawcett Graphic. *Bitches:* (Under 50lbs.) 1st, H. S. Paine's Miss Meally; *2d*, J. Fawcett's Lou Croxeth Nellie; *3d*, Wm. Waite's Nobby. Reserve, C. E. Engel's Lady Trinker. Very high com., H. K. Devereux's Belle. *High com.*, E. B. Buchanan's Belle Comfort and J. Fawcett's Nellie Fawcett Graphic. Com., J. Fawcett's Nellie II. **PUPPIES—Dogs:** 1st, Theo. Sproull's Nod; *2d*, J. A. Hartman's Nick Naso; *3d*, Roscoe T. Ong's Dede N. Very high com., Frank Cole's Claude Curtis. *High com.*, Miss Josie Engel's Romeo. Com., J. A. Hartman's Nobby. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Fawcett's Lou Croxeth Nellie; *2d*, Josie Engel's Juliet; *3d*, M. R. Marshall's Mary Kilp. *High com.*, J. Fawcett's Miss Fawcett Croxeth Graphic.

IRISH SETTERS—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, W. N. Kuhns's Mack N.; *2d*, A. V. Armour's Max A. Reserve, Kildare Kennels' Kildare. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and reserve, Kildare Kennels' Ruby Glenmore, Mollie Bawn and Winnie II. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Kildare Kennels' Beau Brummel; *2d*, Glendyne Kennels' Glen Jarvis; *3d*, St. Cloud Kennels' Minstrel. Reserve, F. J. Caners's Pickens. Very high com., Kildare Kennels' Endora and Bessie Glencho; *2d*, 3d, Kildare Kennels' Red Bell and Hazel Nut II. *High com.*, Fred P. Caners's Norna. **PUPPIES:** 1st, Seminole Kennels' Sads; *2d*, C. E. Stevart's Buffalo Jim.

CLUMBER SPANIELS—CHALLENGE—1st, Mercer & Middleton's Boss III. **OPEN—1st**, 2d, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Belle and Johnny, Jr.

FIELD SPANIELS—ANY COLOR—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Folsom's Baron; *2d*, Roland P. Keasbey's Beverly Negus; *3d*, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Toady Obo. Very high com., Geo. Demmel's Nick Whiffles. *Bitches:* 1st, Roland P. Keasbey's Lady.

COLLIES—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes; *2d*, Wm. M. Gormley's Bob Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III. **OPEN—Dogs:** 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Hero; *2d*, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Hempstead Zulu; *3d*, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Gypsy; *2d* and *3d*, withheld. Very high com., Wm. E. Kimberlin's Nell. **Puppies:** 1st, Theo. Sproull's Robin; *2d*, withheld.

BULLDOGS—1st, P. W. Sackett's The Graven Image; other prizes withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight; *2d*, W. F. Hobbie's Enterprise. **OPEN—OVER 80lbs.—Dogs:** 1st, R. L. Stevens's Dick Whittington; *2d*, W. F. Hobbie's Spotted Prince; *3d*, W. J. Bryson's Dufferin. Very high com., J. C. Mahler's Yale and J. H. Kramer, Jr.'s Nelson. **UNDER 80lbs.—1st**, F. F. Dole's Mister Dick; *2d*, James Gibbons's Rogue; *3d* and very high com., James Massey's Jim and Scamp. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. House's Duchess of York; *2d*, Frank W. Moulton's Lomont Kit; *3d*, F. Miller's Lill II. Very high com., James Massey's Busy. **Puppies:** 1st, J. C. Mahler's Lady Dinah; *2d*, James Massey's Rose.

DACHSHUNDE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Lewis & Klocke's Fritz K. and Feldman K. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Lewis & Klocke's Maggie K. and Lena, Jr.

PITTSBURGH, March 10.—Special to Forest and Stream: Judging was resumed after supper and the hall was very crowded, over 3,000 people having paid admission.

DEERHOUNDS—Dogs: 1st, McDougall's Allan Breck; *2d* and *3d*, Geo. Page's Argyle and Benar I. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Page's Alida.

GREYHOUNDS—Dogs: 1st, Purbeck's Gem of the Season; *2d*,

A. L. Page's Charles Davis. *Bitches*: 1st, A. L. Page's Maud Torrington; 2d, Knight Greyhound Kennels' Lady Clare.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Blomton Kennels' Lucifer; 2d, Oriole Kennels' Blomton Volunteer. *Bitches*: 1st, Blomton Kennels' Rachel; 2d, Oriole Kennels' Blomton Brilliant. **OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, Blomton Kennels' Blomton Victor I; 2d, Bernheimer's Ruby Tiger; 3d, Northfield Kennels' Endlife Spice. Very high com. Oriole Kennels' Le Logo. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Oriole Kennels' Dona and Dominica; 3d, Blomton Kennels' Endlife High com. Northwood's B. Crowby Shifty, and Moorhead's Betty Spaulger. Com., Will's Cricket. *Puppies*: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Dominica; 2d, Moorhead's Betty Spaulger. Com., Unk's Muncie Lily. **WIRE-HAIRS—Bitches**: 1st, Capsicum.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Park Kennels' Mars and Dummur; 3d and very high com., Chesnut Hill Kennels' Breda Bill and Tiney. High com., Keystone Kennels' Nevermore Gessala.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Northfield Kennels' Kilston; 2d, Hertzler's Glencoe.

DANDIE DINMOUNTS.—1st, Naylor's Border Clunker.

Latest.—Judging resumed this morning. Crowd of people pouring into the building. Weather splendid. Awards made up to 12 noon.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dixon's Vanhook and Leo B. *Bitches*: 1st, Campbell's Becky Sharp; 2d, Dixon's Blossom. **OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, Smith's King Fern; 2d, Pense's Tyrus; 3d, Mont Kennels' R. Mount. Reserve, Lewis's Boy. Very high com. and high com., Parker's Entry and Quail. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Parker's Gyp and Jess.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Windholz's Princess Beatrice II. **OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, Flmo Kennels' Monk of Furness; 2d, Weiss's Sir Tati; 3d, Aven Kennels' Roderigo. Reserve, Gardur's Rogers. Very high com., Joe Noble and Gladstone II. High com., River View Kennels' D. D. Wilson's Boy, Tony Gladstone and B. H. Har. *Bitches*: 1st, Hartman's Albert N. II.; 2d, Williams' Lily; 3d, Wolfenden's Bonnie Gladstone Girl. Reserve, Seager's Vic. Very high com., Rosa Lee and Bessie Aven. High com., Lily B. and Evans's Flirt. **Puppies—Dogs**: 1st, Joe Noble; 2d, Dr. Sud; 3d, Ponto. *Bitches*: 1st, Nettie Novice; 2d, Rigan's Belle.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Beaconsfield; others withheld. *Bitches*: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Mersbrook Maiden; 2d, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Mersbrook Empress. Reserve, Rochelle Nadi. Very high com., Letta. High com., Pansy. Com., Tiny. *Puppies*: 1st, Nellie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Toons Royal. *Bitches*: 1st, Venus.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Bob Ivy. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, B. and V. Reserve, Nellie Bly. **OPEN—Dogs**: 1st, Howard's Penrice; 2d, Gifford's East Lake Curtis. Very high com., Cryer's Ben Har. *Bitches*: 1st and 2d, Cryer's Cassina and Little Bessie.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Lewis's Spring; 2d, Van Buren's Cupid. *Bitches*: 1st, Stemmler's Lady Lee; 2d, Lewis's Star. Reserve, Sprite. Very high com., Lady.

WOLFHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, Hacke's Zloem and Ivan.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Entries absent. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wolfenden's Dan Brown; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Snowball; 3d, Wilson's P. P. *Bitches*: 1st, Wolfenden's Vera; 2d, Arthur's Dimple; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Chip K. *Puppies*: 1st, Brooks' Nora; 2d, Wolfenden's Queen.

MISCELLANEOUS—Prizes withheld.

These are the regular classes judged so far. Specials this afternoon. H. W. L.

THINGS AND MASTIFFS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The howls of disapproval and the supererogatory rebuke by the American Mastiff Club (which I hold to have been in very bad taste) stop further comments on the most unfortunate judging of mastiffs at New York show, but a few comments may be in order. That ten months puppy Ingleside Maximilian is both a parody and a wonder; we hear of mastiffs being "too bulky," but he is more "bulky" than any bulldog in the show. A muzzle $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, a skull $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. in girth, is enough to distance any bulldog in America, as far as "bulyness" is concerned. His dewlap is monstrous, equal to that of a cow, his body and forelegs are very good, but show a bit of shortness, while his hindlegs do not figure as any definite quality. By Ilford Chancellor out of a Minton bitch. It is hard to see where he gets such abnormal proportions from.

While his preposterous exaggerations of mastiff type and miserable hindquarters should keep him "out of it" as a specimen, his real faults of headshould make him a most valuable stud dog, promising great results, bred to bitches long in head, lacking volume of skull or snipy in muzzle, but I should fear the results if bred to bitches of the Ilford Cauton blood, or even those deep in Crown Prince blood. The only well bred bitch I can think of likely to nick with him are those of the Clement or Hero II. blood, or from Dr. Perry's Juno.

In this connection it may be well to point out that nearly all Ilford Cauton's successes in the stud were with poor bitches, as I can now recall only the bitch Cauton's Own Daughter (what a name!), exhibited at this same show. This bitch suffers a trifle from ginger face and some lack of size, but for true form-tion of head, excellence of body and legs, beautiful movement and general symmetry, I have never seen her superior. Cambrian Princess beats her in volume of skull and size, but loses to her in formation of head and general symmetry. It was only his greater size and advantages from sex that put Beaufort much ahead of her.

Beaufort still stands unequalled, and I cannot see how he is to be surpassed. How in the world was he ever said to be extreme in shortness of face? He is certainly very, very far from long-faced, but is as certainly not extreme in shortness. For elegance, length, hocks and general symmetry, how is he to be improved on? Some say that Minton was a better dog; but Beaufort is decidedly the better in hocks, his being broad and flat, while Minton's were too round, and Beaufort has better length. The only dog that I can recall as being Beaufort's equal in properties of body and legs was Mr. Mason's Salisbury, the latter being the larger dog, but not as good in second thighs. I see it stated that Beaufort is "weak behind," but this is utterly wrong. He is not hog fat, with hams like those of bacon; nor should he be, considering his value in the stud; but his muscles of loins and thighs are full and as hard as dried beef. That he is as active as a cat without a trace of weakness I know most positively, having the best of opportunities of seeing this.

While it should be very flattering to Mr. Winchell that a dog of his breeding should beat Beaufort, I looked in vain for any sign of satisfaction in his looks and conversation. We all owe thanks to Mr. Mortimer for the excellent quality of the helpers he provided. A neater, cleaner, more attentive body of men I have never seen in a dog show, and following the suggestion of our old mutual friend Wash Moore by informing the men resulted most satisfactorily. I suggest that in future all judges of ladies' pet dogs at New York show refuse to judge them unless their names are withheld and their personality disguised. This is the third year in succession that judges of this class have been insulted by irate women whose dogs did not win. Two years since a feminine said to Mr. Fay, a gentleman in every line, and who possesses more dollars than this person probably did cents, "We have decided you were paid for your decisions and wish to know your price!" Last year one told Mr. Mayhew that after exhibiting under an English judge she hated the name of England or Englishman! And this year some circulated a petition round the show, praying the W. K. C. to forbid Mr. Mayhew's ever judging again!! How are women to get their dogs judged? There is no

judge in their own sex, and where are they to find the man who will accept a position that insures his receiving insults from parties whose position protects them from proper and just rebuke? Do not women know that to be cowardly is not to be womanly, and that nothing is "ladylike" that is not "womanly?" W. WADE.

DOG CHAT.

DR. H. CLAY GLOVER, interviewed on the muzzling question by a New York *Herald* man, was asked why the muzzle was unnecessary. "Because," said Dr. Glover, "it is of no possible benefit either to the dog or the public. The mad dog scare, which has been so long agitated, is a myth and one calculated to do much injury by the production of a false hydrophobia induced by fear. During my long experience in canine practice I have never seen but one case of authenticated rabies. I have been called to see hundreds of so-called mad dogs and found they were merely in convulsions, afflicted by epilepsy, or suffering from an attack of indigestion or from over excitement, all of which yield to proper treatment."

Toronto, Canada, is a veritable hotbed of the fancy, and it has often been a subject for comment why this go-ahead town has not, so far, indulged in a kennel club, especially as they give the best show in Canada. Feeling the want of an organization, several members of the fraternity called a meeting for Thursday night, at the Rossin House, when a club will be organized. Following the course taken by the Hamilton Club, they intend to inaugurate monthly members' shows, where the owners of dogs can pick up points from those calculated to instruct them on the subject.

The English papers not yet having come to hand containing the particulars of the Waterloo Cup Meeting, we take the following gossip from the Toronto *Globe*: "The winners of cup, purse and plate, Fullerton, Simonian and Rhymes, were all by E. F. Gladstone's dog Greentick, and the owner had the old dog on hand to witness the triumphs of his progeny. The Northumbrian kennel of Col. North is now far ahead of all competitors with its Waterloo record. It was first and second with Miss Glendyne and Bit of Fashion in 1885, then won with Miss Glendyne in 1886. It was again first and second with Fullerton and Troughend in 1889, first with Fullerton in 1890, and now again in 1891. A remarkable circumstance in connection with this year's Waterloo is the fact that all the final quartette in the cup, as well as the winner of the purse, claim the Northumbrian bitch, Gallant Fox, as their grand-dam or great-grand-dam. Bit of Fashion, the dam of Fullerton and Simonian, was by Paris (daughter of Gallant Fox). Paster and Paster is by Northern Express (son of Prence Garde, own sister to Paris), and while Button Park is by Jester (Gallant Fox's son), Bovril is from Jester's daughter, Lady Jester. On the night of the draw for the Waterloo cup, a well-known supporter of coursing from Ireland took a double-event wager of £200 to £25 that Fullerton and Simonian would not win both cup and purse. This nice bet was comfortably landed." On perusing the above one is led naturally to the question as to whether the National Greyhound Club should be allowed to have a stud book of its own and still retain its membership in the A. K. C. Greyhounds being used now so extensively in coursing in this country and with every indication that the sport will increase in popularity, it is incumbent upon those having the best interests of the sport at heart to insure, by every means in its power, the accuracy of the pedigrees, for upon the correct interpretation of these blood lines rests, in a great measure, the successful courser. As the A. K. C. cannot be expected to give the subject more than general supervision, we think that in this case an exception should be made with the distinct understanding that it should not form a precedent for other specialty clubs. We do not think, and those with whom we have conversed on the matter are of the same opinion, that the A. K. C. stud book will lose any registration on account of the separate book, but keeping the good will of the greyhound men will tend to increase rather than diminish the registrations.

The new Pennbrook hunt, from the Chestnut Hill Kennels, seemed to be quite popular, the third meet of the hounds last Saturday at Mr. Fell's residence having a greater turnout of members than on the previous one.

The Mayor of Newark, N. J., in view of the recent cases of children having been bitten by worthless curs on the streets, is advocating the establishment of a dog pound and the destruction of a few hundred of these roaming canines. Several children are now under treatment by Dr. Gibier, whose price, \$60 per patient, being too high for most of the subjects to pay, the balance of the hydrophobia fund of 1887 has been turned over to the institution on condition that he treat free for the next five years all indigent Newark patients.

We are sorry to hear that the Cincinnati Kennel Club is not in the most flourishing condition imaginable. It is said that out of fourteen letters opened by the secretary one day last week, only two contained substantial evidence as to the annual dues, while the other twelve were resignations of disgruntled members.

We are pleased to see that some one has some appreciation of the merits of one of the gamiest and most companionable terriers one can have—the Dandie Dinmont. The splendid special offered by a friend of the breed at the coming Boston show should bring together all the dogs of the breed in the country. There is one good man in the breed already, Mr. Carnochan, and we trust that others will follow suit.

In coming to the Baltimore show last week, the Somerset Kennels' challenge beagle bitch Cloud was so severely hurt in her box that she could not be shown.

When Pinlimmon was undergoing treatment for tumor recently, Mr. Emmett was at a loss for a dog to take his place. While in this quandary Mrs. H. C. Miner loaned him her own St. Bernard, Pop. In appreciation of the courtesy, Mr. Emmett presented Mrs. Miner the other day with a superb whip mounted with a massive gold handle and whistle, studded with jewels.

A letter from one of the committee of the Maryland Kennel Club informs us that the club came out a little on the wrong side, but that they were still in the running. Increased expenses and the wretched weather of the first day is mainly accountable for any loss they may have incurred. During the last day of the show there was a bit of a rumpus on account of Mr. W. H. Child's attachment of the English setter Sir Tatton and the Irish setter Desmond II. for a bill of \$150 on some dog deal with Mr. Weiss. Fred Kirby, who had the dogs in charge, melodramatically proclaimed to the sheriff, that if he took the dogs it would have to be over his dead body. Mr. Weiss has his dogs, Mr. Child got his money and Kirby is still alive, so everything is serene again.

We regret to hear that the black and tan terrier The Senator is dead. He caught cold the first day at the Baltimore show. The diagnosis was hardly correct, and our suggestion that it looked like a case of pneumonia and a mustard plaster was not far wrong after all. Dr. Foote is, indeed, most unfortunate, and if he had not the true fancier grit in him, he would find his losses hard to bear. He has our sincere sympathy.

The Cleveland Kennel Club is making every effort to insure the success of their coming show. Mr. H. W. Lacy has been engaged to judge those classes not already announced in the sporting papers. Proper arrangements with express companies and railroads centering in Cleveland have been made. The building will hold 600 dogs, so that following Chicago, as it does, there is likely to be an excellent entry. The premium list is now out and is quite a good one. Challenge prizes \$10 for each sex are made for most breeds, and in the important classes \$15 and \$10 are the prizes given, the others getting \$10 and \$5. Spaniels have classification No. 2 and the small breeds are well taken care of. Entries close April 1, with Mr. C. M. Munhall, 141 Superior street, Cleveland, O.

A rather amusing incident happened the third day of the show at Baltimore. A fashionably dressed young lady appeared before the doo keeper with a ribbon bedecked "sort of" a Yorkshire in her arms. On being told that dogs not regularly entered could not be allowed in the building, she made quite a scene, and Will Farber coming up at the time politely told her he would have the dog put in a box till she made the round of the show. This did not appease her, and turning with tears in her eyes which friend Farber found hard to withstand, said, "I did so want Dick to see the dogs!"

A new venture is on the tapis at Philadelphia. Following the style of Aldridge's in London, the Philadelphia Tattersalls intend holding periodical sales of dogs, the first of which will take place March 27, and entries for which will close March 16. The sale is limited to thoroughbred dogs only, and the number put up is not to exceed 200. Several dogs which have been winning at late shows are already entered. The dogs will be on exhibition March 24 till day of sale, and the sale will take place in the afternoon and evening of March 27 and 28, and catalogues will be ready ten days before the sale. This is a venture which no doubt many fanciers will avail themselves of, though we hardly think there will be enough money in it for the sales to become regular.

Friend Jarrett, the genial manager of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, seeks a relief from the lengthy heads he is so accustomed to see around him, and intends branching out as a pug breeder. He has already purchased several bitches, among them Cassina, quite a winner, from Dr. Cryer's kennel.

The protest against the bull-terrier Ruby at New York, for deafness, has been sustained.

At New York we were shown a medal which at a casual glance one would take to be gold. It is presumed to represent the gold medal of the Mastiff Club, but it won't wash, or rather it has been washed, and in a very careless manner. It seems Lady Coleus became entitled to the gold medal of the club, and after repeated application this medal was sent to Mr. Moore. In the language of the Gordon men, it is rich in tan, but it goes no further than the surface, for on the edge is the silver stamp mark and "sterling" in the customary form. Glancing sideways at the lettering on the face of the medal the "silver threads among the gold" are as plain as the noonday sun. The question is, what are you going to do about it? The A. K. C. rule states that medals and so forth shall be made of the materials called for. Some action should certainly be taken in the matter, and the affair not be smoothed over with hush!

The Chestnut Hill Kennels want to swim with the tide of popularity which St. Bernards are now enjoying, and reap some of the "kudos" an investment in that breed is pretty nearly sure to bring. Mr. Harrison, in other words, is buying a few St. Bernard bitches for breeding purposes.

There was one happy woman at New York, Mrs. Nicholson, of Albany, who brought seven St. Bernard puppies to the show and sold every one of them at good prices. Now, if Mr. Nicholson had come down with them, very likely he would have had to take them home again.

Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfer has sold his big St. Bernard Lord Baltimore, by Burns out of Lady Valentine, to May Howard, the variety actress. We hear his Lordship was to make his debut on the boards last Saturday evening in his native town. What is that saying about a prophet in his own country? However, we expect he will need an able manager, for as a star he will necessarily feel the importance of his position.

Query—When is a foxhound said to have leather at throat?

The registrations for January and February of this year in the A. K. C. Stud Book number 735, against 354 for the corresponding months in 1890. Speaking of the stud book reminds us that the secretary has started on his two months' furlough. He holds himself bound, however, not to go outside of reach of the telegraph, as it is very likely that his friend Peshall will demand his presence very shortly in Oyer and Terminer when the noted case comes off.

During his visit to Baltimore Dr. "Beaumont" Meyer gave two lectures on dentistry at the Baltimore College, and though he had an innings at the Gordon Club specials at the show, the faculty, to show their appreciation of him, presented him with a handsome silver cup as a token of the esteem in which they hold him. Dr. Meyer, therefore, cannot complain of the attentions he received at the hands of the Baltimoreans, though they were a little mixed.

We were pleased to see that our suggestion that when charges are made against individuals before the Kennel Club, they shall be accompanied by a fee of \$10 as a guarantee of good faith, has been adopted. This will, we trust, have a salutary effect.

We were exceedingly pleased to have a lady remark during the Baltimore show that there was nothing in the pages of the FOREST AND STREAM but what a lady could read, and that from reading it every week she felt just as much interest in the dogs as her husband. This is praise indeed, and repays us doubly for all our efforts to give to dogmen and every one a clean paper.

We welcome another young fancier into the fox-terrier ranks. This is Mr. Harry Granger, owner of the Regent Kennels. That he is getting hold of good material is proved by his purchase last week of the well-known winner Dusky Trap and Blomton Wrangle. We wish him every success.

Frank Dole received a very good bull-terrier from Mr. Fred Hinks of Birmingham, England, on Tuesday last. His name is Top Sparkle, by Gully the Great. As the dog is said to be a certain winner, the name is peculiarly appropriate.

The Maryland Kennel Club held its annual meeting at the Fifth Regiment armory on Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30 P. M. In the absence of the vice president (the president, Mr. Harry Malcolm, being under suspension at present) Dr. B. Holly Smith was called to the chair, and Mr. Jas. E. Wilkinson was requested to act as secretary. The roll call was answered by a large majority of the members of the club. Four new members, Messrs. Guest, Williams, Ryan

and Hauszche, were elected. A vote of thanks, on motion of Mr. Lamb, was tendered to the bench show committee for the successful show now being held. The following officers were then elected: W. Gilmer Hoffman, President; Geo. W. Massamore, Vice-President; W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Secretary; W. C. Farber, Treasurer; Board of Governors, W. T. Spring, Chas. D. Cagle, Henry M. Walker, Jas. Thompson, B. Holly Smith, M. D., Chas. R. Diffenderfer, Edw. J. Farber, Thos. J. Sheubrooks, Col. H. D. Loney, delegate to American Kennel Club; Jas. Thompson, alternate.

The use and abuse of specials is beautifully shown in the Pittsburgh premium list, by the Monongahela House offering a special for the bull-terrier "with the best fighting record," and the impression that has obtained among the boys that this hotel must be a very tough one, devoted to tough sports generally. The fact is, that this hotel is peculiarly the respectable house of the city, one that has inherited fifty years of reputation as the leading house, and no where in the country is there a house with a longer record of character. The presumption is that the hotel merely contributed the money for the special, and the show committee blundered in the placing of it. In fact, what business has a "fighting record" in a premium list, anyhow?

In changing his advertisement of stud fox-terriers, Mr. John E. Thayer writes: "I have put the stud fees of these dogs very low, not because I could not get more, but because it will allow every one the use of a grand dog very cheap. Mixer, by his victory in New York, is the best terrier in America. No one can say my dogs are not but the best." Quite right too.

"We have the hottest class in challenge heavy-weight pointers that ever faced a judge in America," writes Mr. W. E. Littell, secretary of the Duquesne Kennel Club. "The following are in it: Graphic, Robert le Diable, Trinket's Chief, Duke of Vernon, and Lord Graphic. They think this is the greatest show ever held in this city." Pittsburgh always was a good dog show town, and we hope that this year their venture will prove no exception.

A meeting of the Eastern Coursing and National Greyhound Club will be held at the office of Mr. G. S. Page, 69 Wall street, New York, at 8:30 P. M. sharp, Friday, March 13.

The bench show committee of the New England Kennel Club writes: "It looks as though we should have a rattling good show, if anything comes from the number of inquiries we have had, especially from the Canadians, for premium lists and entry blanks. Our bench show committee, Messrs. Fay and Moore, on their return from New York, brought back very favorable reports: every one seemed anxious to show. Perhaps it was accounted for by a totally different slate of judges from those who are to officiate at preceding shows. The Brunswick Fur Club, Brunswick, Me., offer the following specials for American foxhounds: \$16 for the best dog, \$10 for the best bitch, \$5 for the best dog or bitch under 18 mos. This certainly ought to bring together some good dogs of this breed. Now that the beagle clubs have settled all disputes and joined hands, we ought to have a good entry. The Chesapeake Bay dogs will be judged by Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan.

Mr. Geo. H. Covert calls our attention to a mistake in the awards printed in our issue of Feb. 26, when Chief was placed first in the challenge Irish setter dogs. This is wrong; his Dick Swiveller held that proud position. The incorrectly marked steward's slip was the cause of the error; the official marked catalogue had the same mistake. Another mistake in the award list was the printing of Douglass II. and Sprake, the pugs, as equal firsts in the open dog class. This was a careless slip of the pencil in marking the catalogue in the hurry of going to press. It can't hurt Sprake, neither will it do harm to Douglass II.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club announce that Mr. Chas. M. Nelles, of Brantford, Canada, has been appointed judge of the spaniel classes, excepting toy spaniels. Also that the club offers an additional special prize of \$10 for the best exhibit of not less than four bulldogs entered and owned by one exhibitor. The club's special prize of \$25 for the largest kennel of sporting dogs and the same for non-sporting dogs, should read in both cases, "for the largest and best kennel," etc. All entries must be mailed previous to March 23.

Mr. C. P. Hubbard writes us that he has established the Loup Kennels at Tuckerville, Nebraska, upon the South Loup River. He has 160 acres of land upon the banks of the river with timber and springs of living water. He controls a shooting right upon upward of 10,000 acres of fine quail and chicken country. The dogs have an unlimited run and every opportunity to develop their natural hunting qualities.

The New England Kennel Club announce the following additional classes, changes and donation of special prizes for their coming show. There will be a class, 93A, for Dandie Dinmont terriers, dogs and bitches, with prizes \$10 and \$5. A friend of the club has offered a special prize of \$25 for the best dog or bitch and if there are 5 of each entered they will divide the classes by sex, offering the same money prizes, and the donor of the above special will then give \$50, making it \$25 for the best dog and \$25 for the best bitch. They also make a class, 94A, for Irish terrier challenge dogs and bitches, offering one prize of \$10. The following are the conditions of the competition for the American Field pointer cup to be awarded at this show: The cup will be competed for once each year and at a show to be designated by the Pointer Club of America. It is open to competition to members of the Pointer Club of America only and must be won three times, not necessarily in succession, to become the property of any one member. A member must have owned a dog with which he competes for it six months prior to the closing of the entries of the show at which it is competed for. The person winning it will be required to file a bond with the Pointer Club of America, signed by himself and two responsible guarantees for producing the cup or its value in money whenever required to do so. Entries for this show close March 18.

[The following paragraphs were crowded out last week.]

We never saw so many new faces at a New York show as this last one, and this fact reminded us of the question we were asked some time since—Is the kennel interest of this country really increasing? This is easily answered. Take up a prominent New York paper, or in fact of any other city, and there is hardly a Sunday issue which does not contain either a syndicate article on dogs of one breed or another, with more or less accurate illustrations, or kennel paragraphs of news. The success of the New York show is in a great measure due to the enterprise of the dailies, which have lately devoted columns of valuable space to kennel matters, and the way they wrote up the show must have been very gratifying to the W. K. C. people. Would that papers in other cities in which shows are held would do the same, and we should hear of less financial loss which many plucky dog fanciers have had to make good. The kennel world do move and there is no mistake about it.

Many of the dogs at the show were benched in the old style more with a view to the convenience of the owners

than to that of the public, and there was much complaint about the getting up of prize cards over the stalls after judging, but in the case of the specials this was not the fault of the club, as there were no cards supplied them; and when we say that the catalogue was hardly so accurate as in years past, several mistakes occurring in the printing, we have about exhausted all criticism and must vote the show a big success.

The boys appreciated the café at the entrance of the building, and we are pleased to write that for the honor of dog men in no instance did we see this privilege abused. So many club meetings were held at once that the café came in very useful for the purpose.

A man who, if he has not had experience at English shows, has at least had a good deal to do with American ones, got ahead of the vet. at the New York show. Taking a greyhound in at the door, Dr. Glover refused to pass it on account of skin disease. Not to be outdone he stepped to the side door leading to the basement, and telling the man in charge that he had been passed by Mr. Tallman, was allowed through and benched the dog. Now this was knowingly a direct violation of the rules, and a menace to the health of the other animals in the show. The dog was, we believe, taken into the ring, but was eventually ordered out of the building. Such work must not be countenanced for an instant.

The Pointer Club deserves great credit for the resolution adopted to abandon the list of specialty judges, and allow bench show committees to choose their own. This shows they have the true interest of the breed at heart, and their move should be followed by other clubs.

Drs. Glover and Meyer had no sooner entered the show building at Baltimore, than they personally, and the rest of the Gordon Club officers by proxy, were served with a summons on account of Harry Malcolm in a suit for \$10,000 damages which he brings against them for their recent resolution expelling him from the Gordon Setter Club. The action met with much adverse comment, these gentlemen being guests of the Maryland Club at the time. It has served to put a damper on everything, and where all this petty spite will end one can hardly tell, but that it will work much harm to kennel interests is very certain, as no one feels safe for an instant.

Col. Ruppert, one of Gov. Hill's staff, purchased at the New York show two good St. Bernard bitches, Ellen Terry and Empress of Cootocock. The former has already produced some very good stock in England, and Empress is one of our best smooth bitches. This gentleman intends starting a small breeding kennel.

The Spaniel Club had a very pleasant reunion at the Murray Hill Hotel on the Wednesday night of the New York show. Those who partook of the good things provided were President Wilmerding, Arthur E. Rendie, Geo. Bell, A. W. Smith, W. T. Payne, E. M. Oldham, J. P. Willey, Andrew Laidlaw, F. H. Mercer, several other gentlemen whose names we do not recall, and your representative. After the cloth was removed and cigar smoke permeated the room, toasts were in order and several happy speeches were well received. Mr. Mercer explained matters to the satisfaction of all, and the conversation drifting naturally to the question of the hour, the "long and low," each one had his theory as to their working capabilities. The utmost good feeling prevailed and all were pleased to see friend Oldham and once more hear his cheery voice in the songs he only knows how to render. The party broke up in the "wee sma" hours with the grand old song of "Auld Lang Syne." In the words of "Peto," it is to be hoped that "hardy annual," the cocker question, may always seek its settlement in a similar manner. It was unanimously voted that the discussion be resumed at the W. K. C. show of '92.

Mr. Carnochan purchased from Mr. F. R. Hitchcock the noted Dandie Dinmonts Border Wang and Meg of the Mill. This will make his kennel a strong one indeed.

Mr. Renshaw Mason Jones bought the bulldogs Darby Nancy, Darby May and Bombardos from Mr. Chas. D. Cagle during the show.

The Bulldog Club, it may be remarked, held their show in connection with the W. K. C. At any rate, the "get up and get" of this club secured a splendid entry. The different bulldog cups were displayed under glass in the middle of the benching, and they were admitted to be the handsomest collection yet seen in this respect. The Parke cup was a very handsome trophy, with an excellent engraving of the late Dimple (formerly Mischief) on the cup and two bulldogs on the chain at the base, very "rampant" indeed. Over every stall was a large, round, illuminated card, with the number of the dog's entry in the middle and the name of the club round the edge. Souvenir catalogues of tasteful design were distributed for the asking; in fact, everything was done in good style.

We learn that Mr. Stewart, of England, has sold the noted collie brood bitch Barbby Rose, dam of Caractacus, Petrunia, Clifton Chief, Clifton Crack and Clifton Charm, all winners, in one litter, to a gentleman in St. Louis. She comes out in whelp to Metchley Wonder.

Stock-Keeper publishes excellent pictures of D'Orsay and Dominic, the noted fox-terriers, in the issue to hand.

PROTECTIVE UNION.—The following is a call for a meeting of honest dog breeders, to perfect an organization for protection against dishonest ones: All breeders of fine dogs in the United States and Canada are requested to meet the undersigned on April 9, 1891, at 2 P. M., at the office of the secretary of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago, Ill., for the purpose above stated. All breeders in sympathy with this movement who cannot attend in person, but desire to become charter members may send their applications by letter with \$5 membership fee, to H. Thompson, supt. of Money Order Dept., Chicago, Ill., Dated Feb. 16, 1891. (Signed) Dr. J. B. Lewis, Fernwood Kennels, Belleville, Ohio; Dr. H. J. Thomas, Greenwood, Wis.; Dr. G. H. Grummell, Onaga, Kas.; Dr. W. V. Bradley, Richland Kennels, Milnor, N. Dak.; W. F. Edelbrock, St. Cloud, Minn.; C. H. Babcock, Cordova, Neb.; Orton Gifford, Kickapoo Kennels, Vashpeton, N. Dak.; W. H. Case, Lockport, N. Y.; F. H. Perry, Des Moines, Iowa; J. F. Pinches, Shakopee, Minn.; L. B. Ash, Mankato, Minn.; C. B. Jorgenson, Milnor Kennels, Milnor, N. Dak.; Paul Koeppen, Hector, Minn.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOG CLUB MEETING.—Baltimore, Md.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our annual meeting of the Chesapeake Bay Dog Club took place yesterday, March 4, and officers for the year were elected as follows: President, Edward L. Bartlett; Vice-President, J. Olney Norris; Secretary, James F. Pearson; Treasurer, Thomas J. Hayward. Board of Governors—Edward L. Bartlett, J. Olney Norris, James F. Pearson, James Swan Frick, J. D. Mallory, H. Malcolm, Isaac T. Norris and Wm. T. Levering. Delegate to A. K. C.—Isaac T. Norris.—JAMES F. NORRIS, Sec'y.

THE OMAHA KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For years the dog-loving people of this city have been trying to organize a kennel club, but it would seem from one cause or another the right time had not come. Things took a turn in November, 1890, however, when the Nebraska Poultry and Bench Show people held an exhibit here in the Grand Opera House Annex. While the show was not financially a success, it gave the fanciers of this vicinity a good chance to meet daily—particularly the doggy portion, which developed into the Omaha Kennel Club. It may not be out of place to mention the principal names of those gentlemen who worked hard to organize it. They were Messrs. J. H. Short, Cadogan, Waterman, Wm. Meldrum and R. F. Maher. On the last day of the show twelve or thirteen of us organized with the following officers: John T. Evans, President; John C. Morrison, Vice-President; R. F. Maher, Secretary; Max J. Baer, Treasurer.

The club held since then five regular meetings, has a membership of fifty and of the best material to be obtained. The club tenders a cordial invitation to all true lovers of the dog residing in Nebraska, Dakota, Iowa, Kansas and Wyoming. Steps are being taken to come into the A. K. C., and we purpose giving yearly bench shows under the A. K. C. rules. The secretary will be pleased to forward a copy of the rules and by-laws at any time called upon. At some future time I will give you a list of the dogs now being purchased by the members. A MEMBER OF THE O. K. C.

OMAHA, Neb., March 3.

GORDON SETTER CLUB MEETING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America, held Wednesday, Feb. 25, at Madison Square Garden, New York, the following business was transacted: The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Communications from Duquesne, Cleveland and American Pet Dog clubs were held for further action. It was resolved to donate \$10 to the Mascoutah Kennel Club as a special prize for best Gordon setter in the show. The following resignations were accepted: I. T. Norris, Baltimore; Capt. O. H. Day, Jersey City; R. Schmidt, St. Louis; J. W. Orear, Downsville, Cal.; Frank Phillips, Lynn, Mass.; John Umberline, St. Louis, Mo.; J. Whitaker, St. Louis, Mo.; Richard Cromwell, Jr., Baltimore, Md. Election of officers for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, and the following were elected: President, Dr. H. Clay Glover; Vice-President, Dr. J. M. Lordy; Sec'y and Treas., J. A. Van Zandt. Executive Committee, G. W. Collins, Dr. John H. Meyer, James B. Blossom, George Bleistean, C. H. Pepper, and A. Quackenbush. The treasurer's report was submitted and approved. The meeting then adjourned.—L. A. VAN ZANDT, Sec'y.

"THE AMERICAN BOOK OF THE DOG."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Even at the risk of suggesting remembrances of recent comicities in England, I must put in my protest against sundry matters appearing as of my authorship in Mr. Shields's recent work. I certainly am not responsible for Mr. Sperber being stated as the owner of the Russian wolfhound Czar, and I distinctly remember having noted the name of Mr. P. H. Hacke as owner on the proof of the picture sent me. Nor did I state that Messrs. Milliken, Kelly and Bowditch imported mastiffs early in the eighteenth century, and distinctly remember correcting this in the proofs sent me. In the list of mastiff breeders given on page 577, the upper section only were supplied by me, most of those in the second section are totally unknown to me. The only proofs received by me were those on the mastiff section, and singularly it is in these that the mistakes occur.—W. WADE.

BULL AND TERRIERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I take up a little of your valuable space to say a word for the round head bull and terriers, as they are called in Boston, or the "Boston" terriers, as they have been named elsewhere. These dogs are rapidly gaining favor in this neighborhood, and it seems likely that they will take the place of the fox terrier as a gentleman's dog. With all the courage of the latter and with perfect ability to take care of themselves in a "scrap," they are of a most gentle disposition and never try to pick a quarrel. Their vivacity and intelligence, which is perhaps not even exceeded by that of the poodle, make them very quick to learn tricks and most amusing companions. In appearance they are the most stylish of dogs, and a club to establish a greater uniformity of type is all that is needed to bring to their due prominence the best of small dogs.—R. B. P.

NEW YORK SHOW REPORT.—New York, March 10, 1891.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly make the following corrections in my report of the New York show. Mastiffs: "Macduff, c., lacks in depth and width of muzzle, length of legs (they are too long for his body), ribs (they are round)," should be, "they are not round enough". Pointers: "Lass of Kent, first in bitches, was the best provided, and Concave, second prize, could not beat her." Make it read, "provided that Concave, second prize," etc. Fox-terriers: The criticism following the reference to Raffle and First Flight belongs to the latter. Instead of "He has a very neat and good head" read "First Flight has a very neat," etc.—CHARLES H. MASON.

HARTFORD DOG STEALERS.—Hartford, Conn., March 7.—There seems to be an epidemic of dog stealing in this city. I have lost a valuable trained pointer and an imported Yorkshire terrier within a year. A week ago two Gordon setters were stolen. One of them was lame in his right fore leg, the leg having been broken and he is "out at the elbow" in consequence. The other had a scar on his left hind leg. Both good "lookers." Will the sportsmen have an eye "out" for these dogs and notify me?—A. C. COLLINS.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.—P. D. Nolan's greyhound Scout is recovering rapidly. Col. S. O. Gregory's well-known greyhound Davy Crockett broke his neck while coursing last week. He was undoubtedly one of the fastest hounds ever in this country. Mr. A. B. Truman's purchase of Molton Baron has fallen through. The affair is very much mixed and does not reflect very favorably on Mr. Miner. Specials are pouring in for the California Kennel Club's show, and the prospects of a good show continue.

DANDIE DINMONTS LOOKING UP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Where are the Dandie Dinmonts? If the New England Kennel Club have enough to divide the classes by sex, we have been offered by a friend \$50, but there is \$25 offered anyhow. This ought to stir up those people who have some at home resting on their laurels. Where is Baillie? and don't they own some in Chicago? Where is J. H. Naylor? It ought to bring some of them out.—BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

Advertising That Pays.

LYNN, Mass., March 3.—*Forest and Stream Publishing Company:* I find that your paper is a much better one for kennel advertising than any other one, and I have tried them all. I received more answers to-day from the adv. in FOREST AND STREAM than I have ever received from any in any other.—W. M. SANBORN, 25 Forest Hill Avenue.

THE CRUISING CAT YAWL KUMA.

THE craft here shown is an adaptation of the full-bodied hull of the Eastern catboat, such as is found along the coast from Newport to Boston, the after end being carried out into a longer overhang than is usual. The Kuma was designed by the Boston Yacht Agency for Mr. James Notman, of Boston, who used her about the Bay of Chaleur, P. Q., last season with excellent results, as she has proved fast, able and comfortable. She was intended solely for cruising, and though a singlehander has very good accommodations for four persons in her cabin, while the 7½ ft. cockpit gives room about the deck. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length over all.....	25ft. 7in.
L.W.L.....	22ft.
Beam extreme.....	10ft.
L.W.L.....	9ft. 5in.
Least free-board.....	1ft. 8in.
Sheet, bow.....	1ft. 10in.
stern.....	5in.
Draft.....	2ft. 6in.
with board.....	6ft.
Mainmast, deck to truck.....	31ft. 9in.
Mizzenmast, deck to truck.....	16ft. 8in.
Mainboom.....	21ft. 8in.
Mizzenboom.....	10ft.
Main-sail.....	560 sq. ft.
Mizzen.....	120 sq. ft.

The cat yawl rig has much to recommend it in the way of simplicity, hardness and effectiveness. The sails are battened, as in a canoe, a sprit batten serving to set the peak. It will be seen that the pull of the halliards, only one being needed to each sail, serves to set up the peak by means of the sprit, and causes the whole sail to sit flat.

DEMURRAGE ON YACHTS.

THE following decision, which we copy from the *American Shipbuilder*, cannot fail to be of interest to yachtsmen. The decision was rendered Dec. 17, 1890, by Judge Benedict in the case of *Mauhin v. tug Jas. A. Garfield*, and decides, first, that demurrage may be recovered for the detention of a yacht, caused by a wrongful act, at the market rate of such craft, though the yacht was never let to hire, and no substitute was employed during the period of such detention. Second, that the amount of demurrage to be recovered by such yacht may be ascertained from the testimony of those engaged in chartering yachts as to what in their opinion the owner could have obtained for her use during the period of detention.

R. D. Benedict, for the *Lagonda*; Goodrich, Deady & Goodrich, for the *Garfield*.

In rendering the decision, Judge Benedict said: This case comes before the court upon exceptions to the commissioner's report. The action is brought to recover damages sustained by the libellant by reasons of injuries done to the steam yacht *Lagonda* in a collision between that yacht and the tug *James A. Garfield*. An interlocutory decree in favor of the libellant was entered and the case referred to a commissioner to ascertain and report the amount of the libellant's damages. The commissioner, among other things, reported that the yacht had been detained eight days while undergoing repairs made necessary by the collision and allowed the sum of \$48 for such detention, being interest for eight days on \$36,000, the cost of the yacht. To this the libellant excepts. It appeared before the commissioner that the *Lagonda* was a pleasure boat kept for the personal use of the owner, and without any intention to use her for profit. That the yacht was in commission at the time of the collision. No evidence was introduced to show that the owner desired or sought a substitute for the yacht during that period. Upon the evidence before him the commissioner found that there was no market rate for the use of yachts of the size and character of the *Lagonda*, and accordingly he allowed as damages for the detention of the yacht eight days interest on the amount she cost the owner.

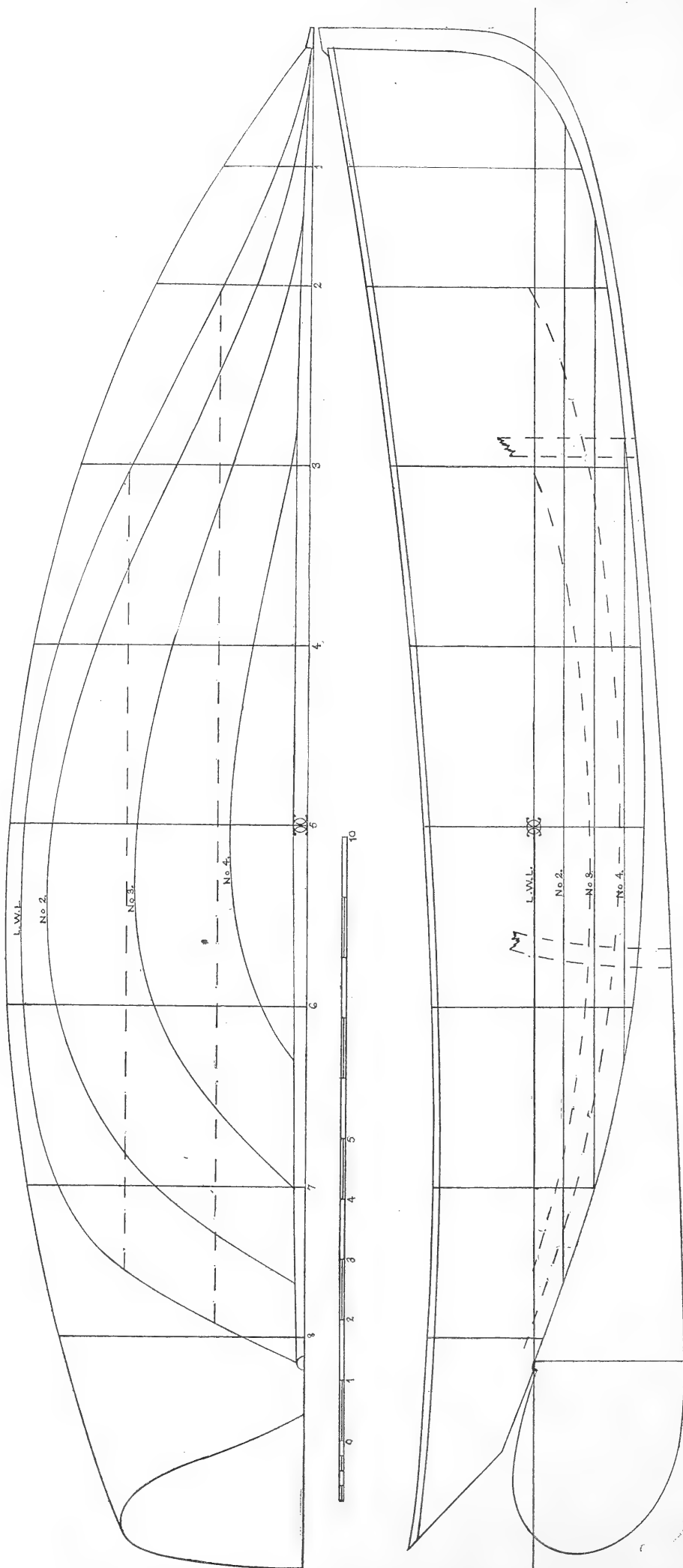
It cannot be doubted that demurrage is recoverable for the detention of a yacht caused by a wrongful act. In the case of the *Walter W. Pharo* (1 Low, 437), Judge Lowell gave demurrage for a yacht kept, as this one was, for pleasure and never for hire. It was there said: "It is no concern of the respondents what use the libellant chose to put his vessel to. He had the right to change his mind at any moment." So here, although it may be that the owner of this yacht at the time she was run into had no intention of chartering her or employing her for profit, still he was at liberty to charter her at any moment. Death, sickness, loss of fortune, mere whim, might have impelled him to put her to some profitable use. If it appears, that the yacht could have been chartered by her owner during the time of the detention in question then any sum he could have realized by chartering her may be recovered by him from the wrong doer who had caused her detention.

The evidence taken by the Commissioner was sufficient to show that this yacht could have been chartered for hire at the time she was run into. For instance, one witness called by the defendant to the question, "What is the market demand for yachts of this class in this port," says: "The demand is greater than the supply, there is no trouble about chartering." The testimony of other witnesses was to the same effect. I cannot doubt upon the evidence that if the owner of this yacht had concluded to offer her for hire he could have done so, and I judge from the testimony that it would have been possible to charter her for eight days only. But that fact is not necessary to a recovery. It was open to the owner to charter his yacht for the month or for the season. It is sufficient to entitle him to recover for her detention, if it appears that he could have realized money from her during the period of her detention. The ground upon which the Commissioner seems to have found his decision is absence of proof of an established rate at which yachts were chartered, and evidence that the rate in every instance depends upon the personal inclination of the owner, and so he allowed the libellants eight days interest on the cost of the yacht, and this, although it is manifest that the owner had no intention of realizing interest on his investment. But proof of a rate established by custom or by repeated similar transactions cannot be required in a case of this description. If it appears that the yacht could have been chartered for hire, the amount lost to her owner by being deprived of ability to charter her may be shown by the testimony of those engaged in chartering yachts as to what in their opinion the owner could have obtained for her use for eight days in case she had been chartered. The testimony of the witness Manning seems to me to justify the conclusion that this yacht could have been chartered by her owner for a season of three months for the sum of \$36,000, the owner furnishing the crew. Under such a charter the vessel would have earned for her owner in eight days the sum of \$552, and that sum is in my opinion entitled to recover for her detention. The first exception on the part of the libellant is therefore allowed. All other exceptions are overruled.

A NEW 46FT. RACER.

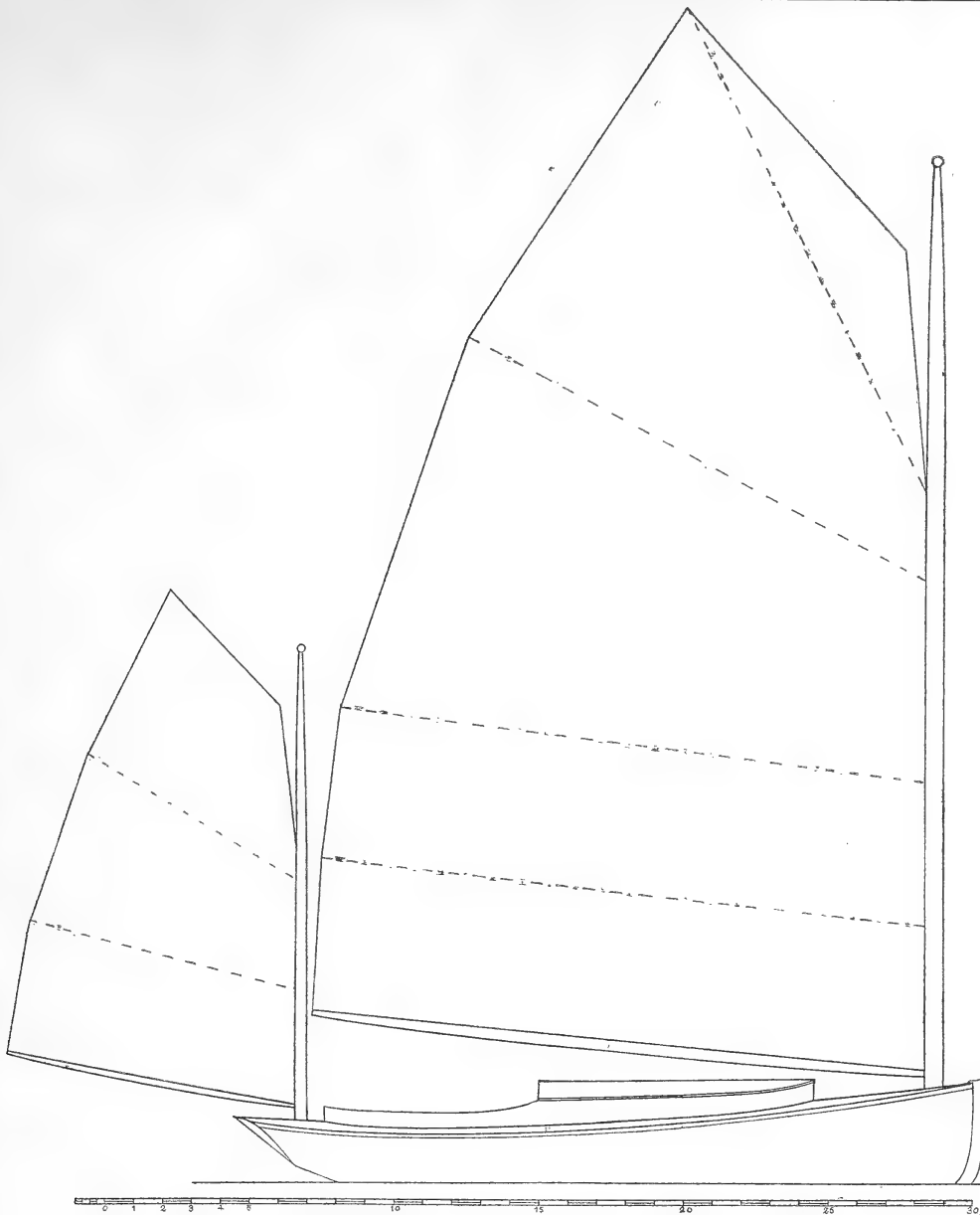
THE rumors of a 46-footer to be built at Bay Ridge, which have been current for a couple of weeks, received a very substantial confirmation last week in the successful casting of a 22 ton lead keel by Mr. Wintringham. The new boat, which is now well under way and will shortly be in frame, was designed by Mr. Wintringham for Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, owner of *Shamrock*, and as a matter of course is intended for racing. She will be a keel craft, 62ft. over all, 46ft. l.w.l., 13ft. 6in. beam, 10ft. draft, with all her ballast, 22 tons, on the keel. The lead is 15in. near bottom, 24in. on top, and about 30in. deep, the bottom being semicircular in section. The yacht is similar to the other new boats of her class in general appearance, with clipper stem and long overhang. The stem and fore deadwood are of natural crooks, as is the after deadwood. The keel is a fine stick of oak, 10x24in. The frames will be of steamed oak, with 10 angle steel frames on each side, steel floor plates being used. The construction will be as light as is practicable.

Below the yacht will be fitted with a large main cabin, with 6ft. 2in. headroom, toilet room and lockers in the stowage, and a roomy after stateroom. The interior finish will be plain and simple, but as comfortable as possible; the yacht being intended for racing between New York and Marblehead, which involves more or less cruising and makes the question of accommodation an important one. Her sail area will measure about 3,450ft. by Sea-wanaka rule, making her racing measurement about 52.25ft. She will steer with a tiller. Mr. Maxwell will fit out *Shamrock* as usual, and enter her in any races that may be arranged for her class. The new boat now gives New York one representative out of a class of nine boats, and as it brings in another designer to compete with those already represented, Messrs. Burgess, Fife and Paine, it will make the class still more interesting. New York owes a good deal to Mr. Maxwell for giving her a representative in the class of the year, and it is a pity that out of her large number of yachtsmen there are not two or three more of equal spirit. A boat from Mr. A. Cary Smith's designs and another by Mr. Gardner would put New York somewhere near Boston in the year's racing, and would result in bringing a fair portion of the sport to New York waters. There is yet time to build for the class, and we hope, for the credit of New York yachting, that the work will not be left entirely to one man.

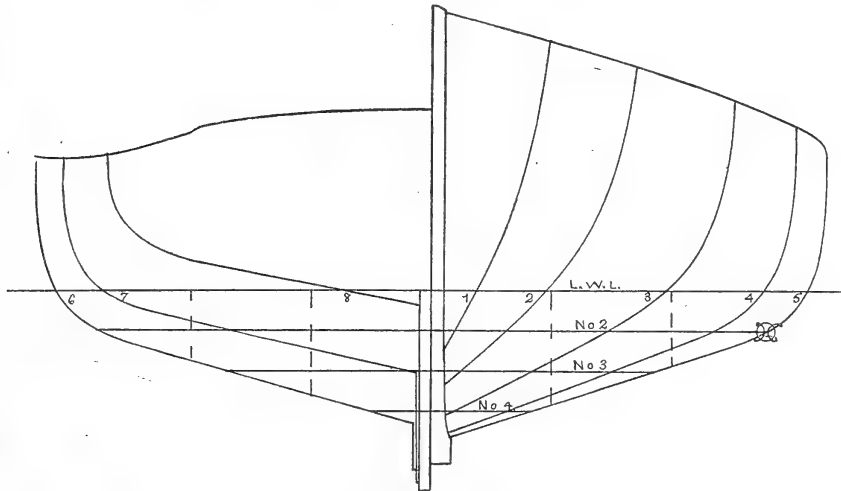


CRUISING CAT YAWL "KUMA."

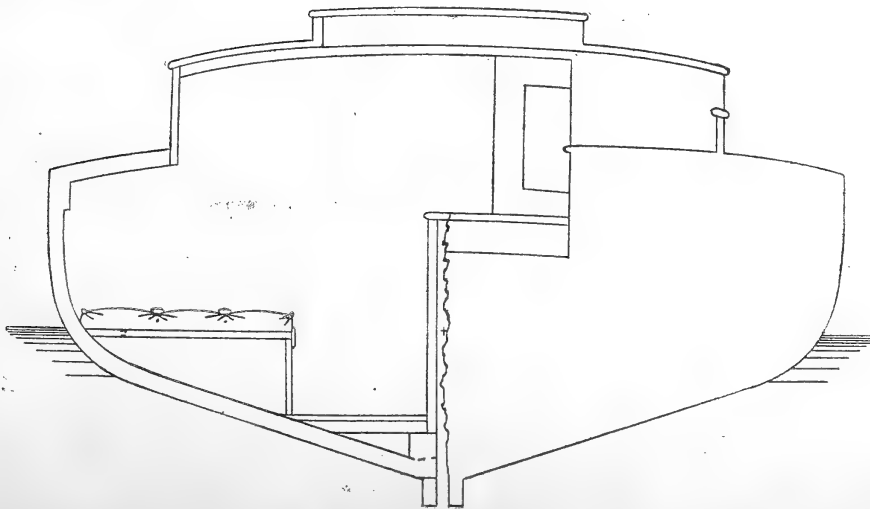
DESIGNED BY THE BOSTON YACHT AGENCY



SAIL PLAN OF CAT YAWL "KUMA."



BODY PLAN.



SECTION IN CABIN.

THE ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.

THE plans for the new house of the St. Lawrence Y. C. are now being prepared by Mr. Gardner, of Montreal. The building will be 40x32. On the ground floor there will be a fine club and dining room, with the usual offices, locker room, dormitory and committee room. The structure promises to be not only a very comfortable but a very handsome club house. The club has also decided to lay down ways for hauling out, and to erect a mending shop and storage shed, with the intention of leasing the plant to a competent builder, and thus doing away with the greatest existing obstacle to the development of yachting in the vicinity of Montreal.

During the winter a number of meetings have been held, the constitution and by-laws have been thoroughly revised, and although there has been a substantial increase in the fees, a very creditable increase in the membership is taking place.

The additions to the fleet for the coming season are of such a nature as to insure good racing in all of the new corrected length classes. Two boats, the Queen, late of the Lake Champlain Y. C., and the Frolic, of the Atlantic Y. C., were bought into the club last fall, and will be raced in the new A class for boats of over 29ft. c.l. The principal addition to this class is, however, the Viking, a 30 l.w.l. of 35 c.l., designed by Mr. S. H. Duggan, the commodore of the club, for Mr. L. I. Smith, and now under construction at MacIntire's Cote St. Paul shop. The Viking has 27ft. beam for 3ft. draft—the limit fixed by the nature of the water—and will have 6,000lbs. of iron outside. She has a low and light counter, a very pretty raking stem, and fine waerlines with very easy but-tocks.

The only boat building for the 29ft. class is one of 22ft. water-line, 27ft. over all, 9ft. beam and about 26ft. c.l., which is being built in Hamilton, by V. W. Ir, for a syndicate of St. Ann's men.

Two new ones are being added to the 24ft. class, one of which, a boat from a Burgess design, now building at Lawley's, promises to be a very fine craft indeed. She is to be about 20ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 3ft. draft, and will carry all the sail which her class allows her. This boat is being built for Mr. W. Kavanaugh. The other is a lapstreak boat of 21ft. l.w.l. and 23ft. c.l., which is being built for Mr. Fairman.

No boats are actually under way for the 21ft. class, although several are talked of, but three boats are being built for the new 18ft. c.l. class, which is intended to be a singlehander class, the crew being limited to two men, and more are being talked of. The boats of this class promise to be exceptionally able and useful little crafts and the class affords a fine opportunity for the amateur designer.

Two of the 18-footers now under construction are being put up together in MacIntire's shop. The one is from Mr. Duggan's design, for Mr. Kenrick, a likely looking little craft of 16ft. l.w.l., 20ft. over all and 6ft. beam, with 500lbs. underneath. The other was designed by Mr. F. P. Shearwood, for Mr. A. W. Shearwood, and for 16ft. l.w.l. she will have 5ft. 6in. beam, 2 1/2 in. draft and about 600lbs. outside. The third boat is a 16ft. catboat, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. E. M. Fulton of the steamship Gadabout.

WORK AT BRISTOL.—The works of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. at Bristol, R. I., are busy with a number of yachts, both sail and steam, in addition to Government work. The largest yacht is a steamer, 112ft. long for W. R. Hearst, to make 25 miles per hour, another steamer, 98ft. long, is for E. D. Morgan, her speed being 23 miles; while Mr. Morgan will also have a steam tender, 27ft. long and 6ft. 5in. beam. Beside these two steamers he has a keel catyawl 29 l.w.l., of the same family as the Consuelo and Clara. Her name will be Ganget. Another catyawl 26ft. 5in. l.w.l. is for Mr. J. C. Moran, of New York. The firm has a steam launch, the Mississqui, for Dr. W. S. Webb, of Burlington, Vt. for use on Lake Champlain. She is 48ft. over all, 7ft. 6in. beam, and has made 19 1/2 miles in one hour. Besides these are two 16ft. cats, one for Boston one for New York. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff designed this winter a keel 46-footer for Mr. Hoyal Phelps Carroll, but nothing has been done toward building her. It is now reported, however, that the firm will build a keel 46, which will make the class still more interesting.

A NEW CRUISING STEAM YACHT.—The Cleveland Shipbuilding Co. is now at work on a large steel steam yacht for Mr. J. H. Wade, of Cleveland, who proposes, after using her on the Lakes this season, to send her to the Mediterranean next fall, where he will join her for a long cruise, probably to Japan and China. The yacht will be 160ft. over all, 21ft. beam, 12ft. depth, 9ft. draft. The keel is 6 by 15 1/2 in. frames 2 1/2 by 3 in. garboards and sheer strakes 3/4 in. and plating 1/2 in. The floors will be 1 1/2 by 16. There will be 5 bulkheads and a steel deck. The 3 cylinder compound engine will be 15 1/2 by 26 and 42 by 22 in.; the Scotch boiler 12 1/2 ft. long by 18 ft., carrying 170 lbs.; and the wheel 7 1/2 ft. diam. The yacht will be fitted with condensers, steam steering gear, and a complete electric light outfit of 135 lamps and a search light of 2,000 candle power. She will also carry an ice machine, while a system of fans will be fitted to force either hot or cold air through the cabins. The arrangement and fittings of the cabins will be very complete and elaborate.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The New York Bay Squadron's committee on education has arranged for a lecture at the Hotel Marlborough, Broadway and Thirty-sixth street, on March 19. The lecturer will be ex-Sergt. Wm. Henderson, U. S. A.; the subject, Signaling. The East River Squadron has elected T. Fleming Day, commodore and W. F. Torrens purser. The New York Bay Squadron has elected Paul E. Vollum commodore, and H. F. G. Wey purser. The first regatta of the season will be given under the Long Island Sound Squadron's auspices at New Rochelle on June 27. The board of managers have named Aug. 1 to 15 as the time for the annual meet. The meet will be at River-side, Conn. The locality is an excellent one, affording daily communication with New York and giving an excellent anchorage and camp grounds. At the next meeting of the navy a committee on plan and scope of the meet will be appointed. The regatta committee is now framing rules for the new twenty-five-footers and raters. The new rules will be published shortly.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C.—The fourth annual dinner of the Rhode Island Y. C. took place at the Narragansett Hotel, Providence, on March 2, nearly 200 persons being present, including Com. John C. Soley, Massachusetts Y. C., commanding officer of the Massachusetts Brigade of Naval Militia; President J. W. Miller, Stonington Steamship Co.; Maj. W. R. Livermore, U. S. A.; Gov. John W. Davis, ex-Gov. Herbert W. Ladd, Lieut. Franklyn J. Drake, U. S. N.; Com. D. J. Burdick, Fall River Y. C.; Judge George M. Carpenter, Hon. Henry W. Hayes, A. G. McVey, yachting editor of the Boston Herald; Hon. Joshua Wilbour, C. L. Samuel P. Colt, and Judge L. Bar n B. Colt. The dinner was a great success, the speeches being specially good. Com. Soley spoke on the subject of the Naval Reserve; Lieut. Drake delivered a very interesting address on the possibilities for speed in the steam craft of the future. Designer McVey spoke on the new 46ft. class. The menu was embellished with a number of severely nautical designs.

TOWER RIDGE BOAT CLUB.—The newly organized Tower Ridge B at Club, of Hastings-on-Hudson, are patiently waiting the disappearance of ice in the river, to start the crib foundation for their club house, which Architect O'Brien, of the New York Central Railroad staff, hopes to have completed by May 30. The officers are: Com. Wm. Christie; Vice-Com. T. K. Fraser; Sec'y, E. Searl; Treas., Wm. Fanning; Capt., A. F. Jones; Meas., H. C. Brown; Trustees, T. K. Fraser, Wm. Fanning, Rev. J. A. Norris, Dr. E. N. Brandt, A. H. Smith, T. M. P. Mills, H. C. Brown, Wm. Ross, Jr., and A. T. Jones; Committee on Membership, T. M. P. Mills, H. C. Brown, T. K. Fraser, Wm. Fanning, Dr. E. N. Brandt, Wm. Ross, Jr., and A. T. Jones. The membership has reached sixty, and about thirty boats will fly the flag at the opening of the season.

OYSTER BAY Y. C.—At a meeting of the directors of the Oyster Bay Steamboat Company, held at the Bay View Hotel, at Oyster Bay, L. I., on March 7, the corporation's dock at Oyster Bay with the land adjacent owned by the company, was leased to the Oyster Bay Y. C. for 21 years at a yearly rental of \$850. By the conditions of the lease the club agrees to keep the dock in good repair, and to allow the landing of regular passenger and freight steamers at all times when necessary, and at the expiration of the lease to turn the property over to the company in as good condition as when it was leased. The club will erect a handsome house near the dock.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—On March 10 there was a very large attendance at the club house to listen to the lecture by Mr. Onas. A. Post, of the lecture committee of the club, on "The Night Sky from the Deck of a Yacht, and How to See It." Mr. Post attempted the difficult task of compressing a subject of almost unlimited magnitude into an evening's talk, and succeeded admirably, retaining the interest of his audience to the end. The lecture, which we hope to publish shortly, was illustrated by a number of stereopticon views from negatives taken by the Lick telescope.

ALVA, steam yacht, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, reached Cadiz on March 7.

PORTLAND Y. C.—The officers elected at the annual meeting on March 4 are: Com. C. W. Bray; Vice-Com. Walter Woodman; Fleet Captain, W. Willis Gould; Sec. Chas. F. Flagg; Treas. C. F. A. Weber; Meas. Jos. H. Dyer; Fleet Surgeon, Charles D. Smith; Trustees—Commodore *ex-officio*, Wm. Senter, J. Hall Boyd, Benj. W. Jones; Regatta Committee—Commodore *ex-officio*, A. M. Smith, R. S. Rand, Willis E. Carter, Wendel Kirsch; Membership Committee—C. J. Farrington, E. H. York, J. Hall Boyd, Secretary *ex-officio*; House Committee—Wm. Willis Gould, Chas. E. Rolfe; Secretary C. D. Smith and Vice-Commodore Owens declined reelection. The anniversary dinner will be held on April 23. The annual spring cruise will take place on May 28; return June 1. The annual challenge cup regatta will be sailed on June 11, 10 A. M.

NAVAL COURTS MARTIAL.—The Army and Navy Publishing Company, Washington, D. C., has just issued a pamphlet on Naval Summary Courts Martial, compiled by Lieutenant Lemly, U. S. Navy, and Lieutenant Denny, U. S. Marine Corps, attached to the Judge Advocate General's Office, Navy Department. The pamphlet treats of the constitution, composition and jurisdiction of summary courts, of the trial and its incidents and includes all the recent rulings and decisions of the Department on subjects that relate to such courts. A complete "form of procedure" is appended. It will be a valuable little reference book, a reliable and convenient guide to naval and marine officers detailed for court martial duty.

ANOTHER OCEAN TRAMP.—Captain Wm. A. Andrews, the bold and hardy navigator whose name is familiar in connection with the Nautilus and Dark Secret, is about to undertake another dangerous and foolhardy voyage; this time in a flat-bottomed centerboard dory, 15ft. long, 5ft. beam and 2ft. depth. His intention, as announced, is to sail for Europe and thence to China and San Francisco.

KATHLEEN.—An advertisement of this well-known 30-footer will be found on another page, as Mr. Whitlock has decided not to race her this year. She has made an excellent record in each of the two seasons that she has raced, and is still good enough to add to them this year, as she has not yet been outbuilt.

CASTANET.—We call attention to the advertisement on another page of Messrs. Fay & Co., who have for sale the 32ft. keel yacht Castanet and several other cruisers, also the 2½ rater Trouble, some, a fast boat that comes within the new 25ft. corrected length class in New York.

FORTUNA. schr., will be towed from her winter berth at Beverly to Boston in a short time, where her foremast will be replaced, her headgear removed and a pole bowsprit shipped, and lead will be added to her keel.

SALADIN.—As usual, Mr. Fowle is the first afloat of Eastern yachtsmen; his 30-footer Saladin was launched last week, and will be cruising about in a short time under a trysail.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. D. S.—We have forwarded your letter to Von W.

W. B. J.—We do not know T. Gardner as a gunmaker.

P. W. G., Boston, Mass.—Pattie of Portland is not registered.

D. W. R., Vanceborough, Me.—Consult our advertising columns.

F. B., Binghamton, N. Y.—We do not know. You had better advertise for one.

F. J. B., Troy.—Copies of the moose portrait are for sale still, and may be obtained by addressing Lucius L. Hubbard, Cambridge, Mass.

J. L. B.—It will be safe to use the powders so far as the material of the gun is concerned, if you do not load too heavily and the powder burns normally.

R. M. S., Philadelphia.—Can you give me the address of builder of portable houses convenient to the Adirondacks? Ans. Norman Barbour, 81 New street, New York, is agent for a portable house.

CONSTANT READER.—In answering your question as to a trainer residing within 100 miles of Chicago, we inadvertently omitted to state that the Riverside Breeding and Training Kennels, Riverside, Ind., are located 90 miles from Chicago.

J. H. B., Punkapog.—Can you tell me how it is possible to keep prairie dogs out of a sheep pasture? Ans. We know of no way. They can be kept down by trapping and shooting. Perhaps some of our Western sheep herding readers can give J. H. B. points on this.

J. E. L., Carthage, Mo.—A makes a wager that a dog which had lost an eye would be demerited on that account; B says not. Ans.

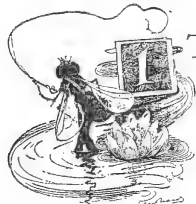
A is right. Total blindness disqualifies, and the loss of an eye is certainly a demerit, and under a proper judge will be scored accordingly.

BEAGLE.—I see some beagle hounds advertised in your paper for \$5. Do you think they would be any good at that price? What is a good beagle hound worth? Ans. 1. The breeding is good. 2. All depends on breeding and training, anywhere from \$10 to \$50. Of course a good bench winner will come much higher.

J. H. Y. E. B., Cazenovia, N. Y.—I am the owner of two rough-coated St. Bernards; bitch, Francesca (A. K. R. 3,017), and a dog puppy, out of her by a dog called Prince, owned in Boston, said to be a registered animal. I bought the bitch of an old lady's estate; and would like to know how to have proper transfer made on A. K. R. books, also how to register the puppy? Ans. The A. K. R. was purchased by the American Kennel Club, and your dog must now be registered in their stud book. The fee is \$1, and blanks and all information can be obtained from A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York city.

PHEASANTS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Where can I obtain colored plates of the various kinds of pheasants. Where can Elliott's Monograph of the Pheasant be obtained and at what price? Please give me an idea of the nature of the work. Ans. This magnificent monograph was published in London by the author in 1872. The subscription price was \$27.75. Only 150 copies were printed and all were sold. It can now only be obtained by chance. It brings now in London \$50. At the Ives sale last week a copy was sold for \$100, which was cheap. We have a little book called "Pheasant Keeping for Amateurs" which has one colored and nine uncolored plates. Price \$1.50.

ALBRO, Webb, Mo.—1. Will you please tell me if any town in any State has the right of eminent domain, as regards the streams on private property in said town? 2. Can the State specially legislate, giving towns the right to control the fishing on streams belonging to private individuals? 3. If so, would the law be constitutional? 4. Can the individual have any redress, provided the law is unconstitutional, if he has been fined in accordance with such a law. Ans. 1. As to the right of eminent domain we advise you to consult a lawyer. 2. The State undoubtedly has the power to give towns right to legislate respecting fishing in streams belonging to private individuals, just as the State itself legislates directly as to such waters. 3. The constitutionality of many of our fish and game laws can be determined only by carrying the test cases to the highest courts. 4. Yes, if he thinks it will pay to fight it out in the courts.



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It is of the utmost importance to Anglers who contemplate taking a trip to Florida for Tarpon Fishing that they provide themselves with proper tackle.

Our Noib Wood Tarpon Rod, patent compensating steel pointed Reels, Tarpon Lines and Snells on forged hooks, made expressly for this kind of fishing, have stood the most severe tests and given perfect satisfaction.

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NOTICE TO LIMIT CREDITORS.

To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company: Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof, such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILLIAM H. LEMASSEN, Receiver, 302 Broad st. Newark, N. J.

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Here I am again as usual cutting the prices of Fishing Tackle. Low prices and good quality of goods increases my business. It will pay you to buy your tackle in Brooklyn.

No. 1, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Trout or Black Bass Fly Rods, solid reel seat below hand, nickel mountings, silk whippings, extra tip, all complete in wood form, length 9½, 10, 10½ft., weight 7, 8, 9oz.	Price	\$2 72
No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted	"	3 32
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8½, 9, 9½, 10ft., weight 9, 10½, 12, 13oz.	Price	2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted	"	3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz.	"	2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint.	"	3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft.	"	90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25yds., 83c.; 40yds., 95c.; 60yds., \$1.05; 80yds., \$1.15; 100yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40yds., \$1.75; 60yds., \$2.25; 80yds., \$2.50; 100yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300ft., 41c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300ft., 9 thread, 38c.; 12 thread, 45c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., doz., 45c.		

J. F. MARSTERS. 51, 53 & 55 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send 2c. stamp for Illustrated Catalogue for 1891. OPEN EVENINGS.



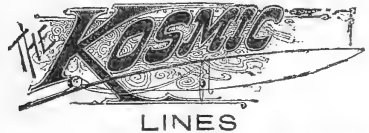
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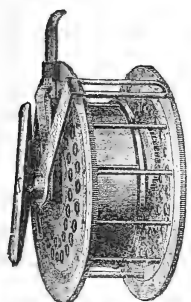
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SIXTH—It enables the angler, and makes it desirable, to use lighter tackle.
These claims have been substantiated by the most skillful fishermen in America and Europe.



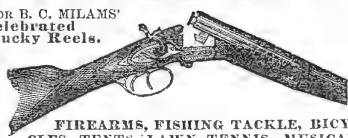
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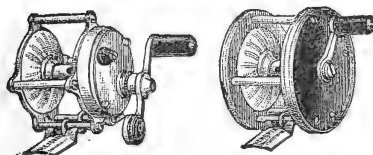


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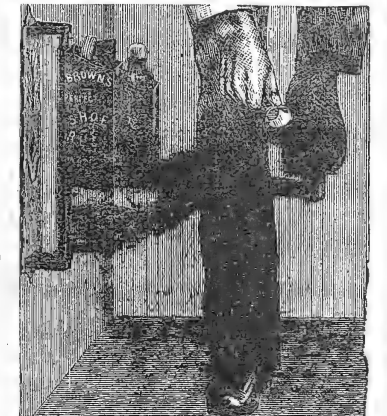
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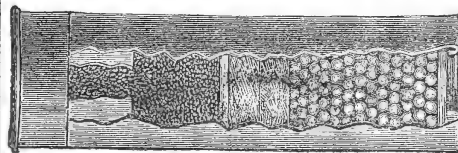
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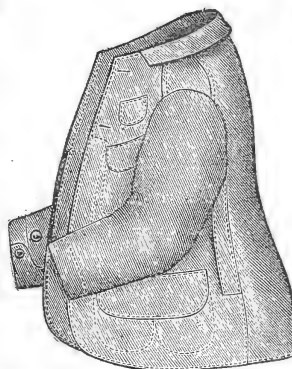


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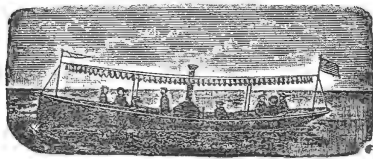
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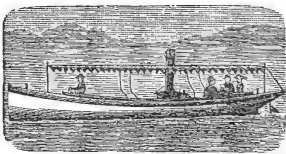
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STOCKING LAKE ONTARIO.

IN September last we published an account of the great popular movement, led by many representative New York men, in behalf of an increased supply of cheap fish food for the State, and particularly for Lake Ontario. The circular widely distributed by these gentlemen, who are officers of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River and of the Caledonia Fishing Club, together with influential editors and judges, showed the backward position of New York, as compared with some of the other States and the Dominion of Canada, in the efforts to increase the whitefish, and indicated the steps necessary for the future of fishculture in the region. The specific demands of this undertaking are: Liberal and systematic appropriations for artificial hatching, a strict close time during the spawning season, preventing the capture of undersized fish, efficient protection of stocked waters, and coöperation with the national Government and with Canada in all measures necessary to secure the desired object.

The comparative neglect of Lake Ontario has become a matter of notoriety, and the appeals of public-spirited gentlemen have enlisted the attention not only of the Fish Commission of New York, but, also, of the national Congress. On the part of the New York Commission the sympathy with the popular desire has found expression in their published determination to largely increase the introduction of whitefish and ciscoes into Lake Ontario next spring. In our issue of Feb. 26 we set forth the measure taken by the Government in behalf of Lake Ontario. An appropriation was made by Congress for the establishment of a hatchery in the State of New York, near the St. Lawrence River, and it is intended that this establishment shall have a capacity of 100,000,000 whitefish eggs and 1,000,000 salmon eggs, together with troughs for 1,000,000 salmon fry and an extensive system of rearing ponds. This appropriation was made

contingent upon the condition that the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries is satisfied that the State of New York has taken necessary measures to regulate the fishing and protect spawning fish in the waters to be benefited by fishcultural operations.

In some of the correspondence growing out of this subject, and particularly in a letter written by the Superintendent of Canadian Fishculture, it is stated that the U. S. Fish Commission, like some other organizations, holds to the doctrine that artificial breeding without the aid of wise protection will suffice to insure a permanent fishery. The real position of the Commissioner of Fisheries is so clearly shown in his report accompanying the bill for the establishing of a fish hatchery for Lake Ontario that we need only refer our readers to that document to show that this criticism is groundless.

The more we look into this subject the more we are astonished at the little attention bestowed upon Lake Ontario. Since the beginning of whitefish hatching by Canada in 1868 that government has deposited annually about 16,000,000 of fry on the average, but very few of these have been placed in Lake Ontario. For the years 1887 and 1888 the output of whitefish by Canada in this lake was less than 10,000,000. From 1883 to 1890 the U. S. Fish Commission has deposited in Lake Ontario 40,097,000 whitefish fry.

One of the essentials of success in fishcultural operations is their systematic conduct upon a large scale, and this is provided for in the national legislation above referred to, which contemplates a hatchery with a capacity of 100,000,000 in a season; and we look forward with bright anticipations to the future of the whitefish in Lake Ontario, under the combined activity of a healthy public sentiment and a wise State and national policy.

POT-HUNTERS AND SPORTSMEN.

AS the bad example of a professing Christian is worse than that of a non-professor, so are the law-breaking and selfishness of professed sportsmen immeasurably worse than the evil deeds and unfair methods of those who make no pretension to the name which should imply respect of law and the rights of all.

Too many sportsmen have a feeling that the laws are not made to restrain them but only the market-shooter and pot-hunter, and too many are apt to measure success by their score. Indeed, there are more than would be willing to confess it, who feel pride in making a large bag, and humiliation in bringing home an empty one, and fewer than boast of it, who are content with small things well done.

In sober truth, this class of peripatetic philosophers is almost confined to those who use the gun and rod as the excuse for a ramble, or go hunting without a gun and fishing without a rod.

Nothing is expected of the market-shooter but violation of law and complete hoggishness under cover of the law, and if he disappoints this expectation he is credited only with fear of the law or ill luck even when his example should shine like a good deed in a naughty world and lead more pretentious men to better practice.

But the eyes of all men are upon the vaunted true sportsman, not as one above the law except as he needs not its restraints but as one who more religiously than all others shall abide by it and uphold it, even when its restrictions run contrary to his desire and his judgment.

He must be an exemplar of strict adherence to its letter, for if his practice accords not with his precept, to whom shall we look for faithfulness?

Necessity and desire for gain are stronger incentives to infraction of law than the gratification of the sporting instinct. How can we expect those who are impelled by these to abide by the statutes, when the sportsman sets the example of disobedience?

GAME preserve fences may be pig-proof, horse-high and bull-proof, but they cannot keep in the imported pheasants. The country along the New York and New Jersey line between Greenwood Lake and the Delaware River has been stocked with English pheasants, which have strayed from Tuxedo Park, the Stuyvesant estate at Tranquility, and Mr. A. S. Hewitt's preserve at Ringwood. There is abundant cover for the game in the Warwick and Shawangunk mountains, and it is to be expected that they will spread over a wide stretch of territory. This rule holds good in greater or less degree in the neighborhood of all game preserves.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE bill now before the New York Legislature, as amended, printed and ordered to second reading in the Assembly, differs from the text as printed in our issue of Jan. 24. The present bill provides for five commissioners, one from each judicial department, the first appointments to be for one, two, three, four and five years respectively; subsequent appointments (as the first terms expire) to be for five years; the office to be in Albany. It makes the deer hunting season Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; hounding, Sept. 10 to Oct. 11; hare, rabbit, Sept. 1 to March 1; wildfowl, Sept. 1 to March 1; quail, Nov. 10 to Jan. 1; woodcock and partridge, plover, bay snipe, etc., Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; robins, blackbirds, meadow larks, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; trout, May 1 to Sept. 1, none less than 6in.; salmon trout and landlocked salmon, May 1 to Oct. 1; black bass, Oswego bass, May 30 to Jan. 1, none less than 8in.; muskallonge, May 29 to Jan. 1; salmon, March 1 to Aug. 15, none under 18in. There are numerous exceptions relating to localities as to both game and fish. The act if passed will take effect immediately.

The West Jersey Game Protective Society is an association with a membership of over one thousand, having control of the shooting in six counties of the State. Their charter empowers them to tax non-residents for the privilege of shooting game \$5 the first year and \$2 annually thereafter. The membership is chiefly composed of non-residents. The society is governed by a board of directors, there being one from each county. The income from license fees is devoted to the payment of officers to enforce the game laws, and to the purchase of live game for stocking. There is a large class of residents who are restive under the rule of the society. A bill to annul its charter was before the Legislature last year, but did not pass. This year a similar bill has passed the Assembly by a vote of 48 to 6. The non-residents will find little comfort in the new "Home Rule" measure, however, since it increases the tax he must pay to \$10 per year, with \$1 to the clerk who makes out the paper for him. This applies to the entire State. The law is to be enforced by county game commissions of ten members, and the proceeds are to go to enforce the laws and increase the stock of game.

A recent Canadian decision, as reported in the *Canadian Law Journal*, relative to shooting rights on navigable waters, was this: Ownership of land and water (though not inclosed) gives to the proprietor, under the common law, the sole and exclusive right to fish, fowl, hunt or shoot within the precincts of that private property, subject to the game laws when pertinent. And this exclusive right is not diminished by the fact that the land may be covered by navigable water. The right of navigation, where it exists, is to be used so as not to unnecessarily disturb or interfere with the enjoyment of the subordinate private rights of fishing and shooting. The public can only use the water for *bona fide* purposes of navigation, but not so as to occupy the water for the purposes of fishing or fowling when the soil underneath is the private property of one who objects to such occupation.

Size is rapidly displacing number as a criterion of success with the rod. It is the big fish, not the big string of fish, that is shown with pride among men who claim to be true anglers. They tell a good story of a fellow from this city who went up to a New Hampshire lake last summer where there were several New York anglers, and having succeeded in catching a huge string of diminutive bass, brought in his spoils in triumph and exultation. The cold, not to say scornful and sneering, reception given him by every fisherman in the party so dampened his foolish pride that he cut short his stay, and quickly sought other fields of renown. This growing contempt for the fingerling fisherman is thoroughly healthful. It means everything for the fish supply.

The United States Supreme Court rendered a decision last Monday in the Massachusetts menhaden fishing case, sustaining the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court that the State has jurisdiction over the waters of Buzzards Bay and may regulate the fisheries therein. This ruling will have an important bearing on the menhaden legislation of other States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE REGION ROUND NICATOWIS.

XXI.—GRAND FALLS AND SPAWNOK.

WE went down stream in the chilly morning, saying good-bye to our old heron as he sat hunched up under the trees on the sunny left bank. Off behind a swamp we heard a partridge drumming, but not being anxious to wait in the cool, did not encourage Father's going after him, and at Trout Brook Landing we were willing to go ashore and exercise to get warm.

It lacked an hour or two of noon when we reached the head of Grand Falls. These are a mile long, rough water all the way, ending in a natural fall, improved for driving purposes by a rolling dam about 14ft. high. That is my own version on my own judgment; Well's Water Power of Maine gives the falls as 200 rods, the total fall 100ft., the last pitch 20ft. I do not know about the length of the falls, but that carry is full 320 rods by my reckoning, and I carried on it a varied load from my slippery jacket and the rifle down to whatever could be clutched with the other hand; if any benevolent-minded person said that it was twice as long as Nicatowis carry I should try to believe him unless he could prove that the jacket was just twice as slippery as it had been there. I do not pretend to know the total descent of the falls, though it is considerable. But as to the last pitch I have an opinion, though rather than quarrel with Well's Water Power, I would compromise, stretching the height from 14ft. to 15ft. if the opposing party will throw in the other 5. It is a good fall, though, and pours down a flood of white water.

Father and I each lugged a light load across, but Jot, after running ahead a little to look out the place, said "he guessed he could go it all right." It is bad water at any time; even in a dry season Big Sebattis declared that it was "berry rabbidge water" and took "great deal judgment" to pole up it; but this year the stream was 2 or 3ft. higher than Father had ever seen it in the fall, and the increased volume of water pouring down over the falls made them much worse than usual. The rains had so swollen the river that it boiled down over the rocks in great white rapids that showed a brandy-colored edge above the yellow foam when the sun struck on them, rapid after rapid, increasing as they descended until, just before it made ready for the grand leap, it was all foam. After waiting some time, part of the time on the bridge watching the water and part of the time in the bushes basking in the hot sun, I heard the clink of the pole on the rocks, and soon the Lady Emma appeared slowly picking her way through the rapids. Presently she shot beneath the bridge and Jot landed out on a large rock on the right bank just above the Grand Pitch. He did not say much about the place except that there was "some great kywashing around up there," and that the worst of it was not in sight. Several times, he said, when he put his pole down the whole length it did not touch bottom—a great danger when all may depend on getting pole-hold and snubbing at that particular place. Pointing to the last rapid above the grand pitch, the worst of those in sight, he said that he went through several places as bad as that. Many expert watermen would not have cared to run Grand Falls this year when Jot did. Let me forestall the question by confessing that I am altogether too much of a coward to have desired any part in it myself.

We took time to view the grand pitch from the dam both above and below and also crossed the stream to the left side where there is a great, square, out-hanging rock, which some poor witting undoubtedly either has named or will name the Devil's Pulpit. Let it be named Joe Mitchell's Rock, for here it was, in full view of the magnificent panorama of the river, the falls and the mountains below, that old Joe used to have his camp and his eel-pots, and here was enacted that laughable story with which many an audience has since been entertained, of Joe Mitchell's eels and Stickney's cow.

Just before we embarked I found a family of snakes coiled up in the sun. It was mean to do it, but I threw them into the swift current to see them swim. They came straight to the shore, riding on the surface of the swift water, their heads and breasts reared up, their backs arched in undulating advancing curves. They were Virgil's pythons coming from Tenedos, vindicating his description point for point, and imparting to it a new forcefulness, it seemed to me.

From the Grand Falls down the stream is quiet, with low banks and few camping places. The hot sun made it pleasant for us, but in the treetops we could hear a wind howling. We glided along quietly, occasionally scaring up an old heron that would keep just within tempting gun shot of us, until we came to Spawnook Lake, which is threaded on the stream like a single great bead. On the lake it was blowing a gale. From the shelter of the inlet we could see the big, white-capped waves, black and ridgy, rolling in to us across the shoal ground. On a lake one never sees the smooth, glassy, green rollers of the sea shore; lake waves are blue, black, or leaden, with wrinkled fronts, and they rise up very straight on the foreside as they are driven on by the wind which they never long outlive. We looked at the lake before we started out, and planned how we should be able bear up against the wind. But this was not like that day when we were windbound at Nicatowis, nor like that other when we were driven down over the shoal and rocky ground at the foot of Caucomgomoc with the odds against us. We could see the worst of the waves, and the lee shore was clear sand. We laughed as, within the haven of the inlet, we took off our head gear to prevent its being blown away, tucked the tent down over the load and the gossamer over myself to keep the water off, and put out. It was rough, about as rough as it could be on a lake no larger than Spawnook, and hard work for the paddlers, who had to do their best to prevent being driven back on the shoal ground and capsized; but it was good fun for the passenger with nothing to do but be rocked like a sea-gull and admire the skill with which the Lady Emma was held on her quartering course so long as the wind permitted, and the moment a gust came or a larger wave than common lifted his crest, was turned head to, and eased off, so that with an uplift of the bows she rode out what would otherwise have come near to upsetting her. Maps give this lake the name of Saponic, but that is not its proper title. The real name is Pawnook, or Barnook, and it means "an opening in the mountains"—an appropriate name for this sudden expansion of the stream

just as it reaches the foot of the massive Passadumkeag Mountain sloping down to it on one side, and the granite studded hills which encircle it on the others. Pawnook was the name the Indians gave it seventy years ago; for in 1828, or within a year of that date, when my grandfather went up the Passadumkeag with some Indians and S. R. Peale, of Philadelphia, a member of Long's expedition in 1819-1820, and of Commodore Wilkes's in the forties, the Indians gave this name and this meaning. If we cannot restore the old Pawnook or its softer equivalent, Barnook, let us keep the vulgar Spawnook, and not give up name, association, meaning and everything for the barbarous Saponic proposed by some unknown map-maker, or corrupted by some careless printer.

The wind was so strong that we could not keep the course we wished to, but instead of going directly for the old bark landing on the left where we intended to camp, we were forced to head up into the wind a great deal more than we wished to, until, when nearly half a mile out from the shore, where we wished to land, we could take advantage of a lull, turn and run in shore. We did not take in much water after all, thanks to good management. And we did pass a very pleasant evening on that camp ground; though being the last, it seemed just a little lonesome.

XXII.—"AND SO HOME,"

The next morning we started out again—another glorious day, bright October weather, not too cold, but every morning the trees waking to find themselves redder than before. Just as we entered the outlet Father killed two wood-ducks at a shot. A little below comes the fall called White Horse, which Father and I walked past as only one man was needed in handling the canoe and our extra weight would make it harder. I remember that I had been allotting on the fun of running the quick water here and at Lowell and lost both.

Many were the pleasant reminiscences of this day, little things seen in passing—a blackbird in the bushes, a flock of ducks flying, ship-timber floating slowly down stream, an old heron that like all those we had seen this trip was so tame that we repeatedly came within a few rods of him. At one place we heard a partridge drumming, and Jot and I remained in the canoe looking over the side at the wriggling creatures in the water, while Father went off after the partridge. In the course of half an hour he returned with his bird, having successfully located him and hunted him up when he was drumming on the top of a granite rock some five feet high.

Down to Lowell we floated quietly, but below there the stream is broken by many rips, "nothing at all for water," as Jot would say, but very delightful for the canoeist, who loves to feel the quickened pulse of the water and to see the canoe, skillfully guided, swerve, turn, or shoot ahead as directed. Most of these rips had water enough on them to be run on the paddle, but sometimes we used the pole a little. With a poor canoeist in the stern every one, insignificant as they were, would have been a fresh vexation, for we should have been run upon gravel beds, scratched over little stones and bumped on big ones, which hurts one's feelings more than it does the canoe. But with Jot all was different. He does not need our commendations as woodsman, hunter, waterman, cook, or honest man, but he has them, none the less.

O, the perfection of a day, the perfection of a cruise—to glide over still waters in the hot sunshine, to dance with the ripples down the rapids, the trees standing on both sides robed in scarlet. That it was the last day, so soon to be over, only made us grasp the more greedily at its pleasures; we drank in our environment with the unslakeable thirst of Gargantua, and a hundred pictures of scenes we passed are held in memory as vivid as the moment we passed them. How we did enjoy the day! like others that had preceded, rainy and sunny alike; looking back we would not have had any of them other than as it was. The weather and the events seemed to have sympathized from the first; we saw each place in the mood most becoming to it. We would not for a world have missed the exquisite delight of that day about the Pistol region, and Fourth Lake would not have shown half its proper dismalness on any but just such auspicious days as we spent there.

Just above Rocky Rips, Father shot a sheldrake flying overhead and brought him down into the water; we saw him fall and swim a space; when we were almost upon him he disappeared. We searched everywhere for him, scanning the bottom up stream and down, to see that he was not clinging to the weeds beneath the water, and beating the banks to drive him out if he were hiding. Failing to find him, we went ashore to take our last meal together. After dinner we went down stream over Rocky Rips, Lightning Rips, Scalp Rock—natives call it Sculp Rock; it commemorates some old Indian fight probably of the last century, and there was another at Spawnook—and over all the other numerous rapids on the way. 'Tis too bad not to tell a good joke on one's self. I was pondering over the escape of the sheldrake, going over all the possible escapes open to him, how he looked, how he was wounded, which way he went, and all that, when only a few feet from us a pickerel flipped out of water with such suddenness that I was scared into speaking. Well, what did I say? What but "There's your duck, Father," and got well laughed at as I deserved, for the duck had been shot miles behind and was either dead or recovering long before.

We went down through the wide meadows, the booms, the rafting-out place, to the town of Passadumkeag. It was not pleasant to see houses again; we always dread the coming back. But we repacked our goods into smallest compass, brought out the neglected clothes brush and clean but crumpled collars, straightened our hat brims and made ready to go down to the railroad station and so home, as loath to return as we had been anxious to go. *Sic semper.*

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

[Next week we shall begin the publication of a series of papers by Miss Hardy, entitled "Six Years Under Maine Game Laws." As the topic is one of importance, and one about which our correspondent is well qualified to write intelligently, the papers will be read with interest. It is well known that in a large section of Maine the present game and fish laws are disregarded. If Miss Hardy shall carry out her expressed intention of telling the public how this unfortunate condition has come about and shall succeed in pointing out even a partial remedy, she will have performed a public service of no mean magnitude.]

WILDFOWL IN OREGON.—III.

HUNTERS habitually refer only to their successes. Seldom do you hear much about their failures and their hardships; but then hunters at best are only human beings in disguise. Observation and experience impresses me with the belief that a record of the failures and hardships in the life of any persistent sportsman would constitute more than half of his diary. The rains, the chilling fogs, the cold winds, wet feet, muddy duckboats, frozen decoys, tired bones, hungry stomachs, all these are seldom referred to; neither is much said about empty game bags; but without experiencing all or most of these vexations and afflictions no man was ever a true hunter. You can tell the old hunter from the tyro simply by his patience in adversity and his calmness in distress. He never murmurs; he never wants to go home simply because things have gone a little wrong or the ducks don't fly. Hunting is a safe cure for chronic. It either makes better men of them or makes them stay at home where they belong.

Dan Howe and I left Portland at 2 o'clock A. M. one dark stormy night on the old hunting boat for a shoot around Sturgeon Lake on Sauvie Island. It was not only dark, but black, and the rain was out of Oregon's old original stock, the same that prompted envious neighbors to dub this the "Webfoot" State. I concede that it does sometimes rain in this country for six weeks, day and night, without cessation. I concede that the word Oregon affects the majority of Eastern people somewhat as a mild attack of the ague affects them, and that in their minds it is synonymous with mists, clammy feet and influenza, but these assertions about the birds, the animals and the people all being web-footed, I assure you are not strictly true. As a matter of course it rains; but ordinarily the rains are of such a mild, gentle little tear-drop kind that nobody seems to feel like seriously protesting.

But this particular night was very stormy and boisterous. An hour brought us to the "breakwater," through which we were hurled into Willamette Slough. This breakwater is a thorn in the side with every Portland hunter. It is built at the entrance to the Slough and is an extremely dangerous place in the night. It is always a relief to be through it, either going or coming. Another hour brought us to the mouth of the Gilbert River, a navigable tide stream of the island, up which we started under a good head of steam. Ten minutes more and the prow of the boat was pointing to the north star, while the stern was almost under water. In fact, the water was washing into the fire room. We had run square upon a sunken log, and apparently were there to stay unless the boat sank. Every usual expedient in such cases failed to bring us off, so Dan and I, against the protestations of the captain, launched our little duck punt, which was about the size and shape of an ordinary coffin, and pulled up to our destination, leaving the dogs to find their way as best they could along the bank. It was a long, laborious pull; but perseverance prevailed, and we arrived in due time at the narrow ridge which separates Big and Little Sturgeon.

It rained unusually hard all day, but the shooting was excellent. The birds were continuously flying over this ridge, back and forth between the Sturgeons; and taking our station in their fly-ways, we killed all we could carry. As I have remarked before, it rained. Our luncheon got wet and resolved itself into a kind of soft hash. Its sickly, mysterious appearance was enough to appease even a hunter's appetite without partaking of it. Night came on early, and the last we could discern of the hunting boat was her white steam rolling up over the trees away down the Gilbert, as she puffed and pulled in her frantic efforts to free herself from the embrace of that log. We learned afterward that she pulled off at dusk, whistled herself hoarse for us and then steamed back to Portland. But we were too far off to hear her, and could not have reached her in time if we had.

As the darkness settled down upon us we began to think serious thoughts. A night on Sturgeon Ridge, in such a wind and such a rain, was not an agreeable contemplation. Dan suggested that we try to reach an old hunter's cabin which he remembered to have seen away at the upper end of the ridge. We acted upon the suggestion, hung our ducks in a tree and struck out for this haven of rest.

It was very dark, but by following the bank of the lake we arrived at a point opposite that at which Dan supposed the cabin to be located. Feeling our way through the dripping brush for half an hour we found the cabin, entered, scratched a match and surveyed our quarters. We found ourselves in a little box about 8ft. square, with no sign of a roof, and such evidences of cattle having been there as made hip boots a necessity. We got out of that place; and stood under a tree to talk the matter over. It was raining and blowing just as hard as ever; and was getting cold. Finally we concluded to build a fire and try to get warm. Did you ever try to build a fire of a dark, rainy, windy night with green, wet wood, benumbed hands and a match?

Well, as the last match flickered and went out we stood there shivering and silent. I don't know what Dan was thinking about, but I was thinking something about home, hot supper and a blazing fire in the hearth.

The wind moaned and the rain drizzled down our backs, the only variation in the monotony being the hoarse whooping of cranes, the weird honking of geese, and the rude quacking of ducks, while their restless thousands made the air tremulous. It seemed as if the air itself was some living thing, shivering as we were, such a strange, confused, incessant noise did the wings of the uneasy water-fowl make.

But we must do something. It would be at least ten hours until daylight and it would not do to stand there all night. So we sneaked away into the darkness like two thieves, or two tramps under orders from the police to move on. Shortly we struck a grassy swale and following it came to an old hay barn built up on stilts. We could not get in, but hearing hogs grunting and snoring underneath, we concluded that they might go out on watch a while and give us a chance to get warm. Of course the dogs eagerly took off our hands the job of ejectment, and, shame to say, we crawled into their warm beds. No, not exactly into them, but we compromised with our pride and got as close as we could. Then the fun commenced. It was very evident that our intrusion was distasteful to both the hogs and the fleas; but it was fight or freeze, and we prepared to fight. The battle

lasted five hours, but the perseverance of the swine and the perseverance of the fleas won the field. Imagine our surprise, however, when emerging from this den we found that the clouds had broken away, the wind had stilled and nearly a full moon was smiling down upon us.

The air was full of water fowl seeking their feeding grounds, for as is well known, they feed as readily by moonlight as by daylight, particularly when they are hunted a great deal.

We came to a little round wapato lake, and the boom of a gun away up the island suggested that we might mix a little fun with our night's wretchedness. So we sat down on the bank of that little pond and potted about two dozen mallards by moonlight. It is a reprehensible practice, however, and should not be countenanced, for ducks must have their feed and rest without molestation or they will abandon the best of lakes.

Next morning we found our way back to the ridge, pulled the boat over into Little Sturgeon, paddled our way to the head of the island, boarded a passing river steamer, ate up everything eatable aboard except the China cook, and in due course of time arrived home with about eighty mallards.

It must be that the mind cannot retain painful memories, or if it does it ignores them, for after years of hunting and angling with all their accompanying hardships and privations, to-night finds me loading shells and wishing for bad weather just the same as of old.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

Natural History.

DOVES NESTING IN TREES.

It seems strange that the mourning dove (*Zenaidura macroura*) should ever attempt to nest in trees, seeing the extreme labor such an undertaking entails upon her, but the fact that she frequently does so remains and furnishes food for reflection to the ornithologist.

Every one is familiar with this bird's nest as found on the ground, a shallow, carelessly-constructed affair, with the two snow-white eggs, over which the sleek owner broods continually from the time the first is laid until the two are hatched, not daring to come off except at dusk, so conspicuous are her treasures in their far-gleaming whiteness. This is her natural nesting place. When the time comes it is but little trouble for her to collect the handful of dry weed-stems and straws upon which to deposit her eggs, and so perfectly does her gray-hued plumage blend with the tints of the soil that they are seldom discovered by man unless disclosed by her flight therefrom.

It is when this beautiful creature, whose name has become with us a synonym for meekness and gentleness, resolves to become "a scornor of the ground" that her trouble begins. The interested observer finds himself at a loss in his speculations for what he may deem sufficient cause to justify all this extra labor. To be sure, the ground-nesters are subject to a thousand perils that immediately suggest themselves to the mind and furnish apparently obvious reasons why this timid and gentle bird should seek, in the selection of an unusual nesting place, to avoid some of the dangers that threaten her eggs and her young. But we commonly agree that birds through all their changes have preserved the wisdom of ancestral serpents entire, and I felt pretty certain one May morning, when I discovered a dove preparing to build in a vinesap of my orchard, that this wisdom was at fault. A little investigation, I said to myself, would have proved that this leafy security of the grove is a matter of pure imagination. No shady deep suffices, no triumph in the art of concealment avails to render the successful rearing of a brood of young birds anything less than a miracle, and as far as safety is an object she might as well have trusted to mother earth and saved herself trouble. I was, however, highly pleased to have her meet this "sea of troubles" in my orchard.

To one who, like myself, holds the study of birds his chiefest recreation, and who has to contend with the natural disadvantages of prairie location, it becomes a matter of no small importance to detain among his wind-swept groves such of his feathered friends as stray thither from more congenial haunts. He must learn to regard a nest as a thing almost too sacred to be looked at, much less rifled of its contents; and the shells in his shotgun must be allowed to reach a green old age, whatever temptations may assail him in the shape of glowing wings. Nor will this spirit of forbearance alone suffice; he must, if he gain his end and bring about the desired amicable relations, make propitiatory offerings in the shape of boxes for bluebirds, wrens and martins, a festal board in some retired nook whereon corn is to be spread for the cardinal, and free baths at all hours for all comers.

And after everything is done, the student of bird life on the prairie will find that his work lies among the yoe-manry of the feathered race—the robins, the brown thrushes, the kingbirds and sparrows. The rarer songsters hold themselves aloof in the line of blue timber that bounds his horizon, and whose sequestered, wing-haunted shadows seem to him a very paradise. Even from the great warbler clan—the Smith family among the birds—the yellow warbler is generally the only one who will accept his hospitalities and venture to swing his nest among the uneasy treetops of the place. Perhaps once in many years that inveterate little tree lover, the chickadee, will espy a woodpecker's hole in one of his fence posts, and, unable to resist it, be seen tearing the lint from gunny sacks and stripping the fibrous bark from weeds; and then our ornithologist, "too happy" at red sunrise, will hear the fairylike song of this little fellow, and in due time be filled with a pleasant astonishment at beholding a pint or so of nestlings tumble off that little lint-lined den.

I imagine that any one who makes a study of the living birds and becomes acquainted with their many taking ways, will soon begin to look askance at his cabinet of stuffed ones, and at his collection of blown eggs, so many of which, with the lapse of time, lose their richness of coloring and gloss. I, for my part, no longer find the mummified specimens in the glass case or on the dusty shelf to my taste. A hawk, or an owl, or some one of the waders who can stand to petrification when alive, are the only birds anyway that are endurable stuffed. With the others life is motion, and after the first glance at

their mounted skins the beholder's pleasure in them is gone. Besides, how thick the shell of selfishness on his conscience; thoughts and memories will fall on it sometimes as he looks at his spoils, that like coals of fire will make the creature show signs of life.

No evil intent marred my pleasure that morning when I discovered the dove prowling in my orchard. With a heart soft as her own and as far from any treachery, I chose a tree sufficiently distant from the scrubby vinesap she had picked out, and couching in the grass at its foot proceeded to devote the remainder of the morning to watching her movements; for though I had several times found doves' nests in my orchard, this was the first time I had ever caught one building, and I was curious to see how these rosy-footed walkers managed among the interlacing twigs. It soon appeared that whatever the difficulties of the undertaking, the female dove was to encounter them alone. For the three or four hours that I watched her she toiled at her task unaided; her selfish mate, sitting concealed in a neighboring blackberry patch, answered her short, piteous appeals for help with a note of undisturbed serenity and content. She certainly needed assistance. Unable to hop, like the perchers, from twig to twig, she was obliged to make her way through the trees by means of her wings, which striking against the branches about her, baffled and distressed her beyond measure.

I was ready to accuse her of being uncommonly stupid as well as headstrong by the time the morning was gone, for it was only on one side that the branches of the tree were so disposed as to admit her into the leafy interior, and if she failed, as she frequently did, to strike this opening when she returned laden with building material, she became completely bewildered, and would fly distressfully about the tree in search of the lost portal, when apparently the difficulty would have been to have missed it. But she was out of her sphere and suffering the natural consequences of her aggression.

About noon she flew away in search of food or rest, and I went over there to see what she had accomplished. Among the close-set branches of the tree lay the loose jumble of stems and straws—the handful of trash which had been collected at the cost of so much time and trouble. It was a mere skeleton platform in arrangement, and the material composing it could have been gotten together in five minutes by a bluebird or a robin. Much of it had evidently fallen through to the ground, and what remained looked so hopelessly insecure as a foundation for a nest that I was strongly tempted to improve it by sprinkling a similar assortment of stems and straws on top of it, but the remembrance of how a like officiousness on my part had resulted in the case of two robins, deterred me, and after a short inspection of the dove's work I went away. She came back no more that day, and I believed that she had given it up, disheartened and disgusted with things in general, and her mate in particular. But the avian mind seldom changes in the matter of nest-making, if left unmolested by man. Once resolved on a building site I have seen them hold it in spite of most audacious attacks from lesser foes, and overcome what seemed to me insuperable natural difficulties.

The dew was still bright on the grass the next morning when I heard the peculiar whistling flight of the dove, and going down I found my bird at work. Again she spent half the day at her solitary task, carrying and arranging her coarse twigs and straws with an air of troubled uncertainty that was quite piteous. Once when a golden warbler suddenly darted down and gave her a spiteful peck on the back she took no notice, but plodded on absorbedly in search of straws. Three days this work went on, the whole of the mornings being devoted to building and the afternoons to rest and recreation.

At the end of this time the loose, shaky platform supported a pile of debris that presented a quite respectable appearance, and though very far from answering to the ordinary human conception of a nest, filled no doubt the gentle breast of its builder with joyful pride and content. The next day when I visited it I found her nestled upon it for the purpose of laying.

Watching the construction of this nest and still under conviction that the great labor expended on it was thrown away, in so far as the dove believed herself the safer for being off the ground, I now resolved thoroughly to satisfy myself on this point. I determined at once to search out and make a list of all the birds nesting on the place, and by daily visits to each nest to ascertain how many of them succeeded in getting their young safely on the wing. My place is small, and the list consequently short, but it answered the purpose—it gave me some idea of what a purely fortuitous circumstance it is that any bird of even our commonest species ever reaches maturity. The list follows, and the birds are so well known that the Latin names are not needed.

LIST OF BIRDS NESTING.

1 house wren,	2 cardinal birds,
1 black-capped chickadee,	3 catbirds,
1 bluebird,	3 orchard orioles,
1 lark finch,	3 chipping sparrows,
1 golden warbler,	1 mocking bird,
2 robins,	1 kingbird,
2 brown thrushes,	2 purple martins.

Here were twenty-four nests over which I constituted myself guardian, and which I visited every day or every other day. By the ninth of June the result summed up as follows:

LIST OF BIRDS HATCHED.

	No. of Young.
1 bluebird.....	3
1 golden warbler.....	5
1 chickadee.....	6
2 robins (respectively).....	2 and 5
2 brown thrushes, each.....	3
2 purple martins, number unknown.	

It will be seen that for the nine nests which escaped, fifteen were destroyed, and all these, with the exception of one cardinal bird and two oriole nests, contained full sets of eggs when first found. To tell of the various accidents that caused the destruction of even the few I know all about, would take too long. The greater part of them had their eggs spirited away in the mysterious fashion that usually characterizes these felonies. Some morning I would climb to a nest to find it safe, sound, and—empty; that would be all.

Now I imagine that any one keeping a close watch over the bird nests about a farmhouse could match this experience of mine, and if I am not mistaken, would come to the same conclusions which I have reached, namely,

that it is indeed monstrous that the birds, exposed by nature to such numberless perils, should have man to contend against as their greatest enemy. That he is such, who can read and doubt?

Let us continue to smash fashion plates over the ladies' heads, but let us, also, give a part of our attention to the egg collectors, the accounts of whose shameless raids fill pages of every ornithological pamphlet published. Who has not been disgusted with the repeated descriptions of these heartless robbing expeditions in which no nest or bird is spared? Who has not been wearied with receiving through the mail price lists in which the eggs of our most useful song birds are offered at a few cents a set? Again, learned naturalists show us in their papers what becomes of many of the birds. Not content with large and complete collections, they kill numbers of one species to satisfy themselves regarding some slight variation in plumage, or they slaughter hundreds of our most beautiful singers to prove, by examination of the vocal organs, this or that theory of song to be the true one. "In the interests of science" is a fine phrase, but what it covers will sometimes not bear the investigations of common sense.

Why are not our laws enforced to stop this wholesale destruction? It is because the average observer believes birds multiply so fast naturally, that no protection is needed. He was never more deceived in his life. If he would be convinced of this, he has only to follow, for one season, the fortunes of the harassed songsters about him.

After all the above recorded disaster, of course, I watched over my dove with increased solicitude, strolling every day or so by her tree, with just a quick glance to see that she was still all right. A brooding bird will let you fairly brush against her before she will start from her nest, if she does not meet your eye, that alone convinces her she is seen. I was careful, then, not to alarm this mother bird in that way, and in due time I had to recite my little lesson in humility, for her darkly-mottled, preternaturally-solemn twins were hatched and safely reared within the leafy shelter of the wine-sap.

S. A. BALL.

SNAKES IN FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't think your correspondent "Anti Snake" need to be so much afraid of rattlesnakes in Florida. I have done considerable camping, tramping and hunting in the twenty winters I have spent in Florida, but I have never lost a dog nor seen a live rattlesnake in the woods or swamps of this State. I walk through the swamps, scrub palmetto or grass without ever thinking of snakes; and in the twenty years have only known of two persons to have been bitten by rattlers; one a Mr. Babcock, at Pine Island, Charlotte Harbor, and the young Englishman killed this winter at Halifax River. He saw the snake and struck at it with a stick, when it struck back and hit him. It don't do to play with them.

What is called the moccasin snake or cotton-mouth here, is very abundant in the water and swamps in the southern part of the State, but not much feared or considered very dangerous like the rattlers.

I was once shooting from a boat in south Florida when the bushes pulled out one of our rowlocks (quite a loss when we could get no other). I proposed to our colored man "Bill" that he take off his shoes and pantaloons and feel for it with his toes, in the water about three feet deep. He dropped out of the boat and stepped upon a big moccasin snake. He gave an awful yell, and as he came out had an enormous snake twined about his naked legs. As soon as he was out of the water it unwound and went away. Bill was sure he was bitten, and I thought he looked very pale for a black man, but I could find no bite or damage. It was several days before he got over the shock, and the rowlock was never found. The moccasin snake keeps in or near the water all the time, and the fires that run all over the country do not kill them, but the rattlesnake keeps most always upon the dry land, and most of them are burned up in the long grass and scrub palmetto.

I only know of three poisonous snakes in Florida or United States: The rattlesnake, moccasin and coral snake. The last is a small very pretty snake, and not dangerous unless you handle it. The rattlesnake of the Southern States is a very large and dangerous reptile, but, as I have said before, a very rare snake and seldom seen.

JACKSONVILLE, Florida.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

DRAGON FLY AND MOSQUITO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I fully indorse what "Hermit" says regarding the praiseworthy qualities of the dragon fly, in the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM. Your correspondent Fannie Pearson Hardy evidently did not study her lesson in entomology very closely before making her attack on these very useful insects. Many times during the past 18 years, while wading trout streams in the Adirondack region, have I welcomed the whirl of the dragon fly. After coating my face with "tar and oil" and smoking until my mouth was sore, in the vain endeavor to disperse the cloud of black flies or gnats swarming about my head, I have found it a relief to have this hawk of the insect world swoop down among my persecutors. Back and forth through the swarm he would dart with lightning-like rapidity, presumably carrying away a gnat at each return, and affording me at least temporary relief. The whirl of the dragon fly's wings in proximity to one's head is not particularly soothing to a nervous individual, but if one can rid himself of the idea instilled in his boyish mind many years ago, that "if you are not good the 'darning needles' will sew up your ears," they are not at all unpleasant companions under certain conditions.

UTICA, N. Y., March 14.

PORTSA.

JACK RABBITS FOR ENGLAND.—New York, March 13.—

Editor Forest and Stream: It may be of interest to your readers to know that I shipped last week some Kansas jack rabbits to the Duke of Wellington for propagation on his estate, Strathfield Saye. Should they multiply, it is probable that they will be adopted for coursing in place of the English hare, being so much larger and speedier.—GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Fawcett's Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Ado.

COON PREYING ON RABBITS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"B." in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 26 doubts my conclusions as to coons catching rabbits, published in your edition of Feb. 12. He says: "Before we accept Mr. Lathrop's conclusion in the matter of their preying upon rabbits, I think we should examine his practices closely to see if his observations have been made with that thorough minuteness the importance of the subject demands."

I have hunted coons for years. The smallest number captured in any one season was thirty-three, the largest forty-five. This season, by reference to my records I find I spent the whole or part of forty-nine nights in the woods. My vacation lasts from July 1 to Oct. 1. I keep from five to seven coon dogs, and during July and August spend many days with them on brooks and in swamps looking for tracks and coon signs generally, so to know where to hunt for them later. Among my friends I am known as a "coon crank." The last of December, 1888, I took three old coons from a hollow tree alive, kept them in a cage made on purpose to see if they would make any crying noise that could be heard in the woods, and found they did. These were full-grown coons weighing sixteen pounds each. The next year (having disposed of these) I had four tame ones. I have often let them out in the yard after a snow storm, just to see their tracks and notice how they looked when walking, trotting, pacing and running. I spent many hours thus during that winter, and feel very competent to tell a coon track from a cat track. I am very sure the tracks seen following those rabbits were made by coons.

"B." says "it is a death blow to formerly received theories of abstinence while in a state of hibernation, etc." If "B." supposes that coons at a given time go into a state of hibernation to remain so until the season for that state is over, then to come out of it and remain so until the next winter, he is mistaken. A coon hibernates the least of any hibernator. Any warm foggy night during December, January or February, after two or three weeks of severe cold weather, coons are out, principally to drink water; but they eat acorns, chestnuts, birds or anything they can get that is included in their bill of fare.

The three old coons captured as above were tracked by me to a hollow tree in the last part of December, after the ground had been covered with snow for about three weeks, and we had severe cold weather during that month. I was in the same swamp the day before during a hard rain and captured two coons, located by my dog by scent, the hole in the tree being but five or six feet above ground. There were no tracks in the snow that day, but this rain brought the other coons out that night.

Now as to my practices on the day in which I made the discovery, which "B." doubts, I had hired a livery team and driven two hours from Cambridge for the express purpose of looking for coon tracks; spent the whole day there; left Cambridge at 9 A. M., returned at 6 P. M., so you see I spent five hours with those coon tracks.

If "B." will send me his address, and ask what questions he wishes about coons, I shall be glad to enlighten him to the best of my ability. JAMES G. LATHROP.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A DEER HUNT IN FLORIDA.

DURING the month of January, 1890, scarcely a day passed but that a prominent physician of Cincinnati, a fruit grower of Rochester, and myself, a resident of Pennsylvania, gathered at Lake Helen, did not have an hour's talk on our proposed deer hunt to the southern part of the State.

Though daily Hayward and myself bagged a number of quail and pigeons, which the *chef* of the Harlan Hotel served up in good style to the appreciative guests, a deer hunt was quite beyond anything we had undertaken, with the exception of the doctor, who had shot deer in the northern woods of Wisconsin.

We were ready to leave Lake Helen the first week in February, having secured Paul Long as our guide. He was a native of Florida, an excellent hunter and a good cook. We had decided to go to Polk county, where a brother of our guide lived and where there was reported to be an abundance of game. Eagle Lake we found to consist of but one house, the property of Martin Long, our guide's brother. Orders were immediately sent to Bartow for provisions, and about four P. M. the following day the mules were hooked up to the large lumber wagon whose broad tires prevented it sinking in the sandy soil. One camp chest in which had been packed bacon, flour, potatoes, canned goods and the necessities was loaded on the wagon with a large tent, and with Long as driver we started off, followed by two deerhounds. Quail flew up at our approach, but though the guns were nervelessly fingered, they were left to fly away in peace.

Camp was made late at night along a small creek of clear, pure water, and as the silvery moon came peering over the treetops, we ate our supper of bacon, crackers and coffee. After gathering a quantity of pine knots for fuel, our couches were sought and all was still save the quiet breathing of the sleepers. As we were to penetrate still further into the forest our early breakfast was eaten by the light of a huge camp-fire, which cast weird shadows about us.

The rude trail which we had been following was left and a southerly direction was taken toward Lake Arbuckle. As we arrived near a beautiful lake about a half mile in diameter the guide thought we had better make our permanent camping place on its banks. It would insure us plenty of pure water, and deer and turkey tracks were visible. If no game fell to our guns, plenty of fish could be caught.

Ere we had pitched our tent the rain began to fall in torrents, the first good shower we had had in eight weeks. When we awoke the following morning it was still falling copiously, but it did not dampen our spirits, and the forenoon was pleasantly passed listening to stories related by our guides.

The rain ceased about noon, and Long thought it would be a good time to go out and look for deer, and I accom-

panied him. The camp had scarcely been lost to view when we jumped a big buck. Both fired, but, alas! he escaped us. Nothing daunted, however, we crossed a marshy plot of ground and found where a deer had been feeding since the rain. We tracked him by his trail in the damp sand, but lost it when it entered the swamp.

While meditating whether to go on or return to camp, the quick eyes of the guide caught sight of three deer coming out of the brush along the edge of the swamp. We quickly dropped on the ground and were hidden from view by the scrub palmetto. The wind being favorable and the deer feeding toward us, we waited until they were within 80 yds. from us, when they were laid low by the shots from our guns. As evening was approaching and we were two miles from camp, it was necessary to work rapidly in order to get them into camp. The greater part of the next day was occupied in cutting and salting the venison to take home.

Early the following day, before the sun arose, Long started out to look up the turkeys we had heard gobbling the previous day, but his search was in vain. The afternoon of the day all went fishing and our supper would have delighted the most fastidious hunter—deer steak, fish fried in bacon, sweet potatoes, flapjacks and coffee.

Then followed two days of unsuccessful hunting. The weather turned very warm, our provisions were running low and we were fearful of our deer meat spoiling. So, the next day, we put out our hounds into the bayou, two of our party going on one side, the others on the opposite side. It was not long before the dogs struck a trail of some kind and gave tongue. This was kept up for a half-hour, yet peer as we might into the brush nothing could be seen or heard. Suddenly we heard three reports of a gun and upon running up to where they came from we found Hayward standing over an old bear, which was quite dead, while a cub, which we soon killed, was making things lively for the dogs. The combined weight of the two was 700 lbs. and with much difficulty they were brought into camp, and it was late at night before we could rest our tired bodies.

The next morning's sun found us with loaded wagon ready to start for civilization. It was with delight we turned our faces homeward with our trophies. Night found us at Eagle Lake and the morning train bore us northward, well pleased with our deer and bear hunt in Florida. L. R. S.

SCRANTON, Pa.

TRAITS OF THE VIRGINIA DEER.

NONE of the wild animals of America is better known in a general way than the common or Virginia deer. It is my purpose in this article to mention some, only, of the peculiarities of this animal as the result of many years of careful observation, and which may have escaped general notice. I regard this variety of the deer family as likely to remain longest among us, in a wild state, and as the one best adapted to furnish sport to the hunter. For lithe and graceful motion he excels all other American varieties. In this respect he equals the action of the proudest horse. The mule deer under like circumstances, that is, when alarmed by the approach of the hunter, is awkward in his movements, making his few first jumps striking the ground with his feet close together, and stiff-legged like a bucking horse.

The Virginia deer has a natural inclination to remain in one place or neighborhood, and about clearings in forest and farms, even after cover has become scant, leaving scarce a dozen acres of timberland between cleared farms. For twenty-five years I lived in a well-cleared and cultivated valley. During that time deer were always to be found on the mountain sides within a half mile of the clearings, and where they could at all times see and hear the usual farm operations, including a view of the house dog as he lay in the farm yard or run about the fields.

This deer is a great lover of water and of the food he finds about lakes and rivers. I have known at least one to be out in Lake Huron twelve miles from shore and making for an island a couple of miles further from the shore of the main land. I saw a large buck go into the breakers of Lake Michigan when every wave knocked him over on to his back. He did not like such rough water, and came back to shore in spite of hounds and hunter. When pursued by a full-blood staghound a buck takes to water in about half an hour. A doe will require about twice as long. And a four-months-old fawn will frequently run before the hound from four to six hours before it goes for water. Of course trained cur dogs and crossbreeds of many sorts run a deer much faster.

Some of his methods of escaping the shot of the hunter show great sagacity. I have many times known deer to be driven to a public road where a hunter was stationed. If a wagon was passing the deer would cross the road close behind the wagon, and so the hunter hidden a dozen rods away could not fire. I have seen this occur too often to believe it an accident. I was digging potatoes one day when a buck came up behind me and lay down about 10 ft. away. Half an hour after a hunter approached and inquired where his deer went to. I had seen none and told him so. While we were talking the deer jumped up. If the hunter had carried a hoe instead of a rifle I doubt if the deer would have moved so much as one of his ears. Their returning upon their track, or "back tracking," when pursued, is known to all hunters.

The mule deer, so far as I have discovered, knows nothing of these tricks. Judge Caton once said to me, speaking of the difference in sagacity of the two varieties, "The mule is a fool." Whether or not that criticism is just, it is certain that living as the mule deer does in the solitude of these great mountains, he does not need to practice so much cunning to keep himself fairly safe.

To discover the approach of danger deer depend on their sense of smell. A single hunter, if skillful, when there are two paths or runways, will walk into the forest on one of them, then take his stand near the other in order to shoot the deer before his hound. One day I saw a band of five thoroughly frightened deer strike the track where a hunter had passed but a short time before. They all stopped when they reached the track as suddenly as if their necks were just then broken. After sniffing the air a few seconds they all set off again, but in an opposite direction to that taken by the hunter.

One Sunday morning found me in a lumber camp on the Rabbit River in Michigan, where I must stay all day. After breakfast I strolled up one of the log roads and saw where five deer had crossed on their way to some hard-

wood bottom land bordering the river. I followed on their trail, intending to find them and spend an hour or two in their company. I found them scattered out over an acre of ground, but all in sight and browsing. The one nearest me, and in no cover, soon saw me. At first he only looked at me when I was sitting down on the snow and covering my face with my hand. He looked at me sharp and often, but continued to browse. When they were busy feeding I managed to approach. The wind blew from them toward me. Sometimes I whistled as if calling a dog. They all looked at me, but my face was covered, and I sitting on the snow. After a while the deer furthest to my right had got nearly in my rear, when he gave a big snort and ran with great apparent alarm. The others, startled by his warning snort, ran also, but only a few rods. After a quarter of an hour of standing motionless, they slowly made their way back and began again to browse. I continued to approach as I had a chance, while they were busy eating, until I had got within a few rods of one of them. Just then he stepped behind a big pine and I stepped forward briskly and made a jump for his hind leg. I missed it by an inch. The deer was too much frightened to jump more than a length at one spring, until it had got off some rods, and then made what might be called fast time. The others ran at the same time and I saw my friends no more.

From the experience of a tolerably long lifetime in the woods I am satisfied that the Virginia deer was intended by nature to run before a deerhound. He is not afraid of the hound and has no reason to be. But wolves, cur-dogs and cross-breeds are his terror. I have seen a deer pass me in the woods, bleating most piteously at every jump. A black cur-dog was only a few yards behind. I have seen deer running before a staghound and loping along as happily as a fox in the same situation, stopping at top of every considerable hill and waiting for the hound to come up. When tired the deer will go to water, or if a buck may stop and beat off the hound. I have seen a buck beat four as good hounds as ever were in the United States.

The deer after a day's run goes back at night to the bed he was started from in the morning; and I have started the same buck with my hound from the same bed several times. And the testimony of my friends is to the same fact.

Often a hound gets beaten by a particular buck and will not after that follow it a rod. In a case of that sort I got a farmer to go with me, taking a large dog of his. I got up the buck; and in fifteen minutes the farmer's dog came back with a hole in his side as big as a hen's egg. My hound was within 20 ft. of the buck when he sprang up, but did not follow the buck a dozen rods, notwithstanding I did my best to urge him on.

I learned when a boy to still-hunt deer. But I would not give a straw for all the sport I can get from shooting deer. I would as soon walk in the autumnal forest with a cane as with a rifle. My only idea of sport in good hunting is shooting on a runaway before a deerhound, and with a party of my friends. I never saw a party of deer hunters that could kill as many deer in a week as either one could kill in the same place at still-hunting. For myself I never killed more than two deer in one day before hounds, and that but a few times, while I have shot as many as five in as many minutes while still-hunting. It is not the killing of deer that makes "sport," but the chase, and I am as well contented without the killing as with. I hunted for twenty years more or less every fall with hounds, most of the years about the rivers and lakes in northern New York; and never shot a deer in a lake nor saw one killed from a boat except in two cases. I saw one Indian and one half-breed each kill one in Lake Huron. In the first case I was watching a deer floating about in the breakers near shore and waiting for her to come out. Suddenly she sank, nothing except the tip of her black nose remaining above water. Surprised at this, I looked up and down the shore for the cause. Soon I saw coming round a sharp point of land jutting into the lake on the north an Indian canoe, containing an Indian and his squaw and children. I showed myself and he passed the deer without pretending to see it. One of my party, however, whom I did not suppose was near, hailed the Indian a quarter of a mile below and engaged him to land his family and go out and catch the deer. I was disappointed. I could have shot the deer any time during the last half hour, but did not wish to do so until it had left the lake and was on the jump through the scant timber lining the shore. GEO. H. WYMAN.

BOISE CITY, Idaho.

PARTRIDGE.

WILL you kindly tell me through your columns the difference between a "ruffed grouse" and a "partridge"?

I was raised in Vermont, and recall with pleasure many a ramble, while yet a boy in my teens, over her forest-crowned hills, lugging guns that were not infrequently dangerous at both ends, particularly the closed end. Nevertheless the blood of Nimrod coursed through my veins, and on these tramps I occasionally brought down one of those magnificent birds which in my neighborhood I never heard called anything but partridge. During those early days I often heard and read of grouse in other States and other countries, but supposed them to be an entirely different bird. When about twenty-one I left my native State and came to Kansas, where I have since lived. I do more or less gunning every season for prairie chickens, quail, geese, ducks, etc., but have never yet fell into a "ruffed grouse" locality.

From reading about the habits and tricks of the latter, I have long since had a suspicion that the "ruffed grouse" and the old "partridge," friends of my boyhood days, are one and the same bird. Webster does not make it entirely clear to me, or at best he gives different names for different localities, but does not make the difference plain.

I am aware that a man who has carried a gun for quite a number of years ought to be posted on so simple a question, but my boyhood's birds were partridges, and known in our part of the State as such, and by the time I had grown to manhood I was far away in another State, and my hunting since has been for different birds, either in open field, brush thicket or water, and having had no opportunity to form the acquaintance of ruffed grouse, or renew my partridge acquaintance, I am obliged to settle my doubt from the knowledge of others. This much I do know, that a partridge—he be known by that name or any alias—is wise enough to lead any old gunner, a long chase, and when flushed within range that gunner,

must be quick and sure of aim, or the bird's plump breast will still continue to thunder through the woods instead of steaming from the frying-pan.

I have read with great interest the late articles on the woodcock question, and feel that the subject is yet open for investigation if all doubt is to be removed.

In the last number (March 5) I notice a communication from Stockton, Kansas, by "A. L. T.," in which he regrets the violation of our game law. He has expressed the right sentiment, and our towns are not far apart. I would be glad to correspond with him to secure his co-operation to create sentiment against this unlawful slaughter. If he will kindly address me at Kirwin, Kansas, P. O. Box 11, giving full name, I will gladly reply.

KIRWIN, KANSAS, March 9.

[The ruffed grouse is commonly called partridge or partridge in New England; that is the name the bird is best known by; it is the name associated with shooting days in the memory of scores and thousands of men; and there are lots of people who know the ways of the bird in its native haunts and the tricks of shooting it, who never have and never will call it ruffed grouse nor anything else than partridge.]

My experience for 1890 with dog and gun is as follows: Number of birds shot forty-seven, about half and half woodcock and partridge. All brush shooting. And in some of the most inaccessible places. It cost me about five shots to the bird. All shot on the wing but one. Made my first double shot this season on partridge. Woodcock have been more plenty than usual. But partridge scarce, broods small; in the season's hunting did not see a brood with over four in. Something wrong through hatching season.

Game has all sorts of enemies, and some worse enemies than man. In this section we have only two months' hunting, September and October. Snow and cold weather close it for us about Nov. 1. One day while out hunting I came to a fence of alders. The dog showed game, and a woodcock flushed wild. I marked him down and worked that way with the dog. Before getting half-way to where the woodcock lit, to my surprise a great hawk got there before me. Then there was a hustling right toward me—woodcock ahead, followed by hawk three or four feet behind. I had but little time to think, and wheeled calculating to shoot both. Shot the woodcock; and in the smoke and confusion the hawk got away. Another time I was hunting partridge. Had just shot one, and was working along to where I had seen others go, when, on rounding a clump of scrub pines, I noticed a large hawk making a great effort to fly. I looked at it with astonishment for a minute, when collecting my senses let go a shot which brought some feathers, but the hawk got away. On walking along further I saw a lot of feathers which on examination proved to be of a partridge. The dog stopped, and in going where he was I found a partridge yet warm. I picked it up and examined it. The hawk had gone to work in a scientific manner to make a meal. First every feather had been picked off of the head and neck, then he plucked out the eyes, after which the fat and skin of the neck make a dainty morsel. Coming along just then I had broken up the meal. With my jackknife I cut the neck off close to the body—the blood still running—and put it in my game bag, not feeling badly at robbing a hawk of its supper.

Another time, after the snow came, I found that nearly every partridge track had a fox following. So we see that game has enemies all months in the year. J. E. C. D.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

GAME SLAUGHTER ALONG THE BORDER

R. V. GRIFFIN, an old hunting companion, in a private letter to one of the editors, writes from Toats Coula, Washington, near the boundary line between that State and British Columbia, of the destruction of game in that vicinity: "I am delighted with FOREST AND STREAM, and shall always continue to take it. I wish we had some of your game protectors in this country, for it is a shame the way our game is disappearing. The blacktail deer in particular have been shot down here and left lay to feed the magpies and eagles, without even removing the hide, and many four-horse team loads have been killed and hauled to the Columbia River and thrown away and not a pound of the meat used. Even the ranchmen have gone out for a week's hunt and killed from fifteen to twenty large, fat bucks, and never bring a pound of it home. Some of the same party now would be glad to close their lips over a piece of a poor doe. I have hunted a great deal in the last twenty years, and have killed a good many deer, but always made use of the meat and hides, but I never have seen game destroyed as it has been in this section of the State.

"Just think of it! Last winter on the Ashnola one hundred rams were killed for their horns, and the meat left to feed magpies. It is no trick to kill as many as one wants in the winter, when the snow drives them out of the high mountains and down to low hills along the streams to the great licks. Anybody that can hold a gun to his shoulder can kill sheep there. Now, the same party that killed so many last winter have been to the same place with sportsmen for two summers, and they never got but one sheep, and that was a two-year-old ram. That don't speak very well for men who follow hunting and guide for sportsmen.

"Since writing this the same men have returned from a six weeks' hunt on that stream. They got two two-year-old rams, two wolverines, which were caught in bear traps, one large silver-tip bear, which they caught in a steel trap; he was very old, his tusks were gone. Two cow elk were seen on the headwaters of Nehum Creek, the first that have ever been seen in these mountains. The party reported deer very scarce and shy.

"Some of the old mountaineers here had the laugh on me when they heard we got lost a year ago last fall, but one of the same men, a good mountaineer and good hunter, got caught in the same trap as we did a few days ago. He went out in the morning to kill a couple of deer, and had shot one doe when it commenced to get foggy. He came on to a buck and a doe, and shot at the buck but struck him too low down, but he was bleeding very free, so he kept on after it, but never got to see it again. Then he thought he would go back to the doe he had shot and take it to camp, but he did not find the doe that day, as it was so foggy he could not tell where he was. So he got under a big pine tree and walked around the stump the whole night. Do you ask why he did not make a fire?

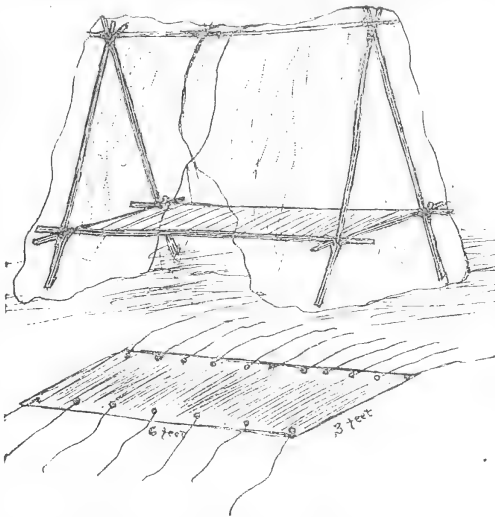
Well, in the first place there was no wood and in the second he had no matches and no coat on, and not a bite to eat from the morning he left camp until the next night—and he was not more than a mile from camp at any time. Such is the life of a hunter. The best of them get caught some time, and when they do get caught they know how it is themselves.

"I see they have placed a heavy license fee on all hunting parties or persons that are not citizens in British Columbia. This is a little rough on the boys, ain't it?"

A HANDY CAMP BED.

CHICAGO.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Some of your readers like to camp out, but do object to sleep on the ground. This is not the case with me, for I would rather sleep on the ground than in a feather bed. Still as all "outers" do not think or feel alike, I have put together a device that may be used as a bed.

A bit of canvas or duck of any required size, as say 8 ft. by 6 ft., is provided along the edge with eyelets, and to each eyelet is a short cord or rope. This forms the bottom of the bed; and it is to be used in this fashion in the woods. A few notched poles are cut and put together, as indicated in the sketch; and on the top of the four horizontal poles the bed bottom is put and the cords tied each to the opposite cord underneath the bed, passing the cord over the horizontal poles on the sides. This forms a can-



vas bed bottom. Now, my experience has been with these canvas portable beds that they are "colder than Christmas," and to remedy this defect I propose that this canvas bed bottom, as it will always sag, be filled with spruce or pine feathers up to a level with the poles; or in other words fill the hollow, and then spread over it the blankets. Then if the sleeper, before he goes to roost, will spread over the frame a mosquito bar, he will sleep like a top.

Of course it should be remembered that the poles must be tied together at the top and other joints; and by selecting the poles with a view to the notches, one can have a bed on which he can comfortably sit in the morning to put his moccasins on or stretch himself and yawn with the greatest comfort. And all it will cost him is a bit of good stout duck, a little mosquito bar, some cord or thongs, and a few grains of sense; and with a hatchet the thing is done. So am I. HERMAN HAUPT, JR.

DAKOTA GAME BIRDS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I send you a few notes on the game birds of Towners county, North Dakota, as I saw them during the spring, summer and fall of 1890. I arrived in Towners county May 10, and from that time until late in the fall I saw game birds of some kind nearly every day. The main flight of geese and ducks had gone north, presumably to their breeding grounds, leaving only those which for reasons of their own had determined to try their luck where they were at that time.

May 1 I saw first willets and bartramian sandpipers—called plover—the 13th I saw a good many mallards, some widgeon and bluewing teal, four ruddy ducks (the only ones seen during the year), hooded mergansers, two sandhill cranes, and flocks of geese that looked very large to me, and they were when compared with what I had seen in old Connecticut. The 16th I had my first goose hunt. With two friends I went to the Big Slough, some 2½ miles northeast of town. We arrived late; the flight was over. The geese and ducks frequented the place for the purpose of rest and to drink. Charlie, thinking to give the two novices a chance, went back and around a hill, coming on to the shore of the pond opposite our stand. Every bird immediately took flight, several hundred coming over our heads. Billy picked out his bird, killing one with first barrel and missing with the second. As for myself, I scored a complete miss. As the flock went over my head, I thought the geese were so thick that a shot could not get through without striking a bird, so I drew up and shot both barrels into the flock, and so far as I could see, never stirred a feather. Small wasn't the word for the way I felt. This proved to be the last flock of geese we saw until the fall flight.

On the 19th I added the gray duck to my list; the 20th an American coot; the 23d the pintail duck; the 25th prairie chickens were seen, also a large flock of black-bellied plover. May 21 I found a mallard's nest with eight eggs; the 31st another with eleven eggs. June 4 I added the marbled godwit to the list. June 18 saw female gray duck with six or eight young two or three days old. June 14 a friend brought me a young prairie chicken less than a week old. His dog had killed it. There were a number of good broods of prairie chickens raised within a short drive of the town. A few were shot before the law was off by local hunters. The farmers at this season are very busy, or in all probability more would be shot. In 1888 chickens were rarely seen in this vicinity, while the sharp-tailed grouse were quite numerous; but now it is changed. The prairie chicken is increasing and the sharptail disappearing, although said to be the only grouse in and around Turtle Mountains.

Sept. 8 I found a flock of twenty chickens, apparently two broods, as they were of different sizes, nearly full-grown and very strong flyers. Previous to finding the chickens I had put up an old male sharp-tailed grouse, who proved to be too sharp for me, as, after following him over three miles and shooting at him several times, I gave it up, thinking it would be too bad to annihilate the only specimen of its kind I had seen.

Two days later, with my friend Charlie Canfield, I had some fine shooting for a short time at the same flock of chickens, getting seven. They were about the last killed in this place. Sept. 20 I saw a small flock of brant which were the advance of the fall flight here. The 25th I saw the first flock of snow geese, which were common from then on. Oct. 5 Hutchins's brant and white crane made their appearance. Some flocks of sandhill crane had been seen flying over, but they did not stop to feed. Oct. 7 it commenced storming and it rained or snowed every day until the 17th. It was an unusual thing for so much water to fall at this season of the year, but the hunters thought it a great blessing, as it filled up the sloughs and coulees. Before the storm general complaint was heard from shooters that there would be no geese or duck shooting as there was no water. From then on geese and mallard ducks were without numbers. Figures can give no idea of the size of the immense flocks that were seen. The largest flock I saw was in one continuous line over a half mile in length and they were flying from 20 to 50 abreast. Nearly every resident agreed in saying that there had never been so many mallard ducks seen in one fall as there were during the last weeks in October, 1890. They were considered small game. Every one could eat goose. One man, who had killed a good many ducks, took a buggy load into town. He could not give them away and they were fed to hogs. I heard of an old half-breed who sneaked on to a flock of geese and killed twelve with one charge from an old muzzleloading shotgun of not over 16-bore. The geese I saw, and could identify, were snow geese, which were abundant and led in numbers. Hutchins's brant were quite common and often seen in large flocks of snow geese, besides many flocks that kept by themselves. The Canada geese were common but not seen in any great numbers at one time; the American white-fronted or speckle-bellied goose was quite frequently killed out of flocks of snow geese. I also saw several that I could assign to no place, apparently hybrids, or they might be classed as sports from the varieties of the genus *Bernicla* or brant geese.

There was a severe cold snap the first week in November, after which the geese were seen flying in the triangular-shaped flocks in which they migrate, and from then on the numbers seen grew rapidly less and all were gone by Nov. 15, with the exception of now and then a small flock which would be seen flying rapidly toward the south, until about Dec. 1. After geese and ducks go south it is seldom a game bird of any description is seen on the prairies of North Dakota. I append the weights of a few of the geese and ducks I killed during spring and fall.

Snow geese in adult plumage: 7 weighed respectively 5lbs. 6oz., 5lbs. 5½oz., 5½lbs., 5½lbs., 6½lbs. In young or gray plumage 8 weighed 4lbs. 6oz., 4lbs. 10oz., 6lb. 12oz., 4lbs. 10oz., 5lbs., 5lbs. 2oz., 4lbs. 8oz., 4lbs. 4oz.

Mallards: 6 drakes weighed 3lbs., 2½lbs., 2lbs. 10oz., 2½lbs., 1lb. 10oz., 3lbs., 2½lbs.; 3 ducks, 2lbs. 2oz., 2lbs. 8oz., 2lbs. 10oz. One gadwall drake weighed 1½lbs., one pintail 2½lbs., one widgeon drake 1½lbs., 2 ducks, 1½lbs., 1½lbs. Blue-wing teal, 5 drakes, 4 ducks, weighed without any variation ½lb. each.

ELMER T. JUDD.

BETHEL, CONN.

WYOMING SHOULD ACT.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I was glad to see your editorial of March 5, calling attention to the destruction of game and fish in the region bordering on the southern boundary of the Yellowstone Park. For a very small expenditure the new State of Wyoming could do much to prevent the poaching going on in that portion of her preserves. It is surprising how quickly the wild animals take advantage of protection and come back to their former beloved ranges when undisturbed. I have been amazed at the results attending our efforts on the east side of the Park to stop wanton and indiscriminate killing. We have only been at work for a few years, and the increase of game is most gratifying. If similar action could be instituted in the other districts adjacent to the Park it would not be long before the natural increase and overflow would provide enough game to warrant a modification of the game laws, or at least to the extent that they could admit the visiting sportsman to a reasonable share in the trophies of the chase.

Hunters and guides now are generally in favor of strict game laws; they see that without them their occupation is gone. They could do a good work too in restraining their parties from going too far. Patience and great moderation should be their guiding principles. Let us hope that Wyoming will, before it is too late, realize the necessity of action. It is extraordinary that the protection to game throughout the whole country has always been of a puerile character, locking the stable door, etc. On a trip last fall and certainly within a mile of the south line of the Park, we saw many evidences of game ruthlessly shot down and left to rot.

ARCHIBALD ROGERS.

HYDE PARK-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

GENERAL SIBLEY'S SKETCHES.—Referring to two sketches by General Sibley mentioned in a recent article by Chas. Lanman, a correspondent asks where "Buffalo Hunting" and "Hunting on the Western Prairies" can be obtained. Can any of our readers answer the question?

SCOTT GUNS.—Tariff changes may come and go, but there are a large contingent of American shooters who are wedded in their likes to the English guns and secure them no matter what the customs rates may be. When an order is given for a prime weapon it's Scott to be filled, and Wm. Read & Sons, of 107 Washington street, Boston, can take the instructions of the gun user and fill them to the smallest detail. They import Scott guns direct from the maker and have an exceptionally large supply on hand, and can fill a special order in a very short space of time. They report that the demand is increasing at a very gratifying rate, and from the best class of shooters, those who have used guns for some time and learned just what they want for the best work. A list asked for from the firm of Read & Sons will give FOREST AND STREAM readers full particulars about old reliable Scott arms.

THE MAINE GAME QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with considerable reluctance that I take up the task of replying to a letter of Mr. Manly Hardy in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 26, 1891. In the outset, permit me to say that I dislike a controversy in a newspaper above all things, and am well aware that the readers thereof share in my dislike. Indeed, were it not that a principle is involved, that the principles of FOREST AND STREAM itself are involved in having published "Special's" articles for six or eight years, believing them to be the truth, that personal attack upon "Special" would never have been replied to by me.

In the first place, it may be well to state that I am convinced that Mr. Hardy is honest in his opinions; indeed, that he is an honest man, and so far as his knowledge extends, he would not knowingly mislead the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the situation of game protection in Maine, the way to do it, or any of the affairs of the State immediately connected with that subject.

So far as Mr. Hardy's knowledge is concerned, so far as he has thought, he is right in regard to "Special." He evidently supposes him to be a writer in Boston or somewhere else, writing about Maine game affairs like a long-distance war correspondent. But it would perhaps surprise him to know that the writer behind the *nom de plume* of "Special" was born in Maine, in a back town (he is proud of it), schooled in one town in Maine, fitted for college in another town in that State, college-trained in another town, now a city, began newspaper life in yet another town, only removing to a larger New England city for the sake of the better opportunities offered. "Special" also visits Maine twice annually for the sake of the dear old hills, the woods and waters, and the little share of fish and game that is left to him after the legal open seasons commence. That "Special" is in daily contact with "sportsmen" and tradesmen who visit Maine, and goes there himself as often as occasion or business requires is another fact that Mr. Hardy should understand, lest he make another mistake; also that he is fully aware of the number of deer being shipped to Boston commission houses in the close season, and at a time when the city sportsmen are certainly at home.

That certain of the lumberland owners of Maine would willingly see all the fish and game laws of that State repealed is capable of proof, and that they would try some such action before the Legislature of that State this winter was communicated to me by men in whom I have confidence, need not be repeated. One of the largest land owners in Maine has told me himself that he should be glad of any form of law or any means whereby fishermen and hunters could be kept away from his lands. "We don't want them there," he said, "we are afraid of their fires." Mr. Hardy must also be aware that the present game laws of his State were left in their present ineffective condition for the simple reason that a lumberland owner proposed the amendments that weakened these laws at the very last hours of the session two years ago, and at a time when the friends of the laws as proposed had all gone home.

Mr. Hardy objects to "true sportsmen." I do not. By the term, I mean a man who will not kill game in close time. There are many such who go to Maine. I can give Mr. Hardy some of their names. Some of them own camps and cottages on lands leased of the lumber land owners, costing thousands of dollars. I have in mind one such gentleman, who rowed three miles in an open boat himself one night, to try to extinguish a fire that some campers had left burning. He could not even wait for a man to come to row the boat, though he had several men at work not far away, who would be in at nightfall. The fire was set by some native hunters, and it could not be extinguished for several weeks, though it was kept in check by the efforts of crews of men from the camps in that region, till the fall rains came. True sportsmen will not kindle fires in the forest, neither will they kill game out of season, even at Naticouse, where, it must be admitted, the love of the game laws is at low ebb.

But Mr. Hardy should not for a moment imagine again, from the above, that I stand up for either the hunter from Massachusetts, New York or Yale College, that goes to Maine to kill deer in close time. If he does again allow himself to so think, I shall be obliged to accuse him of not having read my letters carefully. I defy him to produce either word or line that I have ever written for the FOREST AND STREAM defending the killing of game out of season in Maine or any other State. The files of the FOREST AND STREAM for all the time I have written for it are at his service; for if he does not have them at hand I will forward them to him, express paid. I shall expect that he will show some words from me defending those from outside of his State who have killed game out of season, or I can with justice claim in the FOREST AND STREAM that the principal accusations in his letter in that paper of the issue of Feb. 26 have fallen to the ground for lack of truth.

I am also here obliged to ask him if he will kindly point out a single paragraph wherein I have denounced anybody, either citizen of Maine or any other State, except the enemies of the enforcement of the game laws of that State as interpreted by its able and honest commissioners. I shall be obliged to request him to refer this paragraph to those commissioners and ask them if I have ever denounced any other citizen of Maine. With replying to the accusations of Mr. Hardy I am done, except that I must request him in his careful perusal of what I have written in FOREST AND STREAM to carefully note the many times I have openly denounced the carrying of guns into the Maine woods by anybody in the close time for game; to note where I say in substance that if anybody does this and gets shot, why, I am simply glad of it. Something like this idea he will find in connection with the shooting of the son of the Massachusetts professor, with the noted Connecticut professor, the announcement of which piece of news was made by me in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time, or as near to the time as the news got out. Will he also carefully note the condemnation that I gave in the case where a New York sportsman got a charge of shot in his side, I think it was, at Seven Ponds, a year or two ago, while attempting to jack a deer in close time. Then there was the case of the son of a Boston gentleman, who was shot by his own rifle, in a Maine camp, last summer, or a year ago. He will find the case if he reads the back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM carefully. There I say in substance that the boy had no business with a rifle in camp in close

time, and that if he was killed his parents had only themselves to blame. The editor of FOREST AND STREAM will tell Mr. Hardy that I have very often scathed the breakers of the Maine game laws—several of the very ones that Mr. Hardy mentions in his letter—so severely in my articles that he has been obliged to soften and tone down the language, lest it might appear that I were altogether too severe.

With answering the attack of Mr. Hardy the above must suffice, but he will permit me to submit a proposition to his judgment. I desire him to answer it through the FOREST AND STREAM. Now, suppose that for some cause or other it should happen to become the thing to do for about all of the vacationists of the country to burglarize houses in Boston. Indeed, allow that the desire for robbing houses in Boston had greatly increased during a few years; that even Maine visitors to the city had grown to have a passion for this thing. Now we will suppose that the Maine visitor does not even know the streets of Boston; does not know the location of the house he desires to rob, but that there are a set of men in Boston who are ready to guide him to the house for pay. Nay, they will even furnish the conveyance and "hold up" the place while the Maine "sportsman" you may call him, if you desire, does the robbery—brings off the trophy. House robbing becomes very common; even the "guides" themselves are at it. Now it is necessary to enforce the law of Massachusetts against burglary. Where shall the officers begin? Shall they rush to a newspaper and complain of the Maine "sportsmen," and claim that the "sportsmen" from Maine are altogether to blame; that the Boston "guides" have become disgusted with the robberies committed by the Maine visitors? Shall they say, "Keep your Maine sportsmen out of our city and the robberies will cease?" Has Mr. Hardy never heard about such a thing as an accessory in a crime? Don't the Maine laws have something to say about an accessory before the fact, where a "guide" writes letters telling thieves where the booty lies, when to come, etc.? Suppose that it was almost impossible for the visitors to find the particularly desired booty in the great city; that the visitors are not experts at stealing; yea, even that it would be almost impossible for these visitors to get the booty unless guided by experts, where would Mr. Hardy begin to enforce the laws of Massachusetts against this stealing?

I think that Mr. Hardy will reply that I have put the comparison in too strong terms. Please remember that I have drawn no comparison. I have not even mentioned the other side of the comparison. I have left that for him. He may say that I have put the case too severely; that shooting deer in close time is not a crime against society, and that housebreaking is; that the illegal killing of game is only a crime against the State. Well, then, put it in a different form, if you please. Suppose that it was the thing for Maine visitors to do to pluck the flowers from the Public Garden, or from private yards and greenhouses. That these visitors had to be guided by Boston "guides" in order to know where the flowers were; indeed, that they would not succeed in getting a flower once in a dog's age, unless assisted by a Boston "guide," where should we begin to enforce the law? Stealing flowers before the owner is willing that you should gather them is scarcely worse than shooting game in the legal close time. Now let Mr. Hardy tell the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM squarely whether if Maine people universally stood by their own game laws and refused to assist "sportsmen" from other States in the illegal killing of game, if the whole work would not be done; then take the last sentence in his own article in that paper of Feb. 26, and see again how it sounds: "The fact lies just here: keep your true sportsmen out of our woods in close time and our own people will respect the laws; but if these gentlemen see fit to keep on doing as they have done, and have a man like 'Special' to charge their sins to us, they must not blame Maine people if we join with them in killing in close time." SPECIAL.

GAME IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Wyoming.
March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Feb. 14 Capt. F. A. Boutelle, who has been Acting Superintendent of the Park for the past two years, turned over to Capt. Geo. S. Anderson, Troop 1, 6th U. S. Cavalry, the government of the Park, civil and military. Troop 1 is just from Pine Ridge and the Sioux Indian war. They anticipate a much pleasanter time here than herding hostile Indians.

Up to Feb. 14 we had had very little snow; what there was could easily have been absorbed by the dry ground. Scarcely any of the water would have found its way to the streams. Since that date we have been blessed with several snowstorms that have been very extensive, covering the whole country with what insures good grass and plenty of water, although the body of snow for the Park is about one-third to one-half the usual quantity.

The mail carrier for the Park hotels reports about 3½ ft. from Norris to the Falls of the Yellowstone, a section of the country noted for its deep snow. The cold waves have averaged from 16° to 18° below zero, except at Soda Butte, where they claim—40°.

All kinds of game are in the best possible condition to stand the severe storm and deep snows. I have noticed less scabby animals this season than ever before.

The mountain sheep have returned to the Gardiner Cañon once more. They suddenly disappeared from there last winter, driven out either by shooting or a mountain lion, their greatest enemy. There are about 250 antelope on the flat across Gardiner River from the town. Several large bands are on the hillsides between Hellroaring and Stough Creek. Others are about Junction Butte and the Blacktail country. There cannot be less than 800 antelope in the Park.

There are several small bands of blacktail deer near the Mammoth Hot Springs. It is noticeable that these deer are preparing to stay all winter in the Park, where before they have left for a lower and more open country, where there is less snow. This has been the case with all game animals in the mountains. When the snow begins to fall they seek lower altitudes, but the settlements of the country has compelled them to change their habits. The blacktail were the last of the deer kind to do this.

I have tried to get an estimate from a great many people acquainted with the country as to the number of elk in the Park and vicinity. They claim all the way from

25,000 to 75,000, some as high as 100,000. Without a doubt there are not less than 25,000 elk on this reservation.

I am unable to give an accurate estimate of the number of buffalo in the Park. Last summer several bands were seen with from one to eighteen calves. It would be necessary to make an extended snowshoe trip over a greater portion of the Park in order to see most of the buffalo or arrive at a definite estimate as to numbers. If they have not been driven from the Park there ought to be not less than 400 on the National Reserve, this allowing for a very small increase and more than natural loss. They are so wild and unmanageable that the greatest caution is necessary to get a glimpse of them in the timber, where they usually spend most of their time.

I learn that very few buffalo have been seen in the Hayden Valley, where usually quite a band spends the winter, owing probably to quite extensive fires which burned their winter feed. None of the moose that frequent the section of the Park between Mt. Holmes and Norris Basin have been reported, though quite a number range in the unfrequented section.

A few local shocks have been felt at Norris Basin and violent enough to throw dishes, etc., from the tables at the hotel. H.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Mass., March 13.—The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held its regular monthly meeting at Young's Hotel last evening. President Samuels presided, 45 members being present. The following were elected: Benj. V. Howe, S. G. Brooks, Selim S. White, A. H. Wright, Cyrus Thacher, Samuel C. Bennett, Jas. H. Lange, Wm. F. Ray, Chas. Stewart, Sidney Gleason, Frank A. Nelson, Stephen Miesusset, R. B. Blodgett, Wm. R. Scott, John Cowen, Willard D. Ball, Robt. M. Read, Abbott Frazar, Willard S. Peel and J. C. Bartlett. Fifteen applications for membership were referred to the committee.

President Samuels said that the open season on woodcock and partridge would probably begin on Sept. 15 and on quail Oct. 15. These dates have been reported upon favorably by the committee of fisheries and game at the State House and will probably be adopted.

Mr. Samuel Hanson for the fund committee reported a total of \$926.36, as the Association fund, \$357 having been added last year.

Mr. John Fottler, Jr., for the game committee, stated that 1,000 quail and 200 prairie chickens had been received and distributed in twenty-one different localities. The 150 white hares had not yet arrived, but were expected very soon.

Capt. James H. Jenkins, of West Barnstable, complained of the damage caused by skunks, and stated that since the town of Barnstable had offered a bounty on these animals, the town had paid out \$250 in bounties at twenty-five cents per head.

President Samuels spoke of the damage caused by cats, which roam wild through the woods and kill off lots of birds.

Mr. Henry G. Thayer moved that the Association endorse the petition now before the Legislature for a bounty on skunks, foxes and other carnivorous animals, which it was voted to do.

Mr. John Fottler suggested that sportsmen take one day, and instead of a gun carry a bill-hook, and erect little piles of brush, where birds can find a safe retreat from their enemies. "It is of no use to import birds unless we can protect them," said Mr. Fottler; "stop snaring, plant food and erect shelters, and the game will increase."

A letter from So. Gardner, asking for a close season on pickerel from Jan. 1 to May 1, was referred to the committee on legislation. Dr. Heber, for the committee on securing headquarters, reported progress.

All the fish and game associations in New England are to be invited to attend the next monthly dinner and meeting of the Association, to be held at Hotel Thorndike, Boston, on Thursday evening, April 9, at 7 o'clock, to discuss the subject of uniform game laws in New England.

New England associations for the protection of fish and game are cordially invited to send their address to the secretary. RICHARD O. HARDING.

304 WASHINGTON STREET, Boston, Mass.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, March 13.—In the matter of positive success nothing has yet been attempted by way of legislative measures. The State Sportsmen's Association's committee on legislation held its final meeting yesterday at Mr. Chairman Low's offices. Mr. Low himself has been seriously ill for a week and was forced to leave early. Mr. Nicholls was at home, also sick. Mr. Donald, Mr. Baird and Mr. Bostree were present. South Water street was not present. A well-drafted bill was at hand and was discussed carefully. This bill will go down to Springfield for handling about as it is now. It is not radical or sweeping in its demands, and if it could ever be laid fully and pleasantly and fairly before the people of Illinois, it would doubtless be approved in whole. The bill will ask that the quail date be made Oct. 15 instead of Oct. 1, as it is now; that any quail exposed for sale shall show shot marks; that the selling season shall close Jan. 10 or Jan. 1 (open for compromise); that the chicken season shall open Sept. 1 instead of Sept. 15; that fish and game wardens be appointed by the Governor at request of the State Fish Commissioner. There is not an unreasonable request in that. What a grand thing it would be if the sportsmen should carry their bill! It will be introduced in the Senate. Where is the Senator who wants a lot of friendship and a few votes some day, perhaps? He has his chance in the supporting of this most reasonable measure.

Of course the chief opposition to the bill will come from the game dealers. We never speak as we pass by now. The game dealers have also openly said that if the selling season were shortened to Jan. 1 or Jan. 10, they would not be responsible. They would obey the law, of course they would; but the law wouldn't make any difference. In other words, Chicago markets would be run wide open as a matter of retaliation.

All right. We wish they would run South Water street wide open for a while. That is just what we want. We are getting ready for that.

In the past there has never been a warden on South Water street who would work against the game dealers.

The office of warden is nothing. It is the man who must make the office. The present incumbent, or perhaps I might better call him incumbent, the immortal Brusewitz, is now thought to be sufficiently well advertised as an incompetent. Action in his case has been all too long delayed. Yesterday at the committee meeting a petition for his removal was presented. This petition will have 10,000 names in a couple of weeks. As it is desired to circulate it somewhat outside of the city of Chicago, and as some clubs or individuals may wish to sign it if forwarded to them, the petition is here given as drawn:

PETITION FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE COOK COUNTY GAME WARDEN, AND FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A SUCCESSOR.

To his Excellency, Joseph Fifer, Governor of the State of Illinois:

We, your petitioners, do respectfully represent:

First—That the unlawful handling, selling and exposure for sale of wild game in the county of Cook and city of Chicago, is an offense against the dignity of the Commonwealth which has enacted laws for the prevention of such practices.

Second—That the game warden under whose inspection falls the great game markets of the city of Chicago, should be a man holding in the highest degree qualities of energy, fearlessness and probity of character, and a position to prevent this unlawful offense against the dignity of the Commonwealth.

Third—That the present incumbent of said office of Cook county game warden, H. P. Brusewitz, is, and has been from the first, notoriously inefficient and incompetent, and has shown himself to be possessed of qualities the reverse of those demanded in the possessor of that office, for that:

(a) He has, on many occasions, appeared upon South Water street, being the location of the game markets, and has shown rather a disposition to keep away from said game markets than to appear and prosecute his duties there.

(b) He has, in his capacity as insurance agent, taken large amounts of business among the game dealers, but he has found no illegal game.

(c) He has said publicly, and often, that he "cares nothing for the game business, knew nothing about it, and didn't propose to bother with it." He has further publicly said that he "did not know a duck from a prairie chicken, and did not care to."

(d) He has refused always, although repeatedly so requested by those who had discovered the whereabouts of illicit game, to appear and make seizure or search for the same; so much so that it is now known that he will not act in any such fast disappearing game.

(e) He has refused to appear and seize illegal game when so requested by a justice of the peace, to wit: Justice Harry Smith, who had dismissed an action through error in form, the said action involving a certain lot of illegal game then and there lying in the court room of the said Justice Smith.

(f) He has failed and neglected to file an annual report of his acts and doings, and we den, as is by law required.

(g) He has been guilty of assisting in violating the game laws of this State.

(h) He is so notoriously indifferent, incompetent, and inefficient that your petitioners believe your Excellency will be unwilling to retain him in office upon the presentation of these facts.

Now, therefore, we, your petitioners, do respectfully pray:

First—That the said H. P. Brusewitz be removed from his office as game warden for the county of Cook.

Second—That a successor be appointed at an early date.

And we believe that one ———, of the city of Chicago, county of Cook, now resident at ———, would be a man fit and worthy for said office of game warden for the county of Cook, he, the said ———, being in our belief, energetic, fearless, of integrity, of an unfeigned interest in the preservation of our fast disappearing game, and well imbued with a disposition to make it not for the law breakers on South Water street.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

We shall have to ask the game dealers to guess the name of the successor referred to in blank, and for the present the same must be asked of FOREST AND STREAM, until the petition is actually started going. It would be worthless to jump Brusewitz out and get another incompetent in. This time we want a warden who will make a national name for himself, as Mr. Collins, of Connecticut, has done, or if you like, as Mr. Bergin did, as Mr. Shortall is doing. We want an enthusiast, and if possible a man of means, not an impecunious and questionably honest incompetent. We believe out here that we have got just such a man located, or we hope we have, at least. At present he will not accept, but under the pressure brought upon him to do so, it is thought that he will yield and take the office. If he does, we only hope that South Water street will try that wide open business. We are going to have some fun out here yet, and this time I believe the warden will have better support than any ever did before from the sportsmen.

Now some more talk about this question of game protection. My old friend Col. Bond, the king of the game dealers, and a man of no mean ability in general smoothness, as I think readers of FOREST AND STREAM will agree, writes me as follows:

The FOREST AND STREAM came Saturday, and I noticed your article. You have no correct conception of this game question. Your idea of eventually closing the season Jan. 1, is well enough in its way, but does not solve the question of game protection. Now take grouse as an example; the great destruction is made in September, October next, November next, then December, and in January less than any of the preceding months. If you wish to save game, prohibit its being killed in the months when most of it is destroyed. Commence by stopping the killing first in September, then October, as there are twice as many killed in September and October than in November, December and January. I don't know but I would favor a uniform law prohibiting the killing in September and October, and opening the season on all game Nov. 1 and closing Jan. 31. There is no use to talk to me about being in favor of the "bird" when September shooting is allowed. The disposition to make big bags is another reason for the great destruction of game. A large majority of shooters would like a gun that would be as effective at a quarter of a mile as their present guns are at 30 yds., and if they could get one of the former would throw their old guns away. I would suggest other ways of saving game. Prohibit the use of dogs in field shooting, and the use of boats, blinds, decoys and duck-calls in water fowl shooting. If this could be done it would go a great way in saving the "bird." But there is no use talking of such things, as the sportsmen would not agree to anything that would take away their chances of slaughtering game.—E. S. BOND.

So I haven't any correct conception of this game question, Col. Bond says. I reckon he is about right. But I just want to struggle with his letter for a moment. Col. Bond says that most of the game is killed in the two or three early months. This is unfortunately true, so far as shooting and not trapping is concerned. But who kills that game, and where does it go? It is not killed in bulk by sportsmen and used by themselves and friends. It is killed by market-shooters and put into the freezers all over Iowa, Minnesota, South Water street. It is the fiend Cold Storage which kills this early game in bulk, and not the sportsmen. A denial of this is worthless, because the truth is too well known. It is true that the State Sportsmen's Association by its committee agree to advance the chicken date to Sept. 1 instead of Sept. 15. Why? Simply as a compromise. A compromise with whom? Was it a compromise with the sportsmen of the lower part of the State? No sir! It was a compromise with the shooters in the lower part of the State who shoot for Cold Storage, and who can kill more birds on the stubble than they can in the corn. Not a man of the legitimate personnel of the whole association but would rather see the chicken date Nov. 1, now and forever, if that thing could be. That cannot be, because Col. Bond and his associates and their market-shooters, who here blame the sportsmen for this early destruction of game,

would never all of them [once agree to any such a date. Col. Bond's real friends are these same early shooters, whom, wrongly named as sportsmen, he here seeks to blame. Col. Bond is playing an easy game. No wonder he can talk. He has two ways to win. Last summer I could have showed the game dealers in early July prairie chickens on South Water street not bigger than your fist. Next summer, unless we get a decent warden, I shall be able to show the same thing. Was it the sportsmen who killed those birds? Is it the sportsmen, or just the game-selling shooters, who are so anxious to do this slaughtering of game early in the season? I know very well that the dealers do not or dare not openly invite these early shipments. Why? Because they get them anyhow, out of the local freezers, when the season permits; also, because, as they admit and publicly profess, the natural demand for game, and consequently the time it brings the most money, seems to be in the cold weather. It is easy to see, then, that the cry of the dealers against September shooting is because there is not so much money at once in that shooting for the dealers. I think Col. Bond will admit that the September game and its allied poultry trade must amount to some little amount. I think he will admit that he gets his share of this, anyhow, sooner or later, at once or ultimately out of the Iowa and Minnesota freezers, and that he can get this just as well while he upbraids the "sportsmen" for practicing such early shooting. There is nothing like being honest with one's own self. Very well. Let us suppose that all this could be cut off, that the dealers would really give up this September profit which they now realize in December, and that the actual sportsmen would be willing to sacrifice the mild and beautiful days of autumn, the natural sporting season of the year, and agree upon so cold and stormy a date as Nov. 1 for the opening of the season. Would the dealers meet this last sacrifice with an equal sacrifice and cut down the selling season to Jan. 1? No indeed! They wouldn't do anything of the kind. Would they agree to Oct. 1 to open the season, shooting and selling, and Jan. 1 to close both? No, indeed, nothing of the kind. In short, the game dealers know just exactly how they can make the most money out of selling game, and they are going to hang out for just exactly the dates most profitable to them. Their indignation at the "slaughtering of game" is a very artificial and really transparent affair.

I do not think the use of a dog in field shooting ought to be prohibited, any more than the use of a gun, for it is natural and fit; but as to the use of more destructive arms, their adoption by sportsmen is as much from a desire to be up with the times as from a desire for actual butchery. I do not find these large bags by sportsmen so very common as Col. Bond would indicate. The shooter for sport lays in many appliances for sport, but who is the man that actually and steadily uses such appliances? Col. Bond knows it is the man who ships his game. To give up boats, blinds, decoys, calls—I can conceive of a spirit of American sportsmanship which would agree to all that, but a law to that effect would have to be made by a compromise, and that compromise would have to be made, not with the sportsmen, but with the men who ship their game—the men who are Col. Bond's friends, and not the friends of sportsmen. I do not find the sportsmen such steady killers as would seem to be intimated in Col. Bond's letter. I don't find them eager to devise ways to kill game more generally. I bear in mind a devoted little body of men who not long ago pleaded strongly with Col. Bond to consent to a means which should make the killing of game, as they thought, less general. And Col. Bond would not consent. It wasn't his way. I shouldn't like to say anything unfair or discourteous to Col. Bond, who is himself always pleasant and fair—although I know I don't have any "just conceptions of this game question"—it does look to me as though a South Water street compromise was one by which South Water street gets the carcass, hide, tail, horns and tallow, and the more valuable portion of the intestines, while the sportsmen get the rest—with a scolding for being so selfish about it.

I've got the Colonel stirred up a little, and the other day he sent me another letter, which I really must have space to run, for it raises some more interesting points. The letter says:

I inclose a letter from an old friend and one of the most accomplished sportsmen I ever knew. I have several of the same tenor, so you see the free advertising I have had in the FOREST AND STREAM has won me some good friends. I want to become a convert to my idea of preventing September shooting. I have taken the trouble to look over my old books and find my receipts of grouse in the month of September were about half the number I received during the months of October, November and December. At that time the season opened Sept. 1 and closed Jan. 1 and I have not the least doubt but that the grouse killed in August and September amounted in round numbers to over double killed in October, November and December.—E. S. BOND.

The inclosure referred to is a letter from Mr. S. W. Scott, of Osakis, Minn. I wonder if it is Col. Bond who has put such funny ideas in Mr. Scott's head? I really must quote a part of the latter's letter, since I am not told not to do so, though we cannot be severe in comment on it under the circumstances. Mr. Scott says:

I saw by FOREST AND STREAM that you represented South Water street at the Sherman House the other evening. I hope you will make game laws that will suit everybody. I see the FOREST AND STREAM occasionally, and would be highly interested in it if they would drop a little of our state of affairs. Anything English makes me sick, and if they could only have their own way they would tax the guns of us poor devils and cut us off entirely. They keep agitating the subject, and have got the city shooters to believe as they do, and in time they will succeed in making a law to suit them, and we the people, the majority not being organized, and so weak, will have to go to the wall. South Water street is a power, and can keep them in check in Illinois, but we, unorganized as we are, are powerless. My day is most past, and I can't be cheated out of what sport I have had, but my sympathies are just as strong as if I had got to spend another life on this naughty world.

Now, if Mr. Scott will so permit, I can't help thinking that he would be yet more highly accomplished as a sportsman if he would get out of the way of thinking that game protection in America is anything either English or undesirable. The old idea that it is the "city shooters" who want to protect the game for themselves selfishly and not for the people, is now quite too old and exploded to be retained by Mr. Scott or anybody else any longer. It is for the people, heedless, thoughtless, wasteful and unreasoning as they are, that other and wiser heads should act in the preservation of the game. FOREST AND STREAM is not more for the city shooter than for any shooter, and everybody knows that who knows the paper. But I imagine it will keep right on agitating this

game protection until it does indeed obtain a law which drives to the wall the unorganized mob of the thoughtless and reckless shooters. The day will come when these sporting papers will be called blessed. Mr. Scott says he cannot be cheated out of the sport he has had. How about his cheating his own children and the next generation out of the sport they ought to have? How about cheating other fellows, right here in this generation? If such fraud be prevented, who should have the praise for it, the unorganized mob, or the organized thought and energy and intelligence which lie behind an able journal of to-day?

It pleases me to hear my friend the Colonel say he is getting results from his free advertising. I always said FOREST AND STREAM was a capital advertising medium. But as to "becoming a convert to the idea of September shooting," I would like to know who is more of a convert or a devotee to that idea than the writer, or than the men of the State Association, or than FOREST AND STREAM? We all know very well that with the Sept. 1 date we should have no chickens in Illinois after the next fall. Why was not the date Oct. 1? Compromise. With whom? This has above been answered fully enough for any one to understand who cares to do so. Col. Bond may or may not, but I wish he would turn in and really help to stop the extermination of the game. No man could be so able as he, for he is cute above all things, and smooth, oh my! Still, I hope he will once in a while come over in our yard and holler down our rain barrel, even if he can't stay very long.

March 14.—Mr. Lew Harrison, of Minneapolis, I suppose about the best-natured and biggest-hearted sportsman in the world, is in town this week, having scented from afar off the battle of day before yesterday between Capt. Adrian Constantinople Anson and Mr. Geo. Hofmann in the matter of 100 live pigeons, somewhat a side, in which, as will appear by the scores in the proper column, Capt. Anson won. The boys wanted Lew Harrison to come down and have a little duck shooting, but he declined. He is one of the all too few men who will not shoot ducks in the spring at all. Something of principle in that, sure. Mr. Harrison informs the Chicago boys that he has started a branch Possum Club in Minneapolis, and that it is already a howling success.

The organization of the Rock Creek Fishing Club is announced at Clinton, Ia. Will some friend out there report more fully? The fishing season is coming on, and FOREST AND STREAM wants all the news from all the fishers.

Mr. James Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, who was in the city last week, got away without my meeting him. It was wrongly reported in a Chicago paper that "Billy" Wolstencroft, the Philadelphia crack shot, was in town. Billy and Jim are brothers.

Mr. H. L. Cairncross, a well-known figure at Illinois traps, blew in the other day, and so did Johnnie Ruble, of Beloit. Charlie Budd will be here next Friday. There will be quite a party going over to the Detroit shoot, and the opening of the season there will be something of an event.

Mr. V. E. Wampler, of Dayton, O., an old friend of Rolla Heikes, was here yesterday visiting with Rolla.

Mr. F. E. Bosworth, late of Lexington, Ky., is recently arrived in Chicago, which place he will now make his home.

On last Saturday quite a party went down to Mak-saw-ba Club after some duck shooting, but a cold turn of the weather defeated plans and no bags were made. There were some bluebills about, and some sheldrakes in the river, but no shooting. Mr. W. H. Haskell says that about that time a conductor told him that in running along the Kankakee Marsh he had seen great numbers of geese out on the ice. I have heard of no goose shooting, though unusual quantities of geese have appeared hereabouts this spring. The weather has been changeable and mostly cold all this week, and though a thaw ought to bring some shooting now, it is still a question whether those going out near the end of this week will meet any birds. To-day will see a good many shooters start.

E. HOUGH.

A SILVER GRAY FOX.—It has been known for a number of years that on the hills north of Port Crane there lived a silver gray fox, the most beautiful and highly prized of all the reynard family. Every effort has been made to capture the cunning creature, but in vain, as every time the hounds were put upon his track he would lead off to the north and make such a circuit that nothing would be seen of the dogs for the rest of the day. The next day, if they had good staying qualities, they would come in worn and exhausted by their long and fruitless chase. For several days after such a chase no trace of the fox could be found in his usual haunts, after which his trail would be found leading from the henry where he had been to regale himself. His home was known to be in a rocky gorge, but there were so many entrances to it that all efforts to trap him proved unavailing. Last week the cunning animal was shot by a hunter who got within range of him by the merest chance. He was one of the largest foxes ever killed in that section of country. His size was probably due to his age, which could not have been less than ten years. The fur was coal black, except on the extreme tip of the hairs, where for about 1/2 of an inch they were as white as snow. The skin was shipped to a New York fur dealer and yesterday the hunter, A. C. Wilson, received a check for \$100 in payment for it. In conversation with a fur dealer in this city to-day it was learned that silver-gray fox skins are the most valuable of any furs obtained in this State, and \$100 is the usual price for a good one. But one other has ever been obtained in this county so far as known, and that was shot by Burton Wylie near North Colesville about ten years ago. He kept the skin two years, which damaged it somewhat, and finally sold it for \$50.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Exchange.

MISSOURI.—Sedalia, March 11.—The game prospects were never better here at this time of year. Chickens and quail are very plentiful, the latter very numerous, and if the breeding season is favorable the shooting next fall will be exceedingly good. The law is pretty well observed here, and I am satisfied the quail supply is steadily on the increase.—L. S. E.

MADAWASKA CARIBOU.—Caribou are unusually plentiful this winter in Madawaska. At Murchie's camp they have killed over fifty.—St. Croix (N. B.) Courier, March 5.

DEER HUNTING INCIDENTS.—West Lebanon, N. H.—I take lots of comfort reading the experience of my brother sportsmen, and it gives an added zest when it comes from some of the waters that I have camped on. The account of a trip to Cold River, by F. Berkley Smith, in your issue of Feb. 12, puts me back twenty-six years and more, when I first began to camp in the grand old Adirondacks. I well remember that the first deer I ever shot was in Long Lake, not more than two miles from the outlet of that same Cold River. That feeling can never come to a man but once in a life time. And speaking of that same Long Lake (as you say) "reminds me." One of your correspondents spoke of a strange shot made at a deer, and asked if any one knew of a similar case. It was of a deer killed by the bullet striking its horn. I can answer for one that in the fall of 1865, when I was camping on the lower end of that lake, my dogs drove in a fine buck. He was so far off that I shot the rifle barrel at him. He was dead by the time I could row up. The ball struck and split the left antler about 2 in. from the head. I always supposed that it was concussion of the brain that killed him. I watch the paper very closely to see if "Von W." has written anything, and feel well repaid when I find something from his pen. I have followed the hounds for over forty years till the present winter, and now I feel as though I would like to sit in the chimney corner with "Von W." and talk of the days of old, never to return; but the memory is sweet.—C. D. S.

A LONG-BARRELED GUN.—In the last FOREST AND STREAM I see a query from "Doctor" as to length of gun barrels. I have in my possession an ancient "fowling piece," brought to this country by a brother of my grandfather, who lived at Flatbush, L. I., some time before the Revolution, say 1760-70. The barrel is just 5 ft. long, but the gun is beautifully balanced and comes well to the shoulder. It was brought from England, but from the fleur-de-lis on the barrel I judge it to be of French manufacture. The first owner used it to shoot plover on Long Island, and the family tradition is that a colored servant used to drive him in a low gig, from which he fired when he got near enough. An uncle of mine had it altered to "percussion" about 60 years ago, and many a gray squirrel and some ruffed grouse have I killed with it when a boy. I sometimes think I will take the old gun out and try it again, with fine shot, and see what it will do. "The boys" always used No. 2 shot in those old days, but the old gun had a fearful reputation as "sure death," and the "other boys" said I just knocked the squirrels out of the trees with it without taking the trouble to fire.—VON W.

REMOVING DENTS IN GUNS.—One of your inquirers recently asked about removing dents in gun barrels. Several times I have carelessly dented the barrels of my shotgun. The dents were in all cases removed by firing heavy charges a few times. I loaned a friend metallic shells to use in a gun of German manufacture, the chambers of which proved to be much larger than those of my gun, and when the shells were returned they could not be placed in the chambers of my gun, they were expanded so much. I made a die and forced them into it, but instead of this compressing the shells they were corrugated. I loaded them heavily, and the first discharge left the shells as perfect in form and otherwise, so far as I could see, as when they were new.—H. L.

A GUN CLUB FOR WEYMOUTH.—Weymouth, Mass., March 10.—An enthusiastic meeting of a large number of sportsmen of Weymouth and Braintree was held this evening to organize a club to enforce the game laws, for stocking the woods with game, and for general development of fine shooting. Charles E. Jacks was elected president and C. Frank White secretary. The remaining officers will be elected at the next meeting. The club will hold their first clay-pigeon shoot Fast Day. A large number of applications have been received for membership, South Weymouth sending eleven. We have a club of enthusiasts qualified and protected by a doctor and lawyer for emergency.—CHAS. E. JACKS, Pres.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The press reports relate that "Wm. Slaughter, a wealthy farmer of Clay county, South Dakota, has got himself into a remarkable tangle, from which it will cost him more than \$20,000 to extricate himself. He was caught yesterday by the sheriff of his county and taken to Vermillion, together with nineteen barrels of prairie chickens which he admitted having killed. The penalty for violating the law is \$10 for each bird, and as he had 2,060 of the birds barreled up, it is very easy to figure out the amount he is indebted to the State. There are no loop holes in the law, and Mr. Slaughter has goods and chattels enough to pay for his sport."

GREAT SOUTH BAY.—The duck shooting in Great South Bay, Long Island, is capital. An unusual wildfowl score of twelve brand was made there last Saturday, by a gunner who went out from Sayville.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Beatt," "Glean," "Dick Swiveler," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE OTSEGO BASS.

A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

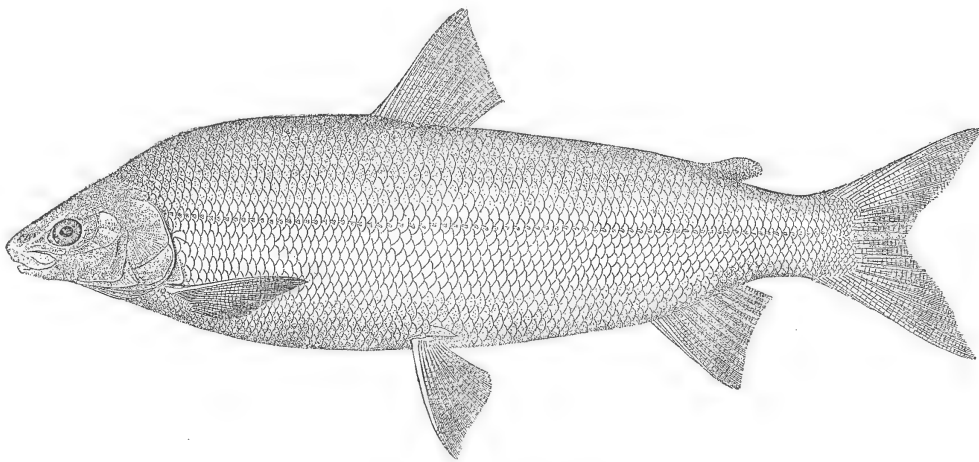
As is already known, principally through the columns of your journal, large numbers of the Otsego bass, so called, have during the past two winters, and contrary to all former experience, been taken with the baited hook, chiefly through the ice.

More wonderful still is the fact that, whereas the *Coregonus* subsist naturally upon crustacea, these fish, averaging about 1 lb. each, are almost invariably taken with a small lake shiner or tiny fragment of the same.

As the original Otsego bass averaged from 2 to 3 lbs. each, reaching in one instance a weight of 7 lbs., and were rarely if ever taken with the hook, howsoever baited, the question whether the fish now taken is identical with the original Otsego bass has been quite seriously raised. By some it is flatly disputed.

To clear the matter up, I forwarded to Prof. T. H. Bean, Ichthyologist of the Smithsonian Institution, at his request, one of the fish packed in salt, which reached him in poor condition, partly disintegrated, and from this he was unable to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

My theory is that we have now in our lake three varie-



THE OTSEGO BASS.

ties of the *Coregonus albus*, viz. (1), the original Otsego bass ("an established misnomer for the common whitefish"), averaging about 3 lbs., but attaining an extreme weight of 6 or 7 lbs.; (2), the Lake Huron whitefish, averaging 3 to 6 lbs., but said to attain a weight of 20 to 25 lbs., and (3) the fish now taken, averaging 1 lb. each, but reaching to 3 and 4 lbs., and that this fish is probably a fertile hybrid, resulting from a cross between the original Otsego bass and the Lake Huron whitefish, of which 300,000 were planted here in 1877.

As this theory affords a logical solution of the doubt, I have submitted it to Prof. Bean, who, after another and thoroughly scientific analysis of a perfect specimen, sent to him in alcohol, herewith appends his conclusions, which, having been reached with the utmost care, must certainly place the matter beyond all further controversy.

That the variations between the fish now taken and the original Otsego bass are neither structural nor organic, but purely accidental, resulting from change of food and habitat, I am the more ready to believe since, upon this very point, Dr. Bean's views concur exactly with those of the late Gov. Seymour, formerly New York State Fish Commissioner, and one of the most careful observers of his day.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 12.

ELIHU PHINNEY.

"Mr. Elihu Phinney, Cooperstown, N. Y.:

"The whitefish from Otsego Lake arrived in excellent condition and will be permanently preserved in the Museum collection. After having carefully gone over the specimen and compared it with other individuals from Otsego Lake and with the common whitefish from Lake Michigan, I find certain differences, which are constant in all the examples I have seen. The Otsego Lake whitefish, to begin with, is a smaller fish than the common whitefish of the Great Lakes; (2) if I may judge from the specimens at hand, the snout of the Otsego Lake fish is blunt and not obliquely truncate as in the common whitefish; (3) the scales of the Otsego form are smaller than in the common form, almost invariably exceeding 82 along the lateral line, while in the common whitefish the average is about 72. The fish you have sent me is most nearly related to the common species of the Great Lakes (*Coregonus clupeiformis*), but if the differences which I have pointed out prove to be constant the Otsego Lake whitefish must be distinguished by at least a varietal name, and would be written *Coregonus clupeiformis* var. *otsego*. You can better judge than I about the constancy or variability of these characters, and I will be glad to have as full information on the subject as you can obtain. Is the snout in your fish always even with the end of the lower jaw, or does it project somewhat forward into a conical point as in the common whitefish? What changes do you notice in the breeding season, does the male acquire a decided hump on the nape?

"From present appearances your fish is more nearly like the common whitefish than anything else, and the differences which I have pointed out might be caused in the common whitefish after introduction into a lake like

yours. You know more about the history of the hatching operations at Cooperstown than anybody else, and I should be delighted to learn just what work you carried on there years ago. Very respectfully,
T. H. BEAN."

[One of the very best accounts of angling for whitefish was published by Mr. Phinney in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 26, 1885, wherein he relates the experiences of Seth Green, Charles Carpenter, Dr. Garlick and Judge Potter, with a variety of baits. Seth Green recommended the use of small minnows and red angle worms, very fine tackle, the line to be left on the bottom and the fish allowed to hook themselves. He always insisted upon a light strike and careful handling, in order to avoid tearing out the hook. Mr. Carpenter was successful when large schools of the fish were present in Lake Erie in catching a few with cockroaches drawn rapidly through the water. Dr. Garlick took them at Copper Harbor, Lake Superior, bottom fishing at night, with small pieces of fresh beef. Judge Potter saw a great many taken at Sault Ste. Marie, Lake Superior, with the hook baited with the June or soldier fly. The fishing was done just before sunset in a deep, still pool, adjoining the rapids, and the bait was allowed to rest on the bottom where the fish were feeding. The whitefishes consort in large schools and are found in deep cold water in summer, approaching the shore in cold weather. Dr. Garlick thus describes the action of the common whitefish: "These fish bite very gently, with no dash like the trout or other game fish. You will barely feel a slow movement of the line in your fingers. Then with a light strike you bring them slowly to the surface and take them out with a landing net." The methods recently pursued in Otsego Lake have been so fully described by Mr. Phinney that we need only refer the reader to his excellent descriptions.]

ONONDAGA' ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.—Syracuse, N. Y., March 7.—At the annual meeting of the Anglers' Association, R. W. Jones was reelected President; J. N. Babcock, Vice-President; W. S. MacGregor, Secretary and Attorney, and Chas. W. Phelps, Treasurer, with M. J. French, George B. Wood, F. J. Kendrick, Charles H. Mowry and C. W. Smith as Executive Committee. There was a large attendance of members and much interest manifested in the work of the Association. Starting one year ago with a membership of about twenty, the Association now has upward of 200 members. The report of work done during the past year in capturing and destroying nets and in detecting and prosecuting net-fishermen in the waters of Onondaga county, shows that the As-

sociation has accomplished more in the work of protecting fish during the past year than any other association in the State, and that it has become a terror to the law breakers, as they have discovered that the Association is determined to prosecute the fish pirates without fear or favor. It was decided to stop the use of all dip-nets and flat-nets and other illegal devices for fishing upon Onondaga Lake, Oneida Lake, the Seneca River and their tributaries, and the shooting of pickerel, and that any one detected in committing any violation of the law in that respect should be prosecuted. A large number of new members were admitted and the prospects are bright for a large increase in membership during the coming year, and for a very vigorous campaign against the pirates.

ANGLING NOTES.

FLOUNDERS of large size, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 4 lbs., have been taken in considerable numbers in Jamaica Bay. The best bait seems to be sandworms, though when these cannot be obtained soft clams will answer fairly well.

The first run of striped bass may be looked for about the middle of April, and the weakfish follow about three weeks later. The first are generally caught off Fort Hamilton.

In Professor Bean's list of fishes caught in Great South Bay he omitted the redbait and spot. Almost every season one or more of these handsome fish are taken while chumming for bluefish. And they are generally of good size. The largest on record was the 35 lb. fish killed by Mr. Wilson.

Some magnificent specimens of fresh cod have been received from Boston dealers lately. John Sutherland had one on exhibition this week that weighed 56 lbs., and last week received one of 61 lbs. in weight. Last season his biggest cod weighed 86 lbs. These large fish are of fine flavor with layers of cream between the flakes of meat, and are at their best at this season of the year.

Game Warden Kidd has been visiting Saw Mill Creek in Westchester county. He found that a lime kiln where they used petroleum to burn the lime was running the refuse oil into the stream; also the managers of a couple of pickle factories were allowing the brine to escape. They were notified that unless the nuisance was abated inside of ten days, suit would be commenced against them. This stream has recently been stocked or is about to be stocked by the State with trout. It seems a shame that the tax-payers who contribute money to keep up our stock of fish and game should be imposed upon by these people.

The wisdom of changing the date of the opening of the trout season from March 1 to April 1, both in New York and New Jersey, was again made apparent this year. It seems that in recent years the clerk of the

weather supplies us with some of our coldest weather during the month of March. Last season we had several inches of snow on the first of April, and it is generally well along in this month before the angler can fish with any degree of comfort.

Public waters are getting more scarce every year on Long Island. Smithtown, Glen Cove, Patchogue, Newbridge Creek and Cedar Creek are about the only places that afford any trout fishing worth going for, and most of these are very uncertain. The following list of flies comprise the list of well-tried favorites: Scarlet-ibis, cow-dung, Abbey, dark-montreal, Cabill or Von-Patten, Imbrie, great-dum, black-gnat, coachman, professor, queen-of-the-waters, plum, Lowery, golden-spinner, March-brown, brown-hen and grizzly-king. No. 8 spout is the best size to have the flies dressed on for early fishing.

SCARLET-IBIS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 11.—I want to tell a very pretty little story which will show the beauty and the usefulness of a right devotion to field sports. A friend of mine, with whom I often go fishing, is the hero of it. This friend is a newspaper man, and like all good newspaper men, he tries conscientiously to live up all his salary. Last week, without any very elaborate preliminaries, the manager of the paper for which he labors came to him and told him that the paper was not making very much money, so he guessed he wouldn't publish it any more after the next Saturday, and such being the case, he wouldn't need any editor to speak of after that date. "Now, I don't know what I'm going to do," said my friend. "Here I've only got just about \$45, and this is a mighty bad town to get broke in. I can't live for over two weeks on \$45, and besides that, I've got to have some clothing. I've got to have some shirts, and I need some other things. And you know we were figuring on going fishing this spring, and I was going to buy another fly-rod."

I flatter myself that I rose to this occasion. "It is pretty tough, H.," said I, "but now you want to be careful and not spend any money foolishly till you get to work again. Don't be extravagant, and buy only the necessities first."

That was good advice, as I think all will agree. We then laid our heads together to determine what the "necessities" were. We argued that a man could wear a coat without any shirt, if need be, but that he could not possibly go fishing without a rod, and that therefore the rod in this case was properly to be classed as a necessity.

"Come on," said my newspaper friend, "I know where I can get a dandy for \$15." So we went and bought the rod, and I must say it was a beauty.

Now I imagine that a great many practical people will say that was a very unwise and absurd thing to do. That is all they know about it. Mark the result. Just two days after my friend had bought this elegant few rod, a publishing house came along and bought the newspaper of his late employer, retained my friend as editor, raised his salary \$15 a week, and gave him an interest in the business. These are actual and bona fide facts, and I could give the names of all the parties if it were proper to do so. To-day I met my friend again and he was happy once more. We congratulated each other on our judgment in buying that fishing-rod. I do not wish to pose in the least as a wise man or an authority in business methods, but to any one who finds himself in such straits as render economy obligatory, I would point to the above example and repeat my advice, "Don't be extravagant and spend your money foolishly. Buy the necessities first." And there hadn't better anybody tell me this story isn't true.

March 14.—Messrs. A. C. Ely and W. H. Comstock, of this city, leave to-day for Castalia, O., for the opening day of the trout fishing, March 15 or March 16 (Monday.) The success of the Castalia Club with its preserved stream is too well known to need much mention. The gentlemen will probably have rather cold weather, but last spring they caught trout in a blinding snowstorm on opening day. Success to the First Line. E. HOUGH.

WHALES IN THE CHESAPEAKE.—The lower Chesapeake is fairly alive with whales. They have the appearance of sperm whales, and the man who could corral the lot would be rich. Capt. Howes of the steamer Dorchester from Boston, reports three big fellows off Fortress Monroe. They were blowing at a great rate. Nearly every captain arriving the past week reports having seen the sea monsters throughout the various parts of the bay.—*Washington Evening Star*, March 11.

A MOOSEHEAD LAKER.—Mr. F. S. Stevens, of Augusta, Me., is credited with having caught a speckled laker, which is believed to be the king fish of all its species ever captured at Moosehead. The fish was taken near Deer Island and measured 35in. in length, 10in. from back to belly; and weighed 21½lbs.

CHUBB'S CATALOGUE would have been noticed this week, but "Podgers" saw it, the other day, borrowed it, and found it so interesting that he has not brought it back.

MR. ANDREW HARRIS, Providence, R. I., whose advertisement appears in another column, carries a full line of fishing tackle and anglers' supplies. Write him for a catalogue.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

WORK OF THE COMMISSIONS.

Arizona.—Arizona's Commissioners can report very little as yet in regard to the fisheries in the Territory. Some of her private citizens along the mountain streams are doing something. Mr. W. J. Hill, of Belmont, has expended not a little in building ponds and placing fish in them. He has met with poor success through want of experience, but is now more fully informed and hopes to succeed. Our people take to mining and not to fishing. The Legislature has not been asked to do much, if anything, by way of appropriations to help. We expect to make a report of our work at the coming legislative session.—T. W. O.

Colorado.—Colorado has placed W. S. Kincaid in charge of her fishcultural operations and the result of his work has been most encouraging, both last season and so far this year. We have over 500,000 eggs of *S. fontinalis* now in the trays and hope to get about 800,000 before the season for taking their eggs closes, which is with us about Dec. 20. Our work is confined to trout propagation entirely. We

handle *S. fontinalis*, *S. irideus*, *S. fario*, and *S. virginialis*, not the *S. spilargenteus* or Rio Grande trout, but the black spotted or Utah trout of Girard. These fish spawn only in June and no earlier eggs have ever been taken by our Commission though there are a few persons who claim to have taken ripe eggs in May. The stocking of barren mountain lakes has been very successful the past two seasons. On Aug. 17, 1889, the State superintendent stocked Moraine Lake on the Pike's Peak trail with several thousand brook trout (*S. fontinalis*). In September of this year one was captured in the lake that weighed 1½lbs. As the lake never had a fish in it of any kind prior to the above date we consider this a very rapid growth, as the fry put in were not over 2½in. long. The elevation of Moraine Lake is 10,500ft. above the sea level. The cans of fish were placed upon the backs of burros, there being only a pack trail leading to the place of planting. Other lakes report almost the same results, while Echo Lake, near Idaho Springs, shows such a wonderful growth of *S. fontinalis* in its waters that no one, who has not actually seen the fish, will believe the reports in regard to them. An examination of the water plants, that grow to such an extent as to afford shelter and food for myriads of insects, reveals the real reason for such marvellous growth upon the part of these vigorous fish. *S. fontinalis* is an incessant feeder. He takes his food from the bottom, from the weeds and mosses, rocks and from the surface. Nothing in the shape of aquatic animal life, small enough to be taken into his capacious maw, escapes his efforts to devour. We have barren rivers as well, that are literally alive with fish food and yet contain no fish of any kind. These we are stocking and in every case meet with good results. An entomologist would find rich harvests along our mountain streams and lakes.—G. L.

Illinois.—The year 1890 has been a great angling season in this State. Outside of pond culture for carp, our method of rescuing and distributing indigenous fishes is about the only fishculture carried on in this State.—S. P. B.

Indiana.—We have organized the Indiana Fish and Game Association and mean to protect the food fishes of this State. Over a hundred violators of the fish laws have been punished, and dynamiting and illegal seining have been checked. Numerous auxiliary branch associations have been formed in several counties, and an interest in fish protection is observable throughout the State. During the past year we have placed 20,000 young bass in various streams. At Rome City we have 500,000 young wall-eyed pike in a pond. These will be kept until a year old and then distributed in suitable streams. We have also 10,000 landlocked salmon, which will be planted in Indiana lakes when old enough. The German carp is not coming up to our expectations. They are poor food and, burrowing in the mud like swine, they keep the water so muddy as to disgust the clean fish and drive them away. Indiana has a vast amount of water that is inhabited by the better class of indigenous fish. Its shore line amounts to 30,000 miles, and we have 300,000 acres of water well adapted to fish. The value of the fishery products of the State, if carefully protected, will amount to many millions of dollars. The present impoverished condition of our lakes and streams is due to several causes. The wholesale capture and destruction of fish; obstructions in streams preventing the fish from reaching their proper spawning grounds; the pollution of streams, etc., are among the principal causes. We hope to be able, with the aid of our fish and game associations, to secure a strict enforcement of the law for the protection of fish, and by restocking our streams and lakes to restore them to their original condition of productivity.—W. T. D.

Kansas.—Our streams are fairly well stocked with fish. The most valuable are the black bass, sun-perch, crappies, channel cat and buffalo fish. These are all native fish. Some others of the better varieties have been deposited in the streams, a landlocked salmon, weighing over 6lbs., having been taken in Shawnee county. Other kinds are heard from occasionally, but there is so little protection afforded fish in the State, and so little encouragement given by our law makers to our fishing interests, that it is surprising that any should live to maturity. The waters of the northern part of the State, like those of the southern half, are pure and well suited for the propagation of all kinds of fishes and are tolerably well inhabited by the finny tribe; but, strange to say, there are no bass of any variety found in any of these streams, except such as have been planted by the general Government. The general character of the beds of the streams is the same, the aquatic plants and fish food seem to abound as in the southern portion of the State; but why one section should abound in bass and the other have none is a question not yet satisfactorily answered. Because of the limited area of the waters of Kansas it is very essential that wise laws be enacted to protect the native fishes, especially while spawning. Such protection, in connection with the fish we may have from the general Government, will largely supply us with this excellent and wholesome food.—J. M. B.

Maine.—We have steadily advanced in our work. The mass of the people begin to comprehend our objects. We hope for better legislation by the coming Legislature. Our woods are full of deer and our ponds and streams of fish. The people begin to see the result of such protection as we have been able to give to our game, as well as the product of our fish plantings.—E. E. S.

Maryland.—The reports from the western counties of this State as to brook trout are very encouraging, and from what I can gather they are so eagerly sought after that the Commission will have to increase the output. There is not so much demand for carp as formerly. Some years ago a friend and I bought 500 acres of land, through which Deep Creek flows, and we erected a dam and formed a lake of about fifty acres, and strange as it may appear, the fishing was good the following spring. Since then I have introduced the rainbow and German brown trout. Of the rainbow we have some that will measure 2ft., and as game as they are large. As to the natives—the brook trout—they are there by the ton.—G. W. D.

Minnesota.—In the years 1889 and 1890 Minnesota distributed more than 5,000,000 of fishes, besides 25,000,000 eggs of the pike-perch (*Stizostedion vitreum*). Of this number 800,000 were brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) and 347,000 lake trout and 162,000 Loch Leven trout. The United States Fish Commission planted in addition to these, in the waters of Lake Superior within the limits of Minnesota, 36,910,000 fish consisting principally of whitefish, lake trout and pike perch. Every indication at the present time leads us to believe that the output of the coming season will largely exceed, if not double, that of the last.—R. O. S.

Missouri.—Missouri has had her fish car out two months distributing large numbers of crappie, bass and carp, for which her streams are admirably adapted, especially for the first two species mentioned. In 1891, if our State Legislature appropriates sufficient money, we mean to double our present work and handle several new varieties.—H. M. G.

Nebraska.—The reports for the years 1889 and 1890 are now in the State Printer's hands. The Commissioners are all gentlemen of large experience in piscatorial matters and take a lively interest in all fishcultural operations. The practical results of the work of the Commission are demonstrated by the fact that in the few years of its existence it has successfully stocked many of the waters of this State with the best varieties of food fishes. Perhaps our greatest success has been in stocking the spring streams with the brook and rainbow trout. When trout were first planted in these streams the wisdom of the undertaking was doubted by a good many, as before the advent of the Commission no fish of the salmon variety was ever known to be found in the history of the white man, in any of the waters of this State.

However, at the present time we are pleased to say that many of these streams afford the angler excellent trout fishing, and the speckled beauties are as plentiful in some of them as they are in the streams of New York and Vermont—States which are noted for their excellent trout fishing. What has been said of stocking the smaller streams with trout might also be said about stocking the larger streams and lakes with the black bass and wall-eyed pike, as very few of these fish were found in this State until the waters were stocked by the Commission. The stocking of private ponds with the German carp has also been successfully carried on and is considered one of the most important branches of our work. The State owns a fish car which the Commission finds a great advantage in distributing young fish. During the years 1889 and 1890 we hatched and distributed in the waters of this State 36,923,005 young fish; of this number 35,000,000 were young wall-eyed pike (*Stizostedion vitreum*); the others were brook trout, rainbow trout, salmon trout, black bass and German carp. The State appropriation for the Fish Commission for the biennial period ending March 31, 1891, was \$16,000; an extra appropriation of \$2,000 for a fish car is included in this sum, and the Commission have recommended the appropriation of \$16,000 for the next two years' work.—M. E. O'B.

New York.—Notwithstanding the increased efficiency of the hatcheries, the demand for eggs and young fish for planting has vastly exceeded the supply. There has been a notably urgent call for the propagation of whitefish in Lake Ontario, which the Commission, with its present funds, has been entirely unable to satisfy. The Caledonia hatchery distributed during the year 1890 upward of 20,000,000 eggs and fry of food and game fishes. The total distribution for the year aggregated nearly 40,000,000, composed as follows: Frost fish or tomcod 3,320,000, wall-eyed pike 4,000,000, masalonge 75,000, smelts 200,000, whitefish 3,998,000, siscowet 2,400,000, Atlantic salmon 50,000, landlocked salmon 18,000, brown trout 1,246,500, rainbow trout 155,000, brook trout 2,669,500, lake trout 7,477,000, shad 14,238,688. An appropriation of \$38,000 is estimated for the expenses of the ensuing year.

Ohio.—Ohio has finished her pond hatchery at Chagrin Falls, for the purpose of stocking the inland streams. From this hatchery 30,000 marbled catfish (*Ictalurus punctatus*) were distributed last year. Some small-mouthed black bass were turned out from the same place. We find that the catfish does well in confined ponds, but that the bass does not. Next year a much larger number of catfish will be produced, and another effort made to cultivate bass in these ponds. Of course our work will depend largely on the amount of funds placed at our disposal. Private enterprise will fit some of our brooks for the retention of trout, and we hope to make this fish to be no longer a stranger in many parts of our State. The two-year-old fish received a year ago from the U. S. Fish Commission show up well, measuring now 13in. and weighing from 12 to 14oz.—C. V. O.

Pennsylvania.—Pennsylvania's work of propagating and distributing fish was similar to last year's (1889), but on a much larger scale. The species and varieties, which have received attention at our several hatcheries, consist of brook trout, lake trout, Loch Leven trout, brown trout, California trout, and some lake and brook trout hybrids and German carp. At the Central or Erie hatchery we propagate whitefish and wall-eyed pike, and have about 20,000,000 of each, which we hope to distribute during the coming season. We expect to have about 2,000,000 trout from Corry and about as many from Allentown.—J. V. L.

Utah.—Utah has no hatchery as yet. At the last legislative session an appropriation of \$5,000 was made to build a hatchery, etc., but up to date the sum has not been made available. Utah has quite a large water area, which is in every way adapted to the wants of fresh-water fish. Our Great Salt Lake is too salt for any living thing except a small shrimp (*Artemia fertilis*), which abound in great numbers. Utah Lake, some thirty miles south of Salt Lake City, is our best fishing ground. During the year 1889 our regular fishermen took from that lake 25,450lbs. of trout and 1,289,000lbs. of mullet, suckers and chubs. The number of fishermen employed was 38; the number of days, 3,811; boats, 44, valued at \$1,800; seines, 25, value \$2,350. Of the trout, 1,550lbs. were taken with hook and line. The trout are *par excellence*. The fishermen found ready sale for trout at 20 cents per pound. The mullets, etc., were sold at from 1¼ to 2½ cents per pound. Utah Lake is about 10 miles wide by 20 long, while its greatest depth is but 12ft. It empties into Great Salt Lake through the River Jordan, which is about 40 miles long. The south half of Bear Lake is in Utah. Its area is about the same as Utah Lake, while its maximum depth has not been fathomed. Then we have a large number of small lakes filled with native fish. The meat of the suckers, mullets and chubs is white and sweet, but, oh, the bones! Our largest rivers are Green, Bear, Weber, Jordan, Provo, Sevier and Price. In all these fish abound. A few white salmon are found in Green River, and they are a very fine fish. Colorado heretofore has been liberally supplied with Utah fish, but now the law forbids their export. The General Government has been sending us carp, shad, black bass, perch, crappies, etc., etc. The shad and carp are doing well, the other species have been planted but a short time and that they will do well no one has a doubt.—A. M. M.

Virginia.—Virginia had no money last year for fishcultural work, her last Legislature having failed to make an appropriation for that purpose. We earnestly hope that provision will be made for the work during the coming season, when we expect to continue the artificial propagation of our most valuable salt-water fish. Last season we deposited in the Chesapeake Bay, near the Glebe hatchery in Northampton county, 7,400,000 young Spanish mackerel and 1,135,000 young shad in the tributaries of the Chesapeake. In addition to these a large number of ova of porgy, bonita, mackerel, coalfish and gray and speckled trout (*Cynoscion regalis* and *C. maculatum*) were secured, and with these we were, in an experimental way, quite successful. Beyond a doubt, if means were at our disposal for the manipulation of these eggs, we could make large deposits annually of the fry of these varieties of fish. Until two years ago it was thought by those tolerably familiar with the subject, that the period of spawning of the Spanish mackerel extended over a space of three months, beginning about the middle of June; but we have established the fact beyond controversy that the time of greatest activity in spawning is in the early part of June, while after this month ripe fish are met with only sporadically. An investigation of the condition of the Virginia fisheries reveals the lamentable fact that the catch of our pelagic fish is declining year by year, and the value of the product, even with the latest devices for taking the fish, is growing gradually less. This condition, coupled with the fact that we have such abundant opportunities for artificial propagation, makes it especially desirable that such supplementary methods should be adopted as an auxiliary to our natural supply, and its practical value would be inestimable.—J. T. W.

MILLIONS OF COD AND SALMON.—During the months of January and February nearly nine millions of young cod were planted from the U. S. Fish Commission stations at Woods Hole and Gloucester, Mass. In January upward of twenty millions of cod eggs were taken from 48 females at Gloucester. At this hatchery the development of haddock eggs is assuming great importance. From the Clackamas station, in Oregon, young California salmon have been liberated in the river from time to time as they reached the proper age, and on Feb. 28 there remained in the hatching house 2,500,000 young salmon. To make room in the building 75,000 fry were transferred to a small ditch, fed by a spring, and here they are doing remarkably well.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 16 to 19.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Washington City Kennel Club, at Washington, D. C.
March 21 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.
April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.
April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.
April 22 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. R. P. Rennie, Sec'y.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

THE opening account of this show, held March 11 to 13, and a full list of the awards, with the exception of beagles and foxhounds, which had not been judged up to the time of our going to press, appeared in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. The management of the show, so far as the care of the dogs, the benching and so on is concerned, was, as might be expected, in the hands of "Billy" Tallman all that could be desired, though he was necessarily hampered in his movements by the immense crowds which poured into the building from morning till night. The members of the committee, whose names I gave last week, worked like beavers to make the show the success it proved to be, and were continually on hand to answer all the demands that the ordinary exhibitor is so prone to spring on these hard-worked gentlemen. I never attended a show where such eager interest seemed to be evinced by the general public and, as on the first day over 3,000 tickets were sold, on Wednesday 5,970, on Thursday 4,982 and a similar number on Friday, the financial success of their first undertaking must have been very gratifying to the club, and in appreciation of this good luck a show is promised next year which will outstrip all previous endeavors. The Exposition building will be secured and a better array of prizes will be set forth to tempt the best dogs and owners to the Smoky City. The present building is altogether inadequate to the needs of even a fourth-rate show. The boys were loud in their praise of the way Mr. Boggs and the club had treated them, and it is safe to say they can command a big entry next year.

The judging ring on the stage was poorly lighted, and as many people were allowed to sit round who had no business there, the judges were seriously handicapped in their work. The dogs should have been judged outside in the exercising yard, where light and plenty of room could be had. The judging somehow seemed to lag very much and it was night time on Wednesday when everything was over. This was a show of specials and these take a lot of time to settle, especially when so many are given for local dogs which in many cases have no merit as winners, still demand so much valuable time to properly adjust. Messrs. John Davidson, James Mortimer and Joe Lewis did their work well, and though, as is usually the case at Pittsburgh, there was some grumbling by the local element, the "rounders" took everything as it came, appreciating that which they were lucky enough to get and looking forward to what the future and the next show might bring them. The catalogue, while substantially gotten up, was, we regret to say, rather too full of errors, and the management lost money in not ordering double the number of copies, as the 1,500 were all disposed of by Wednesday and no more could be had for love or money. The fire in the city on Wednesday night caused many an owner and handler some anxious moments, but happily the building escaped all harm, but of this more will be said in "Dog Chat." The criticism of awards will be taken as the catalogue runs:

MASTIFFS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

This breed was well represented by the Flour City and Chas. C. Cook kennels, outside of them there was little of any quality. In challenge dogs Moses, hardly looking as well as we have seen him, was alone, and the same may be said of Lady Coleus. Five dogs faced the judge in the open class and, in the absence of Melrose Prince, Clifford Chancellor had an easy win over the others. Major Sellers, second, is too flat faced, boudy in ear, faulty behind and a poor mover, but, no doubt, his excellent body and chest gained him the place. Reginald Neville, third, is a black-faced brindle, long in head, weak in pasterns and straight behind, redeemed by good bone, vhc. going to his son, Benedict Neville, who is wooly coated, is bad behind, but better in head and front than the third winner. Lady Dorothy here reversed her position at Baltimore, Caution's Own Daughter moving down to second place; she is young yet, and age, no doubt, will make her superiority more apparent in future. Duchess of York, third, has a small but well-formed head, ears might be better and little fault can be found elsewhere. Miss Beaufort, vhc., also from the Cook Kennels, shows lots of quality, excellent bone, hardly deep enough in muzzle, but boasts a nice skull and body. Puppy dogs, with the exception of Wilkes and Dude, were woefully lacking in mastiff type. Wilkes has a promising head, feet and ears might be better. Dude has faultily-carried ears and is a bit straight behind. The winner is by Moses and the other by Beaufort. Mr. Cook took both prizes in bitches with Beaufort Queen and Duchess of York, though there must be some mistake in the name of this pup; the Duchess of York in the open class is by Minting and the puppy by Beaufort.

ST. BERNARDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

These classes filled fairly well with 23 entries. The two big kennels were on hand to fight out their battles again, though Sir Bedivere was, as usual, entered for specials only. This policy may be strictly within the rights of an exhibitor, but I hardly think it fair to the judge or the dog. It took a good deal of explaining away at Baltimore when several people asked me why Alton was put over Sir Bedivere, concluding so erroneously from the fact of Alton winning in the open class. Hesper and Ben Lemon did their little act over again with the same result, but Lady Wellington turned the tables on her rival, Miranda, though she only scores in muzzle and color. In open dogs, Alton was quickly sent out of the ring with the blue ribbon and Mr. Mortimer settled down to decide on the merits of an inferior lot of dogs. Prince, excellent in bone and markings, but moving badly behind, was given the red. Third was withheld and c. given to Dennis. Meinrod, the winner in 1887, is all gone behind, and as his very bad hocks seem to be transmitted to his progeny, we should advise Mr. Stucky to seek further afield for stud dogs. The three cracks, the two Ladies and Plevna appeared in the open bitch class and were a welcome relief. Lady Livingston's superior quality again put her ahead, but Lady Swerwell had to give place to Plevna this time. The latter is certainly improving in coat and her excellent body and bone is very catching, but she loses in quality to the other as well as in muzzle and skull. Puppy prizes were withheld. In smooth challenge bitches Cleopatra's better quality and markings put her in front of Lola, who has

done some winning herself when competition was not so keen. In dogs, Keystone Mars, one of Meinrod's get, was given first. He is very bad behind, plain in head, coat the best part. In bitches first prize was withheld and second given to Keepsake, who is a bit, long-faced, good front, coat and body; Irma Keystone stands fairly well but is plain-headed; coat and bone good. But for the presence of the Melrose Kennels quality would, as may be judged, have been poorly represented.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

The quality here was better than anything seen this year. Mr. Marshall's team springing quite a surprise. Prince George won easily in dogs over his son, Prince Hal, in size, head and ear. Albany Lass beat Troy Lass II. in bone and head; coats are correct, and these dogs, in this respect, stand as object lessons to the owners of the general run of Newfoundlanders it is our misfortune to see at our shows.

BLOODHOUNDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Two dogs were entered, but the rather coarse Jack the Ripper won somewhat easily in head, peak, wrinkle and leather.

GREAT DANES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

There were only two entries, but Melac met a by no means unworthy competitor in Oakron Pascha, whose lack of size compared to the other is his most noticeable fault, as he is a well-balanced dog all round. Melac is simply invincible at present. Splendidly formed, he is activity itself, and his good disposition should make him eagerly sought as a stud dog.

DEERHOUNDS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

Olga was alone in the challenge class. The dogs were the same as at Baltimore and occupied the same positions. Alida being alone in her class took the prize.

GREYHOUNDS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

Gem of the Season and Charles Davis again contended with the same result, and their presence so completely smothered the others that no further awards were made. In bitches, Maud Torrington easily accounted for Lady Clare, who loses in body, ribs and front. Bess of Braddock, faulty in pasterns, nicely ribbed, but too flat in loin, received the vhc. card, and Gyp was lucky to be commended.

FOXHOUNDS—(JOSEPH LEWIS).

An excellent pack from the Cook Kennels showed us what careful selection and breeding can do for the American type of hound. Brawl carried his challenge honors well, though a little throaty now; he is excellent elsewhere. Drum II., the winner in dogs, is also a bit throaty, but his excellent head, ear and front make him a good winner over his kennel mate, Bill. Rob, vhc., is the whippet style of hound we are accustomed to associate with the American type. Bernhart, the winner in bitches, is not so truly formed in head, but is well off for other hound properties. Florah, vhc., lacks substance.

POINTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

An excellent entry in most of the classes faced the judge in both this breed and setters. In heavy-weight challenge dogs no less than five were entered, Robert le Diable being the absentee. Graphic, looking well, put in an appearance and gained the ribbon over Duke of Vernon, Trinker's Chief getting the reserve, a bit out-classed in this company. Revel III. took care of the bitch class. Twelve dogs looked anxiously toward the judge in the next class, and after a careful examination as the limited ring would admit of, Pontiac proved to be the judge's choice. He is well known, and Glamorgan, transferred from the light-weights, came in for second money. He is good in head, a bit throaty and might be stronger in pasterns. Tory White, well known, came third, reserve going to Don, whose good front and body offset a rather coarse head, full eye and straight stifle. Trinker's Chief, Jr., vhc., is coarse in head, throaty, but good behind the head and looks every inch as his fair mistress informed me, a worker in the field. Dick Swiveller, hc., I have spoken of before, and Rex C. is faulty in skull and eye. In the corresponding bitch class Dell, transferred from the light division, though too fat, is a well formed bitch and rightly beat Cicely for first place, her bad feet and faulty skull putting her back. Faustina third. In the light weight challenge class for dogs, in the absence of Duke of Hessen and Naso of Kippen, Laurelcoat proved the winner over Spot Sting, who is a bit heavy in shoulders and out of condition. In the bitch class Sally Brass II. was placed over Rosa May, though she loses to the latter in head, and is better in body. Belle Randolph, reserve. Open dogs saw Tribulation, now well known, the winner. Bing of Kippen, also described several times before, and Graphic Foxie, a new one, third, a bit long and short in muzzle and not quite true in front. Nick Naso, reserve, is a little long cast, thick in skull and light in eye. Mack Naso, hc., is light in eye, bit lathy in body, and muzzle could be improved. There was quite a class of bitches, no less than sixteen coming to the scratch, and first went to Miss Meally, wrongly catalogued as owned by H. S. Paine; she belongs to Charles Heath; she is a bit plain faced, but excellent in body and legs. Lou Croxleth Nellie, second, prominent faults are a stary eye and snipy muzzle. Siberian Girl stands a bit wide in front, and was shown heavy in whelp or seemed to be. Lady Trinker, reserve, is hardly straight in front, a bit too straight in stifle, throaty and coarse in tail. Lorain, vhc., has a nice head, but is heavy in shoulders. Nellie Fawcett Graphic, hc., has bad pasterns and feet, and Belle Beaufort is houndy-headed and stands wide in front. Nellie II., c., must get it for her nice body. Puppies were fair. Nod, the winner in dogs, has a nice head, but feet are too open.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

This town has always a large setter entry, as there are many men in the neighborhood who think the English setter takes the Spratts as a sporting dog. In the challenge class Count Howard had a walk-over, and afterward met Monk of Furness for the special. Though rather heavily formed in head and a bit lippy, his excellent coat and body, legs and feet, put him nicely ahead of the other, who looked soft and coat not in good trim, though profuse enough. Count also beats in movement. In bitches Princess Beatrice II. beat Zona, both are well-known. Fifteen dogs were present in the open class, and the judge had no easy task to pick the winner. Competition was keen between the two first, Monk of Furness and Sir Tatton. The latter may be beaten in size and head, but is infinitely better in coat and quite as good in bone. Roderigo came third, Roger took reserve, all well known, as well as Joe Noble, vhc. Gladstone II. is a bit broad in skull, full in eye, and faulty in muzzle, good body, legs and feet. Ben Hur of River View. Dad Wilson's Boy, a bit slack in loin, and Tony Gladstone, have all been noticed before. Dan, c., is coarse and is faulty in quarters, good legs and feet. In bitches Albert's Nellie, a field trial winner, though faulty in muzzle and stop, is well off in body, legs and feet, is short of feather just now. Lilly Hill, second, is a bit straight-faced and stands wide in front. Bonnie Gladstone Girl has a fair head, is not ribbed well enough, and is faulty in carriage of stern. Vic, reserve, is not quite straight enough in front. Rosa Lee, vhc., is light in muzzle and bone. Bessie Arent has been commended on. Nellie Kitson, hc., is very snipy-muzzled, good body, and Evan's Flirt is too broad in skull and muzzle, not right in body and legs fair. Joe Noble was the winner in puppy dogs, and Nettie Novice in bitches, nice body, legs and feet, but too fine in muzzle.

IRISH SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

These were a good display, especially the open dog class, but the limited space and bad light on the stage made it

difficult for the judge to pick the best. A rattling good dog is Mack N., and he made the familiar ones, such as Max A. and Kildare, take a back seat. This is the type of dog we require to perpetuate, while his head is of the correct formation, his color, bone, body, legs and feet leave little to be desired, though he shows age a little round the muzzle. Max A. beat Kildare for second place. Dick Swiveller had been refused entrance because of mange, though his only apparent sore was on the nose, which seemed to have been bruised against the crate. In open dogs, Beau Brummell scored again; he seemed to have eczema on the hock, and his muscle on the off hind leg seems to have shrunk away. Glen Jarvis, second, is a dog of nice type, head though might be better. Minstrel, third, in fact all the mentioned dogs have been commented on so recently it is needless to repeat. That nice bitch Endora was here the winner over Red Bell, both described at Baltimore, as was Hazel Nut III., third. Bessie Glencho took reserve again, and Norna hc. Dog puppies saw Sandy's good head put first over Buffalo Tim. No bitch puppies shown.

GORDON SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

In challenge dogs Ivanhoe beat his kennel mate Leo B. in head and color. In bitches, Becky Sharp was ahead of Meadowthorpe Blossom. King Item again proved the winner in open dogs, followed by Tyrus, also well known. Rexmont, third, loses in muzzle and body. Bob, reserve, is faulty in front, nice tan. Parker's entry and his Quail were placed vhc. and hc. With Beemont and Flomont absent in the bitch class the prizes fell to Parker's Gyp and Jess, some distance removed in quality from those mentioned, being small and faulty in heads and coloring. No puppies were shown.

SPANIELS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Irish water spaniels, or rather the Irish water spaniel, as there was only one entered, was judged by Joe Lewis, and Patsy O'Connor was the entry. I believe he is well known. In Clumbers, a challenge class was made for Boss III., which relieved the judge of his presence. Lady Belle then beat Johnny, Jr. They may all be counted now among the rounders. Two good ones came up in the field spaniel dog class, and competition was keen. Baron, by his better front and body, beats Beverley Negus. Toady Obo, third, was at Baltimore. Lady was alone in bitches. Both challenge cocker entries were absent. In the open dogs, Dan Brown beats Snowball in coat and head. Pippo, third, is poor. In bitches, Vera, the winner, has a topknot like a water spaniel, is faulty in muzzle, nice body and front. Dimple is light in eye, wavy-coated and leggy. Chip K. was at Baltimore. Nona, first in puppies, has a nice head, is hardly straight enough in front. Queen is leggy, long in muzzle, but boasts a nice straight coat. As may be imagined from the above, outside of the field dogs there was little quality.

COLLIES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

There were only about a dozen collies present, the Chestnut Hill Kennels supplying most of the winners. Roslyn Wilkes proved the winner in challenge dogs and a Western winner, Rob Roy, came second, loses in head, front and coat to the other. Flurry III., brimful of quality as she is, took the corresponding prize for bitches, and afterward downed Wilkes for the special. Wellesbourne Hero again snatched the prize from his now old opponent, Hempstead Zulu, third was withheld. Wellesbourne Gypsy again proved the winner in bitches, other prizes withheld, and vhc. was given to a curly, soft-coated, short-headed specimen, which must be considered a lucky animal. Robin won in puppies, only an ordinary specimen. Second withheld.

POODLES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Mr. Mortimer indorsed the Baltimore decision by placing Dexter over Berria. If the first named dog could have a little more attention paid to his coris, what a grandly coated dog he would be; at present he is simply a good dog wasted.

BULLDOGS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Harper, standing the strain in good shape, was alone in challenge class, and The Graven Image accounted for the only prize given in bitches, the other two looking like promising competitors for the Monongahela special. Dogs no entries.

BULL TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

In challenge bitches the winner proved to be Starlight, beating Enterprize in shoulders and head. A nice class of dogs came together in the next class, and as large and small were about equally divided, the class was split up. In heavyweights a rattling good dog, a bit short in head, but standing well all round, was placed over the well-known Spotted Prince. Dufferin, being a little outclassed here, took third. Yale, vhc., is light in eye and might be improved in body. Nelson, the same, is thick in skull, faulty in eye, shown fat, and is a bit too wide in front. In the under 30lbs. division, Mister Dick was first this time, second going to Rogne, who shows too much stop, and though well furnished in body, is faulty in eye. Jim, third, is full in eye and short in muzzle, and stands a trifle wide in front. In bitches, Duchess of York proved the winner, Loomont Kit this time taking second, losing in legs, feet and shoulders. Busy, vhc., is faulty in head, muzzle especially. Lady Dinah won in puppies, has good legs and feet, butterfly nose and badly cut ears. Rose, second, is not up to much.

DACHSHUNDE—(JAMES MORTIMER).

This city is a stronghold for these quaint little hounds, and one of the best we have seen over here, at least the truest to type outside of Rubenstein, is Fritz K., who lowered the colors of his kennel mate, Feldman K., who has done so much winning. Fritz beats in stop, cleanness of head, has excellent crook, chest coming well through and low down, nice lengthy back and correct loin; the other is coarse beside him. In bitches, Lena, Jr., had to succumb to a daughter of Feldman's: nice coat and length, well crooked and chest well let down, firm on her pins and better in mouth than Lena. Bertraud was the sole representative of the Bassett race.

BEAGLES—(JOSEPH LEWIS).

The classes here were similar to those at Baltimore and as many of those winning here were commented in that report it is no use going over them again. The judge went for good working stock. That good little worker Frank Forest had to give way to Little Duke, who stands better in front and is better in shoulders. Lou had her class to herself. Quite a class of clever dogs faced the judge and Don, a bit long in muzzle, full in eye, but good in running gear, was placed over our old friend Tony Weller, who is a bit coarse in skull and hardly strong enough in pasterns. Roy K. here went back to third place, this is simply a matter of opinion, he is, I think, quite the equal of either placed ahead of him. Sport is wide in front, soft in coat and a bit coarse in skull. King, hc., might be improved in legs and feet. Some of the others might have been mentioned too. In bitches Twintwo was again placed in front and Mollie, hardly true in front, coarse and thick in ear, but excellent body and coat, came next. Flora K. third. Cris, hc., is a trifle long in head and wide in front. In puppies Belle of Rockland, hardly straight enough in front, has an excellent coat, muzzle might be squarer. Emeline, loses in coat, I almost preferred for the place. Fitzie, third, is fair.

FOX TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

An excellent display, and the Blenton and Oriole kennels had it up and tuck. Lucifer had an easy win over Volunter, who is out of shape, and Rachel accounted for Blenton Brilliant. Our only German was in it again in the dog class with Blenton Victor II.; needs a little trim in body,

but in head, correct carriage of ears and legs and feet, certainly beats Ruby Trigger, second, and is without doubt the best the Blenton Kennel has yet turned out. Endcliffe Spice, third, was at New York and Baltimore. Le Logos, vhc., loses in head. In bitches that smart terrier Dona was placed over her kennel mate Dominica again, the latter has her time to come yet. Blenton Enid is large in ear, a bit slack in loin, and does not stand true in front. Verdier, reserve, is well known as a terrier all over. Barrow, by Shifty, was nursing a litter, is faulty in front, and Betsey Splaunger, hc., is round in skull, and ears are not well carried, but has a nice front. Dominica won in puppies with Betsy Splaunger second. Muncie Lily is a bit coarse. Capsicum was the only representative of the wire-hairs, she was at Baltimore last week.

IRISH TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

An excellent lot of these dare-devils turned up, but as the supply of good ones is limited the prizes fell to the old winners. Here Mr. Mortimer reversed the Baltimore decision and put the faulty-fronted Mars over Dunmurray, Breda Bill, who is unfortunate in having had two front teeth knocked out in a fight, is a well-fronted terrier, and but for the above defect, if such it can be called, when earned in a hard-fought battle, would always be placed higher up. Breda Tiny again came in for vhc. Nevermore Gessala, hc., too big and coarse and short of coat, was lucky in getting the letters.

SCOTCH, DANDIE DINMONT AND SKYE TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Two were entered in the Scotch class, and Killston proved an easy winner over Glencoe, beating the other in coat, front and head. In Dandies Border Clunker II., owned by Henry Linzer, was given the prize. In Skyes Sir Stafford had to give place to Lovett, though why I am at a loss to say. Sir Stafford beats in head, coat, length and bone. In bitches Effie Dean beat Bessie, and judging from the former class Bessie should have been first.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Beaconsfield scored again, but was beaten for the special by Meersbrook Maiden. Dixie, hc., got all he deserved. In bitches Meersbrook Maiden, though she showed herself as cold as charity, was placed ahead of Meersbrook Empress, her mother, Rochelle Nadgy reserve, all well known. Pansy, vhc., has poor tan and ears, just the ordinary sort. Lotta is a fair dog, and so is Tiny C. Nellie, the winner in puppies (!), is a nicely marked toy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Toon's Royal was alone in dogs, and Venus, from the same kennel, completely shut out Lucy.

PUGS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

With Bessie, Vesta and Nellie Bly in the challenge class made competition keen, but Bessie's nice shape and condition could not be denied and they were placed in the order named. Penrice, the new dog, here made his first appearance at a big show; he is a nice cobby-built little fellow, good skull, fair muzzle and carries himself as a pug should do, is not in good condition yet. Eastlake Curtis is not so good in skull as Ben Hur, vhc., also loses in ear and is plain faced. Carmine again won in bitches, followed by Little Bessie, who only needs time to develop into something nice. Lady, vhc., has a nice skull, ears badly carried and is faulty in front.

TOY SPANIELS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

The King Charles came out strong; Calumet Ben d'Or, the winner, has an excellent skull, might be better in eye, is a bit on the large size, good tan. Nigger, second, as his name denotes, is dark in markings. Bentick, vhc., is faulty in muzzle, curly coated and large. The class was divided and this led to Calumet Alice for first in bitches; she is a nicely skulled, short-faced little animal, tan a bit smutty, especially on legs. Topsy, second, is well known as a good one. In Blenheims a good one in Calumet Cromwell, though a bit wavy-coated, is better in this respect than Calumet Lulu who also loses in skull and muzzle to the other.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

A larger show of these than any outside of New York, Lewis's Spring winning nicely over Cupid, whose ears are faulty. Rex vhc. In bitches Lady Lee is nice size, head and ear faulty, won over Lewis's Star, whom I preferred for the place, better in head and action. Sprite is a bit too straight in back, but can give either points in shape of head and front. Lady, vhc., is faulty in muzzle and has tulip ears.

SHAGGY FOXHOUNDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

These dogs were so mixed up on the benches I do not feel like tackling them. To all appearance they differ in no way from ordinary foxhounds, they may be a little rougher round the neck. All the claimants for miscellaneous prizes were sent back without mention. They were a funny lot.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—Best kennel, Flour City Kennels. American Mastiff Club medal for best American bred mastiff and bitch (3), Caution's Own Daughter. Best dog or bitch, Lady Colens. Best dog, Lord Chancellor. Second best, Moses. Second best bitch, Lady Dorothy. Best winning vhc. in Allegheny county, Benedict Neville. Best dog owned by a member D. K. C., Reginald Neville.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best kennel (2), E. H. Moore. St. Bernard Club medal best American bred smooth dog, no entry. Best American bred bitch, Cleopatra. Best rough dog, Prince Victor. Best smooth, Cleopatra. Best rough dog or bitch, Sir Bedivere. Best bred by Keystone Kennels, Keystone Mars.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Best kennel, John Marshall. Best dog or bitch, Prince George. Bloodhounds.—Best in show, Jack the Ripper. Great Danes.—Best dog, Melac. Deerhounds.—Best kennel, George Shepard Page. Best in show, Allan Breck. Greyhounds.—Best kennel, Dequesne Greyhound Kennel. Best in show, Gem of the Season. Foxhounds.—Best kennel, H. E. Cook. Best dog, Brave. Best bitch, Bernhard.

POINTERS.—Best kennel, Chas. Heath. Best dog (2), Graphic. Best bitch, Revel III. Best dog or bitch started in field trials 1880-91, Belle Beaufort. Best bitch puppy, Lon Croxeth Nellie. Largest collection of English setters, Joe Lewis.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best kennel, Kildare Kennels. Best dog or bitch (3), divided, Mack N. and Ruby Glenmore. Best bitch, Ruby Glenmore. Best dog, Mack N. Best brace of bitches, Mollie Bawn and Ruby Glenmore. Best dog or bitch with field trial record, Tearaway. Best brace, dog and bitch, owned by one exhibitor, Beau Brummell and Ruby Glenmore. Youngest with a field trial record, Covent's Tearaway.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best kennel, S. G. Dixon. Best dog, Ivanhoe. Best bitch, Becky Sharp.

SPANIELS.—Best cocker (2), Dan Brown. Best Irish water spaniel, Patsy O'Connor. Best Clumber, Boss III.

COLLIES.—Best kennel, Chestnut Hill. Collie Club medal best American-bred, Roslyn Wilkes. Best collie, Flurry III. Best bitch in open class, Wellesbourne Gypsy. Best dog ditto, Wellesbourne Hero.

POODLES.—Best dog or bitch, Dexter. Best collection, Purbeck's Dexter and Nell. Bulldogs.—Best in show, Harper. Best bitch in open class, The Graven Image. Bull-terriers.—Best dog or bitch, Starlight. Dachshunds.—Best dog, Fritz K. Best bitch (2), Maggie K. Best red bitch, Lena K. Best kennel of four, Lewis and Klocke.

BEAGLES.—Best kennel, Glenrose Kennel. Best dog, Little Duke. Best bitch, Twintwo. N. B. C. Specials.—Best kennel, Glenrose. Best dog, Little Duke. Best bitch, Twintwo. Best beagle started in a field trial, Rutter's Don. Best dog or bitch in open class, Twintwo.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best Kennel, Blenton Kennels. Best dog, Blen-

ton Victor II. Best bitch, Rachel. Irish Terriers.—Best dog, Mars. Best bitch, Dunmurray. Best dog or bitch, Mars. Scotch Terriers.—Best dog, Killston. Dandie Dinmonts.—Best, Border Clunker II. Skye Terriers.—Best in show, Lovett. Best bitch, Effie Dean. Black and Tan Terriers.—Best in show, Meersbrook Maiden. Yorkshire Terriers.—Best in show, divided, Toon's Royal and Venus. Best collection, Northfield Kennels. Best bitch, Venus. Best dog, Toon's Royal. Pugs.—Best kennel, Dr. M. H. Cryer. Best dog or bitch, Bessie. King Charles Spaniels.—Best dog, Calumet Ben d'Or. Best bitch, Calumet Alice. Blenheim Spaniels.—Best in show, Calumet Cromwell. Best bitch, Calumet Lulu. Italian Greyhounds.—Best collection of three, Joe Lewis. Best brace, Joe Lewis. Wolfhounds.—Best in show, Zloeam. Shaggy Foxhounds.—Best kennel (2), A. B. Whitlock.

TEXAS FIELD TRIALS.

[Special Report.]

THE fifth annual meeting of the Texas Field Trials Club began Feb. 24 and lasted three days. The prizes being of small value none of the "regulars" were in attendance, and the number of entries was small, but some of them were fine workers, and the All-Aged Stake showed a remarkably even lot of good dogs. The weather was warm the first two days, but quite cold the third, and a high wind prevailed at all times. Although birds were known to be reasonably abundant they were at times hard to find, and some heats were decided without much actual work. The judging was done by various members of the club assisted by Mr. C. M. Rounds, of San Antonio. The first day Messrs. R. P. Littlejohn, W. J. Wolz, W. J. Rosborough, Sr., and Hon. A. H. Cooper judged; on the 25th Messrs. C. M. Rounds, W. J. Rosborough, Sr., W. E. Winston, Behn Cook and Hon. A. H. Cooper were the judges; on the last day the Messrs. Rosborough and Cook judged. All decisions were carefully and well made and received with satisfaction, by the competitors.

The Derby was won by Amory R. Starr's June, a rather small white, black and tan English setter, whelped April, 1889, and bred by B. M. Stephenson, of La Grange, Tennessee. He is a dog of fine speed, range and nose, with about perfect style. Second was won by J. L. Appling's Maud, a black and white dropper. She presents a curious appearance, being a setter in form, action and color, with a pointer's coat. She had a great local reputation, and it was to test her merits that the trials were made "open to all bird dogs." She is a good killing bitch, and has a fair nose, with tolerable range, speed and moderate style. She was accidentally bred by W. C. Cook, and is small. Barney, the winner of third, owned by C. M. Rounds, of San Antonio, Texas, and bred by Robt. Schuetz, of that place, is a very handsome liver and white pointer of medium size, he has good nose, range and speed, with fine style in motion and tolerable on point, he shows high quality and has a blood-like appearance.

Craft, owned by Amory R. Starr, won the All-Aged Stake. He was also bred by Stephenson, and is a half brother to June. He is not so brilliant a performer as his younger brother but a very pretty, accurate worker, his speed, range and nose are good, as is his style on point, in motion he is only moderate. June won second and Barney third. Mr. Starr, who secured the bulk of the honors, had a decided advantage, as his dogs were especially prepared for the trials while the others had only been used in regular shooting; his trainer, W. B. Harvey, is a novice, but deserves much credit for the condition in which he started the dogs in his charge; his handling for a beginner was also quite good. The running was as follows:

DERBY.

First Series.

J. L. Appling's black and white dropper Maud (whelped March 29, 1889), by Capt. Craig (setter) out of Ress (pointer), handled by W. C. Cook.

beat

Amory R. Starr's white and black English setter Manitoba Frisk (whelped Sept. 11, 1889), by Dick Bondhu out of Western Belle, handled by W. B. Harvey.

Amory R. Starr's June, white, black and tan English setter, by Corsair out of Tchula (whelped April, 1889), handled by W. B. Harvey.

beat

C. M. Rounds's liver and white pointer Barney (whelped March 16, 1880), by Spot out of Queeny, handled by owner.

W. J. Rosborough, Sr.'s white and black setter Glad's Doncaster (whelped July 16, 1890), by Gladson out of Ruby Doncaster, handled by owner.

beat

A. H. Cooper's white, black and tan English setter Texas Rake (whelped July 10, 1890), by Ran Tucker out of Lady Ethel, handled by owner.

Second Series.

June beat Maud.

Glad's Doncaster a bye.

Finals.

June beat Glad's Doncaster (withdrawn) and won first.

Maud beat Barney and won second.

Barney beat Manitoba Frisk and won third. In this heat Barney ran immediately after a very long heat with Maud, his work was better than in the first heat, showing him to be a dog of fine bottom.

Glad's Doncaster was awarded a special prize of a gun case, offered by Mr. Lake, of Marshall, for best puppy under 12mos. old.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

First Series.

Amory R. Starr's black pointer bitch Onyx, 4yrs. old (Wat—Flash), handled by W. B. Harvey.

beat

J. F. Cock's white, black and tan English setter Tennessee Belle, 5yrs. old (Gladstone's Boy—Flirt C.), handled by W. C. Cook.

Amory R. Starr's black and white English setter Manitoba Frisk, 17mos. old (Dick Bondhu—Western Belle) handled by W. B. Harvey.

beat

W. E. Winston's white and black English setter Chatham II., 5yrs. old (Mingo—Fausta II.), handled by owner.

Amory R. Starr's black, white and tan English setter June, 22mos. old (The Corsair—Tchula), handled by W. B. Harvey.

beat

C. M. Round's liver and white pointer, 23mos. old (Spot—Queeny), handled by owner.

Amory R. Starr's black, white and tan English setter Craft, 2½yrs. old (Ben Hill—Tchula), handled by W. B. Harvey.

beat

J. L. Appling's black and white dropper Maud, 23mos. old (Capt. Craig—Ress), handled by W. C. Cook.

Second Series.

June beat Manitoba Frisk.

Craft beat Onyx.

Finals.

Craft beat June (placed by judges without running) and won first.

June (placed by judges) won second.

Barney beat Maud and won third.

In the Craft-Onyx heat the former was handled by his owner and Mr. Appling handled Maud in her heat with Barney.

Manitoba Frisk, the winner of the last Manitoba Derby, failed to secure a place. He is a very fine dog, but when received from Canada was from some cause badly cowed, so much so that it was at first almost impossible to get him to hunt at all, and he could only be worked very little before the trials. Some of his work was brilliant, but it was quite irregular.

Mr. Rounds and his little pointer acquitted themselves well for beginners and made many friends.

Craft was awarded the collar offered by the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club for the winner of the All-Aged Stake and a case of cleaning tools offered by Mr. E. J. Fry, of Marshall, for the best setter.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

I DO not personally know Mr. Krehl, the editor of the London *Stock-Keeper*, but it is possible to withhold the most hearty and thorough respect and admiration for the man, after his large-hearted offer as to the mastiff for the little blind, deaf and dumb girl? Not only does he ask the privilege of making up any deficit in the proposed subscription, but should the subscription fall through, asks Mr. Wade to buy the mastiff and send him the bill. In some men or some papers this might have an air of ostentation, shrewd advertising, etc., but Mr. Krehl instills an amount of heart into the tone of his offer that shows beyond all question that it is simply the moving of a kindly, generous heart. Such a man reflects credit on all dog lovers, and each of us may feel proud that there are such men among us.

Thinking over the extravaganzas of fanciers, the thought occurs to me that after all it is not the eminent authorities, the great fanciers that do the mischief of exaggeration of desired properties. It is the all-round man, the authority who shares his knowledge between a dozen breeds. Take the case of the collie Marcons recently commented on. It is unquestionable that Mr. W. W. Thomson, the peculiar and eminent authority on the breed, held the dog of very high merit. I strongly suspect that our best judge, Mr. Appar, holds the same view. Yet I never heard a general judge who did not say the dog was a rank bad one, a duffer or something to that effect. "The History of the Mastiff" shows that its author, M. B. Wynn, is a devotee of the extreme of short, broad head, yet nowhere do I find bodily perfection so strongly insisted on. The inference I draw is that it is the diluted authority who incites the rage of elevating some marked feature to a preposterous extent, or as Mr. Fellows defines it, "renders long and low, as longest and lowest."

How many times have you run yourself tired over a dog show to meet a certain party, and how long has it taken you to find the party who was in the same show with you all the time? It seems to me that shows would render the paths of visitors much less thorny if they would set up a sort of bureau of information. Suppose Tom leaves word at the bureau office that he wants to see John at the bureau window, this to be posted on a bulletin, and *habitués* make it a practice to call at the bulletin occasionally? This is only a rough sketch of a plan, but it might be worth while thinking such a plan out.

Going to shows, with many men, now means more to meet doggy friends, exchange notes, talk over old times, and generally to have a good time than it does to see dogs, and in view of this it would be a great accommodation if committees would provide a sort of general meeting room whenever it is possible. Of course I know this is impossible in many cases; at Pittsburgh it was evidently out of the question, so it was in New York in the old Garden or the American Institute building. In the new Garden building the restaurant afforded a convenient place. I think the Boston building has a good place, and I hope all committees will bear this point in mind.

I was pleased to hear you, Mr. Editor, say that while you proposed that FOREST AND STREAM should have and express its opinion on every public subject, you further proposed that the antagonistic view to yours should be allowed the utmost freedom of expression as long as a proper manner was chosen. Not only is this the only fair course, but it is the most effective one toward strengthening the side you hold by, for it adds to the independent, outsider, estimate that readers are apt to put on editorial utterances, while a policy of excluding or belittling adverse expressions of opinion, only lead to the conclusion that the journal is partisan, and its views being strictly partisan, of no weight. Most of us can recall instances of two kennel journals who totally ruined their influence by indiscreet and blind championship of one side of a dispute of a national character, as far as dog matters went.

THE ONLOOKER.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the executive committee of the N. B. C., held March 13, 1891, the following business was disposed of: It was voted to hold a banquet on March 31, 1891, at a place to be selected later. The president, Mr. O. W. Brookings, and Mr. W. S. Clark were appointed a committee to make all necessary arrangements in regard to above.

As it is absolutely necessary that the executive committee should know how many to provide for, it would be well if those who intend to be present would send in their names to the secretary as soon as possible. The tickets will be \$2. In order to make this a success each member who possibly can should be present, as a most enjoyable evening is expected. It was voted to send the following letter to each member of the late A. B. C.:

Dear Sir: At meeting of executive committee of the N. B. C. and A. B. C., held at W. K. C. bench show at New York, Tuesday, Feb. 24, with full authority to act on premises, it was voted that that club, A. B. C., amalgamate with the N. B. C. under following conditions: First—The name shall be the National Beagle Club. Second—The officers shall be the present officers of the N. B. C. Third—They shall pay no initiation fee. Dues shall commence July, 1891, provided that if members wish to compete at present show for special prize they shall pay dues for first half year of '91. Otherwise they shall enjoy all privileges of members. Fourth—They shall accept constitution and by-laws of the N. B. C. In accordance with above we send herewith an application blank which we would be pleased to have you fill out and return as soon as possible.—F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

Since the last meeting the following members have been elected: The Field Kennels, Mr. Geo. W. Rogers and Mr. J. J. Dwyer. The resignation of Mr. H. S. Gilbert was accepted with much regret. It was voted to offer the following specials at Cleveland: Suitable piece of silver (value \$15) for best kennel of four beagles; suitable piece of silver (value \$10) for best beagle dog; suitable piece of silver (value \$10) for best beagle dog. It was voted to make a suitable decoration at the New England Kennel Club show at Boston, and Messrs. Chapman and Clark were appointed as committee in charge. Meeting adjourned.

HUBITE.

MASTIFFS AT NEW YORK SHOW.—Peoria, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot refrain from thanking the FOREST AND STREAM and Mr. Chas. H. Mason for the thorough, able, and comprehensive review of mastiffs at the New York show. To us poor souls who are much interested and unable to attend the show, such a report cannot be overestimated. I do not think many who were there have as good an idea of the dogs as could be gained from a careful study of that report.—C. E. BUNN.

DOG CHAT.

PROFESSOR BARILLI, of Atlanta, Ga., is a nephew of the "divine" Patti, and wishing to make his celebrated relative a present, he has through Jos. P. Sharp, Springfield, O., purchased a pug pup from Al. G. Eberhart, of Cincinnati, O., who takes for his motto in the dog business "a square deal." The pug will, we presume, be shipped to Craig-y-nos, the home of the great singer.

J. H. Pritchard, who has for several years been connected with the Winlawn and Mrs. Grant's kennels of mastiffs on Staten Island, writes us he has been engaged as manager of the Flour City Kennels, Rochester, N. Y. From what we know of Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Whitney could hardly have made a better selection.

Miss Van Buren has sold her Italian greyhound Cupid to Mrs. Andrews, of Douglaston, L. I., for \$125. Cupid was entered for the last time in the name of Miss Van Buren at the Pittsburgh show, where after his winning he was delivered to his new owner. Cupid, it will be remembered, has done a good deal of winning in years past.

At the annual meeting of the Michigan Kennel Club the following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: Dr. L. Younghusband, President; Dr. John Younghusband, Vice-President; Dr. M. V. B. Saunders, Secretary; C. H. Royce, Treasurer; H. E. Cook, Delegate; Prof. Will Tracy, member of executive committee.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club desires to announce an additional special prize in the setter class, viz.: The Gordon Setter Club of America offers \$10 for the best Gordon setter exhibited. Arrangements have been made, for the benefit of Canadian exhibitors, with S. T. Percy, agent of the Canadian Express Co., Port Huron, Mich., to forward all dogs for their coming bench show upon the following conditions: Each dog must be returned dead or alive immediately after the show, otherwise duty will be collected, each shipper will have to pay 50 cents for a bond and express charges in advance. Consular invoices will be unnecessary if the valuation is placed at less than \$100. Each express invoice must be in duplicate and state the names of the dogs, color and value, countersigned on the back by the shipper and directed to S. T. Percy, Port Huron, Mich., for Geo. H. Hill, superintendent, Battery D, Chicago, Ill. Shipment should be made to allow for at least the delay of one day. Negotiations are pending with the railroads centering in Chicago for reduced round-trip passenger rates, which if secured will be duly announced.

Mr. C. M. Munball writes us that at the solicitation of many exhibitors they have changed and added to classes in their premium list as follows: Class 66, cocker spaniels, any other color, not over 23lbs., open class, dogs, first \$10, second \$5. Class 66½, bitches, first \$10, second \$5. Class 67, Clumber spaniels, challenge class, dogs and bitches, first \$10, 67½, open class, dogs and bitches, first \$10, second \$5. Class 105, black and tan terriers, over 7lbs., dogs, first \$10, second \$5. 105½, bitches, first \$10, second \$5. The list of specials for the show is increasing daily, and they will be attractive enough to induce the largest kennels to make entries there.

We have received letters from Dr. Whitaker and "Mark the Boy," the one about the Malcolm matter and the Gordon Club and the other questioning our report of the Baltimore show regarding its success, etc. It is not our policy to encourage the nagging spirit which seems to be abroad at present. It leads to no good end, and only opens an avenue for those who want everything their own way and cannot get it, to annoy and stir up bitter feeling in dogdom. Our aim is to keep all interests friendly. We wish to see still more men of standing and respectability come into the fancy ranks, but we are sure that should they get a whiff of the odors which are flying around at present, they will "hide a wee" before venturing in and dogdom loses so much, and those who are already in it may become disgusted and shake the dust from off their feet and retire into private life again, thus will the kennel interests suffer still more. Our business is to give the dog news of the day and not to open our columns to a discussion of every petty quarrel, which some dissatisfied members of dogdom seem to delight in. In addition to this, as the several libel suits are now *sub judice*, it is in bad taste for any one to discuss their merits in the public press. Let the courts decide who is right and who has been wronged, till then we decline to discuss the subject in any way except to again deplore the fact that such discordant elements should arise in our kennel world.

There were blanched faces among the boys at Pittsburgh on the Wednesday night of the show. About 11:50 P. M., when after a pleasant hour spent in talking over doggy matters the word passed round among the boys that a fire was raging near the dog show building, a rush was made for the Central Rink, and had not two or three of the club men and exhibitors kept their heads there would have been trouble, confusion and many dog collars ruthlessly cut. The burning building was a large paper warehouse, situated several blocks away and the wind carried myriads of burning lumps of paper right over the frame building which held the dogs. Men were at once stationed on the roof with Babcock extinguishers and buckets of water. From the street ran an awning to the entrance of the hall, and at one time this caught fire a few feet from the door. It was an anxious moment, and there were several fellows there who pretty nearly lost their all in that fearful Columbus fire three years since, and no wonder they were anxious. Even the sawdust in the exercising ring outside the building caught fire in several places. Happily the fire burned too fiercely for the dangers from sparks to last more than an hour, and then one had time to look around and take in the humors of the situation. Not the least of these was the appearance of "Honest John" with his valise, all ready to leave the town should the fire become general, as it threatened to do at one time. When asked if he had settled his hotel bill he said no, he'd told them if they were not burnt out he'd come back and stop a little longer with them. Then Harry Goodman went to release Melac, the great Dane, from his room in the hotel, and in the excitement got the wrong key, and between this and the dogs he had in the building poor Harry was nearly driven to distraction. Then Frank Windholz sat at the door of the building on his dog crate with Count Howard and Princess Beatrice boxed up, patiently waiting for the building to catch fire, so he could move out. One of the best features of the affair was the solicitude the club men felt for their charges, Mr. Boggs going to the extent of sending across the river into Allegheny City for a special fire engine as, all the Pittsburgh ones were at the main fire. During the balance of the show two men were stationed at each end of the building all day long with Babcocks ready for emergencies, but happily they were not required.

Here is a pretty good one on "our only German." During dinner at the hotel, German amused the company with several of his choicest adventures, till the colored waiters were in ecstasies. As one of them was passing his chair he asked him if he'd ever seen a "blasted Britisher" before. "Oh, yes!" he said, "he'd done seen lots o' dem curiosities!" German paid up like a man.

The "rounders" were delighted with their treatment at Pittsburgh. On arriving at the city from Baltimore, having guaranteed ten tickets, they were provided with a special car

for the dogs by the B. & O., they found the president of the club, Mr. S. L. Boggs, in waiting with several wagons at 6:45 Sunday morning. Arrived at the building free of expense, they found meat and all that was necessary to make their dogs feel at home. Wise is the club that puts itself out a little to make things easy for the handlers, for traveling round to shows is not all fun by any means, and these little attentions are treasured up and remembered another year.

This was the first show we have seen where the crowd was so dense that it was necessary to have a number of policemen stationed at different parts of the hall to keep people on the move and working round in one direction.

Mr. Frank Windholz would like to get the names of those exhibitors and handlers who intend going to Chicago show next month, and if a party of ten can be secured to go by the Pennsylvania road, considerable reduction can be effected in ticket rates and three dogs will be allowed free on each ticket.

One of the most conscientious and hard working men on Spratts staff is "Captain" Murphy, who puts up the benching and attends to the feeding on the circuit. But he had a tremendous scare the last evening of the Pittsburgh show. Frank Dole told him with his usual serious smile, that there was a petition going round for signatures to get Spratts Co. to appoint another man in his place, as the boys were not altogether pleased at the way he was doing his work. Murphy felt injured, but when the paper with about fifteen signatures attached was handed him, he drew some consolation and fifteen dollars from the envelope. It is more than likely that the "Captain" will finish the circuit after all.

At Pittsburgh, Mr. H. E. Cook, of Detroit, showed four of the most sorry foxhounds we have seen for some time. They were a handsome team of four black and tans, as level as a table, and looked like the thorough workers they are said to be. Englishmen are wont to speak slightly of American hounds, but could they see this team and old Brave, they would, we are convinced, alter their opinion. These hounds would make an interesting exhibit at the coming Kennel Club show.

As we told our readers last week, Toronto having come to the conclusion, though rather late in the day, that it needed a kennel club to protect the good work private fanciers have already done in encouraging dog breeding and to further advance the kennel interests in the town, last Thursday a meeting to organize was held, and from the Canadian papers we find that such well known kennel men as the following were present: R. W. Boyle, setters; J. S. Williams, St. Bernards; F. J. Smith, fox-terriers; W. B. Fraser, Irish terriers; C. G. Winchell, English setters; J. Douglas, Irish setters; R. P. Forshaw, greyhounds; J. Yorke, toy spaniels and Gordon setters; J. J. Sheedy, greyhounds; J. Hynes, Bedlington and fox-terriers; P. J. Keating, cockers; J. A. Quill, Irish setters; T. J. Fitzsimmons, greyhounds, fox-terriers and cockers; D. Jackson, Scotch collies; H. F. Russell, fox-terriers; G. B. Sweetman, cockers; P. J. Horrocks, St. Bernards; W. E. McKay, C. Campion, English setters; Dr. Campbell, J. G. Mitchener, cockers and fox-terriers; H. J. Hill, pugs; F. H. Elmore, poodles; G. C. Taylor, greyhounds; R. Wright, black and tans and bull-terriers; Geo. Bell, cockers; H. B. Donovan, editor *Kennel Gazette*; John Trebilcock, Allan Trebilcock, Wm. Davidson, toy spaniels; J. Scholes, greyhounds; H. P. Thompson, greyhounds and fox-terriers; C. Stone, English setters; J. Smiley, dachshunds; F. Habart, greyhounds and foxhounds; F. J. Nelson, cockers; R. Junor, wire-haired fox-terriers. Mr. R. W. Boyle was appointed chairman of the meeting, and Mr. J. G. Mitchener secretary. After some preliminary discussion pointing to the great advantages of such a club, it was decided to form a kennel club, the name of the Toronto Kennel Club being suggested. It was also proposed to hold monthly shows on the plan of the Hamilton Club during the year. A committee consisting of Messrs. H. P. Thompson, W. Fraser, C. A. Stone, J. S. Williams and J. G. Mitchener was appointed to draft a constitution and set of rules for the new club, and it was decided to adjourn until March 18, when the committee will report and all arrangements will be made.

Uncle Dick won his customary "special" at New York. This time it was \$25 in cash. Authorities differ as to what Dick won it on. Some say it was his cap, others his diplomatic smile. So we go.

One of the most dastardly acts we have heard of for some time was committed at Mystic, Conn., last week. A lot of boys had incased a dog in some loose cloths, which they had soaked in kerosene, and then set it on fire. The dog was burned to death after rushing wildly through the streets. We are glad to see that the matter is being investigated by State Agent Thrall. An introduction to the "cat" would, no doubt, have a very beneficial effect in this case.

Here is an extract from an interesting letter on Barzois, which Colonel Wellesley received from Prince Dimitry Obolensky (Uncle Dick and the member from Hulton please keep quiet), who is vice-president of the Tual Racing Club and a member of several hunt clubs in Russia. He says: "The dogs that have been catalogued at various shows in England for the last three years are pure Barzois, and have come originally from the best kennels in Russia. The specimens are very far from being poor. For instance, Krlut, Págooba, Sobol, Zloem, and others were not ordinary working hounds, but dogs that were admired in their native country, both on the show bench and in the field. Págooba, for example, who is of exceptional size for a bitch, has several times pinned wolves single-handed. The English traveler mentions the size—viz., 32in.—of the dogs he saw as tremendous. There are exceptional cases where the Barzoi has stood very near that height. At the dog show in Moscow this year a dog called Pilal measured 31½ in., or 80 centimetres; but the average height is from 28in. to 29½ in. It often proves to be the case, however, that, for working purposes, the smaller dog shows itself to excel in speed, pluck, and tenacity. For wolf hunting I personally prefer the English greyhound, acclimatized here (i. e., born in Russia from English parents), but I am also a great admirer of the Russian rough-coated Barzoi. I may claim to know something about the latter, because for many years I have bred and hunted them, and my dogs are the lineal descendants of those bred by my grandfather, General Bibikoff, who is himself renowned for his sporting proclivities and for the excellence of his breed of dogs. So valued is that strain now that it can be found in most of the best kennels in Russia."

A peculiar case of superfecundation in a bitch is related in this week's *London Field*. A gamekeeper's night bitch, 12 years (½) old, pupped on Feb. 16 a grizzled-colored pup to a sheepdog on a farm. On March 3 the same bitch gave birth to another black dog, and died shortly afterwards. It appears, from reliable information the writer had received, that the sheepdog served the bull mastiff bitch in the first instance, and a fortnight later his black retriever likewise served her. He asks, "Is this not a rather unusual freak of nature?" and no wonder.

Deerhounds are more extensively used in this country than many have an idea of. Mr. J. P. Bampfield has a kennel of those shaggy fellows at Niagara Falls. We are told they worked splendidly on deer in Muskoka last fall.

The fox-terrier Pitcher will no doubt by this time be in his new home at Youngstown, O., in the Oriole Kennels. Such a reputation as a sire has this dog that directly his book was opened at New York he had twenty services booked at twenty-five dollars, which covers the price of the dog, \$500. It would seem that the Oriole Kennels have made some judicious purchases lately. Dona and Dominica are two bitches that any one need be proud of. By the way, these two arrived at the show from the vessel at 3 P. M., Tuesday of the New York show, and were judged at 3:30 P. M., a close shave indeed, but quite near enough for a terrier.

Mrs. Diffenderfer is as fond of St. Bernards as her son, and though too ill to come to the show at Baltimore, she could not forego a sight of the crack Sir Bedivere, so he was taken to her room, where a wreath of flowers repaid him for the trouble. Speaking of the secretary of the Baltimore club reminds us that all the English papers speak well of his new bitch Hepsey. "Cheerful Horn," in *Canning World*, says: "In buying Hepsey the Americans have made a good stroke. They have undoubtedly run after the gold, and forgotten the mint wherein the precious metal was coined. Therefore, if such bitches as Hepsey go out of the country—especially in whelp to high-class dogs—breeders in this country will have to look to their laurels."

The premium list of the Continental Kennel Club's show at Denver, Colo., April 22 to 25, has been received. Challenge classes are made for most of the breeds and \$10 given to the winner. In open classes to every breed \$10 and \$5 is given, but we regret that in most of the important breeds the same is given for puppies. They would secure a much better entry had they put this money on the regular classes and left the puppies out altogether. The bankers of Denver give \$65 to the best and \$35 to the second best kennel of five dogs owned by a non-resident of Colorado. Owner must prove ownership of dogs for sixty days prior to the show. The real estate dealers give the same amount of money to the first and second largest exhibit of dogs of any breed owned by one kennel. The hotel men give \$100 in the same way for first and second best kennels of four dogs of one breed owned by one person, a resident of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming or New Mexico. These handsome cash specials will no doubt induce Eastern kennels to send something on, especially as the dogs will be well on there when at Cleveland, which comes the week before. Entries close April 6 and the fee is \$2.50. Mr. A. C. Waddell, of Kansas City, Mo., will be the judge. The club will do their own feeding and benching, new benching is to be supplied by the Berry Iron Works and Spratts dog biscuit will be fed. Sanitas will be used to disinfect.

In the list of awards of the Irish setters at Baltimore, Tearaway's name is given as the winner of third in open dogs, when it should be F. S. Cheney's Henmore Shamrock. In our detailed report of the show the dog is given proper credit. In the greyhound dog class the first report should read Gem of the Season first, Charles Davis second.

The Kennel Club show in England will be held this year at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, April 7 to 10. Some 325 classes are distributed among the various breeds. The specialty clubs come out in great form with specials, the St. Bernard Club donating their two 100 guinea challenge cups, etc.

Stock-Keeper says: "The Onlooker" in *FOREST AND STREAM* has taken up the question of Barzoi-headed collies. We will forward a cutting to W. W. Thompson without the p, please "Onlooker."

"Nutcracker" stirs the boys up a bit again in *Stock-Keeper* this week. In speaking of the kennel papers he gives first place to *FOREST AND STREAM*. Well, the old *FOREST AND STREAM* does get ahead a bit when it comes down to show reports and news.

The stranger within the gates appreciates the kind courtesies of fellow fanciers, and our thanks are due Mr. E. J. Farber and Mr. F. H. Kennedy, the one for the freedom of Baltimore city clubs and the latter for the use of the rooms of the Western Pennsylvania Sportsmen's Association. One becomes tired of dogs and dog shows at times, and a little relief in another atmosphere is greatly appreciated.

Pittsburgh seems to have played sad havoc with the health of several members of dogdom. Frank Dole was looking forward to Washington show, but La Grippe holds him fast in bed. Friend Jarrett, of Chestnut Hill, is also laid up with bronchitis, and saddest of all, Mr. Menckins, who brought Mr. J. Daniels's team of pointers to the Pittsburgh show, succumbed to a sudden attack of pneumonia, dying at Pittsburgh. All the boys are ailing more or less, and it behooves some of them to take good care of themselves and their dogs or neither will last the circuit out.

The dogs have suffered too. Prof. Maenner had the misfortune to lose his promising pup Mentor II., who died in two days after the Baltimore show, where he took second, from pneumonia, and to make things more pleasant still, he lost through some carelessness the litter sister to him, a better one even than the dog pup.

W. C. Farber's Baltimore bulletin board arrangement seems to have "caught on," but it is hardly so well managed at other shows as the original.

That Prof. Parker's performing dogs are the main attraction at a show is amply evidenced by the increased attendance at shows about the time he is advertised to give his performance. Every one seems to be delighted with those three somersault dogs with the euphonious names of Rags, Bottles and Jerry. Their back somersaults are very cleverly done.

Now that everything is settled up and we come to talk the Baltimore show over with some of the committee, we are pleased to find that they came out at the right end of the lane. Considering the troubles they have encountered this is a very happy result.

The boys must have a little laugh now and then; this time it is on the Tynlaw Kennels' advt. in the catalogue at Washington, "Young dogs, bitches and puppies in whelp."

Now that there are so many important kennels in the country and such a number of excellent specimens of different breeds of dogs, it is always a question how to keep the dogs in good coat and condition and the kennels sweet and pure. It is therefore a pleasure to find something that will help the kennel men in both these essentials. This is Cynoline, which those in whom we have implicit confidence tell us is quite as effective as a quick disinfectant as it is a ready and handy healing medium for kennel sores, mange and other skin diseases that dogs are liable to. We can therefore recommend it with the fullest confidence. Sufficiently diluted it is also a pleasant addition to the toilet table.

The latest from the Boston committee is this: "The Spaniel Club offer a silver cup, value \$100, for the best field spaniel in the show, open to members of the Spaniel Club only. We are in the midst of a heap of entries, and from appearances are going to have a big show."

CONTENTED.—"If you marry Mary Mortimer you'll lead a dog's life."

"Well, if it's as agreeable as the life of Mary's dog I shall be content."

Mr. Hough writes from Chicago, March 11: Some one is running a very good, albeit slightly English, little kennel department in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, copies of which Mr. M. Phister sends up. Can it be Mr. Phister himself, who does this? Hardly, though possibly. Mr. Phister, I understand, has charge of the engraving department for the paper. I first heard of him as the dramatic editor of the *Commercial Gazette*, and I know he was connected with dramatic work very favorably and well. In this connection, and apropos of Fullerton's third addition to Col. North's glories, which I see again nicely described in the clipping before me, there is a bit of gossip which I do not remember to have seen in print, bearing upon the way in which Mr. Phister got over some of his dogs from the North Kennels. He was after Col. North for some young ones for a long time, but Col. North did not want to part with anything for America, and remained obdurate for months. Mr. Phister remained equally persistent. He had to have the dogs, but couldn't get them. Miss Minnie Palmer, the actress, is a great friend of Mr. Phister's, and also a great friend of Col. North's. She was in England and Col. North could not refuse her request to let her American friend have two or three greyhounds, and this is how the Greentick and the Bit 'o Fashion blood got over to Cincinnati. At least, so goes the story. I never heard it affirmed by Mr. Phister. Preparations for Mascoutah Club show go bravely on and Supt. Hill is level up to his eyes in work. The show this spring is going to be a great society event, and beyond all doubt a very great canine success as well.

WASHINGTON DOG SHOW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17.—This show opened this morning in the Riding Academy, a building which, though small, is peculiarly well adapted for a dog show. The only drawback is the size of the judging rings. It is almost impossible to judge a large class of dogs in a ring only about 18ft. across. In the catalogue there is an entry of 487 dogs, but there are a good many absentees.

Miss Anna H. Whitney and Messrs. Tracy, Diffenderfer and Mortimer are on hand to do their duty in the ring, but this part moves very slowly. Miss Whitney, as usual, was the first to get to work on the St. Bernards at 11:20 A. M. There is an excellent show of this breed, the rival kennels and many from Baltimore making competition keen. Sir Bedivere competed in the open class, and the decision was the same as at New York, Sir Bedivere first, Alton second. Both are, however, showing signs of the traveling they have undergone this last few weeks and evidently need a rest to flesh up a bit. Pointers and setters are, as might be expected, on hand in good force. With the Marshall Kennels the Newfoundland make the best showing yet seen, and this time Prince George had to give way to his son, Prince Hal, who is at present in better condition. Sir Tatton here finds himself in the challenge class, and in the absence of Cincinnati has a bloodless victory. The open dog class is a treat for the field trial men, with such dogs as Roderigo, Chance, Gath's Mark, Dan Gladstone, Reverdy, Tory Lieutenant, Roi d'Or, Ben d'Or and Toledo Blade entered, though all are not on hand. Irish setters are quite strong.

Beagles no doubt are being kept for Boston, as entries are poor, the same judge officiating here. Fox terriers are very strong, most of the well-known dogs being present. Top Sparkle and Young Marquis, both newly imported bull-terriers, are entered; but the former, having had his foot bitten by a bulldog, stays at home to sympathize with his master, Frank Dole. Outside of the Flour City Kennels, the mastiffs are poorly represented as usual. Pug entries are good. Black and tan terriers, though few, are choice, with Beaconsfield, Meersbrook Maiden, Sultan and the others on hand. Judging progresses slowly, Miss Whitney getting through by 4 P. M., when Mr. Mortimer started in with his long string of classes, taking the fox-terriers outside in an alleyway. Judging will not be done till late to-morrow. The attendance has been fairly good through the day, but the situation of the building is so far out of the busy center of the city, that I much doubt if a paying crowd will be forthcoming.

Among the visitors present to-day I noticed John A. Logan, Jr., J. H. Winslow, F. R. Hitchcock, W. S. and C. D. Diffenderfer, W. C. Farber, Harry Malcolm, T. J. Shenbrooks, Harry Granger, F. R. Carswell, R. M. Agnew, Jas. Thompson, A. C. Coffin, C. A. Shinn, Prof. Maenner, W. Tallman, Major Taylor, Victor Haldeman, Dr. H. Clay Glover, H. F. Smith, and of course the regulars. The following are the awards made to-day:

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Wyoming Kennels' Hesper; 2d, E. H. Moore's Ben Lomond. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Miranda; 2d, Wyoming Kennels' Lady Wellington. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Wyoming Kennels' Sir Bedivere; 2d, E. H. Moore's Alton; 3d, E. H. Moore's Lord Melrose. Reserve, Wyoming Kennels' Lothario. Very high com., A. A. Cobb's Lion; Robt. M. Agnew's Bruce; and Swiss Mountain Kennels' Archduke. High com., V. Petrola's Count St. Vincent. Com., Gair Kennels' Tantaloo. Bitches: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston; 2d, E. H. Moore's Lady Sneerwell; 3d, Maryland Kennels' Republican Belle. Reserve, E. H. Moore's Moore's Lady Melrose. Very high com., Wyoming Kennels' Lady Adelaide II.; E. H. Moore's Melrose Cinella; and Maryland Kennels' Prudence and Pfefad. High com., Theodore Wasserbach's Veda II. Com., J. M. Ford's Rose and George Scala's Josephine Marie Sanderson. Puppies: 1st, V. Petrola's Count St. Vincent; 2d, George Scala's Josephine Marie Sanderson. Reserve, Gair Kennels' Lady Floris III. Very high com., Hugh Pitzer's Princess. High com., Hall-Way Brook Kennels' Max.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—1st, Daniel Mann's Cleopatra; 2d, Wentworth Kennels' Thisbe.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Maryland Kennels' Lord Hector; 2d, James E. Wilkinson's Adonis II.; 3d, Lieut. Everett Hayden's Fritz. Bitches: 1st, Jacob Rupert, Jr.'s Empress of Concocks; 2d, Julius J. Jose's Countess; 3d, P. E. Lamb's Keepsake. Puppies: 1st, Halfway Brook Kennels' Swanhill; 2d, F. E. Lamb's Keepsake.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, 2d, reserve and high com., Gair Kennels' Prince Hal, Prince George, Albany Lass and Troy II. Very high com., Mrs. W. T. Hildrup's Rover Hildrup. Com., C. H. Lambert's Rover.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (50lbs. or over): 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Robert le Diabre; 2d, Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' King of Kent. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, Fleet View and Reading Pointer Kennels' Belle Randolph.—OPEN—Dogs (50lbs. and over): 1st, E. R. Bellman's Graphite; 2d, J. R. Purcell's Nick of Ion; 3d, A. Biddle's Glen Morgan. Reserve, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Tory White. Very high com., Mrs. E. S. Avis's Trinket's Chief, Jr., J. R. Trissler's Duke of Richmond. Com., St. Julian Kennels' Blanco. L. M. Levering's Von Littlejohn. CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 50lbs.): 2d, B. L. Stephenson's Trilulation; 3d, J. P. Cartwright's Spot Ring. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, S. P. Cartwright's Rosa May; 2d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Queen Fan; 3d, E. R. Bellman's Stella B. OPEN—Dogs (under 50lbs.): 1st, Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Rip Rap; 2d, F. G. Traylor's; 3d, F. S. Webster's Prince of Wales. Very high com., J. S. Sumner's Bing of Kippen, E. K. Goldsborough's Dan'l Deronda. High com., Chas. E. Connell's Rock II. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' Maid of Kent; 2d, Chas. E. Connell's Fan Fan; 3d, E. A. Hodge's Eva. Very high com., Mrs. Jos. H. Hunter's Delta. High com., E. Hollis Smith's Lizzie Porter, D. W. Oyster's Bloomo II. Com., F. S. Webster's Lizzie B.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, J. W. Perkins's Fritz; 2d, withheld. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Ryan's Trixie R.; 2d, Austin Herr's Nellie Stauch. Reserve, G. F. Zeh's Star.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, West End Kennels' Sir Tatton; 2d, J. E. Dager's Cincinnati.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. M. Aven's Roderigo; 2d and 3d, F. R. Hitchcock's Roi d'Or and Tory Lieutenant. Reserve, F. S. Brown's Edge Mark. Very high

com., V. L. Bossa's Reverdy. High com., E. W. Jester's Dick Roy. Com., W. E. Burford's Hair's Belton, J. M. Aven's Rayon. Bitches: 1st, J. M. Aven's Bessie Aven; 2d, F. R. Hitchcock's Annie E.; 3d, J. H. Hunter's Nellie Rly. Reserve, F. R. Hitchcock's Anita. Very high com., Mrs. M. E. Keller's Bosobel. Com., R. H. Goldsborough's Dolly.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Larne's Sig. Gladstone; 2d, Ormes' Cliff. Reserve, St. Julian Kennels' Ivan. Com., Lynell's Briff and Daly, Jr.'s Rockefeller. Bitches: 1st, Paul Daly's Virginia Rockingham; 2d, Dickinson's Nantucket. Reserve, Chadwick's Bird.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. W. Chapman's Lou.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. R. Graves's Jim Simmons; 2d, F. W. Chapman's Restless. Don, over size. Bitches: 1st, F. W. Chapman's Twintwo; 2d, W. F. Rutter, Jr.'s Mollie; 3d, F. W. Chapman's Glenrose Topsey.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Bitches: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Vesta; 2d, M. H. Cryer's Bessie. Reserve, R. T. Harrison's Nellie Bly.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Miss Bissing's Prunella; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.; 3d, Abraham Pearce's Bitters. Reserve, Mrs. W. R. Traver's Pip. Bitches: 1st, Miss Bissing's Cassina; 2d, M. H. Cryer's Lady Victoria; 3d, G. W. Wambach's Rustic Kate. Reserve, M. H. Cryer's Little Bessie. Very high com., Mrs. W. R. Traver's Dora.

FOX TERRIERS.—SMOOTH.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; 2d, Regent Kennels' Dunsy Trap. Bitches: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Rachel; 2d, Regent Kennels' Blemton Consequence.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Woodale Kennels' Stardens Jack; 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Racket; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Laird. Reserve, Chas. Bernheimer's Baby Trigger. Very high com., Regent Kennels' Regent Frisk and Joseph W. Kerr's Warren Dandy. High com., Oriole Kennels' Le-Longo and North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Endcliffe Spice. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com., Oriole Kennels' Dono, Dominica and Verdict; 3d, Woodale Kennels' Ebor Nettle. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Enid.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Wilton Kennels' Warren Tripper; 2d, J. A. Hoffar's The Dean. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Dominica; 2d, P. A. Plant's Frisk.

WEDNESDAY.—[Special to Forest and Stream.]—To-day's regular judging was delayed this morning by the whole two rings being required by Miss Whitney to decide the St. Bernard kennel special. A finer display of St. Bernards has never been seen in America, than when eight from Melrose Kennels ranged themselves before the judge. After scrutiny Mr. Moore once again plucked the blue ribbon by the aid of his good bitches. Mr. Tracy then began with

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Kildare Kennels' Kildare; 2d, Armour's Max A. Bitches: 1st, Kildare Kennels' Winnie II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Kildare Kennels' Beau Brummel; 2d, St. Cloud Kennels' Minstrel; 3d, Redcliffe's O'Donovan Rossa. Reserve, Shammore. Very high com., Jones's Limerick. Com., Hudson River Kennels' Tim Dandy. Bitches: 1st, Oriole Kennels' Jeannette; 2d, St. Cloud Kennels' Endora; 3d, Price's Nora. Reserve, St. Cloud Kennels' Bessie (Glouch). Puppies: 1st, Semple Kennels' Sandy; 2d, Glendyne Kennels' Lisinore; 3d, Dodge's Clonmel. Reserve, Barr's Frank.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Dr. Dixon's Leo B. and Laubach. Bitches: 1st, Campbell's Becky Sharp; 2d, Dixon's Blossom.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Item Kennels' King Item; 2d, Mont Kennels' Rosemont; 3d, Waggerman's Don. Reserve, Kowell's Rob. Very high com., and high com., Key's Eldorado and Scott.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Whitney's Lady Colens.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Whitney's Iford Chancellor; 2d, Swedberger's Trooper; 3d, Leach's Duke. Very high com., Jumbo. Com., Hewlett's Tiger and White Nimrod. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Whitney's Lady Dorothy and Caution's Own Daughter. Puppies: 1st, Nelson's Jefferson; 2d, 1st Sport. High com., Fitchlyn's Stanley.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Mr. Rockefeller's Jack the Ripper. GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, Macuner's Pedro. Bitches: 1st, Minca Mia.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Purbeck's Gem of the Season; 2d Barber's Hector; 3d, Mrs. Loving's Sir Donald.

This is all that have been judged up to 1 P. M., the time of our going to press. There is a fair attendance and the weather is charming; the hall last night was crammed, and the show looks like a success; and the managers are working hard. H. W. L.

CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF STANDARDS

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our annual dog show suggests to me several subjects for discussion and which I think ought to be decided. One is the size of setters. It seems to me a mistake to favor small sized dogs as some judges and sportsmen seem inclined to do. Surely we want an animal that can see and be seen among the high, rank weeds, etc., that so abound in our fields. It is an error to suppose that speed and power accompany diminutiveness. Kunts are not wanted, either on the bench or in the field, and especially in the Irish setter it is natural to expect size and even "legginess."

Another matter to be decided is whether judges are to follow the standards in their decisions. If not, why do the specialty clubs go to the trouble of elaborating standards? Mr. Davidson goes by his "intentions," "inner consciousness," etc.; Mr. Wenzel by another rule of thumb; Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith by some other equally indefinite and varied standard; and, so, where are we breeders and how shall we know what to breed for?

And another as important a matter is the rating of shows. Surely small exhibitions should not count for as much as the large shows; and yet many dogs in the challenge classes simply because their owners perseveringly sent them to village shows, where they were almost sure to win the necessary number of firsts to entitle them to enter the challenge class. This is all wrong. BREEDER.

NEW YORK CITY.

CRITICISMS AT NEW YORK SHOW.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see in your report of Irish terriers at the New York show Mr. Lacy says Kathleen, reserve, has nice front but is faulty in body. I would like Mr. Lacy to explain where she is faulty in body, as in my opinion she has a grand body, legs and feet. I admit she could be improved in head, being weak before the eye, much too cheeky and could do with more coat, although what she has is of the right texture, but wrong in body never. In black and tan terriers he says Sultan's tan is good but hardly bright enough and head is a bit narrower than he likes. I fail to see where Sultan's tan could be improved by being brighter, as the standard, as set forth by the Black and Tan Terrier Club of England, calls for a rich mahogany color, head should be narrow, almost flat. Perhaps Mr. Lacy can tell us why a black and tan terrier's head should be wide.—EDWARD LEVER [Mr. Lever has his opinion and we beg to be allowed to retain ours. A bright tan does not necessarily mean a light tan, the tan on a black and tan may be a good mahogany color and still be dull. Mr. Lever's last question hardly requires an answer.]

MR. WILLEY'S COCKER KENNEL.—Mr. J. P. Willey writes us from Salmon Falls, N. H., March 16: "I have just bought of our friend George H. Bush his kennel of cocker spaniels, consisting of champion Novel, Bessie W., Idea, Jersey Obo and several other good ones never shown. Don't think I want all the good ones, but we must have good bitches to breed good youngsters. I shall not show much as I prefer to retire from that part of it. I have a large lot of spaniels and should breed some good ones this season. I have champion Obo II., the king of cockers, champion Black Pete, champion Jersey, Jersey Obo and several other stud dogs. For bitches there are such as champion Miss Obo II., champion Shina and two of her litter sisters, and some of Jersey's sisters, champion Dolly Obo and lots of other winners. I could show a rattling strong team if I only brought them all out. My plan is to retire them when they qualify in the champion class, as I only show cockers and only a few shows. I don't push them along very fast, but I have the quality just the same."

A HELEN KELLER FUND.

NO one can have read of the brutal killing of Helen Keller's mastiff and the child's grief and forgiveness, without having had his heart touched. The facts are doubtless fresh in memory; Mr. Wade, of Hulton, Pa., gave the little blind girl a mastiff, which straightway became a companion, protector and friend; and on Helen's leaving her home for Boston mourned about the house for days, refusing to be comforted. One day in January the mastiff, at large in a public square, was shot and killed by a policeman, in compliance with a brutal city ordinance. Never was Helen more distressed, wrote her teacher, than when the news of this deed was broken to her; but with the spirit of forgiveness which is one of the most marked traits of her character, she forgave the cruel wrong, saying, "They could not have known what a good dog Lioness was, or they would not have done it."

Upon reading the note of the death of Lioness, Mr. Geo. O. Goodhue, of Danville, Quebec, wrote to us offering to contribute to a fund to purchase another mastiff to replace the one killed. But immediately upon learning of the death of Lioness, Mr. Wade had written to "Uncle Dick" Fellows and bought Eriant, an elder sister of Lioness, and sent her to Helen's home in Birmingham, Ala. In this he had anticipated not only Mr. Goodhue but Mr. Fellows himself, whose kind heart had already prompted him to send Eriant as a gift.

But while Mr. Wade's prompt action has thus taken from others the occasion of contributing for Helen's pet, many a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM will welcome the announcement that there is still a practical way of showing interest in the sweet child.

While visiting Mr. Wade at Hulton, Helen became warmly interested in a little blind deaf mute boy; and her sympathetic heart was filled with a desire that he might be sent to Boston for the same course of instruction which has proved so successful in her own case. Not long ago, one of Mr. Wade's children received a letter written by Helen, expressing this wish, and Mr. Wade has sent it to us, thinking that it may prompt many a reader to add to a proposed Helen Keller fund for the purpose sending little Tommy to the Boston school for the blind. Here is the letter, and a wonderful letter it is, too, from a child not yet ten years of age:

SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 17, 1891.

Valentine, O Valentine,
Pretty little love of mine.

I send you many sweet thanks for your dear love and for the gentle pets you sent to tell me of my dear Valentine. I have been sick for a long time and am not quite all well yet, but teacher said I could write to you a little letter. I am so glad that your papa is coming to Boston. You must ask him to bring you with him. We will have great fun at the dog show. I think. Did you know that my beautiful Lioness was dead? She was killed while playing with some other dogs near my home. My heart is so sad about it. The tears come whenever I think how terrified she must have been to have people unkind to her. We had all loved her so. I cannot tell how I knew that my beautiful dog's expression softened and became more intelligent when I caressed her, but I am sure it was true. She would lay her great head in my lap whenever I told her how fine dogs ought to behave, and I am sure she understood. At first I was delighted to hear that your papa had another dog for me, but now I fear that something might happen to it, and that would be too dreadful. I would rather try to be happy without one, than that the faithful friend should be killed. Tell your papa that when I am well I am going to write a letter to the boys and girls in Boston and tell them about darling little Tommy, and ask them to send their pennies to Mr. Anagnos so that he can bring Tommy to Boston in April. I hope I can teach him something myself. Now my own Valentine I must say a loving good-bye. Give your papa and mama and dear sister Lois my love and many kisses.

Your Valentine,
HELEN KELLER.

Some of the "dog men" Mr. Wade spoke to about this, at the New York show, have asked him to accept their contributions, and the following have already been received. We will gladly acknowledge others.

THE HELEN KELLER FUND.

Chas. E. Bunn, Esq., Peoria, Ill.	\$5.00
W. Wade, Hulton, Pa.	5 00
Mrs. E. H. Wade, Hulton, Pa.	5 00
L. J. Campbell, Parnassus, Pa.	5 00
C. J. Peshall, Jersey City, N. J.	5 00

BEAGLES ON THE BENCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One learns little, one learns much. This thought came to me to-night on perusing the awards given at New York, Baltimore and Pittsburg by three different judges. Can one tolerably conversant with the beagle adopt a standard from the ideas expressed in the awards that would be of any practical service to a breeder? It strikes me very forcibly that in order to show to win, we must first ascertain who is to officiate, and make entries accordingly. My dogs may win hands down this week and next week they are not in it. Is it purely a matter of fancy or favoritism? If fancy, then let us endeavor to adopt a standard or scoring rule, so that the disadvantages which the unpopular strain is laboring under may be reduced to a minimum, and at the same time force the popular strain to come up to the required standard.

As now done, your dog beats mine this week, mine gives yours a go next week, and so on through the entire circuit. At its termination, good, bad and indifferent have all won a blue ribbon.

As an improvement, I would suggest that the National Beagle Club adopt a standard, and that two judges duly appointed shall schedule each dog separately, submitting differences to an umpire previously agreed upon, and the decision of any two to be binding. This would to a large degree do away with one-man power, fancy or favoritism. Will brother beagle breeders kindly express their views?

MR. BROWN.

MASTIFFS AT NEW YORK.—Troy, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: In reading the criticisms of Mr. Mason in your publication on the mastiffs I notice that he states that Ingleside Princess was unnoticed in the bitch class at the New York dog show. According to my understanding she took third prize, and I have the card so signifying. His order is Lady Dorothy first, Duchess second, Edda third and Caution's Own Daughter fourth. Please inform me if I am correct, and if so, please correct such criticism of Mr. Mason's in your next issue.—C. E. GREENMAN. [Mr. Mason is correct; your bitch was not mentioned.]

INSPIRATION HAS DARK EYES.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with much surprise that I note in the report of Baltimore show, prepared by your Mr. Lacy, in which he criticises my pointer dog as follows: "Inspiration, second, has a fair head, though light in eye." Now, surely Mr. Lacy has never seen my dog, when he states that he has light eyes. No matter what other faults he may have, his worst enemy, if such a person exists, could not find that fault with him. On the contrary, he has particularly fine large dark eyes, very brilliant and with much intelligence in their expression. He has the dark eyes in keeping with the dark nose, which he has inherited from his celebrated sire, champion Bang Bang. Errors like these are peculiarly disheartening, and I, for one, think that the gentlemen reporting the bench shows should exercise conscientious care when they attempt to criticise a man's dog, and make sure that it is the dog they are writing about.—FRANCIS G. TAYLOR. [It is not our intention to do any man's dog an injustice, and as Mr. Mason's New York report corroborates Mr. Taylor, we must apologize for an error which must have been a slip of the pen, as our notes in the catalogue make no mention of this dog having light eyes.]

A FALSE RUMOR.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A report is in circulation to the effect that there are a number of sick dogs in and around Lynn. Whether this rumor is started to injure the forthcoming show here or not I cannot say, but so far as I know there is not a word of truth in it.—ROBERT LESLIE, President.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Punch, Elbars, Blackthorn, Prairie Tip, Prairie Bog, Prairie Girl, Prairie Flame and Prairie Dale. By L. N. Hilsendegen, Detroit, Mich., for Irish setters, five dogs and three bitches, by Dan O'Connell out of Lalla Rookh.

Prairie Chief, Prairie Tim, Prairie King, Prairie Lily, Prairie Rose, Prairie Meg and Judy. By L. N. Hilsendegen, Detroit, Mich., for Irish setters, three dogs and four bitches, by Dan O'Connell out of Biddy.

Sinola. By C. E. Rowland, Toledo, O., for brindle greyhound bitch, whelped July 10, 1890, by Conspirator (Workman—Luna II) out of Princess Ida (Victor—Gypsy).

Leonie. By C. E. Rowland, Toledo, O., for white and brindle greyhound bitch, whelped March 7, 1890, by Trales (Wandering Tom—Little Emily III) out of Dick's Darling (Coleraine Diamond—Daylight).

Convalaria. By J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 22, 1890, by Monk of Furness (Sir Allister—Belle of Furness) out of Lady Snowflake (Prince Noble—Cassandra).

Ranger of Claremont. By H. K. Snyder, Michigan City, Ind., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 10, 1890, by Claremont Patsy (Frisco—Nellie IX) out of Nora of Claremont (Sarsfield—Nino).

Prairie Mound Kennels. By L. N. Hilsendegen, Detroit, Mich., for his kennels of red Irish setters.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Thora III.—Oscar II., C. E. Rowland's (Toledo, O.) deerhound bitch (Thora II.—Robin—Thora II.) to S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s, Oscar II. (champion Mac—Cluthan), Dec. 23.

Lady Zora—Treasure. Mrs. McCuen's (New Orleans, La.) pug bitch Lady Zora (Kash—Lady Thurman) to W. M. Stuke's Treasury, Feb. 28.

Dinah—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Dinah (Sula—Clara) to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Mac—Cluthan), Feb. 25.

Lady Thurman—Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Thurman (Dixie—Silver Shoe) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), March 9.

East Lake Virgie—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss) to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss), March 1.

Fanny—Shenstone. Jas. Lewis's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Fanny (Wig—Lendine) to J. E. Hair's Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Bell), Feb. 15.

Nellie Bly—Shenstone. J. H. Wilson's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Nellie Bly (Prince Foreman II.—Donna Inez) to J. E. Hair's Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Bell), March 10.

Gypsy—Shenstone. J. H. Wilson's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Gypsy (Prince Foreman II.—Donna Inez) to J. E. Hair's Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Bell), March 11.

Fanny B.—Shenstone. J. Ellis's (Milford, Conn.) English setter bitch Fanny B. to J. E. Hair's Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Bell), Feb. 18.

Countess of Devonshire II.—Rap. H. Malcolm's (Baltimore, Md.) Gordon setter bitch Countess of Devonshire II. (Stubble—Countess of Devonshire I.) to his Rap (Heather Harold—Chapman's Blossom), Feb. 10.

Lady Black—Rap. H. Malcolm's (Baltimore, Md.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Black (Whip—Gypsy) to his Rap (Heather Harold—Chapman's Blossom), March 10.

Bessie C.—Obadiah. A. Geddes's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Bessie C. (Oba II.—Darkie) to Geo. Bell's Obadiah (champion Brant—Bonita), Feb. 13.

Oba G.—Hornell Silk. A. Geddes's (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Oba G. (champion Black Pete—Jet Oba) to Hornell-Harmony Kennels' champion Hornell Silk, Feb. 11.

Flossy T.—Cherry Boy. G. L. V. Tyler's (West Newton, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Flossy T. (Col. Stubbs—Pet) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy, Feb. 20.

Mollie McGinty—Cherry Boy. J. M. O'Brien's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Mollie McGinty to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy, Feb. 18.

Mertie—Cherry Boy. W. H. Walton's (Lynn, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Mertie (Black Duck—High Rock Jet) to C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy, March 1.

Little Gypsy—Cherry Boy. C. G. Browning's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Little Gypsy to his Cherry Boy, Feb. 7.

Bradford Lill—Bradford Harry. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bradford Lill (Tickle'em—Judy) to his champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), March 14.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Thora III.—C. E. Rowland's (Toledo, O.) deerhound bitch Thora III. (Robin—Thora II.) to S. W. Skinner, Jr.'s, Oscar II. (champion Mac—Cluthan).

Queen Dale. Gordondale Kennels' (Readville, Mass.) English setter bitch Queen Dale (Boswell's Ned—Daisy Dale), March 14, seven (four dogs), by their Bow Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep).

Cassy W. H. G. Arnold's (Louisville, Ky.) cocker spaniel bitch Cassy W. (Koko W.—Phyllis D.) Feb. 27, seven (two dogs), by J. E. Watson's Little Lad (Newton Abbott Beau—Dinah Bennett); one dog since dead.

Temptation. W. T. McAlees's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Temptation (Mixture—Warren Lady), Jan. 22, three (two dogs), by Jas. Mortimer's Suffolk Toby (Carlisle Prince—Nellie Farren).

Tennis. W. T. McAlees's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tennis (Raby Mixer—Temptation), Jan. 23, three dogs, by L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle (Brokenhurst Rally—Harmony).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Thora III. Brindle deerhound bitch, whelped Dec. 24, 1888, by Robin out of Thora II., by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to C. E. Rowland, Toledo, O.

Sinola. Brindle greyhound bitch, whelped July 10, 1890, by Conspirator out of Princess Ida, by Mary J. McCleery, New York, to C. E. Rowland, Toledo, O.

Leonie. White and brindle greyhound bitch, whelped May 7, 1890, by Trales out of Dick's Darling, by D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kan., to C. E. Rowland, Toledo, O.

Littleton. Lemon and white pointer dog, by Underwriter out of Juno, by J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to F. Phillips, Port Jefferson, L. I.

Bonnie Juno. Liver ticked pointer bitch, whelped July 20, 1890, by Kennerly out of Juno, by J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to G. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Lady. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped May 3, 1890, by Kash out of Lady Thurman, by W. M. Stuke, Mt. Sterling, O., to Mrs. L. McCuen, New Orleans, La.

Trizey. Silver fawn pug bitch, age not given, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Ben Sherwood, same place.

Dinah. Silver fawn pug bitch, age not given, by Santa Claus out of —, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Wm. H. Grabe, St. Louis, Mo.

Albert's Nelly. Blue belton and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1889, by Warwick Albert out of Princess Belton, by J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to Dr. J. A. Hartman, Latrobe, Pa.

Fern Dale—Queen Dale. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 23, 1891, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., to Chas. Mott, Columbia, Conn.

Ned—Gyp whelps. English setters, whelped July 23, 1890, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., a liver and white dog to G. B. Earle, Central Falls, R. I.; a black, white and tan dog each to G. B. Earle, Boston, Mass.; A. McDonald, Campello, Mass., and Noyes Billings, Dodgeville, Mass., and a black, white and tan bitch to J. C. Drake, Gloversville, N. Y.

Ned—Daisy Dale whelp. Orange belton English setter bitch, whelped May 6, 1888, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., to J. B. Charlton, Washington, Pa.

Prince Kent—Daisy Dale whelp. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 4, 1891, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., to E. J. McCashin, Lowell, Mass.

Mark Dale. Black and white English setter dog, whelped May 1, 1890, by Galt's Mark, Jr., out of Belle Dale, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., to E. J. McCashin, Lowell, Mass.

Bow Bondhu—Bonita whelp. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 11, 1891, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., to C. H. Jackson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Belle Dale. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped March 12, 1891, by Gen. Ely's Breeze out of Bessie Dale, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., to R. E. Forbes, Milton, Mass.

Daisy Dale II. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 3, 1891, by Gen. Ely's Breeze out of Bessie Dale, by Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass., to R. E. Forbes, Milton, Mass.

Paris Queen. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given, by champion Paris out of Miss Twilight, by W. H. Walton, Lynn, Mass., to Gordondale Kennels, Readville, Mass.

Little Gypsy. Black and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 25, 1890, by Rex Obo out of Topsy, by G. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to C. G. Browning, Worcester, Mass.

The La Fayette. Greyhound Kennels, La Fayette, Ind., have sold the following: Span, fawn greyhound bitch, whelped Dec. 26, 1885 (Sport—Minnie M.); Vick, brindle greyhound bitch, whelped Nov. 12, 1885 (Don—Minnie M.); Nell, brindle greyhound bitch (Duke—Dee); Prince of Better Times, black and white greyhound dog, whelped May 15, 1890 (Dexter—Vick); Lady May, brindle greyhound bitch, same litter; Mayflower Maid, fawn greyhound bitch, same litter; fawn greyhound dog pup, whelped July 26, 1890 (Duke—Span); fawn greyhound bitch pup, same litter, and a blue greyhound bitch pup, same litter, to F. J. Darcey, Mt. Vernon, O.

Dexter. White greyhound dog, to L. V. Browning, Little Rock, Ark. Black greyhound dog pup, whelped May 15, 1890 (Dexter—Vick), to A. S. Kerr, Muscatine, Ia.; greyhound dog pup, same litter, to Mississippi Kennels, Morrison, Ill.; black and white greyhound dog pup, whelped July 26, 1890 (Duke—Span), to Howard Kennels, Columbus, O.; fawn greyhound dog pup, same litter, to W. H. M. Reed, Norfolk, Va. Mable Belmont, fox-terrier bitch, to C. A. Loud, Stanton, Va.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

A. C. H., So. Manistique, Mich.—What is the best dog food in use? The best soap for fleas, also best remedy for mange? I want to be prepared in case my St. Bernard should have the disease. Ans. Those advertised in our kennel columns are all good. You can take your choice with little to fear.

J. S. H.—It is cerebral distemper, for which there is very little remedy. He will very likely be dead before you see this.

If you want a dog we do not know of any better way of trying to get one at our own price than of sending a bid on those to be sold at auction, March 24-28th, at the Tattersall, Philadelphia. You can tell by the catalogue about the breeding, etc., and you can send a bid by mail. If it exceeds your price, money will be returned to you. Catalogue can be had by addressing Tattersall, 20th and Market streets, Philadelphia.—Adm.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE discussion and comment already provoked by our announcement that a formal fixing of the revolver championship was to be carried out under the auspices of FOREST AND STREAM for the possession of the trophy offered by Mr. Walter Winans, convince us that the affair is to be a success. Some of the minor points are open to criticism perhaps, but that such a match should be held and that it can be held with satisfaction to all concerned seems to be assured beyond doubt. There is no fear that it is to be a repetition of the Tribune match with all its absurdly perfect scores. At the start anybody may shoot and send in their target to this office. Targets for ready measurement will be furnished on application, and the scores properly authenticated duly entered. This trial bout, so to speak, is open to all, but before the trophy is awarded there will be the finals, fired under the direct or delegated supervision of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM. As all the scores will be by shot measurement it is really a matter of no moment what target the shooter may practice on, and the scores as printed by us can at once be converted into the scores of any target now in use. Anent the matter of distance of which "Pious" speaks. It would be a hardship to insist upon a greater distance than that suggested by us. Twenty yards is the range at the outdoor shooting stand at Wimbledon and Bisley, and for indoor work it is not easy to find a gallery with a 40ft. space for revolver work. In fact we were strongly urged to make the distance 12yds. or the regular old-time duelling distance of 12 paces or 36ft. The targets might be more compact and the shots more nicely bunched, but with a measurement target it is the easiest thing in the world to compare the work at another range.

FOREST AND STREAM has invited discussion upon the subject of conditions to govern shooting for Mr. Winans's trophy, which as I understand it, is to be representative of the amateur championship of America. It goes without saying that Mr. Winans or his representative FOREST AND STREAM should have the privilege of naming the conditions under which the trophy shall be shot for and defended, and the conditions mentioned in the current number of FOREST AND STREAM (March 12) are certainly generous enough to satisfy any one. But I think that the championship of the United States should not be won at a distance less than 50yds., which is a range within the capabilities of any revolver or shooter likely to enter such a competition.

It was decided in 1886 that 21yds. was too short a distance to test skill, using the 8in. bull, and the result of using that target and that distance was to show that "the possible would be secured so frequently as to make the sport uninteresting."

Since that time revolver shooting has not declined and there are, no doubt, a number of men capable of making a high score at that distance upon the Standard American target.

Would it not be wise in instituting such a competition to agree

upon a distance which should be a standard for other matches and at the same time be fully up to the capabilities of the American revolver, which is still beyond the ability of the shooter in point of accuracy. I agree fully with FOREST AND STREAM in the conditions that any revolver, any sight, any trigger pull and any ammunition may be used. That is a comprehensive width of generosity to be appreciated by those who enjoy a certain weapon, sight or trigger pull without knowing just why, and believe that the ammunition loaded by themselves suits their shooting better than the factory ammunition.

Restrictions upon trigger pull are and always will be a mistake, from the fact that no two men are exactly alike in muscular or nervous conditions, and defects in trigger pull are to blame for much poor shooting. Beyond a desire to see the range longer than twenty yards, as a lover of revolver shooting and a possible competitor, the conditions so far suggested are satisfactory. There is, however, one question not yet touched upon fully. What is to be the accepted definition of amateur?

PICUS.

The Canadian Militia Gazette, a popular organ of the active force of the Dominion, speaks of the match: "The growing popularity of revolver shooting has led to the making of scores far beyond what the weapon was thought capable of making. Minor improvements in loading, etc., have brought the arm up to a point of precision which should satisfy the most critical user. Thus far the scores made have been without any very precise conditions, and comparisons have been difficult to make. In order to bring about a definite fixed championship record to determine the amateur having the highest degree of credit as a shot, FOREST AND STREAM has undertaken the conduct of a formal championship match. This is at the special request of Mr. Walter Winans, whose position at the head of the line of English revolver shooters is well known. He will contribute as an emblem of the championship one of his own artistic pieces of sculpture done in bronze, and conditions will be made as open as possible and an opportunity made for all to shoot in what promises to be a match of more than ordinary importance. While comparatively little attention is given to the use of the revolver in Canada, last year showed signs of an awakening of interest in practice with that arm."

IMPORTING FIREARMS.

JUDGE LACOMBE, of the U. S. Circuit Court in New York, has reversed the decision of the Port Appraisers in the Schoverling, Daly & Gales case. This firm, it will be recalled, imported some gun stocks under a lower rate of duty as "manufactures, of which metal was a component part." Another house imported barrels which would fit such stocks, and the appraisers clapped on the full duty of sporting guns. The decision of the Court reads:

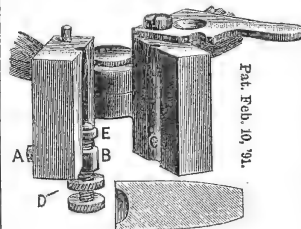
"The question of intention does not enter into this case at all, provided the importers have done no more than what under the terms of the tariff they may do. Whether their object was to make their goods more readily saleable in this way, or by this particular method of importation to secure the advantage of goods at a lower rate of duty than they would otherwise pay, is wholly immaterial, provided that what they have done is within the terms of the tariff act."

"Now, there is no evidence that these articles were ever 'assembled' or brought together with the gun barrels on the other side. There is no finding to that effect by the appraisers; and if there were such a finding of fact I should be constrained to reverse it because there is no evidence in the record to support it. I do not by this mean to imply that that single fact would be controlling of the case if it were here; it is enough to say that it is not here. For all that appears, the gun stocks may have been bought from one manufacturer and the gun barrels from another. They came here under a provision of the tariff act which lays a duty upon 'sporting breechloading guns and revolvers, and the parts thereof, upon the parts of which those sporting breechloading shotguns are composed, as 'manufactures in whole or in part of metal.'"

"It can be fairly assumed that Congress by that very terminology meant to allow importers who choose to bring in fragments of a combination article by different shipments and then to employ domestic labor in putting them together to do so. It was never intended to induce importers to employ to that extent the labor of this country instead of having the articles combined abroad. We cannot tell, of course, what operated upon the minds of the framers of that particular passage of the act; we can only deal with their language as they have set it down for us. And under that language it seems very clear that there is nothing in this shipment except 'gunstocks' mounted on articles which are properly described in the tariff only by the phrase 'manufactures composed wholly or in part of metal,' and they should therefore pay that duty and no other. The decision of the Board of Appraisers is reversed."

A NEW BULLET MOULD.

THE Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., have just put on the market an adjustable bullet mould. This is something that will be appreciated at once by those riflemen who prefer to prepare their own ammunition. The cut shows the mould open, and also a sectional view of the bullet which is cast with a cavity in the base, The cavity is for the double purpose of upsetting or expanding the bullet and furnishing a receptacle for the twist of the paper patch. This mould will cast bullets of .32 caliber ranging in weight from 155grs. to 200grs., and by a little regulation of patching, as regards the thickness of the paper and the temper of bullet, do good work in the .32 caliber Stevens, Maynard, R-Mington, and other rifles of this caliber. Possessors of the .32-20 Martini



Colts lightning rifles will now be able to get a light-patched bullet for target practice not crimping the shell and loading from the breech. With this mould bullets of great variety of lengths and weights can be made. An adjustable screw passes through the nut B, which moves the cavity former E in or out, as is desired to shorten or lengthen the bullet and the check nut D is to fasten and make the screw immovable and firm at the point desired. The nut B is held in the mould by the screw A passing through the side of the mould. This screw has a slight lateral movement, and when the bullet is cast a light rap on the head of the screw A will lift the bullet up out of the mould and release it from the cavity former. The metal is poured into the mould at the point of target, thus leaving the base solid and the cavity in the neck. In hollow patching further information will be furnished upon application to the Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK CITY SCHUETZEN.—The shooting committee of the New York City Schuetzen Corps was fully represented on March 12 at the hall of the German-American Shooting Society, and acted on the shooting plan submitted by the first shooting master, J. H. Schneider. The plan was adopted with a few slight modifications, and the shooting days were fixed for April 24, May 23, June 26, July 24, Aug. 28, Sept. 25, and Oct. 23. On the regular 25-ring target the members will be classified according to marksmanship. The prizes will consist of handsome gold medals, to go to the shooters making 1,800 points in the first class, 1,600 in the second, 1,400 in the third, and 1,200 in the fourth class. In 10 shots for 50 cents, no limit. On the main target the money shot in every day will be divided *pro rata*, after a deduction of 25 per cent. The corps has also given four medals, and J. Schneider a fifth one, which will be presented to the marksman making the greatest number of red flags, 20 line, during the entire shoot. Gold medals will be given to all scoring 100 points on the point target, the red flag counting 3 points and the center ring 20. In diameter the blue flag will be shown if the marksman hits the next ring, 33ft. from the center ring and he will be credited with 2 points; the rest of the 12in. bullseye will count 1, a white flag being shown.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8.—A large number of marksmen assembled at Shell mound today to devote the day to rifle shooting. The occasion was of more than ordinary interest, as Captain Siebe had placed 25 prizes in competition and the marksmen present tried hard to make top scores. Co. B, 3d Infantry Regiment, held its monthly medal shoot and some good scores were made. Companies C and G (Nationals) of the 1st Regiment were present in strong numbers to compete for the trophies of their company. The independent riflemen held their final monthly medal shoot and brought out a good many members, who tried hard to place good scores to their names. The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein turned out strong and used their best endeavor to win the handsome medals which the company places at the disposal of its members. Representatives of the California, Germania, and in fact nearly all the rifle clubs of the city were present to participate in the prize shoot of Captain Siebe. The members of Co. B of the First of the First were present and indulged in a little practice preparatory to the Tobin trophy shoot, which will take place next Sunday. At the conclusion of the day's contest Captain Siebe invited all the marksmen to a banquet which he had prepared as a surprise for them. F. Attinger acted as toast master and kept the riflemen in a constant vein of good humor by his many witty remarks. The marksmen who participated in the day's shoot were surprised to see good shooting done by the old champion, Philo Jackson. For several days he has been a very sick man, under the doctor's care. He showed that he was still alive and would remain so for some time to come.

BOSTON, March 14.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day under very unfavorable conditions, a very strong wind blowing from 8 to 11 o'clock. W. C. Prescott wins the bronze membership badge. Following are to-day's scores, distance 200 yds., American target, re-entrancy allowed:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.			
W. Charles.....	79	W. Hawley.....	75
C. H. Eastman.....	77	J. B. Mason.....	73
B. L. Fuller.....	77	F. W. Chester.....	72
All-Comers' Rest Match.			
F. Mansfield.....	104	W. C. Prescott.....	95
T. Warren.....	102	J. W. French.....	94
A. H. Ballard.....	97	J. French.....	94
H. Severance.....	86	S. C. Sydney.....	79
W. Charles.....	83	C. Gray.....	78
H. Cushing.....	83	G. L. Hosmer.....	75
A. D. Stevens.....	81	D. Martin.....	70

CONLIN'S GALLERY, corner Broadway and Thirty-First street.—The first of the series of annual contests at Conlin's gallery, the Beginners' Revolver Match, was terminated March 12. The conditions were as follows: Any ammunition, any trigger pull, position standing, free and clear, standard decimal target, best three targets to count. The match was well patronized by a number of beginners and some of the shooting made by competitors who did not prove winners gave much promise for good scores in the future. The following are the names and scores of the winners: First prize, C. B. Bishop, of Clifton, N. J., 50, 50, 49—149. Second prize, R. Hoag, of 23d Regiment, Brooklyn, 45, 44, 44—133. The next match will be for amateurs.

LAURENCE, Mass., March 14.—There was a small attendance at the range to-day. These scores were made:

Record Match.			
O. M. Jewell.....	80	E. D. Sargent.....	68
A. A. Philbrick.....	76	I. E. Olmstead.....	41

Rest Match.			
E. D. Sargent.....	89	E. F. Richardson.....	88
I. E. Olmstead.....	85		

EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB, N. Y., March 11.—The following scores were made by members of the Empire Rifle Club, of 12 St. Marks Place, at their regular weekly shoot March 10, on the standard American target, 1/4 bullseye: W. Rosenbaum 95, C. Zettler, Jr. 93, A. Stahl, Jr. 92, W. Maysen, 89, W. Miller 89, J. Grimm 88, H. Zettler 86, J. Zettler 84, G. Hillmeyer 74, W. Miller, Sec'y.

REVOLVER CLUB, New York, March 14.—To-day's shoot of the New York Pistol and Revolver Club, of 12 St. Marks Place, the following results were attained on the Zettler decimal target: Stein 57, Janitz 56, Oehl 56, Bussee 54, Walther 53, Hecking 52, G. L. Hoffman 47, out of a possible 60 on six shots.

TORONTO, March 10.—The challenge cup belonging to the Off-Hand Rifle Association of Ontario was shot for at Bradford to-day, Mr. Alfred Graham, of Everett, heading the score with 92 points out of a possible 100, ranges 100 and 200 yds.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blank prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

- March 21.—White House Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. M. S. Anderson, Sec'y.
- March 24.—Detroit Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. \$1,000 guaranteed.
- April 6-11.—New London Tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J.
- April 28-30.—New London (or New Haven) Inter-State Association.
- May 5-6.—Algona (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John G. Smith, Sec'y.
- May 7.—Pittsburgh Tournament. Open to all. Elmer E. Shauer, Sec'y.
- May 7.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament. \$800 guaranteed. Professionals barred. Chas. W. Brister, Sec'y.
- May 9.—Grand Tournament of the Hill City Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss. Open to all. Geo. H. Hill, Sec'y.
- May 13-16.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Three days targets. One day live birds. H. M. F. Wooden, Sec'y.
- May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Club gives \$1,000, Association guarantees \$1,000, total \$2,000.
- June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.
- June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.

THE DETROIT TOURNAMENT.

DURING the coming week the new Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will lend its aid to the extent of \$1,000 guarantee toward the shoot of the Detroit Tournament Association. The days for the shooting are the 24th, 25th and 26th with a slate of 8 events each. The successor to the old American Association has a membership of a dozen concerns all directly interested in encouraging sport at the trap.

In explanation of its object the Association prefaces the Detroit programme with a brief card saying: "This organization is composed of people all well known to parties interested in shooting. Their object is to encourage and promote trap shooting, which is a worthy one and should receive hearty support everywhere. Tournaments will be held in different States, and the profits arising from these tournaments will be turned over to the club in each city in which a shoot is held. The club to invest such money in securing grounds and club house."

The rules governing all shoots of this Association embrace all the well known trap shooting Association rules, except the following changes: The gun may be sighted while at score, when ready to shoot the butt of the gun must be held clear below the arm pit until the shooter has called "Pull." The load of shot for both 10 and 12-gauge guns must not exceed 14oz., struck measure. Disposition of ties—Any contestant may draw his share of entrance money where such share equals or exceeds the amount of entrance money. When the targets are used at unknown angles, different distances and unknown traps. All experts will be debarré from entering the contest after the last gun of the first squad has been fired. While rotating from No. 1 to No. 5, these traps only will be sprung. After passing No. 5 the shooter will get birds from No. 6 to 10. After all the experts have finished

their spring and the indicator is laid aside and the amateur squads begin shooting and shoot at known angles from the trap directly in front of them. Thus it will be seen that a shooter in the expert class may be in front of No. 1 and have a bird from No. 4, while the amateur will know each trap and flight. The full programme of events include the following:

March 24.—No. 1, 10 singles, entrance \$1; No. 2, 10 singles, \$2.50, \$50 guaranteed; No. 3, 15 singles, \$1.50; No. 4, 15 singles, \$4, \$75 guaranteed; No. 5, 6 pairs doubles, \$2; No. 6, 20 singles, \$5, \$100 guaranteed; No. 7, 15 singles, \$4, \$75 guaranteed; No. 8, 10 singles, \$1.

March 25.—No. 9, 10 singles, entrance \$1; No. 10, 15 singles, \$4, \$75 guaranteed; No. 11, 15 singles, \$2; No. 12, 15 singles, \$4, \$75 guaranteed; No. 13, 6 pairs doubles, \$2; No. 14, 20 singles, \$5, \$100 guaranteed; No. 15, 20 singles, \$5, \$100 guaranteed; No. 16, 15 singles, \$2.50, \$50 guaranteed.

March 26.—No. 17, 10 singles, entrance \$1; No. 18, \$2.50, \$50 guaranteed; No. 19, 15 singles, \$1.50; No. 20, 15 singles, \$4, \$75 guaranteed; No. 21, 6 pairs doubles, \$2; No. 22, 20 singles, \$5, \$100 guaranteed; No. 23, 15 singles, \$4, \$75 guaranteed; No. 24, 10 singles, \$1.

All surplus money divided as follows: 40 per cent. added to purses, 20 per cent. to first and 10 per cent. to second for best average in expert class to those shooting in all guaranteed purses this day; 20 per cent. to first and 10 per cent. to second for best average in amateur class to those shooting in all guaranteed purses this day. All averages paid each night. The shooting will commence at 9 A. M., sharp, each day. All purses at this tournament will be divided in all events, 30 per cent., 25 per cent., 20 per cent., 15 per cent. and 10 per cent.

CHICAGO SHOOTERS.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 13.—As was announced last week, the sportsmen of Illinois have this year won at least one substantial success in the State Legislature, in the killing of the bill intended to prohibit pigeon shooting. The measure never got beyond the committee room and its dropping there was a very nice bit of work ingeniously done. The Humane Society will need to wait a while yet. I do not see how this rebuke to that organization can be looked upon in any sense as a triumph of the baser elements or more cruel tendencies in society. It may be, quite as well, the triumph of the old principle that he who would ask equity must come into court with clean hands. The Humane Society and its leaders have no better friends than are to be found among the sportsmen, but these friends are not all blind. The Humane Society of this or any other city is, in its proper idea, a noble thing, but as carried out it may or may not be a noble thing. It should be entitled to respect, not for its name but for its works. The day of sentimentalism is past for the world. It is practical to-day. "By the fruits ye shall know them" is never so true before. The press had this idea right. Let not the Humane Society be discouraged at this defeat. There remains still a wide field of activity for it. For instance, it has won on a bill prohibiting the docking of horses' tails. Let it now prevent the beating, overloading and overdriving of animals. Mr. Shortall should be interested in this last especially.

WATSON'S PARK, March 13.—The Gun Club of Chicago for club badge, 10 live birds each, Illinois State rules, small sweep added:

H. A. Foss.....	122111112-10	P. F. Rock.....	221211201-9
Ed Steck.....	210012221-7	P. Leo Hamline.....	010002121-6
Same club, blackbird medal:			
P. F. Rock.....	101010101-9	L. Hamline.....	1000100001000000-4
Ed Steck.....	101101010101011-13	R. Heikes.....	11111111111111111-17
H. A. Foss.....	11111111101010101-16		

* Not a member.

Same day: R. O. Heikes and P. F. Rock shot a match at 100 Peoria blackbirds each. Score: Heikes 91, Rock 65.

Same day: Rock, Steck, Foss, Hamline and Heikes shot four live birds each, 100 yds. Score: Rock 100, Steck 99, Foss 98, Hamline 97, Heikes 96.

First once, Foss first once, Hamline second twice, Foss second once, Rock second once.

March 14.—The Pullman Gun Club for club cup, 10 live pigeons each, Illinois State rules, small sweep added:

James Finn.....	02020102-7	G. Fieldhouse.....	111002112-7
J. Finn.....	2020102-7	G. Schutler.....	02020102-7
Chas. Seibert.....	2020102-7	E. M. Gardner.....	21020102-8
W. Dallyn.....	020211212-8	W. Walpole.....	010001011-5
Chas. Williams.....	01112020-7		

On shoot-off: Gardner cup and first, Williams second, third div.

Same club, blackbird medal and added sweep:

E. M. Gardner.....	111011011-8	W. Dallyn.....	011111101-8
Chas. Williams.....	101000001-2	G. Schutler.....	111111100-8
Joe Finn.....	100000100-2	Chas. Seibert.....	000000001-2
Jim Finn.....	000011111-6	G. Fieldhouse.....	100001011-5

* Not in sweep. Ties div.

BROOKLYN TRAPS.

BROOKLYN, March 10.—Nearly all of the best shots in the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club were at Woodlawn to-day at the regular monthly shoot. The usual 7 bird and 100 yds. trap was shot at by 19 members, club handicap, and only three could make the score for the Schlieman badge. P. Ward won it by killing 6 after tying with Dwyer and Eppig. The second prize was won by Captain Cranmer. J. B. Dyer and C. Juch divided the third money, G. Engelheim took the fourth money, and H. P. Donnelly won the fifth.

March 12.—Fourteen members of the Unknown Gun Club went to the range at Dexter Park in to-day's rain and put up a creditable score, considering the disagreeable weather and the difficult rules. J. Johnson, one of the veterans in the club, captured the club medal and first prize; G. Pfohlmann took second money; the third prize went to H. Housman, and fourth money was divided between H. von Staden and W. E. Skidmore. A 3-bird sweepstakes followed the regular shoot. Club shot, handicap rises, old Long Island rules, 7 birds each man, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, 5 traps, unknown pull, 80 yards boundary. Gilman 5, Rathjen 5, Schmidt 5, Hopkins 4, Tomford 4, Vagts 5, Hilmann 4, Ellerhorst 3, Mohrman 4.

First sweepstakes and shoot-off for second money of the club contest, \$1 entrance, two prizes, 3 birds each man, 25 yds. rise, otherwise club rules—Gilman, Rathjen, Schulz and Hopkins tied on 3 Vagts, Ellerhorst and Mohrman tied on 2 for second money; Tomford withdrew.

Second sweepstakes, same conditions, all previous ties to be settled off in a separate 3 straight and 100 yds. trap on second money of the club shoot, first money of the first event and half of first money of the second event. J. Vagts killed 3 straight and took the first sweepstakes. Rathjen, Tomford, Hopkins and Mohrman divided second prize of the second event.

March 14.—The shooters who went to Dexter Park this afternoon to shoot at two birds had their hands full trying to kill the pigeons which had been shipped all the way from Illinois. Of course the high wind helped the birds considerably, and the general result attests well the marksmanship of the sportsmen present.

First event, 10 live birds, 2 prizes: E. H. Williams killed 8 out of 10 and took first money, G. Remsen, J. Muench and A. C. Hunt divided second on 4.

Second event, five birds, \$1 entrance, 2 prizes: J. Muench took first money on 5 straight, G. Remsen and G. Pfohlmann divided second on 4. Hunt killed 3 and missed one, and Williams, who was evidently in hard luck, missed all but his first bird.

Both sweeps were shot under modified Hurlingham rules, 25 yds. rise, unknown pull. In a subsequent 15 bird match, 25 yds. rise, otherwise same conditions, Jacob Link killed 9 and missed 6, while A. Bauer killed 8 and missed 2, the latter had to bear the expenses. Both shooters would be glad to arrange a live bird match with C. Muench, of the Acme Gun Club, the contest to take place in Dexter Park, and Mr. Muench to name the conditions.

March 16.—The Kings County Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held a shoot at live birds and bluebirds at Dexter Park to-day, The rules in the first event were 25 yds. rise, H. and T. traps, Long Island rules, both barrels allowed. The bluebird sweepstakes followed. The scores:

Live bird shoot, at 10 pigeons each man, L. I. rules, both barrels: Zirkel 6, Greiner 4, Boegel 4, Bieber 6, Raehm 3, Duerner 3, Lindstedt 6, Schottler 9, C. Thiel 6, Short 6, Keller 4, Link 7, Dethloff 6.

Regular club shoot, at 20 bluebirds each, right and left angles: Schottler 6, Raehm 3, Zirkel 12, Lindstedt 12, Link 11, Short 10, Bieber 9, Thiel 9, Dethloff 9, Keller 6, Greiner 4, Duerner 3, Raehm 2.

First sweepstakes, at 5 bluebirds each, club rules, 3 prizes: Zirkel 2, Greiner 0, Boegel 4, Bieber 3, Lindstedt 3, Schottler 4, Thiel 1, Short 2, Keller 1, Link 5, Dethloff 4, Link won first money, Schottler won second on shoot-off and Lindstedt took third.

Second sweepstakes, same conditions: Greiner 0, Boegel 2, Bieber 3, Lindstedt 3, Thiel 2, Keller 2, Dethloff 1. In the shoot-off Bieber outshot Lindstedt and won on the fifth round; for second prize Thiel was shot out on the second round, but it took six more rounds before Boegel could be decided the winner. Dethloff took third prize.

LAKE ONTARIO GUN CLUB.

ROCHESTER, March 12.—Regular club shoot of the Lake Ontario Gun Club, held at the Forest House in Irondequoit. Strings of 7 Peoria blackbirds, 25 yds. rise, unknown angles. Sweepstakes, 4 money. First string:

A. Evershed.....	0011111-5	J. C. Aman.....	0111101-5
O. E. Walzer.....	1100111-5	W. S. Smith, Jr.....	1101011-5
H. D. McVean.....	1000000-1	F. Knebel.....	0101000-3
F. L. Smith.....	1010111-5	D. Postich.....	0100100-2
D. Foreman.....	0101001-4	D. Walzer.....	1101111-6
J. Aman.....	1010101-4		

D. Walzer first money, W. S. Smith second, F. L. Smith third, Knebel fourth.

Second string:

Evershed.....	1111111-7	J. C. Aman.....	1111010-5
O. E. Walzer.....	1111111-7	W. S. Smith, Jr.....	1101001-5
McVean.....	0010111-4	Knebel.....	0101111-5
F. L. Smith.....	1010111-5	Costich.....	1001010-3
Foreman.....	0101011-3	D. Walzer.....	1111111-7
J. Aman.....	1011011-5		

O. E. Walzer first money, F. L. Smith second, McVean third, Foreman fourth.

Third string:

Evershed.....	1111111-7	Knebel.....	0010111-4
O. E. Walzer.....	1010110-4	W. S. Smith, Jr.....	1010101-2
McVean.....	1001011-4	Costich.....	1100110-4
F. L. Smith.....	1010111-5	D. Walzer.....	1010101-4
J. Aman.....	1011111-6	Foreman.....	0010111-4
J. C. Aman.....	0101111-5		

Evershed first money, J. Aman second, F. L. Smith and J. C. Aman div. third, Knebel fourth.

Fourth string:

Evershed.....	0011111-5	Knebel.....	1101001-4
O. E. Walzer.....	1111001-5	W. S. Smith, Jr.....	1101001-4
McVean.....	1011101-5	Costich.....	1101000-3
F. L. Smith.....	1010001-4	D. Walzer.....	1011111-6
J. Aman.....	1010011-6	Foreman.....	1010000-2
J. C. Aman.....	0111111-6	Wittman.....	1010000-2

D. Walzer first money, McVean second, W. S. Smith, Jr., third, Costich fourth.

Fifth string:

Evershed.....	1110111-6	W. S. Smith, Jr.....	1010011-4
O. E. Walzer.....	1111001-5	B. Costich.....	0001010-2
McVean.....	1001111-5	D. Walzer.....	1010101-4
F. L. Smith.....	1001111-5	Foreman.....	0010110-3
Knebel.....	1111010-5		

Evershed first money, Knebel second, W. S. Smith, Jr., third, McVean and Foreman div. fourth.

ST. LOUIS TRAP SHOOTERS.

ST. LOUIS, March 16.—The Sharp Shooters' Union of Western America will hold their biennial tournament in St. Louis, June 8 to 13. It is expected that about 2,000 shooters will participate in the tournament, representing about 100 different associations. Local committees have been appointed to take charge of the visitors and delegates to the convention.

Kawling Bros. are now located in their new store, and to the great convenience of sportsmen they have set aside a portion of their large room, where meetings can be held and matters of general interest discussed. Heretofore there has been no common meeting place for the sportsmen of St. Louis, and this bit of enterprise and generosity is highly appreciated.

For some time the trap shooters of St. Louis have been trying to form a central organization. A meeting was held last Tuesday night at Rawlings Bros.' store for the further consideration of the question. The president of the Trap Shooters' Association is Mr. Peter Kling. At present there are some 500 trap shooters in St. Louis, divided among about 20 clubs. The plan is to form these clubs into a central organization for the purchase of a tract of land, which shall be fitted up for the use of all the clubs. Nothing definite has been done so far, and the matter has been referred to committees for action.

ABERDEEN.

NEWARK, N. J., March 12.—The Newark Gun Club held its monthly shoot on John Erb's grounds this afternoon. The rain came down in eighteen men were present out of the total membership of twenty-two. In the club shoot, three men fired at 10 birds, under club rules, 10-bore guns (Hedden and Briental) shooting at 30 and 12-bore guns at 25 yds. rise. The score:

Castle.....	111111111-10	Pusher.....	101110111-8
Class.....	111111110-9	Erb.....	111001111-8
Hedden.....	111111110-9	Wheaton.....	110110111-8
Lindley.....	111111110-9	Ledy.....	101101111-8
Jones.....	111111111-9	Griffin.....	110110101-7
Heath.....	110110111-9	Hilfers.....	101011110-7
Reinhardt.....	111110111-9	Briental.....	110110110-7
Hollis.....	111110111-9	Fairchild.....	111010001-5
Collins.....	101011111-9	Bruen.....	00202002-4

Castle took first money. Second money was shared off, miss and out. Class winning second by killing 7 birds. Hedden seventh bird falling dead out of bounds, and the others being shot out early in the race. Third was div. by Collins and Pusher.

JEANNETTE SHOOTERS.—The annual meeting and election of officers of the Jeannette Jagd Club took place at the headquarters, 183 Duane street, on March 12. The following gentlemen were elected members by acclamation: H. Wilking, E. Brosner and President G. Fallbaum, of the Hudson County Jockey Club. The invited guests of the Jeannette Club were the members of the contest for the G. V. Hudson trophy was declined with thanks, as the Jeannette men never shoot under Hurlingham rules. It was decided to purchase three new medals for competition in the three classes, and the executive committee was empowered to classify all new members. President Courts donated a handsome gold badge, which at the end of the year will go to the marksman who has killed in the regular club shoot the most pigeons by using one barrel only. As soon as the center field at the Guttenberg race track has been put into shape the Jeannette men will again hold their shoots at Guttenberg, but until then they will meet at Dexter Park. The annual report of the secretary was accepted with loud applause. The club has greatly increased in membership and the treasury, as compared with last year's, have been increased tenfold. The following officers were elected: President, H. W. Cordts; Vice-President, J. Vagt; Secretary, T. J. Christen, Financial Secretary, L. Lehm; Treasurer, N. B. Brunie; First Shooting Master, J. Boesch; Second Shooting Master, H. Elben; Collector, C. Disch. All officers were re-elected with the exception of C. Meyer, who declined positively to accept the office of financial secretary again.

NEW JERSEY SHOOTERS.—C. H. Townsend, the energetic Mayor of Montclair, has taken an interest in the matter of getting the 16 active gun clubs of Essex county into line for a county organization. A trophy, probably a pennant, will be purchased, each of the clubs entering teams to pay a pro rata share of its cost. This trophy will become the property of the club whose team wins the most contests during the series, the club team making the highest aggregate score in each monthly shoot to hold the trophy until the next shoot. Then will be the following rules offered for the best individual average made by members of teams. By making the teams small, all the clubs in the county may be able to enter teams, beside which each of the clubs will be able to hold one big day's shooting during the series.

GREENLEAF VS. LANGCAKE.—Nearly 500 men and boys went to the Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds, at Marion, N. J., on the afternoon of March 16, to witness the live-bird match between "Ab" Greenleaf of Union Hill, and "Tom" Langcake, of Brooklyn. The men shot for \$250 a side, under "old long island" rules. The scores were: Langcake 39 kills, Greenleaf 36 kills. Considerable money changed hands on the result. Mr. J. Pentz was referee.

PART I

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—At a meeting of the yachtmen of the Manhattan A. C. on March 14, the Cherry Diamond Y. C. was organized. The object of the new club was to promote boat racing and racing. The limit of length for boats was fixed at 33 ft. l.w.l. Among the yachtmen present were William Whitlock, Joseph W. Gibson, Seymour Hyde, and C. S. McCulloch. The names of the new club had been chosen, Messrs. Whitlock, Brown, and Gibson were named as a nominating committee to select officers for the new club. The ticket submitted by them was as follows: Com., J. C. Summers; Vice-Com., Edmund C. Stanton; Rear-Com., William J. Swan; Sec'y-Treas., C. H. Knobel; Fleet Officer, J. C. Stanton. These gentlemen were unanimously elected. A committee was then appointed to frame a constitution and by-laws for the club.

MINEOLA.

THE first of the new 46-footers was launched on March 14 at Lawley's yard, the Mineola, designed by Mr. Burgess and owned by Mr. August Belmont, who has owned and raced the 40-footer Mariquita for two seasons. The new yacht is a keel cutter with practically the same beam as her 40ft. sister Mariquita, though 6ft. longer. She will be fitted solely for racing, the wheel and large American cockpit of Mariquita being replaced by a tiller and a small steering well. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 44ft.; beam extreme, 13ft. 6in.; beam l.w.l., 12ft. 10in.; draft, 10ft. 6in. Her lead keel weighs 46,000lbs. The construction is semi-composite, with 10 steel angle frames $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$, and steamed oak frames $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ square. The planking is of 19in. yellow pine; the deck of 23in. white pine. The accommodations will include a main and after cabin, captain's stateroom and toilet room. Her sails will be made by Wilson & Silsby, the outfit including a mainsail of ordinary cotton duck and an extra mainsail of Egyptian cotton. Capt. Harry Haff, Jr., who has been in Mariquita since she was launched, will command the new boat. Mr. and Mrs. Belmont were on board when the yacht was launched, with Mr. Burgess and some other yachtsmen while Gen. Paine, Mr. John B. Paine, C. H. W. Foster and others were present. The yacht was christened by Mrs. Belmont.

THE LOSS OF THE NYANZA.—A marine court of inquiry has been held at Victoria, Hong Kong, into the loss of the Nyanza, schooner yacht, 25 tons, owned by Mr. James Cunningham Dewar, in July last on a voyage from Kusan (Caroline Group) to Ponape, under circumstances already detailed in the *Field*. The log, chart, etc., were lost with the vessel, and the court had to be guided entirely by the evidence given. The mate (Robert George), a certificated officer, was in charge of the watch after midnight of July 28, when the vessel struck, but he said he did not know where the yacht was with reference to the reef, neither did he see the chart, or ask to see it. Soon after she struck, the captain (John Carrington), who was sailing master, came on deck, the sails were lowered, and the boats got out, but nothing further was done to save the vessel. The court was of opinion that the master was in error in that he did not exert himself to verify the position of the ship on the afternoon of July 28, and further, that he did not remain more constantly on deck on the night of the 28th before the ship struck. The court was further of opinion that steps should have been taken, either by letting go an anchor, or by any other means, to prevent the yacht driving further on the reef, and the court were unable to agree with the master in his opinion that this would have been of no avail; on the contrary, they thought it might have been the saving of the ship. The court were also of opinion that, after obtaining help, some attempt should have been made to heave the vessel off. They recognize that there were difficulties, and were not prepared to say that these could have been overcome, but still they thought an attempt should have been made. These errors of the master they did not consider amounted to wrongful acts or defaults, and they did not, therefore, deal with his certificate, but the court thought it would be well for him to avoid like errors in the future. The court expressed their opinion that the services of the first mate did not appear to have been of much use in the navigation of the ship, and that if the cross bearings taken by him during the afternoon had been made use of it was possible that it might have avoided the disaster. The court was composed of Commander Robert Murray Rumsey, stipendiary magistrate; Staff-Commander W. R. Stevens, R. N.; H. M. S. Victor Emanuel; Mr. W. H. Watton, master of the British steamer Phra Nang; Mr. James Mooney, master of the British steamer Riverdale; and Mr. W. B. Seabury, master of the British steamer China.—*Field*.

NEWARK BAY Y. C.—The Newark Bay Y. C., of Bayonne, N. J., has elected the following officers: Com., A. Van Buskirk; Vice-Com., John Spavin; Treas., E. D. Scott; Sec., J. J. Vreeland; Meas., S. Mowrey; Fleet Capt., H. Mainhard; Delegates to the N. Y. Y. R. A., W. P. Vreeland, T. Windas and D. Voss; Trustees, H. Mainhard, E. Carrigan and James Spavin; Regatta Com., Wm. P. Vreeland, T. Windas and John Spavin.

TALISMAN, steam yacht, J. W. Thomas, was at Jacksonville on March 12, bound for New York.

THE COST OF RACING YACHTS.—The cost of one of the new 46-footers is estimated at \$9,500. The Herreshoff boat will cost considerably more than the others, as she will be double planked, which adds greatly to the cost of construction. Altogether, with the new boats started, the total cost of the new 46-foot fleet will be not far from \$100,000. A suit of new sails for a 46-footer costs about \$1,100, while the cost of the lead for the keel will go about \$2,000. It is plain from these figures, that the yacht racing of the present has no place for a poor man, or even one of moderate means. Building a yacht every year or two at an expense of \$10,000, is a sport for millionaires to indulge in. Looking over the list of names of owners of the new 46-footers, embracing such names as Thayer, Vanderbilt, Turner, Belmont, Prince, Paine, Foster and Maxwell, it is evident that one cannot jibe his mainboom next season without hitting a millionaire. "It is the long purse that wins," and money will win every time, as modern yacht racing has developed.—*Boston Globe*.

DELAWARE RIVER.—The sloop Nance is being changed to a keel boat, with a new iron keel of 2,100lbs. The Burgess cat, J. S. M., has been changed to a sloop. Moore & Schute are building a small cutter for Dr. Chas. P. Tuttle, of Camden. She will have 3,800lbs. of iron with a folding iron board that will not come above the cabin floor. Her dimensions are: Over all 31ft., load line 23ft., beam 10.2ft., draft 4.2ft., with 5ft. 7in. head room in the cabin.

NEWARK Y. C.—The annual dinner of the Newark Y. C. was held on March 9. The following officers have been elected for 1891: Com., J. M. Foote; Vice-Com., A. F. Wobke; Treas., Chas. Schade; Rec. Sec., Frank Long; Fin. Sec., Thos. Luff; Meas., J. Sandford; Board of Trustees, C. E. Cameron, T. J. Roche, E. L. Phillips, Fred Miller and J. W. Smith.

L. W. FERDINAND & CO.—The new catalogue of yacht and boat hardware and fittings to be issued by L. W. Ferdinand & Co., of Boston, has been delayed by the electrotypers' strike, and will not be ready before April 1.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—The subject of the "Smoke Talk" on March 13 was "Meteorological Instruments, Weather Charts, Storm Charts and Barometers," by U. S. Signal Service observers. On March 20 the subject will be "Marlinspike Seamanship and Wire Rope."

ROWING ALMANAC AND OARSMAN'S COMPANION.—We have received from the *Field*, London, the edition of this useful little handbook for 1891, containing the full records of English rowing.

BOSTON YACHT AGENCY.—We have received the new and complete catalogue of the Boston Yacht Agency, containing a large list of yachts for sale. The firm makes a specialty of designing and building, having its own yard and shops.

VENTIZIA.—This sloop, owned by Arthur Colburn, for a long time one of the cracks of the Delaware River, has this winter been entirely rebuilt with 16in. of freeboard added. Collins, of Cooper's Point, is doing the work.

PAYONIA Y. C.—The Payonia Y. C. has decided to build a wharf 600ft. long, and costing \$1,500, in front of its headquarters at Atlantic Highlands.

MOSQUITO RACING.—The Savin Hill Y. C. has its floats out and will open the season with the usual race of mosquito boats on Fast Day, April 2.

WANTED.—Wanted at once, good boat builders for planking and finishing high grade rowboats, canoes, work boats and small launches. Only first-class workmen need apply. Write, stating previous experience, reference and wages required. Address St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., Clayton, Jefferson Co., N. Y.—*Adv.*

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Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

WILL Dr. M. G. Ellzey please send us his address? T. C.—Name and address, please, before we can answer your question.

J. R., Providence, R. I.—You will find the remedy in the books ordered.

J. C. P.—Address Chas. Reiche & Bros., animal dealers, Park Row, New York.

CONSTANT READER.—We know nothing about the ways of deciding bets on such events.

C. M. B., Lakefield, Ont.—We can put you in communication with a person who will sell you a Gazetteer.

N. O. F.—1. Camping is practicable in Florida in January. Care should be taken to select high and healthy ground. 2. Write to S. D. Kendall, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

A. C. U., Buffalo, N. Y.—Please inform me where I can purchase a greyhound dog or bitch cheap. I want a thoroughbred. Ans. We have answered your letter by mail. It would be to the interest of greyhound men to advertise, as we have numerous inquiries for stock.

W. W. B., White Plains, N. Y.—Would you mind letting me know what height and weight an Irish setter bitch should be, also any other points in regard to same? Ans. From 20 to 23in. high and weigh from 50 to 55lbs. There is no definite weight as in pointers. An Irish setter should not be heavily built and should appear rather leggy than otherwise.

TEXAS GAME.—L. S. E., Sedalia, asks, Can some of your numerous readers tell me the kind of game to be found on or near the Brazos River, in Texas, east of where the map shows the forks? I would like particularly to know if turkey, quail, squirrel, coon, possums and chickens are to be found. I would also like to know if there is any trout or bass fishing in Brazos River. I expect to make a trip there next fall and want to know how to prepare myself. I have seen accounts in your paper of hunts on this river by parties and if some of them will answer this through **FOREST AND STREAM** and give addresses I would like to write to them.

W. B., Toronto.—Could you tell me if there is any place within an easy distance of Chicago where you can get any kind of small game, such as squirrels, rabbits, etc., and also where is the nearest place to get chickens from there? Ans. Rabbits, squirrels, quails in numbers, and a few ruffed grouse can be found within 50 to 60 miles of Chicago. De Motte, Jasper county, Indiana, or other small towns on the edge of the Kankakee Swamps, would be good objective points. Snipe and ducks also in season. Ashton, Bloomington and Jacksonville are points in Illinois out of which some prairie chicken shooting can be had. Unless unlawfully killed off next summer, there should be fair shooting at prairie chickens next fall within 100 to 200 miles from Chicago.

Assuming that one contemplates training a setter or pointer after the instructions of Hammond in "Training vs. Breaking" and "H. H." in "Scientific Education of dogs for the Gun", would it be impracticable (1) to keep and train one or more beagles, housing them in same kennel and training them so far as possible in the same enclosed yard. I have Hammond's book and that of "H. H." but find nothing on training of beagles, nor do I find anything elsewhere. 2. Can you tell me of any source of instruction on this point in books? Ans. The training of beagles is far different from that of the pointer or setter. Beagle training can only be done in the woods or on the trail of the hare, they of course could be kept in the same kennels. 2. There is no book that we know of on the subject. We shall shortly have an article on beagle training, which will give you no doubt every information.

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To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company: Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof, such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILLIAM H. LEMASSEN, Receiver, 802 Broad st. Newark, N. J.

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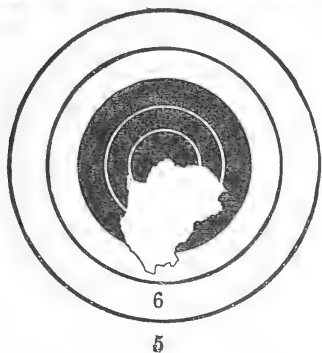
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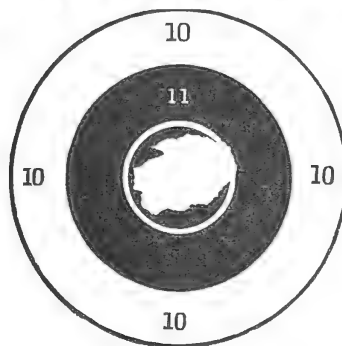
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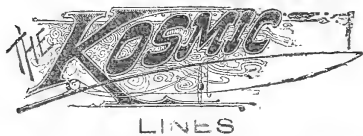
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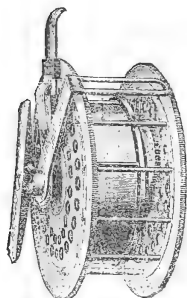
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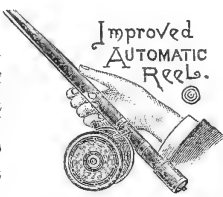
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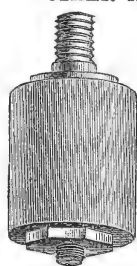
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE OYSTER PROBLEM.

THE evident and alarming decrease of the yield of the oyster beds of Chesapeake Bay, recently emphasized by the removal by nineteen oyster packing firms of the whole or a part of their plant to other localities, led to an important meeting of parties interested in the subject in Baltimore on the evening of March 18.

At this meeting Mayor Davidson presided; and addresses were delivered by Prof. W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University; Marshal McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries; Hon. John K. Cowen and Col. Thomas S. Hodson, of Crisfield. Prof. Brooks, twelve years ago, warned the State authorities that the extermination of the oyster by injurious methods of fishing and lack of suitable protection was imminent. The small yield of 3,000,000 bushels of oysters in 1890 as compared with the output of 17,000,000 bushels in 1875 is sufficient evidence of the soundness of Prof. Brooks's prediction.

In the course of the addresses it was shown that the oyster industry of Chesapeake Bay involves an outlay, for wages, labels, boxes and transportation, of about \$3,000,000 annually, this not including the cost of the oysters. It is safe to assume that the value of the oysters, together with the cost of putting them on the market, will represent a sum not less than \$4,500,000 to \$5,000,000.

Prof. Brooks estimates that since the establishment of the oyster packing industry fully 400,000,000 bushels of wild oysters have been taken from the waters of Chesapeake Bay. This magnificent resource, however, is threatened with complete destruction unless speedy measures be taken to arrest the decline and foster the growth of the industry. The Professor further states that in other countries, where the grounds are much less valuable, they have by cultivation been made to produce oysters at a rate per acre which in our superior waters would bring the annual yield far above the entire harvest so far gathered by the packers of Maryland and Virginia.

There was perfect agreement among the parties interested in the Chesapeake oyster as to the need of prompt

action, and this agreement found expression in a series of resolutions calling attention to the threatened destruction of the oyster beds under present conditions, with the consequent throwing out of employment of thousands of workmen, and a greater injury to the people of Maryland engaged in allied industries. This threatened extinction is charged to the want of legislative encouragement of artificial propagation, and stress is laid upon the necessity of selling or leasing to individuals certain portions of the beds, for the experiment of oyster rearing. The desirability of State supervision of oyster grounds has been demonstrated in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, as well as in Massachusetts and New York, and particularly in Connecticut, where the natural beds are reserved for public use, but all other waters capable of producing oysters are sold to individuals, whose vested rights are amply protected and hence enjoyed without molestation. As an illustration of the practical working of this plan it is stated that the oyster crop has quadrupled in Connecticut in the last decade.

Some experiments have been made by the U. S. Fish Commission in the artificial culture of oysters, but so far without demonstrating methods which are entirely practical and satisfactory. We understand that the subject will continue to receive diligent attention, and, in addition to this, the methods of rearing oysters in artificial basins, so successfully practiced in certain parts of Europe, and especially in France, will be studied in detail, with a view to utilizing the information in behalf of the oyster industries of the United States.

THE HOME FIRESIDE.

WEEKS ago the camp-fire shed its last glow in the deserted camp, its last thin thread of smoke was spun out and vanished in the silent air, and black brands and gray ashes were covered in the even whiteness of the snow. The unscared fox prowls above them in curious exploration of the desolate shanty, where wood mice are domiciled and to whose sunny side the partridge comes to bask, the woodpecker taps unbidden to enter or depart from the always open door, and under the stars that glitter through the net of branches the owl perches on the snowy ridge and woods in undisturbed solemnity.

For a time, camping days are over, for the sportsman, and continue only for the lumberman, the trapper and the merciless crust-hunter, who makes his secret lair in the depths of the forest.

In the chill days and evenings that fall first in the interim between winter and summer camping, the man who makes his outings for sport and pleasure, must content himself by his own fireside whose constant flame burns throughout the year.

Well may he be content, when the untamed winds of March howl like a legion of wolves at his door, snow and sleet pelt roof and pane with a continuous volley of storm from the lowering sky, or when the chilly silence of the last winter nights is broken by the sharp crack of frozen trees and timbers, as if a hidden band of riflemen were besieging the house. Well may he be content then, with the snug corner of his own hearthstone, around which are gathered the good wife, the children and his camp companions, the dogs.

Better this cozy comfort in days and nights such as these, or in those that fall within that unnamed season that lies between winter and spring when the whilom white carpet of the forest floor is untidy with all the downfall of winter litter, and if one stirs abroad, his feet have sorry choice between saturated snow and oozy mold, a dismal season, but for its promise of brighter days, of free streams, green trees and bird songs.

Better, now, this genial glow that warms one's marrow than the camp-fire that smokes or roasts one's front while his back freezes. With what perfect contentment one mends his tackle and cleans his gun for coming days of sport, while the good wife reads racy records of camp life from Maine to California and he listens with attention half diverted by break or rust spot, or with amused watching of the youngsters playing at camping out. Or when the callow campers assail him with demands for stories, and he goes over, for their and his own enjoyment, old experiences in camp and field, while the dogs dream of sport past or to come, for none but dogs know whether dog's dreams run backward or forward.

Long used rod and gun suggest many a tale of past adventure as they bring to mind recollections of days of sport such as may never come again. The great logs in

the fireplace might tell, if their flaming tongues were given speech, of camps made long ago beneath their lusty branches, and of such noble game as we shall never see: moose, elk, deer, panther, wolf and bear, that are but spectres in the shadowy forest of the past. But the red tongues only roar and hiss as they lick the crackling sinews of oak and hickory and tell nothing that ordinary ears may catch. Yet one is apt to fall dreaming of by-gone days and then of days that may come to be spent by pleasant summer waters and in the woods gorgeous with the ripeness of autumn.

So he is like to dream till he awakens and finds himself left with only the dogs for comrades, before the flameless embers, deserted even by the shadows that erstwhile played their grotesque pranks behind him. Cover the coals as if they were to kindle to-morrow's camp-fire, put the yawning dogs to bed and then, to bed and further dreaming.

SNAP SHOTS.

THERE was at last accounts a bill before the Pennsylvania Legislature, introduced into the Senate by Mr. Brown, of York county, to reinstate fish baskets in the streams except the Delaware and Schuylkill. Through a misstatement to the effect that the measure as amended was acceptable to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission the bill has reached a second reading and will probably be voted upon during this week. The result of such a move would be to undo all the good already accomplished in stocking streams, and destroy the fish introduced at a cost of much patience and money. It will place a basket and dam across every trout stream of large size and result in the total destruction of both trout and shad.

It is only human to regard things which are at a distance as better than those which we know well. The Illinois farmer is likely to believe that land in Dakota is more fertile than his own farm, the unsuccessful Eastern business man that he would make money in Seattle, the Montana prospector that his luck would be better on the other side of the range, while the big-game hunter sighs for some distant game ranges of which he has only heard. A good many years ago it was thought that the English sparrow—about which we then knew a little less than nothing—would rid our streets of the unpleasant measuring worms which festooned the shade trees. We have had an object lesson in sparrows, and now a Frenchman suggests that a small European owl will deliver us from the plague of sparrows and recommends that a cargo of these pigmy owls be imported to do this work. We have native owls and shrikes enough for this purpose, if they were properly protected and encouraged, and it seems scarcely necessary to go to Europe for help. As things stand now, however, if an owl, a shrike or a small hawk attempts to capture a sparrow in any of our city streets, the lives of the larger bird, and of a considerable portion of the populace, are put in jeopardy. Boys and men—including policemen—turn out and open fire on the aggressor, and if not killed he soon becomes disgusted with urban life and retires again to the woods and fields.

Mr. Alexander Starbuck, of Cincinnati, O., has recently presented to the Cuvier Club Museum a collection of brilliantly-plumed birds from Guatemala. Among them is a specimen of the *alma perdit* or lost soul, which takes its name from its mournful note, which sounds like a wail of despair. Whittier has written of it, in his well known poem, as

"The pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell."

The Emperor of Brazil liked this poem so well that he translated it into Portuguese and sent the translation with two mounted specimens of the bird to Whittier; and a Michigan doctor liked it so well that he transcribed the verses direct from Whittier, signed his own name to them and sent them in to the FOREST AND STREAM as an original specimen of native Michigan minstrelsy.

The Audubon Monument Committee, after four years of hard work, have succeeded in raising less than \$3,000 toward the fund for the proposed monument to the naturalist. The total sum it is desired to raise for the purpose is \$10,000.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TRIP TO POPPLE CAMP.

WITH the advent of cool September weather the Nessmucks put aside their boat and tackle and began to make preparation for that most fascinating sport of all the year, bird shooting over a good dog. No mighty hunters have we in our little band, nor dogs with world-wide reputations as bench or field trial winners, yet we worry down a few birds during the fall; and as Charlie Pierce puts it, "manage to keep them off of us," and get no end of exercise and amusement out of our efforts. And it's not terribly wearing on the birds unless it's just after we have killed a cat or in some like manner removed the hoodoo which seems to overshadow us.

Of course the season could not be allowed to pass without the "First Annual Big Hunt of the Nessmucks." During the early fall we had been invited, through one of our members, to pay a visit to the camp of Mr. R. D. Perry, at Phillipston, and we decided that no better place could be found for our hunt.

Oct. 17, 8 A.M., found us all up and cussing a dismal, cold rain which drove us all back to bed. During the day it let up a little and one of the Mrs. Nessmucks predicted a fair day for the following one, then more rain. She hit it exactly.

Saturday morning we were off, the two Hicks with the light team, Charlie and Half-Breed following with the democrat and most of the duffle.

We had arranged to meet at the "horse pasture" as soon after sunrise as possible; and before the sun was up little Hicks had knocked down a "woody" in the "green patch" just for a starter. Meeting at the "horse pasture" we changed partners, little Hicks and the Half-Breed heading for "Bryants" and the "Browning" cover, Hy and Charlie looking after what might be in the "side hill" and the upper end of "Browning."

The next meeting was at West Rutland at 11 A. M., where we were disappointed at not finding Charlie Pierce at home, and so pushed on for Colebrook.

As we came to our "best ground" we ran on to a party from West Rutland, who advised us of Charlie's whereabouts. One of them knocked down a pair of woodcock in a strip of alders beside the road as we sat in our wagon talking dog. The birds were beauties, as handsome a pair as I ever saw, and their proud possessor was not at all bashful about showing them. They made an impression on me somehow, and when the "pony team" turned in a pair that night that must have been reared in the same cover the coincidence struck me as singular.

Just before reaching Colebrook we turned down an old cartroad beside a cold brook and soon had the horses out and feeding, and were busy looking after our own lunch, which consisted of chicken salad, bread and butter, and a cup of hot coffee. We carry our tools right with us for this sort of thing when we are on a pilgrimage. Then we started again, and passing through Colebrook took the river road for Barre, celebrated for its annual cattle show. Barre isn't the highest town in the State, but you would never suspect but what it was if you approached it from the south or east. Leaving Barre we took the old Petersham road and branching off crossed the Rutland brook, stopping to hunt out the cover at its head.

From here we crossed to "Moccasin Brook" cover, and when we had partly hunted the upper end out darkness began to fall and we struck out for Phillipston, where we arrived about 7 P. M. tired and hungry. Putting up our horses with neighbor Miller we proceeded to establish ourselves across the way at the Mecca of our long but enjoyable drive, "Popple Camp." The owner of the camp, Mr. Perry, you nearly all know to be a sportsman, whom it would be presumptuous for me to attempt to eulogize. His camp, which is prettily situated in the center of the village, next the church, is a plain story and a half old-fashioned country house, its small, heavily-shuttered windows looking out upon the village green. On the ground floor of the house proper are five rooms. The parlor, with its open fireplace, boasts a carpet which Mr. Perry had made by guess. Any surplus he intended to double under, but that carpet is nowhere doubled. The walls are adorned with sporting pictures and mounted birds, the latter the handiwork of the owner. Across the hall is a large double chamber, back of this the kitchen, dining-room and another sleeping room.

In the ell are the sink room, pantry, wood shed, and further back the kennels, all under the same roof. A good cellar is underneath and an extra sleeping room up stairs. The house is thoroughly furnished throughout with dishes, cooking utensils, bedding, everything, in fact, necessary, including a half dozen suits of clothes if you should chance to come in wet, and a pile of slippers, hunting shoes, arctics, leggins, moccasins, rubber boots, etc., that filled most of the kitchen, not occupied by the stove. Over the front door is an arch which bears the legend "Popple Camp—Sportsmen Welcome."

We soon had a fire going, the bedding aired and preparations were under way for dinner. One slice of steak was the *pièce de résistance* for four men, but that same steak weighed 3½ lbs., and after we had trimmed the ends so the cook could get it over the stove front, we arranged the table and soon sat down. Then we adjourned to the open fire place to talk over the events of the day and burn a little of Dill's best. Every one had some pleasing experience to relate, even the Half-Breed, who had missed a partridge clean, sitting under an apple tree, was made to see the humorous side of it. It was probably the first gun Half-Breed ever had in his hands outside of an "M. V. M." musket, but when it comes to catching trout? You don't want to fish a brook for a week after he has been down it. They can't resist the way he approaches them. Everything has to come, trout, suckers, chiven, pouts, all pay tribute to his untiring zeal. The dogs came in for their share of praise in connection with the day's sport, and after each shot, successful and otherwise, had been gone over to the minutest detail, the fire was smothered and we followed Charlie's example, who declared his intention of crawling into his "payamas."

Sunday morning opened with a northeast rainstorm which increased as the day wore on. At noon we started for home, where we arrived at 5:30. Soaked! Well, it was twenty-eight miles in an open wagon during one of the hardest and wettest rains I ever experienced.

Well, the trip had been a pleasant one for all that, but there still was an unsatisfied feeling about it, and a couple of weeks later as Charlie and Hy were working up a shoot

for Friday, Popple Camp was thrown out as a feeler. This was Thursday noon, and it was argued that as the weather clerk would only have a half day's notice of our intention, he might not be able to cook up anything very bad for us on such short notice.

Little Hicks and Half-Breed were telephoned, but they could not get away till Saturday, so it was arranged for Charlie and Hy to start Friday morning and hunt up, putting in Saturday about Petersham and meet the pony team at Moccasin Brook Saturday P. M.

Four A. M. Friday found Charlie and Hy on the road. The first stop was made at the "side hill," and a woody was downed in no time. From there they touched up the upper end of Browning, and finished up the day between Cradle Rock and Petersham. Everything was in order at the camp, and they were warmly greeted by Mr. Miller, who informed them that they were just in time, as he was going to have a "husking" that evening. You who have attended a country husking know that they had indeed "struck it rich." After they had cleared up the supper dishes and "spruced up" by the aid of Mr. Perry's spare hunting shoes, neckties, etc., they started for the husking. Lanterns were flitting about the yard and buildings, and evidently something of importance was on the tapis. The barn floor was lit up by a dozen or more lanterns suspended from rake-stakes stuck in the hay mow. Every school marm within a radius of ten miles was there. Every man, woman and many children who knew Ed. Miller was there, and soon the two Nessmucks were there, right in the midst of it, making an onslaught on the cornstalks which threatened an early lunch for all hands.

How the boys did search for the red ears, and what a wrestle they had in trying to secure the prize a red ear is supposed to entitle them to. One in particular seemed to have unusual luck in picking out red ones, but he admitted that he "come heeled." Charlie did not husk more than twenty-five ears the entire evening, yet he had five reds, while Hy stripped bushel after bushel—well, a good many ears any way—and gave the search up in disgust. Noticing a stray ear on the floor as they were clearing up he picked it up and had the prize of the evening, a beauty about 14in. long and the size of your wrist. None of these of course were redeemed. After sampling Mrs. Miller's pumpkin and mince pies they returned to the camp, leaving a happy crowd in possession of the house.

The next morning the hunt was continued. Birds were scarce. The woodcock had mostly gone, and partridges were not found in the usual places, but a sufficient number were bagged to insure a game supper for all hands. The day was perfect. Ned and Karl, the setters, worked to an "allspice," and a pleasanter day was never put in by two hunters.

Not finding the pony team at the appointed place, the hunters pushed on for camp, dressed the bird, got a roaring fire under way, and were just preparing to put the birds away and broil a steak, when a warwhoop which roused the entire village announced the safe arrival of the other two.

Such a supper as we had! Broiled partridge and woodcock with crabapple jelly, baked sweet potatoes, chicken salad, bread and butter, chopped cabbage, and the inevitable crackers, cheese and coffee for a finish. Could you ask more? We don't go in much for variety, you know, but we want something substantial, then we want lots of it and a cup of "Nessmuck" coffee and we are happy.

Washing the dishes was deferred even longer than usual this night, and after we had burned the last lump of sugar we offered to back Charlie to beat the world as a hungry man's chef.

After clearing away and washing the dishes and putting things in order we arranged a little dinner party, with the help of Mr. Perry's spare clothes, which we left in possession of the dining room to see that all went well until our host should return. He has since asked Charlie how he liked the way he had arranged his dining room.

We all liked it immensely. I wonder how he liked the way we arranged it.

Sunday morning more rain, but not nearly so severe as on our first trip, and after leaving Templeton we left the storm and the rest of the drive home was most enjoyable. Just above North Rutland we stopped and had our lunch, arriving home about 6 P. M.

And so ended our trip to Popple Camp, which every one declared to be as pleasant an outing as they had ever experienced, and if we don't look after some of the trout streams in that vicinity another season we are very much mistaken.

HAL.

SOUTHWARD BOUND.

WE have come 150 miles on our southward journey to the land where the deer feeds in winter, where the silver-tip never hibernates, where the mountain lion breeds in February and where the big-horn has his line of limitation—a beautiful land, timbered and well watered, but one upon which the farmer has not entered; neither has it been explored by the prospector, nor has the shepherd any claim upon its verdant parks. We is a collective noun, equivalent in this case to "We, Us & Co." The firm is composed of Shoshone and his man Friday, of two ponies and a pack mule, of a dog that is useless except for purposes of companionship, *i. e.*, to keep my feet warm on a cold night, of firearms, grub and a camping outfit.

The trip would be most enjoyable if it were not for the knowledge that we have yet a hundred miles to travel over the snowy divides before reaching the "Dixie" of the Rio Colorado, Rio Virgin and Santa Clara. If this intermountain plateau were not so far up in the air, we would find a very mild climate, but for the last hundred miles our altitude has been from 5,500 to 6,500ft. above the sea level, an elevation that assures a bracing and healthful climate. Still, we cannot complain, for the weather would be mild in New York or New Jersey. If a haystack is handy we make a bed in it when night comes; if not a rubber blanket and the tent under us, with a pair of army blankets above is all that can be desired. When we have no oak or pine our camp fire is of sage brush, and when game is wanting bacon and hot bread keep us from starvation. We have already taken the advice of St. Paul and learned in whatsoever state we are there-with to be content. But a man has no business to be either cold or hungry in this country, for a more hospitable people than the Mormons of southern Utah would be hard to find.

We have not yet commenced fishing in earnest. Our

route has been along the highway and in the midst of settlements and ranches, but the mountains have at no time been more than three miles distant, and far up their rugged sides we have more than once seen the bounding deer. Jack rabbits are too common for shooting. Two white hares have, however, fallen to our marksmanship, and they have furnished two very savory suppers.

Of the birds of the air we have not had a taste. Magpies and snowbirds are all we have seen. This is not because grouse are not to be found, but because we have not looked for them. Twenty-five miles more and we will reach the last of the long line of valley settlements and our next town, after that will be upon waters that empty into the Gulf of California. Twenty-five miles of up-hill climb and then we must depend on our guns for game.

Among the hills through which we have passed the mountain lion reigns and he is a beast for which the hunter must be well armed. To the flocks, and this is a pastoral country, he does immense damage, but colts are his favorite article of diet. At Thistle station, where we entered the mountain region, we saw two lions, just a year old. The male measures 9ft. from tip to tip, the female 8ft. 2in. They have been in confinement ever since their eyes were open and have become accustomed to the presence of man. But woe betide the unfortunate quadruped that ventures within reach of their claws. Last week an adventurous old mule went sniffing about the cage. Ben's paw flew through the bars like a flash of lightning and Mr. Mule retired minus a nose. I doubt if the beast can ever be worked again, excepting as a pack animal. At Manti we saw a pair of kittens less than a month old. Each stood higher than a Newfoundland dog.

So we have traveled through holiday week. Every settlement through which we have gone has had its dance, these have been our diversion. In good, saintly settlements, where Gentle sentiments have not entered, but one round dance is allowed during the evening. I have just come from a good orthodox ball, and have seen nine consecutive quadrilles. They call them quadrilles in this country. Heaven only knows what they would be termed in any other portion of the footstool. The costumes, the strictly original figures, the pigeon-wings, and the high stepping, have never been equalled, can never be surpassed. I would rather go to a Mormon dance than to a circus, which is saying a great deal, as I have not been within reach of a circus for five years. But dances must be left behind, as well as the daily papers. We are two days from the Salt Lake papers now, and at the last town on our route that enjoys a daily mail and that comes sixty miles by stage. The settlement where we expect to camp to-morrow night has a tri-weekly service, and then into the wilderness where mails are unknown.

SHOSHONE.

RICHFIELD, Utah, Jan. 1.

Natural History.

COONS PREY ON RABBITS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some winters ago I arose one morning to find the snow had melted all night, and the first thing that popped into my head was to go coon hunting; and after an early breakfast, accompanied by a colored man with a good axe, and two good hounds we started. We had no trouble to find plenty of tracks of different animals, and when about a mile from home we ran across a large coon track. We had no trouble to follow this fellow, for he soon left the woods and made for a thicket; we followed through this thicket, about two hundred yards wide, and came to a clover field. Just at the edge of the thicket we came upon a rabbit about half eaten. The impression in the snow was as plain as could be, and there was no other track there except those made by the coon and rabbit. The rabbit tracks terminated there. There was no sign of a chase; the coon was going south and the rabbit came from the east and seemed to have run right in the coon's mouth, as the coon did not seem to vary any in his course, nor did he take it to any spring and wash it. He simply ate about half of it, and left the remainder right there and went on across the clover field. We followed him to some open woods about a quarter of a mile and went to a large elm tree. Failing to find any tracks leading from this tree we proceeded to cut it down, and as soon as it fell the dogs told us that our work was not in vain. He was one of the largest coons I ever saw, and I was surprised to find him so fat, this being in March. That the coon killed and ate the rabbit I have never had the slightest doubt. I cannot say though that they make a business of it; this coon had no doubt been in his den for a month on account of bad weather, and was hungry. I wish now I had made a post-mortem examination of him, but did not think it necessary.

L. S. E.

SEDALIA, MO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read Mr. Lathrop's interesting letter in current number of FOREST AND STREAM in answer to my criticism of a former letter on the subject of coons preying on rabbits.

In his conclusion Mr. Lathrop offers to enlighten me to the best of his ability on any questions concerning coons, and I take this opportunity to profit by his offer. I am interested in coons and the study of hibernation, but have not had Mr. Lathrop's advantages of observation. And here let me say that I never objected to Mr. Lathrop's "practices." The authority for that statement rests with the intelligent compositor. What I said was in relation to the premises from which Mr. Lathrop argued that coons catch rabbits. If Mr. Lathrop had followed up the track of the animal—coon or what not—that killed the rabbit and found it in reality to be a coon, then I should have had no difficulty in believing that coons eat rabbits; but since Mr. Lathrop did not mention killing any coon the day of his discovery, the proof of his assertion did not seem to me above question.

I know perfectly well that coons do not go into a state of hibernation at a given time to remain so till the season is over; that they do not conform to an orthodox calendar of feasts or fasts, but I have seen it stated that when they come out on warm nights during the winter they never eat, and my experience has heretofore confirmed this.

I have tracked a number of coons this winter, but at no

time did I find any indications that they were in search of food or had eaten anything. If Mr. Lathrop will tell what he knows about coons eating during the intervals of hibernation, I will be very much obliged. Were his tame coons kept in a warm place, or were they allowed to shift for themselves, and if the latter, would they accept food?

I made a careful post mortem on the last coon I killed this winter, and found the stomach empty except for a teaspoonful of a muddy sediment. The bowels were closed with a considerable quantity of excreta, which was in cylinders, hard as slag, and almost metallic. This coon had traveled from his den tree several miles on the two days immediately preceding its capture, and had unconcernedly passed abundant rabbit sign.

I always imagined a coon did not care much for cold weather so long as he had an abundant supply of fat on his body, and only stayed in his den in the very coldest weather of the early winter; but that later, when the fat supply was burned away, he took advantage of his ability to hibernate to save himself from an otherwise almost certain death.

To hibernate an animal must be in a peculiar state, with circulation almost nil, and if it eats one warm day how will it be prepared for the cold snap that comes the next? The digestive process necessitates a free and rapid blood circulation, and I should think considerable time would be required to regain a state of torpidity.

HARTFORD, March 21.

J. B. BURNHAM.

HOW TO DESTROY PRAIRIE DOGS.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of the 13th inst. I notice an inquiry by "J. H. B.," Punkapog, asking how prairie dogs can be kept out of a sheep pasture.

On the open ranges poisoned grain is used, wheat, corn and oats. The grain is poisoned by soaking it in water in which strychnine and arsenic are dissolved, and the solution sweetened with sugar to disguise the bitter taste of strychnine. This method, while killing a great many, is not always successful; and there is danger of poisoning the stock, as the grain (about a tablespoonful) is placed on the ground near the holes.

If the land is inclosed and valuable, or the dog town not too large, the following method is certain and free from any objections, except as to cost. After three years experimenting I think it is as cheap as the work can be done—costing from 3 to 4 cents a hole.

Procure a carboy (50 to 100 lbs.) of bisulphide of carbon, which will cost wholesale from 15 to 18 cents a pound; a half-dozen rolls of cheapest cotton batting, an oil can (which keep closed when using), an old pan, and last but not least a hoe or spade, with which to cover up the holes. Then with an assistant visit the dog town except when the frost is in the ground. Take a roll of cotton batting about the size of a base ball and saturate it with the bisulphide of carbon and throw it *instantly* into the hole and *at once* cover up the hole with dirt air-tight.

To do this work properly requires two persons, one to make the ball and saturate it and one to attend to the covering. Boys can do the work as well as men when once shown.

The way it works is thus: The bisulphide of carbon is very volatile and instantly forms a heavy poisonous gas, heavier than air, which sinks to the bottom of the hole and then poisons the dogs. It is perfectly safe and harmless in the open air, and there is no danger attending the use of it. I am informed that it is liable to spontaneous combustion, and should therefore be kept outside of buildings and not handled near a light. Its fumes while on fire are dangerous to man. I use the oil can for convenience while working, refilling when necessary, and the pan is to catch the waste, which I use on the next ball. Be sure and keep corked air-tight when not using, or you will find yourself minus the carbon. A pound will be enough to use on six or eight holes.

Go over the town regularly, covering all dead as well as live holes, and in a day or two revisit the town and repeat where necessary. If there are two or three holes near each other be sure to treat all of them, as they frequently connect. The owls will frequently uncover the holes, so it is not to be taken for granted that at all uncovered holes you have failed.

The above method was tried on a dog town on the Uhl & Carney ranch, in Burton county, Kansas, in the spring of 1888, and a town of over a thousand holes annihilated by two men in about a day and a half. I and my brother went over it again two days afterward and found that not more than fifty holes needed attention. It is on this ranch that the American Coursing Club hold their annual jack rabbit chase.

E. L. CARNEY.

WHISTLING UP A WOODCOCK.—Dolores, Colo.—Snow bound; no mail for a week. Have read up on back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, and am now wondering how a close observer can venture the opinion that woodcock do their whistling with their wings! Most hunters know, perhaps, how easy it is to imitate the call of a "scattered" quail, in order by his response to locate him, or call him to you, which can be done. Well, in like manner I have called woodcock to me. The bird on the ground, wings motionless, running toward me, as it whistled its response. I did this often for my own amusement, and once to prove to a skeptical old fellow who knew it all that I could do it, and of this latter occasion I still have a living witness. I further believe that none of the woodcock's whistle comes from its wings.—JOHN J. HARRIS.

ANOTHER FLYING SQUIRREL PET.—The Cedars, Oakdale, Long Island.—I have read with much pleasure the interesting articles on the intelligence of the flying squirrel. Memory carries me way back to early in the fifties, when in one of my boyhood outings in Westchester county, I captured a young flying squirrel, and carried it home, where he grew to be one of the most affectionate and intelligent creatures I ever saw. When playing with my companions on the block in Twenty-second street, I would let the little fellow free; he would roam through the tops of all the largest trees, and on to the roofs of the houses, his range being the length of the whole block. I often, while engaged in my play, forgot about him, but he never got lost; all I had to do when I wanted him was to call "Bunnie," and in a short time he would appear sailing from the roof of a house or the tops of the tallest trees, and land on my shoulder; and in a twinkling would be in my coat pocket, where he always loved to get. There was a dozen or fifteen boys, my

companions. I used to enjoy hiding out of sight in the midst of the boys, and then calling to the squirrel. As he came out of the air, not seeing me, he would light on the nearest boy, and then spring from one to the other until he found me and my coat pocket. I had him a long time, and every one living on the block was much attached to him. But alas! he went the way of most all small pets. There was a pretty little maiden living opposite, who used to come regularly to the house (when I was away), to play with Bunnie. One day he got in my bureau drawer, as she supposed, and in shutting the drawer the squirrel was jammed and killed. Many tears were shed for the little fellow, not only by the little folks, but some of the older ones too. That same little maid afterward became the wife of Francis Endicott, so well known to many of your readers. Years have rolled away since those happy times, and Frank and his wife have gone to that great unknown from which no traveler returns.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

HARLEQUIN DUCK AT COHASSET.—Boston, March 16.—Mr. C. V. Barnes, while cooling at Cohasset, Mass., on Nov. 3, 1887, shot a harlequin duck (*Histrionicus histrionicus*). The bird was an adult male and in fine condition. This is the first instance of *H. histrionicus* having been taken at Cohasset.—E. H. CLARK.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

PRACTICAL TRAPPING.

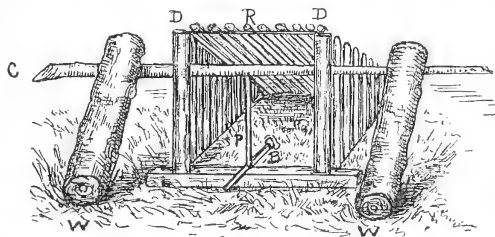
I.—LAND TRAPPING.

FOR twenty-two years, off and on, I have trapped for fur in the winter time. There are two great divisions of trapping—land trapping and water trapping. The latter, which is intended for the capture of beaver, otter, mink and muskrats, needs the use of steel traps. For trapping land fur we use dead-falls and twitch-ups.

There are many different patterns of these devices, but the one I generally use is sketched in these illustrations, one of which gives a ground plan and the other a front view of the structure.

The letters will show how these traps are made, but I will give a few words of general explanation besides:

The cross-stick, C, runs between two guiding door posts, D, D, which are about a foot apart, and is heavily weighted by the logs, W W. The bait-stick, B, is laid on the round



bottom log, L, and the cross-stick is held up by the trigger, P, which is balanced on the bait-stick. Sticks are laid on each side of the door posts, and also slanting down from the cross-stick to the ground behind, so as to form walls and a roof, in order to force the victim to go in the door for the bait. The roof is weighted with rock. Now, when an animal smells the bait he goes in the door and gives the bait a pull. This throws the trigger off and the cross-stick falls on the animal, who is thus crushed between the bottom log and the cross-stick, while the weighted roof, which comes down too, helps to keep wolves and wolverines from eating up the animal caught or spoiling his fur.

The principal fur-bearing animals caught by land trapping are the marten, the fisher, the fox and the mink. Lynx, wolverines, and sometimes wolves are caught in steel traps, though they are not water animals. Bear also are occasionally caught in steel traps, and sometimes in dead-falls, but this is not in the winter time, because the bears "hole up" then, and they cannot be considered a regular fur for the trapper. Many of these animals are also taken by poisoning with strychnine, but what I am now telling about is the trapping of land fur in the most ordinary and profitable way.

My trapping grounds have been in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and my way of doing it is as follows:

I start out pretty early in the season, say in August or September, to look up a location where I think that there is plenty of fur and that it will pay to put out a line of traps. After I have found a section that suits me and where the signs indicate that there is an abundance of fur, the first thing that I do is to build a cabin—which is to be my headquarters, where I intend to store everything that I may need during the winter; provisions, fur, etc. When the cabin is built, I start off in the direction which seems most favorable, and, after prospecting a little, select another spot about a fair day's journey from the main cabin and build a second cabin. Then I build a third in another direction and about the same distance from the headquarter house, so that I have two days' journey covered by my shelters. The two side cabins do not need to be nearly as substantial as the main one, for they are only intended to serve as shelters during the night; and no great amount of time will be spent in them. Sometimes, when the country will admit of it, I build only two houses, and make a circle of which these two houses are on opposite sides of the circumference. This saves labor, and, if the country is favorable, is a very good way.

When these houses have been built, you have to get your bait. If there is a salmon stream near at hand—within a dozen or fifteen miles—you want to catch and dry a lot of salmon. Dried salmon makes the best bait of all. If you can't get salmon you must use dried meat, for you can not be sure of securing fresh meat in winter. I generally kill and dry deer for my bait, if I cannot get salmon. When the bait is all dried and stored, it will be time to get in your winter's provisions, and this is no

small job when you have got to pack it all in from the water, a distance sometimes of from fifteen to twenty-five miles. I generally take a simple prospector's grub list; bacon and beans, coffee, sugar, tea, flour, a little vinegar, and if I can get them, some dried potatoes; these last are useful in keeping off scurvy. But I believe that the best remedy against scurvy is rustling round. Hard work and exercise are in my opinion better preventives of this disease than most people think.

After you have packed all your provisions in to your headquarter house, it will be about the first or middle of October. It is now time to begin building your traps, and you start out for one or the other of your two end cabins, blazing your way on both sides of the trail as you go. You build a trap every two hundred yards from the central cabin to one of the shacks, and then returning to headquarters, build off toward the other shack. The marten and the fisher, which are the most valuable as well as the most numerous of the fur taken on such a line of traps, are animals about which but little is known by most people. They are both weasel-like, inhabiting the timber and very active. The marten is very quick and active, and the fisher is lively enough to catch the marten, on which to a great extent it preys. Both animals feed largely on squirrels, mice, birds and on fish when they can get them. The rutting time for fisher is in March, but I do not know when their young are born, nor whether they breed more than once a year. I know nothing of the breeding habits of the marten. The fisher from tip to tip is about as long as a good-sized cat, and the skin when taken off and cased will often measure a yard in length. The color is black, except for a sprinkling of gray hairs on the head, neck and shoulders of the male. The tail is very bushy. The female fisher is smaller than her mate and has less of this gray hair. The marten is about the size of a mink, and in color is yellowish brown with a bushy dark brown tail. In the high mountains and to the far north, the body color is darker, and when you get in toward the Peace River country they are perfectly black.

Until all your traps are built you set none of them. At some time during three weeks of preparation you have looked up some straight cedar for stretchers, that is, for sticks on which to dry your fur, and have cut a lot of it and brought it to the cabin and put it inside where it will dry. A stretcher is a flat board about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in thickness and $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long, for a marten, and about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, tapering to a point from about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. from the head end, so as to run down into the small neck and head of the skin. The boards are carefully smoothed and the edges rounded so that no splinters should stick out to tear the skin. For each of these boards two additional sticks are needed of the same length, but about $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4}$ in. for the greater part of their length, but tapering as does the larger stick from the shoulder of the animal to the head. After the skin, inside out of course, has been drawn as far as possible on the larger board, one of these sticks is shoved inside the skin on either side, so as to completely stretch it. These stretchers of course can be manufactured during your evenings. They must be perfectly dry before being used.

When your traps are all made you start out with a load of bait to set them. Your bait-stick must be sharpened at one end and notched a little below the point. You take a piece of meat or fish, say $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times 1 in., and thrust the bait-stick through it up to the notch, so that the bait cannot be pulled back, for of course the animal cannot get around to pull it off, and then set your trap. You ought to be able to set the traps between your main cabin and one of your side camps in a day. When you start out from one camp to another you always want to carry your blankets, and provisions enough to last you for a day or two in case you get caught in a storm and have to lie out.

When your traps are all set, you wait for a day or two before visiting them again. The work of visiting the traps is very exciting. Sometimes you will go along nearly the whole line of perhaps a hundred traps without getting a fur, but you are always expecting each further trap to be sprung. On one trip I got thirty-six martens. The traveling, after the deep snow has fallen, is done on snowshoes, and you drag a little toboggan to pack your load. This is much easier work when the trail is once broken than going on foot and packing loads on your back.

The animals caught in these traps are always dead when you get to them, and nearly always frozen, so you pick them up whole and carry the entire day's catch to the end of the route. Sometimes weasels or mice will set the traps off, and these animals are too small even to be caught by the crushing stick, so you must simply reset the trap. You always carry a supply of bait for resetting.

Some trappers smear certain kinds of strong-smelling mixtures they call medicine on or near their baits to attract the animals. This is especially common with beaver. In land trapping, too, this is much practiced. Among the various ingredients used at different times are oil of rhodium, oil of valerian, oil of anise, alcohol and the contents of the musk glands of the captured animals. I never use medicine for marten bait, but for catching fishers I rub on the bait-stick a mixture of alcohol, honey, and the contents of the fisher's musk glands, preferring the musk glands of the female. These glands are better medicine for this purpose than any essential oils, but the juice when squeezed out and bottled will not keep well, unless you mix alcohol with it.

The trapper's great enemy is the wolverine. These fierce creatures tear to pieces the animals that are caught, and sometimes tear down the traps themselves to get at baits, for the wolverine is too large to fit in the door of dead-falls. When I see a wolverine track I lay out some poisoned bait near by, but these brutes are very cunning about poison. On one occasion I tried to catch one with poisoned bait and failed, then I strewed a lot of unpoisoned bait along with the poisoned, and the wolverine would eat the good bait and let the other alone. Finally the idea struck me to poison some of the bait in the traps themselves, and this proved fatal to the shy fellow.

When the catch is carried to the cabin the first thing to do is to thaw out the bodies that are frozen; then they are all skinned by "casing," that is by opening the skin across the hind legs from heel to heel and pulling the skin inside out off over the animal's head. The tail is skinned by putting the bone of the tail in a split stick, pinching the sides of the stick together and pushing the skin of the tail off the bone. Then I run a sharp wire through the skin of the tail and through its tip to clean it. The tail, of course, is not turned inside out by this process.

The skin is then put on one of the stretchers I have

already spoken of, with the fur side in, and stretched so as to be as long as possible. Then the hind feet are fastened to the stretcher, to keep the skin from shrinking, and the skins are hung up to dry. They must be hung by the head, so as to let the tail hang down straight, and they must be hung as far from the fire as practicable, that they may not bake and harden. Skins dried too fast are said to be "burned" and are liable to crack and leak. When the skins are partly dried they should be carefully stripped of any flesh or fat that is sticking to them, and they should be constantly watched and worked over until they are thoroughly cured.

In this country we trap until the first or the middle of April. Anything you catch from Jan. 1 to April 1 is prime and brings the best prices. During the last month of this time you may very likely get a bear skin or two if you carry your gun, for by this time they have come out of their holes and their skins are now at their very best.

The winter, though not without its excitements, is a long and lonely one, and the work very hard. For six months you see no living soul and have only your dog for company. Very likely, too, you may be poorly paid for your time. I trapped one whole winter and only caught four marten by my land trapping. After I had been at it for a time I saw that there were no marten in the country, and as I happened to have two No. 4 traps with me, I started trapping otter and caught thirty-seven during the winter.

When the trapping is at an end, you begin to think of getting your fur to market. The skins must first be got out to your canoe, if you are trapping on the coast or on a large river, or else out to some settlement. The fur is made up into bales of a size convenient for packing and carried out, a cache being made of your first load if you have to make two or more trips. Then your canoe is stowed and you set sail for your market, which on this northern coast is generally Victoria, where the skins are sold at auction.

Nothing definite can be said about the returns in this business. Much depends on the skill and industry of the trapper, and quite as much on the abundance or scarcity of the fur. About the best winter I ever made in land trapping was 20 fishers and from 180 to 190 marten. Besides this regular fur a man may pick up some odds and ends by steel traps and poison; a bear or two, a few wolves, perhaps a wolverine. These would bring in a few dollars in addition to the regular catch. Then, too, a man may have an opportunity on his way down the coast to catch a few otter or bear or to trade for a few furs with the Indians, but on the whole, even in the best of years, a man got but small return for a season which lasted perhaps from the first of August to the first of June.

OKANAGAN COUNTY, Washington. R. V. GRIFFIN.
[A second paper on "Water Trapping" will follow.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 19.—To-day ducks are in all over the river country below us in thousands and thousands, yea by hundreds. A wire from Cumberland Lodge yesterday from Mr. Zeigler reports the shooting good. Everybody who has crossed the Kankakee marshes within forty-eight hours reports great quantities of game in sight. Mak-saw-ba marsh is full of ducks. Mr. Lincoln has been wiring from the Undercliff, down on Senachwine, that the outlook there was favorable, and it is likely that to-day and to-morrow will be big days there. Mr. Burton and several other shooters are awaiting telegrams, which they hope will summon them to Fox Lake to-morrow. Word is up from Water Valley on the south that the birds are there. In short they seem to be everywhere, and there is no doubt that the flight is now well up in this latitude. Two days ago I saw a splendid bunch of redheads which had been shipped to T. D. Randall & Son by the Dunnells on Fox Lake. In the market also the mallards are coming in now from the New Madrid marsh and points in Missouri. We shall hear of some shooting at the close of this week in all probability.

Mr. Wolfred N. Low, one of the pillars of Chicago sportsmanship, has been seriously sick for two weeks with the very prevalent lung trouble. Mr. H. D. Nicholls, another of our notables, is also now lying at his home instead of at his place of business.

Mr. J. B. Clow and Col. Davis, director-general of the World's Fair, are reported now absent in Florida on a tarpon trip.

Mr. R. B. Miller, a prominent fly-caster of Fox Lake, is about to start for a trip to Texas, where I am afraid he will find a good deal more than he can shoot.

As stated in the Trap columns, there is another pigeon bill introduced in the Legislature, this time in the House. It will probably get lost in the shuffle in the mix and mazes of the great original deadlock Legislature.

Our esteemed and venerable friend, the *Tribune* of this city, is showing flattering signs of growth in its knowledge of field sports, if not in rhetoric. Commenting on the success of a certain politician in this same recent deadlock, it mentions the fact that "two suckers were jerked into the bosom of Democracy." Does the editor of the *Tribune* still jerk fish into his bosom when he goes fishing? It is very old fashioned.

But speaking of growth in matters of field sports as evidenced in the daily press, which is the immediate neighbor of the people, what a change there has been since ten or a dozen years ago. The fellow with the gun is coming into his innings. Witness the following from a late symposium in which a number of the most prominent thinkers, scientists and educators gave their opinions or what the "perfect man" should be. Professor William James, of Harvard, said:

"What are the cardinal points to be insisted on for the more perfect development of the coming young man? Out of a large number of answers to that question seems to me that something valuable may probably emerge in the shape of a consensus of opinion as to what the actual young man in America most lacks.

"The young man of the sedentary and commercial class in cities most lacks, as it strikes me, the wholesome and manly sort of animalism which gives to the very best of the youth of the upper classes so sweet a tone—the sort of thing which comes from plenty of dealings with the animal elements of things, as swimming, boating, fishing, riding, tramping, mountain climbing, and camping out. It seems fair to think that the 'athletic movement' may be productive remotely of great good in changing, little by little, the rather unmanly ideals of the 'middle class.'"

Another learned gentleman, none less than the president of Clark University, Worcester, starts right out this way about the perfect man: "1. Health is chief. Health is absolutely of prime importance—not physical culture merely, but right eating, drinking, bathing, breathing, exercising, sleeping. In Germany they have thrown out the classics to make room for hygiene. This was done long ago in Sweden. Dyspepsia, bad teeth, nervousness, and the seeds of phthisis are poor foundations for a perfect man."

The growth of the man with the gun into a practical prominence and into the most highly rational and scientific indorsement has not been instantaneous. In other words, the general press and the general tone of public thought is now getting along toward where FOREST AND STREAM was ten or fifteen years ago. But as testimony to the main exhortation I may say that more shooting and outing material is now sold in Chicago than ever was the case in any other year, while the fishing tackle trade for this coming season will altogether distance that of any period known before.

"It is funny," said a leading gun and tackle salesman to me the other day, "about the ideas our Eastern house has in regard to this Western trade. They think they can sell a lower grade of goods here than in New York. The exact reverse of this is true. I can not get enough of the very highest grade of goods for my customers. Chicago wants a higher priced and better grade of goods, on the average, than New York does, and the sales of our two houses, here and there, will demonstrate this." I shall not add more, for it would be unwise to make New York more jealous of Chicago than she is now.

Will "Scarlet-Ibis," or somebody else who knows a whole lot, please tell us what is the best wading gear, especially for angling? I can't find wading trousers which don't leak, or lose their boot soles, or otherwise cause grief. All these things are getting mighty important out here just about now, because the stir of the spring preparations is beginning to be heard out here unmistakably. Every sportsman you meet now has a sort of uneasy look on his face, and he is buying things.

E. HOUGH.

STOCKING OLD BAY STATE COVERS.

THE committee on restocking of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is doing a good work, and one that must result in good, unless the best efforts of the Association to restore our game birds are frustrated by some very unfavorable circumstance or chain of circumstances over which the society has no control. Nature may not work in harmony with this committee, but its members have given Dame Nature considerable study. At the same time the committee—John Fottler, Jr., president, Henry J. Thayer, secretary, and Edward E. Hardy, treasurer, with Edward Brooks and Outram Bangs as efficient members, have been laboring earnestly in the work and gaining a good deal of experience that will be of good help to them in the future: an experience peculiar and not laid down in the books.

It is a fact that the restocking of the country with game, a most noble work, is deficient in literature, and mainly experimental. The society has furnished the means, but the brains of the committee have been severely taxed to do the work in the best manner. That they have, in a great measure, succeeded, is more worthy of praise than success much more replete can ever be in the future. This committee has opened the way, and the work of the future will be easy comparatively. In all the committee has liberated about 2,000 quail in different sections of the State, the warmer and seashore counties generally being selected, while avoiding too close proximity to the cities. Last year 800 were liberated, while the committee has just finished the distribution of 1,200. One quail is left of this number, a stray one that was found in the room where the birds were received and repacked for distribution. The committee has found that quail will absolutely die of starvation when food is plentifully scattered about them, the dead birds invariably being found with crops and intestines completely empty. The quail have also been found to burrow almost as successfully as the grouse. They invariably return to the coop or cage that they are liberated from each night, for some time after they are set free. The idea is that it is the food scattered about that draws them to the spot, but how the birds should be able to burrow down into the snow and find the cage is a fact that has interested the committee a good deal. The snows have been heavy since some of the birds have been put out this winter, and the fact of their burrowing under the snow for several feet till the old cage was found, has been observed by careful eyes.

The success of the quail put out in this State last year is not a matter of doubt with the committee. That the broods raised were very late is generally conceded, and how well the youngsters will winter is a question. The lateness of the broods is explained by Mr. John Fottler, Jr., upon this theory. A few years ago he put out some quail on private grounds, where there were no quail previously. It was months before the birds became sufficiently accustomed to their new surroundings to give attention to mating and raising broods, and consequently at gunning time the next fall the birds were remarkably small. The committee is satisfied that the broods may be expected to be late till the birds are more thoroughly acclimated than it is possible for them to become in one season. The committee is of the opinion that the quail fared fairly well last year, so far as the gunners are concerned, for the feeling was very good generally with the best informed gunners, and the little half-grown birds were not troubled. In Dedham a covey of birds were put out and were thoroughly watched by the gunners that were interested. It was generally understood that they should not be troubled till the open season, and then the understanding was that it would be small business to shoot the half-grown birds. A number of broods were seen many times in the season, and it is believed that the birds have wintered well.

The committee of the association has also succeeded in obtaining about 300 pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, from South Dakota, and these are being liberated in Plymouth, in suitable locations in Barnstable and Bristol counties chiefly. These birds have borne confinement and transportation so long a distance, remarkably well, only a very few dying on the way. Some of the birds were nearly starved on arrival, and unlike the quail, they readily took to corn, even while in the hands of the person taking them from the coops. Putting them down in the midst of corn, they continued eating till evidently

satisfied. In a few days they became quite tame. They were taken from the coops, on arrival in Boston, and were liberated in a large upper room hung with cloth a little distance from the four walls, in order that the wild birds might not injure themselves by flying against hard substances. The windows also were first grated and then covered with white cloth in the same way, the cloth far enough from the grating that the birds could not be injured by flying against it. In this room the prairie chickens have actually become fat and hearty while awaiting distribution. It has been interesting to the committee and other privileged persons to watch the birds and listen to their notes. Some of their notes closely resemble the chirps or clucks of the barnyard fowl. The committee feels quite sure of the success of the birds in the localities where they are being put out. In the first place there have been for time immemorial a few pinnated grouse on Martha's Vineyard. Then in all the localities where the birds are being liberated the wild rosebuds or seeds are very abundant and the birds are believed to subsist on these seeds in winter, when other food is covered with snow. Again the land is much of it oak and scrub oak, and prairie chickens are noted burrowers after acorns. In summer, and in fact the greater portion of the year in the seashore counties, the ground will be bare and food abundant.

Only one feature gives the committee much uneasiness, and that is the possibility that the birds are immediately to fall into snares. Snaring is now permitted the farmer boys, on their own land, but if this is continued, the whole work of the committee will be in vain. The committee on fisheries and game of the Massachusetts Legislature will, without any doubt, report a bill to prohibit all snaring, and the Fish and Game Association will work for its passage. Indeed, the restocking committee feels very confident that the bill will become a law. They know of but one member of the Legislature that is really opposed to such a law. This man is making some talk about the rights of farmers' boys being infringed upon. But the sentiment of the farmers' boys is one of so much gratitude to the committee, especially in sections where the birds are being liberated, that they will urge their fathers in the Legislature to vote for just such laws as the committee desires.

But the restocking of the State with game birds is not all that the committee has undertaken. The association has instructed them to obtain game animals and 150 great northern hares (*Lepus canadensis*), and set them free in different locations of the State, a pair in each location. The committee has also engaged 100 more, making 250 in all. These animals they have little difficulty in obtaining. They are caught in Maine and Canada, probably in box-traps. But the shipment is not an easy matter. They will fight, and that too to the death. In the first lot one old buck killed four. One he "went for them" after the lot were taken out of the boxes they came in. He seized his antagonist, and with a few hard bites the under dog was finished. The victor drew away, but seeing a little motion he again bit the dying hare tremendously. This he repeated several times till not a motion was to be seen. The committee ordered the hares packed separately as they "would fight." The shipper left the work to his boy, and he did pack them separately. He put each hare into a separate compartment, separated by inch boards and so narrow that Mr. Hare could not turn round. But the fellows are tough and they came through all right.

SPECIAL.

WILD GEESSE.

LAST fall I saw one goose, high up in the sky, flying southward, uttering a cry which sounded peculiarly wild and forlorn. I always scan the sky closely in spring and autumn for the migrating wildfowl, which fairly draw the heart of a genuine hunter out of his body after them as he watches them drive steadily and swiftly along in their high flight. With all my looking last autumn I saw but the one solitary goose. There would have been nothing remarkable in this in some parts of this broad land. But I live just now in eastern Illinois, in the very center of what was once an unequalled highway for all waterfowl. So recently as fifteen years ago they passed over this region in vast numbers. This part of Illinois was thickly dotted over with swamps and shallow ponds. Leaving the Mississippi River at Cairo, the chain of ponds made the duck and goose highway from south to north in the spring, leading up to the Calumet region, then to the great Skokie above Chicago, and so on up to the countless Wisconsin lakes and the waters of the far north.

What has wrought the change? I do not think it entirely due to the breechloader and the game dealer. But let me shift over on the other foot and say that the common belief out this way is that brother Hough is right, in supposing that game dealer has something to answer for in this direction. However, the game in this particular region has gone because the farmers have honeycombed the soil with tile. The swamps and ponds are all gone. There is hardly water enough in whole counties to attract a duck's eye or wet a goose's foot. Fine farming country, getting to be a superb chicken country, but the wildfowl are gone. The poor goose that leads off in this article had a cry that was not only lonesome but sounded as if the poor fellow had not had a chance to wet his throat for a long time. No game laws will ever bring back the ducks and geese to this country.

Word came this morning, from a friend living on the Illinois River above Beardstown, that the spring flight was on in good shape. But alas, that invitation, from a royal fellow, cannot be accepted this season. It will not make much difference in the quantity of the game that will get by to breed in the North, for I never made very big bags on my best shooting days. But it will make a big hole in the pleasure of one man's life—my own.

PAXTON, Ill., March 18.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

A large flock of wild geese were in this vicinity March 11. Four separated from the main flock and dropped into a wheat field inside the borough limits. One man tried a shot at them with his rifle, but shot under; they rose, circled and came down about the same spot. He tried a second shot and again shot under. This time they went up the creek about a mile, where the balance of the flock were. We believe they left before the boys secured any of them. Quail and grouse have wintered well; two or three fine coveys of the former being reported in this vicinity recently.

H.

WYALUSING, Pa., March 15.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

FORE-WORD.

To the Gentlemen who visit the Maine Woods:

When Capt. Drew, the genial "Kennebec" of the Boston *Journal*, wrote up his cruise to Australia, in order to get as long a start as possible, he went back to his trip to Trout Brook on the Passadumkeag; and so in writing on game matters I have begun by telling of the region round Nicasotwis because that is supposed to be as far away as anything can be from a wholesome love of what is lawful. That I have not told you what you expected to hear from that place, may have caused some speculation, and what I shall say will perhaps cause more; but whether you agree or not, hear me out. It is not an easy story to tell, and it is impossible for any one person to present all sides. I speak for the side which never has been told and for the people who cannot speak for themselves. If I make mistakes or misrepresentations, the road is open for both their criticism and yours. I would request, however, in advance, that critics sign their own names and place of residence, since otherwise discussion will not greatly help the matter which needs mending.

I ask your patience. What I have to say cannot be said so that all will take it kindly, and I must seem at times to speak bitterly, for I speak the thoughts of my people. Nevertheless, I have been at some pains to put these things as mildly as possible. I have written all the sketches previously published that you might be the more willing to take my word for what I shall now say, thus saving the bitter retort to facts, names, and dates. And I have chosen to treat it historically rather than polemically, because unless the statement of the facts is convincing, no amount of argument will be.

Those of you who have been in the country of which I have written, know that I have told the truth; those who have not been there but who know and love the woods, can tell whether my observation is exact, my eye correct, whether I know what I have claimed to know. I only ask those who have credited what has been said to believe what will be said. I know this a great deal better—was bred up to it from childhood, have studied it these three years and held my peace, have strengthened my own opinions and observations with those of the best informed men in the State. Now after all that I have seen and heard and written down, I prefer to let these papers on game rest entirely on my own credibility. I only ask you to remember that I do not always undertake to express my own views; that I am not writing what ought to be, but what is; that though I may sometimes seem to misstate facts, I am only undertaking to tell what is generally believed here, which whether true or false, influences public opinion; and that when our opinions differ, I am talking about matters concerning which I know more than most of you possibly can know.

I shall not undertake to exhaust any subject nor to tell all I might tell, rather to give such facts as appear to me best to represent the subjects treated; but, if I tell something of deer hounding, the cause of the warden-murder, the effects of the Graves case, the Jock Darling case, and other much disputed matters, it is agreed that for the time being all foregone conclusions are set aside, and these subjects are looked at from the standpoint of the people for whom I write? For we are at a crisis in game matters here, so serious that great caution in action and full freedom of discussion are the only means of our delivery. Few dwellers in our cities and larger towns can be aware just how matters stand, and it is harder yet for those outside the State to comprehend them.

I am speaking for the farmers, lumbermen, explorers, guides, hunters, and all others of the section hereafter to be described who may be classed as our rural population. I am addressing those who visit the Maine woods, which includes many of our own citizens with the many from outside the State; but more particularly the gentlemen who visit the Maine woods—a much smaller class, whom it may be hard to separate from the "outsiders" and "sports," so-called, for whom no great regard is professed. If I do not seem to distinguish the two, understand now for all that the present company is always excepted, and that you and I are the people who never broke a game law;—at least I am sure I never did, and if you have done so at any time to meet your necessities for food we will not quarrel over that, knowing that as we say, you did it "reasonably." I have the honor to extend you a hearty welcome, irrespective of the money you have spent on the guides you have hired here. If you have come and paddled your own canoe, as some of you have, so much the better. If you have not hesitated to help the guides with the camp work and on the carries, it is to your credit. Your welcome here never is gauged by the money you leave, for the people whom I represent above all other things judge and prize a man for what he is.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

I.—WHO OWNS THE DEER?—FARMER SPEAKS.

SOCRATES had just come from his easy conquest over Euthydemus, when Agelaus, one of the rabble, came up to him.

"I would like to ask you some questions, Socrates," said he.

"It would be more to your advantage if I questioned you, Agelaus," returned Socrates, seating himself on a curbstone; "however, if they are profitable questions I will answer them."

"Indeed they are profitable; they concern my moral duty to my neighbor and that of other men to me. I ask to be instructed. I am a farmer, Socrates, and the other day my goat broke her corral, so to speak, and put for neighbor Æpolus's garden, where she ate up all the winter cabbages which he was intending to sell at the Prytaneum at once and a half the market price—supplying government, you know; cabbages are cabbages this year, and the archons have all they can do to get enough to keep the visitors from Sparta in Spartan broth. It is about as cheap as anything after all, and seems palatable to them."

"It does not become such as you, Agelaus, to talk politics," remarked Socrates. "What is your point?"

"I want to know must I pay for those cabbages?"

"Certainly."

"But I shut her up all right, and the old idiot broke out without my connivance or cognizance, all on her own hook. Am I to blame for that?"

"Yes."

"Then a man must pay for damage caused by his own property?"

"Certainly."

"That's just what I wanted to find out. Æpolus, you see, keeps sheep and lets them run loose. It was only yesterday that they got in among my choice tomatoes and trampled them up so I must sell out the whole thing to the canning factory for ketchup at a big loss. Mustn't he pay me?"

"Certainly."

"But he won't."

"He can be made to; the laws see that all such injuries are redressed. It is the part of the good citizen—"

"It is your part to answer, Socrates; you've had your play, now ante. If the laws shouldn't touch this case, would I be justified in killing them until he took care of them?"

"No; for the law provides that the owner must pay such damages, as I have already told you, and it will make him care for his cattle."

"That's just what I want to know, Socrates, for we haven't got to the end of things yet. There is a herd of deer which come every night and trample down my beans and buckwheat. Unless that is stopped I am a ruined man, I shall have to come on the town. Will the State stop that, Socrates?"

"It cannot. These are wild creatures."

"But the State owns them?"

"Certainly."

"And they have come into my field and trampled down my crops—my beans, too; I had both white and black. This new ballot system, you know, requiring a fresh bean at every ballot to prevent fraud was going to make a big call for beans. I know of three or four election rings formed already to get around it, with all sorts of devices for making an over-count. I was expecting to make large sales. Now, will the State pay me for those beans, I want to know?"

"Of course not."

"Weren't they destroyed by the deer? and doesn't the State own them?"

"Very likely, but the State will not pay."

"Mustn't the State pay for damages caused by its property?"

"O, Agelaus, you are a clown and a rustic, and for aught I know a fool also not to understand that the State has peculiar privileges, peculiar rights—"

"Ha, the State! I have heard you talk about the State before, Socrates, you have queer notions about the State; but it seems to me that the State, which is so rich and powerful, ought to be at least as honest as the private citizen, and else pay damages or keep her cattle fenced in. I want to know what I can do about these deer spoiling my field of beans."

"If you wait till October, Agelaus, the State will allow you to shoot them, three of them if you know where to go and whom to go with. This should be ample payment."

"It seems to me I have heard something before now about a bird in the bag being worth two on the snag, and meantime my crops are spoiling. That kind of business won't keep a man in sandalia not to speak of cibitons."

"But the State is wise and understands—"

"It's a poor kind of a State in my opinion, Socrates, that doesn't pay any attention to us farmers. I pay my taxes and I own a share in those deer if any part of the State is *me*. Are they all to be saved for the guests from Sparta so that the tavern keepers of Athens may have geese to pluck? But while we are talking of these matters I would like to know whether other States than Attica own the game in their countries?"

"Indeed they do, Agelaus—Boeotia and Argolis, Phocis and Arcadia, the whole of them in fact."

"How is it, then, if our deer go into Boeotia? Or if their deer come here? Or, indeed, as sometimes happens, if the whole tribe migrates from one State to another? Can they kill our deer because they have strayed across the boundary? You would not let me do that to my neighbor's sheep. You said that he was responsible for them. Do we pay the Boeotians damages? And how is it if theirs come here? Are they subject to our laws or do they still obey their own? I would like to know these things, Socrates."

"O, Agelaus, I am puzzled. I am floored. You are a dolt I know, but you do ask hard questions."

"There is one point more. If this game belongs to the State and the State prescribes certain days on which it may be sacrificed, as it were, I suppose that the State does it impartially, so that all the citizens may have an equal chance. It belongs to the State wherever it is, and at these stated seasons is free to all."

"Certainly. The State strives above all things to be impartial."

"Then it is not permitted one man to capture and hold alive any game animal; that he may keep it for his own pleasure or sport, and deprive the other citizens of their shot at it? Indeed I know it is not; for Penes, a neighbor of mine, who is a poor man, caught one a week ago intending to make a pet of it, but Therisites informed of him and the officers made him release it, saying that it was not legally captured."

"I heard of that, Agelaus."

"But Plutus and Croesus, who live near the Academe, have a whole park full of them—it is what I think they call a preserve—and what is more, they have special laws passed prohibiting any but themselves and their friends from killing the creatures, so that they are no better than licensed butchers in spite of their aristocracy. But I would like to know whether they really own these or whether the State does, and by what rights they obtained the privilege. Did they pay the State for them, or are the deer sold with the land like a kind of prize package business, in which they run their risks of something or nothing, a prize or a blank? But if it was by the beans, why should not I who am a bean grower—"

"Keep thyself from the traders in votes and from things above thy understanding," interrupted Socrates. "As for these, Dolus is their lawyer and craft is in him. I confess that I do not understand these matters. But it seems to me more the part of the good citizen to cry up the majesty of the State and the infallible justice of her laws than it is to dabble in dirty broils about dumb animals. For myself, I will return to my work of asking questions and training the youth to answer me with sense and fitness."

"Go your own way, old Soc," replied Agelaus. "If the laws won't adjust my grievance and don't undertake to be consistent, I rather think I can settle the matter myself. I pay my taxes, I vote, I serve in the militia, I do

my duty as a citizen. If the State won't either shut up her deer or else pay for the damage they do, I'll take my pay in venison whenever I can get any. That's all today, Soc."

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

IOWA GAME BIRDS.

WINTERSET, Iowa, March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Twenty years ago this was an ideal country for feathered game. It was the natural home of the prairie chicken and the quail. A country of rolling prairie with dense thickets of hazel and oak along the many streams, it furnished cover for untold numbers of both chicken and quail. It was an easy matter to load up a wagon with prairie chickens, even with our indifferent dogs and muzzelloading guns. The number of chickens one could bag came near being a question of how fast he could load and how well he could shoot. But the pot-hunters and the market-shooters, the quail netters, the excessively wet seasons that followed one another year after year, the plowing up of the prairie grass, the change from rail fences—in the corners of which many a Bob White made his nest—to barb wire, the heavy snows for a succession of winters, came very near exterminating both chickens and quail. During the whole of 1883 I saw but two quail; and a party of five of us with fair dogs and guns, in a two days' hunt, bagged six chickens and flushed but eight. So far as local shooting was concerned wing shooting became one of the lost arts, the dogs were sold and the sportsmen became pursuers of rabbits, or contented themselves within taking a shot at a squirrel in a treetop, or a sneak on a stray duck that dropped down to take a rest in his northward flight. So far had the extermination of game gone that when I returned from a short residence in Nebraska and brought with me a well broken setter, for two years I enjoyed the distinction of owning the only bird dog in a county twenty-four miles square and containing 17,000 people.

But in 1884 Iowa went dry both climatically and legally, but as a success the climate beat the prohibitory law all to pieces. Ever since then the hatching seasons have been nearly perfect and the game has increased wonderfully. The mild winters may have something to do with it, for the cornfields were the resort of many chickens driven down from the north by the heavy snows. In September, 1889, with Hamilton Lee, going after a covey that we supposed was the only one within a radius of four miles, we flushed not one covey but three in the same field. We found another in the field adjoining, and one in every field we tried. Most of the shooting was in the corn owing to the short stubble, but still we got fair bags every time we went out. Last May and June were almost perfect hatching months. There were no storms, scarcely any rains, and the nights were warm and dry. The coveys of both chickens and quail were unusually large and the birds strong and vigorous. On Sept. 2, Dr. Robert Darvissan and I, over the same country that in 1883 we found no birds, cracked the limits of the Iowa law—twenty-five to the gun—almost before we knew it, flushing eight coveys in one field of cat stubble. Mr. Lee and I the week following bagged forty-four in an evening and morning, and in October on the "Iowa Homestead farm," in Adair county, I killed twenty-two in one small field in about an hour's shooting.

The birds have come back. Of course not in such numbers as they once were, but there are enough of them to afford any man who likes shooting well enough to wade through wet corn, tangled stubble and high rosin weeds a fair day's shooting, and with the continuance of such seasons as we have had they will become still more plentiful. Along every hedge row and in every hazel thicket there is a covey of quail, and the winter was mild enough to let them come through fat and strong. With good weather in May or June the number of Bob Whites in the fall will exceed that for many years.

A. G. GOSHORN.

TEXAS HUNTING AND CRUISING.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex.—The country in the vicinity of Corpus Christi abounds with game of every description; deer are frequently killed within five miles of the city, and are very plentiful within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles. On what is known as Flower Bluff, ten miles from the city, wild hogs are numerous and afford great sport to the hunter, while an occasional panther or wildcat and scores of coyotes give the tenderfoot sportsman many opportunities to test his nerves.

During the winter season the small fresh-water ponds, which are frequently found on the islands and sandy bottom lands along the coast, are covered with wild ducks of every description, while the wet prairies along the coast and in the interior are the feeding places of thousands of wild geese and brant, which make this their winter home. The various kinds of snipe and curlews are so abundant as scarcely to attract the attention of the gunner, who generally goes for the larger game. Wild turkeys are very plentiful in the brush and timber along the streams, while quail are so numerous that many are frequently seen in the gardens and streets of the city.

A glance at any good map, or at the coast charts, will show what splendid facilities are here afforded the yachtsman and canoeist, especially those who desire to spend a winter vacation cruising in the Sunny South. Matagorda, Lavaca, Espiritu Santo, San Antonio, Aransas, Copano, Corpus Christi and Nueces bays, and the "Laguna Madre" form a connected system of inland (salt) waters, extending along the coast for hundreds of miles, teeming with fish of every description known to southern waters, including the highly-prized tarpon, while oysters of the finest flavor may be had for the taking, and, as the islands and shores at almost any point along these waters furnish deer, turkeys and other game in abundance, a cruise in these waters offers advantages unsurpassed even by the inland waters of the Georgia and Florida coast.

Good hotels may be found at the various towns along the coast, including some very fine ones at Rockport and Corpus Christi, and the prices charged are moderate, so that a sportsman can live well here at much lower cost than at other more frequented resorts.

J. S. P.

ILLINOIS GESE.—Lexington, Ill., March 14.—The geese have made their appearance. Mr. Chas. Scrogin killed two on the 13th less than a mile from town; they were fine birds. Grant Preble and I were out on the 7th and bagged 123 rabbits in six hours.—W. W. G.

ANOTHER POWDER TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Feb. 26 last you published a few tests that I made with my Colt hammerless 12-gauge gun, which Dannefeller has changed from a full choke to nearly a cylinder-bore. The test I made then was with Lyman expert powder and dead shot, black powder. Since then I have had numerous requests from shooters to try my gun with Schultze and E. C. powder; so to satisfy the numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM I had Von Lengerke & Detmold load me some shells with those powders, using the usual trap charge, 42grs. of each powder, with 1½oz. No. 6 chilled shot.

The day was clear and cold, in great contrast to the day I made the other test, which was very damp. I used the same kind of paper and penetration pads that I used in other test, and shot at 40yds. on the same range. After shooting I made a 30in. circle, selecting the best pattern. While the patterns were not as good in percentage as the other test, there was very little difference in the penetration, but taking the distribution of the shot on the paper I find the E. C. powder gave the most even pattern, while the Schultze patterns were very spotty, the patterns of the E. C. run more even, and I should prefer the E. C. to the Schultze for best general results. I only shot 8 shells of each powder, and selected the best 4 of each to get the average.

Without any interest in any one powder, other than to get the best results for my gun, I have yet to find from my numerous tests the equal to the Lyman powder, for it always makes the best showing, not only in pattern but in penetration also, and good distribution.

Powder test, day clear and cold, distance 40yds., E. C. powder, 42grs., 1½oz. No. 6 chilled shot:

Right barrel, pattern 187 (71 per ct.),	penetration 27 sheets*
Left " " " 166 (63 per ct.),	" 21 "
" " " 176 (66 per ct.),	" 26 "
" " " 176 (66 per ct.),	" 31 "
Schultze powder, 42grs., 1½oz. No. 6 chilled shot:	
Right barrel, pattern 153 (61 per ct.),	penetration 26 sheets.
Left " " " 181 (63 per ct.),	" 26 "
" " " 163 (61 per ct.),	" 28 "
" " " 159 (60 per ct.),	" 25 "

E. A. SUMMERS.

*Three shot.

THE INDIANS AND THE GAME.

IS it not time that active steps be taken to prevent the wanton destruction of game by Indians? To-day sportsmen have no rights that red men are bound to respect, and red men have no legal limitation upon either season or quantity. They want trout. The mountain stream is dammed; the waters are turned out upon the grass; the Indians pick up what fish they want; the rest perishes.

In the days of muzzleloaders deer had a little chance, but now, with Winchesters of the most approved pattern, the Indian is nothing if not a wanton murderer. He is too lazy even to tan the hides. He takes them, just as they are ripped from the carcass, and barters them for cartridges with which to continue his work of destruction. Sometimes the skins are traded for whisky.

An experienced, careful hunter, who never kills one deer more than he needs for meat, told me that this fall he had found 900 fat deer that had been skinned by the Utes and then left for the crows and coyotes to pick. Not one particle of meat had been taken. A year ago, in Circleville Cañon, only twelve miles away, a little band of Utes hemmed in a bunch of fat deer and killed every one, taking only the hides. In the bunch were 80 does, and the slaughter amounted to the destruction of not less than 150 fawns. Now, under such existing circumstances, how is the preservation of game possible? These cases require immediate and decided action on the part of all hunters and lovers of legitimate sport, and I believe that if FOREST AND STREAM would take the matter in hand, it would prove a powerful factor in rapidly bringing about the desired result. Either confine the Indians to their reservation or else make them subject to the same laws and penalties as the whites. Call a halt! SHOSHONE.

UTAH.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.

ST. LOUIS, March 21.—The Coots fishing bill which I noticed two weeks ago, has now passed both houses of the Missouri Legislature and only needs the Governor's signature to become a law. Under the old law, seining and netting of fish was allowed during every month of the year except April, with nets of not less than 2in. mesh. Under the new law, seining is absolutely prohibited except as stated in a previous issue of your paper. The author of the bill, Mr. John W. Coots, writes me that while the law is not just what was wanted, yet it was the strongest that could be passed at the present session of the Legislature.

The Hawkins game law has passed the lower house and is now before the Senate. It is very strict in its provisions, and prohibits the transportation or marketing of game at any season of the year, and makes it a misdemeanor for any transportation company to carry game at any time.

The St. Louis Coursing Club will give its first meeting of the season a week from Sunday at the fair grounds. Thirty jack rabbits have been received from Nebraska for the purpose. This sort of sporting is of a kind that I hope will never become popular. It is too much like chasing a chicken around in a barn yard. All true sportsmen should frown upon such clubs as this.

Duck shooting during the week has been very good. They struck in here freely the fore part of the week. The trouble with the shooting grounds is that there is too little water and too much mud, so that it is difficult to recover ducks even when killed. One of the members of the Kidd Lake Club bagged a dozen snipe the fore part of the week, but as a general thing snipe have not yet put in an appearance. The heavy rain of the middle of the week will greatly improve the shooting grounds. One of the members of the Cuivre Club was fortunate enough to bag half a dozen wild geese.

EARLY YELLOWLEGS.—On Saturday, March 21, Mr. W. Duryea saw in a swamp near Haverstraw, N. Y., on the property of Mr. T. G. Peck, a flock of 13 yellowlegs and 2 curlews. No English snipe had as yet been seen there, but no doubt they are on now.

DEAD-BEATS.—There is a class of men in this city and State that by its acts brings into discredit and disgrace every individual who delights in the pleasures surrounding hunting and possesses the disposition to pursue this pastime in a thoroughly honorable sort of a way, without infringing upon the rights of others or occasioning property owners any annoyance. The class referred to is made up of dead-beats, unprincipled individuals, drunkards, fellows who think it is smart to commit some offense against the peace and dignity of the State, taking every opportunity when they go out into the woods to damage somebody's property. It is this kind of people that tear down walls, leave gates and bars open, set woods on fire, trample down grass, steal fruit and hens, put charges of shot into cattle and dogs and violate innumerable laws of right and humanity and decency. For the scoundrelly actions of these fellows men who respect the law and are careful not to injure in any way the property of people have to suffer. It is always gratifying to learn that one of these vandals has been caught in some act of depredation and made to suffer the penalty of his offense. Such was the case a few days ago with three Manchester fellows who went over to Gofftown after rabbits and shot a highly-prized dog owned by Peter Hanley. The killing of the animal was deliberately and cold-bloodedly done, and by chance a neighbor of Mr. Hanley's happened to hear the culprits talking over and laughing about their mean and brutal act. He informed the proprietor of the dog what had occurred and that gentleman immediately took steps to secure pecuniary satisfaction for his loss. The horse that conveyed the rascals from the city had been left at Mr. Hanley's house and by this fortunate step the dog killers were compelled to come to terms, for Mr. Hanley would not allow the horse to be removed from his shed until he had been paid \$10 and received as security for \$25 more a gun belonging to one of the trio of scamps. For several hours a wrangle of words continued, but Mr. Hanley, armed with a stick of cord wood, held possession of the horse and sleigh and at last got the price of his dog. The inhuman scamps several times sought to get away and once came very near doing so, but Mr. Hanley grabbed the horse by the bridle and his wife got the gun, so that finally, when these disgraces to the title of hunter left for home, Mr. Hanley had obtained his recompense. The fellows unsuccessfully sought to make Mr. Hanley believe that the person who killed his dog was one of a party of hunters that was pursuing a fox in the vicinity. The names of these brutes ought to be made public and if any information comes to the *Mirror* again of either of them being engaged in any act of a like or kindred nature they will all be exposed to the publicity that they richly deserve.—*Manchester (N. H.) Mirror and American.*

ARTISTIC SNIPE SHOOTING.—A few days ago Capt. T. H. Hyman, a great lover of dog and gun and rod, came by my store and left word for me to be ready early in the morning to go out for snipe. He was anxious to try his new 10-gauge hammerless Parker. When we reached the snipe ground it did not take us long to get out guns and put on rubber boots; and in a very short time our guns began to ring out. I shot at one about 50yds. The bird fell and on going up to it I found it sitting up apparently unhurt. I cautiously reached out and picked it up. It made no move till I touched it, then it fluttered and struggled. I examined it to see where it was shot but could find no shot mark whatever. I was puzzled and soon discovered that it could not see. I threw it up in the air, it could not fly but would sail slowly down. I gave it another close examination and this time was rewarded by finding a small red spot on the top of its head. The skin was not broken. The shot had paralyzed and blinded it. The Captain came up, and I showed him the bird and told him that was the latest and most artistic manner of shooting birds, and was much preferable to the old way of filling the bird full of lead, and I advised him to learn it. I have hunted a great deal but never saw anything like that before. Snipe are very scarce in this section. We bagged 31 that day.—YELDARB.

THE SPRINGFIELD CLUB.—Damon N. Coats and A. B. Wallace have returned from the Canadian winter camp filled with enthusiasm for the free and restful experiences possible in a region where the steady cold gives high zest to living. They saw caribou, one roving band of the big creatures coming within 200ft. of the camp, but the campers are guiltless of bloodshed in this connection. Edward S. Brewer tried a few shots at the caribou, but of course he was too tender-hearted to take fatal aim. When it came to trout, however, the party dropped all sentimental scruples, and a sample of the efficiency of Mr. Coats in this line may be seen in E. C. Barr's window to-day. The beauty weighing 4lbs. shows up a pound less than the largest caught last year. Mr. Coates, by the way, spent a full month in camp, and Mr. Wallace agrees that winter is the time to enjoy most in that locality—snow-shoe walks of 20 miles a day, for example.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican, March 18.*

THE NEW JERSEY NON-RESIDENT TAX.—New York, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in last issue a very important statement of a bill passed by the New Jersey Assembly in regard to non-residents taking out a license and paying \$1 for same and \$1 to the clerk who makes out the paper for him. I must confess that as a son of an old resident of New Jersey I am ashamed of this. Is it possible that the people of New Jersey forget that New York and other States open their doors for all? Jersey people seem very willing indeed to visit the Catskills and Adirondacks, and there shoot and fish as they like without paying for a license, and why is it that New Jersey should act in such an ungrateful manner toward residents of other States? A movement of this kind will prove a very foolish and expensive one for New Jersey.—H. C. W.

CRUST-HUNTERS' HARD LUCK.—Rutland, Vt., March 14.—The FOREST AND STREAM has an item this week suggesting that sportsmen undergo with impunity severe hardships. They do; but recent events have shown that the way of crust-hunters is hard. Two men from New Hampshire were after deer over here in Vermont. They got lost, and were badly frost bitten. One of the hunters has had both feet amputated, and the other man may lose one of his. They won't crust-hunt any more this winter. This is a case where Nature took the law into her own hands; and Nature is sometimes an unrelenting dame.—WHELOCK.

MONROE COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—Rochester, N. Y., March 15.—A meeting of the directors of the Monroe Sportsmen's Association was held last week, Thursday, and very flattering reports were offered from parties to whom quail had been consigned, in regard to the condition of the birds. The subject of stocking the public streams in this county and adjoining ones with game fish was discussed and definite action will be taken at an early date. The membership of the association is steadily increasing and among the names are noticed many of the most prominent business men of this city and vicinity. A scheme is on foot to trap a large number of English sparrows and hold a mammoth trap-shoot using these little pests for targets. Doubtless this scheme will receive the support of many who would not subscribe to all the other tenets of the association.—OSCEOLA.

MAINE DEER.—A Maine correspondent tells us that he never saw the deer so plenty. He saw two last week and could have shot them both. The buck had the largest antlers he ever saw.

LONG ISLAND SNIPE.—Oakdale.—I bagged the first brace of English snipe March 13.—ALFRED A. FRASER.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

TROUT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

AT the approach of April and May, the most desirable season for trouting in the beautiful mountain streams of West Virginia, I am filled with the peculiar sensation experienced by all lovers of the gentle art, and until that time I will be constantly reminded of happy days spent amid scenery wild and too beautiful to be marred by any attempt to picture with the pen. Imagination alone can do justice, and I will only state facts in my pleasant experience.

Leaving Ronceverte station, on the C. & O. R. R., our party first reached the ancient town of Lewisburg, the county seat of Greenbrier, where our stay, though brief, was made very pleasant, for we met some old and made some new friends, and enjoyed the warm hospitality of the good people.

This is the blue grass region of West Virginia, and it has been my experience that where you find blue grass and cattle you will find a well educated, cultivated and hospitable people.

The distance from Lewisburg to the mountains is quite a long day's journey, so we had to muster ourselves quite early in order to reach our proposed camp. When we reach a small mountain known locally as Muddy Creek Mountain, we leave the limestone belt and note quite a difference in the character of the country. After crossing this mountain we leave the waters of the Greenbrier River and soon reach the tributaries of the Meadow, a very slow running stream, which is fed mostly from Clear creeks, both Little Clear and Big Clear. After crossing Little Clear we continue our journey in a westerly course for a mile or two, when we reach Big Clear.

These two creeks have a general southwesterly course, making quite a curve, but always keeping very nearly parallel and quite close together, being divided only by a very small mountain. These two streams derive their names and have always been noted for their clear, pure, beautiful waters, and tradition has it that they were never known to be in the least muddy until the past few years; even during long-continued spells of rain they become slightly clouded on account of the byways and paths made through the mountains by the rude foot of man, which lead the muddy waters from the clearings into the streams.

We are now at the mouths of these streams and at an elevation of 2,500ft. above sea level. Now picture these streams dashing down over moss-covered rocks many feet high, forming crystal cascades along which nature has planted all varieties of beautiful ferns and flowers, which she has seen fit to distribute in this particular climate.

Well, we have reached our camping ground, and as I had never experienced the joy and comfort of hooking or tasting a trout, and as the sun was only just edging the distant mountain tops, which left me from one and a half to two hours of daylight, for you must know that hemmed in as we are here by the mountains, we have a much longer twilight than those on the lowlands or plains. So I hied myself to the brook to investigate, while others looked after putting the camp in order. To my great surprise and joy, I was soon given a chance to decide the question which had long troubled me, "Is the trout all that is claimed for it?" Verdict thus, it may be the novelty of the first catch, or it may be the appetite, but "They are the stuff."

Then I don't know much about "fly"-fishing and am not very delicate in the manipulation of bugs, but I am willing and trying hard to learn how; but these trout just suit me, for you can use a fly or a bug, natural or artificial, or a vulgar worm, and when your insects have all gone you can just reach out to the nearest bush (should you be fishing at that season) and take the first blackberry or raspberry, and they go for all with equal avidity. Should all of these give out you only want to catch one trout to supply you with plenty of bait, for there is none better than the anal fin or the eye of the trout properly adjusted to your hook.

In these streams the trout are abundant and attain to good size, as they have a chance to become fully grown and matured, weighing often 1lb. and sometimes 1½lbs. Usually they run from 9 to 11in. long, but after fishing several hours and out of a catch of forty to sixty fish you will find eight or ten 12 to 16in. in length.

As all the brethren know, I will only state for the benefit of the heathen, that the best mode of taking these fish is to seek the headwaters of these streams and fish down. These trout abound more plentifully way back in the mountains, so near the source of these streams that there is scarce water enough to float them, yet here are found the best fish.

In fishing this way you can take double the number of

fish, as they do not see you as you cast down just below some large stone, where you find the constant washing of the water has washed the stone away and left a beautiful little pool just below, where Sir Brook Trout delights to lie in wait for some tempting bug or berry.

Just drop something over to him and see if you do not feel a drop on the tip of your rod.

The trout's mode of feeding is very similar to that of the black bass, which abounds in the Greenbrier River; that is, he is very quick to "catch on." I have often amused myself by going off some 50ft. from some pretty quiet pool and watched the trout catch flies or any insect flying just above the water, they leaping sometimes clear of the water.

In these cold clear streams the trout seems to be gorgeously colored and they are just too lovely, and I always want to be taking them in out of the wet.

I want to say a word about the great enemy of the trout in these streams and the great pest of the anglers thereof.

They are known out here by the right name, for he is a hellbender. Whether he is a serpent or a snake or an alligator, or whether he has a scientific name or not, I do not know, for I hope he is not known anywhere else in the world. He attains to a length of 14 to 16 in. and looks like a young alligator or a big lizard, and is of an ugly dark brown color.

Little Clear Creek is about 10 miles long and Big Clear about 18. They rise in the Greenbrier Mountains, in Greenbrier county, W. Va., and both are good trout streams. Other fishes in these waters are chubs, suckers and stone-toters. Hominy Creek, a tributary of the Cherry, which falls into the Gauley, is a fairly good trout stream. The trees of the region include hemlock, yew pine, poplar, chestnut, linden, ash, oak, birch and beech.

The scenery in this country is sufficient to induce the lover of nature to return should he never catch a trout—but I promised not to spoil it by an effort at description.

LONG ISAAC.

OUR TROUT PRESERVE.

ABOUT two years since, my brother and myself purchased a large tract of land some twelve miles from here. Most of the land was covered with second growth, affording very good cover for rabbits, partridge and in some seasons woodcock. There was also a small house, which, in the days of staging, had been a wayside inn, a barn in tolerable state of repair and a sawmill. The mill pond and the stream emptying into it were the chief attractions to us. The brook started high up on the mountainside and flowed through wood, pasture and meadow land, over falls and under its banks, beautiful itself and an ideal trout brook. For years this stream had been noted for the large number of trout annually taken from its waters, but continued and persistent fishing had sadly reduced the number of fish and taken away much of the pleasure of former years. From the pond, however, with a fly one could, at most any time, take a few fine fish.

Our object was to protect the brooks and pond, as well as we could, from the market-fishermen and from those whose greatest enjoyment seems to be to bring in a large basket filled with fish, no matter how small, and boast of the great number they catch. The land was well posted, but we gave all our friends a standing invitation to fish whenever and wherever they pleased, provided only that they would put back into the water all trout caught less than 6 in. in length. It was a beautiful drive to the brook, through the woods for most of the way and past two charming ponds. On the average during the season once every week we would drive out after lunch, cast a fly for one hour or so, generally catching eight to twelve trout of fair proportions, and return home in the twilight hours. We had hoped the number of trout would increase and that during many years to come we might enjoy the weekly outing, not so much on account of the fish which we might be able to catch, but on account of the pleasure derived from the clear fresh air, the scenery, the drive, in fact, from all the factors which make life out of doors, whether in pursuit of fish or game, so beneficial and enjoyable. Our anticipations were, however, soon overthrown; as fast as we could put up notices they were destroyed, the house and barn were repeatedly broken into and nearly every window was demolished. But the climax of all was the damage done to the stream as a stream for the preservation or maintenance of trout.

One Monday early in July, as we approached the place about two o'clock in the afternoon, to our dismay we discovered that there was no water in the pond. Upon examination we found that some person or persons had raised the gate, and what was formerly a pond covering several acres was now only a small stream without the least signs of any trout in it, but worse, for here and there was a small pickerel. If whoever raised the gate had only been wise enough to have lowered it when he had accomplished his purpose, we might never have known of it, and would probably always have wondered at the sudden scarcity of trout and the sudden appearance of pickerel, for during the time the gate was raised small pickerel ran up from the larger stream just below, into which our brook empties.

From the best of proof the pond was full at five o'clock the evening previous, so the time in which the deed was done was limited to about 18 hours. We offered a large reward for evidence sufficient to convict whoever did it, and notified all the proper officials in the vicinity, but there was a wonderful ignorance about the matter. To be sure everybody said it could only be one person (a lawless sort of a fellow who spent most of his time fishing, hunting or trapping for market), to be sure he was seen in that neighborhood about the time of the occurrence, to be sure he sold a very large amount of fish immediately after, and many other small things pointed to that one person, but no official would proceed in the matter with the evidence obtainable.

We repaired the damage done to the dam, and last spring placed in the brook 10,000 small trout obtained from the State hatchery. These trout were doing finely late in the autumn, as we took pains to look after them whenever hunting in that vicinity.

This spring we intend to place as many more fish in the brook, and hope to be able to again have good fishing for ourselves and our friends in our own stream and pond.

There seems to be a feeling of resentment against any one who tries to preserve fish or game in this locality, and all

seem to work against his efforts; and also, the majority of people cannot understand how any particular person can claim ownership in a fish or game bird.

Besides the market-fisherman, poacher, stealer of fish or whatever you would call him, there are many who will fish all the day long and save every identical fish they may catch, and in the daily paper of the following day you will read, "Yesterday over there Mr. So and So caught ninety-nine fine trout." There are others, however, who are content with a moderate number of fair-sized fish, and who get as much real enjoyment out of the ride, the views, the lunch and rest at midday, as they do out of the actual time spent in fishing.

If we could only persuade the former of these two classes that they would only be satisfied with fewer fish now, in coming years they might continue to enjoy their favorite sport; but that unless something is done fishing for trout will be only to the favored few who can possess their own brooks and afford to fully protect them.

W. H.

DO NOT DROP THE ROD TIP.

OF all the cranks known to man since Adam "knew it all," there are few that equal and none excel a fisherman. Let three or four gather together at the corner grocery or club rooms, it matters not which, and immediately the diversified hobbies of each will bubble up like the phantasies of the "Wimodaghsis." They accept no man's *ipse dixit*. The experience of each is, *per se*, the only safe and perfect way to success, and while extended and practical knowledge would lead most persons to put by the bad and accept the good, you can no more harmonize the views of these men than you can hope to harmonize the views of the governors of the States of New York and Connecticut; and each remains happy and contented in the ways he has accepted.

Now, while such noted writers as Henshall and Hallock, and Wells and Green and others do not always entertain the same views of doing the same thing, they seem in some instances to have accepted certain vagaries as foregone conclusions; and they lay down as an axiom that when salmon or bass leap from the water in their efforts to free themselves from the hook, "the tip of the rod should always be lowered," on the supposition that otherwise the fish may fall on a taut line and wrench the hook from its hold.

With great respect for the opinions of these writers and others, as one of the aforesaid "cranks" I beg to state, it has been my experience that dropping the tip of the rod under such circumstances is of all the most fatal way, and will cause more fish to escape than it will save; and while no man can or ever has saved all fish that may be hooked, I have found it a surer way when there be an indication of a bass coming to the surface, to place the rod near the water, the line taut, in the same position you would lay a half hoop on its side. Nearly the entire line is thus under water, you lose no tension nor spring of the rod, and if the fish leap there is no slack, nor can he fall on the line.

If a bass go to the bottom and remain in one place, with a short, quick, tremulous pull of the line, you may rest assured he is availing himself of some friendly rock or stone to detach the hook from its hold.

No hesitancy now, to bring the fish from his position, or in nine cases out of ten your hook will come back to you as placidly as a spring flower is swayed by the air of a summer morning.

There, reader, a "crank" has touched the button, you must do the rest. Try it. ONEOVEM.

ANGLING RETREATS OF MAINE.

IV.—THE MONSON LAKES AND PONDS—CONTINUED.

ONE of the most popular resorts for the angler in this entire region is the Twin Doughty ponds. A ride of about two miles from Lake Hebron in a northwesterly direction over the highway known as the "lake road" brings one near the summit of "Doughty hills," where is one of Maine's now famous "abandoned farms," and which was once the humble home of one of the early settlers, Uncle John Doughty, and for whom the places thereabouts are named. He no longer tills and toils on these sloping and rugged acres, but has joined the invisible throng who have passed over the dark river. He is not there now to gruffly warn trespassers to "keep off that grass" and to direct them in somewhat stentorian tones how to take the most feasible, which is the pasture path to the wilderness, which surrounds the fishing grounds.

The long-used walk and well-trodden path is visible, however, which soon leaves the withered pasture with its meek kine and continues through a forest and some swampland to the shore of the first pond. The distance from the Doughty farmhouse is less than a mile.

The first pond is not generally as certain for fishing, but the trout are rather larger than in the other. A walk of a few rods in a well defined pathway brings one to the Westerly Doughty Pond. Both are in a wilderness unchanged since it was fashioned by nature's own hand.

A brook of clear pure water wanders down the declivity between the two, and by its side many anglers have built lodges and camped while enjoying their sport. This is called Cold Brook, and near it are charming places for a sportsman's temporary outing. Only spotted trout inhabit these waters, and they always take the fly during the months of July, August and September.

Monson Pond, sometimes called "Goodale," in honor of an old inhabitant, is the second largest pond in Monson, lying on the south side of the Elliottsville road about two miles from the village.

The "Thompson Ledges" are high and ragged bluffs on its east side, under the broken brows of which in fifty feet of water the lake trout fishermen have at times great success, often capturing some very large ones.

Spotted trout weighing from one to five pounds are also taken there with both fly and bait. An eminent divine, of Portland, Maine, for many years until his decease, a few years since, could always be found during the summer months with rod and reel, enjoying sweet communion with Nature at this beautiful retreat. Moores and Meadow ponds were also among his favorite resorts. Eighteen Pond, thus named because a part of it is in lot No. 18, in the east half of Monson, is about the size of Meadow Pond, and is well filled with spotted trout above the average in size. It is about three-quar-

ters of a mile from Monson Pond in a southeasterly direction.

In a due north course from Lake Hebron is an old wagon way, known as the "Savage Road," which now terminates at the farm of Chandler Watson, formerly known as "The Moores Place." It was in the more primitive times the only and main traveled way to Moosehead Lake. It was over this road that Seba Smith traveled, many years ago, when he was a famous author and wrote sketches of this section of Maine for his book entitled "Way Down East," which once delighted many American readers. This road then crossed the Spectacle Pond outlet, where were mills and a small hamlet of settlers. The road has since been legally discontinued and abandoned.

The old mill has rotted and tumbled down and the farms have been forsaken. Where broad fields of silken grain once waved, and where the busy sounds of life and industry was once heard the poplars and firs now mingle their whisperings to each other with the murmurs of the sparkling stream which winds its way through a rocky and mountainous country to the larger water-ways below.

The weird ruins of an old burying ground alone remain to remind the tourist of the scenes of those days. The only permanent habitations there are those of the deer and caribou.

This old way can now be used with buckboards for a mile beyond the Watson farm.

In the immediate vicinity of this road are the two McLarigu ponds, the Moores, Bell, Lillie and Ward ponds, all of which have the spotted trout. The angler who visits them all will find it a matter of great difficulty to determine which is the most delightful or which one affords the most satisfactory sport. This entire northern portion of Monson is a vast natural park where the scenery is wild and magnificent. It is a succession of meadows, hills, valleys, gulches, bluffs and ravines, all covered with verdant forestry.

Among them all is a perfect network of brooks and streams, cataracts and cascades, ponds and small lakes.

Thatcher and Curtis ponds are also in this park in an easterly direction.

The finest and most enchanting view that one gets from any point in the whole of Monson is from the summit of Horner's Hill, overlooking the village and a wide stretch of country life, a boundless forestry, Lake Hebron and numberless other lakes and ponds. The height of this hill is 300ft. above Lake Hebron, or some over 1,300ft. above the level of the sea.

J. F. S.

MONSON, ME.

ANGLING NOTES.

THERE has been a great increase during the last season or two in the number of anglers who have visited the Yellowstone Park. Many of them have been somewhat disappointed in the fishing, not because there are not plenty of trout there, but on account of the difficulty in getting reliable information as to the proper localities in that wild country of immense distances.

Most people in that section will inform the visitor that he cannot kill the black spotted trout with artificial flies, but must use grasshoppers or some other bait equally difficult to obtain. But he need pay no attention to this advice, let him stick to his flies, and if he is anything of a fly-fisherman he will have no trouble, provided he selects the proper kinds.

The following information furnished by Mr. F. W. Foos, an experienced angler and excellent fly-fisherman of this city, can be relied upon as being correct.

After the angler has rested himself from his long journey at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel in the Park, let him leave word at the post office that he wishes to go to Yancey's. The stage, which makes two or three trips a week to that locality, will stop for him at the hotel bright and early, and he will have a fine drive of twenty miles that will repay him for the rough journey. In five hours' time he will arrive at Yancey's little hotel, and will be able to get some good fishing the same day within a short distance of the house.

When he tires of the fishing to be had there, where a catch of 40 trout, weighing from 1 to 2 lbs., is not unusual in an afternoon's fishing, he can hire a horse or mule for a trifling sum and go over the old deer trail back of the house, to a branch of the Yellowstone, where 3 or 4 lb. trout are quite common and even a 6 or 7 lb. fish is occasionally caught. Perhaps Yancey himself will go along and try to show you how much better he can catch fish with a pole and grasshopper than you can with your fancy split bamboo and flies, as he did with Mr. Foos, only on that occasion he was badly "left," as it was a good day for flies and hoppers were at a discount. The fishing on this romantic stream is wild and exciting. The water rushes madly between great boulders and over falls, and when a big trout takes to the swift current there is fighting enough to satisfy the most ardent angler. The following flies have been thoroughly tested and may be relied upon: Governor Alvord, dark-coachman, brown-hen, professor, royal-coachman, March-brown, jungle-cock and brown-palmer. A long handle landing net of good size is indispensable.

Early on the morning of the first of April people will find the markets supplied with trout. They naturally say to themselves, "How is this? These fish must have been caught out of season." They forget that Rhode Island and Canada supply many of these fish and their laws allow fishing March 1, so that they can be shipped to reach New York very early on the morning of the first. The trout breeders on Long Island can also get their fish to the dealers by daylight, so there is no reason to suspect that these trout have been taken unlawfully.

The New York Recorder is setting a good example by publishing the kinds of game out of season with the penalty attached in its weekly market reports.

SCARLET-IBIS.

MIXED METAPHORS.—Ex-Protector Drew publishes elsewhere a letter which he states to be one he sent to this office where it was refused publication. The printed letter, however, is not the letter as sent us. It lacks, for one thing, the choice characterization of a public official, "who," Mr. Drew wrote, "is learning that public opinion can cut even through bristles, but, loathsome reptile-like, when trampled underfoot, in his impotent wrath, attempts to strike his fangs at any object that comes before his distorted vision."

SEALS PRESERVE THE FOOD FISH.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE FUR SEAL IS BENEFICIAL, NOT INJURIOUS, TO THE SUPPLY OF FOOD FISHES FOR MAN IN THE WATERS OF ALASKA AND THE NORTHWEST COAST OF AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Census Bulletin No. 39, March 16, 1891 (Washington, D. C.), upon the "Wealth and Resources of Alaska," Superintendent Porter makes the following statement in his letter of introduction to Special Agent Petroff's report:

One of the most eminent authorities on Alaska recently stated it as his belief that the salmon, cod, and herring fisheries of the Territory would become of such immense value in the event of the entire destruction of the fur seal, which now preys upon the fish, that its possible extermination is a contingency that need not excite serious alarm.

As this subject of what influence the fur seal herd had and has upon the supply of food fishes for man, is one which has often been discussed during the last six or seven years among ichthyologists and naturalists generally at the Smithsonian Institution and of the U. S. Fish Commission, it is not a new theme; but the verdict of experts here is diametrically opposed to the statement above made by Mr. Porter's authority as he quotes him.

Curiously enough, on page 8 of this Bulletin No. 39 appears the following significant suggestion by Special Agent Petroff of the real and most destructive enemy which these food fishes have to encounter:

The waters of Prince William Sound contain, perhaps, less fish than other sections of the Territory, the most abundant species being the dogfish, which seems to have driven away the codfish and nearly exterminated the herring, upon which it feeds.

This is the same dogfish (*Squalus acanthias*) that vexes the soul of the East coast fishermen from Massachusetts up to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; it is the same ill-favored sea-wolf that these men recognize there as the most active and deadly enemy of the cod, lake and pollock. It is none the less destructive in the waters of the Northwest coast and Alaska, going as far north as the 60° of N. lat. in Behring Sea, and ranging as far south as Cape Mendocino, coast of California.

It is especially numerous and voracious all through the littoral waters between the Straits of Fuca and Kodiak, and it feeds largely upon young codfish, from 2 to 6 in. in length, young salmon fry and herring.

Now, what has mainly prevented these dogfishes from so multiplying so as to produce the same result of ruin to the cod and herring fisheries everywhere else in Alaska, as is declared to be the case in Prince William Sound, by Special Agent Petroff, above cited?

Why, the fur seal. He is the chief and only pronounced hunter of the dogfish; man rejects all fishing of that creature as unprofitable, except in a very small way for its oil; but the fur seal regards the *Squalus* as its especial and most toothsome game, and feeds fat upon its plump oily body, with soft gelatinous fins; bites the head off at the nape and usually rejects it, because the teeth are sharp and hard and unpleasant when involved in the slight mastication that this animal ever gives to its food. Of course, I do not deny that the fur seal eats cod, salmon and herrings, wolf-fishes, sculpins and crabs.

A little reflection will teach most men that nature has kept a perfect system of checks and balances upon the relative status of all wild life, and that when man steps in to disturb that system of natural equilibrium he generally makes a blunder and strives hard to atone for it afterward.

Of course, if we could protect the food fishes of Alaska from this dogfish, their own most natural enemy, and other enemies, as well as the fur seals can and do, then there would be no argument on that score in favor of saving these animals; but until we are equal to that task it is best to let the fur seal life remain, without reference to several other excellent and weighty reasons why it should not be greedily and thoughtlessly exposed to the positive danger of swift extermination by the hands of unchecked pelagic sealers.

If your readers who are really interested in the subject of the preservation of the food fish fisheries of Alaska will turn to a recent report upon "The Salmon and Salmon Rivers of Alaska," by Dr. T. H. Bean, U. S. Fish Commission, they will find in its pages abundant proof that the chief enemy to-day, and its only one, to the well being and perpetuation of this industry up there is man himself, and that the seals cut no figure in the trouble.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, March 20.

LANDLOCKED SALMON AND TROUT.—We have been asked whether or not the landlocked salmon will interfere with brook trout if placed in the same waters. These two fishes are now associated in various localities without apparent injury to either. In Sunapee Lake, N. H., we have perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of this fact. Here the brook trout is native and the landlocked salmon was introduced in the early days of American fishculture, and at numerous intervals within recent years. The landlocked smelt was put in also as food for the salmon and trout. The smelt has multiplied exceedingly, and both the brook trout and landlocked salmon are abundant and thrifty in the lake, the trout attaining a weight of 6 lbs. and the salmon 14 lbs. It is generally known that the landlocked salmon and the winninish are identical. We described in our columns of Sept. 18 and 25, 1890, the winninish of the Metabetchouan. The first of these articles contains a reference to the food of the fish, which in the specimens examined consisted of small insects and insect larvae. Mr. Dana has found the winninish in the Grand Discharge with its stomach filled to the utmost capacity with insects. The probability is, therefore, that even if the smelt be not present in a body of water suitable for trout and salmon, a plentiful supply of insects would satisfy the appetite of the salmon and save the small trout from destruction. To be on the safe side, if we were going to associate the landlocked salmon with the brook trout, we should at once supply the smelt as a food fish for both species.

GREAT SOUTH BAY FISHES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 19, "Scarlet-Ibis" calls attention to the omission of the redfish and spot from my notes on Great South Bay fishes in the last report of the New York Fish Commissioners. The spot is mentioned on page 260 and the redfish was not included because I did not know it had been caught in the bay, although the fish ranges north to Cape Cod occasionally. Both Mitchell and De Kay describe the redfish among the New York species.

Mitchell styles it the beardless drum and branded drum, and DeKay calls it the branded corvina. Neither of these authors names the Great South Bay as one of the localities for the redfish. I trust that "Scarlet-Ibis," as well as other observers, will continue to note additions to the list through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The writer knows upward of thirty species, besides twenty-two mentioned on page 241, which are found both north and south of Great South Bay, and probably form a part of its fauna.—T. H. BEAN.

"KELPIE" says of the *Book of the Game Laws* that "it is the most important contribution to sportsmen's literature which has been brought out of late years. It is a remarkable compilation."

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 24 to 27.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Lynn, Mass. D. A. Williams, Secretary.
March 31 to April 3.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.
April 3 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.
April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.
April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.
April 28 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. R. F. Reagle, Sec'y.
Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

WASHINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE veriest pessimist in dogdom must needs retire into the darkest corner, for never has there been a year like 1891 from a dog show point of view. Unlike former years, when blank ruin has faced most of the clubs holding shows outside of the three large cities, success seems to crown every effort. I thought Pittsburgh was phenomenal in the way of attendance, but Washington was equally good, considering the price charged for admission, and especially the class of people who simply swarmed into the Riding Academy from Tuesday, March 17, to the end of the week. At times it was simply impossible to move about, except with the swim. Up to the time of our leaving the building, Thursday night, about 6,000 tickets had been sold at half dollar each, nearly a thousand at half price for the rising generation. The class of people who attended were, as might be expected, of the best, and most of the society people spent half an hour at one time or another "doing" the dogs, and the elegant equipages which stood outside went far to give the show the needed tone. The management fully deserved the encouragement they received, for they worked hard, and though most of them were novices in show management, and this was very apparent the first day, they soon fell into the routine and afterward matters worked more smoothly. It would be well if clubs, and especially those which are new to the business, would engage one of two or three men who are professional superintendents, and who, knowing most of the dogs and exhibitors and the number of attendants required, can at once put the show in order. On this depends the celerity to a great extent in which the judges get through their work. If the club members are all helping a local superintendent to run the show there is no one left to do steward work in the ring; and a good steward is half the battle for the judge. The disfigurement in the ring was hardly what it should have been, and the straw in the stalls did not seem to get the attention that is necessary to secure perfect freedom from offensive odors. The president, Mr. Stiner, and the able secretary, Mr. Webster, were conspicuous in their endeavors to make every one feel at home, and they were ably seconded by the bench show committee, Messrs. E. K. Goldsborough, Jos. H. Hunter, John A. Hoffer, who also acted as superintendent, and W. R. Traver. As I have already given your readers in last week's issue the principal features of the opening days it is needless now to say much more. There was some grumbling among the sporting class exhibitors at the way the field trial dogs carried all before them, and in some instances not without cause. The judging, owing to the limited space allowed for judging rings, extended over the two days, for it was 12 o'clock on Wednesday before Mr. Mortimer could get down to regular work, though he judged fox-terriers the previous evening in an alleyway outside the hall, and it was 6 P. M. on Wednesday before everything was judged. Although Miss Whitney and Mr. Tracy were the first to begin I will take the breeds, as usual, as they are found in the catalogue, but as many of the dogs are well known my task becomes easier every week.

MASTIFFS.—(JAMES MORTIMER.)

In the absence of Sears's Monarch, Lady Colens was the only one present in the challenge classes. In the open classes, with the exception of those from the Flour City Kennels, the entries were chiefly local, and type was very mixed. Most of the dogs from the above kennel, having had an uninterrupted run of luck, will soon be in the challenge classes, and there does not seem to be much of anything to take their places. Ilford Chancellor walked out as usual with the blue ribbon without any trouble, his nearest opponent, Troop, having a fair head, but is faulty in carriage of ears and is inclined to be cow-headed; Duke, third, is rather bony-headed, otherwise fairly well formed. Jumbo II. hardly deserved his three letters, he is long and flat-faced, besides being too black. Of Tiger and Nimrod, the former is a bad one, leggy, long and narrow in head, badly-carried ears, and the latter is snappy-muzzled but deserved mention for his bone. Lady Dorothy and Canton's Own Daughter were placed as at Pittsburgh under the same judge, though the two entered were absent. Jefferson, first in puppies, is one of the long-headed ones, and Sport, second, has only good bone to recommend him, head and ears wrong. Stanley, h.c., is very poor, and I am afraid the letters will raise false hopes in his owner's mind. Mastiffs, as may be gathered from reports of shows, are not improving in type, if I except those of one or two kennels. The kennel special went to the Flour City Kennels, and Trooper won that for best dog or bitch owned in Washington.

ST. BERNARDS.—(MISS A. H. WHITNEY.)

The entries in these classes have a reflex of Baltimore with several new faces from the two Melrose kennels, which served to increase the interest when the two kennels came up for the kennel special, which as usual was one of the events of the show. In challenge rough dogs, Hesper and Ben Lomond, walked into the ring again and went out in their accustomed order, but this time Miranda reversed her Pittsburgh position and no longer played second fiddle to Lady Wellington. An excellent class trooped into the ring when open dogs were called. They filled the ring completely, so much so that it was almost impossible to move them. Mr. Sears showed Sir Bedivere and Lohario, and Mr. Moore,

Alton and Lord Melrose. They divided the honors between them, Sir Bedivere scoring his second first with Alton a good second. Neither are in their proper bloom. Lord Melrose's size and well-formed head, albeit he is so faulty behind, could not be denied for third place; Lohario, a nicely-formed dog, though small, taking the reserve. Lion, third at Baltimore, found the company a little too strong, but gained the three letters, and so did Bruce; both were described in that report. Archduke also came in for v.h.c.; has a nice head though lacking in shadings, his body lacks depth and substance. Count St. Vincent occupied the same place as at Baltimore, h.c. Tantalion, c., is a white with brindle markings, bit long in head and not in show condition; has good bone. The bitch class was the strongest that can be shown at present. Lady Livingstone and Lady Sneerwell occupied the same positions as at New York, but Plevna was reserved for the specials only. Republican Belle upheld the Baltimore decision in the same company, with the exception of Lady Melrose, who came in for reserve; she was looking better than at New York, though still short of coat. Another from Pine Hill Kennel, Melrose Plinella, a new face, took v.h.c.; she is a nice bitch of good quality, eye and muzzle could be improved, but is well off for bone. Lady Adelaide II. is another bitch of excellent type, might be better in head, but very good in body, bone, legs and feet, color a little too light. Prudence and Pleiad, both v.h.c., were commented on at Baltimore. If Prudence could be fleshed up a bit she would stand higher no doubt. Veda II., h.c., has a sharp, long, flat face. An excellent class and handled with Miss Whitney's accustomed ability. Count St. Vincent turned up the winner in puppies, and that bitch with the terrible name, J. M. S., for short, was put second, so friend Mortimer will have to write it out once more. Lady Floris III., reserve, though good in bone, is a bit flat-faced and straight behind. Max looks as if his head will be too long when matured. There was a big class here, but no doubt this will be the last appearance of many of them in public.

In smooth challenge classes Cleopatra and Thisbe were placed as named. The former stands the racket well. In open dogs the judge reversed Baltimore awards, placing Lord Hector over Adonis II., his Lordship's superior quality no doubt catching his eye; Fritz, long in head and not straight in front, was given third. Empress of Contocock had an easy win in the next class, and but for excessive dewlap she is an excellent bitch. Kepsake, second, was shown in poor shape and Countess, wrongly recorded as second in our last week's list of awards, was given only c. She is brindle marked and too snipy in muzzle. In smooth puppies Swanhill, a little slack in back, nice legs but feet hardly close enough, fair head, was placed well over Kepsake. As already stated last week, Mr. Moore captured the kennel prize. Best dog or bitch owned in Washington, D. C., V. Petrola's Count St. Vincent. Best rough bitch owned in Montgomery county, Md., J. M. Ford's Rose. Best smooth dog or bitch, Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s Empress of Contocock.

BLOODHOUNDS.—(JAMES MORTIMER.)

In the absence of the Fair Haven, Vt., entries, Victor and Judith, Jack the Ripper, who utterly belies his dreadful name, took first in the dog class.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—(MISS A. H. WHITNEY.)

Mr. Marshall is doing good service to the Newfoundland breed by sending his dogs round the circuit, and I trust that the breed will be benefited by it, for though they are not crack specimens, still they are of good and correct type, especially in coat. Prince Hal turned the tables on his sire, Prince George, who, though better in type of head, lost in condition and coat. Albany Lass, reserve, and Troy Lass, h.c., were at Pittsburgh. Rover Hildrop loses in head and coat to the others, and Rover is hardly the stamp.

GREAT DANES.—(JAMES MORTIMER.)

Only two were shown, Pedro and Minca Mia, and both won in their classes. Mentor II. having died since the Baltimore show, is quite a loss to his owner, for he was certainly a most promising youngster.

GREYHOUNDS.—(JAMES MORTIMER.)

Gem of the Season had an easy win in his class. Hector, second, is prick-eared, none too straight in front, flat-ribbed and straight stifles. Sir Donald is better type, though his feet turn in and needs a little more rib, is heavy in shoulders and tail not correct. In bitches Lady Clara won over Spinaway, as the latter was shown too thin; Lady Clara is none too healthy looking in skin, but was here admitted by the vet. she was commented on at Pittsburgh, Spinaway in condition can give her points. Lady Ringgold, third, has a nice head, is well-ribbed but too straight in shoulder and but for her temporary lameness would have been higher up, no doubt. Trixie C. is only moderate and Ida is too long-waisted. First was withheld in puppies and second went to Hector, of no account. Best greyhound owned by a resident of Washington—Dr. Snyder's Lady Ringgold. Best greyhound—A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. Second best owned by a resident of Washington—E. L. Barber's Hector. In Russian wolfhounds Ivan won, beating Ivan Romanoff, both are well known. Prokaza, though hardly in good shape, was alone in bitches. She can beat either of the dogs.

DEERHOUNDS.—(JAMES MORTIMER.)

Some old faces turned up here, Mr. Thayer sending down Robber Chieftain and Clansman, Breck Allen, who won at Baltimore, winning second to the former and beating the latter, with Wallace, v.h.c., loses to all in head, bone and coat. In bitches the well-known Wanda beat Theodora, both from the Lancaster Kennel.

POINTERS.—(J. M. TRACY.)

These classes showed up well, and the field trial element was well to the fore. Robert le Diable was placed over that sterling good pointer King of Kent in challenge heavy dogs. In bitches Belle Randolph was alone. Open dogs had a big class, and a very small ring made it a difficult matter to pick out the best of a rather indifferent lot, as far as bench show form goes. Graphite proved the winner, and Nick of Ion was called up for second, he was at Baltimore; Glen Morgan, third, has also been described; and Trinke's Chief, Jr., v.h.c., loses to Tory White, reserve, in head and quality; Duke of Richmond, v.h.c., is big and coarse; Von Littlejohn, c., is a bit long-cast, light in eye, but head nicely formed, pasterns faulty. Tempest must have been overlooked. In bitches Woolton Game was well ahead over Bev R., commented on at Baltimore, and so was Cicely, third; Queen C. is rather dish-faced and was in poor shape for showing. In challenge light-weights Duke of Hessen was easily ahead of Tribulation, and Spot Sting was outclassed. Rosa May's nice head caught the judge's eye for first place, though she loses to Queen Fan in body; Stella B. a good third. In open class dogs Rip Rap, though as a field dog he has few superiors, is not a bench show dog, and his poor head, light eyes and pasterns are enough to defeat him, against such dogs as Inspiration, Flockfinder, and others behind him. Inspiration was given second; Prince Don, third, is a new one, is well ribbed and stands well all round, eye too full, and muzzle snipy. Bing of Kippen, v.h.c., is well known, and Daniel Derondin, who is throaty, hardly straight enough in front, has a fair body. Rock II., v.h.c., is too much cut out before the eye, is heavy in shoulder and a bit straight in stifle. Maid of Kent, a bitch of nice quality and a good performer in the sedge, won in the bitch class. She has hardly enough depth of chest, is a bit long cast, not right in front, head might be better, eyes light and is faulty in stop, is well ribbed. Fan Fan, second, has fewer faults, though is faulty in head, but is better in front and body. Eva B., third, is only fair—faulty in head and front. Delta, v.h.c., I did not see. Bloome II., though shown a bit above

herself, is a nice stamp, with a fair head; she has a well ribbed body and good loin, is straight in front and should certainly have been higher if not the winner. Lizzie Porter, hc., first at Baltimore, was certainly badly treated; she has been described, beats the winner in head, body and legs. Lassie Bang is too open in feet and straight in shoulder. Puppy dogs saw Fritz the winner; is too long and narrow in head, otherwise fair. Second prize withheld. In bitches Trixie R., faulty in muzzle, has a bad light eye, but nicely formed body. Nellie Stauch, second I did not see, nor yet Star, reserve.

Hempstead Farm Kennels took the kennel special and the Woolton Game special for best bitch in the open class. Best bitch pup sired by Robert le Diable, F. S. Webster's Nautilus. Best dog or bitch sired by Dick Swiveller, J. R. Purcell's Nick of Ion. American Pointer Club special for best pointer with two of his get, King of Kent with Maid of Kent and Rip Rap. Best dog under 55lbs. owned south of the Ohio River, Charlottesville Kennels' Rip Rap. FOREST AND STREAM subscription: best pointer owned in Washington, F. S. Webster's Prince Don. Best three or more with a field trial record, Hempstead Farm Kennels, with Woolton Game, Robert le Diable and Duke of Hessen.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(J. M. TRACY).

In the absence of Cincinnati, Sir Tatton had a walkover in challenge dogs. The bitch class had no entry. A class of twenty-two next puzzled the judge. Roderigo, carrying his years well, was put down for first, he is well known, Roi D'Or, that won one of the Lorillard medals at Lexington, N. C., coming next, he is a bit snipy-muzzled, has a nice skull and is well set in other respects. Tory Lieutenant, a bit faulty in head, is well formed in body and legs. Edge Mark, reserve, is faulty in muzzle, a bit long cast, and is not ribbed up enough. Reverdy, vhc., was described at New York. Dick Boy, hc., is short in muzzle and out of coat. Rayon, c., has been described before. Gath's Mark, though large and a bit coarse, deserved some letters. In bitches, Bessie Avert, second at New York, moved up one and took the blue, followed by Annie E., faulty in head, but nice body, legs and feet. Nellie Bly, third, loses in muzzle and eye, otherwise good. Anita, reserve, is a bit domy in skull, is small-sized and nicely formed. Boscobel is short in muzzle, also snipy. Dolly, c., is coarse. Puppies were nothing to speak of. Best kennel, F. R. Hitchcock. Best dog owned by a member of the club, J. H. Hunter's Nellie Bly. Best in the open class, J. M. Avert's Roderigo. Best three with field trial record, F. R. Hitchcock's team. English Setter Club medal to breeder of the best three over 12mos. old, Memphis & Avert Kennels. Best dog or bitch with field trial record, J. M. Avert's Roderigo. Best bitch owned by a member of the W. C. K. C., J. H. Hunter's Nellie Bly, also FOREST AND STREAM subscription for best owned in Washington.

IRISH SETTERS—(J. M. TRACY).

In the challenge dog class Max A. had to succumb to Kildare, though he is only beaten in head, and Nannie II. was alone in her class. Many of the winners in the open class are now so well known that it is needless to describe them. Beau Brummel again took premier honors, second going to Minstrel over O'Donovan Rossa, who is too thick in skull and short in muzzle, not of good type. Shammore, reserve, is too sharp in muzzle, excellent front and fair body. Limerick, vhc., has been commented on before and Tim's Dandy, c., was in the New York report. Glen Jarvis, second at Pittsburgh, certainly should have been in the money, he got nothing, neither did Scotland Chief. The Killarney Kennels entries were absent in all classes. In bitches that fine bitch Jeannette again came to the front, followed by Endora and Norma third, Bessie Glencho vhc. They are all familiar faces now and were well placed. In puppy dogs Sandy, first, has a nice head and is fairly well off otherwise. Sison is faulty in head. Cloumel, third, has the same faults, not type enough. No bitch puppies entered. Kildare Kennels' took the two kennel prizes and also the best brace special. Best Irish setter owned in Washington—R. L. Jones's Limerick.

GORDON SETTERS (J. M. TRACY).

The challenge class was divided and Leo B. and Ivanhoe changed places, though the latter beats in head and color. In bitches, Becky Sharp again came out ahead of Blossom. In dogs, King Item beat Rexmont in muzzle and body; Don, third, loses in tau and head. Bob, reserve, is better in this respect and equally as good in body and legs. Eldorado, vhc., is faulty in head and tan; Scott, hc., is hardly straight in front. Critic II. won in bitches. Best brace, Dr. Dixon's.

FOXHOUNDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Mr. Avert had his full pack and took in all the prizes; they were placed as at New Orleans, Fox and Rock first, Rob second, Nellie vhc., and Florah hc. They are all of the racy American style of hound and according to their type show plenty of quality. Mr. Avert took the two specials for best foxhound and kennel. Duke was the only Chesapeake shown; he is as was stated at Baltimore, a poor one.

SPANIELS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

These classes did not fill well. Patsey O'Connor, of course, held up the honor of the water division. He really ought to be initiated. Boss III. was alone in challenge Clumbers, and Lady Belle and Johnny, Jr., were placed as at Pittsburgh under the same judge. In field spaniels' challenge class Baron had no difficulty in disposing of Lady, the Sussex; this left Beverly Negus to capture the blue ribbon in the open class, which he found pretty easy work with only Toady Obo, more of a cocker than a field dog, to contend against, the others being nondescripts, but of good working type. In the bitch class Rosedale Dolly, in future to be known as Saybrook Dolly, won over Miss Ben D'Or, who was shown too fat; Floss, third, is wavy-coated and faulty in muzzle. Black Duke was alone in challenge class. In open dogs Adam, a dog of nice quality, a little long and sharp in muzzle, but good otherwise, won over Snowball, described before; Jacco, third, is too curly in coat, light in body, and muzzle not square enough. Eve was an easy winner in bitches, with a look of great quality she combines a good cocker head, if her skull is a bit domy at present, she is hardly straight in front, but excellent for her age in body and coat; Zulu, second, has a fair head, skull nicely formed, but is a bit out in front; Maggie, third, is snipy in muzzle and poor in coat. In puppies Eve beat her kennel mate, better in head.

COLLIES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

There was quite a fair show of collies. The challenge dog class had Roslyn Wilkes at the head of affairs, Scottilla, his sire, is getting a bit seedy, Roslyn Dandy, third, did not look his best. In bitches Roslyn Clara, in the absence of others from her kennel, had a walkover, she was looking well. In open dogs Wellesbourne Hero had to give place to a young one from Wilmington, who is better in head and coat and shows a bit more quality; Hempstead Zulu, third, is well known, the others were poor. In bitches, Zulu Princess II. proved the winner, though it is a near thing between her and Roslyn Parole; Aveua, third, has a fair head, is a bit faulty in front. In puppy dogs Duke scored again, and Glenfoyle, soft and woolly coated, but with a nice clean head, came second. Bitch puppies had a nice class. Aveua, who will need some care when she gets home, as she was coughing, won nicely from Emelina, not quite right in muzzle and coat could be better; Gypsy Dublin Scot, reserve, shows too much stop; Primrose, vhc., is a bit coarse in skull. There were a good many absentees in these classes. Chestnut Hill Kennels won the kennel prize. Best puppy dog, F. R. Carswell's Duke. Best brace bred and owned in Washington, S. E. Rabbit's Roxie and Dublin Lassie. Best collie sired by one

of the Chestnut Hill stud dogs, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. Best owned in Washington, D. C., R. W. Lee's Peter the Great.

POODLES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Dexter again beat his old rival Beri, and Jim Jim, too woolly-coated, but fairly well formed, came next, and Nell, well known, vhc.

BULLDOGS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Harper was here at home and reclined in a tastily decorated stall with his consort, the Graven Image, both winners in their classes. In open dogs a fairish specimen in Trot took the blue ribbon, but the others were hardly the thing and prizes were withheld. Best bulldog, F. W. Sackett's Harper.

BULL-TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

In the challenge class Starlight again beat Enterprise, and in the open heavy dogs it was simply a repetition of Pittsburgh, Dick Whittington, Spotless Prince and Dufferin. In bitches there was a little trouble: through some misunderstanding Duchess of York should have been entered instead of Pickets, the Irish setter. The prize was awarded to her, though she was not in the catalogue, but afterward Frank Moulton, owner of Lady Melville, protested, and his protest was allowed, so all moved up a peg. Lady Melville took first; she was at Baltimore, and Queen Bendigo, losing in stop and shortness of face, was given second place. Loumout Kit coming next; though a bit cheeky she is better by far than the winner. In light weights Mr. Dick won over White Duke, who loses in body, loin and eye, though shape of head is better. In puppies two fair ones were shown. Best in the show, Frank Dole's Starlight; best bred in Washington, D. C., T. W. Moulton's Loumout Bess; best owned in Washington (2), T. W. Moulton's Lady Melville.

DACHSHUNDE—(JAMES MORTIMER).

A nice little show. Feldman K. again proved himself superior to Black Prince, who only got vhc., while Waldman, a rather coarse dog, came second; he is a bit better in crook and pasterns. In bitches Countess Lina changed places with Lizette, though the latter is better quality and is better in crook and let down Joan d'Arc, vhc., is too straight in front.

BASSET HOUNDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Bertrand, that has been winning right along, had a rebuff here when he met Babette, who, though shown so heavy in whelp that she almost touched the ground, and on this account ought to have been put back, is so much superior in quality, chest and coat, that were she in good shape the decision could not be questioned. Man, vhc., is out at elbows, faulty in crook and head. Krooks is too much of a good thing in front.

BEAGLES—(W. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER).

There was not the show here I expected to see. I suppose as the same judge officiated at Boston the entry will be strong there. Lou upheld the challenge honors. In open dogs Jim Simmons, second at Baltimore, beat Restless in body and compactness, losing in head to the other. Dou was thrown out for being oversized. There will have to be some reliable standard made to measure these dogs with, as when it comes to a close fit there is always some doubt. Twintwo again won in bitches, followed by Mollie, who is a bit wider in front and coarse in ear, otherwise fair. Glenrose Topsy came in third, she was commented on at Baltimore, she has the best head in the class. Restless won the puppy prize. F. W. Chapman took the two kennel prizes and Restless took the N. B. C. special for best dog, and Twintwo that for best bitch.

FOX-TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Several new faces turned up in these classes, while the others take a needed rest. Lucifer and Dusky Trap had another innings, with the result as usual in favor of the former and Rachel accounted for Blenton Consequence. In dogs that good-bodied and good-legged Starden's Jack proved the winner. He is faulty in head, and Blenton Rackett's good front pulled him into second place, third going to Warren Laird, described at New York. Baby Trigger, also now well known, taking the reserve card. Warren Dandy, vhc., has a fair front, is faulty behind and shows too much "frill." Regent Brisk, a little full in brow and a bit wide in front, and ears not carried right, also got three letters. Le Logos and Endcliffe Spice, hc., are well known. In bitches the judge was not so generous with the cards. Dono and Dominica occupied their accustomed positions, and Ebor Nettle, a little light in bone, but nicely put together, came in for third money. Verdict, vhc., and Blenton End, described at Pittsburgh, reserve. In puppy dogs Warren Tripper, third in novices at New York, easily beat Dean and Dominica was away ahead of anything in her class. Blenton Kennels took the kennel prize. Best terrier owned in Washington, D. C., P. A. Plant's Frisk. American Fox-Terrier Club specials: Best in show, Rachel. Best in open classes, Starden's Jack. Best in puppy classes, Oriole Kennels' Dominica. Tomboy Stakes, Oriole Kennels' Dominica. Best fox-terrier in puppy class, Oriole Kennels' Dominica. No wire-hairs shown.

IRISH TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

The Park Kennels had competition to themselves, Mars again beating Dummurey, and Which and T'Other had their usual little game in the Welsh terrier class, Killston again beat Kilbord, as at Pittsburgh. In Scotch terriers, Fighter, a fair one, and one of friend Baillie's breeding, took the three letters. In Bedlington, Tick Tack again showed his superiority over Qui Vive, better in coat, ears, top-knot and arch of loin. Sir Stafford courted defeat after his experience at Pittsburgh, Lovett taking the ribbon once more and Tobac has a profuse coat, but not the sort that is wanted. Effie Dean and Bessie were placed as at Pittsburgh.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Meersbrook Maiden, standing her travels exceedingly well, was alone in the challenge division. In the open the two cracks Beaconsfield and Sultan crossed swords again and the New York decision was upheld; as these two will very likely come under me at Boston, I reserve my opinion till then. Empress again very properly beat Broomfield Madge in bitches.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Toon's Royal again had an easy win, his nearest opponent, Dandy, is short of coat and head tan is too light. Venus here met Minnie York again, and as at New York, was placed well ahead of her kennel mate. In toy terriers Tiny had to give place to Cute, in better shape, and though lacking pencillings and thumb marks, has nice tan, is rather apple-headed and is well on the large size.

PUGS—(MISS A. H. WHITNEY).

Bob Ivy was alone in the challenge dog class, and Vesta succeeded in reversing the Pittsburgh decision, being placed over Bessie, Nellie Bly reserve. Prince II., owned by Miss Bisbing, who is a new exhibitor in the field but is starting well, beat Kash, Jr. in make up and head. Bitters, third, loses in ear and muzzle. Flip reserve. In bitches Miss Bisbing's Cassina, late of Dr. Cryer's kennel, won again, beating Lady Victoria but with little to spare. Rustic Kate loses in face, muzzle especially. That nice little puppy Little Bessie won in puppies. Dr. Cryer won the kennel special. Best pug dog owned in Washington, D. C., Mr. Traver's Flip. Best pair owned by a lady residing in Washington, Mrs. Traver's Flip and Dora. Best bitch owned in Washington, Mrs. Traver's Dora.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Topsy after trying several times managed to get in ahead,

this time beating his kennel mate, though in muzzle only. Flossie, vhc., off in tan and light eyed. Dandy is too long in muzzle, faulty in eye, but has a fairly good skull.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

Sprite here won well over Skip, beating in front and head. Fancy, vhc., has something the matter with her eyes, loses in skull and front. Best Italian greyhound owned by a lady residing in Washington, D. C. (2), Mrs. Webster's Skip. Mexican hairless had only one representative, Mrs. Hard's Pippo, who is now well known and seems to thoroughly enjoy a show. He won the special as well.

In the miscellaneous class a sort of Mexican spaniel won over an abbreviated Russian setter, one of Fred Kirby's Jokes, and Monte Carlo came in for third. The prizes not awarded at the time our going to press last week are appended:

GREYHOUNDS.—Puppies: 1st withheld; 2d, S. Wren Howard's Hector.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Paul H. Hacke's Ivan; 2d, W. M. King, Jr.'s Ivan Romanoff. Bitches: 1st, Paul H. Hacke's Elsa.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, John E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain; 2d, George McDougal's Brock Allan. Reserve, John E. Thayer's Cushman. Very high com., Mrs. E. Francis's Walla. Bitches: 1st, John E. Thayer's Wanda; 2d, John E. Thayer's Theodora.

FOXHOUNDS.—AMERICAN.—1st, J. M. Avert's Fox is Rock; 2d, J. M. Avert's Rob. Very high com. and high com., J. M. Avert's Nellie and Florah. ENGLISH.—No entries.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. H. M. Walker's Duke.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Léwist's Patsy O'Conner. CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Mercer & Middleton's Boss III. OPEN.—1st and 2d, Mercer & Middleton's Lady Belle and Johnny, Jr.

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR (OVER 25 LBS.)—CHALLENGE.—1st, Geo. W. Felsom's Baron; 2d, R. P. Keasby's Lady. OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, R. P. Keasby's Beverly Negus; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Toady Obo. Bitches: 1st, R. P. Keasby's Saybrook Dolly (late Rosedale Dolly); 2d, J. A. Dennison's Mary; equal 2d, R. P. Keasby's Miss Ben D'Or; 3d, W. C. Kimpton's Floss.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Luckwell Douglass's Black Duke. OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, C. T. Enker's Adam; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Snowball; 3d, H. T. Wright's Jacco. Bitches: 1st, C. T. Sackett's Eve; 2d, G. V. N. Ogden's Zulu; 3d, Thos. S. Kimpton's Maggie. Puppies: 1st and 2d, C. T. Sackett's Eve and Adam.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes and Scottilla. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Clara. OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, F. R. Carswell's Duke; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Hero; 3d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Hempstead Zulu. Very high com., Ralph W. Lee's Peter the Great. High com., Linkwood Kennels' John Bright and Seminole Kennels' Scotch Laddie Don. Bitches: 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Zulu Princess II.; 2d, F. W. Sackett's Roslyn Parole; 3d, F. R. Carswell's Aveua. PUPPIES.—Dogs: 1st, F. R. Carswell's Duke; 2d, McVicar and Appleby's Glenfoyle. Reserve, Mrs. A. H. Lee's. Very high com., Chas. Scherer's Robin Adair. Com., Mr. J. Edgar Smith's Sandy. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com., F. R. Carswell's Aveua, Emiline and Primrose. Reserve, Austin Herr's Gypsy Dublin Scot. High com., Wm. E. Potbury's Flora VI. and S. E. Rabbit's Dublin Lassie.

POODLES.—1st and very high com., A. W. Parbeck's Dexter and Nell; 2d, Louis A. Biddle's Bern; 3d, Miss Bessie Stewart's Jim Jim.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, F. W. Sackett's Harper.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Columbia Athletic Club's Trot. Bitches: 1st, Mr. F. W. Sackett's The Graven Image.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—Bitches: 1st, Frank E. Dole's Starlight; 2d, W. F. Holbeck's Enterprise.—OPEN.—Dogs (over 30 lbs.): 1st, R. W. E. Dole's Dick Whittington; 2d, W. F. Holbeck's Spotless Prince; 3d, Wm. J. Bryson's Dufferin. Bitches: 1st, Frank W. Moulton's Lady Melville; 2d, Frank E. Dole's Queen Bendigo. 2d, F. W. Moulton's Loumout Kit.—OPEN (20 lbs. and under)—1st and 2d, F. E. Dole's Mr. Dick and White Duke. Puppies: 1st, A. G. Gentry's Loumout Benville; 2d, Frank W. Moulton's Loumout Bess.

DACHSHUNDE.—Dogs: 1st, Mount Washington Kennels' Feldman K.; 2d, Arthur Hennephor's W. Adman. Very high com., various Kennels' Black Prince. Bitches: 1st, Mount Washington Kennels' Countess Lina; 2d, Irouquois Kennels' Lizette. Very high com., E. A. Marriec's Joan of Arc.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and high com., E. W. Jester's Babette and Krooks; 2d, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrand. Very high com., F. M. Buckingham's Man.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, The Park Kennels' Mars and Dummurey.

WELSH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Prescott Lawrence's T'other and Which.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Kilstor; 2d, F. F. Dole's Kilbord. Very high com., E. W. Jester's Fighter.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, W. H. Russell's Tick Tack; 2d, M. A. Theiberg's Qui Vive.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Lovett; 2d, Clifford A. Shinn's Sir Stafford. Com., Joseph Prather's Tobac. Bitches: 1st, S. H. Sanderson's Effie Dean; 2d, C. A. Shinn's Bessie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7 LBS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Meersbrook Maiden.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Sultan; 2d, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Beaconsfield. Bitches: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Meersbrook Empress; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Madge.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Toon's Royal; 2d, W. R. Traver's Dandy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Venus and Minnie York.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE.—UNDER 7 LBS.—1st, B. E. Braden's Cute; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Tiny.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, M. H. Cryer's Vesta and Bessie. OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Miss Bisbing's Prince II.; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Kash, Jr.; 3d, Graham Pearce's Bitters. Reserve, Mrs. W. R. Traver's Flip. Bitches: 1st, Miss Bisbing's Cassina; 2d, M. H. Cryer's Lady Victoria; 3d, Geo. W. Vamach's Rustic Kate. Reserve, M. H. Cryer's Little Bessie. Very high com., Mrs. W. R. Traver's Dora. Puppies: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Little Bessie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Robert Paul Forshaw's Topsy and Ruby. Very high com., Woodbury Kennels' Flossie. High com., J. M. Soule's Dandy.

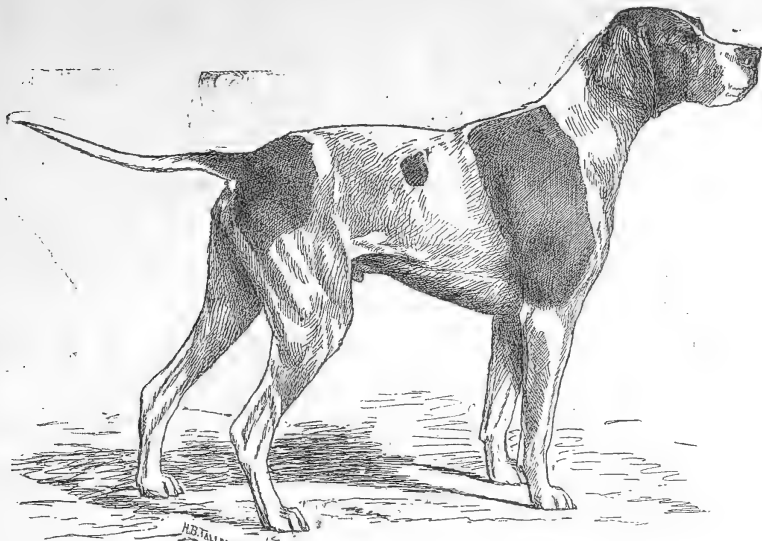
JAPANESE SPANIELS.—2d, Austin Herr's Toma. ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mt. Washington Kennels' Sprite; 2d, Mrs. F. S. Webster's Skip. Very high com., H. Walker Tucker's Fancy.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, Mrs. L. G. Hurd's Pippo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Lieut. T. G. Fillette's Daisy; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Czar II.; 3d, Miss May Huyck's Monte Carlo.

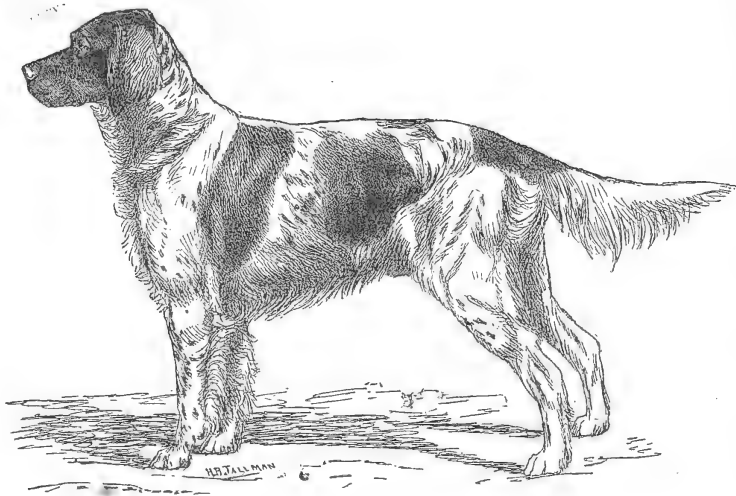
RECORDS OR MERIT.—Sheffield, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Your issue of Feb. 19 has just come to hand and I am greatly surprised to find Dr. Foote's most unfair attack upon the black and tan terrier Beaconsfield. From gentlemen who profess to have the fancy at heart and desire to see improvement and progress made in a breed we expect something in a different spirit from his letter, and I am pleased to see you draw his attention to the Oldham show and the reports of the Palace show, 1890. I think I am correct in saying that it was the only time Beaconsfield and Sultan met and they were placed as follows: Beaconsfield first, Dewy Bess second, Sultan third. Now if this is the best performance of what the Doctor styles "the best of Mr. Ellis's superb kennel," it is certainly making Beaconsfield far away the best dog, unless Mr. Astley was a long way out in his judgment, and if the Doctor also refers to the report of this show in our leading canine papers he will find the award entirely agreed with. I am awaiting results of the judging at New York, and then probably (with your permission) I shall have more to say in reference to the Doctor's flowery announcement that Sultan is coming.—RICHARD TOON.

The Tattersall sale of dogs at Philadelphia is creating considerable interest among dog men all over the country.



HEMPSTEAD FARM KENNELS' POINTER DUKE OF HESSEN.

First in light-weight challenge class at New York show.



J. E. DAGER'S ENGLISH SETTER CINCINNATUS.

First in challenge class at New York show.

There are already about 115 dogs entered, and some of them have won many honors on the bench. Among the St. Bernards we find the names of Marquis of Stafford and Prelate. Quasimodo, the bulldog, is also on sale. In collies the Chestnut Hill Kennels have Maney Trefoil, Wellesbourne Hero, Wellesbourne Flurry and others. Clifton Maid is also to be put up. Mauprat and Chef, the bassets, will also be brought to the hammer, and so will the Irish terrier Roslyn Murphy and Kathleen. Little Jewel, the pug, and several Schipperkes will also be sold to the highest bidder. Nearly every breed is represented, and if good prices are realized there is every likelihood that such sales will become regular in the future.

Mrs. Smyth, the owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, has, through Mr. Watson, purchased a bitch by Alton out of a bitch by Rhoderick Dhu, the sire of Hespsey, from Mr. Sydney W. Smith. She has been bred to Scottish Prince. This enthusiastic fancier has also bought a bitch from Mr. Schillcock, of Birmingham, England, and bred to Lord Bute. Mrs. Smyth is determined to have the best blood and we trust her venture will prove successful.

At the Washington show Mr. J. H. Winslow purchased the nice looking pointer bitch Bloomo III. and a puppy by Dick Swiveller, 10 months old.

Mr. James Watson will only get back from his European trip just in time for the Boston show, for he sails on the Umbria Saturday next.

We deplore the fact that bench show committees are falling back into the old slipshod way of benching the dogs. At the last two or three shows, and New York as well, the dogs are benched here, there and everywhere, just as it seems to suit the whim of the exhibitor. This is not right, nor is it fair to the public who pay admission and help to make the shows a success. At Washington it was worse than ever, and one could walk almost down a whole aisle, especially among the sporting classes, and scarcely one number would be in rotation. This must be altered. It detracts from the interest of the show to the visitor and is a source of annoyance and confusion to the reporter, for when dogs are benched this way they are generally placed more with a view to their dispositions than anything else, dogs being benched irrespective of the numbers that may be above them, and consequently mistakes arise in reports that not only annoy the owners but discredit the paper in which they appear.

Mr. Dexter, the owner of the Charlottesville Kennels, was an interested spectator at the Washington show. He informed us that Maid of Kent will be bred to Duke of Hessen, and some future Derby winners are therefore expected as a result. Mr. C. E. Buckle, who, with Capt. McMurdo, has charge of his kennel, sails for England on the 8th of the month, and besides taking to himself a bride will also skirmish round for a good pointer dog to furnish an outcross for this kennel. If they can get another as good as King of Kent they will do well.

We regret, and so will all St. Bernard lovers, to hear of the serious illness of Mr. Moore's good dog Alton. It seems on Friday last he developed symptoms of pneumonia, and when Arthur was ready to go home on Saturday it was found impossible to move him. He is still at Washington. At first it was reported that all hope for him was gone, but the latest telegram says he shows a slight improvement. We trust it will continue, as such a loss would indeed be hard to bear, and Mr. Moore has had quite all of his share in the past.

Sydney W. Smith, we hear, will arrive on the S. S. Umbria, having been ordered by his doctor to take a sea voyage. It would have been very interesting had he brought his Scottish Prince over here, it would have livened things up a bit.

The Columbus, O., people have given up the idea of holding a show this spring, owing to their inability to secure a suitable building.

During the Pittsburgh show Frank Dole sold the bull-terrier Mr. Dick to Mr. Moorehead, of the Duquesne Kennel Club, and also the bull bitch Jessup to Mr. Brereton. She has been served by Harper, and something good is expected from the union.

Mr. Stucky, of Pittsburgh, is having a fine kennel built, with twenty yards. Besides his St. Bernards he will also kennel Mr. Hacke's Barzois.

In a cage at Pittsburgh we noted a cat and a terrier which seemed to be the greatest friends, frequently indulging in sham fights and other eccentricities. The cat derives her notoriety from the fact of her being the only seven-toed feline in America.

After long and baffling experience of the law's delays, Mr. Chas. T. Peshall has succeeded in having his trial in the libel suit set for next Tuesday, March 31.

The following committee has been appointed to take charge of the bench show to be held in connection with the

Central Canada Fair, Ottawa, Sept. 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 1891: Alfred Geddes, Dr. T. Wesley Mills, F. H. F. Mercer, P. G. Keyes, W. G. Young, C. E. Living, W. H. Middleton, L. N. Bate, D. Gordon, V. S., and H. Kirby.

We have received \$5 from Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, for the Helen Keller Fund, for sending the little blind mute of Pittsburgh to the Boston school.

The crack St. Bernard bitch Hespsey arrived Wednesday in good health, though heavy in whelp.

GUNSHYNESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If you will put colts in any number, of any age or breed, from a Conestoga to a thoroughbred, in a pasture through which a railway runs, they will in a few days' time cease to take notice of the train as it goes rushing past within 20 yds. Their freedom from restraint and constraint seems to remove all apprehension of harm, and so, if you will snap caps, or beat a tattoo on a tin pan in the distinct hearing of a litter of young puppies, most of them will scamper off and hide away in their nest or box; and let them hide as much as they choose, but take no notice of them; and in a short while they will come to understand that no harm is meant. From this beginning, it is easy to accustom them to the report of a gun by shooting in the yard, away from them, but in full hearing. In case your puppy comes to you at several months of age, give him time to learn that you are his friend and guardian, and that your home is his home, then take your gun down in the garden and shoot a half dozen, or so, of catbirds, or go over in the orchard near by, from time to time, and pop away at hairy woodpeckers. Very soon he will be out in the orchard enjoying the fun with you. Of course, all this is only necessary in the case of a timid puppy; but every puppy should be made acquainted with the sound of fire arms before he is taken afield. I am satisfied the mistake in all the rules I have read for curing gunshyness is that there is too much form and ceremony in the whole proceeding. The puppy's attention is too sharply drawn to all that is doing; you take him at close quarters, and cut off his retreat, all of which is very demoralizing. Never intercept a dog's line of retreat to his place of refuge in time of alarm. We never hear of city dogs being afraid of city noises, and it is because they are left to themselves to settle the question of sound in their own way. Yet let a half grown puppy go in the street away from home, and ten to one the first loud noise he hears will send him back like a blue streak to his familiar quarters; but in a little while he will be as bold as the bravest. At the same time, it is my opinion that if there were less inbreeding there would be very much less of gunshyness, though this is neither here nor there, for inbreeding is the fashion, and fashion rules in all things both great and small.

"Breeding in-and-in is good for the blood,
But it plays the devil with the flesh."—Byron.

W. A. W.

WELSH TERRIERS.—San Francisco, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the report of the Binghamton show in the FOREST AND STREAM the reporter calls Rowton Vixen undoubtedly the best Welsh terrier in America. At the Liverpool show, the largest show of Welsh terriers in England, she is good enough to win second. At New York she takes her, vizc. withheld, beaten by Mephisto Bob (a dog I own) that is not worth one side of her. In a Chicago paper I read: "Which, though suckling puppies, was the only decent terrier of the five representatives that entered the ring." I don't know T'other from which personally; but when I read comments on T'other's topknot it strikes me forcibly that the judges and reporter don't know a Welsh terrier from a hole in the wall. What on earth does a Welsh terrier want with a Bedlington's topknot? If some intelligent old country man will kindly step forward and comment on the lot I think his remarks will be read with pleasure by many that desire to be enlightened on this subject. Mr. Mayhew may have seen a few, but it is quite evident that he has forgotten what little he did know. As all exhibitors know, I am the last man on earth to kick about being beaten. T'other and Which, for all I know, may be better dogs than any of mine. I wish to confine my comments to the placing of the son of Mephisto Bob (first, Bangor, 1889, in a class of sixteen dogs) and champion Bangor Dan Liu (a winner of twenty firsts) second in a class of five, with Rowton Vixen, a bitch that smothered him for quality, he.—A. RUSSELL CROWELL.

THE HOSPICE KENNELS.—Arlington, N. J., March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am on the eve of breaking up my kennels of St. Bernards, expecting to leave for Montrose, Colorado, in the early part of May. Though the Hospice Kennels will no longer be represented at bench shows it is not my intention to desert the breed entirely, for I shall take a few specimens with me to the Rockies, where the climate, in all probability, will be more congenial to the dogs than in New Jersey. To the members of the St. Bernard Club of America, and to the board of governors especially, I tender my thanks for the confidence they have shown me since the club was organized, and I trust that the good feeling they hold toward me will continue though, after my departure, I shall no longer be in a position to take any active part in club matters.—K. E. HOPPE.

SPECIALS AT CLEVELAND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following specials have been donated for our coming show in April. We will have more later on. We have made class 106, Yorkshire terriers, open class dogs, \$10 and \$5; class 100½, bitches, \$10 and \$5. President of club offers \$10 for agent or handler having in charge largest number of dogs; a member offers \$10 to person or kennel making largest exhibit. Prizes for best shown: Case whiskey for brace setters, any breed, dogs or bitches. English Setter Club's silver medal for bitch and two of produce over 12 mos., regardless of ownership, prize to go to bitch; to breeder of three dogs or bitches or both over 12 mos., regardless of ownership; silver medal for dog or bitch with public field trial record; meerscham pipe (value \$20) for dog and bitch in open class. The Pointer Club of America offers \$10 each for best dog and bitch in open class owned by member; English coal hod (value \$15) for dog under 18 mos. owned in Cleveland; stud service of Lord Graphic to bitch in open class; gold-headed cane for best get of Lord Graphic. The National Greyhound Club offers a solid silver medal for dog or bitch, to be competed for by members of the club and by such dogs as are registered in their stud book. The Collie Club of America offers silver club medal for collie not over 2 yrs. in open class belonging to member; bronze club medal for second best; bronze medal for dog in puppy class; also for bitch. Silver-mounted silk umbrella (value \$15) for American-bred St. Bernard dog or bitch; \$10 for the best in show; the St. Bernard Club of America offers silver club medal for American-bred rough-coated dog, same for rough-coated bitch, same for American-bred smooth dog, same for American-bred smooth bitch, the awards to be made in accordance with the rules of the club; a water-color picture (value \$15) for smooth-coated St. Bernard owned by a lady, a resident of Cleveland. Ten dollars cash for mastiff dog or bitch; collar (value \$5) for bitch in open class. Solid silver cup (value \$30) for fox-terrier dog or bitch in open class; same for dog or bitch in puppy class; dozen cakes Whitman's Unique dog soap for dog. Service of cocker spaniel Brush W. for bitch in open class, donor not to compete; \$10 for field spaniel owned by member, also the \$100 cup for the cocker spaniel in show owned by member. The National Beagle Club offers piece of silver (value \$15) for kennel of 4 beagles owned and entered by one exhibitor a member of the club, also piece of silver (value \$10) for dog owned by member, same for bitch; dozen bottles Whitman's Unique mange cure for bitch; \$5 for smallest in puppy class over 4 months. Five dollars cash for the best brace of bulldogs, dogs or bitches, owned by one person or kennel. Five dollars cash for pug dog in open class, same for bitch. Ten dollars cash for largest dog in miscellaneous class.—C. M. MUNHALL, Sec'y.

SPECIALS FOR BEAGLES AT BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following special prizes for beagles have been offered at the New England Kennel Club's show at Boston by a friend of the National Beagle Club: A suitable piece of silver, valued at \$10, for the best beagle bitch, having the best field trial record. A suitable piece of silver, value \$10, for the best beagle bitch that started in the N. B. C. field trials. A suitable piece of silver, value \$10, for the best beagle puppy sired by champion Bannerman.—HUB-BITE.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Dimple and Trize. By D. B. Kelton, Holyoke, Mass., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch and dog, whelped Jan. 4, by Ned Kelton (Dash II.—Fan) out of Gladys.

Lady Joan instead of Our Joan. By Mercer & Middleton, Ottawa, Can., for Clumber spaniel bitch, by Boss III. out of Lady Judy.

Signo. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped Feb. 27, 1891, by Spokane (champion) Kash—Lady Thora) out of Lady Verne (Joe II.—Mandie).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Zimmer's Blue Belle—Fairy Lee. J. M. Barnes's (North Adams, Mass.) beagle bitch Zimmer's Blue Belle (Blue Cap II.—Constance) to George Lyick's Fairy Lee (Lee II.—Fairy), March 6.

Gladys—Ned Kelton. C. E. Bidwell's (Holyoke, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Gladys (Munkland Ranger—Buelas) to D. B. Kelton's Ned Kelton (Dash II.—Fan), Nov. 4.

Squaw—Kaiser. J. F. Campbell's (Montreal, Can.) black and tan terrier bitch Squaw (Salford—Nettle) to his Kaiser (Punch—Luce), March 10.

Fly—Kaiser. B. Wall's (Montreal, Can.) black and tan terrier bitch Fly (Othello—Sarah) to John F. Campbell's Kaiser (Punch—Luce), March 5.

Grit (formerly Rochelle Grit)—Kaiser. John F. Campbell's (Montreal, Can.) black and tan terrier bitch Grit (formerly Rochelle Grit) (champion) Buffalo General—Meersbrook Girl) to his Kaiser (Punch—Luce), March 18.

Mollie—Champion Red Rover. Theo. J. Hook's (Rome, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Mollie (Carlo—Beauty) to his champion Red Rover (Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), Jan. 29.

Topsy S.—Champion Red Rover. O. S. Sykes's (Alexandria Bay, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Topsy (Snapp—Walkill Bess) to Theo. J. Hook's champion Red Rover (Obo II.—Woodstock Dinah), March 7.

Donna—Champion Rockingham. Rosecroft Kennels' English setter bitch Donna (Yale Belton—Forest Dora) to F. Windholz's champion Rockingham, March 4.

Champion Lady Bromine—Champion Johnny, Mercer & Middleton's Clumber spaniel bitch champion Lady Bromine to their champion Johnny.

Lady Belle—Johnny, Jr. Mercer & Middleton's Clumber spaniel bitch Lady Belle to their champion Johnny, Jr.

Lady Judy—Champion Boss III, Mercer & Middleton's Clumber spaniel bitch Lady Judy to their champion Boss III.

Nancy Belle—Champion Boss III, Andrew Laidlaw's Clumber spaniel bitch Nancy Belle to Mercer & Middleton's champion Boss III.

Lady Joan—Champion Johnny, Mercer & Middleton's Clumber spaniel bitch Lady Joan to their champion Johnny.

Jip—Berkshire Cauton, Chas. E. Aken's (Philmont, N.Y.) English mastiff bitch Jip to Berkshire Kennels' Berkshire Cauton (champion Ilford Cauton—Countess), Feb. 15.

Berkshire Cauton—Berkshire Kennels' (Hinsdale, Mass.) English mastiff bitch Berkshire Cauton (Deborah—Demeter) to their Berkshire Cauton (champion Ilford Cauton—Countess), Jan. 18.

Jewell—Berkshire Prince, Berkshire Kennels' (Hinsdale, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Jewell (Laurian—Lofts) to their Berkshire Prince (champion Merchant Prince—champion Miranda) Jan. 17.

Hammond—Berkshire Cauton, Berkshire Kennels' (Hinsdale, Mass.) English mastiff bitch Hammond (C. J. Trux—Berkshire Zetta) to their Berkshire Cauton (champion Ilford Cauton—Countess), Jan. 23.

Berkshire Juno—Berkshire Prince, Berkshire Kennels' (Hinsdale, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Berkshire Juno (champion Merchant Prince—Nun) to their Berkshire Prince (champion Merchant Prince—Miranda), Jan. 23.

Berkshire Belle—Berkshire Prince, Berkshire Kennels' (Hinsdale, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Berkshire Belle (Belle of Lancaster—Lyra) to their Berkshire Prince (champion Merchant Prince—Miranda), Jan. 25.

Glendora—Berkshire Cauton, Berkshire Kennels' (Hinsdale, Mass.) English mastiff bitch Glendora (Col. Trux—Berkshire Zetta) to their Berkshire Cauton (champion Ilford Cauton—Countess), March 12.

Tudie—Eberhart's Cashier, H. J. Bramlage's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Tudie (Coco—Judy) to Eberhart's Cashier's Eberhart's Cashier (champion K. H. Lady Thora), March 20.

Rosa Lee—Breeze Gladstone, J. A. Hartman's (Lafayette, Pa.) English setter bitch Rosa Lee (Lacy—Ruby) to Francis G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Feb. 25.

Domino—Breeze Gladstone, Wilson Fiske's (Plainfield, N. J.) English setter bitch Domino (Rockingham—Donna) to Francis G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Feb. 27.

Gussie Bondhu—Breeze Gladstone, J. L. Sneed's (Toledo, O.) English setter bitch Gussie Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Jessie Noble) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), March 10.

Alberta G.—Breeze Gladstone, L. Shuster, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Alberta G. (Count Noble—Alphonse) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), Feb. 11.

Donna Juanita—Breeze Gladstone, James W. Wood's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) English setter bitch Donna Juanita (Rockingham—Donna) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), March 10.

Front—Breeze Gladstone, Dr. Stern's (Milwaukee, Wis.) English setter bitch Front (Drake, Jr.—Daisy) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), March 7.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Glady's, C. E. Bardwell's (Holyoke, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Glady's, Jan. 4, five (one dog), by Dr. B. Kelton's Ned Kelton (Dash II.—Fan).

Jill, Dr. Nicol's (Cookstown, Ont.) cocker bitch Jill (Doctor—Lucy), March 18, six (five dogs), by Chas. M. Nelles's champion Brant (champion Obo II.—Blackie III.).

Little Noble, F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Little Noble (Count Noble—Queen Meg), March 11, eight (five dogs), by his Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

List Noble, F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch List Noble (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone), Feb. 14, seven (four dogs), by his Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

Delaware, J. G. Gray's (Bridgeville, Md.) English setter bitch Delaware (Rock—Lacy), Feb. 9, ten, by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

Maudie III., Otto Langenberger's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Maudie III. (E. Barry—Duchess), March 20, seventeen (thirteen dogs), by K. E. Hopf's Vindex (Otho—Lakme).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Snap, Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 2, 1889, by Tenor out of Haida, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to E. D. Weller, Elmiston, Pa.

Little Duke, Jr., Snap whelp, Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 7, 1890, by Little Duke, Jr., out of Snap, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to E. D. Weller, Elmiston, Pa.

Flirt, Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 7, 1890, by Little Duke, Jr., out of Snap, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to W. H. Wood, Glenville, N. Y.

Lady Florence, Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 7, 1890, by Little Duke, Jr., out of Snap, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to Edward Beck, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Tomboy II., Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1890, by Tomboy out of Nettie, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to Edward Beck, North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Cassella, Brindle bulldog bitch, whelped Feb. 2, 1890, by Harper out of Champlain, by Woodward & Herrick, Chicago, Ill., to E. K. Austin, New York city.

Nettie, Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 29, 1888, by Mayo out of Trixy, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to J. M. Symms, Elmiston, N. Y.

Dimple, Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Jan. 4, 1891, by Ned Kelton out of Glady's, by D. B. Kelton, Holyoke, Mass., to Arthur Howard, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Nettie D. Croxeth, Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped March 9, 1887, by C. M. Croxeth out of Lo Faust, by Lewis Haight, New Berlin, N. Y., to Lyman W. Clute, South Ballston, N. Y.

Satellite, Rich tawny, white markings, rough coated St. Bernard dog, date of birth unknown, by Monk II. out of Sheila, by Dr. Levery, New York city, to A. Ritter, Long Island City.

Hero, Orange and white bulldog bitch, whelped July 30, 1889, by Jan. 3, 1889, by Tiger out of Obriest's Flora, by F. Kaiser, New York city, to A. Ritter, Long Island City.

Ino, Orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1889, by Berkshire Prince out of Jewell, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to George W. Duren, Woburn, Mass.

Berkshire Ben Flirt whelp, White, black and tan head fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 30, 1889, by Berkshire Ben out of Flirt, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Winthrop Jordan, Portland, Me.

Blue Bell III., Blue, white ticked, beagle bitch, whelped April 22, 1886, by Blue Cap II. out of Constance, to H. T. Renshaw, East St. Louis, Ill.

Lev, Orange tawny St. Bernard dog, whelped Dec. 1890, by Jarto out of —, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to W. H. Lotze, Springfield, Mass.

Duke, Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped November, 1889, by Merchant Prince out of —, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to M. Menor, Dalton, Mass.

Berkshire Prince—Berkshire Juno whelp, Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped March 1, 1889, by Berkshire Prince out of —, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to W. H. Whitney, Pittsfield, Mass.

Berkshire Prince, Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 10, 1886, by Merchant Prince out of Miranda, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to J. W. Flint, Scio, N. Y.

Bismark, White, black and white head fox-terrier dog, date of birth not given, by Landlord out of Gipsy Queen, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Dr. Niles, Northampton, Mass.

Carliotta, Fawn English mastiff bitch, whelped October, 1888, by Berkshire Cauton out of Lady Belle, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Du Brutz Cutton, Jr., Wilmington, N. C.

Berkshire Countess, Fawn English mastiff bitch, whelped September, 1889, by Berkshire Cauton out of Berkshire Zetta, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Du Brutz Cutton, Jr., Wilmington, N. C.

Emperor Napoleon, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 9, 1889, by Berkshire Cauton out of Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Du Brutz Cutton, Jr., Wilmington, N. C.

Berkshire Cauton—Lady Belle whelp, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped Oct. 24, 1889, by Berkshire Cauton out of Lady Belle, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to two dogs to James G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y., and one dog to H. C. Hall, Hudson, Mich.

Berkshire Cauton—Glendora whelp, Fawn English mastiff dog and bitch, whelped July 1, 1890, by Berkshire Cauton out of Glendora, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., dog to J. G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y., and bitch to J. W. Flint, Scio, N. Y.

Berkshire Cauton—Zulu whelp, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped March 1, 1890, by Berkshire Cauton out of Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to J. G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

Carroll, Brindle English mastiff bitch, whelped March 14, 1887, by Cromwell Doom out of Ashmont Fawn, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to James G. Burns, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lu Dar, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped March 4, 1890, by Berkshire Cauton out of Zulu, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Geo. F. Rollock, Stony Man, Va.

Carliotta, Fawn English mastiff bitch, whelped Oct. 5, 1888, by Berkshire Cauton out of Lady Belle, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Geo. F. Rollock, Stony Man, Va.

Berkshire Cauton—Berkshire Zetta whelp, Fawn English mastiffs, by Berkshire Cauton out of Berkshire Zetta, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., one bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1889, to L. M. Benice, Waukon, Ia.; one dog, whelped March 4, 1890, to Wm. A. Bragdon, Portsmouth, N. H., and one dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1890, to E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass.

Berkshire Cauton—Patience whelp, Fawn English mastiff bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1890, by Berkshire Cauton out of Patience, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to W. B. Underhill, Carthage, N. Y.

Berkshire Cauton—Old Lill whelp, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped March 1890, by Berkshire Cauton out of Old Lill, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass.

Berkshire Cauton—Carliotta whelp, Fawn English mastiff dogs, whelped June 23, 1890, by Berkshire Cauton out of Carliotta, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., two dogs to E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass.

Berkshire Cauton—Carroll whelp, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1889, by Berkshire Cauton out of Carroll, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to F. W. Legg, Woburn, Mass.

Berkshire Chief, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 6, 1889, by Berkshire Cauton out of Berkshire Zetta, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Robert Exley, Providence, R. I.

Zulu, Fawn English mastiff bitch, whelped November, 1886, by Donald out of Maid of Athens, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to Joseph Trenger, Davenport, Ia.

Prince, Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped March 7, 1890, by Berkshire Cauton out of Berkshire Zetta, by Berkshire Kennels, Hinsdale, Mass., to A. E. Chamberlin, Dalton, Mass.

Yolande, Black greyhound bitch, whelped July 2, 1890, by Memon out of Harmony, by Woodhaven Kennels, Long Island, N. Y., to H. W. Lacy, New York.

Ben, Black and tan ferrier dog, whelped Aug. 6, 1890, by Buffalo General out of Buffalo Lass, by A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., to A. W. Ferguson, Buffalo, N. Y.

Signo, Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1890, by Bradford Ruby II. out of Pearl, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to C. F. Borden, Winchester, Tenn.

Carliotta II., Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Feb. 27, 1891, by Spokane out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to H. H. Lyons, Guthrie Center, Ia.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

G. DE C.—Will you kindly inform me the best way to enrich the color of an Irish setter whose coat is extremely bad? Ans. If you mean in color, we do not know but good grooming every day and plenty of exercise will work wonders toward putting a gloss on.

A. B. C., Washington, D. C.—I have a setter bitch that has a bad case of red mange. I have tried several mange mixtures without any beneficial results; can you recommend any treatment for her? I think that she needs internal treatment, with external applications combined. Ans. Take two quarts of lard oil, half a pound of black antimony, and half a pound of sulphur lac; mix and apply well all over, keeping the dog in a warm place. After two or three days wash off.

H. R., Saginaw, Mich.—Please inform me through the columns of your paper what is the matter with my two-year-old setter dog, and give treatment for same. He is thin in flesh and his coat is in poor condition. He acts lively and healthy around the yard, and has wonderful appetite, but when taken alone he shows his trouble. For the first two or three hours he hunts well, but after that he begins to slacken up his gait until he is unable to walk, and then lies down refusing to follow. After resting fifteen or twenty minutes he is again able to follow along slowly. After this the spell comes on and he stands still, his hindparts gradually sink to the ground. He has had this trouble for about five months. His reputation is such that I cannot think he had worms. I gave him 60 grs. areca nut on an empty stomach, but he only passed two thin pinkish worms; they were about 3 in. in length and pointed at both ends. Ans. Try again for worms. Give santonine in two grain doses in lard three times a day; after the third day give a large tablespoonful of castor oil and report result.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

SUGGESTIONS continue to flow in about the revolver test for the determination of the amateur championship of this country. It is not likely that there will be any material change in the conditions of the match. With the distance at 20 yds. and a measurement target capable of gauging the distances of shots down to the closest fraction there will be but little chance of ties, and there will be opportunity for the closest of holding. Again, at this distance the medium line is struck between the indoor and outdoor distance. It is a poor gallery indeed which cannot give a range of 60 ft., and at an open range with any but the heaviest of arms it is a gamble against the weather in the scores which may be made. By indoor shooting it will be possible to have the trial tests and the final record scores all made under exactly the same conditions, even though they should be shot at various times and on different galleries. It is not to be a test of endurance, and it will be just as satisfactory to have a result of say ten or a dozen inches in the three selected targets of six shots each out of the five scores fired as it would be to have a high sounding total of 900 out of a possible 1,000.

Dr. Pryor, who is Director of Shooting in the New York Manhattan Athletic Club, stands in the first rank of the amateur revolver shots of the metropolis. He advises as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I offer the following suggestions as to the conditions of the forthcoming revolver match for the championship of America. Distance, 50 yds.; number of shots, 50, in strings of 10 shots; Sin, bullseye, American standard decimal target; the match to be shot outdoors on a certain fixed day, and open to the amateur world, as every other championship should be, and as most of them are; the definition of amateur in connection with this match to be made the same as that of amateur in billiards or amateur in shotgun competitions. The position should be strictly off-hand; the arm used should be a revolver of not less than five chambers; length of barrel not greater than 30 in., with open sights; any trigger-pull, any weight of arm; any kind of ammunition; any caliber. The object of the above conditions being to embrace the kinds of arms most used in this country, and consequently the conditions would appeal to most revolver shots as just.

I take it that the competition will be held outdoors. If such is the case, the distance at which it is shot should assuredly be greater than the gallery distances. Again, what is the use of preliminary trial? Why not have fixed days and advertise the event under certain definite conditions, at a certain known target, and let all shooters interested come and compete? Poor shots will keep away.

If you limit your shots to 6, or even 20, the endurance of the shooter is not taxed in any way. I know that the men from the

West would prefer a distance greater than the one you mention, and the outdoor shooters in the East are used to 30 yds.

WM. R. PRYOR, Director of Shooting, M. A. C. MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB, NEW YORK, March 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to the pistol competition, the members of the St. Louis Pistol Club, while heartily in favor of the tournament believe that the number of shots should not be less than fifty. A half dozen shots is no test of the accuracy of a shooter, as most any time good scores are accidentally made when only a few shots are had. The opinion is also expressed that the shooting should be under cover, so as to have uniform conditions, and that each party who proposes to enter the tournament should forward his name to FOREST AND STREAM along with the name of some responsible party who is to act as referee for his shooting and make oath to his report. Only in this way, St. Louis pistol shooters think, that sufficient safeguards can be thrown around shooters to prevent a repetition of what has happened at previous tournaments. ABERDEEN.

THE REES RIFLE.

A few days ago an exhibition with ball cartridges was given by the Rees Automatic Rifle invented by Frank Rees. In a word the weapon is wound up much as a time piece, with a large coil main spring in the stock, and then with the weapon at the shoulder, the shooter has but to press and repress the trigger, to have the magazine exhaust itself. The speed is about as rapid as one can count aloud. The trial, which was with .44 calibre cartridges, was a success so far as showing the working of a wonderfully rapid arm. In speaking of his invention, Mr. Rees said, "The advantage possessed by this rifle over other weapons in the market, is that it requires no effort but a single pull of the trigger to load and fire it and eject the empty shell; each successive pull of the trigger repeating this complete operation. The loading, firing, and ejecting of the empty shell is practically instantaneous, and so quickly done that the motion of the mechanism cannot be seen by the eye."

The automatic action is obtained by simply inserting a spring in the breach of the gun and by ingenious mechanisms allowing the spring to do the work usually performed by hand. This is a great advantage, as it secures speed, safety, and accuracy; and prevents careless work under excitement.

The gun has about the same number of parts as the Winchester and other similar rifles, and it is estimated that with proper machinery it can be manufactured at about the same cost.

A brief and simple outline of the action of the mechanism is as follows:

"The mainspring is wound by turning a crank arm about six revolutions, and the gun is then ready to fire twenty-five shots without further attention."

"When the trigger is pulled, the mainspring is released, and with its box revolves, the spool on this box, engaging in chain belt, cause it to revolve the sprocket wheel, which wheel and tumbler by its connecting link moves back and forward the bolt with its extractor hooks. The carrier is made to revolve at the instant the bolt is drawn back and out of it, by the cog teeth on the tumbler working on a pinion on the carrier shaft."

"A cartridge inserted in the magazine is pressed back into the lower chamber of the carrier, which carrier revolving one-half turn, brings the cartridge up to the breech or barrel, the bolt then coming forward, shoves the cartridge into the barrel, when the firing pin strikes and fires it; the bolt then being drawn back, draws out the empty shell by its extractor hooks, and the carrier revolving throws out the empty shell."

"The safety catch, which is the pressure of the thumb in starting the trigger, is a marked improvement on this rifle, rendering it safe at all times, and experts have approved this special feature of the invention as worthy of being applied to almost any other form of rifle or shot gun. The gun is also easily cleaned and with no openings when not in use. It is finely balanced and with scarcely a perceptible kick or recoil."

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—Although the weather was unfavorable the attendance at Harbor View to-day was very large and the marksmen made up in enthusiasm for the lacking pleasantness of the weather. The atmosphere was very thick and heavy, and as a consequence the smoke from the marksmen's rifles lay low in the range, and often obscured the targets from view.

The winners of the first fourteen prizes in the prize shoot of the Germania did some good work and made very fine scores. It often happened during the day that it was impossible to tell who would be high, so close did the scores run. The names of the winners are as follows:

A Strecker.....96 J. Utischig.....91 C. Heeth.....89 F. Kuhnle.....94 R. Finking.....90 F. O. Young.....89 D. W. McLaughlin.....92 Dr. Rogers.....90 Ed. Klotz.....88 G. He.....92 F. Altinger.....89 Leo Hoyer.....88 F. J. McCoy.....91 W. Glindemann.....89

The members of the California Club were out in force for their last shoot at Harbor View. In a few weeks they will throw open their new park to the public and expect to show many fine scores as a result of the change. The contest to-day was a bullseye shoot and all shots that were not placed within a circumference of 3 in. from the center were counted as misses.

The California Club cadets were on hand and took part in a medal and bullseye shoot. The winners of medals for the cadet class were Gus Glindemann, with 398 rings; and L. Reubold won the second class medal, with 364 rings.

The Turners' shooting section brought out a large number of men to compete for medals. The shooting was excellent and many members scored more than 400 points. The members who, by their good shooting, carried off the medals, with their scores, are as follows: Champion medal, George Helm, 428 rings; first class, L. Finking, 398; second class, L. Thierbach, 403; third class, L. Bruner, 339.

The contest for the champion medal of the Turners proved to be one of the most exciting events which has taken place at the butts for some time. Utischig, Kuhnle and Helm pressed each other hard, and each went to work with redoubled determination of coming out winner. So close did these marksmen keep to each other's score that it could not be told until the last shot was fired who would be the winner. George Helm proved to be the lucky man with the good score of 423 rings, John Utischig scored 425 and F. Kuhnle 423.

Many of the clubs had a long farewell to Harbor View to-day. In future all the clubs which hold their Harbor View their meeting place will shoot at the new park near San Rafael.

NEWARK, N. J., March 16.—The Essex Amateur Rifle Club wound up its tournament matches to-night by defeating the Oaklands, thus giving the Essex team the splendid record of sixteen matches won and none lost. This gives the team first prize in the tournament, besides giving it the right to hold for one year the handsome silver ice pinner, known as the "Our Own Trophy," presented to the United Amateur Rifle Association by the Our Own Rifle Club last season. The record of the Essex duplicates last season's record of the Howard team in having a clean run of victories although the Howards had eleven clubs to contend against, winning twenty-two consecutive matches.

BOSTON, March 21.—The regular shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day in a mild northeast gale. The scores:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.
F. Carter.....83 A. G. Stevens.....76 A. S. Hunt.....70 F. C. Bridge.....80 I. B. Thomas.....71 W. C. Prescott.....65 W. Charles.....79 M. T. Day.....71 J. C. Hobbs.....66 A. Maynard.....78

All-Comers' Rest Match.
M. R. Barter.....95 C. W. Snow.....90 J. B. Hobbs.....90

TORONTO, March 12.—The fifth match of the Canadian Off-Hand Rifle Association was shot to-day over the different ranges in the Province of Ontario. There were 12 teams competing and 8 riflemen shot for the silver trophy. The day was one of the worst for close shooting, as a most terrific snowstorm raged from land and east went to work with redoubled determination of coming out winner. In consequence none had any advantage so far as weather was concerned, and yet some remarkable shooting was done. Aurora as usual took first place in team match and W. W. Wood, of Orillia, swept the board for trophy with a score of 98 out of a possible 100. The following are the scores made, 6 men per team, 10 shots each, 100 and 20 yds., team possible 600.

1st Orillia.....503 Byrd Inlet.....430 Athol.....410 2nd Orillia.....493 Midland.....407 Finch.....381 3rd Orillia.....489 Bolton.....423 Perry Sound.....382 4th Orillia.....465 Barrie.....423 King City.....353

The sixth match will be shot on Friday, April 10.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 18.—Some very good off-hand scores were made in the shoot of the Onondaga Rifle Club at their Valley range this afternoon, but the best match was particularly brilliant. The records on the whole, however, were worthy of the skilled marksmen who participated in the contest. The scores follow:

Off-Hand Match.												
Dalley.....	8	7	6	7	8	6	10	10	75			
Stillman.....	8	6	5	9	10	6	9	6	74			
Ball.....	5	6	8	8	8	9	7	7	45			
Ward.....	7	7	8	6	9	8	6	9	2-70			
Lathrop.....	7	10	7	10	5	7	4	3	5-62			
Smith.....	8	10	6	8	4	5	7	10	6-48			
Cately.....	6	5	4	5	4	5	7	10	5-58			
Leighton.....	5	8	7	8	6	5	10	5	5-67			
Koehler.....	8	8	8	9	2	2	6	5	8-33			
Dr Coon.....	8	1	5	9	2	2	0	0	5-83			
Kest Match.												
Ball.....	11	10	8	12	9	10	9	7	7-91			
Ward.....	6	12	12	9	10	7	10	8	8-92			
Smith.....	7	10	7	7	9	8	7	8	7-74			
Robotham.....	7	11	8	7	7	12	8	9	8-85			
Rupp.....	9	8	9	9	8	10	10	8	8-87			
Cately.....	8	10	0	12	9	8	3	0	8-87			
Leighton.....	8	10	8	9	9	10	10	11	9-94			
Koehler.....	7	8	9	12	12	11	10	10	9-96			
Spies.....	8	7	9	7	5	8	7	9	6-72			
Dr Coon.....	8	5	7	5	11	6	6	5	5-66			

PRIZES AT BISLEY.—The report of the finances of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain shows into what a large concern the shooting for the night of the rifle men has grown. The revenue account for 1890 shows that the subscriptions and donations of all kinds, including the sum appropriated for the Mullens' prizes, amounted to £3,944 7s. 6d., as against only £3,181 15s. in 1889. Various receipts (other than those directly connected with the shooting), including "gate money," rents and many other items, produced £2,301 13s. The corresponding amount in 1889 was £2,324 6s. 1d. The competitors contributed directly in entrance fees, payments for advertisements, "blowing-off" tickets and fines £17,438 18s. 6d.; in 1889 £18,833 15s. 7d. The gross total of receipts for 1890 was therefore £24,573 19s., as against £24,702 11s. 11d. in 1889. The working expenses of 1890, including the sum set apart for depreciation, amounted to £10,318 2s. 11d. In 1889 the corresponding amount was £10,880 4s. 6d. The amount given in prizes last year was £14,530 5s. 81.; in 1889, £15,430 8s. 3d. The percentage of entrance fees, returned in prizes amounted to 29 1/2 per cent., a larger proportion than has been given since 1856. The revenue account shows a deficit of only £71 12s. 7d. upon the working of the year.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.—The following officers were elected at the recent annual meeting of the New York German Gun Club: J. H. Bosenacker, President; F. Huff, Vice-President; J. Schlicht, Secretary; J. P. Dannefeller, Treasurer; F. Sauter, shooting master. President Bosenacker presented a handsome medal to the club, the marksmen making the highest aggregate score in three shoots to retain it at the end of the year. The shooting rules as adopted and printed by the club are very explicit, and will make disputes an impossibility in the future.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blank prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

- March 24-25.—Detroit Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. \$1,000 guaranteed.
- April 9-11.—Annual Tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J.
- April 28-30.—New Loudon (or New Haven) Inter-State Association.
- May 5-6.—Albion (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John B. Smith, Sec'y.
- May 5-7.—Pittsburgh Tournament. Open to all. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y.
- May 5-7.—Albion, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament. \$500 guaranteed. Professionals barred. Chas. W. Brister, Sec'y.
- May 5-9.—Grand Tournament of the Hill City Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss. Open to all. Geo. H. Hill, Sec'y.
- May 12-14.—Grand Tournament of the South Side Gun Club, at Watertown, N. Y. Open to all. L. H. Prentice, Sec'y.
- May 13-16.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Three days targets. One day live birds. H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y.
- May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Club gives \$1,000, Association guarantees \$1,000, total \$2,000.
- June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.
- June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.

GOING TO A SHOOT.

ONEIDA, N. Y., March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having received a programme from the managers of a shoot to be held at Athens on St. Patrick's Day, and not having shot a gun since the tournament at Canastota on the day appointed by the Governor to give thanks, I concluded to attend. At Canastota I sauntered toward the forward part of the train and asked the conductor if I could ride a horse as he bore us on a wild heeled him, but it is strictly against the rules. You might get a pass by asking the Superintendent. "Don't need any pass; got a ticket." "Did not mean a pass, but a permit." "What would he do if I should get up there?" "Put you off, I presume." Looking at the engineer, I made up my mind he could do it. But I resolved to "cheek" it. Handing my ticket to be punched, I remarked, "I will venture it." Just at this moment the train for which we had been waiting thundered up, and taking advantage of the noise and confusion, I stepped into the cab and took a seat on the fireman's side. I doubt very much whether the man of the throttle noticed me, for his attention was taken up by the bustle outside. I heard the signal given and soon we began to move out of the village. Just at this moment I met the kindly eyes of the engineer fixed upon me and in ten seconds he bore us on a wild heeled him. He made no remark and I felt a little relieved. Soon the village was left behind and we commenced the hill climbing. At first the cuts and fills were not deep; and over this serpentine course we continued to climb up and up, 75ft. and more to the mile. Soon Clockville station was passed and a straight piece of road met the eye; this was soon passed and we commenced the climb of 100ft. in about 12 miles. The cuts grew more numerous and as we twisted in and out (for the bank was mostly on our side), now running directly toward a precipice, down which yawned a chasm 100ft. or more, now heading directly toward the wall of stone on the other side. The ride grew more enchanting each moment. Not a word had been spoken by the three occupants; only the clatter of the iron wheels as they bore us on a wild heeled him. The rail was in good condition and the wheels hugged the iron. As I looked down the bank I said to myself, Verily 'tis but a step to eternity. Something in my countenance must have shown the engineer the thoughts passing through my mind, for I caught him looking at me and he said, "Don't be afraid, there is no danger; I have been here thousands of times and never went down there."

When we reached the summit what a view met my gaze! To the right of me was Oneida Lake, whose frozen waters glistened in the morning sunlight; to the left a black cloud hung over that part of the horizon; ahead of us the rounded hills of Woodstock could be seen. Our ascent had been slow but sure. Now the pack had quickened, and one glowed down the steep descent and the rounded corners as easy as one rolls a penny on a floor. Once more the regular and even breathing of the locomotive could be heard. The village of Cazenovia was soon reached and we glided into the depot. The word was given and we moved out. A change had come over the face of Nature; the black cloud had spread itself over the entire heavens and a fleecy speck now and then fell silently to the ground. We had not proceeded a mile when the storm struck us in all its fury. One could not see a car length ahead. The situation was novel but not very reassuring, for at any moment we might run against some passing team at the crossings or into one of the boulders which often break loose and tumble upon the track. Before a dozen miles had been left behind the worst of the storm was over. Heard two long and short whistles, denoting that a road crossing was near; then I

saw those four motions—the shoving in of the throttle, reversing the lever, applying the air and blowing the whistle—and all done far quicker than it has been told. A sudden stop almost threw me through the window; and on the track directly in front of us was what to me at that time (so small did all appear) seemed a baby wagon drawn by two setter dogs, but which proved to be a lumber wagon and a pair of bay horses. So near did we come to striking them that I could almost have touched the wagon by leaning out of the side window. Only for the promptitude of the engineer this man would, no doubt, have been in a different land. Our speed was so great that it was impossible completely to stop the train. Glancing toward the man of the lever, I saw his face was as white as the snow. He said that he never struck a man in his life and the glance of his eye, which had assumed a far different character from its usual placid one, added emphasis to his words. But I was positive that I could catch that man he would stop this train and give him a good pounding. The next morning, at Athens, dawned bright and beautiful, not a bit of wind disturbed the smoke as it curled heavenward. The grounds of the club are situated on the Hair property. Three traps were used, rapid-firing system. Our friend Park got disappointed about the live birds, and only three constituted the shot. The boundary was only 80yds., and all were so anxious to get there quickly that the shooting was not good, only one man killing the whole of them, taking first money; those with 2 kills to their credit divided second; and those who had 1 only shot it out, and every one missed their bird excepting Crittenden, who captured the third prize. A good many of the birds were hit hard and dropped dead outside the 30yds.

Ten single kingbirds, entrance 75 cents:												
Sheriden.....	010110101-6	Norton.....	010110101-3									
McCormick.....	100001011-6	Park.....	010110101-3									
Purcell.....	010101010-5	Stacy.....	001001000-3									
Crittenden.....	111010101-8	Vail.....	011000001-3									

Ten single kingbirds, entrance \$1:												
Purcell.....	000101010-6	Norton.....	001111111-8									
McCormick.....	101111111-9	Crittenden.....	001111111-8									
Sheriden.....	101010111-8	Park.....	111111111-9									

Ten single kingbirds, entrance \$1:												
Sheriden.....	111010111-9	Norton.....	111101101-8									
McCormick.....	100101011-6	Crittenden.....	111011111-9									
Purcell.....	110101011-8	Park.....	110110111-8									
Vail.....	110101010-6	Stacy.....	001000011-4									

Fifteen single kingbirds, entrance \$1.50:												
Sheriden.....	1101101100110-11	McCormick.....	1110001011111-11									
Norton.....	1101101111100-12	Purcell.....	1111000101101-11									
Crittenden.....	0011111100111-11	Park.....	1101111111111-15									
Von Wolftradt.....	0010101011000-9											

Ten single kingbirds, entrance 75 cents:												
Montague.....	5	Crittenden.....	5	Park.....	6							
Snyder.....	9	Norton.....	9	Brown.....	1							
Sheriden.....	9	McCormick.....	9	Wolftradt.....	4							
Dettrich.....	8	Purcell.....	8	Sheriden.....	8							

Twenty single kingbirds, entrance \$2:												
Purcell.....	15	Park.....	20	Norton.....	14							
Snyder.....	18	Keys.....	17	Vail.....	9							
McCormick.....	18	Sheriden.....	16									

Ten single kingbirds, entrance \$1:												
Heckman.....	5	McCormick.....	7	Norton.....	8							
Dettrich.....	6	Montague.....	7	Keys.....	6							
Snyder.....	9	Park.....	8	Sheriden.....	7							
Brown.....	2	Purcell.....	5	Murrelle.....	6							
Vail.....	6	Wolftradt.....	6									

Ten single kingbirds, entrance \$1.25:												
Keys.....	7	Albert.....	4	Dettrich.....	6							
McCormick.....	9	Purcell.....	7	Snyder.....	10							
Park.....	9	Montague.....	9	Norton.....	10							
Sheriden.....	9	Fritz.....	2	Heckman.....	8							
Wolftradt.....	6											

Ten single kingbirds, entrance \$1.25:												
Sheriden.....	6	Fritz.....	1	Keys.....	7							
Montague.....	6	Snyder.....	9	Dettrich.....	8							
McCormick.....	9	Stacy.....	5	Park.....	9							
Albert.....	6	Heckman.....	8	Wolftradt.....	6							

BERGEN GUN CLUB TROPHY—A PROTEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The following appeared in the N. Y. Sun of March 22, and is substantially correct:
"The Bergen Gun Club won a handsome trophy, put up by 'Uncle Billy' Taylor some two years ago in the Suffern Gun Club's tournament, and decided to give the same cup as a prize in a series of team matches, with the understanding that the Suffern Gun Club would not participate. The initial match was open to all regularly organized gun clubs in Bergen and Passaic counties, N. J., and Rockland and Orange counties, N. Y., under following conditions: Teams of 8 men each, to shoot at 25 bluebirds, under A. rules, the team winning the cup in the first match to have the privilege of fixing the date for the next contest inside of sixty days from the opening shoot at their own grounds, the trophy to become finally the property of the club winning it three times. The first contest took place in the rain at the Bergen Gun Club's grounds, Cherry Hill, N. J., yesterday, the following four teams entering: Excelsior Gun Club, of Pearl River; Spring Hill Gun Club, of Blairstown; Boiling Spring Gun Club, of Rutherford, and Suffern Gun Club, of Suffern. When the Spring Hill men saw the strong array of the Suffern men, including such men as Capt. Jones, E. Post, Enoch Miller and J. Riggott, they packed up their guns and went home disgusted. The Excelsior Club, although only in existence for two years, claimed the services of Van Riper, who has been a member of the Boiling Spring Club for five years. The captain of the Rutherford team, Van Riper for his own team, and although the Excelsiors had a large number of members on hand, they refused to enter unless Van Riper shot on their side. This left the Suffern and Boiling Spring men alone in the race, the match resulting in a victory for Suffern by 3 points only. W. Taylor, Jr., of the Suffern Club, made the highest score, 22 out of 25. The result, Suffern Gun Club—Taylor 22, Capt. Jones 21, Post 22, Miller 20, Riggott 19, Blackledge 19, Friedman 17, J. J. Blaustein 14; total 158, average 19.75. Boiling Spring Gun Club—Chaffee 21, Outwater 21, Collins 21, Van Riper 19, Hollister 18, Peck 18, Klees 17, James 15, total 150; average 18.75."

The immediate result of the fizzle therein described is the following letter addressed to Wm. Taylor, Jr., captain of the so-called Suffern Gun Club, by C. H. Taylor, captain of the Spring Hill Gun Club, located at Blairstown, Rockland county, N. J., a station on the West Shore R. R. about twenty miles from this city:
"NEW YORK, March 21.—Wm. Taylor, Jr., Captain, etc.: Friend Billy—I was much astonished at your action in bringing experts to the shoot on Bergen Club grounds to-day. I think you have made a mistake in sending your players to the Bergen Club, where you do to-day. If you keep those men in your club and have them shoot at your own club practice and holiday matches, they will keep your own men away at ruin your club. If you have them only for fighting purposes then you will find you will get no more challenges or chances to fight. The Spring Hill Gun Club can be counted out of any such contests. We must not kick against an extra good man on any team, but the spectacle of C. D. Miller, John Riggott, Capt. Cranmer, etc., all on one team and that only eight men strong cannot go with us. The Spring Hill Club is ready any time to contest its own club members against any other team composed of amateurs, and have never refused to shoot before to-day, but we feel the time has come to protest against an exhibition of this kind—it will kill any club in short time. In conclusion, my duty is plain; in view of the fact that this evil of importing or transporting men (some of your team came nearly forty miles by rail) seems to be growing, and desiring to do what I can to stop it, I hereby resign as a member of the Suffern Gun Club, such resignation to take effect immediately. I am, yours truly, C. M. HATHAWAY."
And now, as the matter has made up will, I think, prove interesting. Here you are: Capt. Jones (or Cranmer) belongs to the Newark Gun Club, and when asked on alighting from the train what team or club he would shoot with answered "he did not know." E. Post is a member of Bergen Club, Pearl River Club, and may be of the Rutherford Club. E. D. Miller hails from Springfield, Conn., and was formerly of the M. & E. R. R. of the same club but lives further away from us than he is from us from Rockaway, N. J. Blackledge belongs to every club that F. Post does. So does Friedman and J. J. Blaustein. Comment is unnecessary. The Boiling Spring Club team is open to same criticism in part. Chaffee is a member of every club that F. Post belongs to. Van Riper is ditto, and everybody knows where Eddy Collins belongs; he is a footer from away back. The rest of their team is properly composed of their own members.
Need any more be said? Two clubs, out of four on the grounds all ready to shoot, decline to take a hand in the farce, and the good intentions of the Bergen men "gone to seed." How valuable is that cup now to the victors? Better fill it with good intentions and wrap it up in regrets and lay it away; silver tarnishes easily.
NEW YORK, March 23.
AD VANCE.

BROOKLYN TRAPS.

BROOKLYN, March 18.—Dexter Park, L. I., was occupied by the Emerald Gun Club, to-day. Twenty-one faced the traps and shot at birds in two classes for two club medals at 10 birds each. Emerald Gun Club rules. The summary of the shoot is as follows: P. Bulb, 3, G. Noyak 9, H. Leddy 6, J. Malesel 6, L. C. Gehring 6, Dr. Hudson 8, M. J. Quinn 2, E. Doenck 6, R. Regan 7, T. Purcell 10, G. Remsen 5, M. Murphy 7, H. Thau 7, D. E. Dowling 4, T. Bradv 6, G. T. Henry 5, P. J. Keenan 0, C. M. Hathaway 7, Cody 4, J. H. Voss 9, N. Malesel 4. Referee, Hugh Leddy, of Montclair, N. J. Scorer, T. Purcell.

The Eric Basin Gun Club shoot at Woodlawn Park, L. I., to-day drew eleven members only. The club is not a very large one, but it has some good shots. They shot at 7 birds each, Hurlingham rules, and C. Plato and M. Alesser made a straight score. In the shoot-off Plato killed 3 more straight and won the club badge. The score of the shoot is as follows: C. Jericho 8, J. Grief 7, C. Plato 10, H. Dohmen 5, J. Schmiedel 5, W. Schilke 7, F. J. Jowoski 1, M. Alesser 9, J. Plato 5, D. Lynch 5, G. Luhrsens 6. A sweepstakes at 5 birds each, 25yds. rise, was divided by C. Plato and J. Schmiedel, with a score of 7 each. C. Jericho took second money and J. Plato third money. Referee, H. W. Blattmacher.

The Phoenix Gun Club is the most conservative shooting club on Long Island. It is limited to ten members, and they only have six shoots in a year. They shoot at 15 live birds each, Long Island rules, 25yds. rise, H. and T. traps, but with the use of the second barrel to score as a kill. To-day the ten members of the club shot at Dexter Park, and very fine shooting was done, as only one man of the ten failed to score double figures. The president of the club, Dr. Freilich, and Ed Madison each killed 15 straight, and then congratulated one another. There is no club medal, but the trophy that is awarded after each shoot is a silver cup. The shoot was enjoyed. The score is as follows: Dr. Freilich 15, A. Rutan 12, Madison 15, P. Gardner 9, W. Hughes 11, M. Brown 15, W. Smith 14, A. Botty 12, J. Akhmet 13, J. Henry 13.

A team shoot at 5 bluebirds, four men on a side, was won by Capt. Botty's side with a score of 14 against Capt. Freilich's side with a score of 6.

March 20.—Members of the Falcon Gun Club had any amount of fun and sport at Dexter Park to-day. In the regular club shoot at live birds Herrmann won the club badge and the first prize on 9, while J. Bohling took second money on 8yds. In the subsequent bluecock sweep Herrmann, who was in excellent form, captured first prize again, Vagts second, and President Miller third. The results:
Club shoot at 10 live birds each man for the club badge and two extra prizes, old Long Island rules, a bird killed with the second barrel to count half a bird only, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary—Miller 4yds, 5 Vagts, 4yds, 5; Lager, 4yds, 5; Lemken, 5yds, 6; Doeschler, 3yds, 8; J. Moeller, 7yds, 7; Von Staden, 6yds, 7; Bohling, 8yds, 9; H. Moller, 9yds, 6; Herrmann, 9yds, 9. The first number in the score gives the number of birds as scored, the second the number of birds killed. In the club shoot at 10 live birds each man for the club badge and two extra prizes, old Long Island rules, a bird killed with the second barrel to count half a bird only, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary—Miller 4yds, 5 Vagts, 4yds, 5; Lager, 4yds, 5; Lemken, 5yds, 6; Doeschler, 3yds, 8; J. Moeller, 7yds, 7; Von Staden, 6yds, 7; Bohling, 8yds, 9; H. Moller, 9yds, 6; Herrmann, 9yds, 9. The first number in the score gives the number of birds as scored, the second the number of birds killed.

March 20.—The Lindens Grove Gun Club, a new pigeon-shooting organization, had its first shoot at Dexter Park, Long Island to-day. The club shoots for two gold medals at 7 birds each, Linden Grove Gun Club rules, 25yds. rise. The handicap for the second medal will be made at the next shoot of the club. W. Cunningham won the first medal. He used J. Link and W. Horney with 5 kills, and killed 2 more in the shoot-off. The second medal was shot for by the four—J. Braunstein, E. Eichorn, J. Landman and F. Franke. The first named won it, as he was the only one to kill in the shoot-off. A sweepstakes at 5 bluebirds was shot by 17 from the 16yds. rise; J. Link broke 4 out of 5 and won first money; J. Bach won second, with 3 out of 5; and Eichorn took third money. Referee, W. Mills.

CHICAGO TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 20.—If our friend Rola Heikes, the Western man of the standard Keystone people, who has recently acquired himself to this town, expects to win any money out here in target matches except his salary, he will have to go about it differently, for if he wins a few more races the boys will quit pestering him with him altogether. First there was Percy Stone who thought he was only 10 birds in 100 weaker than Mr. Heikes at 3 unknown traps. Result, Heikes 14, Stone 6yds, or 7yds with the 10 added. Mr. L. M. Hamline thought he ought to be about as good with two hands as Mr. Heikes was with one, and he said so deliberately. Result, Heikes 23 out of 25 with one hand, Hamline 19 with two hands and both feet. Then Andy Thomas thought about 4 targets on 50 was all he needed. Result, Heikes 48, Thomas 36, or 40 with two

Next morning such a breeze met our races on stirring out as one rarely feels, so cool and clear, and bracing. Overboard we go for a swim, then put a piece of salt pork on a hook, and in a few minutes catch a mess of small bluish fish for breakfast. They were small, but very sweet and tender and tasted good. After breakfast was cleared away we got sail up with one reef in for comfort, and that was the last time we took that reef in for the rest of the cruise, for we went it in after that.

I think no finer sail can be had than through Shelter Island Sound and into Peconic Bay, and one wonders as you sail along if the old pirates who made these small bays and bold headlands their hiding places ever appreciated the great beauty of the scenery. What tales this Sound could tell. We enjoyed every minute. Soon after starting a large catboat came along and asked us if we were from Eastern Long Island. We replied with the fact that Eastern boats were always naturally slow. This caused us to trim a little flatter, and, as a smashing breeze was blowing, we soon hauled out under his lee and gave him a chance to read our name, but he knew the tides, and for a couple of hours gave us all we wanted to do to hold our own, and but for the great power of our sails we would have been in second best. His inability to carry sail was all that saved us.

The breeze was rising and the wind looked like a change, pressing a northeaster, so when half across Peconic Bay we decided to put back and go for Sag Harbor, as it is hard heading out of Peconic Bay in a nor'easter. The run from Jessup's Neck to Sag Harbor was fully as beautiful as from Greenport to Peconic, and we hope to spend a week on that same ground this year. We tied up at Sag Harbor about dark, and did not go ashore at all that night.

Next morning being Sunday, we decided to lie quiet and spent the day very pleasantly in rambling around the old place and visiting the ruins of the great American shipyard, and of the crabs and other things that are found on the island. In the afternoon a small steam yacht lying there at the invitation of her captain, and in the conversation that followed he expatiated on the beauties of the country around the harbor. Found Cay, on the hospitable shores of the island, and good harbor. So we made up our minds to go there on the following morning and stay two or three days in that paradise of game, according to his tale. However we could have been so green if I don't see. The rest of the day we were busy with our compass and sextant on the chart and picking up information about the locality.

Early next morning we were under way, with a fresh southwest breeze. We decided to go over the shoals to the south of Gardner's Island, as that was the most direct way, and the chart gave a fair channel, although rather crooked. All went well in getting out of Sag Harbor, as there is a buoy about every hundred yards or so until clear; then we laid our course, single-reefed, down toward God's Island and near the channel as we could make it. We were in less than an hour, and two miles from the shore, on our center board, which was beat down to prevent her gripping, came up with a bang, much to the discomfort of the captain, who was astride the box at the time enjoying a smoke. We luffed in a hurry, and as soon as we could recover our senses pulled out our chart and tried to figure out how there could be two feet of water where the chart distinctly said seven or eight. The wind was blowing pretty fresh, and the white caps were plenty all over the bay; so we concluded to keep on under short sail and try and find the bottom of the channel. The water that day was clear as crystal and often cooled about thirty feet. We were sure that the bottom was not more than a yard under us, all sand and kelp, but stick an oar down and you could not touch it. All the same, it made one feel queer, for to strike there with that sea on would mean speedily pounding to pieces.

At last we made the can buoy off Napeague, and were well clear of the shoals, and in another hour or so made the headland of Fort Pond Bay. This bay is beautifully clear and deep, and free of all rocks or shoals, and the water is clear, and of a fine greenish blue color, as it is open in that direction. We looked all round for signs of the hospitable inhabitants, but could see nothing but an old shanty at the south end. Sailing down abreast of that, we cast anchor, and both turned to to get dinner. After getting our legs out of kink, we had a most enjoyable tramp over the brown hills and through the green valleys. One peculiar thing about this place was that every valley contained a little stream, and the hills and the pond of water. We enjoyed our tramp very much, and ordered a very hearty dinner, but we only got one or two plovers, and saw no ducks.

We found on turning to our boat that the wind as coming out of the dreaded northwest, but was light, and looked as if it would continue light for the night. We got supper and turned in. About 11 o'clock we heard the wind mourning through our rigging with a sound, like a pleasant sound, and found ourselves surrounded with a sea of wind. The wind was blowing from the deck, and decided to warp her in nearer shore, and make fast to an old wharf there, so we could get ashore easily in case it blew too hard, for trying to get out of the bay at night in the face of a nor'wester was out of the question. We did not sleep any too well that night, and were glad to see daylight in the morning. The wind was blowing from the west, and the sea was bad, and dropped considerably by 8 o'clock. We got breakfast and made everything snug, then concluded to get out while we could.

Putting in three reefs we made a start, and a lively time we had of it, making good enough way till we struck the heavy tide at the entrance, and then we began to lose ground and bob up and down. This would not do, so we put back and shook out a reef and tried it again. This time we got clear of the bay and headed up the beach for Napague Harbor. The wind and water took us abeam, and the way we rolled and jumped made us sick and dizzy, and the density of water close against that which did not greatly trouble us. The sail, almost new, commenced to tear at the reef grommets, and taken all in all we had enough to keep us busy.

When we made the land buoy off Napeague about noon and turned sharp around it, heading in through the narrow passage, guided by three or four birch trees stuck in the channel. The captain and the Coast Pilot both said this was a hard harbor to make, being shoal and crooked, and we certainly found it so, running on to shoals so as to touch our board at least five times in making our anchorage, but when we did get there we found a good harbor, smooth and safe for any wind.

Soon after coming to anchor we found a small carabao near us, but did not take much notice of her at the time. We were out of fresh water so I took our water ashore on Goff's Island and found a small tank of water. I asked the natives if there was any good water there? Yes, he said, good enough for him. I took some water from a pump before tasting of it, and one taste was enough till I got pretty thirsty, it was only a little less salt than the sea and had a very strong taste of dead fish. I then, yet all the persons on board, drank of it, drank enough to get us all well, we had to, but it took a good deal of coffee to take the taste away.

When I got back to the boat the crew was sitting on the stern with such a look of despair on his face I thought perhaps the bottom had fallen out of the boat. Before starting from Fort Pond I had packed everything as snug as we could, but on opening the cabin door while we were going down the beach I was appalled at the damage done. He had a nearly new pair of trousers, of a very nice light stripe, that he had kept for Sunday wear. These were on the bottom of the cabin, and a quart bottle of tomato ketchup was carefully emptied into the seat. The gun and dog were soggy. The rug, the blanket, the cover, shoes, pillow, kerosene can and all the odds and ends of a boat's stores, were all in a mass on top of them, and all well soaked from the water we had shipped, and which had splashed up when the boat leaked. Such a mess I never want to see again, and I think the men would agree with me.

The crew can do that. We managed to partially clear away and get supper; then, chattered at our neighbors on the open boat. We saw that he was an old man, and had to spend the night in the rain, it was rainy, in the open air only covered with an oilskin, and the crew pulled over and invited him aboard for a cup of coffee and something stronger. He readily came, but you can imagine our horror when, on inviting him to take a drink to warm him up, he informed us he was a Methodist minister at Sag Harbor. He had come over after beach plums, intending to stay only one day, but the blow had detained him for two already, and bid fair to for two or three more. He was a man about seventy, but rugged as a bear, and as big as a hog. He was a vigorous fellow, in his past adventures, which had been many and sometimes exciting enough. He gladly accepted our invitation to stay all night and sleep on a good mattress.

In our snug harbor we did not feel the northeast gale blowing outside, but it was quite apparent the next morning that we should have to spend the day there. Such a day as that is the greatest travail you may know—raw, drizzling, mean, no chance to get anywhere except to the fish-market, and a cold, wet, gusty day, and that and its abominable smell. Toward night the wind moderated somewhat, and our plucky old minister bade us good-bye and set out on his homeward road, with bushels of beach plums, both purple and yellow, and generously gave a pound each to the children, which were very fine eating. The last I ever saw of him he was standing up toward Sag Harbor, and handling his little boat in a rougher sea than most professionals could. His sermons were

The next two days were but monotonous repetitions of the first; eat, sleep, drink, water, play cards, and then commence all over again. The morning of the third day dawned much like its predecessors, but not so much wind. We concluded to try for Block Island, as we could fetch it by one long leg and a short one if the tide favored, and we were heartily tired of staying where

Soon after leaving land a large hammer shark came alongside and followed us for several hours, much to our discomfort. He was such a big fellow and had such a wicked look it made us feel uncomfortable, even if he could not get at us. We fired a number of shots at him but he did not seem to mind them. He would drop out of sight for some minutes, then reappear. It was nearly night when we got into Block Island Harbor, which was full of craft, hardly room enough to turn around, and the old ship was rolling in made it a mighty uncomfortable berth for the all night.

We bid the pace good-bye early in the morning and gladly started for home with a warm and pleasant breeze from the southwest, and in about four hours were in Newport. Fourteen days had passed since we left it, and we almost looked to see the place changed. We stayed here till nearly night and then started for home, arriving in good season and finding every one well and glad to see us. Our two weeks had cost us, for food, supplies, some slight repairs to sail and all money spent for pleasure \$27.10, and for that small sum two of us had a splendid time and a home feeling tough as oak knots and all ready for a year's work. We went to the small boat to cruise to the southward, nearer Montauk Point than Sag Harbor, but through Shelter Island Sound and Peconic Bay is splendid cruising ground, and both sides of Long Island Sound cannot be beaten, except perhaps by Narragansett Bay. Climbing mountains may be pleasure for some, but a good summer cruise along shore is hard to beat for solid comfort and cheapness. QUROCHEAN.

YACHT BUILDING ON THE CLYDE

THE influence of the present rule and classification in Great Britain has been to produce more boats and better boats, and the results there in three seasons have entirely disproved the likelihood of such dangers as have been foretold in case corrected length should be generally adopted in America. While building and racing have both greatly increased under the new rule, they have also followed the same course in this slightly lessening of trouble and expense of racing increase, the size of racing yachts has rapidly decreased. Thistle is now on the sale list and will not race this year. Valkyrie will probably not fit out, and the largest class promises to be the 40-raters, of about 60ft. l.w.l. Of the yachts building the majority will be in the smaller classes, from 10 to 24 feet, and of these, smaller. The centerboard has already been tried in several of these smaller boats, and the results have been successful, in spite of the yarn concerning a wonderful centerboard craft, the Archer, which has been circulating in American papers. This year, however, Mr. Watson will have real centerboard craft afloat in a class which possesses such known boats as Encore, Yvonne and Phantom, and in the hands of the tried sailor, John D. Clark. The prize money of the old Commodore Doris, so that the merits of the board are more likely to be fairly tested than ever before. We take from the *Field* the following account of building on the Clyde:

"The Clyde was never so busy building racing yachts as it is just now. There are none of the big cruising yachts which were the features of the yacht building yards years ago. There are no 60-tonners for racing, even 60-tonners are out of date on the Clyde. The Clyde is now building yachts which are called 'bushy' and are 40s and under. But the racing 40 of the period costs quite as much as the 100-tonner of some twenty years ago, and the sport has fortunately improved with the outlay. The "racing machine" which conservative yachting men regarded as an uncanny invention has been replaced by the "racing machine" which is a racing machine. Lead keels have given a new lease of life to the Clyde as the casting of lead keels has become an important industry. Some twenty years ago lead ballast was regarded as a dangerous innovation; at the present time lead keels involve the whole question of winning prizes. And it is startling to find the renouncers of lead keels among their more enthusiastic advocates."

To Mr. James Reid, of the firm of John Reid & Co., Port Glasgow, belongs the merit of understanding the full value of lead, and in the Boreas, Leander, Merle, and Florence he showed what could be done with outside ballast. All of these cutters were successful; and, if Messrs. Steele, of Greenock, had been permitted to put 60 tons of lead, as they desired, on the keel of the Garrison, the flying 90-tonner of her day, and the fore-runner of the modern keel 80's. But pre-judices had to be overcome, and a wearisome fight was. To Mr. G. L. Watson belongs the merit of following up the innovators and crushing out the crowd of yacht-racing captains as well as owners who know all about the hazards of lead keels. The 40-rater now building in Messrs. Inglis's yard at Point House, Glasgow, and the 40-rater of the Princess Augusta, are answer enough to the Clyde captains and owners who have been so long and so hazardous of all ballast. This cutter is planked up with teak and American elm below, and has a sheer strake of steel, on which the covering board will rest. She is of composite build, and shows a long overhang in her bow, as well as a lengthened counter. Like Mr. G. L. Watson's 40-rater of last year, the Crocle, she is a long, slender boat, with a low, sleek, and sleek, and all the appliances requisite for strength under the enormous strain of a lead keel weighing about 35 tons. She resembles the Crocle, in being cut away very much forward, and depending on her deep keel for holding a high wind. The cutter is altogether a Watson up to date, and presents in her prominent features an extraordinary contrast to the racing cutters of ten years ago. Up to that time the 40-rater was a flat-bottomed boat, with a flat windward; but Mr. Watson has done away with this flat, and shows in Crocle that it is not wanted.

At Fairlie, Messrs. Wm. Fife & Son have a racing 40-ton hand for Mr. John Anthony Inglis, of Point House, which cutter is planked up with teak above and American elm below, and is ready for her decks. This cutter is so far a novelty at Fairlie, that her frames, or timbers, are alternately wood and angle steel. She is, besides, strengthened with steel diagonals and straps, and is altogether a substantial sturdy vessel, and will carry a lead keel considerably over thirty tons. To join at the bows, she is designed to run forward than the Point House forty, and looks a trifle fuller aft than the quarter. But the difference in design must be very small indeed. The cutter will be put in charge of Capt. John Carter, who raced Moine, Genesta and other cutters, and has left behind him in Clyde the name of being a first-class man. While he will have an English crew, the English captain of Prince Henry's cutter, who has a large crowd of good Englishmen for cruising, but not quite up to the British standard for racing, meant. With Creole, Castanet, Deerhound, and the new 40 building at Fay's, the 40-ton matches, with five yachts under racing colors, will be ahead of the old 40s that used to give to Clyde regattas such a rare flavor of sport. Only one 20-rater is building at Fairlie, the owner of which cutter is at present unknown. This cutter will be a 20-ton vessel, and looks like a fast and handsome yacht, and it is safe to say will go along slowly. The 10-ton Dragon in any weather. A 10-rater has been planked up, and looks both powerful and fast; she is for a Welsh owner, and it is to be hoped will fly her colors among the Clyde 10-raters, which promise even better sport this coming summer than they did last, when the class was the feature of the season. Another new Fairlie cutter for the Clyde owner, Mr. Watson, who intends to keep her for cruising in the summer, but who will also have a lead keel his cutter will be quite able to hold her own in her class, which unfortunately has migrated from Clyde to Dublin Bay.

"The most numerous class of raters building at Fairlie and elsewhere in the Clyde are the 24-ton cutters. Messrs. Fife have no fewer than five of these fashionable craft in hand. Messrs. Cunningham have three, and Messrs. Brown & Co. have two. They are miniature cutters in every respect, equipped up to date, and with a dash and snatch and Princess Ida of last year, and two building at Govrock, will complete the big number of nine in one class, and still further increase the power of the Clyde in the 24-ton regatta. These new boats will be ready at the opening of the season, and the new style in which such small cutters are sailed in Clyde promises to give a new feature to the opening cruises of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. The 24-tonners were held to be the smallest class at all sail and anchor."

"At Fairlie Mr. Boyd was converting a fishing sloop into a roomy fishing yacht for Mr. Penton Livingston, and a good-looking craft he is making of her.

"At Gourck Mr. Adam is building three centerboard cutters for racing from the designs of Mr. G. L. Watson. These include one 10- and two 25-guns. The 10-rater is for Messrs. Brice and Richard Allen, Messrs. de Druze and Mr. de la Roche. This new 10-rater will be sailed by her owners in the same perfect style Doris was handled, and the value of a centerboard in such cutters will be thoroughly tested. The vessel is a great departure upon Mr. Watson's keel cutters, one of which, the Phantom, has been for seasons lying alongside, and gives opportunity for comparison. The Phantom is a 10-rater, and is a fine boat. The 10s going to windward, especially in a breeze, and the centerboard is being built to beat her, if possible. In consequence the racing of the two will have the keenest interest. The centerboard is no compromise. She has a beamy, shallow hull, with long keels, and a swinging bow; but the bow is the reverse of the middle bow. It is convex and sweeps up like a continuation of the keel in a curve that will give the cutter a very long bow above the waterline. The sternpost is heavily raked, and the length

over all must be off, or 12ft. longer than the load waistline. The lead keel is hung by angle steel floorings, and the oak frames are tied before and behind the slot for the gun metal centerboard, with angle steel floorings. The cutter is built of extra strength to stand the unusual strain, and nothing has been left to his head to assist in any weather. The longshore critics shake their heads and say that he will not win enough to give interest of time after a trial of speed. Mr. Henry Allan, also of the Allan Liners is having a 2½ centerboard built by the same designer, in Mr. Adam's yard, and another of the same build and size is being constructed in the yard for a Clyde owner. About the performance of the centerboard to great public interest of the coming Clyde season hangs, for their success a new departure is certain.

"From the design of Messrs. Pife & Son, four 18ft. cutters are being built by Mr. Robertson, of Sandbank, Holy Loch, Clyde, for Irish owners. These boats will have Bangor, in Belfast Lough, for headquarters. They are big, powerful-looking boats for their length, and they will want their power in such an anchorage as Bangor. They are half-decked, with side decks and a cockpit. For Mr. Adam Teacher, of Glasgow, Messrs. Pife are also building a similar but smaller cutter for the Holy Loch Yacht Club. This cutter will be completely decked, and a single mast will stand in the Holy Loch, where the hardest squalls in Clyde blow. The workmanship of this boat is remarkable, the planks being so perfectly fitted that no caulking is required, save a single strand of cotton laid along the center of the plank.

"At Gourock Mr. Paul Jones is building three 19ft. racing boats for the West of Scotland Yacht Club. These are to be sailed with lug sail and jib, and it is intended, by having the luggers in every way identical, that the test of speed will lay with the amateur crews. The boats have been designed by Mr. Robert Ferguson, of Glasgow, a well-known sailmaker, Greenock, and show he is a good designing yachtsman, as well as fitting sails of course. Hot racing may be expected between these boats, as well as between them and the Royal Clyde Club boats.

"The above notes do not include all the new boats building in the Clyde of small tonnage for racing and cruising purposes."

THE PROTECTION OF THE HULLS OF BY LACQUER.

BY LIEUT. J. B. MURDOCK, U. S. N.

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AMONG the many problems arising from the use of steel in naval construction, none is more important than that of protecting the under-water body of a vessel from the corrosive action of sea water. The problem is a modification of the old one of protecting the bottoms of wooden or iron vessels, as steel is much more liable to corrosion under water than iron, and steel vessels, being generally constructed of much lighter scantling, are proportionally more injured by an equal amount of chemical action. So far as the purposes of construction are concerned, no material equals steel; but if steel ships cannot be protected against the destructive action of the medium in which they must exist, the question arises whether another phase, an economical result might be obtained by reverting to iron or wood. As however, the use of steel enables the naval architect to obtain results in speed and strength and lightness of hull which are otherwise unobtainable, this reversion is practically out of the question. Steel must be used and protected.

In General Information Series No. VII, Lieut. Schreder gives a most complete and interesting résumé of the whole question of protection of the hulls of vessels. He refers on page 277 to the process of lacquering, which has been tried on several of the vessels of the Japanese navy, but without giving any details. It has been tried on the gunboat *Yamaguchi*, but it was not successful, and to receive from him quite full information as to his process of lacquering; and I have also had an opportunity, through the courtesy of the officials of the Yokosuka dockyard, of inspecting two of the vessels of the Japanese navy while in dock for the purpose of receiving or renewing their lacquer coats. It was thought that the Japanese navy had been successful in this matter, and the members of the Naval Institute, as having an important bearing on one of the most prominent professional problems of the day.

Nearly every book on Japan refers in greater or less detail to the subject of lacquer, but until the substance was analysed only little was really known of it. It may not be amiss in the consideration of our subject to examine somewhat in detail into the constitution and method of preparation of lacquer, using for the purpose such published accounts as have appeared in the proceedings of scientific societies, and the works of residents of Japan who had carefully investigated the subject. Lacquer is cultivated in Japan, and is also found in Corea, China, and the countries of Farther India. In Japan it is systematically cultivated. New plantations are being laid out in Japan and will commence to yield in five years, and as the whole coast country of Asia is practically available for the cultivation of the tree, it is safe to say that a great demand, such as might be caused by an extensive application of lacquer to steel or iron ships, would create its own

lacquer is obtained from the tree by making incisions in the bark. Usually several cuts are made approximately parallel to each other and at various points on the circumference. The lacquer exudes from these incisions in the form of a thick grayish juice, and is gathered by a wooden spatula. As already stated, the juice commences to yield when five years old, and yield for ten or fifteen years in the case of the tree. The juice is obtained by grinding the small branches and twigs of the tree, but nearly all that is used is obtained from incisions in the bark. It is purified by stirring in a tub with a wooden spade, by which process the excess of moisture is given off and the consistency slightly increased. The purified lacquer is then dried in a tub heated to 30° C., is of a grayish white color and dextrinous consistency, and possesses a characteristic sweet odor. In contact with the air it darkens and hardens, forming a film that protects the lacquer underneath. The ordinary method of application to any surface is by means of a brush. The surface to be lacquered is first brushed on the surface to be lacquered, working it down into a thin uniform coat by repeated strokes with a flat camel's-hair brush, the strokes being made in different directions, but in ordinary work most commonly at right angles. The lacquer rapidly darkens to a dark brown, and is then rubbed into the surface with the fingers. Colors are given to the lacquer coat when desirable by mixing with the body pigments such as vermilion, cinnabar, ochre, or pigment.

Lacquer has been frequently analyzed, with somewhat varying results. The analyses given below were made under the direction of Prof. H. Yoshida, Asst. Professor of Chemistry in the Imperial University at Tokio, and recognized as one of the best authorities on lacquer in Japan. They are from a paper contributed by Prof. Yoshida to the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the Chemistry of Japanese Lacquer.

The constituent of Japanese Lacquer was found to be a resinous acid, gum arabic, water, and a nitrogenous residue. The method of analysis adopted was to extract the resin from the lacquer by treating it with absolute alcohol, evaporating the solution and drying at 105° C. The residue was boiled with water and the water evaporated, or the residue was boiled with ether and the ether evaporated. The residue from the water solution consists of a coagulated nitrogenous substance and small quantities of coloring matter. The sum of the percentages of the above subtracted from 100

The percentage composition of pure lacquer was obtained from a sample specially collected under official supervision in the province of Yoshino, celebrated for producing the best lacquer in Japan. It yielded the following results:

Soluble in alcohol (urubic acid).....	85.15
Gum arabic.....	3.15
Nitrogenous matter.....	2.28
Water and volatile matter.....	9.42

THE LACQUERING OF SHIPS.

The idea of lacquering iron and steel vessels as a protection against the action of sea-water was suggested to Mr. Hotta, a lacquer manufacturer of Tokio, by the observation that pieces of old lacquer recovered from the sea showed but little action, the lacquer being practically unattacked. As the Japanese were then purchasing iron and steel ships from abroad, and were encountering the same difficulties that were met with elsewhere in protecting iron and steel equipments, orders were made for special test plates, which were immersed in sea water for several months, generally at the Yokosuka dockyard. The first results obtained were not very satisfactory, but were very encouraging, and the tests were continued, varying slightly the composition of the lacquer, or adding chemicals to assist in obtaining the desired results. In June, 1886, a practical test was made by lacquering about 1,000 ft. of the bottom of the Fusō-Kan, using the preparation of lacquer that at that time had given the best results. The ship was docked again in September, 1887, and the condition of the lacquered portion was so satisfactory that the Admiralty gave an order to lacquer the whole bottom. In December, 1888, the ship was again docked, and the lacquer coat was found to be so good that no repairs were

made. In June, 1889, the ship was again docked, the lacquer being still satisfactory. In each case anti-fouling paint was applied over the lacquer. The *Fuso* was docked once more in April, 1890, and although the lacquer was in almost perfect condition it was for some reason all removed by scraping, and the bottom was painted.

Many other vessels of the Japanese Navy have since been lacquered, a list being appended. Experimentation has been going on continually. The work is all done by Messrs. Hotta & Co., they holding a monopoly under the laws of Japan, practically the equivalent of an American patent. Not content with merely protecting the metal against corrosion, the contractors have endeavored to meet all the requirements of the case by providing an anti-fouling lacquer preparation, as well as an anti-corrosive, the use of metallic anti-fouling paints over the lacquer having been found to be injurious, the urushic acid of the lacquer sometimes attacking the metallic base of the paint, resulting in the practical destruction of the useful qualities of both. This preparation was developed experimentally, and test-plates coated with both protective and anti-fouling lacquers having given most satisfactory results immersed in sea-water at Yokosuka for 18 months, the Japanese Admiralty ordered the lacquering of the new despatch-vessel *Yaeyama* with both kinds of lacquer. The work was performed in July, 1890, and the results will be watched with interest, as the test-plates remain perfectly clear, and if the same protection is afforded to the *Yaeyama* under the ordinary conditions of service, the anti-fouling lacquer will have vindicated its claim to be the equal if not the superior or any similar composition known.

The protective or anti-corrosive lacquer is mainly lacquer, small quantities of some inert minerals like mica or kaolin being added to increase the covering power and body of the preparation. The composition of the different coats differs somewhat, that applied directly to the skin of the ship containing the largest proportion of lacquer.

In the first experiments special pains were taken to have the plates perfectly clean, the metal being washed off with acid in order to remove all oxides, but this process was soon discontinued, as the lacquer coats when applied to the clean iron were found to blister considerably. In later experiments the steel was merely brushed clean, removing all non-adherent oxides or films, the lacquer being applied over all adherent substances. An important point in which lacquer differs from ordinary protective compounds is in its insulating power against galvanic action. It is well known that if a steel plate having magnetic oxide of iron on its surface is exposed to sea-water a strong galvanic couple is set up between the oxide and the steel, underneath the protective covering, and pitting of the metal results. With lacquer the case is different. Lacquer has no chemical action on the magnetic oxide; and if the plate is dry when it is applied, galvanic action is prevented by the waterproof and insulating properties of the lacquer coat. The exclusion of water prevents any action whatever, and the best results with the test-plates have been obtained on plates on which the presence of the magnetic oxide was ignored. The removal of this oxide, which is ordinarily considered necessary, is therefore avoided.

The method of lacquering is as follows: The ship is docked and the bottom carefully scraped of all yellow rust, old paint, or other matter that is not strongly adherent. The old paint and rust, if it is considered unnecessary to remove it. The bottom of the ship is then shut in by screens of old canvas suspended from just above the water-line to the bottom of the dock. In winter, stoves or other heating apparatus are placed inside this screen to raise the temperature and thus facilitate the drying of the lacquer. It has been proposed to allow a low current of air to escape inside the canvas screen to secure the requisite warmth and moisture for the drying; but although this practice is common in lacquer manufactories, it has not yet been tried on ships. In summer, the screen around the bottom is necessary in order to screen the metal from the direct rays of the sun, which might raise the temperature to such a point as to impair the lacquer by a partial coagulation of the albumen. With the screen in place, the lacquering can be carried on in almost any weather. When everything is in readiness the first coat of protective lacquer is applied, and worked down into a smooth uniform coating by a soft brush, as already described. One man can lacquer 500 sq. ft., one coat, in 8 hours. The time of drying of the first coat, which as already stated, is almost pure lacquer, may vary from 3 or 4 hours to one day, according to the temperature and moisture of the air. In cold weather the drying process is tedious.

As soon as the first coat is dry the second is applied. This may contain mica or kaolin in small quantities, as also the other protective coats. Five protective coats have generally been applied to the Japanese men-of-war, but a smaller number may be used when the anti-fouling lacquer is applied over them. The inner coat of the anti-fouling preparation is principally lacquer, the amount of poisonous mercury salt contained in the preparation increasing with each coat. The only ship that has thus far received both preparations, the *Yaeyama*, has four coats of the protective and three of the anti-fouling.

The number of coats considered necessary is at least three of the protective and the same number of the anti-fouling lacquer. Under favorable circumstances the ship would not be in dock more than six days, but ten would be more probable. The cost of lacquering is stated by the contractors as five years for 350 sq. ft., about 13 cents U. S. gold per square foot. If the work were to be carried on more generally, the expense could be reduced, as a permanent corps of employes have to be maintained, although frequently out of work. Work has been done at much less than above rates. The chief, in fact the only serious, objection to the use of lacquer is the expense. If dockage is charged, this is not excessive, but the long time involved for the proper drying of the lacquer coats renders the operation a very costly one when the dock charges are high. The vital question is whether the protection afforded is worth the expense. If absolutely complete, preventing any further decay of the metal, it would be economy to pay the highest charges in order to have the vessel always sound and in condition for service. It is just becoming known outside of professional circles that steel vessels are expensive, and that more money may be spent in excessive coal bills in trying to force a foul hull through the water than would be expended with proper economy in the frequent dockings necessary for keeping the hull clean.

It cannot be said with certainty that the use of lacquer is more expensive than the ordinary methods of protection. This depends very largely, of course, on the dry dock charges. The contractors claim that one thorough lacquering of a vessel's bottom will keep it clean and protect the metal for three years. The expense of this operation may be figured up as follows:

Taking the Charleston as an instance we have:

Cost of cleaning and lacquering 20,000 sq. ft. at 13 cents.....	\$2,600
Docking and nine "lay days".....	4,300
	\$6,900

For painting and cleaning we have:

Docking and one "lay day".....	\$1,490
Painting, etc., (estimated).....	600
	\$2,090

Allowing the claim of the contractors that one lacquering is sufficient for three years, and taking the common estimate that a steel ship should be docked every six months at least, the total cost of three years is:

Lacquering.....	\$6,900
Painting.....	12,000

These prices for Yokosuka dockyard. Accepting the data in Naval Constructor Hiebhorn's article on the heating of ships in relation to the work on the Chicago Government docks, we have the cost of one docking and painting at New York as follows:

Docking.....	\$ 400
Painting.....	1000
	\$1400

Assuming that the cost of lacquering in the United States would be twice that in Japan, we have:

Docking.....	\$ 400
Lacquering 21,000 q. ft. at 26 cents.....	5480
	\$5880

Taking the cost as before for three years, we have:

Painting.....	\$1400x3=\$4200
Lacquering.....	5880

It may be questioned whether the lacquer will last three years, and it is also possible that the painted ship would need docking oftener than once in six months. In the absence of data a careful estimate is impossible, but enough has been shown to render the statement probable that protection by lacquer is not in the long run expensive.

The experience of the Japanese navy must be largely relied on, and the unanimous testimony of all the naval officers whom I have met is that lacquer affords excellent protection to the hull, but is expensive. It is noticeable that the work is being continued in the Japanese navy in spite of the expense.

Through the courtesy of the officials of the Yokosuka dockyard I was allowed to inspect the condition of the lacquered bottom of the *Takachino* in January, 1890, the ship having been in the water

since May, 1889. The water-line belt had been lacquered in September, 1886, and repaired in May, 1889, when the rest of the ship was lacquered, as a result of the good condition in which the belt was found. When the bottom of the ship was examined in January, 1890, it was found that on the bilge and floor plates the lacquer was perfectly smooth and unbroken and had afforded complete protection to the metal. On the sides below the water line there were numerous small blisters, averaging about a quarter of an inch in diameter; but these were dry inside, the lacquer coat being unbroken and the metal underneath was bright and uncorroded. Occasionally larger blisters were found which contained water, the film of lacquer having become broken. Underneath these the metal was dull but uncorroded, and there were no signs of rust. In cases where the lacquer had been scraped off, rust cones had formed, and their position marked the number of breaks that had occurred in nine months. In the entrance, especially in the wake of the anchors and other obstructions, the lacquer was considerably broken and the metal consequently rusted, but in no part of the hull was there any extensive corrosion or pitting, except underneath the lacquer, showing that it antedated the application of the lacquer in May, 1889. An interesting feature illustrating the effect of the lacquer in preventing galvanic action existed in the starboard side of the run, where some of the plates showed extensive corrosion under the lacquer, apparently the result of galvanic action between the steel and the propeller and its fittings. Here was not a single rust spot, showing that no corrosion had taken place since the application of the lacquer.

The impressions derived from the appearance of the bottom of the *Takachino* were that lacquer is a perfect protection against the action of sea water, so long as the metal remains unbroken. Although much more difficult to adhere to than any kind of paint can be, it is somewhat susceptible to mechanical injury, and especially so forward where the anchors and chains and the impact of floating bodies are liable to break it. Every break becomes a spot of corrosive action or pitting. As it seems impossible to prevent this injury, and as the protection afforded by the lacquer is of the worst, it would seem that it should be applied to the ship oftener than once in three years for examination and, if necessary, for repairs to the lacquer coat. If this were done, the metal of the ship would suffer but little deterioration.

Another use of lacquer that has not been tried as yet is as a substitute for cement on the inside of ships and for the protection of the inner skin throughout. There can be no question that its use here would prevent all rusting, as it seems absolutely unalterable in air. It has been used with success as a substitute for galvanizing, and seems to admit of numerous applications in places where metal is to be protected against the chemical action of gases.

Messrs. Hotta & Co. are making preparations for carrying on the lacquering of ships in other countries than Japan, and it is possible that in the near future the process may become widely known.

MEN-OF-WAR LACQUERED BY MESSRS. HOTTA & CO.

Fuso,—June, 1889, 1,224 sq. ft. lacquered for trial. Sept., 1887, entire bottom lacquered. Dec., 1888, docked but no repairs made. June, 1889, slight repairs made. March, 1890, lacquer scraped off. Ritsio,—April, 1888, armor shelf lacquered. A wooden ship copper sheathed; armor belt much corroded. *Tsukushi*,—Aug., 1887, entire bottom lacquered. June, 1888, docked but no repairs. Feb., 1889, slight repairs. *Naniwa*,—Sept., 1886, 5,200 sq. ft. (water-line belt) lacquered. May, 1888, additional surface lacquered. Feb., 1888, entire bottom lacquered.

Takachino,—Sept., 1886, water-line belt lacquered. May, 1889, entire bottom lacquered. Jan., 1890, docked and slight repairs made. *Atago*,—May, 1889, entire bottom lacquered.

Torpedo-boats 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,—April, 1888, entire bottom lacquered. These boats have all been docked since and slight repairs made as necessary.

Matsukaze,—Sept., 1888, entire bottom lacquered. The above were lacquered with the anti-corrosive preparation only, generally five coats. Metallic anti-fouling paint was used over the lacquer, and the vessels had to be docked to renew this paint.

Yaeyama,—July, 1890, entire bottom lacquered with four coats of protective and three of anti-fouling preparations.

Battle-ship Dmitri Donskoi,—Nov., 1886, armor belt partly lacquered. Nov., 1887, armor plate wholly lacquered. Oct., 1888, lacquer on steel portions was found to be in very good condition. On the armor shelf it had been detached through the action of urushic acid on the zinc.

Admiral Nakhimoff,—Aug., 1889, steel armor belt found to be very much corroded and was therefore lacquered.

NOTE BY LIEUT. COMMANDER CLIFFORD H. WEST, U. S. N.

Messrs. Hotta and Company, of Tokio, Japan, have sent two plates to the United States for trial by the U. S. Navy Department. One plate is of steel and one of iron, each 4 ft. square, and covered with three coats of anti-corrosive and three coats of anti-fouling lacquers. These plates arrived at New York City in November, 1890. Chief Constructor T. D. Wilson, U. S. Navy, has directed that the plates be submerged in tide water at the Navy Yard, New York, for a period of three months, when they are to be taken up, and a report made to the Bureau of Construction and Repair as to their condition.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The Delaware River squadron held a meeting at 123 Market street, Camden, N. J., on March 26, when all the details of organization were completed and a programme of events outlined for the season. The new squadron is growing rapidly and will have a busy season. The New York squadron held a meeting at 47 Day street on March 25, when arrangements were made for a two day squadron cruise on May 20. The East River squadron and Long Island Sound squadron have been ordered to assemble at New Rochelle on May 30 and 31 for a cruise. This will be an informal affair, and will be under the direct command of the admiral.

WORK AT BAY RIDGE.—The new 46 is now in frame except the steel frames, which have been delayed by a strike in the shops where they are being bent. The lead keel is a fine casting, and the keel and frame generally show a waste wood. The deck beams have been lightened by the ingenious manner. The transom and quarter numbers are of mahogany. The joiner work is well under way and will be ready by the time the deck is laid. The Harlequin has been launched, her alterations being completed. In the joiner shop a small catboat with lead keel, designed by Mr. Gardner, is in frame.

BUFFALO Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Buffalo Y. C. was held on March 11. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com. Frank B. Hower, yacht Mezie; Vice-Com. Alan S. Chisholm, yacht Erchless; Sec'y, H. L. Campbell; Treas., W. C. Cowles, yacht Reatha. H. L. Hower has lately purchased a Mezie from the late owners, and she will be a splendid addition to the Buffalo fleet. The club house will be remodeled, new approaches built, and a great many other improvements made. Everything points to a season of unusual prosperity and activity for the club.

SOUTH SIDE YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—The yacht clubs of the south shore of Long Island have lately organized an association for the management of inter-club racing. The following dates are proposed: Hempstead Yacht Club July 18, Shinnecock Club July 25, Great South Bay Aug. 1, West Hampton Aug. 8, Moriches Aug. 15, West Hampton Aug. 22, Great South Bay Aug. 29. The first annual regatta of the association will be sailed on Sept. 5.

"SEGLERS TASCHENBUCH."—We have received a copy of this compact, but comprehended little volume, just issued by the publishers of the German Yachting Journal *Wassersport*. The book, which is written in German, contains a great deal of practical information about building, rigging and handling and is excellently illustrated.

HAVERHILL Y. C.—Officers 1891: Com., M. E. Priest; Vice-Com., H. Emerson; Sec'y., C. H. Stacy; Treas., E. Dwinells; Meas., G. F. Ellis; Fleet Captain, A. Jackson. Trustees, J. D. Dresser, W. Hicks, E. Dwinells. Reg. Com., A. Pettengill, A. Amberg, N. Hammill. Secretary's address, Box 324, Haverhill, Mass.

A "DARK HORSE."—The Boston *Globe* discovered a possible "dark horse" at Fife's yard at Fairlie, which it intimates is for Mr. Tweed or some other American owner. As the model of the yacht shows, she is not for a length class, but is building for a well known British yachtman, and will beyond doubt prove a second Dragon.

VOLUNTEER.—Gen. Palne and Mr. Burgess have prepared the plans for lengthening Volunteer from 89 to 90 ft., and converting her into a schooner; but it is not finally decided to undertake the work at present.

GRAYLING.—Capt. Terry has his crew at work on the schooner Grayling at Greenport, where she has laid all winter, and will have her in commission early.

THE HERRESHOFF 46-FOOTER.—The report of a 46-footer from the Herreshoff yard is confirmed, but the name of her owner is not yet known. It is probable, however, that she is for Mr. Arnold Thayer, late owner of the 46-footer Chocaut.

VARANDE.—On March 16, at Lawley's yard, the cutter Varande, designed and built by Lawleys for Mr. C. A. Welch. The new yacht is a cruiser, like Mr. Welch's former yachts Vashiti, Vaya and Valhalla. She is 31 ft. l.w.l.

GENONE, schr., will probably have some of her inside lead transferred to the keel this spring.

SAGAMORE, steamer, Mr. W. A. Slater, is fitting out at Tebo's for a southern cruise.

BEEBLE, cutter, has been sold by C. H. Guild to W. M. Jameson.

PRINCESS, schr., will have two tons of lead added to her keel at Lawley's.

VIVID, sloop, has been sold by W. A. Wolf to John Curtin.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.
COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM.: C. V. Winn, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM.: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
EX. COM.: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

EASTERN DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM.: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
REAR-COM.: G. B. Parker, Hartford.
PURSER: R. Apollonio, Winchester.
EX. COM.: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

NORTHERN DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM.: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM.: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PURSER: C. E. L. Porteous, Kingston.
EX. COM.: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gisborne.

ATLANTIC DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM.: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM.: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PURSER: Rich'd Hobart, Newark N. J.
EX. COM.: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division.

Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by addressing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Application for membership should be made to the Sec'y-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

MAY.
16. Ianthie, Spring, Woodside.
JUNE.
6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Brooklyn.
6. Yonkers, Annual, Yonkers. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
13. New York, Annual, S. I. —. Ianthie, Spring, Passaic Riv.
20. New York, Sandy Hook Race.

JULY.
11-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST.
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.
5. Orange, Ann., Passaic Riv. 7. Ianthie, Annual, Woodside.
7. Ianthie, Ann., Passaic Riv.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH C. C.

AS DETAILED BY THE COMMODORE.

PART IV.
"COMMODORE, let's find a place to camp, and go in," said George, breaking in upon my reverie as the rain ceased, "we can't make Bear Litchia to-night, it's eight miles off, and it's half past five, and Lacy is wet through and thoroughly chilled; that old rubber coat of his was no good."

"Ah! I told you so. Well, we'll find a good place down at the mill, half a mile below, and I suppose we had better stop for the night," I replied.

We finished the portage, shot down the rocky and difficult rapid below the dam, rendered the more difficult by the low stage of water, and rounded to at the little hamlet clustered around the mill just above the ferry. At pretty much the same spot where I had landed four years before, after my unfortunate attempt upon the dam, we stopped, and soon had the canoes in position for the night, resting one above the other on the side of the steep bank; there being no level ground close to the water. Supper was soon mercifully sizzling and steaming away on the little camp stove, while Lacy speedily invested himself in dry clothes procured from his water-proof clothes bag of oiled canvas.

Our arrival created the usual sensation in the little hamlet, and we were speedily surrounded by the usual knot of interested and kindly spectators, who showed us many attentions in the way of milk, tomatoes, canteloupes, etc., for which they would accept no payment except our thanks.

He had friends living in the neighborhood, and after supper George and I walked up the hill and spent the evening with them. We had every reason to expect more rain, so we went prepared, with a lantern and our rubber coats. Never were expectations more fully realized, for it rained furiously all the evening, the noise of the rain on the tin roof of the house being so great at times as to render conversation inaudible. Great concern was manifested by our host as to the shelter afforded by our frail quarters, and we were hospitably pressed to remain all night, but we declined (very fortunately, as it afterward proved), but accepted an invitation for all three of us to breakfast the next morning, and about half past nine, the rain showing no signs of abating, we went plunging down the road by the dim light of our lantern to our camp.

"Great Jupiter Pluvius! look at the river!" exclaimed George, who entered the camp with the lantern ahead of me. "Why, I walked right into it!"

He held up his light and its rays flashed out upon a swollen and muddy torrent. Great patches of foam gleamed ghostly white in the dim light of the lantern against the black surface of the water, seen for a moment, then lost to sight; while logs, fence rails and other debris shot swiftly by like shadows, dimly seen through the darkness and the fast falling rain.

The top of the camp stove was just visible above the water, which rippled around the stakes supporting the mess table. As I hastily drew the mess chest out from under the table, where it lay half submerged, a water snake slid off the top of it and darted away in affright into the inky blackness of the river. A gleaming white object in the margin of the river a few yards below proved to be the lub oil can, stranded among the weeds and rolling aimlessly back and forth with the wash of the water against the bank; while the water lapped gently against the side of my canoe, which lay just out of the three.

We usually, camping close to the water, made our up-stream painters fast to a tree or stump or some other fixed object; but on this particular evening this safe precaution had been neglected, and there is no telling where my canoe would have turned up in the morning if we had remained all night with our friends.

"It's a good thing I didn't stack all the paddles against that post there when we went into camp, as I thought of doing," I remarked, as we hurriedly moved the stove, mess chest, kitchen ware and table and covered them with a hatch to keep the rain off.

The post stood 20ft. from shore in 3ft. of water. We hung the lantern on one of the standards supporting Lacy's tent, and carried my canoe up the bank above Lacy's, which lay highest of the three, and then removed George's to a higher and safer location, after which we carefully made all painters fast to a convenient tree.

"Hello! what's all this row about?" asked Lacy, as he thrust his head out of his tent while we were working away in the rain. He had been lying snugly in his berth all the evening reading, and knew nothing whatever of the sudden rise in the river.

Morning dawned bright and fair after a pretty steady all-night rain. The river flowed swiftly by us in a smooth, unbroken sheet of water, with not a rock ledge in sight. The rise, which did not exceed four feet, had reached its maximum during the night, and the river had already begun to recede. We had contemplated spending a quiet Sunday in camp, as was our usual custom; but we had also set our minds on taking our Sunday dinner at Bear Lithia Springs. So, as a move of some kind was necessary—our present camp on the side of the steep high bank, without shelter from the rays of the sun, which had fair to make things warm for us in the course of the day, being already untenable as an all-day camp, and as the eight miles to the Springs could be quickly and easily made on the present stage of water—we decided to go. After a bountiful breakfast with our hospitable friends, we returned to the river, took down the tents and packed and launched ourselves; the young and young people of the family who had accompanied us back to our camp, so our boats and tents, watching us with interest as we embarked.

The short cruise was a pleasant one. It was a beautiful, bright sunny morning after the rains. A few stray clouds floated high overhead and weathed in fleecy folds about the tree-clothed summits of the majestic peaks and bold headlands of the Blue Ridge range. The mountains, which towered on high in solemn, reposeful majesty; facing each other in stately grandeur on either side of us across the narrow valley. The rain drops sparkled in myriad points of light from every leaf and twig. The air was filled with the joyous carolling of birds and the soft musical murmur of the river, to which the subdued, deep-toned drone of the frequent rapids supplied a pleasing undertone. The ugly, brick-red water of the river, which we passed along the bank to land, covering rocks, ledges, and shoals, over which the white-capped waves broke angrily and lapped up among the trees and shrubs and grasses that bordered either bank, did not add to the beauty of the landscape; but it bore us along at a lively rate as we went bowling down the middle of the stream with a disregard of rapids, reefs, fish dams and everything under a seven-foot mill dam, that we freshened up our lively crew and gave them a rest in the next few days. The eight miles between Riverbank and Bear Lithia were quickly accomplished, and we soon found ourselves lying above the old mill dam just opposite the Springs.

We noted a good camping place among the trees a little below the dam, but we decided to go up to dinner before going into camp, so we landed and tied up just above the dam and walked across the fields and along the country road to the hotel, which are in plain sight from the river bank, where we were speedily enjoying our Sunday dinner.

Our appearance at the Springs in our canoeing costumes created a little ripple of excitement at the quiet little resort; and as usual on the arrival of strangers the register was speedily surcharged by a curious little group, who were somewhat mystified by the names of the canoeing club, and the names of the canoeing club.

We found Bear Lithia very interesting and well worth visiting. The buildings are situated on an elevation in the midst of the narrow valley and command an extensive and beautiful mountain and pastoral prospect, while the spring itself, which is a great pool some 150ft. long by over half as wide and 4 or 5 ft. deep, and from which flows a good-sized creek, greatly excited our interest as we walked over the board walks built out into and across it, and watched the water, everywhere bubbling up through its crystal depths from the sandy bottom.

The fact that we were going to shoot the dam after dinner soon got out, and we were accompanied back to the canoes by quite a party of gentlemen, including Mr. Cloud, the manager, all anxious to go over.

"Where do you all get your eating along the trip?" asked a stylishly-dressed gentleman, who was evidently unaccustomed to any form of out-door recreation more vigorous than sitting on a chair on the veranda of some country hotel.

"We cook it ourselves," I replied.

"And the Commodore is a good cook," added Lacy.

"Well, I should hate to eat any kind of a mess you fellows would get up," he drawled in all sincerity.

"Why don't you come right well," I replied laughing. "Suppose you come down and take supper with us and see for yourself; we shall be glad to have you."

"No, I thank you; the hotel is good enough for me," was the unappreciative reply.

"Where are you going over?" asked Mr. Cloud as we came out upon the bank overlooking the dam, which, as the mill had been burnt some years ago, was in a state of dilapidation and decay quite gratifying to the passing canoeists. There were several breaks in it, affording elbow room for our crew, and the rushing stage of water; but about the middle it was rather more broken down than elsewhere, and a furious torrent of water rushed through the breach and went roaring and piling down the rapid below in a long line of huge foam-crested waves—an exceedingly rough shoot, but a safe one with careful management, and one that promised some excitement in the running.

"Well, I think we'll go right down the middle," I replied carelessly.

"What! You aren't going down that cataract in those little cloth pumpkin-seeds!" exclaimed the young man who had doubted my culinary ability.

"Why not?" asked George.

"O, it's safe enough," added Mr. Cloud, "if you handle your boats carefully."

We embarked and pushed out into the stream, while the spectators hurried down the bank to a point a little below the dam, where they could see us come over to better advantage. It was an exciting plunge over the dam, and a wild rush down the rapid below; the canoes swooped down the smooth, liquid slope, one at a time, with a dizzying swing, and were completely buried in the huge roller that curled up at the foot, then went flying down the river, the big waves leaping over the bows, and the canoes and tightly closed hatches in solid sheets of water, while they were pitched and tossed up and down like corks, and the spray flew in clouds, high above our heads.

The party on the bank gave a wild yell of delight as we came plunging down, and hastened down the steep bank to meet us as we rounded in below the rough water some fifty or sixty yards from the dam.

"That's the way we do it!" I remarked, as I beached my canoe in the mouth of the old, disused mill race and stepped ashore, wiping the water from my face with my handkerchief, followed by George and Lacy.

"I declare, that was a fine sight!" exclaimed the delighted manager, clapping his hands in the air, and more than worth the walk down here just to see. I want you fellows to come up and take breakfast with me in the morning."

We found a very favorable camping place, under the trees on the flat, sandy river bank, a few yards lower down, and soon had the canoes unpacked and drawn up on the bank, the blankets made up in them, and the little Mohican tents slung over them, and everything ready for the night. The fire erected over the commissary department, as we were by no means sure, judging from appearances, that we would not be favored with more rain before the day was done. Our new friends watched the process of unpacking the canoes and setting up the camp with great interest, and were favorably impressed with all they saw; albeit somewhat concerned as to how all that plunder could ever be gotten back into those small boats, and the necessity of carrying everything, and misgivings as to the comfort of a canoe for sleeping purposes, or as to the reliability of the shelter furnished by the diminutive tents, in case of rain, he kept them to himself.

The Frankie had been leaking a little during the morning's cruise, so after getting all the cargo out and before preparing the bed and tent for the night, I turned the canoe up over one side against a convenient tree, when a careful examination revealed a deep scratch two or three inches long, just below the waterline, cut almost through the canoe, by that ugly snag I collided with, away back at the Port Republic dam two days before. I drew the edges tightly together with a needle and stout thread, and then painted the place thickly inside and out with asphaltum, a small piece of which was carried for such contingencies among the Boat-savers, extemporizing a brush for the purpose by cutting a small twig about the size of a lead pencil and then beating one end into small shivers, and the wound was effectually healed.

There was, as usual, a large melon patch close to our camp; indeed, the river bank seemed to be clothed with melon patches all the way down, and wherever we camped we were sure to find ourselves near one, and a melon or a dime would purchase as many watermelons or cantaloupes as we could dispose of at a camp, and a bountiful supply was readily procured here for our evening meal from the watchmen stationed in the rude little box or shed overlooking the field.

Our weather prognostications proved to be entirely correct, for

we had a wild, tempestuous night of it, and each man scuttled off into his tent as soon as possible after supper.

Snuggly lying in my berth, with my little tent tightly buttoned all around to the gunwales of my canoe, I lay and read by the light of a candle, set in a small block of wood, hooked over the cockpit coming by a strip of bent tin, so arranged as to come between the pages and my eyes, while the wind howled and rushed through the treetops outside, which swayed and moaned complainingly in the storm, and the rain beat in driving gusts and sheets upon the top and sides of my tent, while above all the turmoil of the storm arose the deep, dominating roar of the river as it fell over the dam and rushed down the rapids above us.

An occasional draft would come in through the little ventilator windows in each end of the tent, high up under the projecting ends of the top, causing my candle flame to flicker and flare and the melted wax to run down in a transparent buttress on one side of the candle; or perchance a few fine drops of spray would come in with the air and sprinkle my face and my page, and sometimes an unusually severe blast and rush of rain would shake and sway my little tent from side to side with force enough to even make the canoe tremble in her bed of sand; but I lay and read undisturbed, secure in the knowledge that nothing short of a hurricane could tear my tent from its supports and fastenings.

Tired of reading I blew out my candle, drew my blankets snugly up over my shoulders and was lulled to sleep by that most soothing of all sounds to the tired, well-noused canoeist—the patter, patter of the rain upon my tent.

Morning dawned as bright and sunny as if the weather clerk had been innocent of any thought of rain for a week. The rise had run off and the river—still as muddy as ever—was down to low water mark again, the storm being evidently merely local; at any rate, it did not extend far enough up the river to have any effect upon it.

"We arrived at the hotel for breakfast we found ourselves quite the center of interest, and a large party of ladies and children accompanied us back to our camp to inspect the canoes and camping outfit, of which they had evidently had a glowing account, and to see us start.

The party were quite delighted with everything they saw, and exclaimed at the snug appearance of the tents, which we had left packed in the hotel, and which they had seen in a full share of attention, and the children wondered how we could cook on such a funny little stove.

"Do canoeists ever jump over a perpendicular bank, like that place over there?" asked one of our fair visitors, indicating an unbroken section of the dam between two small islands, having a perpendicular face some 5 or 6 ft. high.

"Well, if the canoeist goes over the edge of the dam it can be done safely, and I have read of canoeists doing it, but I do not think it is generally done. We do not do it, unless the dam is a low one; say not over 2 or 3 ft. in height," I replied, modestly refraining from alluding to my unfortunate episode at the Riverbank Dam.

"The Commodore tried it once—" began Lacy, innocently, but I hurried him with a look and at once changed the subject upon the peculiar merits of the canoes for a trip of this character, to such effect that his ill-timed remark excited no notice or comment.

Our visitors took a gratifying interest in the camp, the canoes and the cruise, and while we were finishing our packing they hurried down along the bank to a point 100 yds. below to see us go by, and some of them passed along the bottom of the rapid stream with smiles, and pleasant words, and good wishes, and waving of handkerchiefs, and remained watching us as long as we were in sight.

Our stay at Bear Lithia was a pleasant little episode of the cruise and one that we greatly enjoyed, and the kind treatment received there from both guests and management (for our failing supplies were renewed there freely and abundantly and no pay accepted but our thanks) will long be remembered.

We found the five miles of river between our late camp and Milnes to be by far the roughest we had experienced on the trip, and after finally backing and filling around through the half mile of rapids in front of the long, struggling wooden town to secure a safe passage among the boulders, ledges and iron dams with which the river bed was profusely strewed, our arms fairly ached to the shoulders, and we were glad to land in the stiller water below and go up into the town for mail and supplies (including a heavy rubber coat for Lacy) and give our tired muscles a chance to recuperate before resuming the cruise.

The village of Milnes did not present many attractions to us, so we did not tarry longer than to replenish our supplies and get our mail. It is in no sense a representative old Virginia town, being simply a railroad and mining village of a few hundred inhabitants, and it looks more like a new Western railroad town straggled high and dry upon the banks of the Shenandoah than a Virginia town. The classic old towns of Luray, Front Royal and Charles town are but a short distance from the river, and will well repay the canoeist on an excursion in search of the picturesque for the walk from the river and a stroll through their quaint old streets; while Staunton, with its female colleges and State institutions (which, while not on the river, is the point from which the cruiser will make his start), Strasburg and historic, battle-scarred Winchester, where the dead were piled up in the streets like cord-wood, and with its great cemeteries full of Confederate and Union dead, buried on the battle fields where they were slain, are easily accessible by rail; and storied old Harper's Ferry, with its ruined Government buildings, John Brown's fort and its lavish wealth of wonderful scenery, nestles under the towering heights at the point where the Shenandoah mingles its waters with those of the Potomac in a glad and smiling union.

GENESEE C. C.

The Genesee C. C. is a paddling club, located in Genesee Park, Rochester, N. Y., on the river. The club has a membership of 31, with 9 applicants on the waiting list, includes 19 members of the Rochester C. C., the latter club, whose station is at Irondequoit Bay, on Lake Ontario, being devoted mainly to sailing. The officers of the Genesee C. C. are: Capt., Courtland Avery; Mate, A. B. Dodge; Purser, F. J. McCall; Executive Committee, C. A. Brad, M. H. Smith and G. H. Harris; Regatta Committee, J. C. McVean, R. F. Andrews and Henry Kirk.

The committee has already arranged a series of races and appointed starter, clerk of course, etc., for the season. The dates are: Annual spring regatta, June 6; second race, June 27; third race, July 25; fourth race, Aug. 29; annual fall regatta, Sept. 19. In case a club trophy is provided to be raced for the regatta committee will report conditions for such race at a later date. All races to be sailed by 10 A. M. and by 5 P. M.

Two novel races are proposed as follows: Tandem cruising race, single blade. The canoeists shall start at the regular home buoy, paddle to the State dam and either shoot or be carried over it, paddle down the rapids to a point on the east shore, to be marked by a white flag, there carry over into the feeder, paddle up the feeder to carry over the dam, and then carry into the river and paddle across finishing line between the home buoy and the club dock. Single cruising race, single blades. Canoeists to start at regular home buoy, paddle to and over the State dam, down the rapids to a point to be marked by a white flag, turn and return to finishing line, crossing it between the home buoy and the club dock.

THE NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.—Editor Forest and Stream: It has been proposed that the next meet of the Northern Division of the A. C. A. should take the form of a cruising meet, and the waters of Georgian Bay have been suggested as a suitable place for the trial. It is just possible, however, that it may not be practicable to carry out the scheme this year, in view of the crippled state of the Division finances. If this should be the case, would it not be possible to arrange a cruise to the general meet in Lake Champlain? Starting from Kingston a week or ten days before the date of the general meet, cruising down through the Thousand Islands, taking the mail boat when passing through the Rapids, and cruising on from Montreal or Sorel. Members of the different clubs could join in wherever most convenient to them. This plan would swell the numbers at the general meet and give the cruising scheme a test.—NEMO.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: E. B. Elliott, Jr., Geo. S. Morley, Newark, N. J. Atlantic Division: John L. Reaton, Brooklyn, N. Y. Central Division: W. N. Arker, Brockville, C. H. Brantcomb, Picton, N. S. R. H. Strickland, Lakesfield, E. B. Muckleston, G. P. F. Osborn, J. A. Thoren, L. W. Shannon, Lindsay Russell, T. V. Greet, J. M. Richmond, W. J. B. White, W. R. Skinner, R. E. Burns, F. H. Macne, H. W. Richardson, R. M. Hannaford, G. A. Walkem, W. A. Kent, Kingston, Ont.; W. E. Stewart, Ottawa.

THE HOISTING SAIL COMPETITION.—Thus far but three entries have been received for the hoisting sail competition for prizes given by Mr. Zerega. The date for closing the entries was set for April 1, but Mr. Zerega has decided to extend it until April 8.

PASSAIC RIVER CLUBS.—The delegates from the Associated Canoe Clubs of the Passaic River met at the Janie C. C. house on Nov. 11. Owing to the close proximity of the Atlantic Division meet, Decoration Day was not chosen for the meet, but it will be held in connection with the regatta of the Orange, Arlington and Janie canoe clubs, on Saturday, Sept. 3, and Labor Day, Sept. 7, at the several club houses. Officers elected for the year were: Wm. H. H. Hillier, Crescent C. C., Chairman; R. W. Strachan, Orange C. C., Sec.-Treas. The camp site committee appointed were C. V. Schuyler, H. S. Farmer and George Manley. Regatta committee, R. W. Peebles, Dr. Wm. H. Mitchell and W. J. Stewart.

ACCIDENT TO COL. NORTON.—Col. C. L. Norton, the well-known writer and veteran canoeist, who is now on an exploring expedition in Florida, was very severely injured by a fall from a tree last week. The full extent of his injuries is not known, but the brief reports indicate that they will not prove fatal, as was feared at first.

WINTER QUARTERS.—The rooms were well filled on March 20 by representatives of all the suburban clubs to hear Mr. Ward's description of "A Cruiser's Paradise," which proved to be Lake Champlain. Mr. Ward described the lake quite fully, using the four Government charts, and speaking in detail of the new camp site for '91. The evening closed with congregational singing of a high order. On April 3 Mr. W. P. Stephens will give a brief talk on designing.

WAR CANOES.—The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., have two war canoes on the stocks, viz., one 25ft. x 50in. for the Chicago C. C. and one 35ft. x 50in. for Brown University C. C., of Providence, R. I. Both canoes are of the handsomely finished, and are after the model of the famous Ko-Ko-Ko-Ho, built last year by the same company.

PEORIA C. C.—A club by this name has just been formed in Peoria, Ill., with the following officers: Com., H. C. Morse; Vice-Com., A. G. Palmer; Purser, F. A. Willard; Executive Com., H. C. Morse, A. B. Brown, C. C. Green. Plans have been drawn for a floating boat house, which will be ready for occupancy April 1. Peoria Lake and Illinois rivers offer most excellent waters for sailing, paddling and cruising, and therefore the members of the club look forward to many good times.

OTTAWA C. C.—Another club house has come to grief, this time that of the Ottawa C. C., the water running over the ice and flooding the house. Fortunately the trouble was discovered in time and the scows pumped out before the ice melted and allowed them to sink.

CARILLON C. C.—A club by this name was formed at Ticonderoga, N. Y., the officers being: Com., H. W. Twedney; Vice-Com., M. J. Wilcox; Sec'y, J. S. Carr; Purser, W. E. Donnell.

HARRISBURG C. C.—The members of the Harrisburg C. C. held their sixth annual dinner at the residence of Andrew A. Hook on March 19. The following officers were elected for 1891: E. B. Flickinger, Com.; J. E. Whitehouse, Vice-Com.; M. V. Fager, Sec'y; E. R. Dasher, Treas.

Canvas Canoes and how to Build Them. By Parker B. Field. Price 40 cents. Canoe and Boat Building. By J. P. Stephens. Price \$2.00. The Canoe Aurora. By C. A. Neider. Price \$1.00. Handling. By C. B. Vauz. Price \$1. Canoe and Camera. By T. S. Steele. Price 1.50. Four Months in a Sneakbox. By N. H. Bishop. Price \$1.50. Canoes and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." Price \$1.

New Publications.

MINNEAPOLITANS ABROAD.*

A BOOK of travel may be the most stupid of volumes, or it may be most delightful. As a rule we are inclined to shun them for the personal element is likely to crowd out matters of general interest; the book is apt to become the diary of a narrow minded person. On the other hand it is oftentimes the very introduction of this personal element that gives its charm to the book. No one who has read "China and Thibet," "A Girle Round the World," "Ten Years in India," or "The Cruise of the Albatross" will believe that the same story could have been told with equal charm by any one else.

Mr. Reeve's book, just issued by the Putnams, is one of the delightful books of travel. It consists of a series of sketches in which the personality of the author lends an interest and a charm to many matters which might appear commonplace enough. If told in a different way and by an ordinary narrator. The author always looks at things from an original standpoint, and a genuine atmosphere of freshness mingled with a vein of quaint humor and hearty fun pervades the book.

The story is of a party of eleven residents of Minneapolis, who, having purchased their tickets from Cook & Son, set out to pass a winter in Egypt. But like time is wasted in starting them on their travels, and the first chapter takes them across the Atlantic to Havre, Paris and Brindisi, from which point they are to start for Alexandria. Of the trials of this voyage the author speaks with abundant feeling, and his description of the steamer is excellent. He says:

"The boat has a strange history. She was an ancient Carthaginian trireme, which, having escaped the destruction of the fleet by the Romans, was purchased by the Austrian Lloyds for one hundred sestertii, encumbered with an engine and some other machinery, and put on the line between Trieste and Alexandria."

"The captain, who was hortator on the ancient trireme, was retained by the management, and some of the former rowers, captured in the interior of Africa, now occupy different positions of trust about the craft. Some of them I learn have the slightest idea of the uses of the barometer or compass, and the management of the engine is to them a sealed book. It seems strange enough in this nineteenth century to be ploughing the historic waves of the blue Mediterranean in a craft, upon the deck of which perchance Hannibal once stood, the sailors steering by the sun and stars, and the familiar landmarks of Corfu, Cephalonia and Crete, the only incongruities being the groaning of the machinery and the presence of the All-Minneapolis Eleven."

From Alexandria the party went to Cairo, ascended the Pyramids, went up the Nile as far as the first cataract and saw many wonders on the way. From Cairo they went to Bayrout, Baalbec, and Damascus, and back to Beryout; thence to Cyprus, Rhodes and the Aegean Islands. Some Constantinople Greece and back to Brindisi. The story of the whole trip is told in a most entertaining and often amusing way, and yet the book contains a great deal of information which is well worth reading, both for the traveler and for the stay-at-home.

Mr. Reeve's style is most agreeable. It is charmingly free from conventionalities, for he writes his story just as he would tell it, in a breezy, chatelaine manner, and although the author is interested from the beginning, just as he would be if it were told him by word of mouth, and laughs or is serious, being in thorough sympathy with the narrator throughout.

The volume, which contains about 400 pages, is very handsomely gotten up, as the Putnams' books always are, and should have a ready and large sale.

* How We Went and What We Saw. A Flying Trip Through Egypt, Syria, and the Aegean Islands. By Charles McCormack Reeve. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1891.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The Forest and Stream will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Fawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Ado.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 230 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

FOREST AND STREAM, No. 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circular of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swivel," "Sybilens" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

WARREN FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK, Peabody, Mass., Dec. 11, 1890.—Fred H. Brown, Mfg. Co., Detroit: Gent.—The "Shoe Rest" purchased of you recently just fills the bill. It is neat and useful in appearance, takes up but little room and answers its purpose admirably. It is the most complete blacking arrangement I have ever seen. Yours truly, A. H. MERRILL, Treas.—Ado.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

G. W.—We have asked H. L. to reply to your query.

J. P. B., Meriden, Conn.—There is a letter here for you.

J. H. B.—We suggest your trying cynolina, it can be obtained at any of the gun stores that keep medicines.

Can you tell me anything of the pedigree of the English setters General Grubb's Jim and Col. Stetson's Nell? Ans. They are not registered.

DICK, Allegheny City, Pa.—You will find all information in Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking." Price \$1, published by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

E. B. B., Whitinsville, Mass.—Can you inform me where I can buy wild rice seed? Ans. Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., or Richard Valentine, Janesville, Wis.

READER.—Please give the pedigree for three or four generations of the pointer bitch Beulah? Ans. Beulah, by Sam out of Vivian, Sam by Caper out of Kate, Vivian by Shot out of Fly.

J. F. S.—1. The Ballard is the better target rifle of the two. 2. Our pamphlet "Trajectories of Sporting Rifles," giving full report of our Creedmoor trajectory tests and their results, will be mailed on receipt of 50 cents.

UPINGIN, Savannah, Ga.—Which is the best in fly-fishing, to use reel on top or below handle, also when the seat is below hand grasp and above. Ans.—The reel should be placed underneath and below the hand grasp for a fly-rod.

R. L. S., Kansas.—Please inform me if a Gordon setter or an Irish setter is the most endurable dog? Ans. From what we have seen of the two breeds, we should say the Irish setter, though there is little to choose between them.

O. H. R., New York.—Could you give me the address of any hunting club near New York that I could join where there is all kinds of small game? 2. What kind of a place and where is Robins Island? Ans. 1. We know of no such club. 2. The Robins Island Club has quail shooting.

J. E. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Do the Lorillards register their dogs? 2. Can you give me breeding of litter of pointers whelped May 2, 1885, belonging to Mr. Lorillard? 3. Give me Mr. Lorillard's or his kennel manager's address. Ans. 1. Yes, in the A. K. C. S. B. 2. No. 3. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

P. W. G., Boston, Mass.—Could you tell me through the columns of your paper the pedigree of pointer bitch Patti of Portland? She is four years old and was owned and registered by J. F. Richardson, of Portland, Me. I don't know whether she was registered in the A. K. R. or the A. K. C. S. B. Any information you could give me would be gratefully received. Ans. Can find no trace of her.

M. E. N., Hyde Park, Mass.—I inclose pedigree of my dog Grip Bandhu, 18mos. old. Will you please tell me how much, if any, the inbreeding shown would injure him in the estimation of dog men? Would it be advisable to have him registered under the circumstances? Ans. This will not hurt him, only avoid any more of it. There is no reason why you should not register him.

G. C. H., New York.—Will you kindly answer these questions? 1. Where can I procure a standard for Irish terriers? 2. Is there any book published on the breeding of Irish terriers, and where can I get it? I am desirous of breeding these dogs but know very little about them. Ans. You will find all the information you require, and much interesting reading on the breed, in Vero Shaw's "Book on the Dog." We can supply it.

G. R. B., Smethport, Pa.—I would like to hear from some of your correspondents in regard to the wild pigeons that used to frequent this section of Pennsylvania. McKean county was formerly one of their principal nesting grounds when there was a good crop of beech nuts and a great many were netted here and sent to the markets, but for the last ten or twelve years we have seen but a few birds. Are there any in the United States? Ans. There are said to be large flocks which migrate to the northwest.

R. H. B., Cambridge, Mass.—Can you answer the following questions for me: 1. What is the reason of the popular impression that nearly all pure white dogs are deaf? 2. Is it possible to get a pure white Irish setter? 3. What is the origin of the so-called round head bull-terrier? Ans. 1. The only reason we can assign is the fact that many white show bull-terriers have been found to be deaf. 2. You would have to seek some outcross. We do not see how it would be possible. 3. It is the original English bull and terrier, the first step toward the modern show bull-terrier.

D. B. K., Holyoke, Mass.—I have been trying to get the pedigree of my dog so I could have him registered. I must give it up unless you can tell the sire and dam of Buff and Lena, as the A. K. R. registered the Gordon setter Guy II. (A.K.R. 4,759) and furnished Buff and Lena as sire and dam of Dash II. Ans. We cannot find Buff's pedigree, perhaps the owner of Lena can help you. Lena's pedigree is as follows: Breeder, Hugh McIlvain, 5th and Market streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Owner, J. B. Hiron, Riley Park, Delaware county, Pa. Sire—Pilot, by Grouse out of Dixon's Maud, by Rudy out of Dixon's Merse. Dam—Creta II., by Grouse out of Dixon's Maud.

H. De B., Mount Morris, N. Y.—Can you give me regular number and pedigree of greyhound bitch Sybell, register receipt bears date of Dec. 29, 1886, to Geo. E. Peer, of Rochester, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Her sire, Spring (1892) was owned by J. J. Muldoon, of Toronto, Ont., imported from Blair Athol, Scotland. Her dam, Bluebell, was owned by Arthur Allen, Montreal, P. Q., imported Dec. 2, 1887, from England. Also please send me registry blank, as I have one of Sybell's offspring which I wish to have registered. Ans. Sybell (A.K.R. 4536), whelped Aug. 10, 1886. Sire, Spring, by Hodgkin (Cattiemay—Eve) out of Lady Maud, by Barron out of Old Sis. Dam, Blue Bell, by Leo (Butcher—Annie Lyle) out of Clare Ann, by Jussups out of Susie. You must write to A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York city, for registry blanks for A.K.C.S.B. Fee to register \$1.

C. L. W., Detroit, Mich.—Please give me the names and numbers of the English mastiffs, sire and dam of Ashmont Venus (A.K.R. 2830) also pedigree for three generations of the mastiffs Prince Leo (A.K.R. 3211) and Fanny (A.K.C.S.B. 13005). Ans. Ashmont Venus, sire, Mike, by Austin's Jack out of Leo, by Leo out of Juno (Jack—Kelly's Dash—Austin's Juno). Dam, Juno by Lion (Jack—Tutu) out of imported Fannie. Prince Leo by Agrippa out of Pride. Agrippa by Gwallor out of Berenice. Gwallor by champion Rajah out of champion Princess, by champion Wolsey out of Banbury's Juno, by Turk out of Lucas's Juno. Rajah by Griffin out of Phyllis. Berenice by champion Beau out of Creuso, by Niger out of Devonshire Cleopatra. Fanny by Cesar II. out of Juno, by Sampson out of Fury, by Turk out of Juno. Sampson by Leo II. out of Dido. Cesar II. by Major out of Nell, by Pluto II. out of Lotia. Major by Leo out of Leona.

J. R. J., Ellicott City, Md.—Two friends and myself are breeders of beagles and our kennel is known as the Patapoco Beagle Kennel. We are desirous of joining the National Beagle Club. Can we join as a kennel or will we have to join individually? As you can enter dogs in shows in the name of your kennel I can't see why you can't join the club in like manner. Please inform me how to proceed. 2. My gun is very much pitted, how can I remove the same? Ans. 1. The best way is to make application in the name of the kennel. We see no reason why your kennel could not be a member as long as your dogs are entered at a show under the kennel name. 2. Rust spots in barrels may be smoothed out with emery paste, made from three parts cosmoiline or oil and one part emery. Use on a soft swab which fits the barrels closely.

Then apply the wire scratch brush and finally wash out clean. —(From "611 Hints and Points for Sportsmen.")

H. K. D., Cleveland, O.—Is there any sort of yearly publication giving names and particulars regarding winning dogs on bench and in field, a regular summary of each year's performances or winnings. Something after the manner of "Wallace's Year Book" for horses. I have Mason's book, "Our Prize Dogs," but that is simply a very handsome and elaborate summary of one year. I am a beginner and seeking information, and having been an ardent admirer of horses all my life, realize that the quickest and surest way to familiarize oneself with the best strains of blood, winning strains, is to study a summary of each year's winners, with their winnings and defeats, and particulars regarding same. Ans. The A. K. C. Stud Book for the past year simply gives the winnings of each dog on the bench. Some such publication as that mentioned would be very useful, and that, we believe, is what the National Greyhound Club wishes to do in their separate stud book.

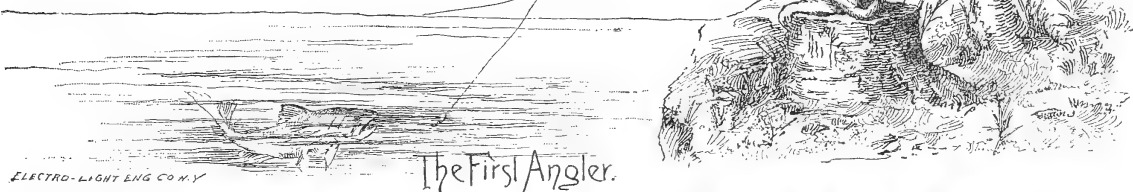
On the bill of fare of the Palace, Cincinnati, one day last week there appeared the rather unusual dainty "Joan elephant." It was in fact a part of Chief, the vicious elephant who was shot in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, and was not bad eating, as some of the force of this office can testify. It was without exception the best roast elephant that any of us had ever tasted.—Hotel Mail.

Jim Candee, an old Lyme trapper, has caught an unprecedented number of muskrats this year. He sinks a half barrel near the runs of the rats to the level of the ground, half fills it with water, and then on floating pieces of boards in the tub places small pieces of carrots. When the muskrat jumps in after the bait he can't get out, and he leaves the trap set for an another victim. Mr. Candee has caught as many as six rats in a single barrel in one night.—Hartford Times.

Here is a prodigiously tall story sent to us by a young subscriber: "A gentleman in Rosario was once attacked by Pampa Indians. There were seven of them and he had only his six-shooter, with five shots from which he succeeded in laying low an equal number of his assailants. He had then one charge left, and the remaining two men were advancing. Quick as thought he opened his pocket knife, held it up in front of the pistol barrel, with the sharp edge of the blade toward him, and fired. The knife split the bullet in halves, each half killing one of his foes, and the hero thus saved his scalp. This is his own account of the affair."

FLINT LOCKS are generally supposed to be entirely things of the past. How, then, are we to explain the fact that at Brandon, in Suffolk, at this moment no fewer than thirty-five men are still employed in fashioning gun flints, or "flint knapping," as it is generally called? No less a number than 30,000,000 of gun flints of various qualities and sizes are officially stated to have left the workshop of one Brandon man alone during the last ten years. What has become of them? Some light is thrown on this puzzling question by the information that their destination is the west coast of Africa, whence they are distributed among the savage tribes of the interior. Auctioned off many years ago as no longer of any use to us, our old flint guns and pistols have found their way to remote parts of the great African continent, where they are doubtless regarded as better than no weapons at all. Brandon, in brief, is working chiefly to keep our old friend "Brown Bess" in decent repair.—London Daily News.

ABBEE & IMBRIE'S tackle was not in the market then, but it is now so good and supply yourself at
18 VESEY ST. NEW YORK.



NOTICE TO LIMIT CREDITORS.

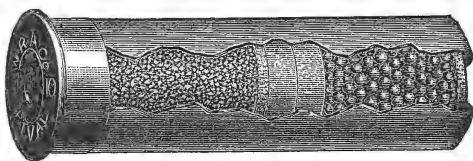
To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company:
Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof, such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILLIAM H. LEMASSEN, Receiver, 805 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

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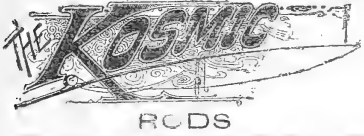
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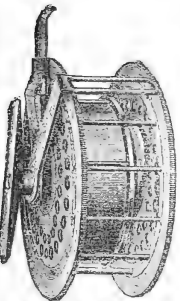
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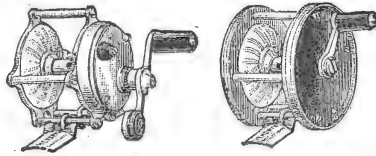
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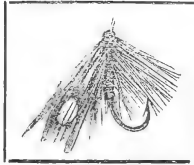
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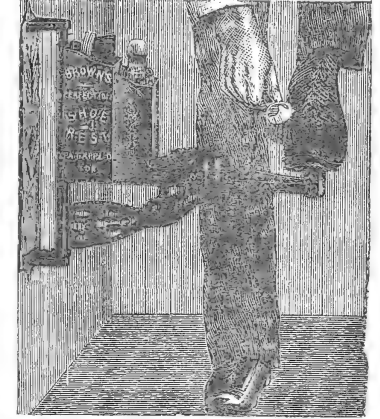
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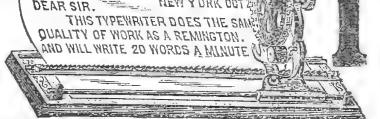
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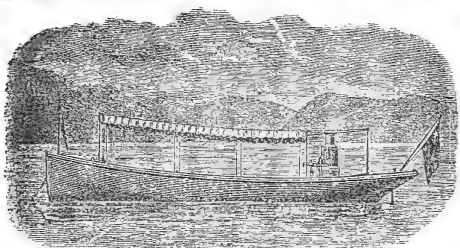
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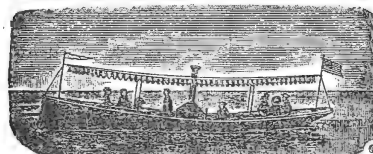
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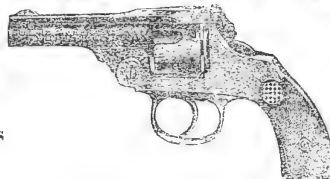
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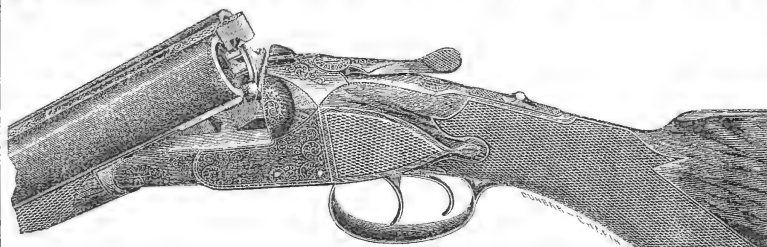
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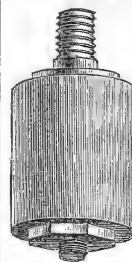
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THE NEW YORK LAW.

WE are receiving numerous inquiries about the condition of the New York game law. Up to the time of going to press the codification bill had not been sent to the Governor. All provisions of the game and fish laws remain as they were last year; the trout season opened yesterday, except in the Forest Preserve, where the date is May 1. The wildfowl season under the present law will close May 1. The prevailing perplexity on these points illustrates and enforces what we said the other day of the effect of passing the codification in its present shape. The bill provides that the law shall take effect immediately on its signature by Governor Hill. This, if the measure shall be passed this month, will produce complications by a summary change of the trout fishing and duck shooting seasons. A man who catches trout legally in the morning of one day may be arrested for catching more of them illegally in the afternoon of the same day, or for having in possession those caught in the morning. The new law, if enacted, should take effect at some date sufficiently remote to afford every one an opportunity to become advised of the changes. No good is to be attained by any other course.

The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River has sent out circulars asking sportsmen throughout the State to urge upon their representatives at Albany a speedy approval of the codification bill. It would be a decided pity if, after the intelligent action of the State in providing for a revision of these statutes, the bill should fail to become a law. We hope to see the measure enacted; but as has already been pointed out, there are numerous points which should be changed, and which can better be altered now than later. Certain of the sections relating to the Fish Commission are by no means satisfactory; there are numerous exceptions in favor of special classes and special localities which should have no place whatever in the law, but which have unwisely been adopted to allay feared opposition to the bill as a whole. In many respects the bill is better than when it first came

from the hands of the codification committee; but in many other particulars it has been tinkered for the worse.

Several bird lovers and students of ornithology, residents of Buffalo, have petitioned the Legislature to strike out the clause which provides that any person may kill birds destroying his fruit. Intelligence and common sense are against giving any such permission to destroy insectivorous birds. Every well-informed person knows that the birds which destroy a little fruit depend for existence almost wholly upon insects; that if it were not for the assistance of the birds in keeping the insect hordes in check, there would be no possibility of fruit growing. To shoot a robin because it is eating cherries does not differ in principle from shooting a horse which happens to break into the garden patch. Add to this that birds are nesting in the fruit season, and the destruction of the parents means the starvation of the young. There is nothing but folly in such an exemption as this clause provides. It should be stricken out, and stricken out now, before the codification bill shall become a law.

BEAR TIME IN THE ROCKIES.

IT is perhaps not generally known that this is the very best season of the year to go bear hunting in the Rocky Mountains. The natural close times which prevail for other game are not in force for bears, and it is in the spring when he first comes out after his protracted winter's sleep, when he is hungry after his long fast, and when his heavy coat is at its best, that the bear is to be killed.

When Ephraim or Bruin first comes out of the "den" in which he has spent the winter, he is fat and sleek, his coat is long and glossy, and he seems in superb condition. It is not long, however, before a change comes. First he loses his heavy coating of fat, and becomes very hungry. As a result of this, he is traveling about almost all the time, and in this respect his habits differ widely from what they are in the summer and early autumn, when he rarely shows himself—except on rainy days—until the dusk of the evening. In April and May, however, in the Rocky Mountains, the bear is moving about at any hour of the day. He turns over the rocks and tears open rotten logs in his hunt for insects, explores the streams for frogs with the earnestness of a coon, digs out mice or ground squirrels, and tears up the caches of pine nuts which the thrifty squirrels made the fall before. If he finds one of these caches the bear considers himself in great luck, and that they do find many is certain, for the shells are often seen in the droppings of the animal. At this time of the year, therefore, the bears being always hungry and always moving, may be successfully hunted.

In a country where they are plenty the hunter who posts himself on a commanding point, overlooking a valley in which he has found signs that the bear has been working recently, will be likely to see more than one during the day.

The fact that the bears are always moving makes the stalking of the animals at this season somewhat more difficult than it would otherwise be. You have to act with promptness and are not at liberty to take your time. Often a long run must be made to get within shot of the prey, and often just as you have come in sight of him, and, all winded by your hurry, are raising your rifle to shoot, he will disappear into a clump of brush and will not be seen again.

The restlessness on the part of the bears of the Rockies does not last very long, nor does their excellent condition of coat continue. The time of their shedding varies with altitude and latitude, but usually by the middle of May their skins are ragged, sunburnt and worthless.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE absolute necessity of restocking the depleted covers of the East has long been dwelt upon by FOREST AND STREAM, and within a year or two the ball has fairly been set in motion, and this work assumes constantly greater proportions. As is well known the importation and breeding of English pheasants has been undertaken at a number of points, quail have been brought from the South and turned out in many places, Massachusetts has taken steps to stock her sandy barrens with the allies of the "heathen," which was long ago exterminated everywhere except on Martha's Vineyard. A project is on foot for making an addition to the fauna of Long Island which will be very important from the sportsman's point of view, and about which we hope to give full details in the course of a few weeks.

Hereafter the sportsman who visits Maine will have the privilege of carrying home his venison without committing a technical violation of the law. Under the old statute, which was construed to forbid transportation companies from carrying more than one moose, two caribou and three deer in a season, visiting sportsmen did carry their game out of the State, but they did it because the authorities were pleased to wink at what was in effect illegal. The new statute is modeled on the law of New York, which has been found to work well. The text reads: "No person or corporation shall carry or transport from place to place any moose, caribou or deer, or part thereof, in close time, nor in open time unless open to view, tagged and plainly labeled with the name of the owner thereof and accompanied by him, under a penalty of forty dollars; and any person, not the actual owner of such game or part thereof, who, to aid another in such transportation falsely represents himself to be the owner, shall be liable to the penalties aforesaid."

Ex-Minister Phelps's recent paper in *Harper's Magazine* on the fur seal controversy has again blown into flames the almost dead embers of this discussion. The most diverse views are expressed by the newspapers of opposite political parties over the rights and the wrongs of this matter, and in much of the discussion a shameful degree of ignorance is manifested as to the ownership of *fera nature*. Meantime we presume the destruction of the fur seal will go on, and in a few years this animal is likely to be classed with the sea elephant, the buffalo, the great auk, the Labrador duck, and other exterminated wild creatures.

Dr. David S. Jordan, the distinguished ichthyologist and college president, now at the head of the Indiana State University, at Bloomington, has accepted the presidency of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, in California. We congratulate the University and the State of California upon the accession to its educational ranks of a man whose administrative ability has been so strikingly demonstrated. The science of ichthyology on the West Coast will gain a most able exponent.

Our long-time and popular correspondent "Von W." is an angler through and through. This was demonstrated the other night, when he woke up to find the house in a blaze. There was a scramble for dear life, and a saving of what effects might be rescued. After it was all over, the neighbors discovered that our angler had made sure of his gun, rods, fly-books and wading boots. When Barnum's Museum was burned Horace Greeley consoled the showman with the comforting thought that he now had time to go fishing, and advised him to do so.

All lovers of good dogs will sympathize with the misfortune of Mr. E. H. Moore, who within a few days has lost the two fine rough-coated St. Bernard dogs, Ben Lomond and Alton. It is not so very long since the same gentleman suffered a similar misfortune by the death of the mastiff Minting, a dog which was reputed to be nearly, if not quite, the best mastiff in the world.

We trust that if any of our readers overlooked the note of the "Helen Keller Fund" in our issue of March 19, they will turn to that number and read it. The enterprise is one which should appeal strongly to a much wider circle than those who are specially interested in our Kennel columns, where the note was published.

The New Jersey bill to repeal the charter of the West Jersey Game Protective Society has passed both houses and is now before the Governor. The probability is that it will have his signature, for numerous petitions have been sent in by the farmers and land owners, who are said to be bitterly opposed to the Philadelphia society and its ways.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

Moose will be protected in Idaho for six years from date,

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MYSTERY OF A PIECE OF PIE.

MY ADVENTURE AT PON QUOGUE.

PART I.

IT was very near midnight when I left the cosy reading room of the famous inn at Canoe Place, at Pon Quogue, Long Island, on my way through the woods to the Foster House, where I was stopping. It is a walk of only some three or four miles, by making a short cut through the pines and alder bushes, although much longer when following the sinuous shore of Shinnecock Bay; and although the night was intensely dark and rain threatened, I felt sure that I should not lose my way before reaching the ridge opposite the "Hills," when the Shinnecock light would be in plain sight and furnish a guiding beacon for the homeward journey.

But, as the French have it, *L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*. So it was in my case, and I had made my reckoning without mine host. I have always flattered myself with the belief that I possessed considerable woodcraft, and ridiculed the idea of "getting lost" in a civilized country. For I have wandered through the lonely forests of Sweden and Norway, in the "Land of the Midnight Sun," all by myself, for days together, and by a sort of intuition, or instinct, always found my way through the tangles of birch and larch to some lumber camp or fishing cove. I have traveled through the dense solitudes of the Harz Gebirge and Thüringerwald, in Germany, without a guide, yet always brought up at some little hamlet, where I would strike a road leading to a railway station. The idea of losing my way on Long Island, therefore, and within a few miles from home, seemed preposterous, and I gave it never a thought.

I had hardly left the ruddy windows of Canoe Place Inn behind me, however, and fairly entered the jungle of alders and huckleberry bushes before I realized that the night was uncommonly dark, sure enough. Not a star, nor the glint of a star was to be seen: it was pitchy black all around. When my foot caught in the briars and I stumbled I would see for a moment a small white spot on the ground where I had scraped the thin soil so as to expose the white mica-glittering sand underneath; that was the only speck of color that could be discerned in that inky blackness. For a moment I felt as if I would like to return, but then they would make fun of me at the inn for coming back, and I resolved to push on.

Of all kinds of jungles in which I have had any experience, alder bushes, which are just high enough to reach a couple of feet above your head, are the worst. Even in the daytime they hem you in and obscure your vision. In an ordinary forest you can at least see between the frunks of the trees, and you can take your bearings from the moss-covered roots, the slant of the trunks and many other signs which are familiar to the experienced eye of the woodsman. But when you are in a thicket of dense bushes, too high for "underbrush" and too low and insignificant for "trees," it sometimes (in the absence of any sign of a path and with the sun obscured from sight) becomes a hard matter to navigate. That was precisely my position on that dark September night. It was warm and sultry, not a wind was stirring—but how black it was! I do not remember in all my travels ever to have seen anything like it above ground and under the canopy of heaven.

As I stumbled on through the brush with my rifle on the shoulder (I had of course drawn the cartridge), getting caught up and snared by the brambles at every second and third step, I peered ahead for a gleam of the big lantern at Shinnecock; but not a speck of light could be seen anywhere, except that of the match with which I lit a cigar to keep me company. Of course there was no danger, for if the worst came to the worst I could easily "camp out," as the night was warm and pleasant, but it was the mortification of losing my way at such a place and under such circumstances; and there were the jeers and jibes with which I would be greeted when I "showed up" next morning. It was the ridicule I was afraid of, for my friends at the Foster House had abundant wit and scepticism, and we knew how to "toast" one another to perfection. No "fish stories" would go down with that crowd.

Well, I stumbled on through the thicket, which seemed to become denser (it could not get darker) at every step, or every fall, for I had more falls than steps; until, by the light of a match, my watch showed me that it was half-past one in the morning—more than an hour and a half since I had left the cozy parlor at Canoe Place. I should have been home and in bed by this time; but still there was no sign of the lighthouse, although it is said that the light can be seen 40 miles at sea. Where the dickens was I, anyhow, and where was that blanketed lighthouse? It was too absurdly ridiculous that I could not find my way home—but it was a startling and full-grown fact, nevertheless. And facts (and alder bushes) are stubborn things.

Another half hour of weary stumbling, and at last I caught a glimpse of the light I had been peering for so anxiously and assiduously. It is true it was not in the direction in which I had been looking most of the time and where I expected to find it; quite the reverse, it seemed to have gone out of its way and be behind me. But there it was at all events, of that there could be no doubt, and by steering straight for it I should soon be home.

At least that was what I thought. But, as I remarked before, *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*; it was easier thought than done. However, black as it still was, the bushes seemed to thin out, there were not so many brambles, and walking became decidedly easier. I steered straight for the light, which seemed to be only a short distance off, and was walking fast and blithely, when—what was that? It tore my pataloons and cut my left wrist. Ah! a barbed wire fence—I could feel it, though I could not see it. I tried to crawl through it between the wires, but it caught in everything, my hair, pantaloons, stockings, and pulled the watch by its chain out of my pocket. I tried to withdraw, but got only tangled up the more, cutting both hands and ankles into the bargain.

At last I extricated myself on the right side of the fence, minus my cap, one coat sleeve and the better part of the seat of my trousers. It began to feel chilly, for it was getting toward morning, and I hastened on—only to run into another fence of the same kind, only more

wicked. After paying toll with my other sleeve and what remained of the back part of my nether garments, I concluded I had had enough of this and had better take no more chances, and as just then I discovered a faint light about 200 yds. to the right, I decided to follow the line of fence rather than attempt to crawl through it. So, breaking off a small sapling, and holding it in my wounded left hand, I let it slide along the topmost coil and was thus guided nearer and nearer toward the light, which proved to be a lamp or candle shining through a small muslin-curtained window in a cottage, which, to the best of my knowledge, I had never seen before.

PART II.

As I lifted the gate-latch I was greeted by a low, vicious growling and had half a mind to draw back when I felt the cold and clammy nose of a large dog sniffing my hand with which I held the latch. The dog had evidently changed his mind, however, for instead of barking or manifesting other unfriendly demonstration he commenced to wag his big bushy tail, sniffing the while at my gun, cartridge-bag and boots, and behave quite friendly. As I entered the gate another smaller dog came up and I was again subjected to this sniffing operation, after which the two dogs seemed to have a sort of consultation, which must have resulted favorably to me, for they forthwith led the way along the narrow sandy path across the garden to the front door, where they stopped, one on each side of me and both wagging their tails furiously.

I knocked at the door and waited developments. No answer. I knocked again, the dogs meanwhile manifesting some impatience by a low whining, but no response came. A third time I knocked hard with my fist, the big dog at the same time scratching the lower door panel with his paw, but still no response. "Surely, they are sound sleepers!" I thought. "That comes of the salt air and a good digestion, but I guess I will make them hear!" With that I rapped the door with the butt of my gun and both dogs set up a dismal howling, which, it seemed to me, would suffice to arouse the seven sleepers. Again I waited patiently for the expected sound of muffled footsteps coming down the stairs and along the hall to open the door, but not a sound, except the pawing and whining of the dogs.

By this time I thought I had waited as long and patiently as ceremony and a proper regard for the "proprieties" required. I tried the lock and found the door unfastened. Opening it slowly, I saw a dark room before me, with a beam of light projecting slantingly into it from a keyhole in a door immediately opposite. Crossing the dark room, still followed by the dogs, I knocked at this other inner door, but receiving no reply, I opened it and entered. It was quite a large room, evidently answering both the purposes of kitchen and dining room, for at one end was a stove with a smouldering wood fire. A large table stood in the middle of the room, covered by a scrupulously clean white linen table cloth, and set with half a dozen plates, all white and clean, flanked by spoons, knives, forks and other appropriate belongings of a table set for supper. In the middle of the table were some large dishes covered with red and white checked and fringed napkins, so that I could not see what they contained. At one end was a cream jug, also covered with a folded red and white checked napkin, and, next to that, a waiter with a complete tea service of thick white stone china; but all scrupulously neat and clean, as, indeed, was everything about the room. But not a human soul was in it, except myself.

All this I comprehended at a single glance, and I also observed, immediately on entering, that there was a staircase on the left side of the room leading up stairs, and with a cupboard under it. I stepped to the foot of the stairway (it was only a single flight) and sang out: "Hello! Anybody here?" There was a faint echo in the casing of the stairs, which sounded hollow and ghost-like, but beyond that nothing. I heard a sputtering, gurgling sound behind me, and turned around quickly—it was only the lamp, which stood on a sideboard over by the window, and was about to go out for want of oil. As I walked across the room to see what was the matter I perceived a gallon oil can with a long spout on the floor next to the woodpile, so I quickly replenished the dying flame, lit a cigar over the lamp chimney, put a fresh stick of wood on the smouldering embers in the stove, and sat down in a big rocking chair with both the dogs lying at my feet, apparently asleep.

Presently, as the stick of wood took fire, a kettle on the stove commenced to sing, and a faint odor of Oolong seemed to pervade the room. From boyhood I have been fond of a good cup of tea of an evening, and especially Oolong. I sniffed the odor, there could be no doubt about it, it was the genuine article. I was both thirsty and hungry, a cup of hot tea would taste so good. So would something to eat. I wondered what was on those platters underneath the napkins. Eatables, doubtless. Thinking of that, and of the tea, made me more hungry still. I rose and walked on tiptoe to the table, as if afraid of awakening somebody (for, somehow, I had the feeling of a human presence in the room), and carefully lifted the corner of one of the napkins. Sliced ham, I examined another dish. Sliced tongue, garnished with parsley. Next to that, and similarly covered by a red and white checked napkin, was a pile of biscuits, and next to that the butter dish. It all looked very nice and tempting, especially to a hungry man.

I finished my cigar, looking askant at those dishes and waiting for somebody to arrive; but nobody came. Then I made up my mind what to do. I flung my cigar stump into the stove and deliberately proceeded to make myself at home, commencing by pulling off my coat. Next, I poured myself a cup of steaming tea, took a biscuit from the pile on the table, buttered it, and went on as if this whole arrangement had been made specially for my personal benefit.

It was a delicious, though rather quiet, meal. I tried the various dishes—ham, tongue, cold roast beef, and something that tasted like potato salad—but there was such an abundance of everything that my attacks did not leave any visible mark. Even the stack of nice brown biscuits seemed as high as at first. Indeed, I might have left the table then and no one would have been any the wiser from the appearance of these dishes.

But—are we not all the sons (and daughters) of mother Eve? I was tempted, as was my ancestor on my mother's side. Not by an apple, but by a pumpkin pie. Under one of the spread napkins I found a nice brown pumpkin pie,

cut into eight big triangular slices, fitting together to make a complete circular delicious-looking pie. Now, if there is anything the rural Long Islanders know how to make to perfection, it is pumpkin pie. It seemed to me that all my hunger returned at the sight of that pie, and that nothing would appease it but a slice. Should I? Well, why not? I had partaken of the other "refreshments," and why not the pie also? So whispered the serpent Epicurus in my ear, and like Eve I succumbed.

One slice—and another, for it tasted good. That left a big white triangular gap in the brown circle, and that gap there was no means of filling. Pies are constructed on a geometrical principle, viz.: Complete P.P. (stands for pumpkin pie)=8 sectors; 8 sectors=2=6. That was the solution to a mathematical certainty. There was no getting over the two missing sectors—the glaring white empty space in the pie spoke for itself to the tune of two missing slices.

Thinking that the least I could do was to give the people who had so kindly, though unwittingly, entertained me as little trouble as possible, I washed the cups, plates and other utensils I had used, carefully covered up and arranged all the dishes precisely as I had found them and prepared to take my leave, just as a faint glimmer in the eastern sky announced the approach of dawn. Both the dogs were fast asleep on a piece of rag carpet in front of the stove, in which the fire was again smouldering, just as I had found it when I came in; the odor of cigar smoke had vanished, and as I stood by the half open door looking back into the room there was not the faintest apparent trace of any one having been there since the legitimate occupants left. Everything was in apple-pie order, precisely as I had found it; and as I softly closed the inner door behind me (for I still had that strange feeling of somebody being in the room, which somebody I didn't wish to disturb) and stood alone in the dark outer room, I did not, strange to say, feel any qualms of conscience, but on the contrary was immensely refreshed and relieved after my rest and nocturnal banquet all by myself in that lonely house.

PART III.

As I reached the white sandy roadway a crimson line near the horizon heralded the approach of day, and at a considerable distance ahead of me, and a little to the right, shone the bright lantern of Shinnecock light. I knew that by following the road in that direction I should soon strike familiar landmarks, and I was not mistaken; after half an hour's walk I reached the cross-roads at the end of the woods, with its well remembered tall sycamore, blasted by lightning, and the rest of the way home was plain enough sailing. I reached the house and stepped softly on the veranda without making any noise, crept quietly up-stairs and was soon abed and asleep, none the worse for my night's adventure or my late supper.

A few days after this I was in a boat bound for Southampton. It was a large, roomy catboat and there must have been at least a dozen people aboard besides myself. It was evident that they were all laboring under some excitement. They came from Good Ground and Pon Quogue while I stepped on board at Canoe Place, where the party had touched for clams and other refreshments. It soon became clear to me that the exciting subject of conversation was the miraculous disappearance of a piece of "pumpkin-pie" from a covered dish at the house of one of the occupants of the boat, some evenings before. The spokesman was emphatic in declaring that "it was clear as nobody had been in the house, for nary thing was touched or disturbed in the least!"

"Well, I swan!" said the skipper, "it must 'a been spooks."

"Yes, yes," said another, "that's just what I say; o' course it was spooks—mebbe the same spook that bewitched old Cap'n Mumford's hogs, as is what they call a hog spook!"

This was not very complimentary to me, so I decided to keep mum and say nothing.

"It couldn't 'a been the dogs?" timidly suggested one of the party, a small man in store clothes and with blonde side whiskers; but his suggestion was met with the scorn and derision it deserved by all the rest, including the skipper.

"Dogs!" said the chief spokesman, at whose house the strange incident had happened, "d'you 'spose dogs could take off a napkin, or rake a pie from under a napkin, and if ne'er be seen? I've seen trained dogs at the circus, but I swan as I ne'er saw dogs as could do that!" That proposition was assented to all around, and it was settled that the house must have been visited by some kind of a spook or "fairy" (that sounded better than hog spook, at any rate)—"probably because the seeds from which the pumpkins had been grown, from which the pie was made, had not been steeped in salt water," was suggested by some one, and accepted as a very likely proposition.

I gathered from what I heard while we bounded merrily over the blue waters of the bay on our way to Southampton, than on the night of the adventure the folks at the house had all gone to the political meeting at Riverhead, intending to return before supper; and as they would be tired when they returned, everything was with forethought "fixed" and in readiness. By some accident, however, the train was missed, and, as there were ladies in the party and no team could be obtained, it was decided to remain with friends in Riverhead over night and take the early morning train to Good Ground, which is only a few miles from Pon Quogue. Early the following morning the owner of the house, with his family, returned to their home, to find, as they expected, everything (apparently) exactly as they had left it the night before, except that in some mysterious and inexplicable manner part of a pie had disappeared from a dish under a napkin, which had been carefully spread over it, as over all the other dishes on the table. Inquiries at the nearest neighbor showed that none of them had been at the house during the absence of the family; the dogs had not been heard to bark, as they invariably did on the approach of tramps and other strangers; nothing else in the house was missing; not a thing had been disturbed; in short, the whole affair of the pie was an inscrutable mystery!

And so it will remain, until Captain P— (for I afterward learned the name of the owner of the house) reads this confession, and with it I tender him and his household my sincere thanks for the hospitable refuge and repast I had at his home in my character of "hog spook," or "fairy," on the night when I was lost at Pon Quogue.

LOUIS BAGGER.

ANTOINE BISSETTE'S LETTERS.—VII.

M'sieu Fores' Strim:

One evclin we 'll set by de stof-heart, a smokin' tabacca.
As fas' as de chimley was smokin' de spruce an' de balsam.
M'sieu Mumsin he 'll mos' mek me cry wid his readin' a story,
Was write, so he say, by great long American feller,
Baout a Frenchmans, he 'll lose of hees gal 'long go, in Acadie.
You 'll hear of it, probly, haow one gone on one sloop, one on
asodder,

One scratfer dis way, one scratfer dat way, never togedder,
Till hose of it, hol', an' de feller was ready for die off.

It mek me felt soble, for hear mah frien' read of it, softly,
For it saoun lak de vovce of mah mudder, w'en he sing to me,
"Dor' p'tite," dat tam Ah 'll was bebbly, an' lie half sleep on hees
bosom's,

One ear an' one heye hopen for listin an' see w'at be go on,
Two tudder shut saoun, fas' sleep on de brees' of mah mudder;
It bring it all back, as Ah 'll hear it an' see it, dem day tam.
De bump of de hin'leg an' foreleg of de chair, on de hard floor,
As she rock me, "Dor' p'tite, dor' p'tite," all de tam sing mah hol
mudder.

De bumbly bee bumblin' all over de marigol' p'osy,
De bobolink ringin' hees bells 'bove de meider where hayin'
De mans was, an' de wheat fiel' where lwomans dress all in blue
gown,

Was scoop daown for reap off de grain shinin' more yaller as gold
was.

On de river, a Hingin was paddle his can-noe more lazy
An' slow as de move of de water, an' over de fiel' an' de river
De blue sky scoop daown to de big hwood.
So it come back to mah rember w'id de nowse of de readin',
An' mek me for feel kan' o' oncomfable happr,
Lak a feller dat heat up all of hees mud-turkey keep wishin'
He 'll have it for heat it, forever more some of it.

W'en he 'll finish hees read, Ah 'll t'ink while Ah 'll finish mah
smokin',

Haow Ah 'll mek it come off grea' deal more better for pleasant
F Ah was dat great long Ameri an feller dat wrote it,
For Gabriel, Evangeline an' all dar was hear of de story,
Gabriel was dat kan o' mans Solem Brigg was call it philosophy.
W'en de pos' hofice an' telegiab ant bring it no letter.
W'en de sloop an' de stimoat an' de railrol ant bring it hees
gal back,

Nor took heem to de place where Evangeline was be a stoppin',
An' he fan aout he can' fan aout where she was have been
gone to,
He 'll mek aout hees min' dat everyt'ing come to de feller dat
waitens.

He goin' do dat. An' bombye Evangeli ne goin' for come to heem,
So he 'll sharp off hees huxs an' beezin for chaup aout some
clearin'.

Every nowse of de win' dat he hear in de taup of de tree blow,
Every nowse of de tree dat he chaup an' come tomble hover,
Dey say, "Bombye, Evangeline comin', bombye she 'll comin',"
De bird from de sous come, de bird from de nort' come, dey tol'
heem de sem t'ing;

De wil' geese draggin' de sky wid hees harrer in sprin tam,
In de fall, de black string of crow pullin' de las' one to de sea
shore,

All tol' heem dat "Bombye, hees leetly gal comin'" from some-
where;

So he 'll buil' for it up dar a nice leetly lawg haouse, all smooze
off

De side, an' cover wid whitewash, an' notch all de aidge of de
shingle,

An' under de tree window, he sow some marigol' p'osy.
But bes' t'ing of all he feel plump of, was bed of beautiful onion,
All summer he caffly weed it, in fall it was beeg as tea sasser;
Den he pull it an' braid it in long string an' hang it on side of de
haouse up,

Where blow by de breeze of de evclin, de pref-fume was carry
long way off,

An' w'en he look of it, he 'll said, "Haow Ah 'll weesh dat leetly gal
comin',"

For help me of heat off dat onion, Prob'ly she 'll tink, Ah 'll free-
git it,

Ant rember for love, but Ah 'll love it dat gal, more as onion,
An' mah heart was grow lonesick for waitin', more as waitin' for
onion for supper."

All lone in de dark hwood, was poor Evangeline wander,
All de star an' de moon from de sky, de nort' win' was blow off,
An' haowl lak some wolf, an' bite her wid col' toof;
De black cloud spill hees rain drop daown on her an' mek her
more col'er,

De win' haowl more wolfy an' laoud an' bite her more harder,
An' somethin' scareful crouw toward her in every black shadder;
An' her heart was grow lonesick for all de scare t'ing araoun'
her,

Her heart dat was so lonesick afore for all her long lookin'.
Jus' w'en she was ready for give up, so scare', so tire', so honger,
She 'll feel of de smell of onion, an' rise up, riffesh, an' go on.
T'rough de snatch of de brier dat ketch her an' tear off her clo's off,
T'rough de switch of de bushes dat wheep her lak forty hol' school
mom,

'Gainst de bump of de tree dat was paoun her lak mau' drivin'
wedges,

She folle' dat smell, lak haoun dat was chasin' de rabbeet;
An' bombye it brought her to clearin' where she 'll seen lit in de
winder,

F you 'll ever been hongry all day, an' come home for heat some
mud-turkey,

'F you 'll ever be dry all a hot day, den fan de col' sprim' a
bubblin',

Den you know haow she feel w'en she faint on de door an' it hopen,
An' she 'll fell on de harm of her Gabriel. If you 'll ant, Ah 'll
can' tol' you,

Wal, den, dey was marry, an' leeve very happy togedder,
But probly dey was tam w'en dey weesh dey ant fan one nuuder!

ANTOINE BISSETTE.

AUGUST SCHOVERLING of this city died in Düsseldorf-on-the-Rhine, Germany, Sunday. Mr. Schoverling went abroad early in the month in search of relief from a bad cold that threatened pneumonia, but by the time he reached Düsseldorf he had grown so much worse that the physicians gave up hope. He was born in Osnabrück, Hanover, fifty years ago, and came to this city when fifteen years old, finding employment at Herman Boker & Co.'s gun store. Five years later he went into the gun business with Charles Daly, as Schoverling & Daly, and the firm continued under this name until 1879, when Mr. Joseph Gales became a partner, and the firm name was changed to Schoverling, Daly & Gales,

Natural History.

THE RACCOON AND HIS WAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would say to your correspondent, "B," and others of his opinion, that it is a fact that raccoons do come out in winter; and also a fact that they do catch, kill, and eat rabbits. I would not be misunderstood. My knowledge of the above extends to two States only, Maine and Massachusetts. Further south I know nothing of the natural history of the coon.

In Maine the coon often comes out in mid-winter, provided there is the usual January thaw, and I do know that they kill and eat hares in that State.

My knowledge of the coon on Cape Ann dates back to the fall of 1884. In the winter '84 and '85, I tracked a rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*) to where a coon had killed it. I did not see the rabbit killed, but the tragedy was lithographed on an inch of light snow, and thus as easily read as the printed page of FOREST AND STREAM. I tracked that coon to his den and the next spring captured him alive. He was in my possession nine months, and I find that my note book is crowded with interesting items as regards his habits and actions. He preferred food in the order herein named: Insects, eggs, birds or poultry, frogs, nuts, red squirrel, rabbit, gray squirrel and fish. This, without doubt, was the bill of fare of his wild state. He would not touch green corn or milk until I had crushed the former into his mouth, and had dipped his nose into the latter. Afterward he would leave everything for milk.

The first rabbit I fed to him was about two thirds grown. It was one which a mink had chased into my dooryard and killed. It was evident from the first that the coon was no stranger to this kind of food. He opened the rabbit's mouth with his fore paws and ate out the tongue, after which he skinned the head, turning the skin back over the neck. He crushed the bones of the head and lapped out the brains. On the third day he had finished the rabbit, and the skin was turned inside out, even to the ends of the toes. Squirrels were skinned in the same manner.

This coon decided for me a disputed question. I refer to the whimper or cry of the coon. Night after night, in the rutting season, he would call to his comrades, and they would answer from the surrounding woods.

It is no unusual thing for me to see signs of where rabbits, grouse or quail have been killed by the coons.

Perhaps it will be as well to explain to the uninitiated, that the coon makes two kinds of tracks. Usually when walking or running the back is humped or arched, and at such times only the toes touch the ground, and a track is made accordingly. When at rest, or moving about for a few feet, the back is level and the whole foot comes to the ground, making the plantigrade track. HERMIT.

THE BIRDS OF GREENLAND.

THERE has just been issued, by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, a catalogue of the "Birds of Greenland," by Andreas T. Hagerup. Mr. Hagerup is a Danish mining engineer, who spent two and a half years in southern Greenland, and some of the results of his sojourn there are known to readers of the *Auk*, in which appeared in 1889 a paper on the birds of Irgituk. The present work is much more elaborate, and is the only complete catalogue of the birds found in Greenland which has been published since 1875. It is translated from the Danish by Mr. Frimann B. Arnglimson, and is edited by Mr. Montague Chamberlain, who is sufficiently and well known to all Americans who are interested in ornithology. The nomenclature and classification followed in this catalogue are those adopted by the A. O. U.

The catalogue before us is divided into two parts: (1) a list of the birds of Irgituk, which occupies 31 pages and gives 39 species, and (2) a catalogue of the birds of Greenland, in which 139 species are enumerated. In this list there are given 10 species which were not mentioned in Newton's list of Greenland birds (1875), and there are several additions to the bird life of that country.

Mr. Hagerup's notes—especially those in connection with the birds of Irgituk—are extremely interesting, and he tells us much that is new about the habits of several little-known species, such as the gyrfalcon, redpoll, ptarmigan and others. This material is very valuable, for his long residence in Greenland has given Mr. Hagerup opportunities for observing these northern forms such as have not been had by other students of the birds of that region.

The work of editing this list appears to be well done and we may quote Mr. Chamberlain's concluding note, in which he says, "Of the 139 species here enumerated 1 is extinct and 53 are merely accidental stragglers, while 24 others are so rare that they might be classed with the accidentals, leaving but 61 species that should be recognized as regular inhabitants of Greenland; and of these several are of quite uncommon occurrence."

This catalogue shows the bird fauna of Greenland to be more American than Old World, thus confirming previous conclusions.

THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

FROM Mr. Walter Aiken, who is now at Hamilton, Bermuda, we learn that the Islands are very lovely this winter, and the mercury has averaged 72 degrees. He writes also that the fishermen are bringing in fine red snappers, groupers, rockfish, hogfish, amberfish, pompano, yellowtails, senate fish, and many other beautiful species.

These are caught on the reefs some miles distant, where there is generally too much swell for a veteran trout and black bass fisherman like Mr. Aiken.

Several handsome eel-like fishes, called morays, are taken with the food fishes, but these are rather ugly to handle.

One of the curiosities of Bermuda is the pool in which live fishes are kept until needed for market. This is known as the "Devil's Hole" and is thus referred to by Mr. Aiken: "The 'Devil's Hole' is a natural hole of great depth in the coral rock near the sea, and is fed with water that comes through the rock. It is used as a pound to keep fish in until they are wanted for use. There are several hundred fish in it and it is great fun to break up a loaf of bread and throw it to them. They make the water fairly boil. The whole is inclosed with a fence and the colored man who owns it makes a good thing out of it in the winter by admitting visitors at one shilling each,"

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

PRACTICAL TRAPPING.

II.—WATER TRAPPING.

WATER trapping is, to my mind, a much more difficult and intricate art than land trapping. The work, though somewhat more diversified, is quite as hard, and a far more thorough knowledge is needed of the habits of the animals to be taken. As has been already said, the three most important of these are the beaver, the otter and the mink, and each one of these living in a different situation and having its own habits, must be carefully studied. The mink, the most abundant but least valuable of the three species, is not difficult to trap, but the beaver and the otter are animals of singular acuteness, and no trapper will be successful who does not meet their intelligence with a greater one.

Although beaver and otter are both water animals, their habits are entirely unlike, and quite different methods must be employed in trapping them. No trapper would think of setting a trap with the notion that he might catch either a beaver or an otter. For the one animal he would put his trap in a particular place, bait it with a particular substance and fasten it in a particular way, while if setting for the other species, the place, the bait and the mode of fastening would all be changed.

Constant pursuit extended over many years has made beaver and otter extremely shy, and has made them also well acquainted with the simpler devices of the trapper. The green hand who nowadays wants to take up trapping must either serve a long and profitless apprenticeship, picking up a knowledge of the art through slow experience, or else he must contrive to spend a season or two with some old trapper who is familiar with the work, and learn from him. The trappers of early days had an easy time of it. All they had to do was to find where the beaver lived and to set their traps for the animals to walk into. Then trapping was only a trade, but nowadays I call it an art.

So much has been written about the habits of the beaver that almost every one knows something about the animal, and everybody is acquainted with the fact that it builds dams and houses to dwell in. Their dams are exceedingly strong and durable, and they are prompt in repairing any injury to them. A dam cut during the day will usually be repaired the same night, and in the morning will be as good as new. I remember an instance of this sort which occurred on San Juan Island. An old Englishman named John Wootton, who was new to the country, wished to get rid of a colony of beaver that lived on his place, and one day cut their dam. The next morning he found it repaired and cut it again, and this time to frighten away the animals when they should come to rebuild it, he set up a green cottonwood pole on the dam and hung his overcoat on it. The following day on visiting the place he not only found the dam in its usual good condition, but the cottonwood pole and his overcoat had gone to help stop the gap he had made and were now in the dam.

Beaver houses are less common now than they used to be, partly because beaver themselves are less abundant, but mainly because the presence of a fresh beaver house betrays even to the most unskilled eye the existence of beaver in the neighborhood. In the older districts beaver now generally live in holes in the banks of the streams they inhabit, though in some parts of the Rocky Mountains and in many places on this coast the sight of a beaver house is not uncommon. The houses differ a good deal in size, location and shape. Some are as large, though of course less high, than a small haystack; others are hardly more than six feet through at the base. They may stand either wholly on land or partly in the water and partly on the bank, or wholly in the water. They are never placed in very deep water, for a base must be built for the house to stand on reaching up to the surface, since the chamber inhabited by the occupants must be dry. The shape of those houses which I have seen on shore approaches the conical. Those in the water are more irregular, sometimes only rounded, at others long and rather flat on top. Within each house, and connected with the water by a concealed passage, through which the beaver pass to and fro, is the chamber which is the animals' dwelling place. It is large enough to contain seven or eight of them, and high enough so that a beaver can conveniently sit up on its haunches. It is warm, dry and clean, for the beaver is extremely neat in all its habits.

The food of the beaver consists chiefly of the green bark of twigs and young limbs of various trees. Cottonwood bark is preferred, then comes willow, then alder, but the bark of almost any tree may be eaten. I have known them to eat pine and white cedar. The beaver often cut down trees of very considerable size to get at the smaller limbs, which they eat. I have seen cottonwoods 20 in. in diameter so cut, and once on Vancouver Island, near Johnston's Straits, found a cedar 2½ ft. through which they had gnawed down. This work of cutting down a large tree is done by a single animal. I have seen the beaver engaged in the operation, which is performed as follows: The beaver sits up on its haunches facing the tree and with his fore-paws resting against it. With his head turned on one side, he cuts a groove above and then one below and bites out the chip, taking it off in almost the same way an axman would. He thus saves himself the trouble of gnawing all the wood up into fine cuttings. When the tree is felled the whole community attack and cut up the tender limbs, carrying them away to the cache.

Unlike many of our gnawing animals, the beaver does not sleep through the winter; he remains active, often venturing abroad during the whole of the cold weather. He must therefore have food, and a large part of the summer and autumn is devoted to securing this food and depositing it in caches. This food consists of the limbs and twigs of the trees most preferred by the beaver. They are cut from 1½ to 3 ft. long, stripped of their leaves and smaller twigs, carried to the water and floated to the cache where they are sunk. And here comes a very curious point. These sticks are floated to the cache and are sunk by the beaver to the bottom of the water, where

they remain without any apparent anchorage. They are not stuck in the mud of the bottom, nor held down by weights. If you lift one to the surface it will float, but you may move it about on the bottom without its rising. I have myself tried this with sticks from which the bark had been eaten, but have never done so with the green unpeeled limbs before the beaver has taken them into their houses. This matter to me is a very mysterious one, and I have never been able to get any hint as to how these sticks were sunk. All through the winter the beaver visit these caches, carry the sticks to their houses where they eat off the bark, returning the bare sticks to the water. Sometimes it may happen that, for some reason or other, the cache may not contain enough to last the whole colony through the winter. In this case the beaver, if possible, get on land through some air hole or piece of open water and then forage among the timber. Occasionally a combination of scarcity and severe weather may oblige the colony to emigrate during the winter to some more favorable spot.

No description of the beaver is needed, since his picture may be found in every child's book. The females are somewhat smaller than the males, and may be more certainly distinguished from them by their broader and more rounded tails. I have never seen the tail used in swimming, though it may be used as a rudder. The largest number of young that I have known of is seven. These I took from a female in April, and from their size and development I conclude that the young are born in May. The largest beaver I ever took I weighed and found that he turned the scale at 110 lbs. He was an old fellow and had lost three of his feet in traps.

Aside from man, the worst enemies of the beaver are wolves, lynxes and wildcats. These catch them to some extent in summer when they are working; but the number destroyed by these is probably not very great. Although beavers are supposed to be entirely confined to fresh water, yet I have on a few occasions, notably in Loughborough Inlet, on this coast, found them swimming in the salt water. In such situations they may easily be overtaken by a man in a canoe and shot, for a man can easily paddle a canoe fast enough to overtake a beaver.

The fur of the beaver as seen after being dressed and prepared for trimming clothing does not look very much like the coat of the beaver when freshly skinned. Then the soft under fur is concealed by a covering of long silky brown hairs, which are usually removed in the dressing. The castor, which is contained in two glands, one on each side of the vent, is the only other valuable product of the beaver. It is used by druggists, and was once, I believe, in great demand. It is a yellowish substance—very bitter—a sort of concentrated essence of cottonwood and willow bark.

While these remarks on the habits of the beaver will not help any one to learn how to trap him, they will serve to indicate that he is an animal of high intelligence and pretty well able to look out for himself under ordinary circumstances. In beaver trapping we use a No. 4 steel trap, and the bait is a strong-smelling mixture composed for the most part of the castor taken from the beaver itself. Almost every trapper has his own peculiar formula for preparing his "medicine," and each one thinks his preparation is the best thing in the world to trap beaver. It is a very unusual thing for a trapper to divulge the secret of his own preparation. Mine is a very simple one, consisting of castor, honey and alcohol, the purpose of the latter ingredient being merely to keep the castor sweet. Having mixed my "medicine," I bore a 2½-in. hole in a birch limb, lengthwise of the grain, fit a stout plug to it, and in this unbreakable bottle place and keep the mixture.

Many trappers set for beaver on the dam or near the house or on the slide or runway, where they go into or out of the water. I never do so. If you catch a beaver on the dam all the others see him there in the trap, and it makes them still more shy and difficult to catch. If you set close to the house you are almost sure to catch kittens, for the young are the first to come out in the evening and so the first to find their way into the traps. The skins of the kittens are worth but little, whereas if they are allowed to grow to full size they will bring full prices. I never set where the beaver himself goes, but try to put my trap close to where he passes. Having chosen my spot I take a lot of mud from the bed of the creek and make a little mound like the ones formed for sitting and rolling on by the animal himself. I then dig out a place large enough to hold the trap in the edge of the bank, splashing water over the digging to make it look natural and old. Just under water and on the bank above it I set up a little step on which are a few drops of the beaver medicine. This should be fastened to the trap either by a slender twig or a piece of black thread so that the animal, when he dives in the water, will carry it with him. This is to keep the other beaver from smelling it. The trap is set 6 to 9 in. below the water's surface, and the end of the step is 6 in. above water, and a foot or more to the landward side of the trap. The chain I carry out toward deep water as far as possible and make fast to it a good sized rock, as heavy as the beaver could well drag. Many people stake down their traps or fasten them in some way so that the animal, when caught, is held to the spot. The result of this is that the beaver, when he finds himself in the trap, works away until he has twisted off the imprisoned foot and escapes. The object of the trapper should be to drown his victim as soon as possible, and with the trap set in my way the beaver usually makes for deep water where the weight of the stone attached to the chain soon drowns him. A dry pole 10 or 12 ft. long will serve to mark the position of the trap in the water after the beaver has carried it off, and make it an easy matter to recover it.

This pole should be so small that the ring of the trap will slip over the butt. The branches which should be left on the pole will keep the ring from slipping toward the smaller end, while the butt may be split and wedged so that the ring will not slip back the way it came.

The spring of the trap should be bent around to one side—that to which the catch is fast, and the trap should be so set that the jaws when closed will stand parallel to the direction of the beaver's path. Thus the jaws in closing will grasp the beaver's foot without throwing it out of the trap. If they close at right angles to the beaver's line of approach, it might well happen that as they flew together they would strike the foot and knock it out of their reach.

Some trappers set a little deeper and make use of a

device to induce the beaver to put his foot to the bottom before he otherwise would. They plant in the bank a small stick sharpened at both ends. This stick is horizontal and about 2 in. under water, and its free end is just about over the landward side of the trap. When the beaver comes swimming along over the trap this sharp stick strikes him in the neck and stops him. He puts his foot to the bottom for support, and it touches the pan of the trap and he is caught.

It requires a great deal of patience to trap otter successfully. This is partly because they are such great travelers and are almost always moving about. You may find an otter slide to-day with fresh sign on it, and set your trap, and perhaps it will be ten days before the animal visits the slide again.

For otter I use a No. 4 trap, which I set either on the slide or somewhere near where the otter will pass. For "medicine" I use the glands, and scatter the mixture over the leaves and grass about the trap. When the trap is set on land I fasten the chain to a spring pole long and strong enough to raise the animal quite off the ground. The otter's struggles free the pole and he is lifted up so that he cannot twist or gnaw his foot off. If the trap is set in shoal water I tie the chain to a rock. He will not drag it far. When the trap is set in deep water, the ring is strung over a sliding pole. The otter skin is cased, but the tail must be split and tacked to a stretcher.

Mink are easily trapped, as they have but little cunning. To take them, build a little pen and set the small steel trap a little to one side of the middle of the entrance. Put the bait, which may be fish or bird's heads, on a stick a foot or two above the ground. Or a deadfall such as is used for martin or fisher, but smaller, may be used.

The days of successful trapping are now pretty much over, yet if a man has a taste in this direction it is always worth while for him to take a few traps with him when he goes into the mountains, for in this way he may bring back many specimens that he would not otherwise get.

TOAT COULA, Washington.

R. V. GRIFFIN.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

II.—WHY THE FARMER COMPLAINS AND WHO HE IS.

THE Greek farmer, neither in character nor ability, represents the class of men who live on our hill-sides and forest clearings, but what he says is just what I have heard, and in much the same temper, from many of our farmers and back settlers.

That they should hold such views is natural, even unavoidable, under present conditions. Farmers, who are not guides nor hunters part of the year, are not very well acquainted with the game laws; many of them never saw the printed statutes and have no other means of judging the import of the law than by what they see done in its name. They have heard it said that the game laws were passed for the benefit of all; but what they have seen of the execution of these laws leads them to believe rather that the claim is a blind, and that the real object is preserving game for privileged classes who can pay for it, and keeping it from them, the poorer classes. If the suspicion at first sight seems absurd, consider whether any other view would be more likely to prevail among men who have had contrasts like the following thrust upon their notice.

A farmer on the Penobscot captures a caribou in close season intending to keep him alive, and an officer is straightway sent by orders from Bangor to force him to release the creature, under threat of prosecution. Prosecution, for having the animal in possession? No, for putting on snowshoes in order to catch the creature, because putting on snowshoes is *prima facie* evidence of an intent to hunt, whether one has a gun or not, and under the law the attempt is punishable. But while such wire-drawn logic is used against the farmer, two full-grown deer, which must have been taken in close season, are kept by the month and the year at the Bangor House, within a quarter of a mile of Mr. Stilwell's office. The immediate inference is that the rich and the poor are differently regarded by the laws. Again, a farmer who tries to sell eight or nine partridges in close time is fined, although he proves the birds were killed legally in December; but togue and trout are openly sold in close time in city markets. The poor man has no chance, they say; the rich man can do what he pleases.

Again, two farmers each killed a caribou a little before the open season began; neither was a hunter, neither knew what kind of a creature he was killing or that it was illegal; both were fined. But men from our own cities and others yearly violate the laws, knowing well what they are doing, and no wardens are sent into the country where they are known to have gone for this purpose. This injustice in the execution of the law is mistakenly but naturally laid to a partiality in the law itself. The law favors sportsmen, it is said, and is against our own people.

But the farmers see this difference between rich and poor made not only in capturing alive, in killing and in selling game, but even in transporting it. A hunter buys a ticket to Boston and checks his deer as personal baggage, just as sportsmen do daily, but he does not go on the same train with them. The deer are seized at Bangor on the ground that the owner must accompany them personally. The State law about non-transportation does not say this, by the way, but it is the interpretation at Bangor. The query comes, what is there wrong in it? Were not the railroad requirements met in having the deer checked as personal baggage and the ticket punched with the baggage check, so that nothing else could be afterward sent on that ticket? A sportsman's deer would not have been seized if the owner were detained by sickness or accident from going with them, is the comment, and the suspicion of unfairness is strengthened when this case is compared with another a few years back, when the non-transportation law was at its strictest. Then the orders issued at Bangor forbade any conveyance, public or private—railroad, stage or private team—to handle or convey more than one moose, two caribou or three deer under penalty of seizure of the whole load of game. The Maine Central R. R. issued the strictest orders on this point and refused to carry any game; seizures were frequent. But, nevertheless, this railroad at one time forwarded a load of deer—nine, it is said, including one white one tagged to a prominent railroad official, and all or a part of them killed with dogs by outside sportsmen. The load passed through Bangor, the officers there knew it, and yet no seizure was made. Comparing this with the foregoing, what inference could well be drawn except

that the laws had not been fairly executed? It is only a step to the assertion that the laws themselves are unjust, and the step is taken by those who know less of the law than of what is done by the officers of the law.

The cases given above are not fictitious. The information regarding the farmer who caught the live caribou, was given personally by Warden Eben F. Morse, of Ed-dington, who was sent to release the animal, and the ground for prosecution, absurd as it seems, is as he gave it. Warden A. J. Darling, of Enfield, gave the information regarding the farmer fined for having partridges in possession, and said that he tried to get the fine remitted because the man was too poor to pay it and the violation was unintentional. If the farmer had been able to go to law about it he could have won the case, as Benjamin Young of North Milford won his case on deer. Warden Alec McClain, of Mattawamkeag, said that he fined one of the farmers who killed a caribou, but should not have done so if the man had known enough not to sell the horns in close time to the station master at Mattawamkeag. The other, Milo Merriam, of Sherman (I believe), personally told my father of his case, and said that the caribou came out among his sheep at Benedicta, and he killed it not knowing what it was. The last case is the Walter McPheters case, soon to be tried in court.

Of the instances cited on the other side the first is too well known to need comment, the second will be referred to later, the third is notorious, and the last is based on information from various sources and the admission of the highest authorities here. These are not a tithe of the contrasts which might be cited; but these are enough to show how the present feeling could arise. I must not be understood to say that the laws are invariably or even half the time executed after this fashion: but to bring them into disrepute does not need that the majority of the grand total of indictments should have been of this sort; but only that the people, whose individual judgments make up the public opinion which I represent, should have seen three prosecutions of every five that have come to their notice conducted contrary to their ideas of fairness and justice, or if strictly legal in form, enforced against one class of law-breakers, while another class seems to have been scarcely noticed.

In what I say now, however, and in what I shall say, I am not speaking of the State at large, but only of the section included in Penobscot, Hancock, Arrostook, Piscataquis and the upper half of Somerset counties. Washington county might perhaps be added, but I do not know enough of the popular feeling there to speak with any certainty. Waldo, Knox and Lincoln, by their situation on the seaboard, have less interest in game than the other counties; and of the region west of the Kennebec I know nothing, though I judge a much better state of feeling prevails there than here. I speak of and for the country drained by the Penobscot, Union, and St. John rivers and their tributaries, and the territory about Moosehead Lake, which is always treated here as if it belonged to Penobscot instead of to Kennebec waters because most of the travel to and from it comes this way. These four counties and a half cover more area than the other eleven and a half—considerably more than the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. The population of these three States taken together, by the census of 1880 (the last not being at hand), was 200 to the square mile; that of Maine, 21. The proportion of native to foreign population in the three States was less than 70 per cent.; that of Maine, more than 90 per cent. But in the region of which I am writing the contrast is much greater. With half the area we have little more than one-fourth the population—not more than 12 to the square mile, by the census of 1880, and the ratio of native to foreign born must have been more than 95 per cent. In these four counties and a half there were only a dozen places of more than 2,000 inhabitants, and five of these—Bangor, Brewer, Hampden, Orono and Oldtown—lie almost adjoining each other. The significance of these facts in relation to what I propose to say is this: The absence of large towns shows that manufactures can occupy comparatively few of the inhabitants; the great preponderance of native over foreign born shows that under similar conditions they will be sure to think nearly alike; the scattered population shows that agriculture, under which lumbering may properly be included, must be almost exclusively followed. Since the population is practically homogeneous both in race and in occupation, I must either entirely mis-represent them or else represent what is known politically as an overwhelming majority.

Now this section contains by far the greater portion of the forest land of the State, including all the best of the deer country and nearly all the moose and caribou country in the State. The inhabitants of this section as a whole must therefore know more and care more about game matters than those of any other section. For another reason also they are better informed.

Bangor lies in this section and Bangor is the great lumbering and sporting center of the State. Whatever is done in the woods, in the course of time drifts down the river to Bangor, and there is caught by those who stand waiting for it. Things that the doers supposed were buried in the wilderness—what was done, what was seen, what was said, even, come to be talked over publicly on Bangor streets. As it is the center also of all the railroads leading to the great game country, most of the sportsmen who come to hunt must pass through it, while game seized in transportation is more often taken here than anywhere else. Then, one of the game commissioners lives here, so that it is headquarters for official news. Besides, Bangor and Ellsworth are the two principal county seats of the region described, so that most of the game cases that pass into the higher courts are tried in either one or the other of these places. While many of the people may not be able to tell a deer from a caribou, there is, nevertheless, no other place in the State or out of it where Maine game matters are so well understood and so much discussed as in Bangor; and a knowledge of what is said and done there is indispensable if one would speak on game matters.

This knowledge I may claim to have, from having lived so near as to be almost in the city and from peculiarly good facilities for obtaining information. Other circumstances have given me a considerable acquaintance with woodsmen, guides and hunters, both white and Indian, and opportunities of knowing about many more whom I never have seen, therefore I know definitely for whom I am speaking and what are their views. In addition, I have been through the game regions of which I speak in close time, for the express purpose of seeing what was

done and hearing what was said before the better class of visitors had arrived, so that I can speak from my own knowledge on some points where I speak most strongly. The information obtained from these sources, the fact also that the people of this section, for the reasons given above, must be practically of one mind upon game questions, and that I am heart and hand, by birth and education, one of them—lead me to suppose that I can represent their views. Do not misunderstand me as doing more than presenting these, explaining their origin and to what they will lead; as I have purposely shown you in the preceding series, I am too prejudiced to be able to sit in judgment on the laws, and I shall not attempt it. But by reason of this very prejudice I am able to get at facts which you could not, and I can reflect public opinion in a way that your critical and judicial power, which fits you for discussing what I am debarred from, could not arrive at. It will be done solely for the sake of producing a better understanding between you and those for whom I am speaking. When you reflect that the people here are the natural game wardens of this great forest region and that the very existence of the game depends on their good pleasure, the importance of your knowing how they think, feel and talk about these matters will be self evident—a sufficient reason for my saying what I have to tell you, a sufficient excuse for giving some good advice, which must be heeded if sportsmen would like to come here and enjoy the privileges they have had heretofore.

I have already told something about the commonest claim here—that the game laws are enforced so as to favor sportsmen—and that many say the laws themselves warrant this. On the former of these two points I have given some evidence, the other I will illustrate briefly in my next paper, with some other claims of a similar nature. It should be stated that the latter of these two opinions is more prevalent among farmers and those less likely to be well-informed on the subject, that the former is held by guides, hunters and others who have had better opportunities for studying the printed statutes. And here let me state unequivocally that whatever the individual opinions quoted hereafter may seem to claim, to my best knowledge and belief the people as a whole do not ask to have the game commission abolished, do not ask to have visitors excluded from the State, nor more rights given to residents than to non-residents, nor to have the laws changed. Some localities would like to have one change made and some another, but they are not agreed upon any unless it is the law regarding winter fishing. The laws, they say, are good enough; let them be enforced. Or, we have plenty of law on the statute books, we would like to see some of it in the woods. Or, give us good officers and we will see that the law is respected, for the law is good. FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

BREWER, Maine.

HUNTING AND KILLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Geo. H. Wyman, in his interesting paper on the Virginia deer in your issue of March 19, brings up the old question of still-hunting vs. bounding, and expresses his opinion in favor of the latter method in very decided terms as least destructive and more sportsmanlike. This is largely a matter of opinion, of individual taste, and depends almost entirely on early impressions and education.

As it happens, I have killed only two deer ahead of hounds, while I have secured many by still-hunting; and my preference as to these two methods is altogether in favor of still-hunting as much the higher form of sport.

It is, I think, an axiom that the more skill there is required in any form of sport, the higher that sport is. Thus, by as much as it is more difficult to cast a fly for a salmon and successfully play and land the fish than it is to take and land a trout, by so much is it a nobler sport. So fly-fishing for trout is higher sport than catching bullheads in a mill pond. To kill the swift-winged quail or ruffed grouse on the wing is more difficult, and so finer sport, than to pot sparrows along a hedgerow.

It is, I believe, generally admitted that to kill a deer before dogs is easier work than to still-hunt. A correspondent of yours writing from St. Lawrence county a few weeks ago complained in substance that but few deer would be killed in his county if neither jacking nor bounding were permitted, thus admitting that still-hunting could not be successfully practiced by most hunters. It is a matter of common knowledge, I believe, that deer are often killed before hounds by men, women and children who have not the slightest knowledge of the habits of the animal, and are no more competent to practice still-hunting than they are to fly.

If I understand the methods pursued in hounding, all that is required of the hunter who is successful by this method is that he shall be able to stop a deer on the jump and shall have patience to remain quiet at his stand. The successful still-hunter, on the other hand, must know the habits of the deer, and must match his skill and caution against the acute and ever-alert senses of one of the most wary of animals.

Granting that there is a great charm in the mellow music of the hound, and a vast deal of excitement in the uncertainty as to whether the game will or will not come toward the hunter, I cannot help thinking that the difficulties of still-hunting raise it far above the sport of hounding.

It may be that still-hunting is more destructive than hounding, though I cannot think this is the case. Take the Adirondacks, for example; how many deer would be killed there annually by the visitors to the woods without the aid of dogs? Not many, I fancy.

There is one point on which I am thoroughly in accord with Mr. Wyman. That is, that it is not the killing that constitutes the sport of hunting. It is the meeting the wild animal on its own ground, finding it in its own home, and then proving that you are more watchful and wise than it is; that, notwithstanding the fact that it is always on the alert, that its eyes, ears and nose have been trained through centuries of inheritance and years of practice, your caution and your senses—though dull by comparison—yet enable you to circumvent it, and approach within the killing distance.

Many and many a time have I spent half an hour or half a day in watching, waiting and creeping to get up within easy range of deer, elk, antelope, buffalo or other game, and then when I have reached the point of vantage, have lain there with my loaded rifle and watched the actions of the graceful creatures, feeling that they were

in my power and yet with never a thought of killing what I did not need.

I think that among old hunters this feeling is quite general, and that very few of them care to kill merely for the sake of shedding blood. The triumph of their hunter's skill over the animal is the only satisfaction which they seek, and for them this triumph needs no visible, tangible proof, such as would be furnished by the carcass of the slaughtered game. The old hunter knows perfectly well whether he could have killed if he had wished to, and he has killed enough in the past to make the addition of another victim or two a matter of no moment to him.

It seems to me that those of us who have passed the stage where we kill simply for the sake of killing, can do a little good by explaining to those who are younger, or have had less experience than we, just how we look at this matter. Aside from its value as food, game is useful for the hunter to practice his hunter's skill on, not his shooting. It should not be killed unless required for camp use, or possibly when an unusually fine head is seen.

THE SILENT MAN.

REPLY TO "SPECIAL."

I WISH to thank "Special" for stating that he believes me to be honest. It is what I have always endeavored to be.

His statements as to who he is occasion no surprise, as I know far more about him than he supposes. It is on account of this knowledge, corroborated by the statements in his last, that I have written. I do not question his knowledge of Boston markets, or that he visits Maine occasionally, or that he sees many from there. I said he was a stay-at-home correspondent, and I still say so. I do not question his good intentions, but I do say that he gives statements as authoritative on many points of which he has a very limited knowledge. That he intends to state facts is no excuse for stating things to be so which are not so. I did not question the many correct statements; I challenged the incorrect ones regarding our land owners. By an official report to the Boston Journal, March 17, our wild lands are given as containing 9,260,836 acres, valued at over \$19,000,000, and the tax for 1891 is \$52,743. Is it wise to antagonize the owners of this property by making statements about them which cannot be proved? "Special" stated that they were "obstinate to pig-headedness" and would oppose a certain measure "with all the power they could bring to bear." In his article of March 19 he says truthfully, "There was not much opposition to the amendments," and his silence regarding land owners shows he was mistaken. I asked him to quote any article a land owner had ever written proposing to curtail the privileges of sportsmen. He has not done it. Instead of this he speaks of one who wished that hunters and fishermen could be kept off their lands for fear of fires. This, I think, is no unreasonable wish. If "Special" were a land owner he would wish the same.

He mentions a praiseworthy case where a gentleman tried to extinguish a fire which "some camper had left burning." If there had been no campers there, there would have been no fire. He complains of land owners because "they can see no difference between the real sportsman who would as deeply regret a forest fire as they would themselves and the worthless, thieving poacher of their own State." Now, the fact is that it is the guides, who belong to the class "Special" calls names, who really preserve our lands from fires. They choose the camping places, they build the fires for the sportsmen, whether real or sham, and they put them out on leaving; were it not for our guides the State would have been burned over long ago. A man may be a perfect gentleman and obey all laws, and yet be very careless with fire. I can give names of three Bangor men who set three separate fires in past years—all first-class men, but careless. To imply that a gentleman will not carelessly set a fire, and that those who do are poachers and thieves is absurd.

"Special" says that I object to "true sportsmen." That is his statement, not mine. I object to no man, white man or Indian, who kills no game and catches no fish to waste. A good many such come here to fish; a very few to hunt. All such men are welcome. What I do object to is having any one calling the men who leave our trout in piles to rot on the banks, as I have often seen them, and who kill our game in summer and waste it, "true sportsmen," and calling others as good men "thieves and poachers," if later they kill what they need to eat. I do not believe in calling any one hard names. It never does any good to the cause of the one who uses them; but I believe in fair play. "Special" says in the FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 13, 1887, page 487:

"I have heard a gentleman say within a couple of days, and I know him to be a true gentleman, notwithstanding he has been in disgrace in Maine for shooting game out of season, for which shooting he has paid his fines—I have heard him say that if Maine changed her game laws so as to give September as part of the open season on her larger game, that he should do all in his power toward helping the Commission."

Now if he means to say that a man who has killed game in close time is a true gentleman because he has paid his fines, why is not Jonathan Darling, after he has settled his fine, as much a gentleman? Darling wants September opened for dogging deer, and this man wants it opened to kill them after his own fashion. Wherein is the difference? What I wish him to see is that by making class distinctions, by keeping silent about the rich who come to waste and berate those of our State who kill to eat, such a state of feeling has been made to exist as "Special" at his distance knows nothing about. He hears one side and gives that as he hears it; there is another side of which he knows little and which I feel would modify his tone were he more fully informed. My daughter is writing a series of papers on Maine game which may place some things in a different light from what they have been viewed. "Special" doubtless knows more of the Rangeley region where he visits than I do; I make no pretensions to knowledge of that country; but of the country east of the Kennebec from the sea to the boundary lines, I have a knowledge such as he will never have.

"Special" asks me to find a line he has written defending the killing of game out of season. I have never stated that he defended it; what I do say is that he condemns one class and keeps silence about the other. He will remember that our close time extends to Oct. 1. He knows that fully three-fourths of our hunting visitors

have finished their hunting before that; of the remainder I think a fair statement would be that at least half go to different points, where deer are dogged to hunt in this way. I think "Special" would be fair if he knew the facts, but our local papers rarely expose visitors, while they do give some cases of violations by our own people, and at his distance he repeats what he reads.

As to shooting cases, "Special" says: "Note where I say in substance that if anybody does this and gets shot, why, I am simply glad of it." I freely acquit him of partiality; but how any man can say he is glad when a man is killed or wounded and a home is left desolate, is beyond my comprehension; but that is his funeral, not mine.

A large part of his article is given to "submitting a proposition to my judgment," and to bring it down to my comprehension he has kindly restated it in simpler form. When I first read it over I thought it sounded familiar and at once turned to Mark Twain's first interview with Artemus Ward. I quote a part of it, as I think any one reading the two will at once see the similarity in directness of style:

"Now, what I want to get at is—is, well, the way deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance: Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between casings of granite, and runs along the ground and sticks up like a curbstone. Well, take a vein 40ft. thick, for example, or 80 for that matter, or even a hundred—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call 'incline,' maybe you go down 500ft., or maybe you don't go down but 200—anyway you go down, and all the time this vein grows narrower, when the casings come nearer or approach each other, you may say—that is, when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?"

And then I said aloud: "I—I—that is—if you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought."

"Now, don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning. You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former or all, or both, or compromising the relative differences existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

I said, "Oh, hang my wooden head, it ain't any use—it ain't any use to try—I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can't get the hang of it."

"Special" sums up his proposition by asking me "squarely to tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM whether if Maine people stood by their own game laws and refused to assist 'sportsmen' from other States in illegal killing of game, if the whole work would not be done." I answer squarely, no. Only the year before last a New York gentleman whose name I have, left here threatening to bring his guides and boats from the Adirondack county. I say that if our people all stood by the laws to a man, these men would come as long as they knew that by paying a fine, light to them, they would still be considered gentlemen in other States. They care no more for our laws or our State than the Boston liquor dealers do; what they want is the game. "Special" has unwittingly showed where his sympathies are. He has proposed for the whole people of a State to keep the laws and to keep any of their number from being hired by outsiders to help them break the laws, before he proposes to help us. Did he ever know any State, city or town, where no one could be hired to break laws? If that is the only condition on which he proposes to give us any moral support, we will "paddle our own canoe." To expect the people who own the game and the land it is on, to stand by year after year and see it wasted, with rewards offered by outsiders for their conviction if they break their own laws, and no rewards for non-resident violators, and no word of encouragement for those who do well, but only opprobrious epithets hurled at those who follow bad examples, is too much to expect even of Maine.

MANLY HARDY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.—Chicago, March 31.—John Gillespie is back from Florida, the better for the trip, it is hoped, though suffering from a very bad trouble with his eye, the lid of which seems temporarily paralyzed. March 23.—At the close of last week thousands of geese were reported, so Mr. Low tells me, at the Kankakee marshes at Cumberland Lodge, the most seen there in any late years. Ducks are said to be in all over the marshes now, as the thaw is well on. There seems little doubt that the flight of this spring is exceptionally heavy though no steady shooting has yet been had. A number of parties went out last Friday and Saturday, but at this writing no word is yet obtainable from them. They have doubtless met the birds this time.—E. HOUGH.

DUCK SHOOTING ON GREAT SOUTH BAY.—New York, March 16.—I rigged my decoys on the windward shore, but only secured four ducks. Then, determined to do better, I rigged on the following day on the leeward shore, where I bagged seventeen. After a stay of five days I took thirty ducks home with me, and bethought myself that leeward shooting is better than windward, when the wind blows a reef gale.—D. M. HARE.

SPRING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Northwood, N. Y., March 25.—Spring is certainly here. Robins, bluebirds, woodchucks, ducks, snakes, blackbirds, song sparrows, yellowhammers, and some of the smaller hawks have appeared. The snow has nearly gone, and the ice is out of the West Canada Creek at this point. The pheasants appear to have wintered well.—WOODCHUCK.

WHAT the harness manufacturers use and praise should certainly be just the thing for private and livery stables. Harness manufacturers consider the dressing produced by Frank Miller & Sons to be the best ever used on a harness, new or old, for it is not only a beautifier but a preserver to the leather, while giving it a perfect finish. It does not peel, crack or smut, nor will it harden the leather, and may be used on buggy tops, fly nets, traveling bags and trunks. It is a general favorite because it can be relied upon.—ADV.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE PIKE FAMILY.—I.

THIS family contains some of the best known and most widely distributed of all the fresh-water fishes. The name is derived from that of its commonest representative, the pike of the North Temperate and Arctic regions of the world. It includes some of the largest and most formidable inhabitants of inland waters, the pike and the mascalonge being exceeded in size by few of their associates except some members of the salmon family, the giant catfishes, the alligator gar and the sturgeons. The family contains, also, some diminutive representatives, as for example, the banded pickerel.

Abundant remains of the common pike (*Esox lucius*) are found in quaternary deposits, and members of the same genus have been found fossil in the fresh-water chalk of Oeningen and the Diluvian marl of Silesia.

The pikes are formidable in the number and wide distribution of their teeth. The roof of the mouth contains a middle row and two side rows, the tongue and pharynx are both well armed, and even the gill arches bristle with teeth in card-like plates, while the sides of the lower jaw have a row of long pointed teeth of unequal size. The capacity of these fishes for seizing and holding their prey is remarkable.

The pikes have a wide and plaited stomach, which passes insensibly into a slender intestine, the latter being without appendages where it joins the stomach. Digestion in these fish is extremely rapid and in keeping with their savage powers of grasping food.

We will now take a glance at the various members of this predaceous family, of which our own country has the lion's share.

THE PIKE (*Esox lucius*).

This fish is known in some localities as the pickerel. The name pickerel is in general use on Lake George, N. Y., and in Vermont and some other New England States. Herbert (Frank Forrester) calls it the great northern pickerel. The origin of the name pike is in doubt, opinions being divided as to whether it is derived from the resemblance of its snout to a pike or spear, or because of the swift and spear-like motion of its body through the water. In Great Britain the young pike is best known under the name of jack, although the name pickerel has also been applied to the early stage of this fish, while the term luce has been bestowed upon the adult form. To the French our pike is the *brochet*, while the Germans style it *hecht*, and the Italians *luccio*.

Distribution.—The pike is found in the North Temperate and Arctic regions of the world, being equally common in Europe, Asia and North America. In North America it occurs as far south as Pennsylvania, while to the northward it extends into the Arctic regions. Dr. George M. Dawson, Assistant Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, obtained the pike in Francis Lake, Northwest Territory. Dr. Dall and Mr. E. W. Nelson both found it to be one of the common inhabitants of the Yukon River, in Alaska, where it is known as the *chuk-whuk*. Mr. C. H. Townsend obtained a fine pike in the Kuwuk River, which falls into Hotham Inlet above the Arctic Circle. This fish does not appear to exist on the islands of the Arctic Ocean and in Greenland. A few years ago the writer announced the capture of this species on the island of Kadiak, in Alaska, by Mr. W. J. Fisher, but in the summer of 1889 he learned from Mr. Fisher that the specimens sent down by him from Kadiak were caught on the Alaska Peninsula.

The pikes, according to Thompson, Natural History of Vermont, 1842, is very common in Lake Champlain and all its larger tributaries. In this region and throughout Canada the name pike is bestowed because of the resemblance between our species and the common pike of England. Dr. Richardson, as early as 1836, published his belief in the identity of the pike of America and Europe, based upon a comparison of the two made by Baron Cuvier. In the report of the Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania, for 1879 to 1880, an eminent American zoölogist claims to have been the first to show that the common pike of America is identical with the European

pike. The following quotation from Richardson, however, will show that this claim is untenable: "Our specimen, taken in Lake Huron, was submitted to Cuvier's inspection, and it has also been carefully compared with English pike without any specific differences having been detected."

Size.—The limit of size of this species is involved in some uncertainty. By reference to Goode's "American Fishes," we find that Continental Europe is credited by one author with an individual weighing 145 lbs., which was caught at Bregenty in 1862. A Scotch specimen weighing 72 lbs. and measuring over 7 ft., appears to be the largest of the monsters of Britain. No such mammoth specimens have been recorded from American waters. Thompson mentions individuals exceeding 30 in. in length and weighing 10 or 12 lbs. Herbert speaks of examples weighing 16 or 17 lbs.

One of the crowning glories of Lake George is its "pickerel." Thanks to the help of Dr. Presbrey, from

and darts upon its prey with unerring precision. Its disposition is wolf-like and its power of assimilating animal food is scarcely surpassed. The species are not gregarious and pair only during the breeding season. As an illustration of the voracity of these fish we may repeat the following account quoted by Dr. Jordan in the "Zoölogy of Ohio": "E. T. Sturtevant once put two pickerel, about 5 in. long, with a great quantity of little cyprinoids of about 1 in. in length. These two pickerel ate 122 minnows the first day, 130 the second day, and 150 the third day."

Reproduction and Growth.—The pike spawns in the winter and early spring. The eggs are about $\frac{1}{16}$ in. in diameter, and a female weighing 32 lbs., according to Buckland, contained 595,000, weighing 5 lbs. The eggs are deposited in shoal places or upon meadows which have been overflowed. The period of incubation ranges from fourteen days in southern Germany to thirty days in Sweden and other northern countries. The yolk sac of this species is remarkably large. According to Seely the pike breeds when three years old, and the female is the larger of the two sexes. The rate of growth, of course, depends upon the amount of food available. At the age of a year it may attain to a length of 1 ft. and its annual increase of weight is said to be from 2 to 3 lbs.

Food Qualities.—The flesh of the pike is fairly good, but the species does not rank among the choice game fishes in most localities.

Game Qualities.—From what has been stated about the shape and swiftness of this fish it would be inferred that its game qualities are superior. There are some writers who consider it equal in boldness and voracity to the mascalonge. It bites very freely and can be caught with any kind of bait by trolling or spinning, or on lines set under the ice. Favorite baits are live minnows and frogs. Dr. Henshall states that members of the pike family will rise to a large and gaudy fly. The best method of catching them in Lake George is by still-fishing in 35 to 40 ft. of water with live bait, for which purpose the white chub is a general favorite. T. H. B.

TWO FISH WITH ONE HOOK.—Allegheny City, Pa., March 26.—In your issue of July 10, 1890, I noticed an article headed, "Two Fish on One Hook," which reminds me of a similar tale, and I can vouch for its truthfulness. Some years ago my father while fishing in the Mahoning River, this State, set his rod in a skiff and went to a small stream near by in quest of bait. When he returned he found the line all run off the reel, and while taking it up was surprised to see a good sized black bass rise by the side of the boat with line attached; as it made no effort to escape he captured it by hand. In lifting it into the boat he noticed the line extended through the fish's gills and also felt a tug at the hook end. By hauling in the line he succeeded in landing the second bass, which was

somewhat smaller than the first. Upon examination he found that the first fish had allowed the bait, a live minnow, to pass through its gills, and consequently found itself strung on the line. In its effort to escape it had in some manner moved up the line 10 or 12 ft. from the hook and formed a loop which, when drawn taut over its head snugly held it. During this act, or after, the second bass took the minnow with the hook attached, and suffered capture for his rashness. If I remember correctly the first fish weighed 2½ and the second 2 lbs. Father told us the story that evening as we picked the bones of the two black bass that he had taken in such a peculiar manner. I think they were large-mouthed.—O. H. P. R.

A CENSUS OF THE FISHERIES.—Early in the year 1890, the Superintendent of the Eleventh Census provided, *inter alia*, for a review of the fisheries, and placed in charge of this inquiry a person of reputed skill in figures and fishery details, Mr. Charles W. Smiley. After fifteen months of field and office work, involving an outlay of \$150,000, Mr. Smiley has been suspended from duty pending an investigation of charges preferred against him, one of which is that the statistics collected under his direction are entirely worthless. Yet he has found time to take an active part in the recent malicious attack on the Fish Commission, which resulted so disastrously to the reputation of those who brought the charges, and demonstrated the uniform disrespect of Smiley for his



LAKE GEORGE PICKEREL.

whom we have the head of an enormous specimen which he killed on a 12oz. rod in 1889, we were able to identify the "pickerel" of Lake George as the common pike of other waters (*Esox lucius*). Dr. Presbrey's fish weighed 10 lbs. 2 oz., and was the largest one taken in 1889. Major H. A. Hall, of Washington, D. C., was one of a party that took over thirty pike in 1889, averaging over 10 lbs. each. The illustration accompanying this sketch was made from a small photograph presented to us by Dr. Presbrey, and represents one of the famous catches of the year 1889 in Lake George. The largest was upward of 4 ft. long, but the average length of adults is little more than 2 ft.

Season.—Pike are caught during the summer and even into midwinter. The fishing season usually begins June 1 and ends in some States Dec. 1, but in many of the States continues through the winter. Pennsylvania has prohibited the catching of pike and pickerel between Dec. 1 and June 1, in order to prevent the destruction of the fish during their spawning season.

Food.—The pike is carnivorous and destroys all animals of suitable size within its reach, including waterfowl, aquatic mammals and especially its associates among the fishes.

Habits.—Notwithstanding the special adaptation of the pike for swift darting movements it inhabits still, cold waters, or those with a moderate current rather than rapid streams. It conceals itself like the tiger in its lair,

superior officers, and especially those who promoted his advancement. The Census Bureau may well hesitate to publish statistics obtained by methods which have already provoked widespread censure, and are tinged by motives which would be discreditable even among savages.

HUBBARD LAKE WHITEFISH.

ALPENA, Mich., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing an article some time since in the *FOREST AND STREAM* in regard to catching whitefish with hook and line in Otsego Lake, N. Y., I have been thinking that perhaps we have the same fish in Hubbard Lake, Alcona county, Mich. I referred to what authorities I had at the time the article was written and they say that it is a different species of whitefish and commonly called Otsego bass. I have had this Hubbard Lake fish and a true whitefish from Lake Huron placed side by side, and there is quite a difference between them. A fish is caught also in Lake Huron which is the same as the Hubbard Lake fish, and is commonly called by the fishermen long-jaw or black-fin, to distinguish it from the true whitefish. The Hubbard Lake fish and the long-jaw are exactly alike, as far as I could distinguish; the long-jaw has a mouth more like a herring; the mouth is four times as large as that of a whitefish; the fins are dark; back dark, and they are very inferior in flavor and eating qualities to the true whitefish. Their habits in the spawning season are different also; the true whitefish spawns on gravel or rocky bottom, while the long-jaw spawns at least two weeks later and deposits its eggs on a thick growth of weeds. The average size is about 3lbs., but I have caught specimens of 7 and 8lbs. with a spear late in the fall. I have never heard of one caught with hook or line. Perhaps you may be able to inform me whether this fish is the same as the Otsego bass, as if they will take a hook I can have some sport with them, for the lake contains very many of them and is easily reached from here. H. B.

The Hubbard Lake whitefish, which is so well described above, is a variety of the black-fin and has recently received the name *Coregonus nigripinnis* var. *bisselli*, given in honor of the president of the Michigan Fish Commission. The whitefishes of North America are divided into two great groups, one of which contains species having the lower jaw shorter than the upper and included within it, while in the other group the species have larger mouths and a projecting lower jaw. The true whitefish and "Otsego bass" belong to the first of these divisions; the black-fin and Hubbard Lake whitefish come into the group with the lower jaw the longer. A figure of the whitefish or "Otsego bass" is published in our issue of March 19, a comparison of the Michigan fish with this cut will at once show that it may be distinguished by the structure of the jaw. The Lake Milnora whitefish, of Minnesota, is a near relative of the Hubbard Lake species; as this fish sometimes takes the hook there is little doubt that the Michigan variety will do the same.

The figure in our issue of March 19 should have been credited to the "Fishery Industries," from which it was copied. Mr. Phinney writes of it: "It so chanced that just as my eye fell on the admirable engraving my son came in with 9 of the fish (recently taken and all within an hour) and there they were, side by side, copy and original. The likeness is perfect—a *fac-simile*."

ANGLING RETREATS OF MAINE.

V.—THE ELLIOTTSVILLE LAKES AND PONDS—CONTINUED.

THE fisher who locates for a few days or weeks at any of the Onaway camps is not confined entirely to the trout and salmon fishing there.

In this township and nestling among these forest-clad mountains are many smaller lakes and ponds. Two of the most noted for landlocked salmon are the two Benson ponds, the larger known as Big Benson. They are about one and one-half miles north of Onaway, and the salmon and trout fishing there is not excelled in that vicinity. From Onaway one can also go to Brown's Farm, thence to Long Pond and Hedgehog Pond before mentioned. Houston Pond, Houston Bog and Chairback Pond are also in that section. Chairback is in a northwesterly direction from Onaway on the south side of Chairback Mountain. The outlet of Onaway empties into Sebec Lake some three miles to the south. This is a lake twelve miles long. Several steamboats ply its waters, and some summer cottages have been erected on its shores. Landlocked salmon, pickerel, white perch and smelts are its principal fish. These salmon are natives of the Sebec, Onaway, Long Pond and the Benson waters. Trout and salmon fishing on the Onaway Stream is always good.

Among the attractions and natural scenery in Elliottsville which delight the tourist none is more delightful than the Little Wilson Falls on the Little Wilson Stream, which empties into the Wilson River a short distance above the bridge and the falls above referred to. They are about three-quarters of a mile from the wagon road in a southwesterly direction. The Little Wilson there flows through a deep gorge. A very steep and narrow ridge divides the stream from a tributary north of it. At the head of the gorge, some sixty rods from its mouth, is a waterfall sixty or more feet high. It is often visited by sportsmen, tourists and anglers, and is mentioned in several guide books.

A tour up the Wilson River is also a favorite one for anglers. There they find a labyrinth of streams and brooks and many small ponds seldom explored, where the trout are very abundant.

On the Elliottsville road, six miles from Monson Village, the angler may put up his team at the farm buildings of Mr. R. C. Davis, and after walking one-half mile in a northerly direction he arrives at Bear Pond, about one mile in area, in a spruce forest under some high hills, and where are found some of the finest specimens of spotted trout that are in this entire lake region. They are very numerous, although not of a large size. From June to October the fly-fisherman is always sure of a fair catch and quite often a very large one.

About one mile northward from Bear are three or four other ponds. Two of these, Juniper Knee and North Ponds, have a very fair reputation for trout fishing.

Although the highways of the world's commerce have penetrated this lake, forest and mountain country, and the clang and noise of the locomotive have already startled the deer and surprised the bear and the caribou

in their woody retreats, yet the rails are only on its very border, and the soil being better adapted to raising spruce trees than for anything else, there is no immediate prospect of any further marks of the vandalism which usually follows the "march of civilization." The great bulk of the tree growth is spruce, which is owned by parties interested only in its value for the winter operations of lumbering. As this is a successful business the owners have every motive for preserving it in its natural state. The spruce forestry of Maine is reproductive. So the continual cuttings by the lumbermen during the winter do not deplete it as is the case in some States.

In one of Victor Hugo's posthumous works appears the following: "It is a humble corner of earth and water which would be admired if it were in Switzerland, and famous if it were in Italy, and is unknown because it is in Guizpuzcoa." These words of the great artist are very applicable to this Monson and Elliottsville region in the judgment of the writer. J. F. S.

MONSON, Me.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT.

THE legal trout season will open in Massachusetts April 1, before these lines are perused by the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. If possible, there is more interest than usual in this opening. Last year was a propitious one with the rod and line sportsmen of the State, in that the catches of trout were more abundant and contained individuals of larger size than for many years. This alone is sufficient to increase the interest and make the anglers more anxious to be on the ground early. It is a peculiar feature that Fast Day, in this State, is appointed for April 2, and this will give the sportsmen, many of whom are business men, a better chance to be out. Rods are being put in order for the day that the Governor has appointed for "a day of fasting and prayer." If some of the boys engage in devotions at all, it will be beside the running waters, and their fasting is likely to be continued only while wading the streams or fishing for luck. But the weather is not yet very comfortable for outing, though the streams near the sea coast and in the southern part of the State are all open, and the water is at about the right pitch for fishing. It is a common question for a friend to ask a friend of known fishing proclivities if he is "going to drown any worms" on Fast Day? But it will not be all worms that will be taken out.

The Monument Club will be well represented at their waters on the Cape on the opening day, and still better represented on Fast Day. This club includes some of the first merchants and professional men of Boston, among whom are the Shattucks, noted lawyers, and many others. They have their tackle ready for Fast Day. Mr. Foster, of Foster & Weeks, proposes to try the streams in the vicinity of Waltham; but the greatest movement of the fishermen will be toward the Cape. The expectation is that a goodly number of sea trout may be secured.

Mr. C. E. Leonard, well known in the dry goods trade here, but now a prosperous woolen manufacturer of Bennington, Vt., will try a private stream in Falmouth, Mass. He goes there by invitation of the Swift Brothers, who have bought the stream, once a mill stream, but they propose to improve it in the way of a summer farm. Mr. Leonard will take his little son with him, who, though a boy of only ten years, is as fond of the line and the rod as his father. When seven years of age he had a record of trout caught. Such are among the few who will try the streams on Fast Day. The number includes many of the first business and professional men of Boston and other cities in the State. You may laugh at the fisherman and all his luck if you please, but he will be there the next time all the same.

The opening of the Maine waters does not occur till a month later, and if a vast quantity of ice and snow have anything to do with the opening of the trout waters there, the opening will be very late this year. The snow is still deep in Maine. The rivers are generally open, however, from a very heavy fall of rain a week ago, which took out the ice, with a good deal of damage to dams and bridges. But the smaller streams are still locked in ice, or bordered with such a quantity of snow that it would be next to impossible to reach them, even if it were of the least use to fish in so much snow water, or if it were legal to fish for trout previous to the first day of May. It is suggested by old guides and others that the celebrated trout lakes and ponds will scarcely open in Maine previous to May 15, though the opening has taken place at the Rangeleys as early as April 29. The opening of the trout streams will be earlier, but there is yet a vast body of snow to run down them, and it is doubtful if there is really any fishing in these streams as early as May 1, the beginning of the legal open season.

Better than the usual annual display of live trout is promised this year by Geo. B. Appleton & Co., at their tackle shop on Washington street. They will have the usual tanks and fountain in the window, and they propose to show a 7lbs. English trout, California rainbow trout, hybrid trout, Loch Leven trout, besides a good showing of brook trout. Their supply will come from Plymouth, N. H., as usual, with some good specimens from Plymouth, Mass. It is curious to note the amount of interest there is taken each year in this display. There is always a crowd at the window, and at first extra policemen are required to keep order. Grown up men, with possibly but little knowledge of trout, will stand and watch the fish in the tank. There are many who would like to be trout fishermen, if they could. The desire is growing, and where shall the supply of trout come from? SPECIAL.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.* By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. *Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout.* By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. *American Angler's Book.* By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The *FOREST AND STREAM* will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and splendid illustrations from the original.—*Ad.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gordon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Fishculture.

STOCKING PENNSYLVANIA WATERS.

WE give below a statement of the fishes distributed by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in 1890. The increase of trout over the number sent out in 1889 was about 1,000,000. Owing to the loss of many breeding fish by overcrowding at Corry, the distribution of brook trout in 1891 will show a falling off, but from the present indications the season of 1892 will be more than ever successful. In 1890 only 435 large brown trout were planted, but the shipments now going on will place 115,000 fry into the streams. Applications for brook trout in 1890 numbered 550 at the Western Hatchery and 750 at the Eastern.

TABLE OF DISTRIBUTION.

Brook trout (Western Hatchery).....	1,020,900
Brook trout (Eastern Hatchery).....	1,590,000
	2,610,900
Rainbow trout (Western Hatchery)....	460,100
Rainbow trout (Eastern Hatchery)....	122,500
	482,600
Western Hatchery (large).....	1,583
Eastern Hatchery (large).....	900
	485,083
Lake trout, Loch Leven and hybrids.	217,525
Black bass and rock bass.....	3,535
Brown trout (large).....	425
Penobscot salmon.....	94,000
Carp.....	5,122
Wall-eyed pike fry.....	18,000,000
Whitens fry.....	14,000,000
Shad fry.....	6,500,000
Total.....	41,423,590

NEVADA FISHCULTURE.

WE have received the report of Hon. George T. Mills, Fish Commissioner of Nevada, for the years 1889 and 1890.

The Commissioner states that on the date of his appointment, Feb. 22, 1889, he found about 600,000 eggs of the Eastern brook trout in the State hatchery. The new building was occupied April 1, 1889, and work is carried on in it during eight months of the year, or from the reception of the eggs until the distribution of the fish.

Regarding the Lake Tahoe trout the Commissioner says: "Ova from the Lake Tahoe trout are taken as early as April, and through June, July and August, while in Pyramid Lake the season commences in March, with but little difference as to dates in rivers and streams. In Marlette Lake, where I obtained the eggs of the Eastern or red spotted trout now in the hatchery, the season commences about Oct. 15 and continues until December, the best time being from Oct. 20 to Nov. 20. In 1889 the first eggs were placed in the hatching house Oct. 23, and the same date in 1890."

Breeding fish are collected in Marlette Lake by seining with a 100ft. seine, never more than 100ft. from the shore. The breeders are kept in a small reservoir near by, through which passes a stream of pure running water. The eggs taken at this place are carried in cans on spring wagons over fourteen miles of rough mountain roads to the hatchery. The temperature of the water at the hatchery ranges from 46 to 35 degrees during the eying period and continues nearly the same until the hatching is completed. The eyes are visible in about forty-five days and the first fry appear in ninety days, while some of them are delayed to one hundred and ten days. The yolk-sack is absorbed in about forty to forty-five days, after which the young are fed with boiled beef liver, finely grated, with an occasional allowance of sour milk. The young have been successfully shipped by wagon over rough roads when six weeks old, but Commissioner Mills prefers to keep them until they reach an age of three or four months.

The following interesting note on the Sacramento perch, which we suppose to be the *Archoplites interruptus* described and figured in our Black Bass Supplement of July 4, 1890, contains some additional information about that little-known member of the sunfish family: "Walker, Pyramid and Washoe lakes are now fully stocked with Sacramento River perch. They grow to about 4lbs. weight, rise to a fly, and during the months of April, May, June and July large numbers are caught. As yet but few have reached the weight named, but every year shows their increase in size and numbers. The flesh is white, flaky, of a most delicate flavor, and esteemed as among the most nutritious of our fresh-water food fish. They seem to be hardy and thrive well in muddy and saline waters, but are difficult to ship for transplanting, particularly where long distances and rough roads have to be traveled."

No returns have yet been reported of the black bass which were planted in Washoe Lake and Carson River during 1887 and 1888, but this may be owing to the small number of fish placed in a large water area.

The German carp has multiplied rapidly in some parts of the State. Mr. Taft, of Diamond Valley, White Pine county, has more than enough to supply his neighbors and the Eureka market. Mr. Thomas Oliver, of Carson City, had so many young carp in his ponds that he was able to fill orders addressed to the State Fish Commissioner until the earthquake of June 3, 1887, deprived him of his water supply. The Humboldt contains carp weighing 5lbs. and upward. In the Winnemucca markets they are considered an excellent food fish. In various reservoirs and ditches the increase of carp has been beyond all expectation.

The blue catfish of the Schuykill River, which was deposited in Washoe Lake, Carson and Humboldt rivers, beginning in August, 1887, has multiplied enormously and furnishes the basis of a very important and profitable industry. In the markets of Carson and Virginia City it finds a steady and extensive sale, and is esteemed a fish of great value.

The results of planting quinnat or McCloud River salmon are not very favorable, says the report, although some of the original plant have been captured and evidences of their reproduction are reported.

The introduction of landlocked salmon was begun in the spring of 1889 and it is too early to look for results as yet.

Commissioner Mills has the following to say about sportsmen's clubs: "The organization of sportsmen's clubs is most urgently recommended. The persons usually members of such organizations are doubly watchful of fish and game interests and strong upholders of the law. There are now several organizations in the State and to them is mainly due my ability to report so few infractions of the law. When we consider the amount frequently expended by these clubs in protecting fish and prosecuting violators of the law, and the time occupied by the membership in looking out for these interests, we find a body of men deserving the highest praise from the Commission as well as every law-abiding person in the State. Every encouragement should be given these organizations, as they are determined to see the abuses corrected and the letter of the law carried out."

The depositing of sawdust in Truckee River is still continued, and it is believed, with very serious damage to the trout in that stream. The law officers of Nevada county, California, have been urgently requested to enforce the law against the pollution of rivers. Indians have been guilty of taking fish by spearing and the use of grab hooks,

White men have also been engaged in using the latter implement. After convicting one Indian in Ormsby county of selling speared trout, and warning others through the several agents, these methods of taking fish have been largely abandoned. Wells, Fargo & Co., also, have advised their agents in Nevada to receive no speared or other illegally caught trout for shipment.

A McDonald fishway was placed in the Truckee River near Reno and has enabled spawning fish to surmount the dam at that place. Other dams in the State are to be supplied with necessary fishways very soon.

The Commissioner will submit a bill to the Legislature intended to remedy the defects of existing fish laws and secure harmony with the laws of California.

Among the enemies of young fish the report mentions the following: "There is a small white worm of less than an inch that is one of our greatest enemies. It spins a web in the water to catch the young fish, similar to the web of a spider. It is made quickly by fastening the thread at different points and going backward and forward until finished. The fry swimming about, the web catches the fins, gets into the gills and soon kills the fry. The webs are not visible until the sediment collects on them, when they are very plainly seen. In order to prevent this the troughs are feathered twice a day."

Mr. Ernest Harris, on account of his interest in fishculture and his acquaintance with the waters of the State, and his fame as a most zealous sportsman, was selected as Deputy Commissioner. Mr. Byron Close is the Superintendent of fish hatching, and his work has been extremely successful. The Commissioner has made a compilation of all existing fish laws and a sketch of all the kinds of fish artificially propagated and distributed within the State. The excellent results of fishculture work in Nevada are ascribed to even temperature of the waters, the abundance of food and the surroundings generally favorable to fish life.

NEW HATCHERIES FOR NEW YORK.—The Assembly committee on ways and means has reported Mr. Beake's bill appropriating \$5,000 for a fish hatchery in Sullivan county. Also Mr. Brundage's bill appropriating \$5,000 for establishing a fish hatchery at Urbana, Steuben county.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 31 to April 2.—Seventh Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. E. H. Moore, Secretary.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Minball, Secretary.

April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.

April 28 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

LYNN DOG SHOW.

"THERE'S nothing like leather" is an old saying, but none the less true, especially when one thinks of the success which the Massachusetts Kennel Club, of Lynn, attained in their second venture in the shoe town last week. Although the opening on March 24 was hardly an auspicious one, and the delay of the judges in getting to the hall was unavoidable, still all's well that ends well, and there is little doubt but that the club's finances must have been considerably strengthened when the show came to a close on Friday, the 27th. As I stated last week, the club was very much handicapped by not being able to secure a better hall. A theatre is hardly the place for a dog show, but whoever was responsible for the arrangement of Spratts benching could hardly have done better, considering the peculiar disadvantage under which he labored. A floor which every 4ft. or so is raised several inches higher than the other is hardly the place to set up a level bench, but it was done, and firmly too. The large stage was appropriated for the two rings, and on this part there was good light, but in some parts of the hall artificial light had to be used before a sight of the dogs could be obtained. Though there were only about 340 entries, it would have been better for the comfort of all had there been less. The members of the club's committee were enthusiastic in their efforts to please every one, and the superintendent, Mr. John F. Williams, considering his lack of experience in such matters, was an excellent selection and attended to his duties very efficiently, and some of the bench show committee, Messrs. "Bob" Leslie, D. A. Williams, E. B. Sears, W. H. Reede, Captain Hoitt, and others were always around to lend a helping hand.

Crowds of people poured into the Music Hall throughout the week, and "standing room only" was an appropriate cry after 8 o'clock every evening. Some of the breeds were very well represented, especially the sporting classes and some of the terriers, particularly the bull-terriers, black and tan and Yorkshire. The considerate care which the club manifested toward the visitors and exhibitors by tendering them such an excellent dinner the first day, was highly appreciated, and mine host of the Revere House quite surpassed himself in his efforts. There is only one thing to be regretted in this connection, that such "spreads" should be given in the middle of the day, for, besides being an event more appropriate for the evening when the hard work of the day is over, the judging is considerably delayed thereby, and another thing, the judge hardly feels like bending down very often, as he must do when going over his classes. When clubs go to this expense it would be better if they followed the custom in vogue at English shows in such matters. St. Bernard men felt rather depressed over the news of the serious illness of Alton and the palpable indisposition of Sir Bedivere, whose owner was running unwarranted risk in having the dog at the show at all, or at any rate after the first day. The judges, Messrs. Mortimer and Mayhew and Dr. Glover, performed their duties conscientiously, and little grumbling was to be heard, if we except some of the "Irishmen" and beagle men, but somehow this season pretty nearly every type of dog gets a look in at the money at one show or another, for the "reversals" have been many this year. The boys must have their little jokes, and of course the great shoe town comes in for its share. It was remarked on all sides the club had come to "last," and the inhabitants entered heart and "sole" into the fun, and the success of the show was drunk with full musical honors and no "heel taps."

There is little more to be said, so I may as well review the lucky winners.

MASTIFFS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

The absence of the Flour City Kennels was in part made up by the presence of Cambrian Princess and one or two others of Mr. Moore's recent sales. Sears' Monarch made his first appearance since New York in the challenge and had no

competitor. In dogs, Duke II., bad in front and rather roach backed, but with nice depth of body and fairly good head, was placed over Don, who, if he does not actually best the other, only loses in muzzle and tail and is much better in other parts. Ranger's Rex, ears faulty and muzzle short but not deep enough, came third, and Lord Rochester, poor in muzzle but otherwise fairly formed, vhc. A poor class. Of course, Cambrian Princess, despite her wretched condition, was a good winner in the bitch class, and Lady Phyllis, who loses considerably in head, took the red ribbon; Madge Minting, better in body than Lady Beatrice but loses in head to her, came third, the latter getting the three letters. Meg Merrilies, hc., got all she deserved. No puppies were shown.

ST. BERNARDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

As Hesper was reserved for the specials only, this let Plinlimmon, Jr., in for the challenge prize, and his kennel mate, Lady Wellington, was alone in the class. The well put together son of old Valentine, Lothario, scored his first win in the next class for roughs. He is now well known. Nero, second, has a long and narrow head, is light in eye, and body has not depth enough. Prince Draco, also a bit too long in head, faulty in pasterns and a little slack in back took third prize. The others were poor. In bitches, the winner proved to be Plevna, already described. Lady Adelaide, spoken of at Washington, second, and Ellen Terry, plain faced, lacking blaze and too long, but excellent behind the head, though feet and pasterns could be improved, dropped into third place. The next class called was challenge bitches and Cleopatra scored again, though there was nothing against her. The open dog class had one entry, a poor one, and first and second prizes were rightly withheld. Empress of Contoocock, however, made up for this in the next class, though she was treated to a walkover. Mr. Moore's dogs were taking a needed rest. No Newfoundlanders were entered.

GREYHOUNDS—(R. F. MAYHEW).

In challenge class The Lady Belle, a fairly formed and well known Western winner, was alone. In open dogs Gem of the Season continued his victorious career and still keeps in good shape. Demon, given second, is a very coarse dog, flat-ribbed, short and thick in neck and far behind the winner. Nero, third, is also a plainish, flat-backed specimen. In bitches Spinaway, well known, though in poor show shape, having only just recovered from distemper, had a tussle with Spice, who though she loses in ribs and quarters, has an excellent front. Belle was lucky to get third; she has a poor front and was outclassed. In puppies a fairly well made one, Bruno, was alone.

DEERHOUNDS—(R. F. MAYHEW).

Robber Chieftain's superior head, action, loin and coat placed him again ahead of Glansman, and in bitches Ramona rightly scored over Wanda, better in head, front and action. The winner at the greyhound show in New York, Douglas, was again to the front in the next class, and Hillside Warrior, though better on his feet, loses in bone and in front to the other, also in coat. Hillside Harold, hardly looking so well as at New York, was sent out with third, though his excellent head, bone and legs and feet should have commanded more attention. In bitches Hillside Ruth, better in head, loses to the other in body, legs and feet. Romola was absent. These were all from the Thayer kennels. Jack the Ripper I believe was sick and was not shown.

POINTERS—(DR. H. CLAY GLOVER).

The Doctor did not begin his work till Wednesday. In the absence of Robert le Diable, Launcelot secured the heavy-weight challenge prize and Belle Randolph did the same in the corresponding class. In open dogs Pontiac, an old winner, though heavily shouldered and a bit out in front, was placed over a heavier built one in Glenmorgan; third went to Wizard, a poor mover and none too good in parts, a very coarse tail being his most noticeable fault. Ned C., reserve, is faulty in muzzle and front. Dan F., c., has a fair body, but legs and feet are not the best. Several noted dogs were absent in this class. In bitches, Cicely, who has been on the circuit, here scored first, followed by Bess, who had a litter; she loses in muzzle, nice body, fair legs and feet; Beauty, head could be much improved, third. In challenge light-weight dogs the fight lay between Duke of Hessen and Tribulation, and the catchy qualities of the latter had to succumb to the more sterling merit of Duke in head, bone and ribs. Sally Brass II. was alone in her class. In open dogs, that well-made one, Ossining, just beat Inspiration, who occupied his accustomed place. The quality of the others was not very high, when third was not given and vhc. only awarded to Mack II., who loses in head, body and feet, and Sancho Dash, hc., could be better in loin, head and front. Miss Meally's good head, well-ribbed body and good understandings carried her nicely to the front over Lady Graphic, who pushes her close in everything but head and front. Bloomie, third, is also a well-made one, and there is little to choose between the three. Mamzelle, reserve, loses in head and body. Nasso's Belle is weak in muzzle, though otherwise a good head. Patti of Portland, hc., faulty in front and quarters. Ino, c., is wrong in stop and forelegs and feet. A poor Graphic pup was given second in the next class, puppy dogs, first withheld; but in the bitch class an injustice was certainly done Cora Lynn, who was only given second, first withheld, when her excellent body, legs and feet, and fairly good head, could have put her ahead of many older mentioned ones.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

Sir Tatton was alone in his glory. This dog is having a little better luck now and again. I may say all's well that ends well, for if he hasn't had his trials he has certainly had his disappointments. No challenge bitch. In dogs the Doctor soon put the likely looking fielder to one side: this was Edgemark, and he got the blue ribbon; he was described at Washington. The others were of heavier type, and Glen Belton, faulty in muzzle, legs and feet, came second, followed by Kent II., one of Mr. Davidson's favorites; though he moves a bit queer behind he has the best formed head and body in the class; reserve went to Royal Kent, another good one, but too heavily built for the new club, though he could have won nicely. Gus Boudhu, vhc., is coarse in skull and muzzle, good front and body; Prince L., rather heavy in head but boasting a well-shaped body, was given three letters too; Tony Gladstone might have had another letter. In bitches Albert's Nellie, who is built on the field type order and described in Pittsburgh report, beat Glen Ada, who is also faulty in muzzle, but wins in body, legs and feet might be better. Katie Howard, showing nothing of her sire's depth of muzzle, but of good body and shoulder formation, just lost to Jessie Noble II., whose faults are in front and muzzle. Lady Snowflake lacks stop development, but her nice body and legs took the three letters. No puppies.

IRISH SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

In challenge dogs Kildare had to succumb to Max A., last week it was the other way, and this decision is about right, for what Kildare gains in head he loses behind it to the other. Ruby Glenmore also, in the next class, changed places with Winnie II., and this was right too. Open dogs saw a nice class, and the decision took some time to arrive at. Inchiquin, fairly good in head, but might be better ribbed, and in nice coat, was placed over Dan Myren, a bit bitch-headed, short in muzzle, but excellent in body and color; Beau Brummel after his long run of victories must have been surprised to get only third; another good one, Sunset took reserve, hindparts his worst fault; Duke, vhc., has a nice type of head, but coat is too waxy; Red Nat, hc., is faulty in pasterns; Huntington, hc., is just fair. Open bitches, an old

favorite, Jeannette, scored, and Mollie Glendyne, a bitch of excellent type, troubled with a bit of eczema, might have won otherwise; Hammerless, third, has a fair head, could be better in body, legs and feet nice; Daisy, hc., needs color and head is faulty to type; Gypsy Belle, hc., has good color, muzzle wants depth. In puppies several fair ones were shown, but the judge again withheld first, though this is wrong in the case of puppies of fair merit in a show of this dimension; New York and Lynn must be judged on a different basis.

GORDON SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

King Item and Becky Sharp, both old rounders, were alone in their respective challenge classes. In dogs Tyrus, a dog of good shape with a nice head, well marked and possessing rich tan, scored easily over Don, who loses in muzzle, tan and front. Third was withheld, and very rightly; the other entry was a weed. In bitches Flomont won easily over Fannie, who loses in bone and body. No puppies. These classes were poorly filled.

GREAT DANES—(R. F. MAYHEW).

Irene was alone in challenge class; she is not wearing very well. In dogs Pascha, the New York winner, had little trouble in getting away from Nero, from the same kennel, better in head and body. In bitches Flora Florida's better movement, loin, front and head put her well ahead of Flora, who is a bit slack in loin. Firz, third, is a plain, uncropped specimen; her body is her best point.

SPANIELS—(DR. GLOVER).

Irish water spaniels were taken care of by the inevitable Patsy O'Connor, who was looking in anything but fine feather. In challenge fields Lady was alone, and so was Beverley Negus in open dogs; both are well known. Dolly, spoken of at Washington, had the bitch class to herself. In challenge cockers Rabbi downed Jersey for a change; the latter can beat him in head, front and coat. Bessie W. was alone in her challenge class. Jersey Boy, from Mr. Willey's kennels, is hardly straight in front and a bit too round and full in skull yet, but has excellent coat, beat Olean, who is a bit undershot, a trifle coarse, described at New York. Black Duchess in open bitches won nicely over her kennel mate, Little Nell, who has not fulfilled her Boston promise, loses in head and body, though better in coat than the winner. Lala, third, is too long in head, nice body. Merlin, reserve, is out at elbows, but has a nice head and body. Bonnie Obo, hc., faulty in muzzle, front and coat. In puppies Obo was the winner, having it all to himself. In any other color dogs Cherry Boy, good body and legs, won over Rollo W., a little too much out before the eyes, skull could be better, but body and legs good. An old winner, Lady of Learning, walked away with the ribbon in bitches; she was as usual heavy in whelp. Boss III. had thangs to himself in the Clumber challenge class, and Lady Bell and Johnny, Jr., occupied their accustomed places in the order named, another Belle having a better head than either, though hardly square enough in muzzle, good body, came next. Meteor, vhc., loses in muzzle and legs.

FOXHOUNDS—(DR. GLOVER).

There were not many present, but the three shown looked like workmen. In challenge dogs Roseville Rover, a noted winner, though a little heavy throughout, is a well-made bound, he seems to be going a little in front, the hard country round Newport evidently telling on him a bit, but his straight limbs and excellent loin are still noticeable. Deacon was the winner in dogs, there is little between this one and Waltham Jewel. Deacon is not as good in feet and pasterns as the other, but is better in body, especially ribs.

DACHSHUNDE—(R. F. MAYHEW).

Feldman K was again returned a winner, his points are now well known. Joan of Arc, first in the puppy class at New York, is not let down enough in front, and ears could be hung better. Waldman I, third, loses in head and body length. Bassets had old Bertrand the winner of another first.

BEAGLES—(R. F. MAYHEW).

These classes were fairly well filled, of course, as this is the heart of the N. B. C. district, there was found to be a satisfactory showing. Frank Forrest turned the tables on Little Duke, though better in muzzle he loses so much in front and is so out at elbow and a bit gone behind that Little Duke was fairly entitled to the honor. Lou, win in whelp, made her last win this season in her class. Open dogs saw the winner in the nice-headed, good-bodied and nicely-actioned Rambler, who beats Sunday, second, especially in those points. Restless, third, was decidedly under the weather, he was at Washington. In bitches Topsy S., though hardly straight in front, is of excellent type. Forest Queen, a bit slack in loin, nice coat, not ribbed up enough, and narrow-headed, came second. Twintwo, who beats them all in body and legs, third. Lady, reserve, is faulty in front and head. Lonesome, hc., is throaty. Clyde, filling out a bit, won in under 12in., he is light in loin and feet and quarters could be better. Bannerqueen, much improved lately, came second. Forest Prince, first in puppies, is a trifle long in head and not straight enough in front. Daisy II. is a nicely put together youngster.

COLLIES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Roslyn Wilkes was the only representative from the Chestnut Hill Kennels, and he took care of the challenge dogs. Flurry III. was absent from her division. In dogs, Renown, a dog showing nice quality, good head and coat, was placed over Hempstead Zulu, who has been doing all the shows. Kilmarnock Chief, third, is coarse and heavy but had a good shaped head. Kilmarnock Gibbie, faulty in head and coat, vhc. The others from this kennel were mentioned, but would not be in good company. In bitches, Zulu Princess II. won nicely over Kilmarnock Stella in coat and front. Kilmarnock Winnie, third, is too cloddy. Miss Nancy, reserve, is faulty in head and legs, coat fair. Puppy prizes were withheld, Roslyn Dolly being at home. In the open classes there was little quality outside of the two winners.

BULLDOGS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Harper as usual in the challenge dog class, and Bathos in the open dogs had little trouble in accounting for the plain-faced and faulty-fronted Carisbrooke. The Graven Image was well ahead of Dolly Tester in quality, shoulder, chops and lay back. The other two were more like business dogs.

BULL TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

This show brought together the best classes of these dogs in the circuit. Starlight, on account of absences, was alone in the challenge class. An excellent lot of heavy weight dogs came together in the next division, but Dick Whittington again held his own nicely. Prince Bendigo losing in neck and shoulders, and Greenhill General, third, is too leggy and falls away in quarters too much. Dufferin could do no better than vhc. in this company.

King of Hearts, a bit out in front, got hc. He is well known. In bitches White Violet, an excellent specimen, but hardly long enough in muzzle, was selected for first over May Queen, well known, beating her in cheek and body. Count's Nell, third, is light in eye and feet too open. A nicely made youngster, liable to get cheeky. Little Donovan won in under 23lbs. class, second going to the other, besides being a little wide in front. Top Sparkle, a good stamp of terrier, was sent out in the open dogs (heavy weights) on account of tail looking hardly *au naturel*. Stanly Belle, a promising youngster by White Wonder, took the bitch prize without competition. Mr. Harris, with Little Donovan, Stanley Belle and Stanley Bill, who was also shown in open dogs and should have been mentioned, were first, second and vhc. respectively.

PUGS—(R. F. MAYHEW).

All things come to she who waits, in this case, and Nellie Bly at last met with no competitor and won in the challenge class. Little Jewel had also somewhat of a walkover in the dog class, beating Budge in cleanness of neck and shoulders; the latter has excellent wrinkle and a well-formed head, but is shown too fat. Lena took the blue ribbon in bitches, her nice skull counteracting her pinched muzzle, ears good. Nellie M., second, loses in ear and color. One entry in Chesapeake, Mrs. Walker's Duke.

FOX-TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Raby Mixer again won handily over Dusky Trap, reserve going to Blenton Volunteer, who was looking a little better. Lucifer absent. In bitches Blenton. Consequence was first, though she cannot beat Richmond Dazzle, especially in head. Blenton Brilliant took the reserve. In open dogs Starden's Jack beat Russley Joker in all but head, third going to Warren Vexer, clumsy in skull and weak in muzzle. LeLogos and Eudolph Spice were given vhc.; they are now old faces. There were several absentees in this class. In bitches Mr. Logan, by the aid of his well known Dono, won again, followed by his Dominica, third going to our last year's Canadian friend, Rbor Nettle, who is hardly enough of the terrier about her. Verdict and Rosa Canina, vhc.; the latter is soft in coat and heavy in shoulders now. Puppies had Dominica again the winner, followed by Hillside Rachel, faulty in muzzle and stop and feet turn out a bit. Other entries absent.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(R. F. MAYHEW).

The Rochelle Kennels not having an entry, very likely taking a much needed rest, let the Park Kennels in without much competition. This was the first appearance of this recent importation, and they certainly are to be commended in keeping their dogs back till they could be shown in that excellent condition a black and tan should be, full of fire and vigor. In open dogs Salisbury easily accounted for Prinz, who is small, faulty in head, but has nice markings. Salisbury has good tan, a well shaped head, excellent front and clean cut, short body, tail long and coarse and looks as if a piece was off the tip, but it only had the hair rubbed, thumb marks are not distinct enough. In bitches a neat terrier, and a terrier all over in Queen beat Louie, her kennel mate, in head, front and body; her neck is hardly clean enough, but her excellent head, rich bright tan and truly formed body will always keep her if not at the top, very near it; her tail is also very good; eyes in both dog and bitch are rather light and full. Nadjy was outclassed, though her markings are very good.

Sir Stafford was alone in Skyes, and so Mr. Shinn had no grievance this time.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS, ETC.—(R. F. MAYHEW).

Toon's Royal, looking well, was alone in challenge class, and Fishpout Gem had little difficulty in scoring over Prince A. I., who is a little smutty, is too high on legs, and short of coat just now. Venus and Minnie York were placed as at Washington. In Scotch terriers Kilstor again beat Kilboard, and in Bedlington's Tick Tack was alone.

IRISH TERRIERS—(R. F. MAYHEW).

A good show, though only a few present. Mars took care of the dog class, and in bitches Duunmurray had little difficulty in beating Nora S., who is faulty in front, coat only fair; Sissy taking third.

TOY SPANIELS, POODLES, ETC.—(R. F. MAYHEW).

Nanki Poo, that good little Jap, was alone in a mixed class, and Sprite had the burden of the Italian Greyhound class on her shoulders. Dexter won the challenge prize in poodles, he needs attention, is losing flesh. This let Beri up for a first in open dogs, and Nell easily beats her kennel mate Volga in head and coat. Cockney Charley, faulty in tan, but good legs, beats Belle in skull, muzzle, body and tan. In the miscellaneous over 25lbs., Mr. Plant's two entries, Nellie and Stubbs, were placed as named, they have round heads. In the small class first went to the Mexican hairless. Jumbo; and Smasher, second, is a small, round-headed terrier, and so is Topsy, third. Mr. Connolly showed his Schipperkes, Priuce, Jr., and Dorothy Stanley.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best dog in show, Mr. Sears' Sir Bedivere; best mastiff in show, Sears' Monty; best mastiff bitch, W. C. Barnard's Cambrian Princess; best St. Bernard in the show, Sir Bedivere; best smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, Empress of Antioch; best American-bred St. Bernard in show, A. Bernard's Nero; best kennel of St. Bernards, Wyoming Kennel; best collie dog, Roslin Wilkes; best collie bitch, Hempstead Kennels' Zulu Princess II.; best kennel of collies, Kilmarock Kennels; best bulldog or bitch, Mr. Sack's Harper; best American-bred bulldog, Carabrooke; best bulldog terrier dog, Dick Whittington; best bull-terrier dog or bitch, White Violet; best fox-terrier dog or bitch in show, Starden's Jack; best fox-terrier bitch, Douai; best kennel of fox-terriers, John E. Thayer; best foxhound in the show, Roseville Rover; best greyhound dog, G. m. of the Season; best pointer in open dog class, P. m. of the Season; best pointer in open bitch class, Miss Meally; best pointer in bitch challenge class, C. Heath's Sally Brass II.; best pointer puppy in show, R. Leslie's Cora Lynn; best pointer owned in Lynn, H. Torner's Wizard; best kennel of pointers, Charles H. Att; best American-bred pointer in the show, Sally Brass II.; best pointer in open class owned in Lynn, Bess B. Auty; best English setter bitch, Albert's Nellie; best English setter dog, Edgemoor; best American-bred English setter, Edgemoor; best Irish setter dog in show, Max A.; best Irish setter bitch in show, Kildare Kennels' Ruby; best Gordon setter in show, H. F. Smith's King Item; best red cocker in open class, C. G. Brown's Cherry Boy; best King Charles spaniel, T. Plant's Cockney Charley; best greyhound bitch, the Lady Belle; best greyhound dog, G. m. of the Season; best Great Dane bitch in show, Irene; best Great Dane dog, Pusch; best kennel of beagles, Forest Beagle Club; best beagle in show, Forest Kennel's Frank Forrest; best beagle bitch, Topsy S.; best Irish terrier, Park Kennels' Duunmurray; best poodle dog, Dexter; best poodle bitch, Nell; best pug in show, Associated Fanciers' Little Jewel; best Skye terrier in show, Sir Stafford; best Italian greyhound, Sprite; best Yorkshire terrier in show, Fishpout Gem; best deerhound in show, J. E. M. of the Season; best Cairn Terrier in show, Colonel's Nellie; best in miscellaneous under 25lbs., Jumbo; best spaniel bitch from Lynn, Belle; best kennel of Irish setters, Kildare Kennels; best Irish setter owned in Lynn, F. Gaffney's Hammerless.

The following awards were made after we had gone to press last week:

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Patsy O'Connor. FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, R. P. Keasbey's Lady.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Revelry Negus. Bitches: R. C. Keasbey's Dolly.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK OR LIVER.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Raby; 2d, J. P. Willey's Jersey. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Willey's Bessie W.; OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Willey's Cherry Boy; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Oona. Bitches: 1st, 2d, J. P. Willey's Black Duchess and Little Nell; 3d, Park Kennels' Lala. Reserve, High Rock Cocker Kennels' Merlie. Very high com., A. J. Purrington's Trot. High com., A. S. Aborn's Bonnie Oon. Puppies: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Oona.—ANY OTHER COLOR.—Dogs: 1st, C. G. Brown's Cherry Boy; 2d, J. P. Willey's Rolo W.; 3d, Dr. C. H. Harwood's Flush H. Bitches: 1st, J. P. Willey's Lady of Lethnaik.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Clumber Kennels' Boss II.—OPEN—1st and 2d, Clumber Kennels' Lady Bell and Johnny, Jr.; 3d, J. G. Chandler's Belle. Reserve, G. J. Chandler's Bess. Very high com., J. M. Mcaney's Meteor.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Newport County Hunt's Roseville Rover.—OPEN—1st, Dr. H. T. Thurbur's Deacon; 2d, W. A. Small's Waltham Jewel.

Canine World has this week an excellent portrait of Mrs. Foster, world-renowned as the principal breeder of Yorkshire terriers, pugs and other pet dogs. She commenced her show career in 1864, and she is one of the very few who can say with truth that she has had an experience of nearly "twenty" years in the show ring.

A HOMILY ON JUDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of your journal an eminent authority on matters canine, writing in connection with cocker spaniels, suggests the advisability of the judge adhering to the standard and deciding on the merits of the specimen brought before him for adjudication solely on its merits, regardless of whether it is the property of prince or pauper. This, gentlemen, is not the point of a disgruntled exhibitor, nor is it the vapouring of one who knows nothing of the subject of which he chooses to treat, on the contrary, it emanates from no less an authority than Chas. H. Mason, whose long experience in the capacity of judge and writer in relation to man's best friend, entitled his opinions to the most respectful consideration. Although Mr. M. does not make any specific charges, his reference is so plain that he who runs may read, and as it is not at all likely that that gentleman would cry wolf when no sheep destroyer is in sight, it is well that we profit by his advice. Mr. Mason's suggestions in relation to cocker spaniels will apply equally well to other breeds. The time has gone by when a judge can award the palm to specimens not entitled to receive it, without leaving his motive open to criticism. True, on general principles, it is good to foster the feeling that leads to the expression, "With me the judge's decision goes," yet it is well for the judge to bear in mind that while engaged in selecting the best specimens brought before him, there are those clustered about the ringside who can tell a good from a bad specimen, nearly if not quite as well as the judge; thanks to the spread of knowledge connected with matters canine. By all means let it be strictly understood that the judge, who ever he or she may be, must accept the standard as a criterion upon which to render a verdict. If the standard is a faulty one then let us change the standard. Let us not forget that it is the judge's duty to define the law, not to make it, and we will have less upsetting of decisions, and the tyro looking forward to a type to breed to will not flud himself so often at sea without chart or compass. It goes without saying that one selected to adjudicate upon the merits of any particular breed at one of our dog shows is less hampered and allowed more latitude than a judge in any other capacity, and as far as the particular show in question is concerned his verdict is as fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, hence the greater the necessity that his fat should not be open to criticism on the grounds of favoritism, partiality or undue departure from the standard established, and that his judgment is confined to the attachment on the end of the chain nearest the collar.

JOHN KEEVAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 2.

WHEN IS A DOG IN BENCH SHOW CONDITION?

Editor Forest and Stream:

As this is an important subject for both the general public and the exhibitors I crave space in your columns to discuss it; the more so as I am unable to see that the views in regard to it, so far as I can learn them from the press reports in the sporting journals and from the decisions of judges, are in harmony with sound sense or science. I hope I may not be charged with ventilating a private grievance if I illustrate my meaning by some show experiences of my own within the past few months, for after all, one knows the facts in his own case best.

I sent a well known pointer bitch to one of the winter shows. She won first, but when the press report appeared it read to the effect that the bitch, owned by me, was the best, but "shown in poor condition." In a few days after this show the bitch came under the observation of Jas. L. Anthony. His estimate was that she was in good condition—better than he had ever seen her since she was first shown, years ago. As Mr. Anthony has perhaps shown more good pointers, and in the best condition, than any other exhibitor of this breed, his opinion should count for a good deal. Usually the reporters do not say wherein a dog falls in condition when he has the appearance of health, vigor and intelligence; and when in addition the dog's present make-up suggests the sort of work he is intended for, and his coat calls up the idea of full (canine) dress. So that for example a setter or pointer would be in condition when he is bright, active, spirited, free from all obvious disease and in such flesh as to be fit to do a moderate amount of work. Now, the bitch above referred to met these conditions. Her muscles stood out well and were moderately hard, and her ribs were somewhat visible when she was in motion—Stonhenge's criterion, and he generally knew whereof he affirmed. Yet the press report says "in poor condition." I presume the reporter confounded a muscular condition with an unthrifty one. Another instance. The writer exhibited a young Irish setter bitch at the last New York show. She got bc. The only reporter that notices her at all had the penetration to see that "she showed much merit, and was well deserving of vhc." But he also remarks, "Elfrida was not in good condition." The judge's verdict was, "A good little bitch but out of condition." He learned this entirely with his eye, having never laid his hand on her, except to rapidly pass it over a small part of her shoulder. Had he really felt the bitch, he, as well as the reporter, might have learned that she was the hardest and best muscled bitch in the class. Her coat was poor (since distemper), but coat counts only 8 in 100 according to the standard, and she was a shade thin, having lost flesh on the journey, being a very nervous creature. A correct criticism might have read about like thus: "Shown rather thin and out of coat, but is well muscled and hard; combines strength, symmetry, character and quality; should have stood much higher in any case."

Be it understood I am not impugning the ability or motives of the judge, as I regret to see some of the reports have done. I believe he meant to do what was strictly right and that he acted up to the light he had; but when he placed a bitch like the first prize winner, that is almost deformed from the shoulder down, over such specimens as Endora, Elfrida and others, and sent former winners in good company out of the ring without a letter, I cannot but think his light was darkness.

But his mistakes and those of others are to be set down to faulty methods of judging, by which neither the points nor the condition can be adequately learned. Dogs must have an opportunity to show themselves naturally. How then would I improve on the methods in vogue, say at New York? In this way. Taking that very class of Irish setters referred to, about 20 in all, after having them walked about together and divided into groups of about equal merit, they might be all sent to wait outside the ring except one group of four. These should be led about on chain and afterward set free to scamper in the ring; then brought together and carefully compared, the judge either taking notes or dictating notes to an assistant, while he handles the dogs all over and learns not only their shape but their real condition. Finally let the best be brought together for more careful comparison. After such an examination the judge would be prepared to rate every dog with accuracy, and could not make gross errors, if a man of discrimination and experience. This method applies to all breeds but especially to hunting dogs. It would take a little more time but would be infinitely more satisfactory. The reporter should see the dogs off the benches and have them moved and handle them. To illustrate this question of condition further, by dogs in which I am in no way personally interested, I will compare two well-known pointers, Revel III., as grand a bitch as ever was bred, was shown so fat at the last New York

show that her appearance did not in the least suggest the work for which this breed is intended or, in fact, fitness for any kind of work. On the other hand Tribulation showed his muscling admirably and was every inch a pointer, though a far inferior specimen to Revel III. He was a shade too thin, but such a condition is infinitely preferable to that of fatness for both health and work. How many of either the setters or pointers at New York met Stonhenge's test of condition of showing the ribs somewhat when in motion?

It is a notorious fact that the larger breeds of dogs of the present day, such as mastiffs, St. Bernards, etc., are short lived, liable to disease, defective in stamina, and so apt to succumb when any serious malady overtakes them, and, as I think, for these reasons: Breeding too much for size; breeding from stud dogs weakened by excessive use; the forced feeding, with inadequate exercise, of growing puppies, and last, but not least, showing these breeds of dogs so loaded with fat that the internal organs are hampered and the vitality of the animals lowered. Yet this is what is, in the language of the bench show reporter, "good condition." As I understand nature, such is very bad condition, and the sooner this whole subject is considered afresh, and sense and science rule and not capricious fashion, the better for our canine interests. The writer has been a student of physiology and medicine, and has bred dogs, and studied dogs as well as men and other animals, in health and disease, for more than twenty years, and hopes, therefore, that he is not impertinent in presenting his views to exhibitors, judges and critics. He is, however, willing to learn from any one who has reasons for his opinions. He thinks, further, that in Canada, at least, no one has urged this question of presenting dogs at shows in healthy and beautiful form more persistently than himself.

WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL, Canada.

WATCHDOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You ask "What breed is best as watchdogs?" Nearly every dog man will be apt to answer succinctly, "Mine," going on the principle stated by Mr. Jas. B. Blossom, "The difference between Mr. A. and a sane man is, that the latter recognizes that (well say chipmunks) have not so far demonstrated their superiority to all other breeds, and Mr. A. thinks the world will accept it that they have proved this, on his bare assertion." Now this so well formulates the frequent doggy way of considering any question that it is well to dismiss all prejudices from a discussion, and even feats and instances hardly have any great force, for like all expert evidence, they are easily rebutted by instances of the other side; so unless we can show some reason why a certain breed should be the best watchdog, no very strong case can be made out.

Now a watchdog is not a mere terror, a savage to attack all strangers who may trespass on the ground he watches. These are attributes of ferocity alone and by no means guardianship. As well might Mr. Sullivan be set up as an exemplar of a peace officer. The watchdog must have the home instinct deeply rooted in him, and must consider the protection of home his aim in life, and he must exercise that discrimination between right and wrong in conduct that the efficient policeman does in his work; he must warn and repress, not attack or revenge. Now for these qualities to become rooted in a breed, it is evident that the breed must be kept as house dogs, they must learn to attach themselves to home and to feel they are part and parcel of it. What breed has longest been thus used, and which the most exclusively so? Certainly the mastiff. Dr. Caius, or some equally remote dandy, writes of "the mastie that keepeth the house." The very careful Bingley, in 1809, writes of the mastiff, describing his special trait of watching visitors without molestation, as long as they refrain from touching things he (the mastiff) considers under his charge, but if the visitor transgresses, the mastiff interferes, but still with discretion; and I may ask of what other breed can so long a history as guardian be given?

As confirming my view as to mastiffs I may point to the differences in sheepsdogs as to this characteristic, connecting it with their environments. The bobtail is certainly much superior to the collie as a guardian, he has been used more as a dog of general utility, much of his stock work being with the drover, not so largely with the shepherd as the collie has been; thus he has been more accustomed to home, has associated more with home folks than the collie, kept much of his life on pastures remote from his owner's home, and this difference in the environments of the two breeds, I think the superior courage of the bobtail is due. He has been forced to fight his way through life and has had all kinds of animals much more courageous than sheep to deal with, and he has risen to the situation. Although I hold bobtails to be unexcelled by any breed as companions, I do not say that they are as valuable for watchdogs as the mastiff, for even if their dispositions were fully as good for the work, they lack the size and appearance that enables the mastiff to deter evil doers by mere fear.

In claiming the pre-eminence for the mastiff as a watch and house dog, I by no means deny that other breeds possess, to some extent, the same qualities. I know that the St. Bernard Barry was the equal of any mastiff that ever lived, as a watchdog, and I am prepared to believe very much the same of Duke of Leeds, Leila and Bonivard, and I remember that fifty years since such mastiff men as the then Capt. Garner, Mr. Lukey and others could see no difference between the English and Alpine mastiffs except in the greater size of the latter, and the life of the dog of the Hospice has been such as to develop the very qualities that make the watchdog. I have known of black and tan setters (I purposely eschew Gordons, being something no feller can find out) that were excellent watchdogs. So of many other breeds, and not a few mongrels, but I do claim that, as a whole, no other breed averages as high as the mastiff as a watchdog, and on this very point I once differed with so experienced a hand as "Billy" Graham, and to settle it, we referred it to Mr. Edwin Nichols, equally eminent as a breeder of bloodhounds, Newfoundlanders and mastiffs, who unhesitatingly decided, from his experience through so many years, that no breed averaged as high as the mastiff for this purpose.

The Newfoundland seems to have retrograded in public estimation for wisdom, faithfulness and docility, and I cannot but think that this impression, well or ill founded as it may be, is due to crosses of that vile beast the "big black dog" and to this abomination being taken as the true breed. It often looks to me as though the brute classed as a "Newfoundland" was the product of a black setter and black boarhound.

A good deal of nonsense has been perpetrated about "pure" mastiffs being good tempered and that it was only the snipy, fiddle-headed ones that were ever crusty, and from my experience, observation and inquiry this is the most complete and utter rot and humbug. The best watch dogs among mastiffs of history that I can collect instances of were the "bully" Lukey's Countess, her long-faced son Governor, the "lurcher" Turk, Colonel the long faced, champion Briton, a dog of medium type, and the "houndy" Miss Hales's Lion; while among the savages were the "grand-headed" Bill George's Tiger and many of his get, Scawfell, a dog of medium type, and, from accounts, the excessively bully-headed Hotspur. Of course many of the long-headed, long-legged, lanky, snipy, miserable brutes, savoring of a greyhound having interviewed a mastiff, are savages, but so is any other mongrel likely to be, but that any particular type of mastiff is better or worse tempered than another is all bosh.

HUTCHINSON, Pa.

W. WADE.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.

THE seventh annual bench show of the New England Kennel Club opened this morning with an excellent attendance in the Mechanics' Hall. It was an agreeable change to enter this well regulated show, especially when it is held in a building than which no better could be found, after the somewhat go-as-you-please method of some of the shows just past. With such able men as the members of the N. E. K. C., who by this time have the running of a dog show down to a fine point, and on the look-out for every one's comfort, and with such experienced managers as John Reed and Alf. Burgess to steer everything into its proper place, no wonder the remark was made that somehow one always felt "at home" at a Boston show. Though the entries are not as large as in former years, there is no falling off in quality, but it is essentially an Eastern show. Owing to the sickness of several dogs entered in the St. Bernard classes, those did not show up so well as in the past. Deerbounds and greyhounds are very good, while pointers and setters are just about as usual. Spaniels and collies are just fair, but beagles are particularly strong, especially the open bitch class, and certainly the show of the year so far.

Bulldogs, strange to say, are few in numbers compared to last year, but the open dog class in bull-terriers gave the judge some work to do. The "round heads," of course, are strong and all the cracks are present in the fox-terrier division, and previous decisions have been reversed to some extent. The other terrier classes are nicely filled and especially the black and tans. Pugs make a poor showing and so do the toy spaniels. Mastiffs are not up to the usual high standard of previous shows, for to withhold the prizes in the open dog class is something unheard of in the New England Kennel Club show before. There are numerous out-of-town dog men present and the presence of Messrs. Sidney W. Smith and J. Green lend somewhat of an international aspect to the gathering. A well-served luncheon was spread in the press room at noon for visiting exhibitors, judges, members of the press, etc., which was much enjoyed. Owing to press of time I must postpone further chronicles till next week, but below will be found a full list of awards, judging being completed in good time with the exception of a few specials in the sporting classes. H. W. L.

TUESDAY, March 31, 10 P. M.

PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Iford Chancellor. Bitches: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Lady Coleus. OPEN—Dogs: Reserve, A. Harrison's Numa Pompilius. High com. E. K. Baldwin's Nicholas. Other prizes withheld. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Flour City Kennels' Cautious Own Daughter and Miss Caution; 3d, G. W. Glazier's Maggie Maudling. Reserve, W. C. Sarns' Lady Phyllis. Very high com. W. C. Sarns' Lady Beatrice. High com. C. E. Greenman's Ingleside Cambrian Princess. Puppies: 1st, G. P. Duxton's Monadnock; 2d, Flour City Kennels' Beaufort, Jr. Reserve, C. E. Greenman's Ingleside Cambrian Princess. Very high com. C. Kammerer's Duke II. Best kennel, Flour City Kennels.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st and 3d, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston and a Miranda; 2d, A. J. Gosling's Macon. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, E. H. Moore's Lord Melrose; 2d, C. W. Wheelock's Scotch Bannard; 3d, Mrs. A. G. Gorham's White Chief. Reserve, A. Gorham's Bruce. Very high com. E. J. Hobbs's Hesper, Jr. Bitches: 1st and 2d, E. H. Moore's Lady Suerwell and Mrs. E. H. Moore's Lady Melrose. Very high com. M. Ford Hillside Kennels' Princess Saffron. High com. Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Gundred. Puppies: 1st, J. M. Nicholson's Mount Zion Guy; 2d, R. Barry's Countess Bedivere. Reserve, E. Brown's Rex Bannard. High com. Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Noble, M. Ford Hillside Kennels' Prince Draco.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Elmwood Kennels' Prince; 2d, Elmwood Kennels' Bells; 3d, T. H. Duke of Sparta; 4th, E. H. Moore's Viscount Ebrington. Very high com. J. Keenan's Patrol. Bitches: 1st, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.'s Empress of Contocook; 2d and 3d, Contocook Kennels' Burton Belle and Nora. Very high com. Elmwood Kennels' Nun Nicer. Puppies: 1st, E. H. Moore's Viscount Ebrington; 2d, Contocook Kennels' Vals; 3d, high com. and high com. Elmwood Kennels' Fanny and Belmont III. St. Bernard Club medals for best American-bred dogs: Smooth dog, Burke's Duke of Sparta; bitch, Empress of Contocook; dog puppy, Moore's Viscount Ebrington; bitch puppy, Contocook Kennels' Nora. Rough dog, Moore's Lord Melrose; bitch, Moore's Lady Livingston.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, G. Leilbacher's Pascha and Nero. Very high com. C. Kammerer's Roland III. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. Leilbacher's Flora Florida and Flora. Very high com. H. H. Lawson's Fitz.

DERBOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, J. E. Thayer's Rubber Chieftain and Chieftain. Bitches: 1st and reserve, J. E. Thayer's Ramona and Wanda. Very high com. G. S. Page's Olga. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, 2d and very high com. J. E. Thayer's Hillside Harlow, Hillside Douglass, Hillside Warrior. Reserve E. M. McDougall's Alan Breck. High com. G. S. Page's Duncan. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com. J. E. Thayer's Hillside Sylvia, Hillside Ruth and Lorna Secunda. Puppies: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Robber.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. Reserve, A. L. Page's Maud Torrington. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. L. Page's Charles Davis; 2d, E. Hopkins's Scudding Cloud. Very high com. Mrs. T. A. Ruggles's Glaucus. High com. W. J. Middleton's Damon. Bitches: 1st, Knight Greyhound Kennels' Lady Clara; 2d, Woodhatch Kennels' Spinaway. Very high com. W. J. Middleton's Spice.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (50lbs. and over): 1st, Charles Heath's Champion Graphic. Bitches (50lbs. and over): Charles Heath's Champion Revel III. OPEN—Dogs (50lbs. and over): 1st, Chas. Heath's Pontiac; 2d, Tell Kennels' Dare-go; 3d, T. H. Harris's Mikado. Very high com. H. F. Amisen's Schuyler. High com. Mrs. Geo. V. Neal's Duke of Beaufort. Com. E. T. Cowell's Dandy. Reserve, F. H. Harris's Music. Bitches (50lbs. and over): 1st, Chas. Heath's Miss Mealy; 2d, Henry D. Kendall's Cavalier's Lady. Very high com. Trojan Kennels' Fama. High com. John L. McInnes's Freeze Bang Bang, Trojan Kennels' Fedora, F. H. Harris's Maggie Kippen. Reserve, Louis A. Biddle's Cicely. CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 50lbs.): 1st, B. F. Stephenson's Trilobulation. Reserve, Chas. Heath's Laureollet. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Chas. Heath's Brava II. Reserve, Westchester Kennels' Glaucus. OPEN—Dogs (under 50lbs.): 1st, Francis C. Taylor's Inspiration, Louis A. Biddle's Glenmogran; 2d, Wm. Hyland's Ossington. High com. A. W. Round's Nimrod. Reserve, J. R. Purcell's Nicodemus of Ion. Bitches (under 50lbs.): 1st, Geo. V. Neal's Mam'zelle; 2d, H. L. Rice's Nasso's Belle; 3d, C. E. Connel's Nasso's Fan. Very high com. Charles Heath's Bloom, D. W. Gorton's Bloom III. High com. Wm. Hyland's Gladys, E. H. Harris's Lottie Jean Beaufort, High Kennels' Westchester Girl, Westminster Kennels' Westminster Gladys, Westminster Kennels' Westminster Nan. Reserve, Tell Kennels' Mango. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, High Kennels' Swiftaway; 2d, George W. Lovell's Bob B. Very high com. Fred F. Harris's Dictator. High com. H. A. Harris's Stanley Clover. Reserve, William C. Henry's Joe Jefferson. Bitches: 1st, C. W. Hodgkins's Gail; 2d, H. A. Harris's Stanley Daisy.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—No entries. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Coburnet Kennels' Kent II; 2d, E. E. Baines's Gus Bondhu; 3d, A. J. Lewis's Prince L. Reserve, Wm. Meggart's Ranger. Very high com. Wild Crow Kennels' Canadian Locksley, Joe Lewis's Tony Gladstone and F. S. Brown's Edge Mark. High com. E. H. Lathrop's Flush and G. W. Lovell's Glen Belton. Com. A. H. Boughton's Young Gath. High com. E. H. Harris's Grace and E. Davis's Forest. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Lawson's Blue Nell; 2d, Dr. J. A. Hartman's Albert's Nellie; 3d, N. McIntosh's Blue Jennie. Reserve, F. H. Clark's Jessie Noble II. Very high com. G. F. Anthony's Flirt. C. H. Leonard's Maud Noble and R. R. Moore's Katie Howard. High com. J. W. Lawson's Princess Novel. Com. G. W. Lovell's Lady Snowflake. Puppies: 1st, N. McIntosh's Lady Monarch; 2d, L. Hapgood's Joker.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. V. Armour's Max A.; 2d, W. L. Washington's Kilcare. Bitches: 1st, W. L. Washington's Winnie II. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. A. Scanlan's Inchingin; 2d, G. Lobster and Tucker's Dan Mylrea; W. L. Washington's Beau Brunnel. Reserve, F. H. Gaffney's Jacquemont. Very high com. C. M. Farr's Bluff, J. W. Gale's Blaze. High com. Nathl. Hawar, Jr.'s Huntington, Gladys Kennels' Glen Jarvis, St. Cloud Kennels' Mistress. Com. J. A. Garland, Jr.'s Duke, R.

McGowan's Glen. Bitches: 1st, J. J. Scanlan's Hazelnut II; equal 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Elfreda C. K. and F. H. Gaffney's Hammerless; 3d, St. Cloud Kennels' Endora. Reserve, A. L. Finney's Belle. High com. R. H. Burr's Onota Belle, E. J. Kenney's Fanny Hazelton. Com. W. H. Cannon's Daisy, Denis Decker's Loo M. Puppies: 1st, J. B. Blossom's Duchess; 2d, W. McCarthy's Kilcare Elcho. Reserve, J. A. Garland, Jr.'s Duke.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and reserve, S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe and Leo B. Bitches: 1st, John L. Campbell's Becky Sharp. Reserve, Samuel G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. F. Brownell's Grouse; 2d, Charles H. Leonard's Dash L.; 3d, Frank R. Pease's Tyrus. Reserve, Mount Gordon Setter Kennels' Remont. Very high com. C. E. Comer's Nero. High com. George W. Langdon's Rub II. Com. E. E. Dupee's Yip and Wm. Buchanan's Ranger. Bitches: 2d, George E. Brown's Jessica; 3d, W. Buchanan's Neva. Reserve, M. W. Murray's Ven. High com. S. G. Dixon's Crete II. Com. H. H. Douglas's Lady Fanny. Puppies: 1st, Chas. H. Gerry's Bess B.; 2d, D. S. Bennett's Juliette. Reserve, very high com. and high com., H. H. Jones's Donald Beaumont, Rupert Beaumont and Belle Beaumont.

SPANIELS.—ALL BREEDS, OVER 25LBS.—CHALLENGE—1st, R. P. Keasbey's Lady. Reserve, G. W. Folsom's Bawn. Best kennel, R. P. Keasbey's. Best field spaniel, R. P. Keasbey's Lady.

FIELD SPANIELS.—BLACK (over 28lbs.)—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Beverly Negus. Bitches: 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Lass. OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, R. P. Keasbey's Saybrook Doll; 2d, J. P. Willey's Black Night.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR (not over 28lbs.)—CHALLENGE—1st, J. P. Willey's Jersey. Reserve, J. P. Willey's Bessie W. OPEN—BLACK—Dogs: 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Ohan; 2d, W. S. Bales's Parula. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. P. Willey's Black Duchess and Little Nell. Reserve, The Park Kennels' Lala. High com. Miss M. Minna Morse's Shasta and F. B. Cotton's Ilva. Com. S. H. Barker's Black Daisy. OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, C. G. Brownie's Cherry Boy; 2d, J. P. Willey's Rollo.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, J. L. Little's Tyne.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Frize withheld.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Forest Beagle Kennel's Frank Forest. Reserve, H. Bennett's Little Duke. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and very high com. W. F. Rutter's Brule and Don; 2d, W. d. Child's Tony Weller; 3d, High Kennels' The Rambler. Bitches: 1st, W. A. Small's Topsy; 2d, very high com. high com. and com. Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Topsy. Reserve, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Bessie. Bannard on Cape and Dixie II. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Forest Beagle Kennel's Forest Prince; 2d, Kimball's King Kel. Com. W. F. Rutter's Little Rock. Bitches: 1st, W. M. Sarns' Daisy II; 2d, W. J. Rutter's Fanny Lee. High com. G. A. Abbott's Midget. Reserve, High Kennels' Jude.

FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, W. A. Small's Waltham Jewel; 2d, Dr. H. T. Turber's Deacon. Reserve, J. W. Braithwaite's Jumbo. Very high com. C. A. Seaford's Andy. High com. and com. F. M. Sullivan's Prince and Hunter B. Bitches: 1st, J. W. Braithwaite's Bess; 2d, C. H. Foss's Nell. Reserve, C. S. Brodrick's Dixie.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Janey Trot and Roslyn Conway; 3d, G. A. Fletcher's Robley. Reserve, F. R. Carswell's Duke. High com. A. V. Whelan's Fordhook Climax, H. R. Sack's Scot II and Wm. Wer's Orphan Boy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Wilkes and Roslyn Wilkes; 3d, H. R. Sack's Flurry IV. Reserve, G. A. Fletcher's Lucy Locket. Puppies: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Doll; 2d, C. A. Abbe's Gildroy's Buttercup. Reserve, G. A. Fletcher's Lucy Locket. High com. J. H. Davidson's Glendenning and G. A. Fletcher's Lockhart. Best exhibit, Chestnut Hill Kennels' President's cup, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Manly Trot; stud dog prize, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Bess; 2d, C. H. Foss's Nell. Reserve, C. S. Brodrick's Dixie.

POODLES.—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri; 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Nell. Reserve, Geo. D. Braman's Moné. Very high com., E. J. Evans's Aida.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. W. Sackett's Harper. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, John Coates's Carlsbrook; 2d, J. A. Nesmith's Zip. Bitches: 1st, F. W. Sackett's The Graven Image; 2d, Beacon Kennels' Psyche. Puppies: Withheld.

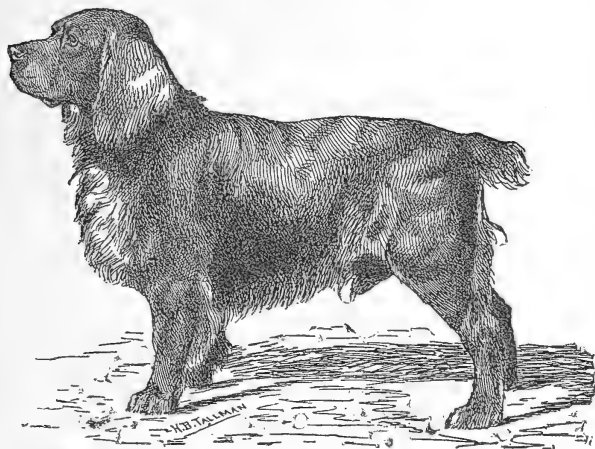
BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. Murriner's Attraction; 2d, H. A. Harris's Ch. Jubilee. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. Fred Church's Prince Bendigo. Reserve, W. J. Bryson's Duffin. Very high com. North and York Kennels' King of Hearts. High com. North and York Kennels' King of Hearts. Bitches: 1st, H. R. Sack's Duke's Topsy; 2d, H. R. Sack's Duke's Topsy. High com. H. R. Sack's Duke's Topsy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. A. Harris's White Violet and My Queen. Puppies: 1st, 2d and Reserve, H. A. Harris's Little Donovan, Stanley Bill and Stanley Belle. 20LBS. AND UNDER—1st, E. D. Hays's Sador.

ROUND-HEADED BULL AND TERRIER.—ANY COLOR (over 20lbs.)—Dogs: 1st, Gen. C. H. Taylor's Tumbler; 2d, very high com. and high com. W. C. Hook's Doctor Jack and Sir Roger. Reserve, H. R. Sack's Duke's Topsy. Com. T. Murriner's Gaby. Bitches: 1st and com. H. Young's Daisy and Nellie; 2d, Beacon Kennels' Topsy. Reserve, M. R. G. Kettell's Mollie. Very high com. high com. (2) and com. Trimont Kennels' Weasel. Volante Judy and Fannie. High com. D. J. Colburn's May. Puppies: 1st, D. J. Colburn's Noble; 2d, W. C. Hook's Jacko. Reserve, Trimont Kennels' Thor. Very high com. M. S. A. M. Daniels's Flirt. High com. W. C. Hook's Evadne; 2d, E. J. L. Motley's Bully. Reserve, W. A. Mosman's Jerry. Very high com. Miss A. M. Daniels's Dorris.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. Bitches: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Rachel. Reserve, John A. Logan, Jr.'s, Blemton Brilliant. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, J. E. Thayer's Bussley Joker; 2d, Woodale Kennels' Jarden Jack; 3d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor. Very high com. C. D. Bernheimer's Baby Trigger, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Laird. High com. Tundaw Kennels' Brokenhurst Quick, H. A. Harris's Blemton Match. Com. A. H. Warren's Trump. Bitches: 1st, 2d and 3d, John A. Logan, Jr.'s, Dona, Dominica and Verdict. Reserve and high com. J. E. Thayer's Princess and Rosa. Very high com. Woodale Kennels' Bhor Nellie. Com. Tundaw Kennels' Tundaw Vanelle. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, James Mortimer's Crack; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Joker. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dare. High com. C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Star, Jas. Mortimer's Vero. Bitches: 1st, John A. 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MRS. E. CLARKE'S JAPANESE SPANIEL "KIOTO."
Winner of first, New York Show.



C. G. BROWNING'S SPANIEL "CHERRY BOY."
Winner of first in open class, New York Show.



A. W. FURBECK'S GREYHOUND "GEM OF THE SEASON."
Winner of first in open class, New York Show.

more than three times this spring. Had his late owner shown him here, there and everywhere, he would not have made up into the dog he is.

Poor Ben Lomond! and unfortunate Mr. Moore. On Thursday night last Ben Lomond was taken sick with colic at the kennels at Melrose after returning from Washington show, and at 13 o'clock he died. This is a heavy loss to Mr. Moore, as Ben's services have been in great demand. At a show he was always admired for his good temper and handsome appearance. He was by champion Barry out of Thetis, and his breeder was Mr. W. F. Shepard. He was just about six years and four months old. His winnings embrace first at all the principal shows since his importation in the summer of 1888. Lacking the black shadings, he did not appear so massive in head as he really was, and this was made apparent when, last year, we painted his head, putting on the black on muzzle and ears, when it was difficult to recognize the dog he looked so improved. The death of this dog rather cripples Mr. Moore's team, but in a letter telling us of Ben's death, he shows that he is still in the swim in spite of the worst luck.

Talking of St. Bernards reminds us of Mr. Hopf, who is so soon to leave us. Our absence at Lynn last week prevented our seeing his letter before it was printed, or we should have had something to say then. The president of the St. Bernard Club has for many years been an important figure in St. Bernarddom, and no man in the fancy commands more respect as a breeder and an exhibitor. Honest to a fault in all his dealings he somehow has hardly had the good luck that should go with it. Champions Otho and Hector are the dogs with which his name is inseparably connected. As a prime mover of the St. Bernard Club, its president, and a hard worker in its behalf since its inception, his counsel and help will be sorely missed, but we are sure that all St. Bernard men and fanciers at large will wish him, with us, every prosperity for himself and family in his new home, and that on the other side of the Rockies he may succeed in breeding a St. Bernard that may come nearest to his idea of perfection.

Mr. Mercer's bad luck still pursues him, for he writes us that a litter of puppies out of Bromine, sired by champion Johnny, on which his hopes had centered, have become victims to the mother's unnaturalness, she having eaten them all. This is hard luck indeed. The Ottawa Club has decided to abolish puppy classes altogether at their shows, and therefore are they greatly to be praised. Sometime in the distant future our own clubs may see fit to follow the same lead. There is no reason why they should not. The classes are very seldom well filled, but at the same time one puppy in a show can do the damage which we wish to see lessened to some extent at least, and abolishing puppy classes would be a great step toward it.

We are told that there are over 500 cocker spaniels in the hamlet of Woodstock, Canada. Friend Laidlaw must answer for this state of things.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club has come to life again and the boom in dog shows this season has made them think that after all they can hold a show with a reasonable chance of coming out at the right end. They claim the dates March 1 to 4.

We hear that Mr. James Green, who had full charge of Sir Bedivere in England, is on his way over, if he is not already in this country. He will understand take hold of Mr. Sears' kennel and he comes in the nick of time to put the crack in good shape again.

Mr. Percy Ohl has purchased from Mr. Muss-Arnolt the pointer Bracket.

On the third day of the Chicago show an important meeting of the United States Field Trials Club will be held. Every member is earnestly requested to be present.

We trust Mr. Harris will reconsider his determination to go out of the bull-terrier fancy, especially when he has got together such a good string. A catalogue of his terriers which we have received shows that in the dispersal of this kennel some excellent terriers can be picked up at a moderate sum.

Mr. C. S. Wixom has purchased the beagle dog Tricotrin, which he speaks very highly of. He is a litter brother to Ava W., and will be shown with the others at Chicago and Cleveland.

The many friends of Secretary Odell, of the Central Field Trials, will be glad to learn of his recovery after a long illness.

Mr. Mortimer writes us that the actual price paid for the pointer King of Kent by the W. K. C. was \$1,250. This dog ought to do well in this kennel, having been the sire of such noted field dogs as Rip Rap, Zig-Zag, Maid of Kent, Tapster, etc., besides being himself a noted bench show winner. He also wishes us to say to owners of bitches that have missed to him, if there be any, that these bitches can be sent to him free, although this is in no way binding on the club.

Mr. Hersey, of Utica, N. Y., writes us that the old blue belton setter bitch Donna died of old age March 4. She was by Royal Blue out of Dryad.

The Vredenburgh vs. Peshall libel suit was set for last Tuesday, but as on former occasions Mr. Peshall was unable to have it tried. This time it was because Mr. Vredenburgh did not put in an appearance. In addressing Judge Fitzgerald, urging him to insist upon the case being put through, Mr. Peshall asserted that it had never been the intention of the other side to try it, but that the case was being carried along in the court as a barrier to suits which he himself was preparing to bring. Judge Fitzgerald said that the case had now been on the calendar several months, and he recognized that in his failure to secure a trial Mr. Peshall had a grievance; it was due to Mr. Peshall that the case should be tried or dismissed. Mr. Peshall said he did not move to have it dismissed; his effort from the beginning had been to get it to trial. Finally, the District Attorney promised to try it next Wednesday, "if he could secure the attendance of the complainant." Mr. Peshall gave notice that unless Mr. Vredenburgh should then be present and the case be tried he should move for its dismissal.

The National Beagle Club held their first annual banquet at Young's Hotel on Tuesday evening, and about twenty members sat down to an excellent dinner. When cigars and coffee came on, speeches were the order of the evening, and several of the members showed they were not far behind their pets in giving tongue when the trail is once found. The party broke up at about 11:30, and all look forward to a repetition in 1892.

Mr. Moore's prospect of a pleasant week among fanciers at the show were marred by news of the death of Alton, at Washington, Sunday night. Mr. Moore's luck seems to run in couples, for Ben Lomond's death has only just been recorded, and now this last blow is a greater one still, both to him and the breeders of the country. Experience is dearly bought sometimes, but at any rate Mr. Moore has our sincere sympathy and that of every St. Bernard lover.

Hepsey is reported as being very low. She whelped, but only five pups are living. The last message to-night (Tuesday) says she is a trifle better.

Mr. Watson and Mr. Sidney Smith arrived all safe from England last Saturday, and both are taking in the Boston show. Mr. Smith will, after Boston show, go on to Chicago and take in the Mascoutah Kennel Club's show. Mr. Green is here and will take charge of Mr. Sears' kennel and Sir Bedivere, his old protégé. Mr. Lovel, who had the dogs round the circuit, has left the Wyoming Kennels. We were surprised, as we always thought him very attentive to his charges and seemed quite wrapt up in them.

Mr. F. W. Chapman has lost his young beagle Restless, that won second down at Washington. Pneumonia took him off, and he has lost from similar causes fifteen dogs in the last fortnight. What a spring this is for canine mortality. The grip must attack the dogs as well as their masters.

Our spaniel friend, George Bell, has been acting in a new rôle, that of coursing judge at a little meeting up at Toronto. Some "artificial" rabbits, that is, rabbits kept for the occasion, had been provided, and several greyhounds, known more or less to fame, took part in the fun. They were the dogs Why Not, Lady Langtry, Wire, Second Sight, a noted bench performer, Milo, also a winner at shows, Jolly Ranger and Friday. In the first round Second Sight succumbed to Why Not. The contest seems to have been rather on the go-as-you-please order, for when Milo should have come against Why Not in the second, he was withdrawn, and Second Sight was given another opportunity to show her mettle. This she did to good purpose, defeating the dog after some very clever work. Then she met Jolly Ranger, who

led her three lengths to the hare, wrenched twice and served to Second Sight, who immediately picked up bunny, and so lost the course. Jolly Ranger and Why Not then came to the slips, and the hare was allowed 500 yds. Why Not killed too soon and let Jolly Ranger in for first prize, Why Not second and Second Sight third. After this there were two races, one 220 yds. and the other 440 yds., between Jolly Ranger and Why Not. At the finish Why Not was in front about half a length in both races. No doubt this will serve to create an interest in coursing round Toronto which will be appreciated by the many greyhound owners in that city. Unfortunately, we hear that in returning home the owner of Why Not lost his dog, and he has not yet turned up.

We have repeatedly urged the Collie Club to inaugurate sheepdog trials, and now we are pleased to announce that the club intends holding their first ones in the fall of 1892 at some place convenient to New York city, very likely at Huntington, L. I. The first prize will be \$250; second, \$100; third, \$50, and fourth, a silver medal. The competition will be open to all. This is a good move, and as they are set far enough ahead there is no excuse why the dogs should not be properly trained, and the trials in place of being a farce, as heretofore, be a credit both to the club and the dogs.

Mr. Charles P. Barry's bloodhound Malmesbury has gone the way of all flesh, though rather suddenly. He died last week at Rochester, N. Y. It is supposed that poison was the cause, as a whole sparrow was found in his stomach after death.

At the last meeting of the Toronto Kennel Club, on Thursday evening last, the following additional officers were elected: Patron, J. Beverley Robinson; Committee, H. B. Donovan, J. Wilson and W. P. Fraser; Club Veterinary Surgeon, Dr. Campbell, who is considered among the dog men of Toronto to be quite an expert in canine ailments.

We took a trip over to Mr. Symonds's kennels at Salem, Mass., during the Lynn show. The home of his famous Yorkshires and other terriers is quite elegantly fitted up, and though cramped for space, the kennels are exceedingly well arranged and in such style as befits these dainty morsels of dog flesh.

Mr. Purbeck expects the noted greyhound Pious Pembroke over very soon, he is said to be a big winner on the other side.

The prices realized at the Tattersall sale at Philadelphia last week can hardly be called very encouraging. Marquis of Stafford, the white St. Bernard, brought \$250, Jim Limmon \$240, the bulldog Quasimodo \$30, Maney Trefoil, a crack collie at one time, \$300, Wellesbourne Flurry \$45, Wellesbourne Hero, who has been doing some winning at the shows lately, went for \$90. A large number of different breeds did not realize \$25 apiece.

Mr. George Bell has succeeded in having the Spaniel Club's \$100 challenge cup for cockers put up at the next Toronto show, and the club will also give several cash prizes.

We are sorry we cannot devote enough space to give the menu of the Massachusetts Kennel Club's, of Lynn, dinner to their visitors on the 24th, as it was really a very enticing one. At the tables we noticed: Robert Leslie, James Mortimer, Dr. H. Clay Glover, R. F. Mayhew, E. B. Sears, Capt. Hoyt, T. C. Faxon, A. E. Lincoln, D. A. Williams, Rudolph Weimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sanborn, Miss Dearborn, Mrs. Smith, C. A. Bramble, of the Boston Herald, W. A. Power, Major J. M. Taylor, F. W. Chapman, W. F. Rutter, Jr., O. W. Crooking, H. V. Jamieson, A. Parry, Bradford S. Turpin, W. S. Clark, A. J. Purinton, A. S. Aborn, Geo. Thomas, W. E. Jones, George W. Lovell, C. E. Gilchrist, E. E. Haines, and many others. Mr. Leslie, the president of the club, bid us all welcome in a neat speech; but as time was pressing there was little speechmaking, and every one settled down to business at once.

Mr. William Stephenson, who will be remembered as a familiar figure at shows two or three years ago as the owner of the Wulawa Kennels of mastiffs, met with a serious accident last week while driving in Rahway, N. J., with his little daughter. The horse ran away, and dashing against a tree flung Mr. Stephenson with such force against it that he now lies at the Sheridan House suffering from concussion of the brain. We trust he may recover, though it is said to be doubtful. His daughter, strange to say, was unhurt.

In a friendly letter from Mr. Isgrigg, of Carthage, Mo., he

writes: "We have some fine dogs down in this neck of the woods, not only in breeding but as fine fielders. There are owned here sons and daughters of the following sires and dams: The pointers—Champion Graphic, Trinker's Bang, Croxteth, Fowler and Meteor. In setters—Champion Gladstone, Bessie A., Gath's Mark and Count Noble. I have just purchased a young dog which can show 47½ per cent. Duke-Rhobe blood. In Irish setters we have a brace by Dick Swiveller and Elcho, Jr. The Gordons are represented by a daughter of Beaumont and a son out of Becky Sharp. We might at almost any time bring together enough to form quite a bench show, or get up a field trial at three hours' notice. There is owned here a dog—a grandson of old Gladstone—who can beat anything or everything in the dog line west of the Mississippi. Your readers will laugh when they peruse this, and I can hear them say, "If that is so, why don't you run him in the field trials and stop blowing?" "Bring him out if he is such a great dog." "Why haven't you done so before this, etc." I'll tell you why. He belongs to a market-hunter, who puts in every day while the season is on killing quails for the market. We have seen him hunt, and for the first time during Christmas and New Years, and if this meets the eye of any one who thinks he has a better one he can be accommodated by running a three days' race for a purse of \$500. Money and dog ready at any time, field trial rules to govern. We will either give or take expenses and run on neutral grounds. Of course I understand that the close season is now on, but we can have the race just the same, we need not kill any birds, which would necessarily bar retrieving, and the dog we refer to is a very tender retriever too. We would be glad to hear from any one who would like to make this \$500. We will not draw the line at the Mississippi either, but will make it free for all. We prefer the owners of Prince Lucifer, Gath's Mark, Rowdy Rod, Lillie Burgess, Spotted Boy and Ossian to show their hands, and any of the above can be accommodated for the amount named." Now a gentleman well known in pointer circles while chatting in our office lately spoke very feelingly on the merits of a certain dog he owned, and wished to make a match. He refrained from issuing a challenge because the field trials were over, but as the above looks genuine we really think he has the opportunity now.

The last day of a dog show is generally a dull one, and many schemes are devised to attract the public. At Pittsburgh Sir Bedivere was paraded on the stage during the afternoon. Would it not be a good idea, when circumstances will allow of a good view of the proceedings, to have the specials, such as cups, medals, etc., arranged on a table and then coax some lady, or in default of that, the president of the club, to donate them to the lucky winners. The dogs which have won them to be, of course, brought up to the table at the same time.

GORDON SETTER CLUB MEETING.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club of America, held March 23, at Dr. Glover's office, the following business was transacted, a quorum being present: Communications from Grotto Collins were received and acted upon, and the telegram from Mr. H. Malcolm to the secretary, appealing to the club from the decision of the committee, was moved to be accepted as such. Dr. Meyer read the following communication signed by ten members: To the president of the Gordon Setter Club of America: Inasmuch as Mr. Harry Malcolm has appealed to the club from the decision of the committee, although not in strict accordance with the constitution, the undersigned members desire that said appeal be duly recognized according to Sec. 11 of our by-laws. We therefore respectfully request you to issue a call for a general meeting of the club, in accordance with Sec. 3 of our by-laws, to vote as to the action of the committee. The president therefore ordered the meeting to be called for Monday, May 4, at 7 P. M. It was then resolved that H. Malcolm be notified at once by the secretary to appear in person at the general meeting of this club to be held at the office of the president, at 1293 Broadway, on that day, to state his exceptions to the action of the committee in this case. On motion the secretary was instructed to draft a letter to the Stud Book committee in relation to the 42½ per cent. in Gordon pedigrees and the term black and tan setters, as per their request. The secretary was also instructed to communicate with the Cleveland Kennel Club, stating that the club's finances do not warrant any further money specials being offered this spring. It was resolved, on motion of Dr. Meyer, that the club should follow the lead of the Pointer and Setter Club, and suspend the list of judges, allowing bench show committees to choose their own. Mr. Blossom was elected a delegate to the A. K. C., and Dr. Meyer was elected a Stud Book committee of one. The old committee on bench shows and field trials, consisting of J. B. Blossom, Dr. Glover and L. A. VanZandt, was re-elected. The following committee was also elected to draft a new constitution and by-laws: J. B. Blossom, Dr. Meyer and Dr. Loridy. Seven new members were elected. The meeting then adjourned.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.—The Occidental Coursing Club finished its fourth year on the 10th inst. The club has a neat balance in the bank and will soon own its own coursing park. The treasurer, S. L. Abbott, Jr., stated that during the club's existence he had expended \$2,000 for fair sport. The railroad company has agreed to give the club reduced rates and to issue coupon tickets, good for admission to the park. By a unanimous vote of the club, it was decided to strike out from the constitution the section which has hitherto prevented pool selling and bookmaking at the club's coursing meetings. After a vote of thanks was tendered the retiring secretary and treasurer, Messrs. Carroll and Abbott, the following officers were elected: President, J. F. Carroll; Vice-Presidents, T. J. O'Keefe, T. J. Cooney, E. J. Healey of Petaluma, and Thos. Hind, of Redwood City. Treasurer, S. L. Abbott, Jr. Secretary, J. R. Dickinson. Executive Committee, Col. S. O. Gregory, John Grace, T. J. Cronin, J. B. Lincoln, and Henry Worthington.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Field Trials Club will hold its third annual meeting at Lexington, N. C., beginning with the Setter Derby on Monday, Nov. 30. This will be followed by the Pointer Derby, which, in turn, will be followed by the All-Age Setter Stake, All-Age Pointer Stake and free for all four hour heat race, in order named. Entries for Derby will open April 15 and close May 15. Entries for All-Age Stakes will close Oct. 15, and for the four hour heat race on Nov. 1. The prizes in each stake will be the same as heretofore given. Our running rules are being revised and we hope to have the same ready for distribution by April 10. For entry blanks and other information, please address the secretary.—E. R. COLEMAN, Chairman, C. H. ODELL, Sec'y and Treas., 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

COLLIES NOT IMPROVING.—Orange, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The exhibit of collies at the late bench show at Madison Square Garden, with a few exceptions, was not equal in quality to last year. It was evident that breeders were not patronizing the best dogs, so the Chestnut Hill Kennels have kindly consented to make a reduction of thirty per cent from their regular stud dog fees to members of the Collie Club. The object of this is twofold; to improve the breed and to increase the membership of the club. It ought to have the desired effect.—J. D. SHOTWELL, Sec'y.

A DOG PROTECTIVE UNION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 19 I notice a communication from W. W. Bradley concerning a Dog Protective Union, and would like to hear from him in regard to what move has been made in this direction. I can add my testimony to his regarding methods of the Associated Fanciers. I wrote them inquiring for a pair of thoroughbred trained beagles last June, and received a prompt reply describing just such a pair as they thought I would want. They were recommended as being fine hunters, the bitch particularly being described as "hard to beat on rabbits." I sent them their price, \$45 for the pair, and in due course of time they came. The dog I found to measure 17 in. in height. He was stiff in the hindquarters, which from careful examination proved to be due to a bad case of fistula in ano. I tried them on rabbits, putting the dog on a hot scent which he followed perhaps two minutes and then gave it up. The bitch stayed closely to her and showed no desire to hunt. I wrote at once to the Associated Fanciers, telling them the dogs were not as represented, and received a reply telling to try them again, and if they would not work they would make everything satisfactory. Several trials convinced me it was useless to continue, and I wrote them for satisfaction, receiving an offer of another pair, express prepaid, which I considered fair and accepted. They answered that they would ship another pair soon. This was in November or December of last year. I have not yet seen the other pair or heard from the Associated Fanciers since. Mr. Bradley's experience has convinced me that I shall never receive the consideration from them that is my due. The dog has recently disappeared, and as I had another dog poisoned from a wolf bait about the same time, I presume he has met the same fate. The bitch I have now commenced to train, but it is uphill work without a pack. She is doing well, and I think by next season she will make an excellent trailer. A dog protective union or some similar organization is certainly needed to protect the public from such sharp, yes, criminal, practice. I for one shall be glad to subscribe toward such an organization.—C. P. HUBBARD.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Clover Hill Kennels. By J. G. Fisher and H. A. Bridge, Columbus, O., for their kennels of English setters.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Eva—Jerry K. W. S. Gates's (Chagrins Falls, O.) dachshund bitch Eva (Waldman K.—Fraulien Waldeck) to J. Kresh's Jerry K., March 1.

Moorefield's Cad's Pet—Parlang. Moorefield Kennels' (Chula, Va.) English setter bitch Moorefield's Cad's Pet (Moorefield—Cadie) to their Paxiang (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone), Feb. 26.

Countess of Richmond—Little Boy. Dr. S. G. Dixon's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Gordon setter bitch Countess of Richmond to his champion Little Boy.

Beauty II—Sir Herbert. F. G. Street's (Lexington, O.) St. Bernard bitch Beauty II (unimported Caesar—Guenn) to Miss Whitney's imported Sir Herbert (champion Philimmon—champion Queen Jura), Feb. 10.

Black Dufferin. J. G. Bewtley's (Tilsonburg, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Dufferin (Woodland Kennels' Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), Jan. 6.

Marquette—Black Dufferin. J. G. Jorgensen's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Marquette (Black Duke—Lady Nell) to Woodland Kennels' Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), Jan. 16.

Myth—Black Dufferin. John Allan's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Myth to Woodland Kennels' Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), Jan. 21.

Countess—Black Dufferin. D. Bashner's (London, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Countess (King of Oboes—Vermilion) to Woodland Kennels' Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), Feb. 6.

Woodland Queen—Obo II. Woodland Kennels' (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodland Queen (Killey's Tippo—Woodstock Coe), Jan. 30.

Topsey—Black Dufferin. Chas. Banting's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Topsey (Burmah—Freyrie) to Woodland Kennels' Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), Feb. 11.

Jealousy—Black Dufferin. Woodland Kennels' (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Jealousy (Obo, Jr.—Woodland Queen) to their Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), March 3.

Lady Nell—Black Dufferin. J. G. Jorgensen's (Woodstock, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Nell (Burmah—Freyrie) to Woodland Kennels' Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), March 2.

Rosedale Belle—Black Dufferin. J. F. Kirk's (Toronto, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rosedale Belle (Beau—Shadow) to Woodland Kennels' Black Dufferin (champion Brant—Bonita), March 8.

Merry Duchess—Bradford Harry. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Merry Duchess (Young Royal—Juno) to his champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), March 24.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
May. W. S. Gates's (Chagrins Falls, O.) beagle bitch May (champion Bannerman—Bosson), March 14, five (three d'g's), by his champion Rattler II, (champion Rattler—champion Music II).

English Lady. Rochelle Kennels' (New Rochelle, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch English Lady (Jackson's Gordon—McMee's Bess), Feb. 25, two (one dog), by their The Senator (Jackson's Patrick—Cosgrove's Pink).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Charlotte. Bridle, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, age not given, by Duke of Leeds out of Alma II, by Rav-nwood Kennels, Long Island City, N. Y., to Fred Schmitt, New York city.

Beauty II. Orange tawny, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 2, 1889, by imported Caesar out of Guenn, by Miss Anna H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass., to Fred G. Street, Lexington, O.

Countess of Richmond. Gordon setter bitch, age and pedigree not given, by S. E. Davis to Dr. S. G. Dixon, Philadelphia, Pa.

Daisy Gates. White and tan beagle bitch, whelped March, 1888, by Bannerman out of Maggie, by W. S. Gates, Chagrins Falls, O., to Geo. N. Leavens, On-ario, Can.

Lady Bassett. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1880, by Dick Fate out of Model Bonduh, by A. H. Bassett, Somerville, Mass., to H. A. Bridge, Columbus, O.

PRESENTATION.

Bonnie Lassie. Gordon setter bitch, age not given, by Pilot out of Oreta II, by Hugh McIlvray to Dr. S. G. Dixon, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

B. D. T., Fairfield, Maine.—I have a hound bitch that had a litter of pups on Dec. 23. Will you please tell me through your correspondence column when she will probably be in heat again? Ans. About the beginning of next June.

T. W. G. J., Sorel.—My setter bitch after weaning pups had teats considerably enlarged, and such a remedy prescribed by local veterinary surgeons have reduced inflammation, two teats still remain distended beyond the usual size, and do not appear to get appreciably smaller. The bitch otherwise appears in good health. Pups have been weaned nine days. Kindly advise, Ans. Rub the teats well two or three times a day with camphorated oil. A preparation of burnt leather and vinegar is also a good thing. Char the leather, pound into a powder and mix with the vinegar. Try the oil first.

D. D. B., Bloomington, Ind.—My dog, prior to this trouble, had eight or ten fits. His appetite is somewhat impaired, bowels con-

stipated, temperature and pulse about normal. He laves about and has no energy at all, his back is arched and he is poor in flesh. Apparently his urine is all right. At present and for thirty days there has been a tumor forming outside of the rectum along the inner margin of the gluteus maximus muscle, which can be felt per rectum and also seen and felt through said muscle and the lymphatic gland just above the lock in the region of the gastrinismus, where it forms the flexor pedis perforans tendon, is about the size of a hen's egg. One day I noticed him pass a little blood. Ans. It is not safe to prescribe for your dog without seeing him. The tumor is probably an abscess, "ischio rectal abscess," and the dog suffers from blood poisoning. The enlargement of lymphatic glands would seem to bear this guess out.

J. W. H., Beverly, N. J.—My six months old setter puppy, apparently in good health, is constantly swallowing cludes, coal, stones, rags, etc. I have seen similar cases before, but none so bad as this. I cannot now find in my books any remedy suggested, though I think I have read something on the subject. The dog is active, always hungry, and so far as I can see in perfect condition. He consumes so much that it is indigestible that I fear the result. Kindly suggest a remedy. Ans. Your pup has worms. Have your chemist make up a half-drachm dose of areca nut freshly ground. Fast the dog 24 hours after giving a spoonful of castor oil, and then give one powder in pill form mixed with lard, and an hour after give the other half drachm. If in half an hour there is nothing passed, give a large spoonful of castor oil and watch results. For a week or so afterward feed soft foods, such as soups, etc.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

IN our next issue we shall probably announce definitely the simple broad conditions which will govern the contests for the Amateur Revolver Championship of America, and the competition for the Winans trophy emblematic of that championship. The comments from various parts of the country all go to convince us that the conditions, as originally outlined, will give the widest satisfaction, and they will form the basis of the requirements.

There is a fear that with the whole country for a shooting ground, possibly some irregularity in scores may result. The large facilities of FOREST AND STREAM will be amply sufficient to prevent any such outcome. When the match was suggested by Mr. Winans we did not decline to conduct it, fearing the trifling outlay which it would involve on our part. Where a point of advantage to sportsmen is to be met we consider it our duty not to hold back and carp, but to step forward and carry the project through. Several years ago there was much discussion as to rifle trajectories, but an expenditure of over a thousand dollars enabled us to gather a set of data which are now standard on that point. All manner of talk prevailed about the shotgun patterns of to-day, but the establishment of our testing ground at an expense of hundreds of dollars now enables the test of an arm to be made promptly and with scientific accuracy. So it happens that when the open question of a revolver championship is to be answered by the revolver shots of America, it is only natural and in accord with precedent that FOREST AND STREAM should act as the reliable representative of the sportsmen of America.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22.—The first regiment turned out strong to-day to compete for the Tobin trophy. Every company in the regiment sent over a full complement of 20 men each to do honor to the trophy presented to the regiment. The day was a windy and blustery one at the range, and the guardsmen had their hands full in endeavoring to hold their rifles on the bulseye. Although it was conceded that Company C, who carried off the trophy last year, would again be winners, every company in the regiment did their utmost to come in second. Company G won the honor of second place, and in addition made the highest individual score of the day. The honor of scoring the highest record of the day belongs to F. O. Young, who made the excellent score of 48 out of a possible 50. The shooting was under the supervision and direction of the Inspector of Rifle Practice, Springfield rifles, having the full 300' is. Teams to consist of twenty men from each company. The Tobin trophy was presented to the First Regiment by the family of the late Col. Robert Tobin of the Third Regiment as a mark of gratitude to that regiment for the friendship they had shown Col. Tobin. A trophy was also presented by the family to the Third Regiment, which was won by Co. B last month. These trophies are contested for every year. The company in each of these two regiments making the highest score at the butts are declared the winners of the year.

Co. C, Capt. H. H. Woodruff.....	818	Co. F, Capt. A. Margo.....	671
Co. A, Capt. R. A. Marshall.....	672	Co. G, Capt. C. H. Tilden.....	740
Co. B, Capt. I. B. Cook.....	707	Co. H, Capt. H. P. Bush.....	643
Co. D, Capt. Chas. Hansen.....	449		

The winning company beat its good record of last year by 7 points.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.—It is a peculiar fact that very few men, even accomplished shots, know how a revolver ought to be handled. Nearly all are taught to aim a revolver as if it were a rifle, that is, by bringing the object aimed at and the fore and hind sights into line. This is all well enough for shooting gallery practice, but should never be followed in the field. In training troops to use the revolver they are taught, in aiming, never to look at the weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on the object which is to be struck. In quick firing, and especially in shooting from horseback, much better results are obtained in this way. A man throwing a stone does not look at his hand, neither does a billiard player sight along his cue. The same rules apply to the use of short weapons. I have seen men trained to shoot excellently at a mark when they could not see their pistol sights at all. Pieces of pasteboard were fastened just in front of the cylinder, which effectually prevented the men from using their foresights, and greatly increased the rapidity, as well as the accuracy of their fire. Nearly any one can sight a pistol correctly, the inaccuracy of the aim being due to trembling of the hands before the trigger is pressed. By riding the sight the temptation to hold too long is removed, and the first aim, generally the most accurate, is preserved.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BELLEVILLE, March 23.—Appended is a brief account of the windup of a very interesting series of rifle matches which were shot in this city during the winter. The long series of rifle matches in the Forest and Stream Club's gallery, commenced in December last, was concluded on the 17th, and finished an exciting finish. The conditions, which governed 27 matches, were the main ones: Distance, 25 yds.; target, American field, reduced for distance; position, off-hand; number of shots, 10; highest possible score, 100; rifle, Remington and a Stevens, with open sights; best 10 scores to be counted; 24 entries and 7 prizes. For first prize the contest was the keenest possible description—between W. P. Clarke and Geo. A. Frost. The former, up to the last match, was 5 points ahead, and each had 70 as his lowest score. Therefore, Frost failed to make 73, he was beaten. He made 77, however, and Clarke had to make 74 to tie or 75 to win. He stood the test well, making 39 in his first five shots, but then he dropped to a 4 and 6, lessening his average materially. But he came again with an 8 and a 10, making 57 for 9 shots, and the task was well within the reach of a marksman so skillful and steady. He had opened on the last shot—7 to tie and 8 to win. Only 6, however, rewarded his aim, and he was, with a score of 73, beaten by 1 point in one of the finest contests possible. The seven prizes were Geo. A. Frost 743, W. P. Clarke 742, R. A. Davis 678, S. W. Vermilya 665, L. G. Smith 660, R. S. Bell 651, J. H. Mills 601. The best single score was 88, by Geo. A. Frost. All matches were shot at night, and the light was poor. A copy of the target (enclosed) will enable you to judge of the merit of the scores made under the conditions stated.—R. S. B.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—A movement is now in progress to form a Central State Shooting League. Four clubs have already expressed themselves as willing and desirous to enter, and it is expected nearly all will do so. The proposed ground will be east as far as Lancaster, Mountville and Lemman place, north to Catawissa and Williamsport and west to Altoona, Pa. Address for all particulars, H. M. F. Worden, Secretary Harrisburg Shooting Association.

BOSTON, March 28.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day, with a very large attendance of shooters. The shooting conditions were very fine, and some high scores were made at rest, off-hand and with the pistol. Following are the best scores made, 20yds., standard American target, re-entries all allowed:

All-Comers' Rest Match.

S Wilder.....113	J W French.....103	S E Howard.....91
W P Thompson.....109	J French.....100	W Conway.....90
F Daniels.....107	T S Ham.....109	M T Day.....88
T Warren.....107	A H Ballard.....94	A S Hunt.....85
J B Thomas.....103	R B Baxter.....93	J B Hobbs.....84

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

W Charles.....79	W Conway.....73	S E Newton.....63
A S Hunt.....58		

Pistol Match, 50yds.

W Charles.....96	A G Stevens.....80	A S Field.....77
M T Day.....90	F D Hart.....78	D Martin.....75
A C Sydney.....59		

RAYSHOOTING, March 28.—The Atlantic Gun Club, of Atlantic City, N. J., held their regular weekly shoot at the new grounds at the Inlet. The attraction of the day was a rat-shooting match between C. Sander and C. Harold, 14 rats per man, 21 yds. rise, 7yds. boundary, use of both barrels; Harold won by one rat, as follows:

Harold.....1301212121—10	Sander.....1210201211—9
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EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB.—New York, March 24.—The following scores were made by members of the Empire Rifle Club, of 12 St. Marks Place, on the Standard American target, 14 bulls-eye: W. Marks, 100; J. Zettler, Jr., 97; J. Zettler, Sr., 95; J. Zettler, Jr., 86; F. Schneider 85; G. Billmeyer 80; W. Maisenholder 78; J. Zettler 78; A. Krueger 76; A. Schmidt 70.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club members. Correspondents who favor the club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

April 9-11.—Annual Tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J.
 April 28-30.—New London (or New Haven) Inter-State Association.
 May 5-6.—Algona (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John G. Smith, Sec'y.
 May 6-7.—Pittsburgh Tournament. Open to all. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y.
 May 7-8.—Ankum, N. Y. Gun Club Tournament. \$500 guaranteed. Professionals barred. Chas. W. Brister, Sec'y.
 May 9-9.—Grand Tournament of the Hill City Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss. Open to all. Geo. H. Hill, Sec'y.
 May 12-14.—Grand Tournament of the South Side Gun Club, at Watertown, N. Y. Open to all. H. P. Bruffice, Sec'y.
 May 18-18.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Three days targets. One day live birds. H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y.
 May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Club prize \$1,000, Association guarantee \$1,000, total \$2,000.
 June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.
 June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.
 July 2.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

DETROIT INTER-STATE.

DETROIT, Mich., March 24.—A glance at the list of entries for the opening day of this, the first tournament of the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, will show two facts; first, the names are largely of those not familiarly known as circuit shooters; second, the numbers present would indicate a very good interest taken for a shoot held in so inclement a season. The weather was not particularly propitious for the day, with ice in the river, now still on the ground and winter in the air yet, between 40 and 50 entries came in before lunch time, and the shooting throughout the day, cleaning up the programme nicely, was steadily engaged in by a goodly little party. Of the names shown, will all be so familiar as those in the roster of the main shoot last year? Many of them are familiar to the writer, and it is said to-day by those who know, but many of the shooters are from clubs in small towns not far distant. If these are fairly to be called amateurs, and their scores would seem to indicate that, then the main purpose of the Association, which it widely advertised in its catalogue, namely, that of holding a shoot for amateurs, would seem to be very flatteringly realized, or at least as much as could at the moment be asked.

Now let us go back. We all remember the state of affairs under the old rapid firing system last year, with the tremendous runs of the machine shooters, which made it necessary to average 96, 97, 98 or over to win, and which practically drove the amateur, the "lover" of shooting out of the field, narrowing the attendance in the open shoots to about 50 high average men. Some may remember the day, after Corry's shoot, when the sporting press began to "roast" the old machine system, and to declare it was ruining sport at the trap.

Probably due to this cry of the press—and it was a just one—matters were so pondered and considered in different lights that ultimately this association of the dealers was formed, with the sole purpose of furthering shooting at the trap, and with the minor plan of doing up in a cheaper and easier working form, the spirit of the old American Shooting Association. The very first sentence the Association wrote, on its banners was, "We are for the greatest good to the greatest number." Its next was, "We shall have two classes, the expert and the amateur, the first to shoot the professional (or walking) system, at 5 unknown traps, the second to shoot the regular rapid-firing amateur rules; the scoring to be scoreland score like." The shoot at Detroit, with \$1,000 guaranteed by the friendly association, and all the profits on the targets to be given outright to the home club (or "tournament association"), is the first under the new experiment. We will call it an experiment by courtesy to those experts who approve it. Really it is the only just and proper thing to do.

When the first question of the shoot was asked, two men were called to shoot in the first event only two men responded. Those two men are well known as in America as shooters, and withal as honorable and lovable men. Charlie Budd and Rolla Heikes are known where shooting is known. They have no enemies, and their friends are thousands. Nothing mean, nigardly, unfair, underhanded or ungentlemanly was ever urged or dreamed against either of them. Indeed, if one were asked to select two men typical of the best element of general trap shooters, he could not pick a better two than these. Very well. The scores will tell the rest. Budd got 8, and was shot out in the ties. Heikes got 6, and also went out in the ties. They followed this through the day, and only pulled out about even by reason of a little surplus average money, \$44.25, left after their club had paid the expenses. In the amateur class, were several men, not thought justly to be classed experts, but who as amateurs stood to win more than these two experts at the expert rules. The two experts knew they could not win. "We will submit to anything reasonable," said they, "but it is throwing money away to shoot in this way. To-night we quit."

This placed the management in rather a hard position. Every-

them quit even to-night? Are the experts not as well off, and better off, than the average amateur? Because they always have won right along under the old rapid-firing system, is that any reason why they should insist on winning all the time? Each side has its inning in a game of ball. Why not in a game of shooting? The professionals have been having their inning for years. Why should they object to playing even for a while? Rolla Heikes has his salary and expenses paid to come here and shoot. Ought he to complain because he misses a few birds, and gives some man a chance to win a few dollars who has paid him an expense of putting up his own money to come out and have a little fun? Much of this applies to Charlie Budd, also, or I believe it to be so. Have they either of them any right to object? Barring the bias of friendship, the idea is simply preposterous and not worth a moment's thought. Suppose they do quit, do not others come in all the more? And is any hardship wrought up in them when so many shoots are still left open all over the land where they are not barred? The management was therefore quite right in concluding, as it is this evening understood to have done, that the original plan of the meeting must be adhered to and the two classes kept distinct. It was suggested that the experts be allowed to stand directly behind the five unknown traps, thus avoiding the possibility of being "outgunned" by the opposite-angle birds, but even this was thought not desirable, as it is so dangerous of carrying out fully and thoroughly the experiment of inducing new shooters to come in. What our friends the experts may do is not now determined, but it is hoped they shoot through the week, as they are both universally well liked. Besides, it will do 'em good to see just how it goes. Ruble is here and is classed expert. He only entered twice. It is too risky for John.

The ground at the foot of the hill near the driving park, lie just at the river's edge and are about as cold, wet and muddy as they could be, though in good weather they are fine, lying as they do directly opposite Belle Isle and the anchoring grounds of the Detroit and Michigan yacht clubs. The management by its able lieutenant, John Parker, has done all possible toward comfort by means of abundant chairs and walks and plentiful refreshments. It is not pleasant time to hold a shoot, but this is only the first one, and the first day of that.

It is one of the plans of the Association that each member have a tent on the grounds. Not all; but many were so represented to-day. To the right of the walk stood the spacious umbrella tent of the Colts Patent Fire Arms Co., with Charlie Willis as presiding genius. On the left was the ingenious tent of the Peters Cartridge Co., made in form and color imitative of a shot shell. To the right of the Colts tent was the marquee of the Jenny & Graham Gun Co., of Chicago, a similar one yet to the right flaunting the blazonry of the L. C. Smith gun. To the left of the Peters tent was the square canvas of the "headquarters tent," and beyond that the striped marquee of W. Fred Quimby & Co. At the extreme right of the scene was the Fox and ASP Striped dome, and at the extreme left that of its hated rival, THE FOREST AND STREAM tent has a pretty sign on it, saying "Come in and Sit Down." From a sense of duty I did so, but the way the wind sighed through the open-sided house was too suggestive of pneumonia, and I did not linger. No one went into the tents, the chilly air making the heated, though over-crowded club house badly from New York, and Tee Kay is also here. The latter is, however, picturesque, unique and various as they were made, a very pretty picture. In better weather and on pleasanter grounds they will be an interesting and valuable feature of these shoots.

A number of Ohio shooters are here, and also many from Michigan. Heikes and Charlie Willard are over alone from Chicago, and Budd from Iowa. Uncle Jake Pentz is here in business capacity from New York, and Tee Kay is also here. The latter is just up from a sick bed, and Uncle Jake is nearly down in one. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., is present, and Chape Whitmore got in this evening. Cady is on from New London, and Penrose of course is on hand, but on the whole the East is not very well represented. Among shooters from nearer by are Dussert, of Aramaddy, Andrews, Sandina, N. Y.; Courtney, Syracuse; Cady, Toledo; John Brooks, N. Y.; Osborn, Port Huron; Osborn, Windsor; Edwards, Dayton; Hannaford, Jackson; McDonald, Dayton; Wright, Lansing; Waruf, Kalamazoo; Mamma, Dayton; Spross, Toledo; Richter, Milwaukee; North, Cleveland; Merrill, Friesse, Milwaukee; Crowell, Hastings. This is not, as to-day at least would show, a gathering of old familiar faces. Not, perhaps, so pleasant as yet for that reason, for the strangers are not birds, but all live birds, and for the purposes in hand is this gathering, the first of the regular season, now shivering in the inclement air of the bleak and early spring. The following are scores of to-day's shooting:

Event No. 1, 10 Keystone, \$1:

Expert Class.	
C W Budd.....110110011—8	R O Heikes.....011011100—6
Amateur Class.	
Osborn.....111111111—9	Yager.....010100010—4
Merrill.....111111110—8	Crowell.....011011111—10
Buckley.....111111101—8	Andrews.....011101111—10
Richter.....111111111—8	Hebel.....111111111—10
McDonald.....111111101—8	Sanford.....011111101—8
Edwards.....111111110—9	Courtney.....111111111—10
Ford.....111111101—8	Cole.....111111101—7
Cady.....111111101—7	Forest.....111111101—7
Shorty.....101010010—5	Don.....000001011—9
Spross.....111111111—10	Latham.....111111101—8
Mosher.....010101111—6	Watts.....111111111—10
Perry.....111111110—5	Hannaford.....100001111—6
Wright.....111111101—8	Went.....111111101—6
Waruf.....111111101—8	Jobbs.....111111101—6
Cady.....111111101—7	Cooper.....111111101—7
Reinick.....111111101—7	Tee Kay.....111111101—8
Robson.....111111101—7	Lynch.....011011101—6
Mamma.....111111101—7	Parker.....111111101—6

Five men ys in all shoots. Ties on first div. by Spross, Crowell, Hebel, Courtney and Watts. Ties on second div. by Osborn, Edwards, Waruf and Mamma. Ties on third shot out and Wright, Cady, Ford and Tee Kay. Ties on fourth shot out and Wallace, Forrest and Cooper div. Ties on fifth shot out and Hannaford won.

It will be noticed that the experts fell out in the ties. It will be noticed also that the experts are required to shoot first. This would prevent dropping for place in a class of experts who desired to do that.

Event No. 2, 10 Keystone, \$2.50, \$50 guaranteed:

Expert Class.	
C B Budd.....111101010—6	J A "White".....010001010—4
Amateur Class.	

Cooper.....111111111—9	Watts.....111111111—8
Brummitt.....111111101—7	Dussert.....111111111—9
Cody.....010101101—5	Yager.....111111110—8
Shorty.....000010011—4	Cole.....111111101—9
Parker.....111111101—8	Robson.....111111101—9
Forrest.....111111101—8	Tee Kay.....010111101—6
Sanford.....111111110—10	Wright.....111111101—8
Went.....111111111—10	Hebel.....111111101—9
Sanford.....111111111—10	Edwards.....111111101—9
Osborn.....111111101—9	Courtney.....111111101—9
Don.....111111101—6	Mamma.....111111101—7
Shilling.....110000010—3	Waruf.....111111101—9
Andrews.....111111110—10	Merrill.....111111101—8
Ford.....001111101—2	Perry.....010111101—6
Reinick.....011101101—7	Spross.....111111101—8
Crowell.....111111111—10	McDonald.....111111101—8
Richter.....110011011—6	Osborn.....111111101—8
Mosher.....111111101—8	Latham.....111111101—8

Ties on first div. by Crowell and Buckley; ties on 9 shot out and won by Spross; third shot and div. by Latham, Watts, Wright and Tee Kay; fourth shot and div. by Mamma, Ford and Heikes; fifth shot and won by Perry.

Event No. 3, 15 Keystone, \$1.50:

Expert Class.	
Bud l.....110110110111—12	Heikes.....110110110111—11
Amateur Class.	
Spross.....111111111—10	Crowell.....111111101110—9
Richter.....111111111—10	Osborn.....111111101110—9
Jager.....000100111101—9	Webb.....110110111101—10
Andrews.....001101111101—11	Wright.....111111101110—12
Hebel.....110110110111—11	Latham.....111111101101—10
Cooper.....110110110111—11	Forrest.....111111101111—14
Watts.....111111111110—12	Edwards.....000111110111—10
Sanford.....011011111111—11	Mamma.....111111111111—14
Osborn.....110111111111—11	Courtney.....111111111111—7
Merrill.....111111111111—14	Brunt etc.....111111111111—12
McDonald.....111111100101—10	Cole.....110111111111—12
Went.....111111101111—10	Mosher.....110001101000—6
Lynch.....010111101111—10	Dussert.....011111111110—12
Shorty.....110110110111—11	Reinick.....111111100111—10
Cady.....110111111111—11	Osborn.....111111101111—7
Osborn.....011111111111—14	Whitesburg.....011111101111—7
Hannaford.....111111111110—12	North.....011011111011—10
Courtney.....111111100111—11	Robson.....111111111111—13
Waruf.....111111101111—12	Schilling.....0011011001001—7
Buckeye.....110111111111—13	

First div. by Merrill, Osborn, Forrest and Whitesburg; second div. by Osborn and Robson; third shot and div. by Waruf, Wright and Hannaford; fourth shot and div. by Parker, Hebel and Shorty; fifth div.

Event No. 4, 15 Keystone, \$4, \$75 guaranteed:

Expert Class.	
Budd.....11011001010111—9	Heikes.....011101110100010—8
Amateur Class.	
Dussert.....11100010111101—10	Osman.....11101111101101—12
Buckeye.....1110101111101—11	Cooper.....1110111111101—12
Robson.....1111111111101—13	Hannaford.....0111111111010—12
Edwards.....1111111111101—13	Wright.....1111111111101—11
Yager.....1111111111101—12	Waruf.....111111111111—14
Parker.....11011011010101—9	Spross.....11101110111101—10
Andrews.....11011111111110—11	Merrill.....1110111011101—11
Osborn.....11101111111111—14	Latham.....11101110111101—10
Mosher.....1110111111101—9	Richter.....0111111111101—13
Don.....11110110110110—10	Crowell.....111111111111—13
Edwards.....111111101111—13	Cady.....111111101111—11
McDonald.....111111101111—12	Mamma.....0110111011101—10
Courtney.....111111101111—11	North.....0110111111101—12
Perry.....1101111011101—10	Sanford.....111111111111—14

All ties div. but fifth, which was shot out and div. by Spross, Mamma and Perry.

Event No. 5, 6 pairs Keystone, \$2:

Expert Class.	
Budd.....11111111111111—10	Heikes.....101011111111—8
Amateur Class.	
Osborn.....101011111111—7	Mamma.....101111111111—9
Edwards.....101111111111—7	Sanford.....011011111111—10
Richter.....011011111111—5	Hebel.....101011111111—10
Merrill.....001011111111—5	Perry.....101011111111—10
Andrews.....111111111111—7	Dussert.....101011111111—5
Friesse.....111111111111—7	Cooper.....101011111111—7
Webb.....101011111111—6	Spross.....111111111111—11
White.....101111111111—10	Cady.....001011111111—7
Parker.....101111111111—10	Crowell.....011011111111—7
Jager.....101011111111—7	Robson.....101111111111—8
Buckeye.....101011111111—7	McDonald.....101011111111—6

"White" first, second div. by Friesse, Parker and Mamma; third div. by Spross and Robson; fourth shot and div. by Buckley, Cooper and Crowell; fifth div.

Event No. 6, 20 Keystone, \$5, \$100 guaran'eed:

Expert Class.	
Budd.....110110101101110011—15	Heikes.....1111011110100110111—15
Amateur Class.	
Crowell.....0011011011101111—15	Edwards.....11111111111111—20
Parker.....0101011011101111—16	Andrews.....11111111111111—19
Dussert.....1110001011101111—15	Cady.....11111111111111—19
Wright.....1101111111111110—16	Osborn.....11111111111111—18
Cooper.....1101100111111110—16	Merrill.....11111111111111—18
Mamma.....1111111011101111—17	Buckeye.....11111111111111—18
McDonald.....11111110111111—18	Richter.....11111111111111—17
Forest.....11111111111111—18	Spross.....11111111111111—20
Parker.....1101111111111110—14	Courtney.....00111111111111—18
Brooks.....01011111111111—12	Robson.....01011010111111—14
Waruf.....1101111111111110—16	

First and second div. by Friesse, Parker and Mamma; third shot and div. by Spross and Robson; fourth shot and div. by Buckley, Cooper and Crowell; fifth div.

Event No. 7, 15 Keystone, \$4, \$75 guaranteed:

Expert Class.	
Budd.....11011000101111—10	Heikes.....10111111111100010—8
Amateur Class.	
Sanford.....11100111111111—11	Waruf.....11011111111111—14
Osborn.....11111111111111—11	Cady.....11101100101110—10
Courtney.....11111111111110—12	Friesse.....11111110011011—11
Merrill.....11101111111111—12	Edwards.....011111111111—13
Mamma.....11111111111111—12	Andrews.....111111111111—12
Parker.....11011111111111—12	Dussert.....111111111111—12
Buckeye.....111111111111—14	Cooper.....111111111111—14
Richter.....111111111111—12	Perry.....111111111111—12
Osman.....111111111111—13	Wright.....101111111111—11
Crowell.....011011111111—13	Forest.....111111111111—11
Spross.....111111111111—13	Schilling.....110111111111—14
McDonald.....111111111111—13	

Osborn first; second div. by third shot and div. by Osborn and Crowell; fourth shot and div. by Richter; fifth shot and div. by Sanford and Cooper.

Event No. 8, at 10 Keystone, \$1:

Expert Class.	
Budd.....1111010011—7	Heikes.....1111111100—7
Amateur Class.	
Mamma.....1111111111—9	Latham.....110111111—8
Buckeye.....01111111—9	Spross.....11111111—9
Courtney.....01111111—7	Forrest.....11111111—9
Hannaford.....00111111—7	Osman.....11011111—8
McDonald.....11011111—9	Edwards.....100111101—6
Merrill.....11111111—9	Watts.....11111110—8
Schilling.....11111111—9	Wolfe.....11111110—5
Richter.....11111111—10	Andrews.....11111110—5
Brooks.....11111111—10	Sanford.....11111110—8
Osborn.....11111111—10	Cooper.....11011111—8
Friesse.....00111111—7	Weisinger.....001100011—5
Wilcox.....01101111—6	Purett.....101111—9
Perry.....11	

BERTIE, sloop, has been sold by Manning's Yacht Agency to W. J. Butler. The agency has also sold the schooner Ranger and sloop Rover. The fine steel yawl Montecito is also advertised for sale in another column.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
 SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BLAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
 REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. Mackendrick,
 Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:
 VICE-COM: C. V. Wynn, Albany, N. Y.
 REAR-COM: T. P. Gaudin, Dayton, O.
 PURSER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
 EX. COM: J. K. Bukewell and H. M. Stewart.

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 VICE-COM: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
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EASTERN DIVISION.

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Officers:
 VICE-COM: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
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 EX. COM: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

Officers:
 VICE-COM: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
 REAR-COM: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
 PURSER: E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
 EX. COM: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expense. Application sent to the Sec. Treas. will be delivered by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by address the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commadore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
 Vice-Commadore—N. E. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
 Rear-Commadore—C. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
 Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 330 Kinto Building, Chicago, Ill.
 Applications for membership should be made to the Sec. Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

16. Ianthie, Spring, Woodside.

JUNE.

6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Brooklyn.
 5. Yankers Annual, Yankers. 27. Franklin, Ann., Bay Ridge.
 13. New York Annual, S. L. 1. Ianthie, Spring, Passaic Riv.
 20. New York, Sandy Hook Race.

JULY.

11-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River. 7. Ianthie, Annual, Woodside.

7. Ianthie, Ann., Passaic River.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH C. C.

AS DETAILLED BY THE COMMODORE.

PART VI.

WE had a pleasant all-afternoon's cruise through varying lights and shades, down rapids and over fish dams, with an occasional mill dam to portage. By this time we had grown so accustomed to the number of fish dams that we jumped down right over them, wherever an opening appeared that was at all promising; safely taking shots that a week ago, and fifty miles further up the river, we would have portaged around rather than have attempted.

The river finally left the base of the Blue Ridge, with the conglomerate of sand-stony railroad trestle bridges; and saw ugly con bankments or "hills," and deep cuts showing like red seats upon the faces of the green mountain spurs, to the right; and wound off to the left across the narrow valley in a succession of serpentine curves; approaching the base of the Massanutten Mountains. The banks grew wild and rugged, and lines of cliffs appeared here and there; their gray stone faces softened and marked down with mosses and lichens and trailing vines; with bright scarlet berries showing out vividly from among the dark green triangular leaves.

A sharp turn to the right presented itself, with a high wall of rugged cliffs along the concave left bank. A peculiar black hole in the face of the wall, like the possible entrance to a cavern, attracted our attention; and we gazed at it curiously as we approached it, with a sort of stupid awe, and a feeling of being on the roughest and rockiest little falls we had encountered in the entire cruise so engrossed our attention for the next quarter of a mile, that we had neither time nor opportunity for the inspection or study of holes or caves or anything else than the business in hand of getting those canoes down that rocky rip without mishap. "This is the place you took for Kemple's Falls, Commodore," exclaimed George, as he drifted along on the still, deep water below; glad of a little breathing spell after the rush and tussle with the falls above.

"Well I'm sure its rough enough for Kemple's or anybody else's falls!" said Lacy.

"Well!" was the contentious reply. "The river went around to the left. A massive wall of stone towered upward for a couple of hundred feet along the right bank, while the water flowed ominously still and black at its base. We skirted the cliffs and passed steadily on around the low, heavily-wooded point on the left, and a new vista opened up with another imposing line of lofty cliffs on the opposite, or left side, crowned with a dense mat of evergreens, whose sombre plumes looked gloomy and forbidding in the fading light."

The still, black river brought up against the base of the cliffs on the left, turned sharply to the right and disappeared from sight down the declivity.

"That's Kemple's Falls!" said George.

We beached the canoes on the crest of the big fish dam, which stretched across the river at the head of the falls and took a survey of the river ahead of us.

We saw a long line of gloomy, perpendicular cliffs stretching straight away down hill along the left side of the river for over a mile. The river, at the base of the cliffs, spread out to a great breadth, the watery vista finally becoming entirely lost to sight in the confused mass of boulders, ledges and bush-grown islets which seemed to terminate the river bed at the distance of half a mile.

What water we could see was entirely still, with the exception of a few hundred yards immediately below the fish dam, which was lashed into foam by the reefs and rocks with which the river bed was profusely studded, while the down hill grade of the entire vista of cliffs, water and rocks was very marked. The sun had dipped below the peaks of the walls of Massanutten, and this always sunless gorge looked fascinatingly repellent, gloomy and impressive to our awed eyes.

The cliffs frowned down in stern defiance upon the water and the still black water looked sullenly up at the cliffs, reflecting the gray, lichen-covered precipice, with its frowny mat of trees and bushes, from its depths, while the bubbles scattered in profusion over its surface stood out startlingly white and distinct against the black surface upon which they floated. The dull, heavy, ominous roar that pervaded the entire gorge added to the sombre impressiveness of the place.

"What a magnificent place for bass fishing!" said George in awe-struck tones.

"Oh, get out with your bass fishing!" exclaimed Lacy. "We'll have all we can do to get our canoes through this hole alive without fooling with fishing tackle! Can we make it, Commodore, do you think?"

"We're going to try," said I as I pushed the nose of my canoe off from the fish dam, closed my hatches and prepared for action.

We slipped easily and skillfully over a little gap in the end of the fish dam next to the wall, and slid down its steeply sloping face into the foaming water below, and threaded our way slowly and with great care through the mazes of the reefs for the next quarter of a mile, back paddling steadily against the swift current.

"I don't recollect this still water at all," said George, as we paddled cautiously through the wide, still reach below.

"Nor I," I replied. "My recollection is that we were hustled down the entire fall with more speed than caution. My impression was also that the river was narrow through here, while instead it is unusually wide."

"Perhaps this isn't the place," suggested Lacy. "I don't see anything the water with this kind of navigation."

"Oh, yes! this place is just what I need! All this rough water you have before you is just out of the question. As we approached the vast conglomeration of reefs and rocks, which from a little distance appeared to block up the entire river, but which upon our approach revealed numerous passages and canals, down which the water surged and roared, while the huge foam-capped waves everywhere reared their white crests among the rocks, and the light mist floated up in their fleecy wreaths toward the tree-crowned summits of the cliffs,

A narrow little canal but a few feet in width led close along the base of the cliff, past all these rocks and reefs, down along which the water was rushing with arrow-like velocity, an occasional sharp, white-crested curl or break in the otherwise smooth surface showing the presence of a rock here and there, while at the end of the chute, a quarter of a mile away, the big waves could be seen gamboling and tumbling about and tossing their gleaming foam-crests high in air as though in delight at the approach of two or three cullow youths in small boats.

"This is the Devil's Race-path!" I cried as I entered the chute, followed by the others. Look sharp for the rocks! There are a few left in the channel!"

It was a wild, exciting rush down the Race-path—more like coasting a hill on a hand-sled than running a river in a canoe. Cliffs, bushes, trees and rocks shot swiftly by up stream in a dizzying whirl as we flew along, and the big waves at the bottom got in their work to good advantage before we were out of their clutches.

"Whew!" exclaimed Lacy, paddling alongside and wiping the spray from his face, as we reached a breathing place in a quieter, though still swift, stretch of water below. "That was a hard one; my canoe's half full of water! Any more such places?"

"Yes! wait till we reach the bottom of the falls!" said George, raising his head and looking over his shoulder as he boarded a bucketful of water which was calmly reposing in his lap.

"How about that full, high bow now, Lacy? I didn't ship a drop of water, and my decks and hatches are barely splashed!" said I.

"Here's where we veer over to the right, Commodore. There's the Navigation dam that you jumped last trip," said George, as we approached a long line of reefs and rocks, coming out from the cliff, with rough water, with long, low stone dam jutting out from the cliff just above, throwing most of the water around the open, right hand end.

"Yes," I replied. "I recollect the place well."

"I wonder we ever got through over there at all without shipwreck," said George, as we shot swiftly along in the open water on the right side, and took a good look at the labyrinth of rocks and reefs that filled the channel of the river below the dam, over along the base of the cliff.

"So do I," I replied. "But the water was higher then, which facilitates matters somewhat."

Swifter and rougher grew the river until we fairly flew along. Fish-dams and ledges occurred in rapid succession, all of which we were compelled to take flying, as the swift rush of the water was too great to permit of any other mode of proceeding.

Our paddles were plied with lightning-like rapidity. Now a strong backward stroke here, or a forward stroke to avoid a rock, whose sudden proximity was startling. Now pausing under the protecting lee of a big rock to survey the course ahead. Anon back-paddling gently and cautiously across from one furious current to another, or paddling swiftly ahead or across to take advantage of some opportune opening among the rocks, or to plunge headlong over a fall. The old stone promontory at the lower end of the falls appeared in view around a little turn to the right and we bore rapidly down upon it; while the still, calm waters of the Newport mill pool appeared invitingly and restfully at the foot of the watery slope down which we were rushing.

A small lower pool near the right bank, with a rickety fence of poles surrounding the small, sandy, rocky clearing around the house. A cow in company with a good-sized calf stood calmly near one corner of the house; a number of chickens were already roosting on the back fence. An old dog barked lazily at us from the front yard, and a couple of men were watering four or five harnessed horses, evidently fresh from the field, in the still water in front of the house.

The whole scene before us looked invitingly pastoral and restful to us in our harassed, nervous, excited state. With a mighty roar and plunge the river fell over a massive boulder-studded ledge in a series of irregular cascades, several feet in height, and the falls were ended. A big Navigation dam extended out from the cliffs a short distance above the fall, around the right hand end of which the water flowed clear of obstacles and in rapid succession over a series of shallow gravel bars or reefs.

It did not look deep enough to do a canoe but George, who was in the lead along here, at once decided the dam and the fall and took this short, and promptly stuck hard and fast on the gravel bar. After a few vigorous but fruitless shoves with his paddle in the endeavor to force his canoe over, he disembarked and waded down the shallow slope, with his canoe, lightly and with his weight, drifting before him at the end of her stern painter.

While I hesitated to observe the success of his venture, undecided whether to follow him or take the fall, the relentless current carried me so close on to the dam that I had no alternative but to take it. It was an unusually high dam and there was no promising shoot or opening in its crest within reach, and I had no time to spare to look for one, so I drove my canoe over the crest of the dam—over the broken, rocky crest of which the water flowed freely—with all the power I possessed, hoping by the impetus to drive her over. Her bow slid well over the crest of the dam when she struck upon a rock nearly midway upon her starboard side, with a crash that I felt certain had smashed in her entire side, then hung trembling for a moment upon the verge of the dam, and then, with a mighty splash, fell out upon the rocks alongside, narrowly escaping a disastrous cascade.

"Is she smashed?" asked Lacy, as he shot by me, prudently following George down the gravel slope. "I don't know," said I, as I held the Frankie carefully up on the edge of the dam and made a hasty examination to see if there was enough left of her to carry her safely in some way, for I was pretty well up in mid-stream, with about as swift and rough a piece of river ahead of and around me as the average canoeist would care to see; and to my great relief I found she was entirely uninjured by the terrific blow she had sustained.

I slid my canoe down over the dam into the swift water below, where she lay pointing directly down stream. It was impossible to make any headway in this way, so I drove her over the crest of the rush of water that set from the dam down over the falls which were but a few yards away, so I pulled the end of the canoe up as close to the base of the dam as possible, and then quickly and carefully "cooned" it along the stout ridge of her deck and scrambled into the cockpit and my seat just in time to secure control of the canoe before she reached the fall.

It was a very close shave, for I was in the water some 3 or 4 ft. lower than the level above, formed by a huge boulder set right in front of the fall, then twisting my canoe around sharply to the right, with more dexterity and promptness than I had thought possible considering her usual obstinacy upon this point, I glided smoothly out around the lower end of the rock and down the sloping outpour from the little terrace and joined George and Lacy, who were already up on the still water below, and the falls were successfully run.

"A rough place up there, gentlemen!" said one of the men on horseback to us, with friendly interest, as we drifted slowly past. "It is that!" replied George.

We turned and looked back up the hill down over which we had just descended, and the form of the dam didn't seem possible; that anything in the shape of a boat could come through such a place and live.

We were all pretty well tired out as we paddled along gently down through the deep still mill pool. The day's cruise had been an unusually long and arduous one, and the severe tussle with the falls had just about finished us; and for my part I felt that I would not paddle my little canoe any more for a while.

Over, and we hailed with joy the appearance of Newport mills—our camping place for the night—around the bend but a short distance away.

Twilight was stealing its shadowy folds around us, and rendering softly indistinct the more distant objects, save where a soft red glow in the western sky brought out the dark outlines of the morning peaks of Massanutten in sharp prominence against the sky, while their steep, rugged slopes and spurs were shrouded in a smooth indistinguishable veil of purple shade that covered alike the bold headlands and deep valleys.

We shot the Newport mill dam at the right hand end, where it was not far down to the water below, with scarcely a pause. Instantly below it, in the swift water, we were startled and roused by a sharp splash behind me, while a shower of water fell over my face and neck as a big bass jumped high out of the water and came down with a thump upon the deck of my canoe behind me, but with a vigorous flop he was off again and back in his native element before I had recovered sufficiently to lay violent hands on him.

Below the dam, during which we all had to take to the water before we got through, and as we pulled up to the bank by the big spring below the mill and landed, I really felt more dead than alive, and Lacy forgot to tell George that I was going to sell my canoe this winter and build a smaller one, as they kindly and goodly offered to sell me the new work of the camp, such as carrying the canoes and camp duffle up the bank and placing them in position for the night, while I devoted my remaining energies to the welcome task of getting up as good and plentiful a supper as our really liberal resources would permit.

The air was chill and the fog was steaming up from the cold, black surface of the river and wreathing up among the tree tops in the morning peaks of Massanutten, and the cool river in the invisible mill dam and rapids above us was ominously suggestive,

and had a depressing effect upon our already depressed spirits. We were in no hurry for the inevitable wrestle with the Columbian Falls, which we were well aware would be a fully as rough as Kemple's Falls, and a mile and a half longer, and the very outset of our day's cruise, just around the bend a mile away. As the sun put in an appearance and dispelled the mist, and the river threw off its black, frowning aspect and smiled brightly in his caressing beams, and as the menacing, too-suggestive roar of the fog-veiled dam took upon itself the ordinary common-place drone of the fall, revealed in the dam below, a couple of hundred yards away, the fully developed dam below, a couple of hundred yards away, and the rapid rippled and murmured musically as its waves sparkled in the sun, flashing back his rays in countless points of light, our usual buoyancy and careless love of adventure speedily returned to us; and the further encouraging stimulus of a good breakfast of fried fish (for we soon found that, although bass wouldn't strike in muddy water, chubs, suckers, perch, and other small fry were not so fastidious; and while perhaps not as gamey as were at least fully as filling), soft-boiled eggs, buttered toast and hot coffee effectually dispelled what little depression of spirits remained, as the natural result of our severe tussle with Kemple's Falls so late in the evening of the day before, at the close of an already long and arduous day's cruise; and we felt fully ready to tackle anything not absolutely impassable.

We felt, however, in a more than usually sure way, as we had but a short day's cruise of 10 miles to make—the plan being to camp at Massanutten and walk over and visit the Caverns of Luray—and it was 9 o'clock when we finally embarked.

"Well, here we are!" said George, as we turned the base of the mountain spur to the left, a mile below our late camp, the jagged, tree-clothed heights towering impressively above the calm, placid water below, and the banks, with their great masses of moss-green bush-covered rocks, looking double in the still water, as though they had fallen, ages ago, from the heights above into the depths below in a vain attempt to stem the course of the river; and the tumbling and foaming slope of the Columbian Falls lay bright and gleaming in the morning sunlight before us, the great rapid being finally lost to sight to the left around another point in the mountain spur nearly a mile below.

"Well, this is fine!" said Lacy, closing and fastening his hatches and pulling his waterproof apron well up in front of him, while George was not slow in following his example, and I smiled a superior, satisfied smile and remarked to the effect that people who will cruise in pumpkin seeds must put up with the discomforts incidental thereto.

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invitations in town where they really mean nothing but civility and politeness. I thoughtlessly declined the invitation and was surprised to notice that the gentleman seemed displeased and hurt. I incidentally mentioned the matter in conversation with Len. Mohler that evening while enjoying my after supper pipe on the veranda of the Weyer's Cave Hotel, and he assured me that I had made a mistake, and impressed upon me earnestly that the next time I was invited by one of the farmers in the valley to go to his house and stop with him for a meal or for a night, to accept the invitation if possible, for he meant it, and to decline it causelessly would surely offend and wound him. During the remainder of my cruise I had occasion to test this advice, and you may be sure I acted upon it and found no cause to regret it."

THAT "MAIL AND EXPRESS" CRUISE.—Though the *Mail and Express* canoeist has been enjoying the freedom of New York for some time, his wild, weird story of this famous land cruise has only reached a termination last week, concluding as follows: "Over 6,250 miles I had carried that precious bottle. * * * regarding my achievements I may have accomplished, I leave my readers to judge of their worth, and would only say in conclusion

Perseverance is a Roman virtue
That wins each god-like act, and plucks success
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."

It is all very well to talk about perseverance and success in connection with this cruise, but its most striking characteristic is the cold, calm cheek with which the claim is made that something noteworthy and extraordinary has been accomplished. Taking those of Mr. Rappahannock's figures most favorable to him, allowing that the distance he canoed is not 6,250 miles, as intimated in various parts of his log, but only 5,000, and of course that his time of 230 days does not include Sunday traveling, the average per day we have about 25 miles, which over such a route is as absurd as 50 miles would be. It may be true that "it is possible to cross the continent by water except for a carry of 12 miles," but it is entirely untrue that Mr. Rappahannock did this or anything approximately like it. If he wishes to obtain the respect of canoeists he must promptly repudiate the absurd claims that have been made, whether by him or by others for him, and prove by his log how many miles he actually covered afloat in his own canoe, or even in anything that can be properly called a canoe, and how much of the 6,250 miles was made in canal boats, railway trains, stages, wagons and other easy and convenient vehicles which are not canoes.

THE ACCIDENT TO COL. NORTON.—More detailed accounts of the accident to Col. Norton, mentioned last week, bring the very welcome news that he is in good hands, and his injuries are much less serious than at first reported. With a native hunter and a boy he had camped about 10 miles from Tallahassee, intending to push his explorations from his camp. He put on a pair of climbing spurs and ascended a tree to a distance of about 75 ft. He had descended some distance in safety, but the increased girth of the tree made it impossible for him to span it, and after sliding down until about 45 ft. from the ground, he dropped. Fortunately he fell straight, landing on his feet, which were driven 3 or 4 in. into the ground. He was unconscious for a long time, but the guide, who had served as a nurse in Southern hospitals during the war gave him the best attention possible, though there was no aid at hand. He was finally transferred by the guide and the boy to the former's house, and later on was taken to the hospital at Jacksonville, where he now is, under the care of his wife and daughter and the guide. The doctor reports no bones broken, but some injury, how much is not yet determined, to the spine.

CANOING ABOUT ROCHESTER.—It is decided to make a cruise down the Genesee on Decoration Day, and to invite the Rochester C. C., the Buffalo C. C., the Free Academy C. C., and the Newark C. C. to join. The committee for the day is G. H. Harris, J. G. D'Oliveir and E. J. McCall. The Rochester C. C. has a war canoe which will accommodate twenty persons, it will make

its maiden trip down the Genesee River from Mount Morris this cruise. About twenty members of the Rochester C. C. paid a visit to Capt. George W. Ruggles, of Charlotte, on March 18, an electric car being chartered by the party for the evening. The captain entertained his visitors in grand style. After they had partaken of a fine supper, G. H. Harris, the purser of the club, read several letters of regret from absent members and presented to the captain an elegant badge of solid gold, suitably inscribed. Afterward the guests were shown several new canoes which the captain has in process of construction, and returned to the city shortly after midnight.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: C. J. Davol, Providence; C. C. Baron, Lowell; C. W. Hubbard, Boston. Central Division: E. G. Ricketson, Bloomington, N. Y.; William Howcroft, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

O. H. R., New York.—There is a letter for you at this office.
W. R. F., Lynn.—We have not published the sail plan of Bat, as it has no special features. You will find the latest sail plans in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 29, 1891, Oct. 17, 1889.

B. B. S., Warwick, N. Y.—Mr. Rushton has made a number of experiments with electrical launches, but we know of none now on the market in this country, though they are built in England.

T. McG., Detroit, Mich.—Will you kindly inform me if a St. Bernard's coat will change from a black to a tawny color? And at what age, if at all? Ans. It will to a slight extent after the first shedding.

J. C. S., Newark, N. J.—You will find directions for building canvas canoe in issue of Nov. 6, 1884. Every volume contains lines of canoes suitable for building from. See "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs" for full instructions in all kinds of building.

KIT.—Will you be good enough to give me register number of the collie dog Domino, formerly owned by Mr. Barbour, of O. N. T. Co., Newark? Have one of his offspring and would like his pedigree. Ans. Domino (14951), by Ivanhoe (8648, Vol. V.) out of Shepherdess (7435, Vol. IV.).

A. B. M., Cohasset, Mass.—The laws of North and South Carolina and of Georgia contain special provisions governing the shooting and fishing in certain counties. These are all stated in the *Book of the Game Laws*, which you had better study. We can send it to you; price 30 cents for a single issue or \$2 for the annual subscription, four numbers.

CONSTANT READER.—Will you give me the pedigrees of the following English setters through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Druid, Star and Queen? Ans. Druid, by Prince out of Dora; Prince, by Dash II. out of Moll III.; Dora, by Duke out of Rhebe. Star, by Leicester (142) out of Dart (335); Leicester, by Dan out of Lill II.; Dart, by Prince out of Dora. Queen, by Rob Roy (228) out of Pickles; Rob Roy, by Fred out of Rhebe; Pickles, by Dan out of Lill II.

CONSTANT READER.—Please give the pedigrees of Count Wind'em, Nora and Mersey, the dam of Royal Blue, for three generations. Ans. Count Wind'em by Count Dick out of Phantom, by Llewellyn's Prince out of his Lill II.; Count Dick by Dan out of Countess; Dan by Field's Duke out of Statter's Rhebe; Countess by Laverack's Dash II. out of his Moll III.; Llewellyn's Prince by Laverack's Dash II. out of his Moll III.; Nora by Dan out of Nellie. Dan already given and Nellie is by Laverack Dash

II. out of Moll III. Mersey by Leicester out of Dart; Leicester by Dan out of Lill II.; Dart by Prince out of Dora.

J. B. B., New Haven.—I have had an antelope skin ruined by moths, and a porcupine skin, though this latter was treated with corrosive sublimate. Will you please tell me some way to treat skins to keep moths out of them? Ans. We know of no better way of treating skins that are constantly exposed than by a bath of a strong solution of corrosive sublimate. This, however, ought to be applied once a year. It is well in spring to wrap up and put away such furs, first treating them with corrosive sublimate and then wrapping them up in paper, enveloping them so completely that the moths or other insects cannot get through the covering. A little camphor or mothline sprinkled over the furs lends additional protection. We always pack away our fur mats and rugs in spring and take them out in late fall.

H. C. G., Norris, Texas.—Will you please inform me as to the best remedy for mange in dogs? Would like it in the form of a dip, to be used in a tank, so that the dogs could be immersed in it. All of my hounds, as well as my two pointers, are affected and I think dipping them in some preparation would be the easiest way of curing them. Ans. You will find the following quite as good as dipping and almost as readily handled: Take a gallon of lard oil, one pound of black antimony and one pound of sulphur lac. Mix thoroughly and rub on the sores or all over the dogs. Keep them warm till it dries out, and in two or three days wash off. Of course you can mix as much as you require according to the above proportions. If you cannot procure this, you will find one of the advertised sheep dips a good remedy. We have often cured sheepdogs in that way.

L. R., St. Louis, Mo.—Kindly give me, through your columns, registry number of the Llewellyn setter bitch Trinket, dam of champion Gloster. 2. Also please give pedigree for three generations with registry numbers, if possible, of Llewellyn or Laverack setters Dash II. (E. 5,039) and Nora (E. 7,218), sire and dam of Dashing Rover. Ans. 1. She is not registered. 2. Dash II. (E. 5,039), by Blue Prince (4,259) out of J. Armstrong's Old Kate; Blue Prince, by Pride of the Border (E. 4,751) out of Nellie (E. 1,583), by Dash II. out of Moll III.; Pride of the Border, by Dash II. (E. 1,341) out of Belle II.; Dash II. by Sting out of Cora II.; Moll III., by Fred I. out of Belle II.; Sting, by Rock II. out of Blair's Cora (black and white); Cora II., by Fred I. out of Cora I.; Armstrong's Old Kate by Dash II. (E. 1,341) out of E. Armstrong's Kate, by F. Graham's Duke (E. 1,341) out of Nellie, which was out of a pure Beausert bitch by Graham's Roll; Graham's Duke by Dart out of Bess. Nora, by Dan (E. 1,336) out of Nellie (E. 1,557), by Dash II. (E. 1,341) out of Moll III.; by Fred I. out of Belle II.; Dan, by B. Field's Duke (E. 1,361) out of Statter's Rhebe (E. 1,546) by Rake out of Psyche.

SPORTSMAN, Conn.—1. Will you please tell me how a well-trained bird dog should act in the field, that is, the points that he must have to be a perfect dog according to the rules now used at field trials? What I want to know particularly is whether a dog should drop every time a bird is flushed, whether it is fired at or not. Take an extreme case where a bird is flushed very wild and the dog sees or hears it, must he drop to the ground or is he considered just as perfect if he remains standing, if he does not offer to chase? Is it out of order to command a dog to charge or to chase each time a bird flushes, or must he be trained to do it each time without being spoken to? 2. To be perfectly trained, about how far can a dog range from his handler in open ground and be in bounds? Ans. 1. The dog should drop to wing at all times, or if he does not he should at least stand steady without any caution. It is not necessarily a demerit if he remains standing, if he does not offer to chase. 2. Opinions differ on this score; the Eastern field trial people require a dog to range wide and fast, the Central expect him to keep well within hail of his handler and to quarter his ground thoroughly, though pottering is not countenanced for a moment. The dog should never, unless the country is heavily wooded, range out of sight of his handler.



THE season is rapidly approaching when **Anglers will need** to replenish their stock of **Fishing Tackle.**

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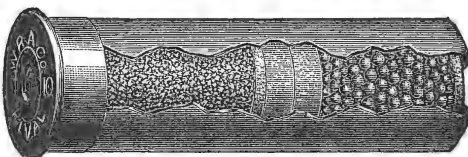
To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company:
Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof, such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILLIAM H. LEMA-SENA, Receiver, 802 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

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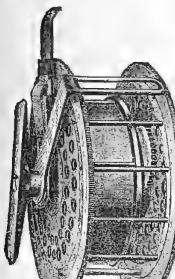
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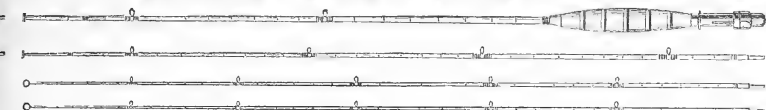
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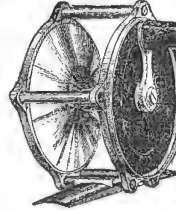
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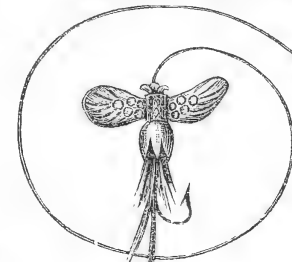
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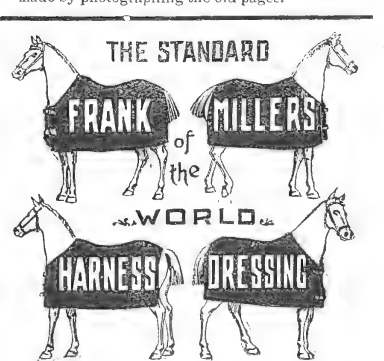
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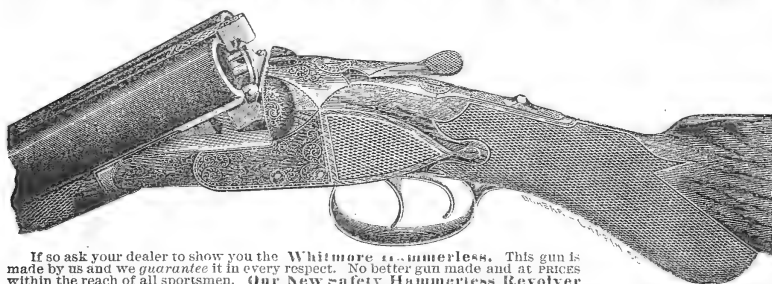
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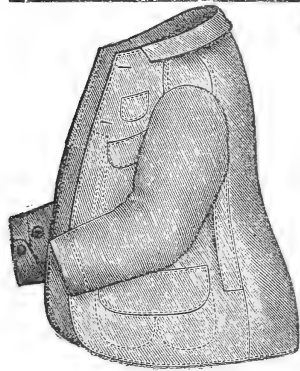
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A NEW FOREST RESERVE.

FOR about ten years we have been working to secure for the Yellowstone Park an enlargement of its area, and proper protection for its forests, game and natural wonders. In four successive sessions of Congress bills providing for these measures have been introduced and have passed the Senate, but have failed in the House, usually through the opposition of a small but powerful railroad lobby, which insisted that no bill for the Park's protection should pass which did not grant them a right of way to build a railroad line through the Park. Through the interest felt in the National Park by successive Secretaries of the Interior, many steps have been taken providing for a more careful protection of the Reservation, but it still remains without a legal form of government, and a great area on the east and south, useless for settlement but of the utmost value as a forest preserve, has been left to the mercy of woodchoppers and of Indians, and careless or malicious persons who start forest fires. During the last few years much of this region has been burned over. This great territory has now by Presidential proclamation been set aside as a forest reservation in which timber cutting and settlement are forbidden, and is therefore practically safe from depredation.

During the closing days of the Fifty-first Congress a bill was passed entitled "An act to repeal timber culture laws and for other purposes," and this bill was approved March 3, 1891. Section 24 reads as follows:

Section 24. That the President of the United States may from time to time set apart and reserve, in any State or Territory having public lands bearing forests, any of the public lands wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not, as public reservations; and the President shall by public proclamation declare the establishment of such reservations and the limits thereof.

Not long after the passage of this act, the section in question came under the notice of some of the vigilant and earnest friends of the Yellowstone Park, who recognized that it offered a means of protection for the terri-

tory south and east of the Park, which it has so long been hoped might be added to the Reservation. The full meaning of this section being appreciated, Mr. Arnold Hague and Mr. W. Hallett Phillips brought the matter to the attention of the Secretary of the Interior, whose interest in this and similar subjects is well known. Mr. Noble at once realized the force and effect of the law, and, the matter having been fully discussed, a proclamation was drawn up and sent to the President, with a strong letter of recommendation from Mr. Noble. The result is seen in the executive proclamation which we print in another column.

While the President's proclamation does not actually add this forest reservation to the National Park, it is the first step toward doing this; for since settlement within the boundaries named is prohibited, it will hereafter be a much simpler matter to have the region formally added to the Park.

In connection with this proclamation the following section from the Revised Statutes of the United States should be read by all persons:

Section 3383. Every person who unlawfully cuts, or aids, or is employed in unlawfully cutting, or wantonly destroys or procures to be destroyed, any timber standing upon lands of the United States, which in pursuance of law may be reserved or purchased for military or other purposes, shall pay a fine of not more than five hundred dollars and be imprisoned not more than twelve months.

The setting aside of this tract of land as a forest reservation practically adds to the Yellowstone National Park 1500 square miles of territory, and enlarges the whole reservation to more than five thousand square miles—a little less than the combined areas of Connecticut and Rhode Island. The territory set aside is high, rough mountain land, valueless for settlement, but of extreme importance as protecting the sources of many tributaries of the Yellowstone, Snake and Wind Rivers. This new reserve is also of the utmost value as extending the protected range of the many varieties of game which are found within the Park. It covers in part the wintering ground of the elk to the south of the Park, the range of the bison, and the great sheep grounds which lie on the east side of the Park, on the heads of the south branch of Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, of the Stinking Water and of other streams.

It will be observed that the boundaries as stated leave the valley of Clark's Fork outside the forest reserve, so that it is open to settlement and traffic. This valley is the natural route by which Cooke City is to be reached, and the establishment of this reserve therefore does not in any way interfere with the efforts which that settlement is making to secure a railway outlet.

It is not yet definitely known what measures will be taken to protect this new forest preserve, but it may perhaps be assumed that it will be placed under the charge of Capt. Geo. S. Anderson, the superintendent of the Yellowstone Park. He could look after the protection of the forests and could prevent the killing of game by enforcing the game laws of Wyoming, which are sufficiently stringent if they were only observed.

The protection of this additional adjacent area cannot but be regarded with very great satisfaction by that large class of our citizens who are interested in the Yellowstone Park; while to those who for years have been working to bring about such a result, it is above all a source of pride and triumph that their labors should have been so far crowned with success.

To Secretary Noble, whose broad mind appreciates the importance of preserving from spoliation spots like the Yellowstone and Yosemite regions, too much credit cannot be given for the active interest he has shown in this matter. Mr. Arnold Hague, of the United States Geological Survey, whose intimate knowledge of the Park extends back over a number of years, has long been a consistent worker for this reservation, with an eye single to the public good, and the same may be said of Mr. W. Hallett Phillips. To all these gentlemen the country owes a debt of gratitude for what they have done.

It may fairly be said that the FOREST AND STREAM has borne the heat and burden of the day in carrying on its fight for the protection of the people's Park. The battle began a good many years ago and it has been kept up ever since. We have driven out of the Park more than one set of land grabbers, and by our criticisms have made it possible for rich and poor to share alike in this great heritage which belongs to all citizens of the United States. The work is not yet completed. While much has been done, much more remains to be accomplished; but as

public sentiment in favor of protection for the Park is constantly growing stronger, we look forward to a day when this larger Yellowstone Park will be properly governed and carefully protected so that it may remain forever a spot singular by its beauty and its wonders, a source of pleasure and pride to all our people.

THE HELEN KELLER FUND.

IN our issue of March 19 some account was given of the "Helen Keller Fund," and since some readers may have overlooked what was then said, we refer briefly again to what appears to be a most commendable effort.

Mr. William Wade, of Hulton, Pa., some months ago gave to Helen Keller, the little blind girl, a mastiff for a companion. The child and the dog were greatly attached to each other. One day in January last, Helen being then in Boston, and Lioness the mastiff in Birmingham, Ala., Helen's home, a policeman shot and killed the dog, because she was at large contrary to a city ordinance. When this occurrence was reported in the FOREST AND STREAM more than one kind heart was prompted to make good the child's loss by sending another mastiff to take the place of the one so cruelly killed. In this kindly purpose, however, all others were anticipated by Mr. Wade himself. But, Mr. Wade wrote, for all those whose sympathies had been awakened by the mastiff incident, there still remained a way to show interest in the child; and it is a way still open to others than "dog men." There is in Pittsburgh a little boy, blind and mute, in whom Helen has taken great interest; and to the sweet child has come the purpose of providing that this boy, afflicted as herself, shall have the opportunities she has enjoyed of instruction at the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston. In her letter, published in our issue of March 19, she wrote that she was going to try to raise a fund for this purpose herself; and Mr. Wade has suggested that readers of the FOREST AND STREAM should join with her in this work. Helen has already secured a part of the required sum, as appears from this letter:

PERKIN'S INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND—South Boston, March 23, 1891.—Dear Mr. Wade: I am making arrangements to receive Tommy and shall send for him soon. The amount required for his education will be about \$700. If you can manage to raise \$200 or \$500 towards this sum I think we can raise the rest. Helen's efforts have already secured \$120 and her success has made her very happy. Thanking you for your kind interest in this work, I am, sincerely yours, M. ANAGNOS.

Mr. Wade pertinently suggests that "if after the little girl's success we dog men cannot raise \$300 I shall be disappointed." We have noted the fund in these columns because we think it should appeal to the sympathies and meet the support of even a wider circle of readers than those who are interested in our kennel pages. In addition to the money already acknowledged, we record the receipt of \$5 from "P. O. P.," New York. Subscriptions may be sent to the FOREST AND STREAM to be forwarded, or may be addressed to Helen Keller, Perkin's Institute for the Blind, Boston, Mass.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT is popularly supposed that the lion is the most courageous and powerful of the carnivora, or at least of the felidæ; but on the few recorded occasions of a battle-royal between the lion and the Bengal tiger, the lion has come off second best. One such combat occurred recently at the Calcutta Zoo between an African lioness and a tigress. They were exhibited in adjoining compartments of the same cage, and the door having been carelessly opened between the two compartments, the tigress rushed in and disposed of her rival in a fight which lasted about ten minutes.

The great success which has attended the establishment of the German and Austrian Alpine Club suggests the desirability of getting up similar organizations in this country for climbing and exploring the less accessible peaks of the Rocky Mountains. The Alpine Club, established 1876, now numbers 22,586 members, and owns 113 huts of refuge, and at its last meeting voted \$5,000 marks (nearly \$9,000) for the construction of roads and huts. In this country we have at least as fine a field for exploration, and no want of adventurous spirits of the right temper, all that is needed is to divert their energies into the right channel. There is the Appalachian Club, but with our mountains and our population this is but one where there might well be a score.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HOW COMES THE SPRING?

WHO can tell how spring comes,
When the branches of brown turn red;
When the bluebird and robin fly northward;
When the brook bursts its icy bed;
When the earth, after sleeping all winter,
Is breathing the perfume of life,
And the heart-throbs of Nature quicken,
Like the pulses of heroes in strife?

Who can tell how spring comes,
When the winds forget to moan
And steal gently through the valley,
With an idle mono'one;
When snows melt in tears for winter;
When soft grows the blue of the skies,
And, over the marshy meadows,
The mists of evening arise?

Who can tell how spring comes,
Like the olive-bearing dove,
With its melody of gladness:
With its harmony of love?

Who can tell? Ask not the question,
But, if yesterday were dear,
Be thankful for a blessing
And say, "The spring is here."

SHOSHONE.

PETE'S GHOST.

[This is a continuation of "Shoshone's" trip to "Dixie." See "Southward Bound," in issue of March 26.]

STORM-BOUND! The fact that I am writing on brown wrapping paper indicates either that I am in a terribly impecunious condition or that I am out of reach of the luxuries and necessities of an effete civilization. The mountain peaks that loom up on three sides of us are veiled in clouds, and down the valley there is a white wall—dense, impenetrable. Even the pines are covered, and stand like snow giants bidding defiance to the elements. For two days and three nights the storm has raged, nor is there sign of intermission.

To get out of this —, call it what you please, words of mine are inadequate to do justice to my feelings, we must cross one of three divides. On none of them is there less than three feet of snow. To the east we can cross the mountain, go down into Grass Valley and thence to the Colorado. Southward a lone trail of seventy miles leads to Dixie; while the road that goes west will take us to Cedar City.

O tempora! O mores! Was it for this we left home and fire, the daily paper and three square meals? Seventy-five miles from a railroad, twenty-five from daily mail, and heaven only knows how far from a good cigar. "Listen to my tale of woe." The principal building of the settlement is store, saloon, post office and hotel. About the fire, that sympathizes with despondent nature to such an extent that it positively refuses to blaze, sheepmen, hunters, tie choppers and prospectors gather and swap lies. I divide my time between a back number of the *Salt Lake Herald*, a well-worn copy of "Faust," that is always with me, and "The Book of Mormon," in Danish. Now and then, once or twice a day, a customer will come in, buy two bits' worth of this or that, pay for it in script and retire. Script is a wonderful thing. So far as I can make out, it is a kind of wampum, issued by storekeepers for grain and produce, and redeemed by the same storekeepers in merchandise at their own figures. If I had a bushel of the stuff that wet log would do something beside smoke.

There is one happy man in the settlement, and but one. He has come from the lower country and is engaged in the occupation commonly known as "sparkin'." He goes out directly after breakfast and comes in when the last man is snoring, so we are not cheered by the light of his countenance.

We talk about one thing or another. I learn most when I say nothing. Politics, religion, crops and hunting are discussed whenever the crowd tires of diagnosing and prognosing the weather. A majority of the assembly are saints. Paddy is not one of the elect and never hesitates to revile them. Last night one of the boys asked him what his religion was. "Begorra, I've got no religion. I'm a catholic," was the angry reply.

They say that these mountains are full of deer and mountain lions. One man says that a few years ago it was unusual to find more than eight or ten deer in a bunch, while now bands of thirty are not infrequently met with. This seems incredible, and yet I know it to be a fact. The Pah-vant range, west of the Upper Sevier River, is exceedingly rugged. The roads across the summit of the divide are forty miles apart and the mountain is seldom visited except for timber, and this is obtained near the settlements. The climate of these west mountains is mild. The warm valley is on one side, the warmer desert region on the other. A continuous chain of settlements along the Rio Virgin has driven game from its old winter quarters, and it takes this portion of Utah as the best camping ground that is left.

Ducks are abundant on the river, finding the waters more open and the feed better along the Upper Sevier than near its mouth. I was lucky enough to get a pair of teal on the way up, and they were a great relief after the bacon upon which we had been subsisting. We have seen plenty of deer, but as the law is supposed to be in force, we will not kill any until we get away from the settlements and actually need the meat.

Forty miles to the south, away up among the snows, is Panguich Lake. We intended to reach it before the storm and make a week's camp, but the fates interfered. Panguich Lake is frozen over, but it is a bonanza to men of the settlements who want cash. Last week 1,900 lbs. of trout were caught through the ice. These the fishermen sold at ten cents per pound, and the middlemen delivered the goods in Salt Lake city for eighty cents a pound. At this rate the supply will soon be exhausted. I believe, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, that giant powder is used in this profitable business, and if I can ever prove it the offender will have a chance to pay a fine.

What? Amid the clouds of tobacco smoke there is a light. The old log is actually beginning to burn. The voices are hushed, and a veteran pioneer, who invariably

takes the lead in story-telling, a man who has spent forty years in the wilderness, begins a tale of adventure:

"About twenty-five years ago, before the sheep got so thick over in the East country that they drove out all the deer, I had a few cattle ranging in Grass Valley. At that time there was no settlement within fifty miles, and when we went in we had to pack grub enough to last for the season. For all the cattle I had I might have gone by myself, but a feller gets dogged lonesome when he don't see a human in three months, and there's no tellin' what might happen. So I took Pete Larsen for company. Pete was a good boy in them days, before drink got away with him. He took to prospectin', and the last I heard of him, he went west from Silver Reef out on to the desert, and took two quarts of whiskey, a pick and a shovel, and I always allowed he dug his own grave. That's neither here nor there; Pete was ez good ez four of a kind on that trip.

"We went slow and lived high. There was plenty of trout in them days. The deer run in big bands, and it was no trick at all to get all the mountain sheep we wanted. The Indians were stayin' on the reservation and we had everything our own way. Fishin' and huntin' took up our time for a month, and when we got down to Otter Creek we made up our minds to go over to Fish Lake and make a steady camp. Fish Lake is one of the purtiest ponds you ever seen, and now it's a great place for campers. But then there was nothin' but the shiny water and the mountains comin' right down to it and the finest timber in the land.

"Game? well, I should say so—all kinds that a decent man would want to eat, and enough lions, bears, beavers and otters to make a trapper rich for life. We put the tent in a quakin' asp grove and built a bowery in front of it, where we ate and smoked and lived. The tent was our sleepin' room and pantry. The day after we struck the lake I was ridin' up a little side cañon and right across from me was a bunch of deer. They seen me, but was in no hurry to get out of range, so I pulled down on to what I tuk to be a barren doe—the best eatin' in the world. I hit her hard and druv her ahead of me almost to the camp. She had been hit low and quarterin', and every jump she made the insides kept comin' out of her and draggin' on the ground. I expected to see her drop every minute, but when she got within a hundred yards of the tent she bolted for Cove Cañon and ran a full half-mile ez tight ez if she'd never been touched. Then she fell dead in her tracks, and when I got to her she was purty nigh ez well dressed ez if I'd done the job myself.

"One afternoon Pete and I were out with our guns. For a wonder, we were on foot and never a thing did we see till we were almost back to the tent. Then I saw a couple of kittens in the trail. They were about a week old, as large as a two-months-old Newfoundland dog and the sassiest little devils you ever seen. Pete warn't no whar in sight, neither war the old lion, so I thought I'd catch one of 'em and pack it to camp. The little cusses couldn't run very fast, but how they did scratch. Finally I got one of 'em under my arm, with its feet in chancery, and started along. I don't know how I happened to be clean off my guard, but I hear a growl and a spat behind me, and as I turned—well, I never got turned. I jest spun aroun' and went down in a heap. Look thar, gentlemen."

He took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeve and showed three red streaks, looking as though the arm had been burned with a hot iron, that extended from shoulder to elbow.

"Thar's plenty more marks like that on my back and sides. I clean lost my head and didn't feel a bit of pain; jest had sense enough left to give myself up for a goner. Then I hear a couple of shots. They sounded a long way off and the next thing I knowed was Pete draggin' me out from under the biggest tree lion that I ever laid my eyes on. He had been the other side of the brush patch and seen the brute spring, but he couldn't shoot for fear of puttin' daylight through me. Pete helped me back to camp, and mighty weak and sore I was for a month.

"The queerest part of the whole business was the way Pete tuk on. He said there was somethin' in that lion's eyes that reminded him of a human. He always was a superstitious cuss—that Pete. He said that if it hadn't been to save my life he'd never have shot her. I didn't take much stock in his feelings, but that night, after we'd turned in, we hear the darndest moaning and cryin' up in the pines. I told Pete to get up and see what was the matter. He did want ter and he trembled like a leaf when he crawled out. It didn't take more'n a minute for him to be back.

"What is it?" says I.

"Bob," says he, "there's a light way up on the mountain and there's somethin' white a movin' about it. This durned camp is haunted and I'll be blowed if I sleeps here another night."

"Yer' daft," says I, "that's nothin' but an owl, hootin' and hootin' and hootin'."

"Owl yer eyes! Bob, didn't you ever hear tell that the speerits of humans is sometimes found in dumb critters an' when you kill a critter that's that way it's jest as bad as murder. The critter dies but the speerit stays with you and follers you from land to land, and if that lion didn't have a human speerit in it I'm a liar."

"After a while the howlin' stopped. I went to sleep, but Pete said that he didn't close his eyes. The next day I couldn't get out. Pete wouldn't leave me. He wouldn't leave camp either. He just hung round, acted solemn and downcast like, and got the water without sayin' a word. That night the cryin' and the foreechin' was as bad as ever. Pete wouldn't go even to the tent door. He was purty nigh crazy, and looked mighty tough when daylight came. The third day I could get around the camp, and I told Pete that just as soon as I could travel we'd quit the kentry and go back to Otter Creek. By night I felt so much better that I made up my mind to go up into the pines the next day and find out for myself what all the racket was.

"The third night came and we turned in. After a while the same wailin' began again. I was purty weak, but I didn't take no stock in Pete's ghost. I went outside with my rifle and fired as close as I could for the sound. You'd oughter have heard the yell that follered. Then I shot again, and everything was still, except the echers that kept ringin' back and forth through the cañon.

"Thar, Pete, I've quieted yer speerit for you."

"God help you, Bob, thar's no tellin' what you've done," says he, and we both went to sleep.

"I hadn't strength enough to climb the hill the next day, and the next night we heard no noise. On the second day after we went up into the pines, and after huntin' around found an old squaw stiff and cold. She had been turned out by Santaquin's band to die, and while I didn't hit her, I reck on my shootin' scared her to death. Pete didn't say no more about speerits, and we camped by Fish Lake till snow flew."

Indian John arose with the quiet dignity characteristic of the Coon Creek U-er, wrapped his blanket about him and muttering, "Ugh! heap bad man," strode out into the tempest.

Somebody says that it is cold enough to freeze the flames as they come out of the chimney. A disconsolate drummer proposes a game of "high five" and gets no encouragement. He has already been set down as a tenderfoot. I beg a little pinch of villainous tobacco, wrap it up in a piece of brown paper, take a puff or two, light a candle and am gone.

About the roof the storm shrieks and rages. Through the chinks the snow has blown and sifted, and there are little drifts on the floor. Bah! this is an execrable country. What if the "speerits" of the slaughtered innocents that have fallen by my hand should surround my bunk? Wouldn't I have a sweet time?

SEOSHONE.

MARYSVILLE, Utah, Jan. 10.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF KANSAS.*

ORNITHOLOGISTS have long known Col. N. S. Goss as an enthusiastic worker in this science, and it has been also that he has been engaged for many years in collecting material for a work on the birds of the State of Kansas. The work has recently been issued from the press, and a copy of it was received at this office the day before the death of its lamented author.

The title of this work, "History of the Birds of Kansas," explains just what the book is. It treats of 343 species and subspecies, and is illustrated by photographic engravings, made from the mounted birds of the "G. S. Ornithological Collection." The work is not burdened with synonymic lists, the name of the bird, as it appears in the A. O. U. Check List, alone being used. The ordinal, family and generic characters are quoted from Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, with such changes as are made necessary by more modern classification, since Col. Goss did not have access to collections sufficiently large to enable him to prepare original descriptions.

It is in the notes which follow the descriptions of the species, and which give the author's own observations, that we find the best and most entertainingly original work in the book. These notes, to accumulate which Col. Goss traveled over much of the North American continent, give us a great deal of information, which is no less interesting to the general reader than it is to the student of bird life. They show in almost every line the careful accurate observer and at the same time the ardent lover of nature. In his account of the downy woodpecker we find the following defense of that useful little bird in which a popular prejudice is combated. He says:

"Of all our woodpeckers none rid the apple trees of so many vermin as this, digging off the moss which the negligence of the proprietor has suffered to accumulate, and probing every crevice. In fact the orchard is his favorite resort in all seasons, and his industry is unequalled and almost incessant, which is more than can be said of any other species we have. In the fall he is particularly fond of boring the apple trees for insects, digging a circular hole through the bark just sufficient to admit his bill; after that a second, third, etc., in pretty regular horizontal circles around the body of the tree. These parallel circles of holes are often not more than an inch or an inch and a half apart, and sometimes so close together that I have covered eight or ten of them at once with a dollar. From nearly the surface of the ground up to the first fork, and sometimes far beyond it, the whole bark of many apple trees is perforated in this manner, so as to appear as if made by successive discharges of buckshot, and our little woodpecker, the subject of the present account, is the principal perpetrator of this supposed mischief—I say supposed; for so far from these perforations of the bark being ruinous, they are not only harmless, but, I have good reason to believe, really beneficial to the health and fertility of the tree. I have it to the philosophical biologist to account for this; but this fact I am confident of. In more than fifty orchards which I myself have carefully examined, those trees which were marked by the woodpecker (for some trees they never touch, perhaps because not penetrated by insects) were uniformly the most thriving, and seemingly the most productive. Many of these were upward of sixty years old, their trunks completely covered with holes, while their branches were broad, luxuriant and loaded with fruit. Of decayed trees, more than three-fourths were untouched by the woodpecker. Several intelligent farmers with whom I have conversed candidly acknowledged the truth of these observations, and with justice look upon these birds as beneficial; but the most common opinion is that they bore the trees to suck the sap, and so destroy its vegetation, though pine and other resinous trees, on the juice of which it is not pretended that they feed, are often found equally perforated. Were the sap of the tree their object, the saccharine juice of the birch, the sugar maple and several others would be much more inviting, because more sweet and nourishing than that of either pear or apple tree; but I have not observed one mark on the former for ten thousand that may be seen on the latter; besides, the early part of the spring is the season when the sap flows most abundantly, whereas it is only during the months of September, October and November that woodpeckers are seen so indefatigably engaged in orchards, probing every crack and crevice, boring through the bark, and, what is worth remarking, chiefly on the south and southwest sides of trees, for the eggs and larvae deposited there by the countless swarms of summer insects. These, if suffered to remain, would prey upon the very vitals (if I may so express it) of the tree, and in the succeeding summer give birth to myriads more of their race, equally destructive."

*History of the Birds of Kansas. — By N. S. Goss. — Illustrating 320 Birds. — Topeka, Kansas: Geo. W. Crane & Co., Printers and Binders, 1891.

next summer. If they do not do this before next July, very few in this State will disbelieve the charge. If I seem to neglect the fact that people from outside the State have been fined before now, it is not because I have forgotten it; this is a broader matter. For the half of the year when non-residents are here and the laws are constantly violated, no attempt is made to enforce them, as we know and the Commissioner admits; for the half of the year when few except residents are in the State, they are at least partially enforced. The people here demanded that the laws should be uniformly and justly executed, and yet matters have grown worse every year. It now remains for the summer visitors to state openly whether they wish them enforced in summer, and to do it over their own names, so that we may know who they are. For every one who comes here is known by a larger circle than he is aware of. He sees very few of the residents, knows next to nothing about them, and thinks that they know as little of him. On the contrary, no one comes here whose whole cruise is not known by at least twenty residents, sometimes by hundreds. What he has seen done and said, what kind of a man he is and all the particulars concerning him, are told from one guide to another, are discussed in a dozen lumber camps during the winter, are told again on the drive in the spring, and then are carried to a score of different towns to be talked over by the inhabitants. Instead of being done in a corner, what he has done is better known than if it had been published in the daily papers. Next fall is to be the decisive time in game matters in this State, and it is necessary that those who speak should speak right and then should live up to their professions.

Of the charge of unconstitutionality of the laws I will not now speak, since as I understand it, it is directed rather against interpretations of the laws than against their explicit meaning as they are printed, and the present discussion is a consideration of matters affecting sportsmen from outside the State rather than local topics.

A subject of much interest to sportsmen, if they could hear it discussed as it is here, is the way game matters are managed in the Legislature. Abundant discontent prevails. It is claimed that petitions sent in by the people are disregarded; that officials are bought up, that log-rolling and wire-pulling are openly practiced, and worse practices are carried on behind slight screens, while the whole is controlled by railroads, hotels and politics. That these charges are unreasonable and exaggerated is not to be denied; that they are baseless is another matter. We have only too good reason to fear a substantial truth at the bottom of some of them; for, speaking plainheartedly, non-residents have too openly declared an interest in our game legislation for us not to take them at their word. Mr. J. F. Sprague, of Monson, Maine, writing in *FOREST AND STREAM* in October, 1883, says of the sportsmen who came here at that time:

Instead of these laws failing to secure the approval of this class, they have ever been their truest and most staunch and reliable friends, and in more than one instance these "professional men" from other States have inspired or originated the acts which are now the very laws so despised by "Olibos."

In the *FOREST AND STREAM* for Oct. 30, 1884, "Special" writes:

The request to change the beginning of the open season there [in Maine] to Sept. 1 will come from some of the leading sportsmen and friends of game protection in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. * * * The request for change will come from sportsmen who desire to add shooting to the fall fishing.

Rev. Newman Smythe in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1890, says:

Efforts have been repeatedly made by the Kineo Club to have the laws so modified that, while the wholesale slaughter of deer and moose may be prevented when they are helplessly yarded in the deep snows, some opportunity for legal shooting may be granted somewhat earlier than October; and a bill which was introduced into the last Legislature of Maine for this purpose, passed one branch of that body but was defeated in the other by some influence adverse to sportsmen. Gentlemen who take to the woods in summer generally denounce, and are quite ready to help expose indiscriminate and wasteful killing of fish or game; but as in the course of the season they bring considerable money into the State, they naturally think that some liberty might be granted them of feeding.

It is the same old story of crust-hunting, and the amount of money left; and we notice that the gentlemen neither wait for the law to be changed nor for open season to begin, so we fail to see what difference it makes.

Then we hear the other side from our representatives, how they were approached, how the lobby was too strong for them when some popular measure came up; of the bills that failed to pass, and the people who were there to get them through. One bill I remember, as reported by our own representative as long ago as there were pigeons in the State, tried to make it a State prison offense to fire a gun within 200 yds. of a pigeon bed owned by a certain game club from out the State. We have heard the boast of the man who declared that people outside the State could pass "any reasonable laws" in Maine. We have heard Mr. Stilwell say, when he was opposing an open September some years ago, that "the men and the means" were there to put the bill through. On the whole, we are "ower canny" to disbelieve those who say that our game laws are fearfully and wonderfully made.

We do not deny that many of the bills introduced and advocated by those outside the State, make good laws—better perhaps than we should have made for ourselves; but the fact that they did not originate here arouses suspicion of their import, and, to our minds, makes the moral obligation less. Even if it were all good and disinterested, we have had too much of it. If for ten years Maine people had besieged the New York Legislature with bills proposing this and that means of purifying the municipal affairs of New York city, and had concerned themselves in season and out of season in telling New York people what to do about it, much the same state of feeling would exist there toward us that exists here to-day toward those who have made our game laws for us; and however good the measures proposed might have been, they would hardly be called popular measures, nor the reform a popular reform.

How much has been done by those outside the State we cannot say; but if our present trout law was a native production it is the oddest bit of legislation with the oddest history of anything ever produced here. One thing I do know, for I was a child at the time and frequently saw the man most active in it, heard him talk on the subject and remember the particulars. The law forbidding the killing of moose for five years was proposed, drafted and principally carried through by a Massachusetts man, Mr. John M. Way, who published the first tourists' map of Moosehead Lake. It was a good law

and was very well supported, but was hardly a popular measure, and was not primarily intended to benefit the people, but to increase the number of moose available for sportsmen. Mr. Way saw the need of this. The previous winter he had stayed six weeks at Haymoek Lake in the camp of Mr. Gardiner G. Grinnell, of New York, and Capt. Samuel Cole, of Greenville, trying to kill a moose illegally. To illustrate how the law was passed let me quote from a private letter written by a prominent game club man to Mr. Way, who showed it to my father: "Don't get up petitions, for that will stir up the opposition of the country members. Get the right men at Augusta fixed and rush it through, for it is hard to unmake a thing after it gets to be a law."

This is not the kind of legislation that does much good here, and friends of game protection will be doing a favor to themselves and us if they try to discourage it.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

ERRATUM.—I notice that by a mistake in copying my last paper I wrote that the caribou horns were sold to the station master at Mattawamkeag, when I should have said at Kingman, which is the next town above.—F. P. HARDY.

LASSOING A BEAR.

VENTURA, Cal., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The following is from the *Ventura Daily Free Press* of to-day's issue. I can vouch for its truthfulness, having known Ramon Ortega for sixteen years, his veracity being unquestioned, and to-day, having heard the story from his own lips and examined the trophy. He is renowned as a *vaguero* and bear hunter. This is the story:

"Ramon Ortega lassoed a big black bear yesterday and choked it to death. He is the most noted bear hunter in southern California and several days ago when he began to lose some of his stock on his ranch at the head of the Sespe, some 50 miles from Ventura, he started out to hunt for the thief. Early yesterday morning he discovered him in the shape of the bear, in a little narrow cañon, and although without firearms, so soon as he caught sight of the monster he spurred up his horse and gave chase. It was a short race, for as soon as distance would permit his lasso went circling about the head of the bear and caught him about the neck. A few dexterous turns of the horse soon choked the life out of the animal, and Ortega, as a trophy, cut off one of his paws and brought it to town with him. It measured seven inches across and eleven inches in length. He tells as a fact that in 1864 he and his brother killed 56 bears in one month about the regions where Bardale, Ventura county, is now laid out, and they were all killed the same way as the one yesterday."

Six years ago, while crossing the trail with his ten year old son, to this same ranch, he came face to face with a she grizzly and her two nearly grown cubs. He was armed with a Winchester, but had only five cartridges at hand. He succeeded in killing the three bears with the five balls, the last of which was sent through the enraged mother's heart as she reared to embrace Ortega's son, who had been dismounted by his frightened horse.

A. J. COMSTOCK, M.D.

WHY I GO HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks ago your Chicago correspondent gave some good advice to overworked professional and business men. I want to add a few words on the subject, believing that my own experience is that of many professional men.

Some twelve years ago I made the discovery that too much office work was using me up. I took too much time to decide questions of judgment and worried too much over the decisions after they were made; found all my work hard work; lost my patience at trivial things; was annoyed at trifles; would not eat or sleep well, and was in a bad way generally. As I came of a long-lived family, I did not propose to give up without a struggle even if the doctors did tell me I had nervous dyspepsia.

I had a fairly good history of my family for a couple of hundred years, and in looking it over made the discovery that close confinement in an office did not "run in the family." I now believe that in a new country like ours we have no type of office men answering to the types of miners, toy makers, cobblers and hundreds of others in the old countries.

At this time a friend suggested hunting, since, living in a small village, although having my office in a city, I could readily find something to hunt. I had been fond of hunting in my youth, but had never done much of it, and none for years. My friend went home with me one afternoon, and I got out my old muzzleloader and tried a few shots at chips thrown in the air. The result satisfied me that if birds were plentiful enough and got up close enough to me they would not all get away; and I deliberately took up hunting as a means of improving my health, and I have stuck to it ever since and mean to stick to it so long as I can carry a gun.

The first fall I went to Iowa after chickens, and found I could do quite well at them. I made no profession of being a crack shot, and so was not annoyed in the least at misses. Never losing my temper I found a great advantage, and being a very industrious hunter I made as good bags as much better shots.

I am satisfied that there are many over-worked men who could derive much benefit from hunting, and would too if they only knew how easy it was to take it up even quite late in life. For the last six seasons I have spent a good part of November in deer hunting. I killed six deer last November, and stopped every deer I should have stopped. The year before I missed a running buck at 50 yds., but killed a doe the next day with as easy a conscience as though some other fellow had missed the buck. Our deer club used to hunt with dogs, and your correspondents may say what they please about still-hunting, but I would rather go out day after day and hear the dogs and hear some other member of the party shoot a deer or miss him, and never see one myself, than to pot-hunt a dozen a day still-hunting. I have killed but two standing deer, and never want to kill another. We never killed deer out of season, as is done all around us by the still-hunters; never killed a deer in the water, and have more deer around our club house than six years ago, and expect to have fine shooting for years to come if we can keep off the still-hunters. We own thousands of acres of land, poison the wolves, put out salt and plant turnips for the deer, and do everything in our power to keep up the

supply of deer. I killed one deer last fall at 200 yds. and one at 235 yds., and felt better over it than I would to go into a farm yard and kill a dozen—beg pardon—I mean, kill a dozen standing deer, as they were both on the dead run over logs and stumps and through brush.

I have added fishing to my list of desirable sports, not because I can get many days actual fishing, but because one can spend so much time getting ready before the season opens and so much time lying about it afterward.

I throw a fly just as I shoot. Plenty of men can beat me at both, but what of that? I can get as much fun out of a few days in the woods, along a trout stream, or on the prairie, as any one. I claim that I can do more work in shorter time and do it better than before I took up hunting and fishing, and there are thousands of over-worked business and professional men who could say the same if they would only give hunting and fishing a trial.

What business has a man whose father was a blacksmith and grandfather a farmer, and great-grandfather a carpenter, perhaps, to think that he can sit at an office desk day after day and not suffer for his foolishness sooner or later? The most extravagant thing a man can do is to work himself sick; the next worst thing is to think he can do good work when out of condition. Plead with your readers to treat themselves at least as well as they do their horses.

DUDLEY.

WILDFOWL IN OREGON.—IV.

IT is said that all true sportsmen abhor a pot-hunter, and that no gentleman will pot a duck. But they all do it. I have done it myself. I have seen the best of them sneaking on to decoys, and have had the pleasure of protesting against some of the most blatant taking a shot at mine. A short time ago, in one of my rambles I came suddenly upon a fine flock of mallards feeding in a little secluded pond near Columbia Slough. Fortunately I was not discovered, and quietly drew back where I could study the situation. My imagination came to my aid and I could see the ducks swimming gracefully around, feeding leisurely, entirely unconscious of my presence and the impending danger. I observed that by going around to the left I could come up behind a little clump of willows within easy range of the game. Here was a pudding and no mistake. With the stealthy tread of a cat I approached my unsuspecting victims. I even got down and crawled. I was nearly to the willows and cautiously peered through them to make sure. The first thing that met my view was a dog sitting there under a leaning willow on his haunches demurely looking out over the pond, and the next thing I saw was a man quietly lighting his pipe. To say that I sneaked back and away, clear away from that pond is putting it modestly; and friend H. does not know to this day how near I came to potting his stool of mallard decoys.

The open season for shooting water fowl in Oregon begins Sept. 1 and closes May 1, while in Washington it commences Aug. 15 and closes April 1. Washington has the best law. Mallard and summer or wood ducks are, as a rule, paired and nesting in April and often in March, while the wood duck shooting must be had, if at all, about the last of August. It is a burning shame and a sin to shoot ducks that are paired and nesting, and every true sportsman will refrain from firing at them, law or no law. The laws of this State must be materially changed and then enforced, and the various rod and gun clubs are disposed to urge the matter at the coming session of the Legislature. We hope that some of the Eastern sportsmen will lend us the aid of their influence, and I can assure them that their efforts will be appreciated by their brethren of the Northwest. I have received communications from the secretaries of several local clubs relative to the matter, notably one from Secretary M. E. Pogue, of the Salem Club, wherein he advocates the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of all kinds of game, and restraining sawmill men from running their sawdust into the streams. Trout are subjected to more grievous abuses than are waterfowl, for the reason that they are more helpless; but both need the strong hand of the law to save them from ultimate annihilation. Ours is yet one of the best States in the Union for wildfowl and trout; but how long will it remain so unless the fowl can have decent treatment and the trout can have pure, sweet water in which to live and multiply.

I will venture the prediction that, unless some prompt and energetic action is taken by those in authority the boy hunters and anglers of to-day will live to see the time when they must fill their game bags with crows and jays, and their creels with chubs and suckers.

And now my dear *FOREST AND STREAM*, in closing these careless letters, I hope that, even if productive of no other good, they will have given Eastern sportsmen an appetite for a more thorough and perfect knowledge of this, to most of them, *terra incognita*.

PORTLAND, Ore.

S. H. GREENE.

CREASED.

I SUPPOSE that every boy who has read much hunting or Indian literature is familiar with the marvellous shooting of the long-haired scout of fiction who, whenever he wanted a fresh horse, used to go out on the prairie and crease an animal out of the herds of wild horses, which were always so abundant in the books—and nowhere else. I myself, in the course of a somewhat long experience of wild Western life, never saw any of this "creasing" done, although I once knew of its being attempted by a somewhat loud mouthed and widely-advertised character, who was once a resident of this State and is now a showman. This attempt was not successful. The man shot a little too low and broke the neck of a very handsome wild stallion.

Instances of accidental creasing of game are not very uncommon, however, and I recall one case where this helped out a small party of very hungry men.

There were half a dozen of us, white men and Indians, who had for some days been following the trail of a small war party of Sioux who had stolen a lot of our horses. Partly by good luck and partly by the instinct of our Indian allies, we made a cut off on the Sioux, and just before light on the morning of the fifth day we overtook them, killed four, and recovered all the horses. We lost no men, though we had two wounded.

When we had started on the trail of the Sioux we had taken what food we could lay our hands on, but this was not very much, because we had expected to be gone only three or four days. The consequence was that for the

last two days we had had nothing to eat and we were getting pretty hungry. There had been one or two chances, on the fourth day of our ride, to kill antelope, but as we did not know how near we were to the enemy we had not dared to fire a gun.

When we made the attack every one hoped, I think, that we would capture some food, but either the enemy had been as short of food as we were or else the ones who escaped had carried off what dried meat they may have had, for there was not a morsel of food in the camp.

It was pretty evident that we had a choice of three courses: (1) to continue hungry, (2) to kill and eat a horse, or (3) to kill some game.

We started back for the camp, determined to starve a little longer before trying horse flesh. Jack and I rode ahead, the loose horses driven by an Indian followed us, and the rest of the party followed the horses. We had not gone more than three or four miles when, as Jack and I rose a little ridge and looked across a flat, we saw, standing on a little ridge on the other side, what we took to be a cow elk. Only our heads had shown and we ducked down and dismounted at once, while the men behind all stopped, understanding by our actions that we had seen game. Jack was a good shot and I asked him to kill the elk, for I did not want to take the responsibility of the shot. We crawled up to the ridge and looked over and saw the cow standing there broadside to us and quite unconscious of our proximity. She seemed to be about 200 yds. distant, and I said so to Jack. He answered, "It don't look nearly so far to me, by the ground, and yet she looks small."

Jack fired and the elk gave a jump and turned around so as to face us. She gave no sign of being hit, and we had not heard nor seen the ball strike anywhere. I said to Jack, "You must have over-shot. Try her a little lower." He shot again and the elk went down as if it had been struck by lightning. We jumped on our horses and rode over as fast as we could, but before we got to her we could see that we had been badly fooled. The animal, in the first place, was less than 100 yds. from where we had shot; in the second, she was a yearling and not a cow. Finally, she was not killed, but only creased, the ball having cut a little line between the ears from which a drop or two of blood was flowing. I guessed what the state of the case was before I got to her, and jumped off my horse and on to her head, while I cut her throat. She began to struggle almost as soon as the knife touched her, but we held her head down until she was dead.

A little further on we came to a stream where there were some willows growing, and there we had a feast, and disposed of about one-half of the meat of the animal. The remainder kept us going until we got back to the camp, and we never got a shot at anything else during the whole of that march.

CHADRON, Neb.

OLD MAN.

SIERRA NEVADA NOTES.

THE past winter has been a splendid one for game. By this I mean for the game itself, not for the hunters of game. There were early September rains that started herbage, and thereafter, at wide intervals, came refreshing showers that kept things going until the latter part of February, when heavy rains set in. The snows at no time came lower down than at an altitude of 3,000 ft. This gave the deer and mountain quail a chance to pass the winter under the most favorable circumstances, and it is to be hoped, will help them to recuperate from the losses caused by our disastrous season of last year.

I reported great losses last year in both kinds of game, but the half was not told. Other observers, as well as myself, aver that over 75 per cent. of the mountain quail perished in last winter's unprecedented snows in this section of the Sierra Nevada. The deer also suffered terribly, but just to what extent is hard to determine—probably 50 per cent. Twenty-five carcasses were found last spring, after the snows had melted, on less than half an acre of ground near Michigan Bluff, in this county, while finds of from one to a dozen carcasses were reported from all over this and adjoining counties.

A bill is now pending before the State Legislature, with a fair prospect of passing, making it unlawful to kill any male deer, antelope, mountain sheep or elk, for the next six years. Should this pass, and 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, it will give our harassed and rapidly disappearing game a chance to replenish our mountains. Our laws already protect the females of these animals, but the skin butchers slay all alike when out on their nefarious trips after buckskin.

Last year I recorded in *FOREST AND STREAM* the unprecedented numbers of Oregon robins, Lewis woodpeckers, blue-fronted jays, common robins, etc. that the severe winter had driven down into this section of the State. This year I have noted none of these birds excepting the common robin, and that is always with us in winter.

The berries of the toyon (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*) furnish the favorite winter food of these birds, and as it grows in great abundance at this altitude (500 to 2,000 ft.) the robins are very plentiful with us throughout the winter.

I also noted their great destruction of the olive crop last year, and of the consequent war of extermination that was waged against them. This year the crop was gathered without loss. Another such a year as last year will probably not occur again for two or three decades—perhaps never—and the olive crop and the birds' lives will thus be spared.

An attack was made upon our State Fish Commission in the present Legislature, but fortunately failed. It is true that the Commissioners have not done much during the past four years, but it has been due, to a great extent, to the niggardly appropriation granted them, and not to want of effort. It is true that the late Commission was appointed through political influence, more than for any special fitness for their position, but I believe they tried to do their duty according to their lights. More will be expected of the new Commission just appointed by Governor Markham, with Joseph D. Redding at its head. If they had a decent appropriation to work with, instead of the inadequate sum now granted, they could do a splendid work. But even as it is, I am satisfied that these new appointees will accomplish great good. Mr. Redding is a man of ability, and has served in the same position before, and knows all the needs of the State. His co-commissioners I do not know, but trust they may be as zealous as he is. If they prove to be so, the nefa-

rious netting in our great bays and rivers by the Chinese fishermen will be checked. These people use finemeshed seines that not even a water bug could crawl through, and destroy all the young fry in the waters. Verily, "all is fish that comes to their nets." More anon.

AREFAR.

AUBURN, California, March 18.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.

ST. LOUIS, April 5.—The King's Lake Club had its annual election last week, with the result that the officers remain the same as last year.

Our State Legislature has adjourned, and the Hawkins game bill died in the Senate, to the great regret of all sportsmen.

Last week at Compton Avenue Park there was a live bird shooting match between J. E. Hagerty, of this city, and Harvey McMurchy, of New York. Hagerty was badly beaten, the score being 80 to 96 for the victor.

The State Assembly was liberal to our State Fish Commission, having appropriated \$9,000 for its maintenance. In connection with the U. S. station at Neosho, Missouri is pretty well provided for in the way of fishculture.

Two swivel gun fiends were arrested and convicted last week of shooting ducks at our neighboring Illinois town of Collinsville. One was fined \$25 and costs and the other \$10 and costs.

The Ballard Rifle Team has reorganized and will open a 200 yds. range.

The Western Coursing Association has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$5,000. Object, to give coursing exhibitions with hares and greyhounds. April 11 and 12 are the dates for the first show.

A farmer's club over in Illinois is again chasing out sportsmen from St. Louis—rather we should say hoodlums who call themselves sportsmen. Every Sunday there is an outpouring of a rabble with guns which bring disgrace upon all decent hunters.

A few days ago I ran across Mr. C. Morrison, of Waterloo, Ill., and he unfolded to me a tale of fishculture and sport which might well be imitated. In conjunction with four other enthusiasts a small lake of only four acres was purchased some years ago and stocked with croppie and bass. Now the little body of water contains plenty of game fish and affords most excellent fly-fishing during the whole season. Last year Mr. Morrison says at least 500 lbs. of fish were taken from the lake by the fly. The club of five members is called the Island Lake Shooting and Fishing Club. Dr. J. S. Sennett is president and W. H. Horine secretary.

Governor Francis has signed the Coots fishing bill, and it is now a law.

ABERDEEN.

"CLOSE SEASON" SCREED ABOUT GUNS

WHAT would sportsmen do during the close season were it not for the weekly visits of the *FOREST AND STREAM*; which comes freighted with so many things of interest. The wonder is how it is possible to get together weekly such an amount of interesting matter from all parts of our country—"and the rest of mankind"—as is to be found in each number. I have read with growing interest every issue of the *FOREST AND STREAM* since its absorption of the *Rod and Gun*, and honestly believe that I have gained more reliable information in geography, natural history, etc., than from all the various encyclopedias. In addition, we have scientific gun and powder tests, penetration and speed of shot and bullet, articles on guns, and gun implements—sights, chokebores, hammerless, long and short barrels, large and small bore, light and heavy weights, etc.

Some of our modern gun modifications are of decided merit, some of doubtful utility, and some worse than useless! Among the latter is placed the full choke, which, in close shooting, so mangles its victim as to render them disgusting to look at or handle, and unfitting for the table or the taxidermist. But fortunately this evil is correcting itself, and choking is fast losing favor.

Another is the "pistol grip." Can any one name a single point in favor of that unsightly lump which mars the recent breechloader?

Another is the recent and at present fashionable hammerless—the most graceless and ill-looking implement a sportsman ever took affix; reminding one more of black-snakes or oxen without horns than a thing for enjoyment. It may shoot as well and be as safe as its predecessor, but what a thing to look at! For gracefulness and beauty of proportion the old muzzleloading flint-lock fowling piece, as manufactured by Manton and other artists, has never been equalled.

Many and different kinds of sights for shotguns are being advertised. To this there is no great objection, as they neither hinder nor help in wing-shooting. Who thinks of the sights on his gun when a grouse or quail springs up before him? Although I have carried a fowling piece for more than sixty years, I never think of the sights on my gun unless shooting at a target from a stationary rest.

The real cause of so many misses in wing-shooting with young sportsmen—and older ones, too, for that matter—is not for want of any particular gun sight, but for want of a suitable drop of the breech. This may be too much or too little. The correct thing is to have it just right, and this only practice can determine, and each one for himself. Mr. Hough gave some excellent hints in this matter some months since. No general rule given in inches and fractions can be relied on for different persons. The following is believed to give the best satisfaction to all shooters—if it is original:

In testing a gun (for purchase) place heel plate firmly against the shoulder, with the muzzle drooping, raise the gun slowly, and if the butt of the barrels are first seen set it aside, it is not the gun you need; in practice you will generally miss your bird by under-shooting, the drop is too great. If in the next trial the muzzle of the barrels first come in sight, don't buy it, the drop is too little and you will over-shoot. Keep on trying until you find such a gun that when it is raised to a level the eye glances along the entire length of the barrels at the first sight without your ducking or turning the head. That is the gun you want, and one that will satisfy you in practice, whether it be stub and twist, laminated or Damascus, or a piece of gas pipe. Many are the ducks I have lost from having too straight a breech.

Among the hopeful signs is the growing feeling that all spring shooting should be abandoned in practice, and strictly prohibited by law and enforced by adequate

penalty. The sooner the better. Another evidence of healthy growth with sportsmen is that it is not needful to carry 8 or 12 lbs. of gun metal when out for a day's sport. There may be some excuse for a market-shooter—when out for ducks or geese—carrying an 8 or 10 lbs. gun. But any sportsman—whose object is sport and not slaughter—who cannot make a satisfactory bag of ducks or other game with a 7 lbs. gun, 12-gauge, had better confine himself to rod, reel and line.

J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

CLEANING GUNS.

WORCESTER, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed recipes in the *FOREST AND STREAM* concerning the cleaning of guns, but I have never heard of a method that could surpass the one that I will endeavor to explain.

The trouble with most methods is that it takes too long to clean a gun to obtain a favorable result. By my method I will guarantee that any sportsman can clean his gun in three minutes, so that when the gun is put away and not looked at for six months the barrels will be as bright as a mirror.

Remove the barrels. Hold them over a pail or sink and pour enough hot water through the barrels to thoroughly wash them out. Then running a woollen cloth through a few times will remove the remaining dust. Wipe dry the exterior of the barrels. Take another woollen cloth, add a few drops of watchmaker's oil (the best preparation known, as it contains neither salt nor acids), draw through the barrels a few times, wipe outside with same rag. The locks can be oiled with the same kind of oil. For the stocks boiled linseed oil is excellent.

Where not obtainable watchmaker's oil may be made as follows: Take a small bottle and fill with pure olive oil. To this add a small strip of clear lead. Cork and place in a window where the sun's rays will shine upon it. Let it remain until a curdy substance settles to the bottom (about a week's time) or the oil is colorless. Then carefully separate the pure oil from the impurities which settle in the bottle.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent inquires in regard to proportion of alcohol and sperm oil I use, referred to in a recent item, in relation to cleaning guns.

I use about half and half. The compound is not chemical, only mechanical and requires shaking when used. I might have added to that item, the oiling sponge spoken of is fastened to a metallic tool, such as usually accompanies a wiping rod, screwing into the end of the rod if desired. By sprinkling a little powdered emery upon the oiled sponge it makes a fine tool to remove rust from the inside of shot barrels, although I would not recommend the free use of emery except in case of necessity, on account of its great cutting power. I prefer to avoid the rust by keeping the gun clean, as recommended. H. L.

A PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION.

ON Saturday, April 4, the President issued the following proclamation. Its effect is to withdraw from settlement or occupancy about 1,500 square miles of territory on the south and east of the Yellowstone Park, which it has been hoped might be added to that reservation. It is now in order for the friends of Park protection to shout Hurrah!

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas it is provided by section 24 of an act approved March 3, 1891, entitled an act to repeal timber culture laws, and for other purposes: That the President of the United States may, from time to time, set apart and reserve, in any State or Territory having public land bearing forests, any part of the public lands wholly or in part covered either with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or only as public reservations, and the President shall, by public proclamation, declare the establishment of such reservations and limits thereof.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested, do hereby make known and proclaim that there has been, and is hereby reserved from entry or settlement and set apart for a public forest reservation all that tract of land, situate in the State of Wyoming, contained within the following-described boundaries:

"Beginning at a point on the parallel of 44 deg., 50 min., where said parallel is intersected by the meridian of 110 deg. west longitude, thence due east along said parallel to the meridian of 109 deg. and 30 min. west longitude; thence due south along the said meridian to the forty-fourth parallel of north latitude; thence due west along the said parallel to its point of intersection with the west boundary of the State of Wyoming; thence due north along said boundary line to its intersection with the south boundary of the Yellowstone National Park."

Warning is hereby expressly given to all persons not to enter or make any settlement upon the tract of land reserved by this proclamation.

In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this 30th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and fiftieth.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President:
JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

A RELIC OF ANCIENT DAYS may be seen in the window of C. Louis' gun shop. It is an old musket, originally flint lock, but now altered to percussion, brass mounted, and having a 63-in. barrel, of between 10 and 11-gauge. The breech is stamped in three places, one design being a large crown, the others smaller crowns having under them the letters G and V respectively. Save a little outside corrosion, the piece is in very good condition, is not as heavy as its great length would lead one to expect, and is well balanced. The sportsmen who are striving to create the best "all around" gun might get some points from an inspection of this old veteran. It can carry several handfuls of small shot for snipe, etc., enough slugs and buckshot for deer or bear, while its great length suggests a feature hitherto overlooked by enthusiasts in the evolution of the "all around" gun, and that is its adaptability as a fish pole when game is shy—a most desirable improvement. The weapon was brought in for some repairs by a farmer, who stated that it was given him by his grandfather. It is evidently very old, but still in active service.—*Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Journal.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

SANDUSKY, Ohio, April 8.—In a hurried business trip in this hurrying day and age of the world much of the fact and incident of interest to sportsmen comes in that shape called in the newspaper counting room "too late to classify." It would be hard for me to make a story out of the past week's shiftings which should fit any one department very well, but still it would go hard if one couldn't find some sort of news along the lower edge of the Great Lakes, in a country qualified for a wide range of field and water sports. For instance, there is Detroit. That thrifty city is certainly favored by Diana and Neptune alike, although authorities do say, she doesn't recognize her mercies fully, and isn't a red-hot sporting town. At least, that is what the dealers say, and the late suspension of the single retail sporting goods house of any consequence would seem to warrant it. In the past, the spring trap tournament at Detroit was wont to be one of the finest. This spring, as reported fully elsewhere, the shoot was only a conservative success. May be Detroit is conservative. If so, she must follow the fate of the conservative, time through and the world over, and lead only in decay and death. From a fate so sad may she long be spared, for a more beautiful city, or one more beautifully situated, it would be difficult to find.

Doubtless by this time the duck shooting has assumed big proportions on the flats above Detroit and on the river below town. The most earnest efforts were making in the Legislature of Michigan this winter to abolish spring shooting, and let us hope that ultimately this effort will reach success. The better of the ducking clubs of that region do not shoot in the spring now. There was considerable shooting on the Flats last week, and as noted earlier, quite a flight of deep-water ducks was on. Snipe had not yet made their appearance, and snow lay on the ground, openly and unabashed, though the days were calendared for spring.

The coming season will be a great one in Detroit yachting circles. The yachting industry in the West has never been fully chronicled, exploited or apparently understood. Some authorities say that the yachtsmen of the Lakes will talk, but won't yacht. I do not believe this, nor do I believe any one would think so who was really familiar with the fresh-water seas. Chicago, it is true, has no yachting, and probably never will have, but Detroit, with her pretty inclosed and less dangerous waters, supports quite a fleet. The Michigan and the Detroit yacht clubs number over 500 members and own over 50 sailers of all classes. The summer races are good events. This summer they will be better than ever. The starting line runs from Belle Isle to the Park House opposite, and the big river on a racing day has a very nautical look. A great rivalry exists between the two clubs above named.

The Detroit Boat Works lie just below the anchoring ground of the yachts. I went in there and saw some things I never saw before. This firm is building a submarine boat for some Chicago fiend with torpedo on his brain. The hull looks like a turtle set up edgewise. I have never seen on the marshes around Chicago any of the monitor or sneak-model boats which are in such general use about Detroit, or any of the canvas-fused double-enders for fishing use which this firm makes; so perhaps Chicago hasn't exactly all the ideas in the world after all.

There are numbers of finely-bred hunting dogs in Detroit, as we all know, but much as I love a setter, I believe I would trade all the Detroit cracks for the big white Russian poodle Bob, which the trap-shooters of the late tournament will remember so well. Bob's owner had him out at the grounds. A more remarkable case of animal intelligence than that of this dog was probably never seen. He is descended of performing stock, and though not a circus dog himself, he outclasses any trained dog I ever saw. The remarkable feature about his performance, if so it may be called, is that he does not act by rule, rotation or routine, but never gets puzzled or tired or confused. Bob apparently understands human speech. This is an old and common saying, but one which will rise to the lips of any who may see him. There is another old saying, that such and such a dog could "do anything but talk." Well, Bob can talk, distinctly and unmistakably. True, his vocabulary is limited, consisting of only two words; but whenever his owner says to him, "Bob, can't you say 'Oh, no?'" Bob at once remarks in a hoarse, but distinct whisper, "O-o-o, no-o-o!" The poor fellow would unquestionably like to talk, and to this extent he unquestionably does. It sounds uncanny.

Coming down from Detroit to Toledo I saw eleven meadow larks, a pair of turtle doves and one sparrow hawk. The road ran along the lake shore for a distance, and it seemed remarkable how many marshes, dull creeks and lagoons back from the lake there were all through that region. We must have passed close to the grounds of the famous Toledo Ducking Club, whose privileges are so valuable that a share of the stock is worth \$3,500 to-day. There were no birds visible working over the marshes, but the country seemed naturally a great one for waterfowl. What regret rises in one's mind when he thinks of the magnificent past and the possible future of this whole country in sporting matters. The waste, the greed, the butchery of the rabble of half-breeds or no breeds who make most of the shooting population of what is now called America!

Toledo is something of a yachting point also. I am told there are forty boats there under the flag of Commodore Ketcham, and some of them flyers. Will the commodore detail a clerk to tell FOREST AND STREAM all about the Toledo fleet?

From Toledo to Sandusky. Sandusky-on-the-Bay. Sandusky, which might have been Cleveland, but wasn't and never can be now. Sandusky, the biggest fresh-water fish market in the United States, they say, and certainly the biggest, quietest and comfortablest dormitory in the world. It is too early in the season for Sandusky yet. In the summer months it is said to be lively here. Of course, everybody knows that Sandusky is the entry port for the bass reel fishing of the islands, Pelee Island club traffic, the W. C. A. canoe meet at Ballast Island, and all the motley summer travel of the Put-in-Bay, Peninsula and Cedar Point resorts. Excursions, and not exertions, are what keeps Sandusky alive. A quaint, quiet and very pretty place is Sandusky, and sometime one of our American novelists will find a new and pleasant field here for a story. Quite a place, too, naturally, for field sports, as remains to be investigated

and chronicled by an enterprising journal of the field, *videlicet* FOREST AND STREAM. For instance, there are the trout clubs of Castalia Stream, only six miles or so from here, which certainly deserve a good and thorough study and a careful story of that. I remember how surprised and delighted I was seven years ago, when I discovered trout in the Castalia Stream. Let no man dispute it, I was discoverer as much as though I had seen the first trout that ever swam there. It was in the dead of winter, and a cold one, too, but as I passed over the bridge below the never-freezing pool, I saw the dart of a fish which I knew must be a trout, though I had then no idea that there was a trout in any Ohio stream. Excited, I told my news, and learned the history, or part of the history, of the Castalia Stream. It was part of my mission here to get a good and perfect history of this singular little stream and the clubs which own it now. To do this I found it necessary to go on to Cleveland. So, still skirting the shore of pretty Lake Erie, and crossing a lot more of lovely duck marshes, I ran up to Cleveland.

I shall not soon forget my few days' stop at Cleveland, for never so clearly in my life before did I realize the actual truth of the common saying about the brotherhood, the freemasonry of sportsmen and of sportsmanship. I cannot call Cleveland less than delightful, nor any man there born of any but blood royal of the crown.

In view of my visit to Cleveland Mr. Gerould, of Spaulding's Chicago house, had furnished me with a letter to Mr. C. W. Burrows at Cleveland. Mr. Burrows I found eager to assist in the hunt for bed rock facts about the Castalia clubs. He stopped writing and set the telephone into a serious tinnitulation, calling up members of the two different clubs. Mr. Harry Brown was absent that day, fishing on that very stream. Mr. Ingersoll was expected back that day from a similar trip. Mr. Scott Robinson was sick. Mr. Clark T. Hasbrouck was absent. So on through a great list of sick or absent. At last Mr. Burrows took up his hat. "Come with me," he said. We visited Judge Ranney's office, but the fishing member of the firm was absent. We met a dozen men on the street, and got a dozen futile directions to members of the clubs. Mr. Rollin White we almost caught, up at the White sewing machine offices, but he eluded us. Then we went to the Clerk of the Supreme Court, to the Lord High Custodian of the Cuspidore, and a lot others. Finally we went to the Mayor's office. Here is where we ought to have gone in the first place, because here dwells that veteran and most amiable sportsman, Hon. George W. Gardner, Commodore of commodores, known by every one in Cleveland, known and beloved of every yachtsman on the Lakes, and first in the hearts of all his canoeing countrymen, from Ballast Island to Chicago, anyway. All readers of the fine-print end of FOREST AND STREAM will remember Mr. Gardner's presence and address at the banquet of the W. C. A. at Chicago last January.

"So you are of the FOREST AND STREAM family, are you?" said Mayor Gardner—or perhaps I ought to call him by his first and highest title, and speak of him as Commodore Gardner. "Well, I am glad to see you," Mr. Burrows then explained our errand.

"You want to call on Mr. George J. Johnson if you want anything about the Upper Club of Castalia," said Mayor Gardner, "and for the Lower Club you would better see Mr. Lee McBride. Either of these men will tell you all you want to know. They are both in town, and neither of them is ever sick, so you are all right there. Now come here and let me show you some of our boats." And he brought us to where the pictures of the old Marietta and of the more recent Wasp hung upon the wall with others, including Mr. Ketcham's Toledo yacht, the Speranza, and a print showing the Puritan-Genesta race.

"Our yacht fleet here," said Mayor Gardner, "is a large one, and one whose success deserves special comment. We are not favored here by nature as a yachting town, as Detroit or Sandusky, for instance, for our shores here are very bluff and rude, and Lake Erie in the open is the most dangerous of all the Great Lakes. For this reason I believe our sailors are the most daring and adventurous of any on the Lakes. They stand out in almost any weather. We have little 16 and 20ft. cutters here which go out when it alarms even the old Lake captains to look at them. I must show you some of our boats. You see this water-color here?" pointing to a small canvas on the wall, "this is a view of the shipping in the Old River Bed, as it is called, and was presented to me by the Cleveland Art Club. You must come up to-morrow, say at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we will make a trip among the shipping. Do you know that within the last two years Cleveland has built more tonnage than all the ship-building towns on the whole Atlantic coast? Well, that is a fact. Another thing, we are building a yacht here now which for elegance and for truly modern equipment will surpass anything now on the Eastern coast. Do me the favor to call on Mr. Coffinberry, the president of the Cleveland Ship Building Co., this evening, and ask him to tell you about the steam yacht they are building for Mr. J. H. Wade, Jr. Wait, and I will give you a letter to Mr. Coffinberry." And this letter was duly received.

"How is the canoe editor of FOREST AND STREAM?" asked Mayor Gardner as we turned to go. "Tell him I still have the old canoe he built for me more than a dozen years ago and she is as staunch and sound as ever. I have traveled over 2,000 miles in her and she is good for 2,000 miles more if I ever get the time. Now you go and see Mr. McBride and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Coffinberry, and come back here to-morrow, and we will meet Mr. Will Huntingdon, one of the liveliest members of the Ohio State Fish and Game Commission, and he will take us up the old channel in his steam yacht."

Now, that's the kind of a Mayor to have. FOREST AND STREAM doesn't go into politics, but I am satisfied that if Commodore Gardner would come out to the much-vexed city of Chicago the paper wouldn't object to the boys starting a large sized boom for him as Mayor for life.

It was evening, about the dinner hour, when I arrived at the elegant residence of Mr. Johnson, on that world-famous residence street, Euclid avenue; yet Mr. Johnson was accessible and soon enthusiastic over the Castalia Trout Club, and for nearly an hour the atmosphere was fishy, while the dinner maybe waited. Mr. Johnson said—but I am not going to tell what he said, for there is not room now for the story of the club.

Mr. Lee McBride, well known hereabout as one of the great firm of Root & McBride Bros., dwelt a little further up the avenue. He was more fortunate and had dined before the butler served on him the relentless summons

to come forth and talk to a stranger about fishing. Mr. McBride was as genial as Mr. Johnson. We had a long talk about the Castalia stream, and he said—but no matter what he said just yet, for all that is part of the history of the lower stream, for which we have not room at present. But on the following morning, calling by request at his place of business, he gave me further data from his desk (he is secretary of the "Lower Club"), presented a letter to Mr. C. W. Sadler, at Sandusky, and said:

"You must meet Mr. Sadler. He will go down with you to the stream, and though Mr. Sadler is not a member of our club, he is an angler and an enthusiast. You must both take your rods, and I hope you may have good luck. I want to get away and meet you on the stream on Saturday. The fish seem to be rising well. Mr. Harvey Brown yesterday took a 15lb. basket, the limit, in a few hours, and they averaged well."

Now, what could be nicer than all this? What Aladdin's lamp charm lies between the covers of FOREST AND STREAM?

It was dangerously late in the evening now to call, but I sought out Mr. Coffinberry's apartments at the August Stillman, on Euclid avenue, and sent up Mayor Gardner's letter, resolved, if need be, to have Mr. Coffinberry out of bed but what he should be interviewed about the new yacht. But like all the others, Mr. Coffinberry was smiling and pleasant, and as full of courtesy as of fact. Mr. Coffinberry said—but that also is another story, and I shall not spoil it by telling it here, for Mr. Coffinberry, the designer and builder of the new yacht, has promised photographs and a full technical description of her as soon as she shall be completed. She will be the most considerable craft of the kind ever built on the Lakes, although her owner, Mr. Wade, deprecates all heralding of her excellence, and her builder speaks very modestly of all that himself. She will cost between \$100,000 and \$200,000, and will be a strong sea-going steam cruiser, not so fast as thoroughly safe and comfortable. She will be steel frame and steel plated up to the windows, with plain steel bulwarks and very strong decks for heavy seas, the total effect being that of a rather high-riding, plainly-finished boat. Lighted throughout, from search light to hold, by electricity, heated by steam throughout, with hot and cold air fans, a large refrigerating machine of the ammonia process sort, an elaborate distilling plant equal to 1,200 gallons of fresh water daily, and a dozen other extensive and expensive projects for comfort, she should warrant her builder's description as a "floating museum of conveniences." The expensive character of her woodwork, the original plans for the quarters of passengers and crew, and many other details, make her a marvel for this country, and it is thought that she will eventually open the eyes of many down-East folk who do not think that the yachting or yachts of the West amount to much.

The following afternoon the appointment was kept with Mayor Gardner, though Mr. Huntingdon was not to be found.

"We will go down and get the city fire boat," said the Mayor, and this indeed is what we did, pausing for a few moments at the neat quarters of the fire boys, near where the Superior street viaduct towered 60ft. above us. Mr. Dickinson, the fire chief, was not on hand, so Lieut. Campbell, after some fruitless telephoning, went aboard as skipper, and the J. L. Weatherly with two passengers and the full crew of the river fire force, turned around on her heel, gave a kidney-crawling whistle or two and started down the river.

I do not know that this is just in the line of any one department of FOREST AND STREAM, but I do not know of any more interesting little trip than this down the old channel of the Cuyahoga, the "Crooked river" of the Indians. It would certainly open any one's eyes to see the magnitude of the shipping interests of the Lakes. We passed whole lines, two deep, of fine modern steel ships, all of which take any weather in their traffic with the Upper Lakes, and saw also any quantity of the old wooden ships, barges, iceboats, lake freighters, tugs, fish boats and what not else. The big steel ships, averaging 3,000 tons burden, were in the majority. We passed the mouth of the new river and saw on the pier the club houses of the Cleveland Yacht Club and the Cleveland Canoe Club. Then we saw the big passenger boat, the City of Cleveland, twin to the ill-fated City of Detroit, which was sunk last Monday night; and near by us saw, too, the schooner now called the Col. Cook, but once known as the Augusta, which years ago collided with and sunk the Lady Elgin on the Upper Lakes. The Cook is a rough-looking, hang-dog sort of a craft to-day, and doubtless has a bad conscience and an unlucky record. Not far from here were two yachts in dock, the Say When, owned by W. J. White and calked with Yucatan gum, and the Winnifred, owned by Dan Peels. The former boat is a Herreshoff yacht, and just got in last fall after a long cruise to the Gulf of Mexico. And then we came up with the skeleton of a new boat, to be the largest passenger steamer on the Lakes, now on the ways in one of the largest yards. And so on, and so on, past the great ore red with the rusty treasures from the Superior country, past one slip after another crowded full of noble shipping, and up to the vast dry dock, the largest in the country, where ends the first chapter of the Old River Bed. It would take Dickens to do all this river life rightly. Out of it all, I do not know that we saw anything much prettier than two little baby cutters, deep, sturdy little fellows, about fifteen feet in length, which we found hauled out at one yard along the bank.

"You have seen only a part of the shipping," said Mayor Gardner, as we said good-by at the end of a hurried walk to catch a train, "and you can as yet tell nothing of the yachts and canoes we have." This is true, and it is unfortunately true also that only a part can be told of what we did see.

And so back to Sandusky, with some talk with Messrs. A. C. and A. L. Moss, treasurer and secretary of the "Upper Club" of Castalia, and by courtesy of the former gentleman recipient of a card to the rooms of the Sundeand Club of Sandusky, where, I am informed, FOREST AND STREAM is kept and read religiously. There are many pleasant sportsmen in this city also, and indeed—well, this is a pretty good sort of a world, after all.

Mr. Sadler I found here easily, and he at once agreed that we should go down to Castalia together on Saturday, at which time I will go over the stream and dig into its history as much as possible.

"I was just about to go out on the marsh after a few ducks this morning," said Mr. Sadler. "I don't much believe in spring shooting, but I have not had a hunt for a long time and I thought I would try for a bird or two, especially as the snipe have not got up yet. I only saw one snipe on the grounds I hunted over the other day. However, it looks like rough weather, and I concluded not to go."

"How many duck clubs have you around here?" I asked, "and how large are they?"

"We have two large ones up at the head of the bay," said he, "and several smaller ones."

Then we fell to talking about the duck clubs, and Mr. Sadler said—but never mind what he said, for there isn't room to tell about these Sandusky duck clubs now and do it as it should be done, and we may best postpone that for a little while, until we have more facts and more time to classify. Meantime the main fact in American history seems to be that Mr. Sadler and I are to-morrow to see again a real, live brook trout—if we have luck; for it is snowing here now, and the indications are for colder weather to-morrow.

E. HOUGH.

BEAVER TRAPPING.—In Mr. Griffin's paper on beaver trapping, printed in our last issue, a typographical error occasions confusion in the first column of p. 208, about three-fourths the way down the column. As printed the directions read: "Having chosen my spot I take a lot of mud from the bed of the creek and make a little mound like the ones formed for sitting and rolling on by the animal himself. I then dig out a place large enough to hold the trap in the edge of the bank, splashing water over the digging to make it look natural and old. Just under water and on the bank above it I set up a little step on which are a few drops of the beaver medicine. This should be fastened to the trap either by a slender twig or a piece of black thread so that the animal, when he dives in the water, will carry it with him. This is to keep the other beaver from smelling it. The trap is set 6 to 9 in. below the water's surface, and the end of the step is 6 in. above water, and a foot or more to the landward side of the trap." They should read: "Having chosen my spot, I take a lot of mud from the bed of the creek, and make a little mound like the one formed for sitting and rolling on by the animal himself. I then dig out a place large enough to hold the trap in the edge of the bank just under water, splashing water over the digging to make it look natural and old, and on the bank above it I set up a little stick, on which are a few drops of the beaver medicine. This stick should be fastened to the trap either by a slender twig or by a piece of black thread so that the animal when he dives into the water will carry it with him. This is to keep the other beaver from smelling it. The trap is set 6 to 9 in. below the water's surface, and the end of the stick is 6 in. above water, etc."

GAME IN MONMOUTH COUNTY, N. J.—Hornerstown, March 31.—So far as I have learned by observation and otherwise, quail and partridges through this section have wintered in good shape. Although they were sharply hunted last season their number now seems to be quite large, so if nothing happens there will be plenty of bird shooting next fall. Rabbits also have wintered well. Many of them are to be seen as one goes through the open fields and sproutlands. Should judge the number is larger than common for this time of the year; also the numbers of English hares—the increase of strays from Lorillard's late game preserve near Jobstown—are to be seen in the fields, and their number seems to be increasing from year to year, so the farmers and local gunners say. As game, the hunters around here much prefer the common rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*) to the hare. As to small birds, although having lived in different parts of this State for a number of years, I never recollect seeing so many large flocks of them before as I have seen this spring, especially of robins and blackbirds; often the woods and fields are full of them. The uncommonly large flocks have at different times reminded me of their migrating period in the fall.—A. L. L.

BOB WHITE AND THE OTHER WHITES.—Unlike the young broods of the woodcock, which are mute, save the twitter with which they rise, the doves of quail appear to be attached to each other by tender affection. If dispersed by accidental causes, either in the pursuit of their food, or from being flushed by some casual intruder, so soon as their first alarm has passed over they begin calling to each other with a small, plaintive note, quite different from the amorous whistle of the male bird and from their merry, day-break cheeping, and each one running toward the sound and repeating it at intervals, they soon collect themselves together into one happy little family. If, however, the ruthless sportsman has been among them with his well-trained setter and unerring gun, so that death has sorely thinned their numbers, they will protract their little call for their lost comrades, even to night fall; and in such cases—I know not if it be fancy on my part—there has often seemed to me to be an unusual degree of melancholy in their wailing whistle.—FRANK FORRESTER.

THE KNEE REST FOR AIMING.—A correspondent with the signature "H. S.," writing in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 12, has mistaken my object in sending you a photograph of the sitting position for shooting with the rifle at game. I was well aware of the wiping or loading rod having been used as a rest by hunters in America many years ago. Mr. Ruxton, a British officer who traveled through the Rocky Mountains in 1846, writes of the trappers in some of the fights with Indians, dropping on one knee and resting the rifle barrel on the loading rod. I sent the photograph in order to draw attention to the superiority of sitting down with an elbow on each knee, over other positions, when taking long shots at game, and my chief reason was the hope that, by some sportsmen trying this, a certain number of animals might be killed on the spot instead of escaping to die in misery from their wounds. The use of a stick, in addition, gives a little extra steadiness, but is not actually necessary for even very close shooting.—J. J. M.

GAME ON JEKYL ISLAND.—Jekyl Island Club, Brunswick, Ga., April 1.—The record of game shot during season 1890-91 is as follows: Quail 2,516, English pheasant 17, wild turkey 4, deer 6, ducks 80, marsh hens 36, wild hogs 11, doves 59.—E. G. GROH, Supt.

A MONTREAL GAME CASE.—Montreal, April 3.—Yesterday afternoon was almost entirely taken up in the Police Court with the case of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec against D. P. Irish, manager of the Canadian Express Company, for carrying three carcasses of deer, addressed to Hon. Geo. A. Drummond, in the close season. During the progress of the case it came out that the deer, with sixteen others, had been killed on Longue Pointe, an island comprising 2,000 acres, in Lake Erie, owned by the Longue Pointe Game Club, which has only fifteen members, of whom Senator Drummond is one. The president of the club, a well-known lawyer from Toronto, named Harris, was in court as a witness, and it appeared that the deer, which were killed on Nov. 10, had been kept in refrigerators till now, but, as the warm weather was coming, it was decided to have them shipped to friends of the club. Those that were shipped to the United States were refused admittance, and the claim of Mr. Walker, the attorney for the Quebec Fish and Game Club, is that in this province it takes a special permit from the Commissioner of Crown Lands to import game even killed in season. Decision was reserved.

NEW YORK GAME BILL.—The Assembly has passed the game code bill without amendment.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

DYEING FISHING LINES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you please inform me (or have some of your readers to do so) what is a good homemade dye for fishing lines that will give them a fixed color, or dye them black, and at the same time not injure them by rotting, swelling or otherwise greatly affecting the form, texture or size of the line?

In explanation of the question I have to say that I never find any lines in the market dyed to suit my taste, and it is sometimes, recently, difficult to find any that are suitable, otherwise as to size and quality, for the locality. I therefore often have to do my own dyeing.

While my mind is on this subject I shall give you an idea I have as to the appearance a line for use in very clear water should have, which idea I have often put in practice with apparent success; and inasmuch as I have not heard of any one else using lines prepared in the same way it may prove new, and possibly of some value, to FOREST AND STREAM. If so, I shall be happy in having contributed a mite to heighten the success, and therefore increase the pleasures, of the "gentle sport."

I will first give a brief description of the nature of the streams in middle Tennessee, to which my fishing experience is limited.

As will be seen from the map prepared by the State Commissioner of Agriculture, and from any other geological map of the State, the great central basin of this State is surrounded by an elevated region many miles in extent known as the "Upland Rim." This region is very rich in iron ores and timber, but affords scanty soil and scarcely any lime. For this reason the streams which have their rise and courses in that particular section are very clear, the bottom being often plainly visible at a depth of 6 ft. or more, forming a marked contrast with the streams of the adjacent basin the waters of which are, when the weather has been fair, a blueish green from the lime held in solution, and at other times turbid with extraneous matter carried by rain from the rich fields and from the outskirts of towns.

In "ye olden time" both classes of streams fairly swarmed with the finest fishes, as the country did with deer and buffalo; for was not this the most highly prized hunting ground of the red men north and south whose mutual jealousies forbade the tribes of either section to possess it as their own? For many years after the country was settled these lowland streams were the paradise of the awkward fisherman with primitive tackle, and those were the days when the ubiquitous "one-gallussed" boy with his home-made line and sycamore pole is said to have laid the city dude, with his fine seagrass line, in the shade. Delicate tackle and extra skill could not be a great necessity in taking game fish in a narrow stream in which black bass and rock bass abounded and which held substances in solution to such an extent that a log sunk to the depth of 1 ft. could not be seen. I have myself had the small-mouth bass—which is a much more wary fish than the large-mouth, of which there are none in this immediate vicinity—to take the bait in 18 or 20 in. of water and within 10 ft. of where I was standing; and yet no glimpse of the fish could be seen. From the facility, therefore, with which almost any kind of fisherman could take fish, and from the constant seining, the streams have been almost entirely denuded of fish, and I believe that, whether from the fouling of the streams or from the washing away of bars and the decay of drifts, bringing the bottoms of the streams almost to a dead level instead of the alternation of rapids, pools, eddies and holes that formerly existed, the few bass that remain are abandoning these lowland streams and seeking more congenial quarters, and the blue cat is falling, to some extent, the abandoned habitations. Be that as it may, if one's duties are such that he cannot devote some days together to fishing, to him it is farewell to the finny tribes—"Othello's occupation's gone." I believe this is true of about all the limestone waters of Tennessee and Kentucky.

In the clear streams in the upland rim and mountains it is somewhat different. The country is more sparsely settled, and so the army of invasion is smaller. Again, the "nigger-pole" (common rod without reel) is not an effective weapon against small-mouth bass in clear water; and again, these streams afford in many places good protection from seines in the shape of shelving rocks, undermined banks and deep pools.

Of course the sport is not comparable here to what it is in the hundreds of other places in the country. Ten or twelve bass averaging one pound is a fair day's sport, and often one must put up with five or six, although you may now and then find a man with imagination strong enough to magnify this latter number into food enough

apparently to feed several thousand people. I doubt not that there is quite as much real enjoyment in taking a dozen bass in these streams as there would be in taking fifty in Florida; from which sentiment you will see that we regard ourselves in this line,

"As the indifferent children of the earth,
Happy in that we are not over happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button."

In the clear water the bass are very wary and will not take the hook when the angler is in sight. It is necessary to cast to a great distance and to remain concealed. As a four-pounder is a great rarity and the common run is below two pounds, a very small line must be used—one smaller than many first-class dealers advertise. A white line is quite a conspicuous object in clear water, and I am satisfied that bass cannot be taken readily when one is used. It is necessary to use a line that cannot be seen readily, and this is all the more necessary in casting, as Dr. Henshall says truly that in that style of fishing the leader must be discarded. To prevent the line from being seen by the game, manufacturers have, as we all know, made lines of various different solid colors, and also braided and twisted together threads of different colors. Either of these is better than a white line, but they still fall short of the requirement. The point I insist upon is this, that that which enables the human eye, as well as the fish's eye, to catch and follow a line of any kind is the continuity of the line as to form and color, and *e converso*, breaks or irregularities in contour or color have a strong tendency to prevent the eye from following up the line. In other words, irregularity, so far as the vision is concerned, destroys a line. If a line be speckled or ringed, the continuity is not broken, because it is still regular in that form. The line should be so dyed as to run from one shade to another, then perhaps to spots, and then to other shades, so as to make the whole irregular and unsystematic.

I have dyed in this way by wrapping or balling the line up upon itself so as to leave irregular interstices for the penetration of the fluid, and then dipping in the juice of a walnut, warm, and renewing after a short time. The line can then be wiped off with a wet rag. Applications of water immediately after dyeing will reduce the shade. A line dyed in this way is not readily followed by the eye at some little distance; and I imagine when stretched on the bottom of a stream it would attract little more attention than the gravel and small twigs and stems of leaves that often lie there.

An illustration of the manner in which the eye can be misled by a broken line is this: Many a bass angler has spent hours of suspense lest the "one-gallussed" boy should do harm to his bucket of shiners, or "steel-backs," in his absence. Let the fisherman cast his minnow bucket into the stream and fasten the cord to a root or stone at the shore; if the water be clear the cord will probably be seen very plainly. But then let him take two or three switches, or say a small branch with several twigs, and place them, in an apparently haphazard manner, at the surface and at a slight angle over and across the cord; and he will find, especially if shadows be cast, that he will have to look close in order to locate the cord.

This may all be regarded as very trivial and I may find in course of time that I have come too quickly to a conclusion, but from fishing in company with others and from sometimes using two rods at once, my observation and experience lead me just now to believe that the best results have been obtained with such a line as I have described, and I would suggest that anglers elsewhere on similar waters, especially where bass are wary, give it a trial, if the idea has not already been practically tested by others.

P. M.

FRANKLIN, TENN.

[Hon. H. C. Ford, president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, makes a beautiful olive colored dye for gut by the following process: "Take two empty tomato cans; pour into one about an inch of Stafford's writing fluid; then pour in water until the can is over half full. Put two tablespoonsful of logwood into the second can, and pour in water until two-thirds full. Bring both to a boiling point on your range. Then take your hank of gut, from which the rough ends have been severed, and immerse in the ink can a minute and a half. Hold it under the hydrant a short time to wash out the superfluous dye, and then plunge into the logwood can for two minutes. Then wash off the superfluous dye as before. If the color is not dark enough repeat the process in both cans." We have seen this gut used in clear water and know that it is highly effective. Doubtless the same method will be available for lines. Walnut leaves and shells have been used to produce a brown color from a very early date, with alum to fix the color.]

HONNEDAGA (JOCK'S) LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Adirondack League Club now has a fish and game preserve of 120,000 acres in the great northern wilderness of this State. In addition to the Blake estate tract of 85,000 acres to which the club obtained title last year, it has recently secured control of Township No. 5, containing 35,000 acres, adjoining the Blake tract. The club has decided to change the name of Jock's or Transparent Lake to "Honnedaga," the old Indian appellation. A. D. Barber, Jr., who has conducted the Forest Lodge at Jock's Lake for four years past, has been appointed steward for the club and will continue to conduct the Lodge. He is now engaged in erecting two new buildings for himself, and also has the supervision of the construction of four cottages on the lake. One of these, for L. O. Snyder, of Buffalo, to cost \$2,500, will be located at Flat Rock, and a second for M. W. Barse, of Olean, after the same plans, will be built. L. B. Jones, of New York, is putting up a cottage in the colonial style of architecture at Big Rock Bay. M. M. Pomeroy, otherwise known as "Brick" Pomeroy, is also to build a neat cottage at the head of the lake. The season promises to be early at the lake although the snow in the woods is still 2 ft. in depth, and the ice on the lake is from 20 to 24 in. thick. The beauty of the Lower Stillwater on the West Canada Creek, three miles from Jock's Lake, has been spoiled this winter by the lumbermen who have erected a dam there and felled all of the spruce timber in the vicinity. The lumbermen are also making great inroads on the soft timber on Black River near North Lake. Mr. Barse is quoted as saying that palace cars will be running to North Lake by Aug. 1.

PORTSA,
UTICA, May 5.

WHERE THE TROUT LURK IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A WAY up in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Macon county, N. C., 4,000ft. above the sea level, in a little basin of not over 400 acres, and which from its appearance might have been the crater of a fiercely burning volcano, nestles the picturesque village of Highlands. For thirty miles from Walhalla, S. C., the nearest railroad station, the weary tourist and his more weary team have been toiling up the intervening 3,000ft. of ascent, and just as body and mind are on the verge of collapse, and the setting sun sending its level rays up the valley of the Cullasagee River to gild the barren tops of Whiteside and Satulah Mountains, the welcome sound reaches his ear from the kindly hack driver, "There's Highlands!"

Since 7 o'clock in the morning the eye has been feasting almost to satiety on the grand old mountains that rise tier upon tier as one advances toward the main chain of the Blue Ridge. At first in long rolling hills, with an occasional steep ascent, clothed to the top with dense forests of oak, yellow pine, walnut and hickory, then gradually changing to the more rugged and wild mountains, with their wealth of white pine, hemlock, chestnut and cucumber, while the gorges between are dark and solemn with their almost impenetrable mass of rhododendron and laurel, these mountains gradually assume that wild and barren aspect that characterize the peaks around Highlands, and forcibly remind the tourist that he is now reaching well up toward the limit of vegetation.

While all this magnificence of scenery, ever varying as one advances, has helped to sustain the weary body and mind for the last few miles; yet the feeling of relief and pleasure can better be imagined than described when "There's Highlands!" greets the ear. Looking from the ridge, on which the tired team has been momentarily stopped to "blow," we gaze in rapture on one of the prettiest little pictures of a rural snugery that can be found in the mountains of any land. Entirely surrounded by mountains, save on the western side, the little valley is studded all over with neat and, in some instances, very handsome cottages, each surrounded with the bright greensward of well-kept lawns. Pushing its Norman-looking roof through the foliage of surrounding chestnuts and white pines, the water tower attached to one of the several good hotels here acts as a beacon to the sore-limbed tourist, guiding him to a place of rest after his twelve hours of rumbling and tumbling over what are not the best roads in the world.

A choice is afforded of very good hotels and boarding houses, and after making your selection and removing part of the soil of the three States you have been traveling through all day (South Carolina, Georgia and North Carolina), you find yourself comfortably seated round a roaring fire, which is found far from unpleasant even if the season is midsummer and you are in the midst of the Southern States.

It is claimed that this is one of, if not the highest, villages east of the Rocky Mountains; it lies about 4,000ft. above the sea level. The mountains which so closely surround it fend off at all seasons the cold blasts that otherwise might be expected at such an altitude, hence fruit of a superior quality can be raised here that cannot be grown 1,000 to 1,500ft. lower down. This temperate climate has induced people suffering from throat and lung disease to seek it out, and having found relief, they have remained to make one of the most cosmopolitan populations that can be imagined, for here we find, as permanent residents, citizens of nearly every State and Territory. Although arriving here in feeble health, yet they brought their bright and active Northern and Western minds, the exercise of which has caused this lonely mountain valley to blossom into as thriving a little town as could be found anywhere even under more favorable circumstances. Excellent schools, a good public library, scientific and botanical societies, and churches of several denominations, all speak for their intelligence and advancement. Manufacturing and milling, in a small but highly improved way, tell of their thrift; and the beauty of their homes and surroundings leaves their taste beyond dispute. Several of the wealthier Southerners, even from as far as the Mississippi Valley, have erected summer houses here, where they enjoy relief from their malarial farms and the much dreaded "hay fever." During the season commencing with June and extending to the end of October about 300 or 400 visitors arrive from all parts of the Union to breathe the pure air, drink the cold spring water (anything stronger being unattainable), climb the lofty mountain peaks from whence a view extending into four States is obtained, gaze with wrapt awe on the mighty waterfalls that abound in every direction for five miles; and a few, among them the writer, to kill the beautiful brook trout that are found in such quantities in all the streams for miles around.

It was at this lovely mountain retreat that a party of five casually met in the month of July, 1890. Like the inhabitants of the village, they hailed from far divergent points; Kentucky, Kansas, Georgia, South Carolina and Scotland claiming their several birth places. Though strangers to each other till they thus met, they were brothers bound by a well-recognized tie among lovers of the rod and reel—keen fishermen all, willing to face any and all difficulties, and endure endless hardships where trout were to be their reward.

For several days mysterious caucuses intimated to the other visitors that something important was about to happen with the "fishing crowd," as we had been dubbed; and when one bright morning it was announced that a week's camp on the Lower Cullasagee River was our plan, a gay crowd of ladies and gentlemen dismissed us on our way with many a wish for our good luck.

Our rig consisted of a two-mule wagon without springs, on which we loaded our 12ft. Sibly walled tent, numerous boxes and bags of duff, all the sundry paraphernalia necessary for a week of camp life, and perched wherever a soft place could be found, the four unlucky ones who hadn't been quick enough to secure the one spring seat beside our driver and guide.

The first mile or two of our road lay through one of the most beautiful pieces of mountain woodlands that the most fastidious of woodland critics could desire. Considerable care had been exercised in grading the road along the steep sides of the mountain, resulting in a drive that would rival successfully the studied avenues in the parks of more favored localities. As it winds and turns

the eye is delighted by the magnificent display of forest growth. Giant chestnuts, hemlocks, poplars and cucumbers entwine their branches over head until the soft light of evening seems to surround you. Beautiful springs of sparkling water gush from the mountain sides, and rushing across the road, dance down their rocky beds to join the Cullasagee below, affording sustenance to dense thickets of rhododendrons and mountain laurel, whose gorgeous flowers make the air heavy with their perfume. Under the spreading trees the flaming azalia, with its flowers ranging from pure white through all the shades of yellow to a ruddy orange, is handsomely set off by the intense green of matted beds of giant ferns that abound in all varieties from the coarse bracken to the delicate maiden hair. This is part of the property of the "Highlands Park Association," whose lands extend along the banks of the Cullasagee for some miles lower down. The woods on each side of the road for a mile or more have been neatly but substantially fenced in by the Association to protect them from the ravages of roaming cattle, and an object lesson in protecting undergrowth in this way is plainly before us, as nowhere in any mountains can such undergrowth be found over which cattle and fire have exerted their baneful influence.

On we dash, and soon we pass the mill of Mr. Henry Stewart, President of the Park Association, who lives here for his health, though his home is in New Jersey. Mr. Stewart carries on an experimental farm around his mill, and as he is on the editorial staff of the agricultural department of the *New York Times*, the public gets the benefit of his intelligent researches into nature. Through about seven miles of his estate the Cullasagee River rolls and tumbles, and some years ago he planted in that stream large quantities of California (rainbow) trout fry, which, with careful protection, have gradually stocked the stream for ten miles with these gamiest of all trout.

Past the mill, the roar and almost the spray of the Neiad Fall are around us as the foaming waters dash down some seventy feet into a pool that would make a trout fisher's mouth water. Soon we ford the waters of Big Creek, a tributary of the Cullasagee, and rising a steep and extremely rough road reach a point where there bursts on our delighted eyes a panorama far beyond my feeble pen to describe. Imagine an immense gulch hundreds of feet below you, where the roaring of a series of cataracts, the Long Falls, extending for over a mile, churns the waters of the river into a mass of foam, and finally dashes them into a narrow cañon through a crevice in the rocks not over two feet in width. On the opposite side of the gulch, and rising almost precipitously from the water's edge, is the main chain of the Blue Ridge, its rugged face frowning with many a precipice and seared by countless fissures. Lower down the dense foliage of the hemlock and chestnut, relieved by the broad green leaves of the cucumber, are fringed, as the water is approached, by the glossy-leaved and bright-flowered rhododendrons. Here and there a glimpse of the rushing stream adds finish to the picture. Creeping up the mountain side to mingle with the clouds that rest upon their tops, gauzy flecks of gray mist are stealing, for though the morning is well advanced, the depth of the gorge and the density of the foliage keep the rays of the sun long at bay.

A bend in the road hides this beautiful landscape from view only to open another as enchanting; and so on from mile to mile, until with a sudden jerk our guide pulls up his team and announces, "Now ye'll hev to fut it." And such a "futting" it was! Soon the contents of the wagon are deposited on the ground by willing hands all anxious to get to the camping ground. Each one seized a generous share of the loads and away we start. One of the mules was pressed into service to act as a carrier for the tent canvas and other heavy articles. For a short distance the trail lay up the almost precipitous side of a short mountain, which cut our "wind" sadly and made us each regret we had been so free-handed in supplying ourselves with loads. However, this soon came to an end, and down the hill we went.

As the camp ground on the banks of the stream was neared the trail disappeared entirely, and our course carried us into a perfect labyrinth of enormous boulders, varying from the size of a trunk to that of a church. In every direction these masses of rock lay scattered propped up against each other, forming cave-like crevasses, or standing solitary, like Mexican houses with their square box like walls. The whole place looked more like a ruined city than anything else.

While on the way down one of our party narrowly escaped being bitten by a huge black rattlesnake. The first intimation we had was a perfect volley of "Queen's English" and the rapid rise and fall of the heavy tent pole which he was carrying. By the time we reached him little of that snake remained to tell the tale. I don't think I ever saw a riding switch used with so much freedom as that tent pole, 3in. in diameter and 10ft. long. This piece of excitement carried us to the camp ground.

The spot selected, and in fact the only available one, was picturesque and convenient to the stream and a beautiful spring of ice cold water; but as to comfort—well, we didn't come there to hunt comfort. The sides of the gorge were so steep that nowhere could enough level ground be found on which to pitch our tent decently. Hemlock twigs furnished good bedding, and though there was a lively chance of rolling out of doors in our sleep, yet many a camper has been worse off than we.

Leisure to look around, while dinner was in course of preparation, revealed the fact that we had pitched our tent on a narrow strip of slanting ground which lay at the foot of an enormous precipice, that loomed almost over our heads, ending in a sharp rocky peak, hundreds of feet above the camp. Immediately in front of the tent door, and level with same, lay one of these enormous blocks of rocks, the face of whose smooth surface rested in the stream 30ft. below. All around us, like the ruins of Pompei or an Aztec village, lay hundreds of these massive blocks, the squareness of whose sides certainly left little to the imagination to make one feel that he was gazing on some ruined city of by-gone ages. Immediately below the camp an enormous slab, at least 30×40ft. and 10ft. thick, stood on edge and extending out from the mountain side far into the middle of the river bed formed an eddy that raised visions of lusty trout. This point of vantage we dubbed the "Pulpit," as a reverend gentleman from Charleston, who formed one of our party, was so carried away by the awful grandeur of the view obtained from its outer point that his actions strongly resembled the necessary adjunct to one of his eloquent sermons. Immediately across the stream from

the camp another precipice, corresponding to that which towered above us, frowned on the chaos below with its rugged and shattered face. Without doubt, in the dim past, these two frowning walls had been firmly joined by a mighty wall whose fragments lay scattered in such profusion around us and for more than a mile below.

Standing on the "Pulpit" the view up stream is nothing but a chaotic succession of these boulders, around, under and over which the stream boils and churns, forming deep black pools, which would delight the heart of any angler. Below the top of one of three falls of from 50 to 75ft. each is in view, and far below where the stream gradually assumes a more level and placid condition, the sun lights into golden tints the fields of a beautiful little farm that smiles as complacently as if far removed from the ruins of nature which surround us. Nothing could be grander than these three falls after you have clambered at risk of life or limb to a point where a view can be obtained. The broken and scattered boulders not allowing the free passage of the water give them a look of wildness seldom seen. At some points on the stream the blockade is so complete that the stream has forced its way into the mountain side, emerging lower down to its natural bed in many a swirl and eddy. This whole stream from the time it takes its rise at Highlands till it reaches a point about nine miles below there, has more or less this wild and grand aspect, having descended at least 2,000ft. in its rugged course.

Well, of course, in the angler all this description of falls, rapids and pools must have prepared the mind for trout, and we found them, both many and large. I question if a fly had ever been cast on these waters till we arrived, so some idea of the sport that was in store for us can be imagined.

The choice fishing grounds where good wading could be had were in the more level stream below the third falls, and thither I wended my way with my chum on the morning after our arrival. On the way I managed to hang my landing net, which I had stuck through the strap of my basket, on a bush, and though I discovered my loss in a few minutes the closest search failed to find it, and there it remained till the last day we were in camp, when I accidentally stumbled on it. This, of course, was a very serious loss if the fish proved very large, so I attempted to improvise one by stretching a handkerchief on a willow hoop and then cutting holes all over it.

Arrived at the fishing grounds I put on a whip consisting of a green-drake, coachman and brown-hackle, and made a few casts and captured as many fair fish. While standing on a rock at the foot of a small, still pool I chance to see a good-sized fish rise to a fly between two large rocks lower down, where the stream, contracted to one-tenth of its natural width, made its escape from the pool. At once I dropped a fly to the spot. With a suddenness, that forced my heart into my mouth and caused my reel fairly to scream, I felt a pull. Though, little looking for such a reception to my fly, I at first felt a little excited, the old instincts of a fly-fisher soon brought me to my senses. As I immediately perceived that I had no common fish to handle, I braced myself more firmly on my narrow foot space and prepared for the fight. Had his lordship concluded to continue the down-stream course he started on all would soon have been ended, as once through the narrow space between the rocks no leader in the world would have stood the chafing. Luckily for me, he concluded that up stream was where he belonged, so at me he came with such speed that the most rapid reeling and skillful manipulation of my rod failed to dispose of the slack. Again I feared he was gone, but soon the sudden tightening of the line announced he was still with me. As soon as he felt the line tighten he rushed madly to the top, and as he leaped high in air I recognized from the brilliant scarlet of his side that he was a California rainbow trout of no mean size. As the pool was of the smallest and the sharp-edged rocks above and below portended danger to my tackle I determined to keep him as near me as possible, even at the risk of a tip. For several minutes, with tip and butt almost meeting, the fierce struggle went on. Sometimes leaping in the air and vainly trying to knock the hook out of his mouth with his tail, then to the bottom, where he would sulk till I almost feared he had got under some rock and was lost to me. But my trusty little rod (a 7oz. lancewood) did me good service, and after a battle of several minutes he gradually turned on his side and I reeled in carefully. Feeling for my landing net I remembered for the first time what kind of one I had, but hating to ask aid I went for him with that. At sight of my flag of truce the gentleman from California concluded that he wasn't so far gone as he thought, and away he went braced for another tussle. This was a short one, however, as he soon came to hand again. I attempted the white rag again, but he showed such an antipathy to it that I was forced to call for aid from my chum, who was enjoying the sport from a rock below. Soon the prize was on the grass with the sun reflected back from his beautifully rainbow-tinted sides. He was "a beauty without paint." While the fight was in course I could have sworn he was 24in. long and weighed at least 5lbs., but a calmer examination of him on the grass reduced him to about 16in. and 1½lbs. Those who have tackled this gamiest of the salmon tribe can readily excuse my rough guess.

During the time we staid on this stream we caught several of these fish, and one in particular was by one of our party who was new to the sport, who yanked him out before the trout knew what was the trouble.

After a fine day's sport we returned to camp to find that good baskets had fallen to the luck of all of the party. Such cooking and frying and eating and lying as was done that day can be easily understood.

Good weather and necessarily good water furnished us for the rest of our stay with many fine baskets, and it was with regret that we saw our old friend the pack mule wending his way down the mountain to conduct us back to civilization.

Not one of the party but hope to meet another time in this beautiful spot, and assist at the killing of more of these California trout, which an additional year's growth will make worthy of any angler's rod and reel.

Within twenty miles of Highlands there are many fine trout streams, some justly due the name of rivers. The roads are remarkably good for the mountains, and the accommodations for those who don't care to go into camp are fair from an angler's point of view. Highlands is reached by rail to Walhalla, S. C., or Silver, N. C., thence across the mountains in hacks for thirty miles.

THE PIKE FAMILY.—II.

HAVING already considered the typical pike, the best known and most widely distributed of its family, and probably the oldest in point of time, let us pass to a review of the smaller members of the same family, which have been grouped under the subgeneric name of *Picorellus*, none of which have the extensive range of the pike, nor his surpassing size. In the pike the cheek is scaled, but the lower half of the gill cover is scaleless, while in the group *Picorellus* both the cheeks and gill covers are scaly. These fishes are best entitled to the name pickerel, which means little pike. They may be readily distinguished from the pike and the masacalonge by their difference in coloration, the ground color being green, while in the pike and masacalonge it is grayish. The pickerels, again, are marked with streaks or bars, while the other two species have spots of whitish or blackish. The young pike, it is true, has pale bars, but these are in a much smaller number and very different from those of the pickerels.

The pickerels, as we shall hereafter call them, are now referred to three species, two of which are found east of the Alleghenies, from Maine to Florida, and the other inhabiting the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the tributaries of the Great Lakes.

THE CHAIN PICKEREL (*Esox reticulatus*).

The largest member of this group is the eastern pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*. This species is sometimes called chain pickerel, green pike, Federation pike, and in the Southern States jack. The Federation pike of Dr. Mitchell was obtained by him from Oneida Lake, and as its coloration is peculiar, I quote his account: "The four individuals now before me were obtained by Mr. Wm. Sykes on the 26th January, 1835. The largest is 23in. long, and more than 9in. greatest girth. Eyes yellow; tail forked; skin covered with small scales. Color of the back and upper part of the head brown, almost running into black; all the contiguous parts brown, running into yellowish or orange, and the yellow ending in the snowy or silvery white of the belly. The broad side, that is the space between the back and belly, is beautifully and curiously variegated with irregular black lines, which inter-oculate with each other all the way from the eyes to the tail, and surround spaces of various sizes and figures, all of which are fantastic and odd. Toward the belly and tail these black lines lose themselves or end abruptly. Sometimes they are oblong and roundish spots. The modifications of these colors give the fish a very striking and indeed elegant appearance, quite equal to the Spanish mackerel, or indeed superior to it. * * * The fins are reddish and their color contrasts admirably with the others to increase the beauty of the fish. I know of no fish of the fresh, or even of the salt-water, in the market and region of New York that equals it. The flesh is savory and fine." The origin of the common name Federation pike is somewhat singular. Dr. Mitchell found that the branchiostegal rays and those of the pectoral and dorsal fins were almost uniformly thirteen in number, and thereby suggestive to the original States in the Union. It is evident that Dr. Mitchell's specimens were in the spawning condition, and this will account for the peculiar coloration. Although the ground color of this pickerel is usually greenish, it is subject to a great deal of variation. De Kay says: "In some it is deep green, varying to bluish on the back and head, or bluish gray; in others it is of a golden or olive yellow on the sides, the free margins of the scales bordered with black. Numerous irregular abbreviated longitudinal du-ky streaks on the sides of the body, united with similar oblique streaks, and producing an imperfectly reticulated appearance. Iris yellowish varied with blue. The fins greenish, those below tinged with reddish."

Esox reticulatus derives its name from the markings on the body, which are dark on a green ground. Occasionally an individual is found which lacks the dark reticulations altogether, and the body shows only a uniform pale green. Such a pickerel was obtained from the Potomac River a few years ago. The coloration of the species of *Esox* changes very greatly with age. The young *reticulatus*, for example, resembles *lucius* in its markings, the reticulations being inconspicuous. There is, also, a faint white stripe along the middle of the body in the second half of its length.

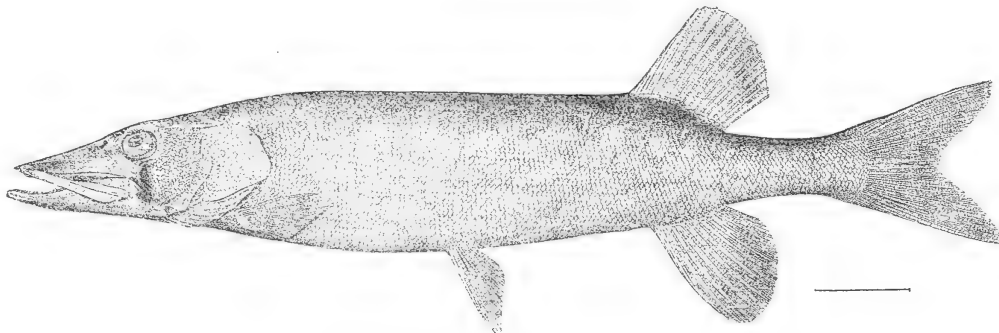
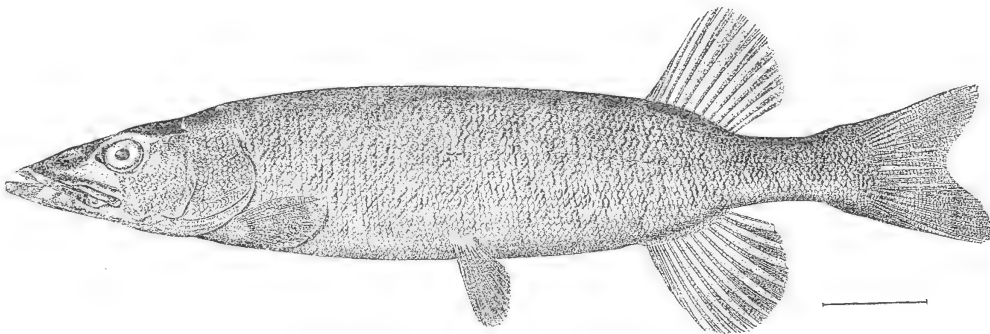
Distribution.—The common eastern pickerel does not occur west of the Allegheny Mountains, but east of this range it is found from Maine to Florida and Alabama. It lives in ponds and lakes as well as in streams. Dr. Kenworthy mentions as among the best points in Florida, tributaries of the St. John's between Mandarin and Lake Monroe. In these streams the bream, a member of the sunfish family, is associated with the pickerel. Another one of the pickerels is also found in Florida, the smaller of the two eastern species (*Esox americanus*). In Vermont the *E. reticulatus* is the common pickerel on the east side of the Green Mountains, while on the west side of this range the pike (*E. lucius*) is known as the pickerel.

Size.—The species reaches a length of 2ft., and individuals weighing 8lbs. are recorded, but the average weight is much less.

Habits.—This, like the pike, is one of the most predaceous of all our fishes, and its increased distribution is, therefore, very undesirable, and yet it has been transported to numerous points by inhabitants of the neighborhood and has greatly multiplied. Pickerel are extremely abundant in many of the large rivers, as, for example, the Potomac and the Connecticut. It is to be found in great numbers in the shelter of river grasses and in the ponds among the stems of water plants, where it lies in wait for minnows, of which it consumes vast numbers. In the article upon the pike, an incident showing the wonderful voracity of that species is given, and the same is equally true of the pickerel.

The pickerel spawns in winter and early spring. Thoreau has given the following graphic description of the feeding habits of the species. He styles it "the swiftest, variet and most ravenous of fishes, which Josselyn calls the River Wolf. It is a solemn, stately, ruminant fish, lurking under the shadow of a pad at noon, with slow, circumspect, voracious eye; motionless as a jewel set in water, or moving slowly along to take up its position; darting from time to time at such unlucky fish or frog or insect as comes within its range, and swallowing it at a gulp. Sometimes a striped snake, bound to greener meadows across the stream, ends its undulatory progress in the same receptacle."

Edible Qualities.—Herbert describes it as having coarse, watery flesh, of little value for the table. The species, however, is pretty generally considered as a fairly good table fish, its flesh in most localities being white and of

THE CHAIN PICKEREL (*Esox reticulatus*).THE LITTLE PICKEREL (*Esox vermiculatus*).

good flavor, with just a little tendency to toughness and dryness.

Mode of Capture.—Trolling with the spoon or still-fishing with live bait, shiners, pickerel frogs, etc., are good methods of angling for the pickerel. The hooks should be tied on gimp and a minnow gang is often effective. The fish bites with great freedom and boldness, and fights with great stubbornness when hooked.

Two small members of the sub-genus *Picorellus* remain to be considered. One of these is western and the other eastern.

THE LITTLE PICKEREL (*Esox vermiculatus*).

The small pickerel of the West inhabits the Ohio valley, the upper Mississippi valley and streams flowing into the Great Lakes from the south. It is common in ponds formed in the spring by the overflow of river banks and has frequently been taken in large numbers in cornfields. Last spring we referred to a circumstance of this kind, which was brought to our notice by Mr. S. F. Denton while in Ohio collecting natural history specimens. He told us that the people at the time were "fishing in the cornfield." This sojourn in overflow waters is often followed by great destruction of fish when the ponds dry up.

The little pickerel grows to the length of about one foot, and is too small to be of much importance as a food fish. The sides of the body are green or grayish and usually have many reticulations or irregular streaks, but these may be entirely absent. The sides of the head are generally variegated. A dark bar extends downward from the eye and another one forward. The fins are plain except that the caudal is sometimes mottled at its base.

As a member of the pike family, this fish keeps up its reputation for voracity and destroys vast numbers of fishes smaller than itself. It is very prolific and congregates in swarms ascending small streams in the spring.

THE BANDED PICKEREL (*Esox americanus*).

This is a fish of the same size as the last, but occurs only east of the Alleghenies from Massachusetts to Florida. De Kay calls it the varied pickerel. The body color is dark green, and the sides are ornamented with about twenty dark curved bars, which are usually very distinct.

A black stripe passes along the snout and through the eye to the upper edge of the gill-cover; another extends from the eye downward on the cheek. The fins are not mottled or banded.

De Kay describes the color as "dark brownish black above, descending in irregular dark clouds a short distance on the sides. Sides greenish yellow, with irregular vertical brown stripes descending on the belly. Dorsal and caudal fins dark brown. The pectorals, ventral and anal lighter colored; often, by infiltration, reddish. A short dark band from the eye to the angle of the jaw."

The banded pickerel is similar in general appearance and habits to the little pickerel of the West. It frequents rapid brooks and clear, cold waters, and is said to be not injurious to trout when inhabiting the same stream. The species scarcely reaches a foot in length, and individuals will not average more than 1/2 lb. in weight.

Dr. De Kay believed the banded pickerel to be identical with the mackerel pike of Mitchell, and his supposition appears to have been well founded. Many streams and ponds of Long Island contain this handsome little species in abundance, and only its small size spoils it for a game fish.

T. H. BEAN.

ANGLING RETREATS OF MAINE.

VI.—IN THE VICINITY OF MONSON.

ONE of the delightful drives for the tourist is over the road to the head of Sebec Lake through the pleasant farming town of Willimantic pleasantly situated in the Wilson River valley. About six miles from Monson, at a place called William's Mills, a highway in Willimantic crosses this river and runs in a northerly direction, ending in a new farm on the rim of the great wilderness. Here is Grindstone Pond, a beautiful little sheet of water and famous for its great abundance of spotted trout, and also for being the place where a local angler, John McDermott, immortalized his name by resisting the efforts of the owner of the land around the pond to prevent sportsmen and fishermen from fishing in its waters. The result was a law suit, and a decision by the Supreme Court of Maine that all great ponds (being ponds of ten acres in size) were free to the public as highways for fishing and fowling. The opinion in this important and interesting case (*Barrows vs. McDermott*) was rendered May 27, 1882, and may be found in the 73 Maine Reports, p. 441.

In the township of Shirley adjacent to Monson on the west and northwest are also some excellent trout ponds. The two Bunker ponds and the Marble pond are not very far from the Spectacle ponds. There are several others some eight miles west of Shirley Mills, a small village on the B. & P. railroad accessible by buckboard. Among these the most popular are the Riddell and Indian ponds. The entire chain of ponds in that locality is very famous for superior trout fishing.

It is not unusual for a party of two or three to bring away from them two hundred trout averaging one pound in size as trophies of a three days' fishing trip. A good camp is in the vicinity.

Among the pleasant drives near Monson is one of about four miles over hills and through the green woods to Blanchard, which is in a deep valley through which wanders the Piscataquis River, where many enjoy the pleasures of stream fishing in its numerous gorges. The high tops of Russell and Bald Mountains, grim-visaged and spruce-clad, look down upon pretty and pastoral scenes along the shores of this still and peaceful running river. On the sides of Russell and near Bald Mountain are several good trout ponds.

The best white perch fishing in this neighborhood is at Kingsbury pond in Kingsbury plantation, sixteen miles southwest from this place. There they are found in large numbers, as well as an abundance of pickerel. A club house owned by parties from Massachusetts is located on its shores.

Piper pond is in the town of Abbott, ten miles distant from Monson. It is three miles in area and many large lake trout are taken there. Pickerel and white perch are also plenty. Whetstone is in the same town, and is considerably smaller than Piper, but has much better spotted trout fishing. It is only a short distance from the former. Greenleaf pond, also in Abbot, is a good pickerel pond, but has no trout.

The principal game here that the sportsmen are interested in are moose, deer, caribou, grouse and ducks. Moose are not as common in this immediate vicinity as they are in the wilds above Moosehead Lake, yet they are occasionally seen in the Elliottsville forests. But caribou and deer abound in great numbers in the northern part of this town, and many are killed each year after Oct. 1. It is a mountainous and uneven country well calculated for their retreats.

Throughout Elliottsville and in the region beyond, around the wild mountains and the lakes, the sportsman from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1 can with a guide familiar with the country secure his lawful number at almost any time.

Other excellent places in near proximity to Monson for capturing large game are the Blanchard, Square Moun-

tain and Bald Mountain regions and other wild townships lying to the westward. In the season when duck shooting is lawful these favorite game birds may be found in plentiful numbers at nearly all of the Monson and Elliottsville lakes and ponds. Doe pond in Munson near Lake Hebron is one of the spots that they frequent the most. Poaching is not indulged in in this section to any great extent, although the present lamentable laxity in the enforcement of our game laws prevails here as in other parts of Maine.

For about a quarter of a century the people of Maine through their representatives in the Legislature have been gradually formulating the present code of protective laws. During the same time the so-called pleasure travel here from other parts of the Union has increased to a wonderful extent. This has been like a river of gold annually flowing through our State, benefiting all classes and industries from the rough-hewn shores of the sea to the bleak mountains of the interior. The result has been to educate the people up to a high standard of thought in relation to game protection. Especially is this true of this part of Maine where numerous summer hotels are being maintained, and where large numbers of people derive a liberal income from the business of catering to tourists. Yet in Washington county and some parts of Penobscot an unfortunate antagonism to the enforcement of the laws arose a few years ago among the citizens. It matters not who in the long and bitter contest which has been waged was the most blameless, for the result has been bad and almost disastrous to the cause of game protection. By reason of this violent opposition in a few localities, the most important part of the law was repealed in 1887. I refer to the act which gave one-half of the fines to the complainant. Although its repeal was effected clandestinely and unfairly, it was no less a result of this contention. The same influences succeeded in preventing its revival at the session of 1889. Until this is restored the friends of game protection must continue to experience the chagrin and bitter disappointment which they have for the past three years in viewing a non-enforcement of one of the most righteous laws on our statute books.

I will close these brief and hasty notes by extending my hearty greetings to the tourists, campers and lovers of the "gentle art," whose annual visits to Monson have become a pleasant feature of the season when the birds sing and the flowers bloom.

MONSON, Me.

J. F. SPRAGUE.

A WADING OUTFIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mr. Hough's query let me say that here is the way some of us arrange our wading outfits and that we find the plan very satisfactory: The first requirement is a pair of wading pantaloons with stocking feet, cost \$6 to \$18, as one's taste and pocket-book may dictate. Over the feet of these draw a pair of loose-fitting heavy woolen socks, and inclose the entire outfit in a pair of low, broad-soled leather "stitch-downs," as the shoe men call them, which will need to be about two sizes larger than your ordinary boot or shoe. These "stitch-downs," which cost \$1 to \$1.25 per pair, should have the bottom of the soles filled with soft iron hob nails and be perforated along the lower edge of the uppers for the free passage of water. In this way you have a footing that is much more secure than any rubber boot, an easy and comfortable arrangement for walking or wading and perfect protection for your rubber wading stockings. When your "stitch-downs" give out you can duplicate them at a small expense entirely independent of your waders. Being sewed work there are no pegs to damage the rubber. I have one such pair of shoes that have already done service for two pairs of waders and are pretty good yet. You can oil them occasionally if you like, although that is not absolutely necessary.

TOLEDO, O., March 31.

A TERRAPIN FARM.—Of late years a number of terrapin farms have been started along the Chesapeake. The biggest farm is on the Patuxent River, and it consists of a large salt water lake, which could accommodate thousands of terrapin if they would breed as rapidly as is desired. The farmer has surrounded this lake with broad fences to keep out the muskrats and foxes, which are the terrapin's enemies. He has made hatcheries of boxes partly filled with sand, and so arranged that when the females enter them they cannot get out until they are taken out. He has nurseries for young terrapin, and he keeps the little ones in here until they are 10 months old, in order to preserve them from their fathers.—*Frank G. Carpenter in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

BERKSHIRE TROUT IN APRIL.—Berkshire County, Mass., April 6.—The most convincing argument in favor of a later opening season for brook trout in our State was the appearance of the fish caught in this section April 1 of this year. The day was raw, chilly and sour, but the fish took everything offered them and well-filled creels were the order of the day. The fish, however, were shaped like overgrown and elongated smelts, one specimen, 15in. in length, weighing only 12oz., dressed with the head on. The law permitted the catch, but does it not seem clearly wrong to take such slim, lank, ill-conditioned fish? The stream from which they were taken furnishes splendid fish in proper season.—*NED.*

SALMON IN THE PENOBSCOT.—Bangor, Me., April 1.—To-day big salmon were jumping in the river in front of the city, and at the pool one twelve-pounder was taken. This is two weeks earlier than these fish have ever taken the fly here. April 16, 1889, one was taken and last year a twelve-pounder was caught April 18. Five days later eleven fish weighing 234lbs. took the silver dollar and thereafter one ton was caught before the season waned. Fish Commissioners say that the sport should be fine this year with salmon averaging 25lbs. or better. Salmon take the fly until June. The best sport is usually in May.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Albany, April 6.—I have just returned from a trip around Lake Champlain. The ice has commenced to break up and will soon be out. There is considerable open water in the south end and the netters are getting in their work; I counted over a dozen sets of poles between Putnam and Dresden stations.—*Dexter.*

Fishculture.

A PLFA FOR LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Albany, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much satisfaction your extracts from Fish Commissioners' report and comments thereon. Why do they entirely overlook Lake Champlain? Would not the whitefish do well there? Also salmon trout? There is plenty of pure, deep water for the latter and an abundance of smelts for deep water food and all kinds of little fishes for surface feeding in the spring. I am not posted as to the relative value of wall-eyed pike and other food fishes in the matter of production; I do know that there are few fresh water fishes that equal them as a food fish. 'Tis only of late they seem to have attracted the attention of breeders, and I sincerely trust that they may repay all efforts. As the commission's desire is to do the greatest good to the greatest number of people, 'tis such as these that will further that end. Lake Champlain is one of the best natural breeding lakes we have, and while we are not selfish on this end of the State, we would like to see a few of the good things going around dropped in her basket.—*DEXTER.*

FISHCULTURE IN MEXICO.—We learn from Col. John Gay that Señor E. Chazari, Fish Commissioner of Mexico, obtained eggs of carp in abundance in the City of Mexico on March 22. The summer has fully set in, which accounts for the early spawning of carp. We have already noted the successful introduction of rainbow trout into Mexico with the aid of the U. S. Fish Commission, and we are now informed that this is the only trout which has reproduced naturally in that country.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 8 to 11.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. John L. Lincoln, Jr., Secretary.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.

April 28 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.

EVERYONE interested in dog shows must feel pleased to hear that the show which the N. E. K. C. held in the Mechanic's Hall, Boston, last week, was one of the most successful ever held by this club. When the number of entries was announced and it was found that only 628 had been secured, the knowing ones shook their heads and predicted a loss again. But it was ordained that the management should share in the general boom which dog shows have had this season. The crowd on the first day was much larger than that of any previous show they have held, and when Thursday (Fast Day) came around those who have followed the shows of this club since its initiation admitted that they had never seen a better attendance, consequently the faces of Messrs. Grosvenor, Fay and Moore took on an expression of buoyancy that spoke volumes. It was a good show and well managed—how could it be otherwise with John Reed at the helm and Alf. Burgess to attend to the details, and the above named gentlemen always on hand as general supervisors. There is no better building in this country for a dog show than this Mechanic's Hall. Plenty of space, excellent light and ventilation without draught. It is also in the size of the judging rings that they are ahead, which, when the partitions which divide them are taken away leave an exercising ring that cannot be excelled, and which gives Parker full swing with his jumpers; by the way, many are disappointed this year in not seeing his long distance flyer—the fawn-colored one—with the troupe, personally I always looked forward to this jump and saw it whenever I could get the chance.

The judging was got through in better time than in any show of the circuit, but of course there were more judges and rings, still it felt a bit like old times to get all the "regulars" put in their places by 6 P. M. All the judges excepting Mr. Davidson, who had the pointers and setters to do, had their classes finished by about 4 P. M. The service of the rings was good, and any number of attendants were provided for each ring; this is where some of the other shows this season have shown their want of experience. As usual the first day, the annual "feed" came off, and pretty nearly every one known to the club partook of an excellent lunch, and afterward a pleasant half-hour was spent over the coffee and cigars, and "dog chat" was indulged in. Among those we noticed at the show were Messrs. Sidney W. Smith, J. H. Winslow, W. H. Child, W. Wade, C. H. Masou, John E. Thayer, J. P. Willey, E. M. Oldham, E. B. Elliott, Victor Haldeman, Thos. Burke, N. J. and Frank Comstock, Frank F. Dole, C. A. Parker, H. W. Smith, C. A. Shinn, James Greene, brother of the late owner of Sir Bedivere, Joe Lewis, R. P. Keasby, Geo. Shepard Page, W. H. Walbridge, W. Teague, W. C. Sanborn, H. D. Kendall, James Mortimer, R. F. Mayhew, Drs. Jarvis and Faxon, Henry Jarrett, Robert Exley, German Hopkins, J. H. Pritchard, Clarence Rathbone, H. Twyford, P. H. Coombs, Col. Purcell, F. W. Chapman, F. Parry, O. W. Brooking, C. S. Turpin, D. A. Williams, W. F. Rutter, Jr., W. Stewart Diffenderfer, H. L. Krueger, A. E. Leayard, H. V. Jamieson, G. A. Peabody, C. Inness, and of course all the regular handlers not already mentioned. There is little more to be said here unless I remark that on Thursday the "take" at the gate was \$3,500. The weather the first three days was beautiful, but Thursday night and Friday morning saw plenty of regular Boston weather, a little of everything. This year Spratts Co. put up their benches, and it is not likely that the old style will be reverted to again, as was the case last year. The disinfectant used, though we could not find out what it was—something furnished by Spratts—was very efficient and kept the building very free from odor. I will now pass on to the awards.

POINTERS.—(MR. JOHN DAVIDSON.)

(Report by Mr. Mason.)

There were nearly sixty entries in these classes and the quality of many was of a high order. This does not, however, go to show that breeders are making headway, and the best specimens are still to be found among the imported division. Nobody seems able to breed a good dog, and at the rate we are moving it will be forty or fifty years before one can go to a dog show and find a class of dogs typical in head, truly formed in body, strong in limbs, good in feet

and true to correct type. And why will this be so? The answer is easily found. A handful of incompetent persons will run a pig-faced, round-barreled, wide-fronted dog like Sensation to the front. The uninitiated breed to that dog and the country becomes over-run by a race of spike-nosed, round-bodied bitches. Then we get another Sensation in the shape of the round-skulled, yellow-eyed and splay-footed Croxeth, who, when run off his legs, falls down and makes a "sensational point." The produce of this wonder is crossed into the Sensation family. The result we have seen and see to-day. Then a bit of whippet blood is put in, and the shallow-faced, characterless Meteor is introduced, just because a well known judge says he is an "easy moving dog." Next comes Robert le Diable, the lovely spotted flat-catcher that never sired a good pointer and never will. What will be the next sad none can tell. If he be a good dog he will be of little use when the type of bitches is ruined and the blood hopelessly mixed. The past cannot be recalled, a fresh start will have to be made. It is all nonsense to say that pointers cannot be bred true to type—the right type—for they can be. Compare Mr. Heath's dogs as shown at Boston with the exhibits from any other kennel, and you find in it a striking uniformity of type as compared with the rest. Surely what has been accomplished by this kennel can also be done by others, but it never will so long as breeders are all mixed in their ideas. Paying extravagant prices for good imported bitches is throwing good money away when they are bred at random to all types of dogs and into any mongrel conglomeration of blood that comes along. "Why do the English dogs run truer to type?" I was asked while taking my notes. Because pointer men in England have agreed upon a type and because pointers are judged by pointer judges. A man who would place dogs like Sensation, Croxeth, Meteor, Robert le Diable, etc., over pointers true and pure like Graphic, Revel III, Woolton Game, Naso of Kippen, Lass of Bow, et al., would judge once and only once. Here he would be patted on the back by the uninitiated members of a clique specialty club or by some ignorant reporter who knows no better than do as he is told. This is clearly not the place for advice on the question of breeding, but as this is my last report on the circuit shows, and as things are going the wrong way I want to call a halt and start folks atbinking. As an old and successful breeder of pointers I am not altogether unknown to your readers, and having won over 500 first prizes for this breed alone, some of them before a dog show had been held in America, I do not feel any particular delicacy about coming out flat-footed and giving advice where it is needed. Look at the puppies shown at New York and Boston! Did mortal man ever see such a drove of cattle? Why they are 90 per cent. worse than in 1887. This is the result of following the blind. Well, gentlemen, you are paying for your experience. Nobody will question that; and experience dearly purchased is less likely to be forgotten. The trouble is I fear we will all be in our graves before you realize the significance of the memorable Chicago editorial "Whither are We Drifting?" You bred good bitches to Sensation and never produced a typical specimen. You tried it with Croxeth and failed. Now you are ruining the breed by using Robert le Diable. Look at the puppies one finds at the shows and there find live evidence of the breeders' inability to produce dogs worthy the name of pointers. The direct cause is staring you in the face, and you either cannot see it or do not want to see it. The judging of the classes was a decided improvement on New York, and although mistakes were made, there was nothing glaring, like, for instance, the placing of Robert le Diable over Duke of Vernon. Quite a number of pointer men were looking for a meeting of Robert and Graphic, but the owners of the former very wisely kept him at home. Under a judge of pointers he has the same chance of beating a good dog like Graphic that I have of becoming President of the United States. So Graphic was alone, Duke of Vernon having been sold and gone West. Mr. Heath's grand old champion had a swelling on the throat, the result of a fight, and this gave him the appearance of being bad in neck, but elsewhere he looked nearly as well as ever he did in his life, and he can still beat any large pointer dog in America. He moves a bit stiff behind when taken from the bench, but this wears off after he has had a run. The bitch class brought out a couple of good ones in Revel III. and Lass of Bow. The former, clearly the better specimen, won with many points to the good. Mr. Mortimer wanted to know in what points Revel III. can beat Lass, but I guess he was joking and really wished to know in what points Revel III. cannot beat Lass. These are mighty few, and it tests a man's ability to find them. Lass wins in eyes, skull and coat. Revel III. wins in all other points. Pontiac headed the open dog class, which was not strong in point of quality. His coarse, throaty neck and very wide front must always put him behind a good one, but he was rightly placed on this occasion. My old reports give all his other defects. His sire, Bang II., though a better dog was always a coarse one and, like Pontiac, he was very throaty. He had a grand body and the very best of legs and feet, his general appearance being marred by a high-carried and coarse stern. So it will be well to be very careful in selecting bitches for this dog. There is coarseness in the family, and even old Bang (Price's), the sire of Bang II., was not without it. Dare-g, second prize, was in his proper place. He has not fulfilled early expectations, having gone off in many points where he was fairly good when a puppy. He is a white and liver flecked dog, lacking in size for the heavy-weight class and not of right type. Head only fair, stern not straight, set of forelegs not just right, rather flat and light in loin, does not stand quite true in front. I shall expect his owner, Mr. Parker, to breed a better one. Mikado, a son of Graphic, was third. He would need altering in many places to be a good one. Unlike most of Graphic's get, his stern is the best point about him. In head he is far better than average, but he lacks in position of forelegs, stifles, second thighs, and, in addition, is close in hocks, crooked in front and wrong in hind action. Through all his defects he shows some of the old dog's character. In color he is white and liver ticked. Nixie, vhc., is a white and lemon by Nick of Naso. He is rather coarse in skull, heavy and throaty in neck, wide in front, good in bone, coarse in stern and wrong below the hips. Schuyler, vhc., was shown in good shape, his coat especially being in nice condition. He is not quite clean in neck, on the leggy side, rather too pronounced in stop, light in loin and quarters and is rather straight in hindlegs. His best points are in skull and chest. Duke of Beaufort, h.c., is useful looking, but not quite a show dog. He is a white and liver heavily flecked throughout, and this does not add to his appearance. Head rather coarse, eyes a shade or two light, loin flat, not quite straight in front, good bone, moderate feet, hocks too high, throaty. Dandy, c., is a white and liver, pig-faced, short in neck, inclined to be throaty, ears set high, right eyelid in wrong position, bad expression, not a show dog by a long way and very lucky in getting a card. Class well judged. Miss Meally was clearly the best in the next class for large-size bitches. This bitch was fourth at New York where she should have been second. For description of her see my report of that show in FOREST AND STREAM, March 5. Cavalier's Lady, second prize, is many points behind the winner of first. Her face is too masculine and is not clean cut below the eyes. Eyes a shade light, throaty, ribs too flat, loin rather light, moves a bit stiff behind, good forelegs and feet, shows some character through many defects. Cicely, reserve, is a white and lemon of very ordinary appearance and wrong type. She is top-heavy, plain in head, not straight in front, wrong in carriage of stern, throaty, and lacking in true pointer character. Fama, vhc., showed up badly in the ring, acting as if shy and

nervous. She is good in legs and position of same, light in eye, too long and coarse in stern, and very throaty for a young one. Fedora, hc., is throaty, light in eyes, not quite right in ears, long and coarse in tail, good shoulders. This is a white with liver head markings and ticked body. She is sister to Pama and is of the same type. Mr. Harris's dogs were not in good condition, one being much too fat and the other too thin. If either of the two shown really was Bonanza I would not have known it. Freeze Bang Bang, hc., is a bit foxboundy in type and too coarse for a show dog. She is not first-class in back, knees, stifles, hocks or in stern. Class well judged.

The challenge class for light weight dogs brought together Launcelot and Tribulation in show condition, and that once grand little dog Naso of Kippen, a wreck of his former self, dead out of condition, the hair off about his eyes and his body coat all stained with mange cure. Would it not pay Mr. Mortimer to get a good kennel man to put the dogs in condition for the shows? Bang Bang became a wreck as soon as he got to America, and it's the same thing with Kippen. Lad of Bow began to fall to pieces as soon as he got to Babylon. There is something wrong, and "Jim" should see to it. I am inclined to think that the trouble lies in the feeding department more than anywhere else. Well, Kippen was never in the hunt and should not have been sent to the show. I have been under the impression that Tribulation could beat Launcelot, and Mr. Davidson seemed to be of the same opinion, for he took a cursory glance at the two dogs and then handed the ribbon to the handler of the former. I marked down in my notebook "right," but when I got the dogs together after the judging and carefully overhauled them, I found Launcelot the better specimen, and he had some points to spare at that. This shows that one cannot be too careful in criticising dogs which are of the same class. Both dogs are dishd and shallow in muzzle, and are equal in head properties. They are also both of them light in eyes, Launcelot's being the best. But what Launce gains here he loses in quality (not carriage) of ears, Tribulation's being best. Launcelot is to-day rather coarse in neck and is beaten by Tribulation. In straightness of forelegs Trib gains a point, but loses it and some more in his long, light pasterns. In feet Launce is a good winner, also in knees. In back, ribs, loin, strength of quarters and hocks Launce is away ahead, and he also scores in formation of stern. Both move in good style, but Launce has much the more bone and power. I feel quite sure that if Mr. Davidson had given them as careful an examination as I did he would have reversed the decision. Two very useful-looking ones turned up in the corresponding class for bitches. These were Sally Brass II., that should have won at New York, and Glauca. There was a report abroad that the former had the mange, but as soon as it was found that the trouble was caused by a flea, she was allowed to compete, and Glauca being a bit outclassed, Sally proved an easy winner. Their good and bad points have been noticed in other reports. With the decisions in the open classes I cannot agree. Mr. Davidson judged them too rapidly, and I shall be prepared to see him reverse some of the awards after a more careful examination. Glen Morgan, first in dogs, has been doing some winning of late, but I do not think he is a show dog. He is a flash-looking, catchy flat-catcher that deceives the eye at first sight and on close and careful examination dwindles down to a bit of very inferior pointer flesh. Let him stand in a certain position and he gives one the idea that he is very good behind, but get him moving and follow him closely and it is easy to see there are structural defects in his stifles, which alone are sufficient to ever prevent him beating a fairly good dog. Not only is he bad behind, but he is crooked in front, rather weak in knees, bad in feet, wrong in bang of ears, flat in loin, throaty and he stands badly. To offset these defects there is nothing but a fairly good head and chest and catchy color, with good coat and average stern. I could not get him higher than third. Wrong type, Mr. Biddle! A "gay deceiver" and not a true pointer. Ossining, second prize, is not quite a show dog. In addition to the defects noted in my New York report, he is wide in front and his elbows are very apt to get into wrong position. Still he is a gay, merry mover, has good quarters and stifles, with clean hocks, enough bone, fairly good feet, a strong back and a moderate chest and ribs. The class was a weak one, and I would have placed him second a though he is a long way removed from good form. He showed up much better than he did in the New York "cellar." Inspiration, third prize, should, I think, have won. To the defects noted in the New York report add rather upright shoulders and elbows not in correct position. He beats Ossining in muzzle, skull, carriage of ears, neck, knees, feet (a trifle), stern and carriage of stern, strength of loin, and is himself beaten in chest, shoulders (slightly), position of elbows (slightly) and below the hips. Nimrod, hc., is a white and lemon with a black nose and dark eyes, legacies of the defunct Bang Bang. A very wide blaze makes his head look worse than it really is. Bad stifles, defective hocks, stands over some at knees, flat loin, do with more depth of middle, lacks symmetry, not a show dog. Nicodemus of Ion, reserve, a useful looking and sound dog, is weak in head, high stationed, rather flat in loin, and has acquired the habit of trying to scratch the back of his head with the tip of his tail. I thought he pressed the first prize winner very close for third place. He was shown light in flesh for a legacy dog. Mam'zelle, first in bitches, is not one of my sort. She is a rather catchy looking white and liver with ticks, whose best points are in head and tail. Eyes too light, not clean cut below the eyes, wide in front, position of forelegs wrong, shoulders not well placed, not straight in front, stands over at the knees, short ribs not deep enough and not carried far enough back, loin rather light and flat; good coat, color, carriage of stern, and below hips, also about right in ears. Naso's Belle, second prize, is another poor specimen, and I would have pegged her back. She lacks in head, carriage of ears, color of eyes, neck, stern, stifles and hocks (slightly), and was shown much too heavy. She is a white bitch with liver head markings and ticked body. Fan Fan, third prize, is a white and liver with lightly ticked body. Lips not just right, face dishd (slightly), eyes too light, ears not well carried, as a rule, but she can put them right; rather long from the knee down, somewhat light in bone, coarse in stern, fair good body and quarters, shows more true character than either first or second. Maygo, reserve, is a white and liver ticked with a head of more than average merit, albeit not perfect in lips. Throaty (a little), fairly good body, a bit too round, loin could be improved by more arch, not good behind, stern rather coarse, straight in hocks, short from hips to stern, would do with more bone. Bloom, vhc., is a white and liver, very lightly ticked on body. Her head, while rather heavy at all points for a bitch of her inches, is not badly formed; rather throaty, eye too light, tail too long, stands rather low at the shoulder, light in bone, shows quality and true character. That she is not a high class specimen is true, but she was, I think, good enough to win in this company, and I would have placed her first with the third prize winner second. Lady Graphic, hc., is well known. Her most prominent defects are in head, neck and forelegs. She is a white and liver ticked, showing good breeding through her several defects. Lassie Jean Beaufort, hc., is a white and liver ticked and was shown in nice fettle. She has a clean cut and rather neat head, is throaty, not right in stifles, flat in loin, does not carry her stern quite right, but shows quality. Blomo III., vhc., gets her stern very high, is light in eyes, not first class in feet, moderate in back and rather light in bone. In hocks, stifles and formation of stern there is lots of room for improvement. She is a white and liver, lightly ticked. Head is the best part of her. Win-

chester Girl, hc., was described at New York. Winchester Gladys and Winchester Nan, both hc., may do to breed from. They are not up to show form. Flossie B., c., is a white and dark liver, lightly ticked. She is plain in head, terribly straight behind, all wrong in stifles and she moves badly; not a show bitch. Puppies were a very funny lot. I have notes on them, but do not wish to waste good paper and printer's ink. The best advice I can give the owners is to drown them and start over. As Graphic was suffering from a temporary swelling of the neck the special for best pointer in the show was very properly awarded to Revel III. For the kennel prize the Westminster dogs of two or three types and none in first-rate condition, were fairly outclassed by Graphic, Revel III., Launcelot and Sally Brass II., a very sorry and level lot, showing strength and stoutness combined with action, quality and correct pointer character.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Report by Mr. Mason.

There is no improvement in this breed, neither can there be any until breeders shall have agreed as to what is the right type. Take out a handful of imported dogs and the breed as a whole has not advanced an inch since 1881. The same reckless mating continues. There is little uniformity of type, and not likely to be any for many years to come. Juggling with the standards and skipping about from one type to another has proved a means of introducing a lot of animals which are said to be the best in the world, but which really could not take a hc. card in good company. From Thunder to Paul Gladstone was a mighty sharp curve, and from Paul Gladstone to Rockingham and Rockingham to Cincinnati is like climbing a greasy pole—you get up a foot and slip back a yard. Eight years ago the writer advised setter men not to breed to a bandy-legged, splay-footed dog like Thunder. Major Taylor's friends replied that I had gotten my knowledge of dogs out of a barnyard in England. Now these men get up a standard which tells us that the type of dog that was winning in Thunder's day was useless. I should say it was, and ten years hence the Major will probably wake up some morning and find that his friends have dropped the Tennessee whippets and gone off on another trail. Then we will need a new standard. It is easy to predict what will become of the English setters in the mean time. They will of course disappear as the pointers did at the time when a lot of ignorant but well-meaning gentlemen were breeding Sensations, Croxteths, Meteors, etc. The light will dawn on a few who, like the Westminster Kennel Club and Graphic Kennels, will clear out the rubbish and start over again. To-day a man will breed to anything that has four legs and can run. This was clearly demonstrated to me at Boston, when I was making notes on a certain cross between an English and a Tennessee setter. A man standing by remarked: "You ought to see him in the field; he is as fast as a ghost. I'm going to breed a couple of bitches to him this spring." "Indeed," said I; "why, I saw a dog going up our street the other day with a tin can to his tail, and I would wager this dog never traveled half so fast in his life, but I'm not going to breed to him." A few minutes later I was in another part of the building, and I saw that setter man sitting all alone on a dog box with his head firmly planted between two tiny hands. He was doing something he had probably seldom done before. He was thinking.

Mr. Davidson kept very close to the type which he insists is the right one, and while I cannot agree with one or two of his decisions there was none of that glaring work which perplexes the beginner and never fails to bring dog shows into bad repute. The challenge classes were drawn blank. Monk of Furness and the New York dogs were probably being prepared for Chicago, and Cincinnati is much too wise a dog to face the music under any but Tennessee judges. The open class for dogs was as good as the same class at New York, and after a careful examination of the competitors Mr. Davidson landed on his old favorite, Kent II., for first, with Gus Bondhu second and a new one, Prince L., third. Kent II. has been in the money at New York, Boston, Toronto and Ottawa, and is well-known. Never good behind he is getting worse with age. Old Gus, though ten years old, looks just as well as he did when I saw him at Boston five years ago. This is a dog in a thousand. He moved as well as any setter in the ring and does not show a trace of age in his wise old face. Prince L., third prize, is a Laverack possessing a number of good points. Head well formed, although a trifle coarse; inclined to be throaty; hang of ears not perfect; stands back a bit at the knees; a trifle flat in loin; hocks should be lower; stifles should be a little more out. These are his defects and none are very pronounced. He is not so neat and clean in the head as the winner, but so vastly better is he behind and in movement that I should have placed him first. There is room for improvement in his condition. Ranger, reserve, is a blue belton, by Rockingham out of American Girl. Head lacking some in quality, it might be cleaner cut; rather throaty; only fair in knees; coat not flat behind the withers; feet inclined to turn outward; fairly good behind, save in tail, which is too long; elbows not free enough; rather coarse throughout. Canadian Locksley, vhc., got all he was entitled to. What a row Mr. Davey raised when I said this dog was faulty in eyes, loin, stern and hocks. Now, Mr. Davidson, who breeds him, seldom gets him higher than vhc. In addition to defects previously noted, add plain face and wrong movement behind. Edge Mark, vhc., is a sound and useful-looking dog, possessing many good points, but he comes too near the Tennessee order to suit the judge, who, after the raking the Major got in these columns for inconsiderate and glaring work, seemed determined that none but dogs of true English setter type should have any of the money. This dog Edge Mark has been doing some winning, and although he is by no means a bad one I think we have heard quite a lot of nonsense about him. He is a white, black and tan, flecked, standing on good forelegs and feet. Head not clean cut below the eyes and lips, near nose, not hanging just right (too tight); quarters and second thighs rather light; hocks too far from the ground; stern should be shorter; somewhat short from hips to set of stern; ribs not sufficiently sprung. He is at present too light in flesh, but taken all in all, I like him better than Ranger. Tony Gladstone, vhc., is all out of condition and should have been left at home. Mr. Davidson was generous to give him a card and he was clearly out-classed by Edge Mark, who was in the next kennel to him. Fair type of head, eyes a shade or two light, good lengthy neck, proper shoulders, stands back a bit at knees (which in his present bad condition may result from weakness), might have more depth in middle, back ribs not deep enough, long, badly carried stern; coat hard and dry. I would have put him out of the ring as not in fit condition to be shown. Rex, hc., is a big, upstanding, pretty dog with dish face, wrong eye and expression, bad feet, open coat and a very spanielly appearance in front. He was in elegant condition but is not a show dog. Flush, hc., is a big, coarse dog, heavy in skull, none too good in ears, very straight and bad behind and cut away below the hips. His good bone, forelegs and feet won him notice. Glen Belton, hc., was described in the New York report. He has come on some since then. Young Gath, Jr., c., is a white, black and tan, good in chest, forelegs and feet, but bad at both ends. His Grace, c., is a big, coarse, white and lemon without a pedigree, which is not the greatest drawback. Forest Tatton, c., is not in good condition, especially in coat, or would surely have been higher on the list. Too high and straight in hocks, loin not well turned, fair good head, legs and feet and not without character. Among the unnoticed ones Prince Hasty is fairly good in skull and ears, but defective in ribs (too flat), loin (light), knees, quarters

(narrow), stern (too long), and the left foreleg appears to have been injured at some time. Dover is a red dog with feather on legs and stern. Leo M. is one of the old native white and lemons, short in neck, weak in head properties and lacking in true character. Paul H. is a better dog than Rex that got a c. card, albeit rather coarse and sour in head and shallow in middle, good forelegs and feet. Spot is a white and liver showing spaniel character and having a note book full of defects. Royal Arthur, big in name but light in setter quality, is bad in head and coat. He has a lovely butterfly nose, all well enough in a circus horse, but not the right thing for the English setter class. Prince Edward belongs in the same category. Bitches were a rather mixed lot and judging the class was the hardest kind of a task. Blue Nell, that has found a coat since I last saw her, was finally put aside for first. She has gone in cheeks and is too bad in front legs and feet to suit me. Albert's Nellie, second prize, is not of the same type as many of Mr. Davidson's winners, but she showed fewer structural defects than anything in the class, and for this reason, combined with the fact of her showing quality and strength for her size, I would have placed her first on this occasion. She is an undersized white, black and tan with flecked body. Stop and below eyes not clearly defined, good neck, eyes a shade light, expression not quite right, rather long from the knee down and inclined to stand back at the pasterns; fair good shoulders, good neck; set of legs might be better; stern a bit too long, but well carried; hocks too straight; very small, but not weedy. Blue Jennie, third prize, is a taking-looking one. She has just raised a litter and is very soft and flabby, besides being too fat. My note book says: Muzzle and below eyes not clean cut; good skull; head well set; plenty of bone; not quite straight in front; good back; strong loin; stifles and hocks not right; tail not well carried; does not move well behind; proper coat; shows quality; catchy. Jessie Noble III., reserve, possesses quite a number of good points. She is a blue belton of modest manners and showed up badly in the ring. Coat not free of curl; not right below the eyes; lips, near nose, not hanging well; eyes might be better; fair good body, legs and feet; stern not very well carried; shows quality. In the condition in which the third prize winner was shown I think this bitch should have gone ahead of her. However, she acted badly in the ring and out of it, and tasked my patience to get a fair description of her. Flirt, vhc., was not on the bench, neither could I find her. Quite a number of dogs have a bitter dislike to my pen, and possibly she is one of them. Maud Noble, vhc., is handicapped with a small yellow eye and poor expression, but she is a strong, sound bitch, with good body and correct legs and feet. She may not be able to beat the third prize winner when that bitch is in tip top condition, but I think that in the present condition of both dogs Maud Noble should have been ahead. Katie Howard, vhc., is a blue belton, by Count Howard out of Princess Phœbus, blood good enough to build a kennel on if judiciously used. Will it be? A neat head, spoiled a bit by slight fullness below the eyes; legs not in good position; not perfectly straight in front; feet inclined to turn out; light in bone, coat in fine condition; good top; straight in hocks; deep, well-formed chest; moves fairly well; if right in legs would take a good one to beat her. Lady Snowflake, c., would be improved by white face markings. Her black head and muzzle, edged with tan, does not add to her appearance, and has the same effect as a black head on a fox-terrier. Feet and pasterns moderate; heavy in front; hocks too much bent and showing weakness; down a bit behind shoulders. Princess Novel, hc., as she stands to-day is not clean cut in face; yellow eyes; stands back at knees; well-turned body; coat short and inclined to be woolly; hocks too high and straight; a big, roomy bitch, somewhat coarse throughout. Puppies, with the exception of the winner, that will never become a crack, were a miserable collection; and surely it is time breeders stopped to think what they are doing. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in English setters during the past ten years, and it is humiliating to have to admit that we have accomplished so little in the way of improvement.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Report by Mr. Mason.

Certain owners and reporters have been telling us since the New York show that Irish setters are improving. Such statements are easily made, but the man does not live who can put forth evidence to support them. There is not a high class Irish setter dog on the bench to-day and with Molly Bawn out of condition there is not a high class bitch. Look at the classes and then go back to the time when Jarvis with Elcho, Jr., Wenzel with Chief and Tim, Pierce with Glencho, Roberts with the typical-headed Bruce, Clarke with Blarney and Dunphy with Molly Bawn (at her best) appeared at the shows. It needed an Irish setter to win in those days, and dogs that could not possibly have done better than vhc. are now winning, and in some cases winning easily. Breeders were on the right track but it was all too good to last. A handful of breeders with a correct idea of type raised the breed to a high level of excellence, and now that they have relaxed their efforts the beginner is having an inning. The result we see. New York showed a marked falling off in the quality of the exhibits. It was the same at Boston, although there were plenty of dogs. The challenge classes were represented by Max A., Kildare, Winnie II. and Ruby Glenmore. Max A. I have criticised before, but dogs, like other things, are apt to change with age and conditions, so I will go over him again. Rather plain about stop and below eyes, but not a bad head, it lacks that clean cut, bony and neat appearance which one likes to see in this breed, shows some jaw and too much neck skin, ribs not sufficiently sprung. Loin should be more arched, hocks rather high, good straight legs which are going a bit at the pasterns, would be better if shorter from knee to ground, eyes and ears about right, good coat, carriage correct, a dog of good size and showing some quality. His color is about right. Kildare, in his present condition, was rightly placed. He is a good topped dog, better in skull than Max, has well-placed ears and if put in tip-top shape would crowd and maybe beat him. Defects: Shows some throatiness, shoulders not first rate, not perfectly straight in front, out of condition, especially in coat; decision on this occasion correct. The bitches have been criticised recently.

Inchiquin, first in dog class, was very fully and carefully criticised in my New York report. I see nothing to change. He was in grand shape. Dan Mylrea, second prize, is a new one to me. He is defective in skull (too flat), cheeks (too full), muzzle (not clean cut nor quite right in lips), eyes (too light), and he might be better in chest (it's a bit wide), straightness in front and also in hocks. He is a useful-looking customer, not rangy enough for an Irishman (running too much to the English type), but he has a strong, sound frame, plenty of bone, good feet, a nice coat and a fine color. Bean Brummel has been temporarily injured in one hock, he was light in flesh and dull in coat. Those who have circulated the report that he is a cripple should be careful lest they hurt themselves more than the dog or his owner. For criticisms see New York show report in FOREST AND STREAM, March 5, and in addition to defects therein noted add too straight in hocks and lacking width through thighs and second thighs. Jacqueminot, reserve, was second at Boston last year. Head rather plain and coarse, though not actually bad, eyes a shade light, better than average ears, rather long from knees to ground, feet inclined outward, loin too short, falls too much from hips to stern, carriage of stern not perfect, color on and about quarters too light. Bluff, vhc., I did not find on the bench. Blaze, vhc., not clearly defined in stop, ears of good quality and well set, eyes rather light, a fairly good head,

falls a bit behind shoulder, loin strong but rather short, knees not just right, good feet, straight behind and hocks too high, enough bone, color fair, leggy, head and feet his best points. Huntington, he., was second at New York, and was here looking worse, especially in coat. Glen Jarvis, he., was second at Pittsburgh under the same judge, but must have been in poor company. He is, however, only a puppy and his coat alone in its present condition is bound to beat him in a fair class. Head of good length, but not right in stop and a bit plain. Forelegs and feet very bad, leggy, flat in loin, stands badly, too wide behind, skull the best part of him, will not be a show dog. Minstrel, he., was at New York. Duke, c., was not on the bench. Glen, c., is plain, light in eyes, straight behind, feet too small, lacks quality, not in show condition. Ben Hur, unnoticed, is fairly good in head and has an excellent color, but he is entirely too small for show purposes. Waif, unnoticed, is coarse and bad in color. Echo W., unnoticed, is bad at both ends, the ends commencing from the center.

Hazelnut II., first in the bitch class, is a well-known winner. The judge went very wide of the mark in selecting Elfreda for second place, as she was clearly beaten and outclassed by Eudora, that got third. Eudora was fully described at New York. She crowded Hazelnut II. for first place. Elfreda is somewhat coarse in muzzle, not clear cut below the eyes, a shade light in color of eyes, light in bone, very long from the knees down, inclined to stand over at the knees, too low at the shoulder for height of quarters, straight behind, no feather or flag, moves very badly when walking, coat showing curliness, was exceedingly lucky. This bitch took he. at New York, an award which represented her real merit. Belle, reserve, is a better specimen than the second prize winner. Stop and below the eyes not clearly defined, feet inclined outward, too flat in ribs, a bit slack behind the shoulders, stern should be straighter, skull too flat. Hammerless, vhc., and another chained near her were each marked No. 245, for this reason I shall pass both. Fauny Hazelout, he., shows quality in head, though it is too short, too low at the shoulder, position of shoulders not correct, good feet, does not stand true in front, set of stern not correct, very straight in hocks, good coat, superb color. Onota Belle, he., is too flat in head, not correct in stop, shoulders not right, feet and pasterns not strong, leggy, short coupled, coat not in good condition, shows some quality, best part of her is back of the loin. Daisy, c., is coarse in head, curly, shoulders not in good position, back parts are best. Puppies a very weak class. Ben Lewis had an Irish bitch along with him bound for Chicago that could have smothered most of them at this show. She is owned, I think, by Dr. Jarvis, and I shall expect her to do some winning.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Report by Mr. Mason.

As usual there were quite a number of black dogs in these classes, but very few Gordons. In the challenge class for dogs, Ivanhoe, just fair in head, wrong in expression, throaty, too wavy in coat and lacking correct type, was properly placed over his kennel companion, Leo B., who is very coarse in head but better than the winner in body and one or two other places. Becky Sharp in bitches beat Duchess of Waverly very easily. The last named is much above average in head, but is wrong in knees, hocks, neck, ribs and condition, and her hind feet especially are very bad. The open class for dogs was conspicuously free of good ones. Grouse, first prize, was first in puppy class at Boston last year. His head and bone which are just fair are about all the good I can find in him. Light eyes; ears long and spanely; very throaty; not straight in front; shows too much knee; ribs not right; tucked up in loin; very straight and stily behind; shallow in middle; hocks much too high; coat and shoulders and color passable. Dash L., second prize, is clearly inferior to the third prize winner, Tyrus, that should, I think, have been a rather easy winner of first prize. It is unnecessary to criticize these dogs again, because they are well-known winners. Rexmont, reserve, has some white on breast, is smutty in color, not right in knees, moderate in coat, not typical in head, and he lacks quality and true Gordon character. Nero, vhc., is rather short in ear, light in eye and in color, but he beats a number of them in expression and head, albeit rather plain. Rab II., he., is not a show dog. Yap, c., is plain in head, domed in muzzle, spanely in front and round in rump; good legs. Ranger, c., is plain throughout; wrong in knees; high and straight in hocks; narrow through the hips and he stands badly. Cliff B., is too long in front of the eyes, which are small and rather light giving him a wrong expression. Bone plenty; inclined to stand over at the knees; good color; does not move well; coat fair. Carlo lacks in head, neck, color, coat, markings, knees and feet. Old Jessica, carrying her years very well, was first in bitches. Like the second prize winner, she has a head of English type. She does not carry her stern well, and is not good in color, but she has good bone and stands well in front. V-n, third prize, lacks in expression, position of legs, loin, knees, feet, and she is very deficient in type. Crete II., he., is not a show bitch. Puppies a very poor lot with not a future winner among them. Light eyes, long whip tails and plain heads were painfully conspicuous. Dr. Dixon's team had a walk over for the kennel prize.

SPANIELS—(MR. WATSON).

Report by Mr. Mason.

Here the quality was much the same as at New York, a number of winners at the latter show being hailed winners at Boston. After having examined the winners at both shows it is quite evident to the writer that spaniels, like pointers, setters and mastiffs, are not making headway. The challenge class for all sorts and conditions of field spaniels, over 25 lbs. weight, brought into competition the Clumber Newcastle and the well known winners Newton Abbot Don, Baron and Lady. Newcastle being outclassed the competition lay between the last three named and the bitch won. Mr. Oldham, who had charge of Don, thought that dog should have won easily. Mr. Morris thought the prize at the mercy of Baron, and the owner of Lady thought the decision correct. There was some kicking and there will be lots more of it unless the Spaniel Club takes the bull by the horns and clearly defines the type of head that a field spaniel ought to have. Would it not be a good move to make the distinction clear, and also provide a class for Sussex spaniels? Our judges do not seem to know what type of head a field spaniel should have to be a good one, and time and again one finds overgrown cockers winning over dogs which the writer believes to be of better type. There was really no room for kicking over the awards in this class, because cocker heads are to the front at one show, Sussex beads at another, and the higher, leaner and longer heads find favor at a third, clearly showing that it is all a matter of fancy. If Bowers's Maud was a typical Sussex, and I believe she was, then Lady is clearly defective in head and decidedly so. If Zulu was a typical field spaniel then Don and Baron are both of them defective in head properties. As our standards do not clearly define the head points for the field class, there need be no wonder that judges fail to agree and that when in a tight corner they try to keep on the right tack by selecting the best bodied specimens. When Don beat Baron at New York the writer indorsed the award, believing as he does that Don's head comes nearer to what is wanted than Baron's, and because Don is shorter in leg and fully as long in body. Don, as head, is shorter at Boston, was not as good in body as Lady, but his head comes nearer to my idea of a field spaniel's head than Lady's does to either the field or Sussex head, and for this reason I would have placed Don first. There is, however, as surely must be seen, plenty of room

for competent and honest difference of opinion, and Mr. Oldham, whom I believe to be a good judge of spaniels, should not be slow to recognize the fact. In a conversation I had with Messrs. Willey and Wimerding at the New York show, I suggested that it would be best for the Spaniel Club to make known its idea in regard to the character of head that is most desirable for a field spaniel; and I hope the club will bestir itself so that when judging a class like the one under criticism we may know how to act so as to give satisfaction to ourselves, if not to the exhibitors.

In the open class for dogs Beverly Negus simply smothered Timbo, a short-bodied, leggy, light-eyed specimen of wrong type, but shown in good condition. Negus is in poor condition, but after the shows he should come on rapidly and prove a useful dog to Mr. Keasbey. Saybrook Lass, first in bitches, has a rather coarse head of cocker type, ears might be better, light in eyes, not quite right behind, a black bitch, whose best points are in body and coat. Saybrook Dolly is a weak-faced black and tan, light in eyes, throaty, too high, feet and pasterns only moderate, not right behind, stern not properly coated, coat too woolly, but may be improved, good body. She was entered in the class for blacks and transferred to that for "other than black," where she took first over her only competitor, Black Knight, a black dog with white on chest and near forefoot. This latter is not up to Mr. Willey's usual high class form, being short and plain in head, wrong in set of ears, defective in feet and pasterns, moderate in coat and bad in movement behind.

The challenge class for cockers found Jersey, Bessie W. and Rabbi in competition. The lucky winner at Lynn was here put in his proper place, going down before Jersey and Bessie W. All are well known. Decision correct. In the open class for dogs Oban, described in the New York report, was first. Sancho Panza, second prize, was not to be found when I called. Black Duchess, first in bitches, is a nice one and held the same position at New York, see report. Little Nell, second prize, is some points below her form. Cheeks rather prominent, lips not sufficiently forward, do with more bone, wrong behind. Lala, vhc., cheeks too prominent, lips too tight and not deep enough near nose; eyes too light, travels close behind, but not cowed; rather long cast, stern too high, bad feet, hocks rather straight, does not move freely. Shasta, he., was not on the bench. Ilva, he., shows too much stop, lips not right, good ears, tail not shortened, feet open and flat, coat only fair, not a good one.

In the class for dogs and bitches other than black Cherry Boy, the New York winner, was rightly placed over Rollo, a black and tan with some white on muzzle. Bad muzzle and eyes, hocks not first-class; body, legs and feet redeeming points. Peter, unnoticed, is a long-tailed, toothless, weak-faced and short coated specimen. He is a devil to bowl. Ponto is a curly mongrel. If Juliette has any good points they are inside and not out.

Clumbers, in the absence of the Ottawa Kennels, were a poor lot. Old Tyme, Mr. Richardson's once well known winner, was given second, and the rest of the prizes withheld for want of merit. Now that Clumbers are improving, and we have one or two good ones, there is no reason why the old winners of very wrong type should be encouraged.

Only one Irishman showed up, and as he is all out of coat and condition the judge very properly withheld the prize. This action of Mr. Watson's broke Ben Lewis's heart and so the management put on a poultice in the form of a \$10 bill and a prize ribbon, which quickly restored the injured Benjamin to a normal condition.

FOX-TERRIERS (MR. MAYHEW).

Report by Mr. Mason.

Many years ago—in 1877, I think—I was judging at a north country show with an old Yorkshireman. We had given four or five first prizes to a well-known exhibitor who would not keep a bad dog in his kennels, when this same exhibitor brought into the ring another good one. "Let's equalize things a bit," said my colleague; "we have already given four or five firsts, and it will give better satisfaction to give somebody else an inning." "Not here for that purpose," said I, and the "equalizing" did not come off. The judging of fox-terriers at Boston was evidently done on the "equalizing" plan, the result being intense dissatisfaction, which extended even to some of those who got a slice of the "butter."

The judge not only reversed previous awards made by himself, but tacitly admitted that his dog show reports are worthless and that his knowledge of dogs is best described by the letter O. Several of the awards call for a public explanation. This should be forthcoming without delay, for as matters now stand some of the work done has a very ugly appearance. In this opinion I am indorsed by the judge himself, as will be seen below. The challenge class for dogs contained a number of good ones. Indeed, it was about the best class of fox-terrier dogs that has been seen in this country. Raby Mixer, Dusky Trap, Lucifer, R-fle and Blemton Volunteer were the competitors, and the prize was given to R-fle, the reserve card going to Lucifer. These are dogs of the same type, though Lucifer is more upstanding and has more liberty throughout. He is of course a vastly better terrier than ever R-fle was or can be. Raby Mixer was unnoticed, although he beat Lucifer under this same judge at Boston last year, and the judge then stated that Lucifer is too short in couplings and cloddy-looking all through, that the dog was very much no good, and that he was dreadfully disappointed in him. This same judge has recently stated that Mixer has let down considerably, and that he is a better dog than he ever was, which is true. Lucifer was whelped in 1884, and of course is worse in mouth than he was a year ago and if anything weaker looking in foreface. In the interest of the fox-terrier fancy, justice and fair play, I ask why was Raby Mixer put back, and why was the short-legged and liberty-lacking R-fle placed over Lucifer? Here is Mr. Mayhew's report, which was printed in FOREST AND STREAM, April 10, 1890, the week following the Boston show. There can be no dodging this report, for it bears his own signature:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In compliance with your request I give you notes on the fox-terriers at the Boston show. The challenge class contained Raby Mixer, Blemton Rubicon, Lucifer and Bacchanal. It was soon evident the latter was outclassed, so I disposed of him early in the contest in order to make the reason for my award as plain as I will first describe the three remaining dogs as far as my opinions of them were formed. Raby Mixer has a keen, hard, determined expression, with a jaw of sufficient power, good skull, well-shaped and beautifully carried ear; his neck is good, but owing to his upright shoulders not so well placed as it would be did the shoulders lie more or less; he has clean, hard, granular-formed bone of excellent substance, neither too heavy nor too light, and stands on close, deep feet; as regards his front generally the greatest crack in Christendom could not find fault with it; his shoulders, as I have previously said, are too upright, but they are clean and devoid of superfluous muscle; ribs strong and robust; loin powerful; hindquarters as might be expected from his shoulders, straight in stifles and silt, and not quite nice in second thigh, but stern is very good and closed, and runs out light, and general make-up to my idea just what a terrier should represent, for what is a detraction in many terrier men's eyes with regard to him is to me an attraction, i.e., his total lack of any suspicion of squabbiness or cloddiness; in fact, the height from the ground so apparent in him is to me a feature in his favor, and not a blemish. His coat is not of nice quality, or of orthodox proportion, but it is dense and closed, and runs out serviceable as a longer and more fashionable one. Blemton Rubicon before I went in the ring I confess was my favorite as between himself and Mixer. He has a strong, powerful jaw, but a too prominent and pronounced forehead—not domed as I have heard it described—his ears not a nice shape, but his expression and character are good, of the pronounced Clarke type; neck nicely arched, his head close and well placed; bone clean, hard and well formed; his shoulders are oblique, but pitched too much

forward at the blade, which makes their mechanism too loose and floppy; ribs well formed and capacious, especially the back ones; loin too long and loose; hindquarters excellent, the muscle being beautifully distributed, with his hocks well let down. In top, set on of stern and general contour, he has all the high-class finish of his dam, which is saying a lot. His coat is of the fashionable profuseness, but is not dense enough, and when arched he puts up his hackles in a very pronounced way, which, to me, is not an additional attraction. In size he is about the same as Mixer, though his extra length of loin makes him appear a bigger and longer-bodied dog. Lucifer I was woefully disappointed in, as I certainly had the impression that he was the best of three. His teeth are none too good, nor is his mouth level by any means; his jaw is short and somewhat wedge-shaped, skull wide in proportion, eyes light and unattractive. In expression and character he is common, lacking that high-class, keen, undefinable property which should be found in a fox-terrier, nor, though game enough looking, there is a suspicion of foreign characteristics. His neck is short and inclined to be throaty; bone of sufficient substance, but its formation is marred by strong muscle on the outside of the forearm, and he falls away a bit about the pasterns, so that when he stands his front does not present that clean, even appearance so desirable. Hindquarters are well placed, but hidden by layers of unnecessary muscle; ribs straight, but not of good mind, too short; set on of stern excellent; hindquarters spoiled by badly-distributed, knobby muscle. In general outline he is too short in couplings and cloddy-looking all through; in fact, this evident shortness of body was a surprise to me, as I had never noticed this defect in him before. In judging the three dogs I first of all compared Rubicon with Lucifer, and found the former to score in quality, higher class character and finish in nearly all essentials of a fox-terrier, especially in distribution of muscle, power of head, formation of bone, length of body. Though the former is too long, I preferred this defect to the too short one of the latter, and only in size, and the way they stood in front had Lucifer the preference. After this Mixer underwent the ordeal of comparison with the white dog. In head, jaw, mouth, expression and character, he was the better of the two; in neck, form, formation of bone, cleanness of shoulders and general distribution of muscle, he had the preference, and only in size and movement could Lucifer beat him.

That dog shows as at present conducted are a royal farce, no experienced dog man can doubt, but this sort of thing is going a little too far and must be checked. Rachel, the beautiful, had an easy task in the challenge class for bitches, having only Blemton Consequence and Blemton Brilliant to beat. Blemton Brilliant took reserve, although, I think, the judge has described her as a bad one, and inferior to Blemton Consequence, but this was before Blemton Consequence was sold out of Mr. Belmont's kennel. She was the better bitch then, and I fail to see why a change of ownership should make her otherwise now. Mr. Thayer, who had been deprived of his just deserts in the challenge class for dogs (*vide* the judge's printed statement), was probably soothed a little by getting first in the open class for dogs. Russley Joker is the winner's name, and he showed up in much better form than at New York, where he was looking very seedy. Still I thought him lucky in beating the third prize winner, Blemton Victor, a grand-headed young one that only needs time. He is light in middle at present. Why Stardust Jack was given second I am at a loss to say, unless it was so that the Lyon decision in his favor might look less off-color than it would if he were sent out without a prize. He has a wretchedly bad head, and his coat about the neck and withers is long and open enough to suit any incompetent judge of "wires." Warren Laird, vhc., was at New York. He is a vastly better dog than Jack, and so is Blemton Valour, but what good looks the last named possesses will hardly be retained, as he is already getting coarse in head. Raby Trigger, vhc., is outclassed by Warren Laird, although placed equal to him. He falls too much in stop, has a rather plain head, is not good in expression, does not carry his ears close, and is none too good in coat. He is an inch too long in the back and although he can stand straight has a habit of throwing his feet out. He has plenty of bone, good straight legs, good feet and can beat the second prize winner. In my report of the New York show I said "four could beat Russley Joker." I think he cannot do when the latter is in condition. I think if Victor had been first, with Jack and Warren Laird next, and Valour where he was, with Jack and Trigger vhc., they would have been about right. Blemton Match, he., is not a show dog, though well bred. He is plain in head, wide in front, wrong in set of stern and is not straight. Mr. Logan, who has stopped buying Blemton cast-offs, is now getting to the front. Dona, first in bitches, is one of his recent purchases. She was bred by Mr. R-dmond, from Dominie and Avon May, but is not all front, in fact her most conspicuous defect—bad feet—is in front. She has a nice type of head, a shade weak perhaps before the eyes, is rather large in ears, would do with more bone and shows slight weakness in knees. A little more length in loin would improve her. She shows lots of quality, in fact more quality than strength and was hard pressed by the second prize winner, from the same kennel and a winner at New York. The latter has come on and may yet get ahead of Dona, whose mouth is going already. Verdict, third prize, is of a lower and sturdier type than Ebor Nettle; I prefer the last named. Both are well known, as are also Princess and Rosa Canina. Tunlaw Villanelle, c., a rare bred one, a trifle weak in face and not very straight in front, should have been higher on the list. Princess, unnoticed, is a small, round-headed puppy, wrong all over. Ebor Dusty, also unnoticed, is cheeky and light in eyes, good ears. I did not see her off the bench. The New York exhibitors did not show anything in this class and the judging was much better than elsewhere. In the wire-haired class Mr. Mortimer, of course, got all the money with Suffolk Toby and Suffolk Settler. The former is rather light in eye, not just right in stop or below eyes, and his ears are large enough. He is also rather wide in front, might be better (closer) in coat, and he was shown too fat. Settler is wrong in head, wide in front, heavy in shoulders and only moderate in coat. Tic Tac is better in head and ears than the second prize winner, but he fails in eyes, front and in coat. Terrigan, reserve, and Lill Foiler, he., are toyish, scanty in coat and wrong in front. The placing of Crack over Hillside Joker in the puppy class was a most unjust decision. The former has a nasty, long, sheepish face, wretched stern, beagle ears, low set, and is not a show dog to-day and never will be. Joker is rather large in ear, on the coarse side in head; good legs, feet and puppy coat. He should have been the easiest kind of a winner. Warren Dare, reserve, is coarse and round in skull, bad in hocks, but is fairly good in legs and feet. His head will always stop him. Dominica in the bitch puppy class won all the time from Woodale Refusal, who equals her only in coat and strength of limbs. Woodale Reva, he., is coarse in head, cheeky, wrong behind and moderate in feet. Of all the puppies shown only Dominica will prove a winner in good company, though the second prize dog may be heard from again. Rachel won the special for best of all classes, and the Blemton Kennels won the kennel prizes. The award in favor of Mr. Mortimer's wire-haired terrier for best in the open class was as absurd and unjust a decision as was ever made in a fox-terrier class. Further comment is unnecessary. Such judging acts as a boomerang, doing far more injury to the judge than to the wronged exhibitors.

MASTIFFS—(E. H. MOORE).

Mr. Moore handled this breed, making his *début* as a judge, and I am sorry that there was not a larger and better entry; but somehow the mastiff classes have been poor all through the circuit, and if it was not for two or three kennels which have been more or less represented, the quality of dogs, like those in the collie classes, would have shown a palpable falling off. Iford Chancellor was here in the challenge class, and with his kennel mate, Lady Coleus, they were the only representatives in their classes. In open dogs

a very poor lot came forward, and the judge rightly withheld the first and second prizes, giving third to Duke, who has a head of the old type, too long, nicely formed ear, excellent eye, is coarse in coat and pasterns weak. This dog created additional interest in himself from the fact that over his stall was a notice that he was kept free from fleas by the use of "Knock 'Em Stiff" soap. Numa Pompilius, reserve, a great name but a poor mastiff. He has a poor expression, a long muzzle and light eye, carries his ears badly, his feet turn out a bit, and he is inclined to be roached backed. Nicholas, bc., has also a "long head," ears set on too high, has a fairly good front, is light in body and a bit straight behind. The bitch class was just as good as the other was bad, and certainly no finer class of bitches could be brought together just now. Cambrian Princess was out of shape, heavy in whelp and thin. It was a question of putting her down the list, as the judge could not give her first, or sending her out without a mention; this the judge had the kindness to do. The fair owner, however, thought otherwise, and was unwise enough to create a scene. Such practices are reprehensible in a man and much more so in a woman, as the judge has no defense. For the winner Mr. Moore picked out Canton's Own Daughter, indorsing the Baltimore decision; Miss Canton coming next, owned by the same kennel, third going to Madge Minting, who has a fairly well shaped head, ears faulty, is full in eye, feet too long and open, nice body, and is good behind, though a bit light in bone. Lady Beatrice, vhc., is small, knuckles over in front, not enough breadth of skull, is well-ribbed, but is in poor condition; just off a little, we were told. Ingleside Cambrian Princess, faulty in muzzle, ears not right and hindlegs could be better. In puppies, Monadnock, a bit dish-faced and round in skull, too round in barrel and not deep enough, faulty in quarters and tail, came in for first, with Beaufort, Jr., second. This dog we did not see. Ingleside Princess took the reserve card, and Duke II., faulty in head and front, vhc.

ST. BERNARDS—(H. W. LACY).

Grim death had been busy in the St. Bernard ranks and of all the bright array of these dogs seen at New York, six weeks since, very few were on hand. Two of the best, Ben Homond and Alton, have passed over and Sir Bedivere and Hesper were on the sick list. On the other hand, it was a pleasure to see the frisky condition in which the Lady Livingston and Sneezy were in. The challenge dogs were absent, one dead and the other sick. In the bitch division Lady Livingston beat Manon nicely in size, bone and length, Miranda getting the reserve. Lady Wellington absent. In open dogs, Alton having died left Lord Melrose to do the honors of the kennel, this he did well for he was looking much better than at New York. Scotch Bonivard, second, has a nice expression and markings, muzzle would do with more depth, eyes be darker, chest wider, rather poor in flesh, nice coat and good bone. White Chief, third, is a well-boned active dog, coat needs attention, has good volume of skull, a rather blunt plain muzzle but good depth, his light bulgy eyes and too much hair spoil his expression altogether, ears could also be carried better. Bruce, reserve, has a curly coat, is a bit houndy in head but of good depth, has excellent bone but is inclined to be straight in stifles. Hesper, Jr. is a bit plain-faced, muzzle snipy, nice skull, not enough blaze, a bit stout in body but a good mover. In bitches Lady Livingston's promotion to the challenge class let Lady Sneezy Plinella, whose only fault is a hardly deep enough muzzle and a badly carried tail, carried on the back like a watch spring. Ellen Terry, third, though faulty in head—long and not enough stop—still her good legs, bone, body and coat served to put her over Moore's Lady Melrose, reserve, who though better considerably in shape of head loses in front, hindlegs and body. Princess Saffron, vhc., is small, lacks bone, is a bit weak in pasterns, not enough skull, is a trifle dish-faced, but has a nice look of quality, being nicely marked. Gundred, hc., who has a fair head, though a bit long-faced and flat, was shown lame or would have got another letter. In puppies first went to the light-colored Mount Zion Guy, the second winner at New York and improving, he was an easy first, followed by Countess Bedivere, who though plain and long-faced has an excellent body and bone, is almost white in body color. Rex Bonivard, third, has a fine head but loses in bone and straightness of front. Prince Draco, vhc., has a light shelly body as yet, feet turn out, pasterns being weak, muzzle long and light and big in ear. Noble, vhc., is not ribbed up enough, dips behind the shoulder, coat is a bit curly, has a fair head, is straight behind but possesses good bone.

In smooths, some very fine stock was shown. The well known Beauchamp was the only entry in his challenge class. So was Cleopatra in hers. Both looked well. In open dogs a good one in Belisarius was shown. He has an excellent head, splendid front, well boned, but is hardly ribbed enough but depth of body good, excellent action; his color, his worst fault, a light brindle, but well marked. Duke of Sparta, he of the houndy head but excellent body and legs, came next, with Viscount Ebrington, very nice in front but a trifle cowhocked and weak behind, second. Patrol, third in novice class at New York, vhc. He lacks markings and is faulty behind. In bitches, that sweet-headed and full-of-quality bitch Empress of Contocook was a good winner over Burton Belle, as at New York, where both were described. Mr. Green was so pleased with this bitch that he did himself the pleasure to take her in the ring when shown against Cleopatra for the special. Nora, third, was the puppy and novice class winner at New York. She is long in muzzle, shows a little too much coat, has excellent limbs, but is a bit flat ribbed. Nun Nicer, vhc., is small. In puppies, Viscount Ebrington won nicely over Nora. Fanny, vhc., is narrow in head, muzzle not deep enough and bone too light, ears too large, tail faultily carried, but has nice body and limbs. Belmont III, hc., I did not find in his stall. An excellent dog on the bench was Keeper of Contocook, seemingly a very good specimen of the smooth order, one that would give the best some fun. Why he was not shown is a mystery.

GREAT DANES—(H. W. LACY).

These classes were poorly filled, the New York winners, Pascha and Nero, being the best in dogs, vhc. going to Roland II., a harlequin, light in bone and snipy-muzzled. In bitches Flora Florida won again over Flora; these two have been repeatedly described, and Fitz, vhc., is too cloddy and short-headed.

DEERHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

Quite a nice display. In the bitch challenge class I thought Ramona beat Wanda in head, coat, front, bone and hind parts. Olga loses behind. In open dogs a rattling class showed up and first went to the despised dog at Lynn, which I found to be one of the best legged ones yet seen, excellent head, shoulders and quarters, might be a bit better in ribs and depth of body. Douglas loses in hocks. Allen Breck, reserve, has been described; beats Warrior in head and front. Duncan, hc., loses in bone and head. In bitches I liked the light-colored one, Sylvia, better than her kennel mate, Ruth; has a better front, head, quarters and hindlegs. Lorna Secunda, vhc., is well known, loses in bone and head to the others. A promising pup, Hillside Robber, built much after the style of Hillside Harold, was alone in the puppy class.

GREYHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

Gem of the Season and Maud Torrington met in the challenge class, the dog's better hind parts and ribs placed him in front. In open dogs Charles Davis scored his first win of

the circuit, his old antagonist being out of the way, the rather plain, soft-looking Scudding Cloud, handled by an old exhibitor, Mr. H. W. Smith, whom we were pleased to see still knew how to "set" them, came next, he has a nice head and ribs, might be better in loin but boasts a good set of legs. Glaucus, vhc., loses in bone, head, ribs and hind muscling to him. Demos, bc., is too coarse and loosely put together, and long in couplings. Imperator by some mistake was either not in the ring or was sent out by mistake by the steward, as when I came round to take notes I found a fine hound but no mention card up, though too short in body his fine front, nice head, neck, ribs, quarters and general look of quality entitle him to be, at least, though he was shown out of shape. In bitches Lady Clare, a stronger built bitch than Spinaway, who loses in ribs, quarters and head to the former, was placed first and the latter a good second, she is hardly in good shape yet. Spice, vhc., loses in ribs and body and is not let down enough in stifles, nice head and ears. A nice lot of quality was apparent in these classes.

BEAGLES—(W. STEWART DIFFENDERFFER).

As predicted, the show of beagles in this hotbed of the fancy was excellent, for like their ancestors of old in their fight for independence, they were bound to show that they were justified in having some say in personal matters. The judge had no easy task, and all things considered, got through his work very creditably. A word may here be said about measuring. That an injustice was done one dog, Clyde, I am pretty sure, as the cross bar was used upside down, which made a difference of nearly half an inch, and as the dog was only just over the twelve inch, the half inch was an important item, and when the mistake was found out the class should have been rejudged, but the judge had gone home. Frank Forest again succeeded in downing Little Duke, it's a mere matter of opinion. Fitzhugh Lee was shown too fat. In open dogs a pretty sight was formed in the ring, and a new aspirant came forward in Brittle, a nicely formed little fellow, cobby, good coat and front, eye a bit prominent, and hardly clean enough in throat, excellent movement. Tony Weller, well-known, came next; loses in front and head to the other. The Rambler, winner at Lynn, took third; he is not so good in front, and skull and muzzle are both faulty, but he is a nice shaped little dog of true beagle type. Don, vhc., was the winner at Pittsburgh, and described then. About twenty bitches dashed into the ring in the next class and gave the gentleman from Baltimore something to think about, and in placing the winner he was not far wrong, though I must deprecate the practice of giving every dog in the class a mention however good they may be as a whole, as it detracts from the merit and honor such letters should convey. Mr. Diffenderffer evidently has a kind heart, so we will do our best to forgive him this time, but I am afraid other reporters will not as it increases their labors more than double. Topsy S. was again picked out the winner: she was spoken of in Lynn report, where she won; her coat is soft, but her understandings are good. Second went to Countess Juno, who carries a little too much bone, but legs and feet are of the best; muzzle is a bit long, is not clean enough in shoulder and neck, nice skull, ear and action, a rather coarse little bitch but of good type. Reserve went to Twitwo, whose excellent legs and body can hardly offset her lengthy head and longish model when alongside those of better type. Among the vhc. division, which numbered six, Lonesome is a fairish bitch, faulty in head and front; Glenrose Topsy has been described; Dixie I. is a little on the large size, too straight-faced, a bit coarse, and is wide in front, good action and carriage of stern; Fanny is a bit coarse in head, stands wide in front, ears not right, excellent bone and action; Oakview Juliet is a bit pinched in muzzle, coarse in ear and hardly true in front, a nicely put-together bitch with good expression and carriage. In the hc. lot came Gypsy Forest, too prominent in eye and brow, not depth of chest, fair coat; Mollie, out at elbow, too foxhoundy a head, good loin and coat; June Rose, faulty in face, fair front, soft in coat; Forest Queen, long in head, ears too bloodhoundy, poor feet, is nicely ribbed, soft in coat and a bit too straight behind; while a beagle should not be let down like a greyhound, still there is a happy medium; Bess K. is large, weak in pasterns, has a good coat, is too long in head, but gets along in good style. In under 12in., first went to Bessie, a more cobby built one than Bannerqueen, but loses in bone, coat, muzzle, and type of head to the latter. Cattie, vhc., and Dixie II. are just apologies for beagles, there is nothing to them, and though they may make excellent carriage pets I do not think that takes some following. These sort would do for Hyannis, where the going is necessarily slow. In dog puppies, Forest Prince proved the winner over King Kel, who we rather thought the better, his feet turn out a bit, muzzle could be better, has a good coat and fair ribs, good bone, but not so good in head as the winner. Little Rock is poor, light-boned and short-faced. In bitches, Daisy I., first, could not find, and Fanny Lee is a bit long-faced, has a nice front, coat soft yet, ears nicely formed. Altogether this was the finest display of beagles ever seen together in this country, and shows conclusively that the N. B. C. is now a club that can make its voice heard in any premium list, for their list of specials overtopped those of any other breed.

FOXHOUNDS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

These dogs showed up well too, but type was very diversified. Before another season comes round it would pay some one to import say two couples of English hounds—good ones, something that will give people an idea of the type, and when showing for a kennel prize make a good sort of appearance. In open dogs the winner was Waltham Jewel, a bit long cast, nice legs and feet, but not depth enough of chest, dog more on the American type. Deacon was at Lynn last week, and Andy S., vhc., had the best head in the class, coat too soft, though fair legs and feet. Prince, hc., good body, legs and feet, and should have been higher up; head a bit coarse but of good shape. Hunter B. is loaded in shoulders and very throaty, is weak in pasterns and coat too soft, but has a good body. In bitches Bess has a good front, a soft coat; in fact many of these hounds lack the hard, wet-resisting coats that these dogs should have; the texture of a hound or beagle coat is distinct from any other. Nell, second, is faulty in front, but has a nicely formed body. Dixie is pinched in muzzle and none too true in front.

POODLES—(H. W. LACY).

In the absence of Dexter, Barri had a look in for first which he won hands down, followed by Nell, who though small is of good type; they are both old winners; both of the coats could be improved in texture. Moné, reserve, is of nice form but faulty in skull and coat too woolly. Aida, vhc., loses in loin and coat.

BULLDOGS—(JOHN E. THAYER).

After the enterprise shown by the Bulldog Club at New York and Baltimore I think it was very bad taste to say the least, to boycott this show on account of a breed which, while it may usurp some of the rights of the bulldog, is not likely to make much progress outside of Massachusetts; and the W. K. C. have just as much right to make a class for this breed as any other club has to give specials to the best liver dog with yellow eyes, owned in such and such a town. Mr. Thayer, as the pioneer of good bulldogs showing in this country and a prominent member of the club, certainly deserved better treatment, and their action is a blotch on the bright escutcheon of this club. In the challenge class Harper was the winner and alone. In open dogs the plain-faced, but good-skulled Carisbrooke was returned the winner over Ziz, who, while he has a nice head and wrinkle,

is not out enough at shoulder, fair body. Jack Horner, third, is only a fair one, not out enough in front. In bitches The Graven Image scored an easy win over Psyche, who loses to her in jaws, skull and front. Puppies were absent.

BULL-TERRIERS—(R. F. MAYHEW).

An excellent gathering. That good bitch Attraction had little difficulty in disposing of Jubilee, whom she beat in head and front. In dogs, Prince Bendigo, a bit out in front and inclined to be cheeky, was the winner. With Dick Whittington, whom I prefer in head, second; Dufferin, a short faced dog and none too good in front, getting reserve. King of Hearts, faulty in head and not true in front, vhc. Top-sparkle, a bit spiky in muzzle but truer in front and body than either of the last two, hc. Greenhill General is a bit cheeky and open in feet, but his excellent limbs, body and quality should put him higher. In bitches, My Queen had to give way to that good bitch White Violet, who, though undershot a trifle, beats the other in muzzle and body, shorter. Countess Nell must have been put back on account of being undershot. The smart Little Donovan beat Stanley Bill again in puppies, with Stanley Belle reserve. These were all described at Lynn. An excellent show of round heads was on hand, and now that a club has been formed and a standard is to be formulated, they will very likely receive recognition and become a recognized breed, though I think their encouragement is more likely to hurt the bull-terrier fancy than the bulldog.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(H. W. LACY).

First went to Laddie, who is better in head, length of jaw and body than Solway Queen, both are wrong in front, too dachshundy, and Gypsy V. is snipy muzzled, weak in loin and wretched behind, hocks fairly knuckle in. The owner of these dogs, Mr. Brooks, has commissioned Frank Dole to get him a pair of good ones in England, so this breed may look up yet.

IRISH TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

Breda Bill had the challenge class to himself and Mars had little difficulty in accounting for Shaun Boy, who is a bit coarse, too wide in front, has a fair coat. In bitches Dunmore beats Nora S. in head, Nora's coat has still that very wiry feel about it, but I could find no evidence of artificial hardness so let it go again; if I had the touch of a Helen Keller might think more. Nancy II., large, falls away in muzzle, head thick and short, coat good, a little cloddy throughout. In puppies Breda Choice, a bit too big but of fair type, won over Mickey Free, who loses in head and front.

Black and tans will be reported by Mr. Mason at my request. In looking them over again on a clean board floor and in good light I preferred Prince Regent to Salisbury, though as they were shown in the ring Salisbury was truer in front.

Sir Stafford was the only Skye and looked himself, as usual.

YORKSHIRES—(H. W. LACY).

Toon's Royal, looking in good coat, was alone in the dog class, and Wadford Leah, with her better tan, only just beats Venus, whose cloudy head coloring was against her, though she is more even in head color than the other, though too dark. This decision of course may be reversed, but there is room for difference of opinion, but as the rich, clear tan on the head is, I think, more difficult of attainment than the body color I gave more importance to it in this case. Fishpool Gem won in the small class.

PUGS—(H. W. LACY).

These were poorly represented, Vesta being the only good one, and she easily accounted for Nellie Bly, who is shown now in better shape. In dogs Prince II., wretchedly long in muzzle, but so much better in ear, front, body and curl than the next, Fritz Emmett, that he got the ribbon. Budge, better in type of head than the others, but too fat and large, took vhc. In bitches Cassina had little difficulty in disposing of Nellie M., whom she beats in skull, muzzle, ear and general carriage, though she has a black face.

TOY SPANIELS—(H. W. LACY).

In the challenge class Nanki Poo, a well known Jap, was the only contestant, Exeter Beauty being absent. In King Charles spaniels the prizes were withheld, Don Pedro, who had a fair skull, but a muzzle one could lean upon, was given. In a mixed class Ching II., a nice little Jap, a bit long-faced, scored easily over the Ruby, Victoria, who beats Robbie in skull, muzzle and body. Several schipperkes were shown and I placed them as near to the standard as I could, never having seen an acknowledged good one. In the miscellaneous class for heavy weights I tried for the Airedale, but as Mr. Watson pulled him to pieces till there was little left of him, I concluded I knew nothing about them, and so looked round for a familiar face, and spying old Bertrand, the basset, plumped for him and gave what I presumed was a Mexican hairless second prize, but I was afterwards informed that it was a Japanese hairless, the distinction in favor of the Jap being nine hairs on his forehead. I was very pleased to hear that, especially as the weather looked threatening. Vhc. went to the Airedale Ajax, who is not good in front and muzzle too weak and is short-faced. In small ones Topsy, a nice Maltese, won, a poorish Bedlington took second and the Boston show was again counted among the events of the past.

[Mr. Mason's criticism of the collie and black and tan terrier classes will appear next week.]

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

Best exhibit of 4 or more mastiffs, Flour City Kennels. Best American-bred smooth St. Bernard dog over 18 mos., Duke of Sparta; bitch, Empress of Contocook. Under 18 mos. dog, Viscount Ebrington; bitch, Nora. Rough, over 18 mos. dog, Lord Melrose; bitch, Moore's Lady Melrose. Best exhibit of 4 or more rough or 4 or more smooth St. Bernards, Moore. Best kennel of 4 or more field, cocker or Clumber spaniels, Keasby. Best spaniel in show, K. Ashby's Lady. Collie specials: Club medal for best stud dog, The Equire. Silver medal for best collie in open class, Roslyn Dolly. Bronze club medal for second best, same conditions. Best member of member of N. B. C. Gordon setter special: Best kennel 4 or more, S. Dracoon. Braze specials: A piece of silver for best bitch in puppy class, Fanny Lee. Same for best beagle in show, Brittle. Cup for best stud beagle with field trial record, Frank Forest; best bitch with field trial record, Tone; best bitch that started in field trials 1890, Twitwo; best stud dog with two of his get, Frank Forest. (4) Grey Forest, Topsy S.; best kennel in show, S. Dracoon. Best dog in show, Countess Juno; best dog in open class, Brittle; bitch, Countess Juno; best dog in puppy class, Forest Prince. Club cup for best couple with field trial record, Frank Forest, Gypsy Forest. Cup for best pair in show, dog and bitch, Brittle, Countess Juno. Special for best kennel of 4 under 12 mos., Glenrose Beagle Kennels. Best foxhound dog, Waltham Jewel; bitch, Bess; best dog or bitch, Bess. Best kennel Irish setters, Kildare Kennels.

A GOOD BEAGLE.—Barton, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I wish to ask the boys through the FOREST AND STREAM who owns a better beagle bitch than my old Skip (A. K. R. 1907)? Skip is eight years old, has had 72 pups and raised 61 of them, and has just whelped six. Skip stands 13½ in., chest measure 24½ in., weighs 27 lbs., and can run to-day as many hours as the best of them. Skip is the dam of Frank Forrest, Chapman's Tone, Proctor's Skippy and lots of other good ones we have up here. Skip has never been shown, but was pronounced by a good judge a prize winner sure.—GEO. F. REED.

DOG CHAT.

THERE is one little item in show management which seems to have escaped the managers this year. This is a little square platform for each ring. To a judge these platforms are of inestimable value to get an uninterrupted and raised view of the dogs. When it comes down to a critical question between the merits of two dogs almost equal, a raised view of the dogs is a great help in arriving at a correct decision.

Mr. Geo. Thomas, who is so favorably known among the boys as the manager and chief valet to those "dear" little Yorkshires, will sail for England after the Cleveland show. He goes over in the same vessel as Prof. Parker, who takes his troupe of performers along to delight the Britishers. George has several commissions to fill for terriers and will be home in time for the fall shows.

The article in the Boston *Globe* on the principal exhibitors and men of dogdom at the Boston show, took mightily, judging from the number of extra copies that were mailed even as far as the "tight little island."

Pneumonia was busy among both dogs and men at the Boston show. Ramona, one of Mr. Thayer's best deerhound bitches, was taken sick with it after winning the challenge prize on Tuesday afternoon and on Thursday morning was a dead dog. This is quite a loss to Mr. Thayer, as, of course, she was a good one to beat such a bitch as Wanda. Katie Howard, the English setter bitch, was also taken sick with it, but whether she pulled through or not we have not heard. Mr. Morris had her in charge, Joe Lewis having been called home, as all his family were down with la grippe.

What's this tale about Sally Brass II.? We heard she was ordered to the cellar for skin disease before the judging and Dr. Glover is said to have expressed an opinion that she was not fit for the bench. Wilcox persuaded him that he was mistaken and the bitch went back on the bench—and stayed there. Then went into the ring and won. Sally Brass II. was in good condition.

Mr. S. S. Hanks, of Boston, who has been doing St. Petersburg, Russia, this winter, comes home about the end of this month. It will be remembered we gave a list some time since of the several good fox-terriers this gentleman had purchased. It seems now that Mr. Jean Grosvenor and he are in partnership and intend getting together a good kennel of fox-terriers. The first of the bitches arrived March 30. This was Grouse II., in whelp to Venio and due April 13. Damsen, a litter sister to Dominie, will come out as soon as she has been bred to D'Orsay. Another is Brockenhurst Dutton, who will sail immediately after being bred to Dominie. With this blood in the kennel Boston should soon become a strong fox-terrier center, especially with Mr. Thayer's kennels close at hand. Mr. Grosvenor and his friend will build a handsome kennel during the summer.

Our latest news from Baltimore is that Hepsey was much better and is on a fair way to recovery. We trust the pups can also be saved, as we believe they are about the first of the Scottish Prince's.

On Saturday last we saw Frank F. Dole and Frank Comstock off to England by the Umbria. Both looked happy and had no fear for the consequences. They go on the hunt after terriers. Frank Dole has numerous commissions, and we doubt if Cruft can hold another terrier show for some time to come. At the last moment we conveyed an order for the best pair of Dandies, to be bought for Mr. Brooks, of Boston. Frank's address will be care of the *Stock-Keeper*, 1 Hanover street, London.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ledyard, who is an enthusiastic beagle man, at the Boston show. He owns quite a nice beagle in The Rambler. He tells us that there is a movement on foot to form a kennel club in Maine, and no doubt this summer or in the early fall some definite action will be taken. It is intended to hold shows alternately at Portland, Bangor and Lewiston. Another object of the club will be to hold field trials for pointers and setters, for they see no reason why they should not; game is plentiful and the country well adapted, and much nearer to home for many of the sportsmen than those of the South.

Mrs. Smythe, owner of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, while at Boston, bought two nice young bitches by Alton from Mr. Sydney W. Smith. They will be bred to Scottish Prince before coming over.

The Toronto Kennel Club is booming and many new members have been enrolled and they intend holding a members' show soon. Speaking of Toronto reminds us that the Industrial dog show committee met Thursday last to elect officers for the next show. After some discussion as to whether officers of the committee should be allowed to show dogs at the show, because of some detrimental remarks having been made last year, it was resolved to finally settle this question at the next meeting, to-day, and the following officers were elected: C. E. Postlethwaite, Chairman; John Maughan, Vice-Chairman; J. F. Kirk, John Massey, C. H. Nelson, J. Henderson, J. Wilson, W. S. Jackson, Capt. C. Greville Harston, Robert Junior, J. G. Mitchener, H. B. Donovan, J. D. Dilworth. Mr. C. A. Stone was then elected superintendent with the right to publish the catalogue. After a statement of the financial resources of the dog show part of the exhibition was read it was found that there was \$1,354 to the good, an unprecedented showing. Messrs. Kirk, Wilson, Massey, Junior, Mitchener and Jackson were appointed a committee to consider the amount of prize money to be given and to select the judges. A great show may certainly be expected next September.

The new Omaha Kennel Club members are getting together a good lot of dogs. Mr. John H. Short, one of the officers of the club, has purchased a pair of good beagles of Bannerman stock. Another is going in for cocker spaniels, and a Mr. Koster is negotiating for a crack black and tan terrier. Recognizing the risk of sending East for all the dogs they want, the club intends, through its members, to get together good specimens of the most fashionable breeds and by breeding be able to supply the demand for dogs from the far Western States.

The St. Bernard breeders of this country had taken a great fancy to Alton and there is little doubt but that he would have become a very fashionable sire, as he had already proved his ability as a stud dog, having among others sired the crack bitch Alta Belle and Altona, and was not four years old when he died. His death is a great loss, both to Mr. Moore and the St. Bernard breed. On the Thursday before his death the doctor offered \$1,500 for him, the dog was improving so much, and then came two days of the most fearful snowstorm that Washington has experienced for many years, and this was more than the poor dog could stand, and on Sunday he went under. Arthur Trickett, who staid with him at Washington, never had his clothes off from the Saturday of the Washington snow till Sunday the week following, and naturally he was completely done up for want of sleep, having to administer medicine every hour. Alton was by the great Pitulimmon out of champion Queen Jura, and therefore royally bred.

On Friday the children from the Kindergarten for the Blind were invited to the show, and arrived in the morning in charge of the Misses Bennett and Phelps. Among them was Helen Keller and her teacher, Miss Sullivan. Last year Helen was unable to speak, but this year not only can she do so but asked after some of the winners of last year. While others of the afflicted children show unmistakable signs of not having all their senses, Helen Keller can certainly give points to many who are in full possession of them in brightness and animation. While in the ring the other children made no particular demonstration, but Helen was quite beside herself with excitement till the dogs came in to be founded. The first to come was Harper, the bulldog, and the good natured old fellow just laid himself out to be as sociable as possible, and the way they mauled him must have been trying to any dog. Some got him by the head and others by his screw tail, but he didn't mind it, but just enjoyed himself. Then Gem of the Season, the greyhound, came in, and his spindly legs and long, thin tail rather puzzled the children, and from their looks they evidently found it hard to determine where he began and where he ended. The St. Bernards also came in for their share of attention. Helen, asked to place the dogs as she liked them, put Lord Melrose first, a great Dane second; and of the smaller dogs the Italian greyhound was given first place. It rather made one jealous to see what a favorite among these children was Mr. Blackwood Fay, their first inquiry was for him, and they were quite at home with him.

The Vredenburg vs. Peshall libel suit, as we reported last week, was set for yesterday. It was, however, not put on the calendar for that day. Mr. Peshall appeared before Judge Martine, and after explaining that this was his ninth attempt to have the case tried, asked that it now be disposed of in order that he might go on with other suits. The District Attorney, for Mr. Vredenburg, said that it would not then be tried because "there were witnesses in Philadelphia whose convenience should be consulted." The new date agreed on is April 17, at which time, Judge Martine promised, it will be disposed of.

Secretary W. A. Coster, of the Eastern Field Trials Club, writes us that there will be a meeting of the governors at the office of Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, 44 Broadway, Tuesday April 14, at 3 P. M.

A little boy in Bergen Point, N. J., a son of a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM*, was so interested in the account of Helen Keller that he wrote a letter himself to Helen, inclosing a dollar of his own to the "Helen Keller" fund.

Mr. Francis S. Brown informs us that the Philadelphia Kennel Club claims the week commencing Dec. 14 for their next field trials.

"Dog Chat" this week must necessarily be "curtailed." La grippe holds us fast and a sore throat stops our bark.

CALIFORNIAN NOTES.

EASTERN greyhound men will have a chance to win a little money in this State this fall. The Merced meeting will probably offer \$500 for the first money, with \$250 for second. The Merced boys propose to run their own meeting this year and the other club cannot blame them. The work is all theirs and they should have the glory. After the Merced meeting, the Occidental Coursing Club will give an open meeting at their park at Newark, near San Francisco. The Occidental meeting will be a sort of consolation meeting for the losers at Merced. The Eastern dogs will also stand a better chance of winning at the inclosed coursing. It takes a regular cinker to win at open coursing with such jacks as are common about Merced.

The premium list of the California Kennel Club will contain 175 special prizes instead of 150, as I wrote you last week, and since the list went to the printer we have received specials to the value of \$100 more.

At the meeting of the executive committee of the California Kennel Club held at their rooms March 24, it was decided to hold the show at the Wigwam, April 29 to May 2 in place of beginning April 23 as first published. Mr. A. Russell Crowell was elected superintendent. The committee adopted the finest diploma the writer ever saw. It is a lithograph about 16 by 20 in. containing an appropriate hunting scene, 6 heads in profile of various breeds, a pointer (ch. Patti M.), and the usual reading matter. The committee distributed 144 special prizes, ranging in value from \$1 to \$60. The best pointer in the show wins \$30 cash. Best dog or bitch in show wins a \$60 portable house. The specials aggregate in value over \$1,000. The premium list will be out March 28. Many valuable specials will be added to the list before the opening of the show.

The Southern California Kennel Club's show at Los Angeles promises to be an enjoyable occasion. The premium list just issued is small, but neat. Ninety-six classes are provided for, with 45 specials of considerable value. I think the classification might be improved. Newfoundlands are given three classes and I doubt if the country contains three true Newfoundlands. There are a few smooth-coated St. Bernards here though, but the club has not provided for them at all. The prizes consist of diplomas, and while many would prefer cash, I doubt if a show could pay expenses here if they gave cash prizes. NAMQUITT.

THE CHICAGO SHOW.

[Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

CHICAGO, April 8.—The third show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club promises to be even a greater success than the others. Nearly all the well known Eastern handlers are here with big strings. Judging did not commence till 11:30, a few minutes since. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, greyhounds and the sporting classes are especially well filled. Pug and terrier classes are as good, if not better, than at New York. There are six rings in the two buildings, but they are small.

The challenge Irish setter class is great. Geo. H. Covert's purchase of Elcho, Jr., from Dr. Jarvis, puts him surely in the front this year. Mastiffs show more quality than yet seen this season. The members of the club are, as usual, actively engaged, and everything is running smoothly excepting among the Irishmen. Ruby Gleumore will be protested for wrong entry. Weather charming and attendance good. Among the visitors are Wixom, Childs, Haldeman, Lewis, Cody, Diffenderfer, Winchell, Hopkins, Jarrett, Pritchard, Twyford, Pabst, Mortimer, Miss Whitney, John Davidson, J. J. H. Long, Nelles, J. Bell and others. H. W. LACY.

CLEVELAND ENTRIES.—The Cleveland show folks have 44 entries as follows: bloodhounds 1, mastiffs 16, St. Bernards 32, Newfoundlands 5, boarhounds (Great Danes) 1, deerhounds 4, greyhounds 10, pointers 66, setters 97, retrievers 1, spaniels 37, foxhounds 14, Basset bounds 1, sheepdogs 20, Blenheim 3, poodles 2, King Charles spaniels 4, bull-terriers 18, Russian wolfhounds 2, fox-terriers 31, Irish terriers 2, black and tan terriers 8, Skye terriers 2, Yorkshire terriers 7, dachshunde 3, pugs 23, Bedlington 3, beagles 20, toy terriers 1, Italian greyhounds 1, miscellaneous 6.

THE BENCHING OUR EXCUSE.—Lancaster, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over my last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* I see the report of the Washington

show. And in reading the comments on pointers I see that you say my pointer dog Duke of Richmond was vhc., and that he is big and coarse. Now if that were a correct description of the dog I would not say one word. But it is wrong. I claim that there does not live to-day a finer looking pointer or a more typical or symmetrical dog than Duke of Richmond. He has some faults. He is light in eye and slightly full in cheeks. But aside from those faults, I claim him as near perfect as a pointer can be bred. At the late New York show all the sporting papers claimed that all the crack pointers of America were there. I showed Duke of Richmond in the open class at that show, and in your report you say he was commended, but should have been vhc. In reading further on in your paper I see you complain of the manner of benching at Washington; and from the information I have received from a friend of mine who was at the show, I am convinced that the fault of the mistake in saying that my dog Duke of Richmond is big and coarse does not lay with your reporter, and should not discredit your paper, but the management or those who had the Washington show in charge deserve to be censured. My friend told me that he looked for my dog by the number in the catalogue, and when he got to the bench which had his number on he found a different dog there. He then started to hunt for him and found him benched away from the other pointers in a far end of the building, and on examining him found no number on his collar, or nothing to identify whose dog he was. This in my opinion accounts for your mistake, and in justice to the dog's merit and myself, as his owner, I think you should correct this mistake in your next issue.—JOS. R. TRISLER.

"HICKORY" TAKES UP THE CHALLENGE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing for the first time the proposition to run a three-day race for a prize of \$500 from Mr. Isgrigg, of Carthage, Mo., he to run or have run the market hunter's dog and I one of my own at a point equidistant between Boston and Carthage, Mo., it appears to be my duty to accept the proposition. Therefore I herewith hand you check for \$350 as my part of the contribution toward said prize, and I name Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, of New York (if he will kindly act), to represent my interests as to what shall constitute a day's hunt, and to agree upon the grounds about equidistant between these two points fair to both breeds. Of course the Eastern rules will govern. Now, when I state the fact that during the entire season my dogs have scarcely been fired over at all, and that Nicodemus had last fall a bad case of distemper, Mr. Isgrigg would appear to have a walk over, and therefore this race should materialize. My own health is such that I will ride when I prefer, and ordinary fair shooting weather will be counted. The race will be run in the month of May, I having most probably previous engagements of April 3 to meet. The condition of F. F. V., whom I would prefer to use in this race, and with whom I made Mr. Aven lay down without restriction when she was a puppy in Louisiana, on an eight-hour proposition, may be such that I may use Nicodemus, over whom I have only killed three Virginia partridges. I have, however, other dogs and puppies I wish to give some practice, being from sickness unable to do so during the season, which will give some distinguished kennel a soft snap, provided the prizes are not put too high, myself not being loaded with money. Now bring up your strings and I will try and match them, for business is business.—J. R. PURCELL. [Check for \$350 received and held subject to Colonel Purcell's disposition.]

DEATH OF LIST NOBLE.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with great regret that I write you to-day of the loss by death of my English setter bitch List Noble, by Count Noble out of Fate Gladstone. Last Saturday I took List away from her puppies, which were six weeks old. In bringing her home we were caught in a very heavy shower of rain and the dogs were soaked. List took cold from this wetting which settled in the milk glands, and blood poisoning was the result. Her loss is a severe one indeed; she was one of the most promising field dogs I ever owned. Being but three years old I anticipated entering her in the trials this year with every prospect of a successful running. She was a bitch of great speed and endurance coupled with a wonderful nose and one of the most eager hunters I ever saw in the field. She reared all of her puppies, seven in number, by Breeze Gladstone, and it is but little satisfaction I am able to take in saying that they are all doing well.—FRANCIS G. TAYLOR.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

N. D. E.—A dog belonging to James Shelton, of Huntington, W. Va., is subject to the hallucination that he is constantly surrounded with devils of the air. He keeps up a constant snapping to the right and left, and in front of him, and apparently seems to feel that he captures the pesky thing at every snap. It is the first disease of the kind that has come under my notice. Except this his sanity seems unquestionable. I am of the opinion that the trouble lies "all in the eye." Ans. More likely in the stomach. Treat him for worms. Give after twenty-four hours fast, two pills, in lard, of area nut, half drachm each, one hour apart.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE fixing upon the conditions to determine the ownership of the trophy which Mr. Walter Winans has proffered through *FOREST AND STREAM* to the amateur revolver shots of this country has been no easy task and the main discussion seems to have centered upon the distance. In deciding that 20yds. shall be the range we have borne in mind the requirements of the largest number of shooters. Of course it would be a fine sight to have all the revolver shooters of the country gathered at Creedmoor on a fixed day and with long rows of targets in line have a fusillade of skill all along the front. New York and Brooklyn would have a fine chance at such a place, Boston and Philadelphia might come in, Chicago and St. Louis would be there only at much inconvenience, while New Orleans and San Francisco would be practically debarred. To have a number of outdoor shoots on various fixed days at various places would introduce all the unfairness which now attaches to and makes so unpopular the telegraphic match. One place catches a cold, raw, blustering day, another a calm, moist afternoon, and at once the element of weather luck comes in to the discouragement of the hapless victim and the destruction of all value of comparative merit as shown in the score.

At 20yds. we can do indoor shooting and have the surroundings at any time essentially fair and even. The 20yds. range is a mean between indoor work where the great bulk of revolver shooting is done and will be done, and the outdoor work on the great ranges. Again, in considering the practical uses of the revolver, 20yds. is a fair working distance. That a great 6x8ft. target can be hit by a service revolver at 20yds. is an interesting

fact, but it would be absurd to use such a target and such a distance in a formal championship match. Even in outdoor matches the authorities at Wimbledon fixed upon 20yds., and with a close measuring target it is easy enough to determine the merit of various shooters down to the finest degree. With such a system of string measurement for shots, too, it is a matter of the greatest readiness to make comparisons with records at other distances.

In all our consideration of the subject we are always mindful of the fact that our readers and the possible contestants for such trophies are scattered over the entire country, and that it would be more gracious to fit the competition conditions to suit the convenience of the greatest number and to incur some trouble and expense on the part of **FOREST AND STREAM**, rather than to grandly bid all to appear on a certain day at a certain place and bar out all who may not find it possible to report. As has been before stated, the desire is to make it as broadly inclusive as possible. Everybody who has a revolver with which he thinks he can make a finer and closer score than any other shooter, should have a chance to show his skill. To limit it to service revolvers such as an ordnance board may at some time have designed or required, or to bar out all weapons except such as have been unimproved since they left the factory, would be at once to throw out the finest target revolvers in the country. Where do we find a weapon that has not had its trigger-pull improved or its sight changed for the better, and as for ammunition, Gould, in his capital little book on the Pistol and Revolver, says: "There is a general impression among the shooting fraternity that reloaded ammunition is superior to the factory made. This is doubtless true if prepared by an expert," and it is fair to assume that those who may appear in a championship contest are experts.

When in our issue of March 12 last we sketched out the general rules which we thought should be followed, it was for the purpose as we then stated of inviting criticism. In commenting upon them Mr. Winans, under date of March 24, writes: "I think the sketch of the rules for the revolver competition very good, and I cannot think of any alteration to be made in them."

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH CONDITIONS.

In accordance then with the instructions of the donor we would fix the following as the conditions of the match for the Amateur Revolver Championship of America, open to any American citizen or permanent resident.

Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches.
Any trigger pull.
Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand.

Any fixed ammunition.
Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots.

Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches.

Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole.

Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively.

Amateur Standing—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by **FOREST AND STREAM** rules.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of **FOREST AND STREAM** to be final on all points.

Places of holding the competitions will be fixed, with consideration to the convenience of contestants, and one month's notice will be given of exact time and place. It has been already determined to have competitions at New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. These finals open to all comers, and will be in charge of the shooting editor of **FOREST AND STREAM** or his representative.

Preliminarily to the final shoots for the championship, which will be held several months from date, and in order to develop shooting ability, **FOREST AND STREAM** will open a season of trial shooting. The targets for this test may be had free of cost on application to the office of **FOREST AND STREAM**. By their use the revolver shot may fix his progress, and the ready measurement feature in them enables a quick determination of the total number of inches in the six shots.

Any winner of the trophy shall hold it subject to challenge for a term of two years, after which it shall become his personal property. Upon receiving a challenge the holder shall agree with the challenger upon a place and date for their meeting not later than six weeks from the receipt of the challenge, of which meeting at least two weeks' notice shall be given through **FOREST AND STREAM**, and the shooting at said meeting shall be under the same conditions as the original competitions for the championship trophy. In case of a failure to agree upon a time and place of meeting they shall be fixed by **FOREST AND STREAM**.

The trophy shall be deposited in the custody of **FOREST AND STREAM** at least one day prior to any challenge meet, and if required, holders must give bonds to **FOREST AND STREAM** for its safe return.

The holder shall not be required to accept a challenge pending the determination of a challenge shoot already under date. In case of any dispute about the right of priority in shooting challenges, **FOREST AND STREAM** shall determine the order of shooting. All expenses of targets and gallery will be borne by **FOREST AND STREAM**. Contestants will defray all other expenses.

NEW YORK, April 9.

BOSTON, April 2.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association Walnut Hill Range has known few more pleasant days generally than to-day, and one of the best Past Day meets in the history of the association was enjoyed. More than 100 shooters were on hand, and they banded away at the targets all day. The shooting conditions were good. P. S. Killam won the silver and gold military medal, C. H. Pratt the bronze and silver, and B. A. Lenfast and W. I. Gatchell the bronze military medal.

April 4.—The shooting tournament for the Boston Athletic Association champion gold medal was finished this evening. The conditions were 10 scores with the revolver, 10 scores with the pistol, 10 scores with the rifle at rest, and 10 scores with the rifle off-hand. F. B. Crowninshield captured the prize for the highest aggregate of the 40 scores, his total being 3,437. Sumner Paine was second, with a total of 3,378. The re-entry tournament, 10 scores with each of the weapons of the champion match, was also decided. F. B. Crowninshield won three out of the four matches, securing the cup offered for the highest aggregate of the 40 scores. He also gets three other cups for the highest scores in three matches.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The shooting house at Walnut Hill range is too small, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. J. N. F. Fellows and W. C. Nash, has been named to secure the sum of \$2,000 for a new headquarters. The contributions are flowing in, and the erection of the new club house, and a good one, too, is an assured fact. Many annual members are taking life membership, the fee going to the building fund, while many direct donations are coming in. No shooting organization in the country, hardly even excepting the N.R.A., has done more to advance marksmanship with the rifle than the Massachusetts Association, and none is more deserving of encouraging commendation from the shooting fraternity.

NEWARK SHOOTING SOCIETY.

THE programme of events at the Newark Shooting Park for 1891 is a liberal one and will give abundant chance for fine work. The season opens April 23, and closes Sept. 24, and the prospects are that the 40th shooting year of the old Society will be a prosperous one. The events provide:

Expert Record Match. To close Sept. 20, open to all, to be shot on the following Thursdays: April 23, May 14, 28, June 11, 25, July 9, 23, Aug. 13, 27, Sept. 10, 24, and every Saturday from April 9 to Sept. 28. Conditions: Open to all comers; target, American Champion; distance, 300yds.; position, off-hand; rounds, 10; rifle, any, without restriction as to weight, trigger-pull or sights; entry fee, 25 cents; entries unlimited. Scores made on other matches do not count in this. On each day 50 per cent. of the entrance fees will be deducted and the balance will be divided to the competitors making the highest single scores in order.

In addition to the division of moneys the following special premiums will be given: first, an expert gold medal, to the competitor who scores 5130 during the year; second, an expert silver medal, to the competitor who scores 5120 during the year; third, an expert bronze medal, to the competitor who scores 5110 during the year. It is obligatory on all competitors to win first a bronze, then a silver and then a gold medal. In competing for a higher rank medal all scores made previous to winning one of a lower rank medal will be counted.

Members' Trophy Match for 1891, to be shot on the following dates: April 23, May 14, 28, June 11, 25, July 9, 23, Aug. 13, 27, Sept. 10, 24. Conditions—Open to members only. Distance, 200yds. Rifle, any, without restriction as to weight, trigger pull, or sights. Position, off-hand. Rounds, 10. Entry fee 25 cents. Competitors will be allowed to shoot only one score each week. Target, the Green 200yds. match. If a competitor fails to shoot at the end of the year, it shall be decided as follows: Each competitor tied shall shoot a string of 10 shots, the same handicap to be allowed as in the regular competitions. Match to open at 1 P. M. The member making the highest score at each competition will hold the trophy until the next regular competition, when it must be delivered to the executive officer at the range; it finally to become the property of the competitor making with it the greatest number of times during the year. Competitors will be allowed to shoot only under their own name.

Shooters will be divided into three classes, designated as Class A, Class B and C, and each class will be sub-divided into two grades, the classification to be made by the shooting committee. Sixty per cent. of the entrance fees at each competition will be divided into three equal parts, one of these parts to go to the winner of the competition, and the balance to the second and third highest scores in order.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The following scores were made by members of the Empire Rifle Club, of 12 St. Marks place, on Tuesday evening, March 31, at their regular weekly shoot: W. Miller 93, C. Zettler, Jr. 90, W. Maissenholder 90, J. Grimm 90, W. Albour 90, H. Zettler 86, J. Zettler 81, F. Schneider 81, G. Hillmeyer 77, G. Muth 60.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the *Forest and Stream*, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

April 9-11.—Annual Tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J.
April 28-30.—New London (or New Haven) Inter-State Association.

May 5-6.—Algona (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John G. Smith, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—Pittsburgh Tournament. Open to all. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y.

May 7-9.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament. \$500 guaranteed. Professionals barred. Chas. W. Brister, Sec'y.

May 9-9.—Grand Tournament of the Hill City Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss. Open to all. G. H. Hill, Sec'y.

May 12-14.—Grand Tournament of the South Side Gun Club, at Watertown, N. Y. Open to all. L. H. Prentice, Sec'y.

May 13-16.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Three days targets. One day live birds. H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y.

May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Club gives \$1,000. Association guarantees \$1,000, total \$2,000.

May 30.—Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club Tournament. T. C. Peginn, Sec'y.

June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.

June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.

July 2-4.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

CLUB ROUNDERS AND PROFESSIONALS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
My last to you, published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, March 26, was a "protest" against the unsportsmanlike way in which the competing teams were made up at the shoot on March 21 for the Bergen Gun Club trophy. I want now, if I can, to suggest a remedy for the future.

First.—When a man belongs to more than one club, then let him be compelled to select one club with which he will shoot on team competition for that current year, and have it so understood by the clubs to which he belongs.

Second.—When clubs challenge each other, let them exchange the names of the respective teams, so that if any objections are to be made they can be made before all the preparations have been completed and the teams brought at considerable expense to the shooting grounds.

Third.—Bar out rigidly all ammunition men or men employed by gun firms, powder firms and sportsmen's goods firms generally. If they want to show what they or their wares can do, let them shoot at such places and times as will best advertise their stock; and let it be "dog eat dog" with them, and let them not come to amateur shows and grab all the money and drive the young beginners to the wall.

I want to maintain the position that men like Penrose, Quimby, McMurry, Courtney, Von Lengerke, etc., have no business among amateurs, by virtue of their business alone; they have gone into business to make money and to make money out of shooters by selling them goods, and it is a shame for them also to try to take the few dollars left in a shooter's pocket after his outfit is purchased by outshooting him at the traps.

Considerable feeling has been developed lately against some parties well known to the shooting public, and I may in next issue voice some more of it; let our club friends speak out also.

NEW YORK, April 4.

AD VANCE.

HARRISBURG TRAP INTERESTS.

HARRISBURG, April 6.—If all indications do not fail this will be one of the greatest trap-shooting seasons that Harrisburg has ever had, no such interest has been manifested among the general list of shooters since the formation of any kind of a shooting organization here.

The list of shooters who have worked with perseverance and pluck for the last four or five years it seems are about to be rewarded as each day's shoot brings new members before the traps for practice, and I doubt if the arrival of the **FOREST AND STREAM** has ever been looked forward to with any more interest than the last issue, as all knew a full report of the Detroit shoot would be given by all the shooters who have ever attended any of our shoots as one of our most popular and fun loving members, and a gentleman besides. His friends will note with pleasure that out of 75 targets shot at he broke 73, doing up all the balance of the boys in grand shape. In making this remarkable score he used his 10-bore hammerless Smith, and the way he literally wiped them out should have been seen to be appreciated, and he displayed considerably more sportsmanlike behavior than might be known to the managers of the Dealers' Association and he be compelled to shoot

with the experts in our coming tournament. If the association keep the resolve not to change the plan laid out at the commencement, I shall predict one of the largest meetings here in May that this State has ever held. "I am not a prophet, nor the son of one," but with all due respect to our Western experts, I think Harrisburg will head its list with more than two experts. There are experts in the East that will shoot the handicap and live, and I beg pardon if they do not show the metal they are made of and do it.

We are having every Saturday open sweepstakes, and although the weather has been bad we have had fair attendance. On next Saturday, besides the regular matches, a prize of an L. C. Smith gun will be shot for at 25 targets, Association rules. Below we hand you last Saturday's scores. Weather cold and raw:

No. 1, 15 singles, 81 entry:		No. 1, 15 singles, 81 entry:	
Kinzer.....1111100011101-11	Shoop.....01101001100111-9	Kinzer.....1111100011101-11	Shoop.....01101001100111-9
Worden.....1111101111111-13	Brelsford.....1111101110111-12	Worden.....1111101111111-13	Brelsford.....1111101110111-12
Nutt.....1111111111111-14	Dustin.....11101101110101-11	Nutt.....1111111111111-14	Dustin.....11101101110101-11
No. 2, 15 singles, 81 entry:		No. 2, 15 singles, 81 entry:	
Kinzer.....00010101111101-9	Brewster.....11100110111111-12	Kinzer.....00010101111101-9	Brewster.....11100110111111-12
Worden.....1111101111111-13	Brelsford.....1111101110111-12	Worden.....1111101111111-13	Brelsford.....1111101110111-12
Nutt.....1111111111111-14	Dustin.....11101101110101-11	Nutt.....1111111111111-14	Dustin.....11101101110101-11
No. 3, 15 singles, 81 entry:		No. 3, 15 singles, 81 entry:	
Kinzer.....01111011000011-9	Brewster.....00110100001110-7	Kinzer.....01111011000011-9	Brewster.....00110100001110-7
Worden.....1111100111111-12	Brelsford.....1111011011011-12	Worden.....1111100111111-12	Brelsford.....1111011011011-12
Nutt.....1111111111111-14	Dustin.....1101110111011-12	Nutt.....1111111111111-14	Dustin.....1101110111011-12
No. 4, 15 singles, 81 entry:		No. 4, 15 singles, 81 entry:	
Kinzer.....11001110111111-13	Dustin.....01011011111111-11	Kinzer.....11001110111111-13	Dustin.....01011011111111-11
Worden.....1110100111111-13	McKee.....11100110111111-13	Worden.....1110100111111-13	McKee.....11100110111111-13
Nutt.....1111111111111-15	Brelsford.....1111111111111-14	Nutt.....1111111111111-15	Brelsford.....1111111111111-14
Brewster.....11000001110011-9		Brewster.....11000001110011-9	
No. 5, 15 singles, 81 entry:		No. 5, 15 singles, 81 entry:	
Kinzer.....11111011111111-13	Sullivan.....01011011111111-10	Kinzer.....11111011111111-13	Sullivan.....01011011111111-10
Worden.....0110100111111-10	Dustin.....10101011011111-11	Worden.....0110100111111-10	Dustin.....10101011011111-11
Nutt.....1111111111111-15	Wix.....00010101001101-7	Nutt.....1111111111111-15	Wix.....00010101001101-7
Brelsford.....0101101110111-10		Brelsford.....0101101110111-10	
No. 6, 15 singles, 81 entry:		No. 6, 15 singles, 81 entry:	
Sullivan.....10110110110111-15	Dustin.....10101101101101-10	Sullivan.....10110110110111-15	Dustin.....10101101101101-10
Kinzer.....1011011011111-11	Brelsford.....11101101111111-13	Kinzer.....1011011011111-11	Brelsford.....11101101111111-13
Nutt.....1111111011111-14	McKee.....11101111111110-12	Nutt.....1111111011111-14	McKee.....11101111111110-12
Worden.....1111111111111-14	Wix.....01111011011011-10	Worden.....1111111111111-14	Wix.....01111011011011-10

Race for 100 loaded shells:

J. C. Nutt.....0101101011100000101110-10
J. C. Nutt.....10110110110110111110-19
H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y.

WATSON'S PARK.—Burnside, Ill., March 25.—A. W. Reeves and Sam Booth and Mc Ford and W. J. Edbrooke, 25 live birds, \$25 per man, Illinois State rules:

A. W. Reeves.....2123210121212011121101-22
Mc Ford.....21000210121101020120230-16
Sam Booth.....10122211111012121201011-21
W. J. Edbrooke.....222211002102210200000-14
A. W. Reeves and Sam Booth, 43; Mc Ford and W. J. Edbrooke, 30.

Lake County Gun Club, practice sweeps, Illinois State rules:

W. J. Edwards.....212102230-8 H. Koehlen.....2120201011-7
Mc Ford.....210111210-8 Marshall.....209121101-7
Col. Bond.....211110011-8

Second sweep:

W. J. Edbrooke.....202111010-7 Sam Booth.....11221121-10
Mc Ford.....111212111-9 G. Kleiman.....2121020-7
Col. Bond.....11112212-10 A. W. Reeves.....1111001010-6
H. Koehlen.....12210121-9 G. Marshall.....01122210-7

March 25.—Gun Club of Chicago, Illinois State rules:

H. A. Foss.....121211220-9 E. Steck.....110210001-7
W. Kurb.....122211102-8 J. O'Brien.....112020202-7
P. E. Rock.....12220212-9 G. Lautenback.....020000020-2
L. H. Hinkle.....101222112-9

On shoot out Hamline won medal.

Peoria B. B. medal:

Foss.....1111101111000111-16 Lau'nb'k 011110100110000111-13
Kurb.....1101101001011011-13 Steck.....1111110100111111-16
Hamline.....111011011011111-17 O'Brien.....0111100011010111-13
Rock.....11111111111111-20

THE SARATOGA SHOOT.—The second annual shooting tournament of the Saratoga Gun Club, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, will be held June 2-5; \$3,000 in purses, and open to all. The managers feel justly pleased to state that we will offer for competition the most liberal aggregate of guaranteed purses—at the lowest entrance fee that the trap shooters of the country have yet received—and in addition there will be equally liberal purses given for daily and grand averages. The shooting and general management will be under the supervision of Mr. H. A. Penrose, whose experience insures a certainty of avoiding the many vexatious annoyances known to trapshooters. We have adopted the Keystone system—trap and targets. The grounds have a clear background—are accessible and sufficiently large to run two sets of traps of 10 each. If supported by the trap-shooting fraternity, as we hope and expect, this tournament will be the forerunner of many up which will be expended time and money sufficient to insure even better offers than those above. Our programme will be issued later. Send all inquiries to Saratoga Gun Club, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Please send us the names and addresses of trapshooters of your vicinity.

OHIO TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.—Detroit, Mich., March 27.—Mr. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co., announces another liberal departure in trap-shooting methods in the annual tournaments of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, to be held at Findlay, O., May 12-14. Unknown angles, to be determined by a new "variator," will be partly used, and only a cent and half will be charged for targets, it being the intention of the club not to make any money, but to give the shooter all the profits. The L. C. Smith trophy for Ohio will be contested for at that time. A very good programme, partly open shots, is assured.—E. HUGH.

VICTOR, N. Y., April 4.—Victor Rod and Gun Club, match at 25 kingbirds, 3 kingbird traps: Barry R. W. A. Hill 15, Will Hill 15, Mann 15, Agate 15, Brail 16, Beck 11, L. Benson 17, Header 14, Bruce 15, W. G. Hill 16, O. Benson 15, Van Vechin 13, Sage 8, Ketchum 15, Hausin 17, Aldridge 1, Gordon 9, Berry 12, Mann 18, W. A. Hill 10, L. Benson 9, Barry 12, McVean 12, Will Hill 12, O. Benson 11, W. G. Hill 17, Sale 21, Sage 11, Gordon 10.

ATHENS, Pa., April 5.—The Athens Gun Club are just now awaking from a three years' nap and will soon be smashing kingbirds once a week. Several young men in town have joined the club, and being ardent sportsmen, will help to build it up. Only five members met on April 4 for practice, as the weather was rather unfavorable. With one exception all were beginners at the trap and the scores were not very high. Fifty single kingbirds, three unknown angles, John Vail 31, W. K. Park 47, Wm. Von Wolftradt 41, A. H. Nevins 30, J. H. Alberts 20.—ATHENIAN.

RED HOOK CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Red Hook (N. Y.) Gun Club, held April 1, 1891, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Geo. H. Cramer; Sec., Robt. J. Carroll; Treas., John W. Bain.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.
16. Ianthe, Spring, Woodside.	6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Beach.	13. New York, Annual, Yonkers.	27. Brooklyn, Ann., Passaic River.	20. New York, Sandy Hook Race.
		11-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.		
		6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.		
			5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River.	7. Ianthe, Annual, Woodside.

IRRAWADDI C. C.—The Irrawaddi C. C. is making active preparations for the summer campaign. The club house, which is already a very handsome one, will be enlarged by the addition of another story. The upper rooms will be used for reception room and the regular meetings of the club. The receptions and entertainments given by the club are always very pleasant affairs, and an invitation is always eagerly sought after. Several members are fine singers and the musical entertainments are more especially interesting.

THE ZEREGA HOISTING SAIL COMPETITION.—The following entries have thus far been received: Wm. Whitlock, W. L. Wintringham, C. B. Vaux, F. L. Dunnell, H. H. Smythe, C. J. Stevens, Geo. P. Douglas.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH C. C.
AS DETAILLED BY THE COMMODORE.

“BUT how came you to stop at this house up on the hill here, Coman-dore?” asked George, as he lazily filled his pipe for the second time.

“Well, it was late on Saturday evening, and I was pushing on, hoping to reach Massanutton before dark.”

“Ma-sa-nut-ton! Why, that’s eight or ten miles from here!” he exclaimed.

“Yes, I know that now, but I didn’t know it then. I had had a tedious and difficult portage around the Newport Dam. The men were all in the harvest field and the mill was closed, and there was no one at hand to help me around the dam, and I seemed fated to stop there all night. I felt that I must do, for I knew there was some mail for me at Massanutton that I was very anxious to get; so in sheer despair I dragged my canoe ashore above the mill and unpacked her, and carried all my plunder around not only the dam but the mill also, and then picked up my empty canoe by one end and dragged it around also.”

“Great Scott!” cried Lacy, “that was a treacherous job.”

“Yes, that is one of the beauties of cruising alone. You’ll never catch me out alone on another cruise, if I never cruise again. You have no idea of the trouble I experienced at every mill dam. I never succeeded in getting past one without a detention of one or two hours. Up at Shaner’s Dam, for instance, I had to walk nearly half a mile across a plowed field to ask a couple of young men who were plowing on the other side to come and help me and—

“Did they come?”

“O yes, willingly.”

“But couldn’t you have jumped this Newport Dam, Commodore?” asked George. “We certainly came over it easily enough last night.”

“Yes, I could have jumped it at the same place we did last night, and as easily; but my little adventure at the River Bank Dam (which I have told you of) was quite fresh and green in my memory, as it had only occurred two or three days before; and I was not jumping any more mill dams just then, no matter how harmless and innocent they looked.

“Well, I got a drink at the spring at Newport, and I ought to have gone into camp there for the night, as it was fully 6 o’clock; but I was anxious to get these letters at Massanutton, and I felt certain I could not be far from there; in fact, I was expecting to see the place at every turn of the river. So I repacked my canoe, launched and got aboard, and pushed on.”

“Yes, and you might easily have paddled right along by it and never have noticed it,” said George.

“Why, how so?” asked Lacy.

“Well, another one of the things I learned on this cruise was that a Virginia post-office very frequently makes a much bigger show on the map than it does in reality,” I continued. “There are but two or three houses at Massanutton and you would no more take it for a village than this place up on the hill back of us, which is, indeed, all that is left of quite a little village that once stood here.”

“Why where is the rest of it? what became of it?” asked Lacy.

“Washed out in the great flood of ’70,” I replied.

“Well, as I rounded the bend below Newport and began the descent of the Columbian Falls a most terrific thunder storm, which had been rumbling around behind me all day, threatened soon to come to a focus in this vicinity, and I began to think that I could not reach Massanutton that evening and that it was time to camp. I noticed that beautiful turf spot on the right bank under the trees about half way down the falls, where we stopped and got a drink and at once decided to camp there; but first I wanted a bucket of water, and as I failed to notice the spring right there to my hand I looked around for a house and at the same time caught sight of the old reddish-brown frame house perched way up there on the mountain spur on the left bank, across the river from my camping place.

“I thought I would have time to make the house, get my water, return across the river and get my canoe out and tent up before the storm caught me, so I caught up my bucket and scuttled off up the hill to the house, finding the cockpit of my canoe with the apron reaching in through the door, and the place was on the side. I found that I was mistaken, however, for I had barely reached the house before I was overtaken by one of the most sublime thunderstorms up there among the mountaintops that a man ever witnessed. The rain fell in sheets and the hail rattled like musketry on the roof and porches of the old houses, while the lightning shot in blinding flashes and the thunder hurled itself down after peal on the sublime grandeur in startling succession, each peal rolling and reverberating around among the neighboring mountain peaks in a grandly impressive way, the last echoes of one hardly dying away before being succeeded by another. I tell you it was grand and my hair seemed to stand on end and my flesh to fairly creep with awe. The residents of the house were in a terrible panic and the place was rough and uninviting, and beyond giving me shelter from the storm freely enough they offered me no further hospitality, although I could plainly see that their supper was growing cold in an adjoining room while they were evidently only awaiting my departure before eating it.

“I asked how far it was to Massanutton and was told it was only about eight or ten miles, and that I could easily make it that night, as there was ‘good drawin’ water’ all the way.”

“Just fancy running the Shenandoah after dark!” said George.

“I should say so, especially on ‘good drawin’ water!” said Lacy.

“Yes; well, just as soon as the storm passed over, and the heavy black cloud-masses went skurrying down the sky toward the horizon, and while the last echoes of the thunder peals were still rumbling and rattling around among the mountain tops, and the rain drops were still falling from the leaves of the trees, I put out again in the fast gathering twilight, without troubling myself to fill my bucket with water, for I decided not to camp as everything was so hopelessly drenched and wet, but to drop on down the river and stop at the first reputable looking farmhouse I saw and ask a night’s lodging. By the time I had waded down to my canoe through the tall grass, weeds and bushes, thoroughly saturated, of course, with the rain, I was completely wet through from the waist down, and by the time I had run the half mile of big waves at the lower end of the falls there, I was nearly as wet from the waist up; and you may imagine how glad I was to get sight of that big, big-looking house of Mr. Russell’s up on the bluff there, and to find that I had reached a respectable stopping place.

“I certainly looked like a shipwrecked mariner as I told my story to the people of the house, and my request was readily and kindly granted, and an excellent cold supper given me, as their own supper had been over for a couple of hours. After my supper young Mr. Russell went with me to the river, and we carried my canoe up the bank and hid it for the night among a thick growth of weeds a little distance back from the river.

“I got some dry clothes from my rubber navy bag and put them on, and went to bed in a comfortable and well-furnished room, thoroughly tired out and fully resolved to abandon the cruise as soon as I reached Massanutton.”

“Did you do so?” asked Lacy.

“I certainly did,” was my reply. “I had myself and canoe carried over to the third island at Luray in a spring wagon, and there our troubles were at an end.”

“We found Long’s dam, a few miles below, to the meanest, ugliest and generally worst place for portage we had encountered during the entire cruise. It was built of a conglomerate of brush, logs, and stones, and the *chevaux de frise* presented on the down stream side was truly formidable. At the present stage of the river the water was so high that it was impossible to get the canoe up through the dam, and the entire crest was above water. We were quite at a loss how to get the canoes over without having the canvas skin ripped clear off their hulls by the ugly, jagged mass of stubs, sticks and limbs; and the only alternative to our usual method of simply sliding the canoes over the crest of the dam was to make a long carry up a steep, high bank and clear around the mill.

“While walking along the crest of the dam in search of a passable place to slide the canoes over, George incautiously stepped on a rotten limb, which broke under him, and threw him headlong down the face of the dam. It was a fearful fall, and as he lay there perfectly motionless on his head and shoulders for a few seconds before attempting to rise, Lacy and I were greatly alarmed and hastened to his assistance, fully expecting to find a broken limb or some other terrible injury, and we were all greatly relieved when he regained the crest of the dam to find that with the exception of a few scratches he had escaped without injury.

“We finally found a place near one end of the dam where we succeeded, after some trouble, in working the canoes over without damage, and we were soon over and along again in the swift water below the dam, and the cruise was resumed.”

“Commodore, bet’s where we saw that pretty girl last cruise, when we stopped to get a drink of water,” said George, as we approached a small white house some two or three miles below, located pretty well up the slope of a high bank with a straggling orchard in front of it, the ground underneath the trees being pretty well covered with apples.

“I say! Let’s stop and get a drink! I’m fairly suffering for water!” said Lacy, with great earnestness.

“All right,” I replied, laughing, as we rounded to at the beach in front of the house.

We walked up the winding path under the trees, and made our way around one end of the house—the boys keeping a sharp look-out on the floors and windows meanwhile—to a spring house, where we found an enormous wooden pump with a great iron handle, looking ample and capacious enough to supply water to a small village.

The boys saw no signs of any girl, pretty or otherwise, but our approach aroused a swarm of about twenty rough-looking men and boys who were lounging around the back porch and yard, apparently in from some kind of harvest or other farm work, and they gathered around us in a curious group, the natural interest created by the appearance of strangers at an isolated country house or hamlet being heightened by our peculiar enacting costumes, and the unwonted manner of our approach by the river—and followed us down to our canoes with great interest. We were kindly invited to take all the apples we wanted from the abundance scattered under the trees as we passed down the hill, an invitation which we were not at all backward in availing ourselves of.

The graceful, shapely canvas was greatly excited by their wonder and interest, and many and curious were the comments made upon them as we embarked and pushed off from the shore, the universal expression of opinion, however, being as invariably met with along the river, that they “didn’t want to take no chances in them dam-bled little things.”

The river shrank in a low tone as we swung out into the current and turned our bows down stream. A fair face appeared at an upper window, and the smiles of the boys in what they were pleased to consider their most killing attempts, were rewarded with a derisive little laugh for an instant before we were swept out of sight of the house behind the thick growth of trees that lined the banks.

The river shrank in a low tone as we swung out into the current and turned our bows down stream. A fair face appeared at an upper window, and the smiles of the boys in what they were pleased to consider their most killing attempts, were rewarded with a derisive little laugh for an instant before we were swept out of sight of the house behind the thick growth of trees that lined the banks.

The White House, a two-story stone mansion of the olden times, stuccoed and painted white, standing as it does right on the high bank, is a familiar landmark on the river, and is well-known to all boatmen and frequenters of the river, as well as to wheelmen and tourists by the road, for at this ferry the road leading from the great “Valley Pike” to the Caverns of Luray emerges from the wild passes of the Massanutton Mountains and crosses the river.

George and I were remembered at Massanutton. At the White House we found our portly friend, Mr. Brubaker, comfortably seated in his door yard under the grateful shade of the trees, with a fan in his hand and a pitcher of ice water before him, reading his newspaper just as we had left him two years before, and the Postmaster, apparently undisturbed by the recent political revolution at Washington, handed me my mail without troubling me for my name, quite as though I belonged there.

Lacy and I had a very pleasant three-mile walk over a picturesque country road, winding around up hill and down dale, through woodland, field and meadow, affording the most beautiful, varied and imposing mountain scenery, to the Caverns of Luray, where we spent a couple of hours exploring their marvelously wonderful subterranean recesses; and returning reached our camp again a little after sunset.

“Well, fellows, I’ve spread your blankets all out for you to air and dry out while you were gone,” said George, with the conscious air of one having performed a meritorious action, and falling back to receive our thanks.

“Yes, that’s all right,” said I. “But you ought to have stretched a post and forked them in again before the sun let them, and not left them out until dark; they’re full of dew now.”

“Great Scott! mine are perfectly damp!” cried Lacy in dismay, as he gathered his in an armful off the fence and dumped them into his canoe.

“Certainly they are,” I replied. “And the rest of them are no better.”

“Well, I declare! I never thought of that,” said George in a crest-fallen tone, as he gathered in his own damp blankets, and we all prepared to make the best of a bad matter.

“Well, you’ll think of it next time,” said Lacy.

“I will, indeed,” he replied.

We found that George had devoted the leisure time afforded by our afternoon’s absorbing his knowledge of the manners and customs of rural society as exemplified in the conduct and conversation of the pretty girls of the vicinity.

In the course of his laudable researches he had discovered a really excellent parlor organ in one of the few houses of the little hamlet, and we spent the evening in a little impromptu concert, which seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the villagers, who thronged the rooms and gathered around the open doors and windows until well along in the evening before we could slip away for a quiet smoke around our little blaze of a camp-fire before turning in for the night.

A BIG CANOE REGATTA.

The Marine and Field and the Manhattan Athletic clubs jointly will hold their annual canoe regatta on June 20, in Gravesend Bay, off the grounds of the former club. The events and the order in which they will be called, weather permitting, are as follows:

1. Unclassified sailing race, 3 miles. 2. Tandem paddling, 1 mile straightaway. 3. Senior sailing, Marine and Field, 3 miles.

Afternoon.—4. Marine and Field Club cup race, 4½ miles. 5. Manhattan Athletic challenge trophy, 7¼ miles. 6. Consolation, 4½ miles.

The first race will be called at 9:30 A. M., the others following in the order named. These races will be open to all members of recognized canoe clubs or of the A. C. C., except No. 2 and No. 5, which are for the championships of New York Bay and adjacent waters and are open only to canoeists living within a radius of 25 miles of New York. Entries will be accepted up to and including the day of the races, but the committee request that they be handed in as early as possible. All races will be governed by the A. C. C. except the unclassified, which will be sailed under the rules of the Corinthian Navy. Race No. 4 is for the Marine and Field Club cup, which must be won twice in succession to become the property of the winner. Races No. 2 and 5 are for the local championships of these waters. The prizes are perpetual challenge trophies and the holders are subject to challenge once during each season (May 1 to Nov. 1) on 30 days notice. Such a challenge to be given through the Manhattan Athletic Club and the races are to be sailed or paddled on waters designated by the M. A. C. All entries and correspondence must be addressed to W. S. ELLIOTT, Chairman of Committee, 161 Franklin street, N. Y.

GALT C. C.—The annual meeting of the Galt C. C. was held on April 3 with thirty-four members present. The annual reports which were very satisfactory to the members were read and adopted. The commodore congratulated the club on the success of the two regattas held on the home waters, and the success of the club in its representative at foreign regattas, several wins having been placed to their credit at Toronto, Montreal and Branford, while at the general A. C. C. meet at Jessup’s Neck, Long Island, the single championship together with the tandem and club fours and several minor events were added to the list of victories. The following officers were elected: Com., T. A. Stephens; Rear-Com., J. H. McGregor; Treas., J. M. Smith; Sec., J. N. McHardy; Commodore, Wm. J. McHardy. C. Trumbull. H. Seward. There are prospects of a very active season during 1891. Twenty new members were proposed. The executive committee were instructed to provide three challenge cups. Arrangements were made for a club cruise on the Grand River. The club house which will accommodate forty canoes will likely require enlargement during the present season. It is planned to visit the “paradise” for open races, the club will probably send a delegation to the general meet.

ANOTHER WAR CANOE.—The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., have received an order from the Orange C. C. for a 30ft. x 50in. Ko-ko-Ko-Ho war canoe. This company has now orders for four of these immense canoes for delivery this spring. This will be the first war canoe on the Passaic River.

WINTER QUARTERS.—Mr. Stephens was not present on Friday evening being busy with a very fully developed case of grippe. Commodore Elliott amused the audience by an account of his recent trip to South America.

IANTHE C. C.—A very successful concert was given by the Ianthe C. C. on April 4, at Newark, a feature of the evening being the Rook Harmonicon.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the headings of the *Canoe*, *the Fish Car*, *the Kermel*, *squint down the barrel of the Rifle*, *open the Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial and Advertising Departments*.

FIXTURES.

APRIL.	
26. Corinthian, Opening Cruise. San Francisco.	
MAY.	
2. San Francisco, Opening, Sausalito.	20. Corinthian, Annual, San Francisco.
3. San Francisco, Squad. Sail.	20. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.
23. San Francisco, Fish Cruise.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.
23-31. Portland, Cruise.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
30. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont.	
30. Rochester, Open, Sodus Bay.	
JUNE.	
8. Hudson River, Ann., N. Y.	20. Brooklyn, Spring, Gravesend Bay.
11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte	20. Corinthian, Marblehead.
11. Portland, Annual.	20. Sweep and Club, Marblehead.
12. Monaquito, Opening, Wey-	20-21. San Francisco, Cruise,
13. Massachusetts, Spring, Dor-	Martinez.
chester.	25. Pavana, Annual, New York.
13. Lynn, Lynn.	25. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
13. Quincy.	27. Hull, All Classes.
13. Savin Hill, First Cham.	27. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
15. Phila., Ann., Del. River.	27. Lynn, Lynn.
17. Hull, Under 21ft.	27. Quincy, First Championship.
17. Massachusetts, Ann., Nahant.	27. Cor. Navy, L. I. Squad, New
17. Eastern, Sweep, Marbleh'd	Rochelle.
17. Beverly, 1st Sweep, Mon. Bch	27. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups.
18. Roch., Ladies' Day, Charlotte	27. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Marbleh'd.
20. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont.	29. Eastern, Ann., Marblehead.
20. Hull Corinthian, 1st Cham.	29. Massachusetts, Ladies' Race,
	Dorchester Bay.

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THE NIGHT SKY FROM THE DECK OF A YACHT AND HOW TO SEE IT.

[Concluded from Page 230.]

REVOLVING the planisphere now two hours we have the sky as it would appear at 11 o'clock June 10 or at 9 o'clock July 10. About midway between the zenith and the horizon will be seen a small diamond-shaped constellation called Delphinus, popularly known as *Job's Coffin*. Almost directly overhead between Vega and Arcturus is the Northern Crown, the Corona Borealis, while the red first magnitude star Antares Alpha Scorpii is about on the meridian. Antares is one of the stars of which the lunar distance is tabulated in the Nautical Almanac, and it is, therefore, important for sailors to be able to find him. It is named after the planet Mars, Arcturus which it resembles and near which it is often found. According to some astronomers it belongs to the class of expiring suns, but our space will hardly permit more than a mere reference to the fact, which, by the way, is not undisputed.

The constellation Scorpius is often mistaken on account of its bow of stars for the one which follows it, Sagittarius, the Archer, which of course being called the Archer, has no bow in it. There is, however, a figure here, commonly known as the *Mild Dipper*, which is quite conspicuous. This asteriod in Scorpio is popularly known as the *Kite*, and it certainly does not require much of an effort of the imagination to detect the resemblance.

Two hours later we have the sky as it would appear on Aug. 10. The Great Square of Pegasus has now risen. A line drawn from the pole star through the constellation, will direct the eye to so prominent an object. This magnificent curve of five bright stars will also aid in finding it. Two hours later we have the sky as it would appear on Sept. 10 at 9 o'clock. You will notice that Altair has passed the meridian but still points to Vega; that “Boots” is on the point of setting, and that the Northern Crown, between him and Vega, is in a fine position for observation. Following the line of Alpha and Beta Pegasi, we come to the first magnitude star, Fomalhaut, low down in the S.E. horizon. It passes the meridian at about midnight Sept. 1, and is often used for latitude. We have now arrived at Oct. 10. The constellation of Taurus has risen. The Pleiades are well up. It was here in the Pleiades that Madler located his celebrated Central Sun, around which all of the stars were supposed to revolve. But as this idea has been entirely abandoned by modern astronomers, its position is only interesting as associated with a theory once generally accepted, and in connection with one of the most beautiful clusters in the heavens.

Below the Pleiades we see the great V, with Aldebaran—Jack’s standby—at one of the extremities. A line drawn from Vega through the North Star will direct the eye to Capella, Alpha Aurigæ.

A sort of cross bearing for Capel’s can be got by a line through Alpha and Delta in the Great Bear.

You will notice that the Great Bear and Cassiopeia Auriga and Vega are somewhat symmetrically spaced around the Polar Star. So the position of one naturally catches the eye to the other.

This star, Beta Aurigæ, has recently created much interest in the astronomical world, for it was last year discovered by Prof. Pickering, of Harvard College, that in their photographs certain lines in its spectrum were shown sometimes double and sometimes single, and that this doubling appeared at regular intervals, which could be accurately predicted. The explanation is that Beta Aurigæ is a binary star, having its components too close to be separated visually; and from these slight data they have actually been able to weigh, measure the orbit, and compute the period of these two stars, while, to the largest telescopes, the star still remains a single point of light. A similar discovery had previously been made in regard to Zeta Ursæ Majoris. Mr. Lockyer has now announced a like doubling of the lines in the spectrum of Vega. This last discovery is, however, still more than in doubt.

Two hours later, or at 9 o'clock on Nov. 10, this will be the position of the sky, and the most beautiful constellation in the heavens will be on the eastern horizon. I never see the constellation of Orion after its long absence from the summer sky, without a feeling that it is the return of an old and dear friend. As first seen in the east, it is really a glow of Aldebaran and the Pleiades.

A line from the Pole Star through Capella, is an easy guide, but to find the constellation few directions are necessary. Once fairly above the horizon, it so dominates the surrounding sky that the eye is arrested by its marked individuality and splendor. Let us pass to Dec. 10 and get a better view of it. No map can give any idea of its brilliancy. The figure now shown on the screen, when actually seen in the sky, so to speak, stands alone, without any left a superfluous eye of first and second magnitude stars, Capella, Beta, Aurigæ, Castor and Pollux, Procyon and Sirius form an appropriate framework to the picture. This curve, like almost all other star figures, is sometimes hard to trace at first, but once found it becomes very conspicuous, and it contains so many important stars that it will well repay the trouble of tracing it out, especially as it directs us to Sirius, the most important star in the northern heavens. It has been computed that the light of Sirius is more than 40 times that of our Sun, and that this light is over 8 years in reaching us. As Sirius as well as all of the vast suns have minute companions, the question naturally arises, are any of them similar to our planets, shining by reflected light?

The answer seems to be that while it is possible that other stars may have their families in the sky, it is certain that none of them could be seen with our telescopes. From the nearest of the stars, Alpha Centauri, our Sun would be a small first magnitude star, and Jupiter, whose volume is 1,300 times that of the Earth, would be of the 21st magnitude, which would be barely visible with a glass 21ft. in diameter. That of the Lick telescope is 36ft. Returning to the constellation of Orion, the lowest star is Rigel. This is a gorgeous, the name of which translates the figure of the central one, undoubtedly so called because the figure is centrally divided by the Equator.

If we revolve the planisphere two hours more you will see that we have hurriedly glanced at the entire sky, for the constellation of Leo, containing Regulus, which was on the western horizon when we started is now just appearing in the east. Now, a word about the planets. The most important planet to an observer from the Earth so erratic that they well deserve their name of wanderers. Viewed from the outside of the system their

orbits are all more or less elliptical, and their motion is from west to east, contrary to the hands of a watch; but viewed from the Earth, which is its life in motion, they describe a series of curves and loops, sometimes appearing to have their real or direct motion at an angle to the ecliptic, or retrograde. These loops are the nightmare of the ancient astronomers, and they attempted to account for them by theories showing wonderful ingenuity, trying to reconcile their arguments with the supposition that the Sun and the planets revolved around the Earth. It is needless to say that when it became known that the Earth revolved around the Sun the whole matter was greatly simplified.

The planets are divided by astronomers into two classes, the Interior and Superior; but for our purposes they may well be divided into those which are interesting and not interesting. But after all a diagram like this is unsatisfactory, and to a certain extent misleading, for it is impossible to convey by it any idea of relative magnitudes and distances, and Herschel's old illustration, even if it has a flavor of the Kinnergarten about it, has always made me feel with singular force: "Choose any well leveled field. On it place a globe 2 ft. in diameter. This will represent the Sun, Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed, on the circumference of a circle 164 ft. in diameter, for its orbit. Venus a pea on a circle 284 ft. in diameter. The Earth also a pea on a circle of 430 ft. Mars a rather large pin's head on a circle of 654 ft. The Asteroids grains of sand on orbits from 1000 and 1500 ft. Jupiter a moderate sized orange in a circle nearly half a mile in diameter. Saturn a small orange on a circle four fifths of a mile. Uranus a full-sized cherry or plum upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half in diameter. Neptune a good-sized plum on a circle two and a half miles in diameter. On this scale the nearest star would be 8,000 miles away."

Jupiter and Neptune are, for all of our purposes, practically invisible, while Mercury, from his close proximity to the Sun, is seldom seen that we may almost always run with the others. An old English writer, of the name of Goad, in 1665, called him "a squinting lackey of the Sun, who seldom shows his head in these parts—as if he were in debt."

It has always been supposed, since Schroter, about a hundred years ago, declared this period of rotation, that the length of Mercury's day was similar to ours, but it is now known that it has recently been created so much discussion about the canals in Mars, during the past year, announced that both Mercury and Venus, in their revolution, always present the same face to the Sun, exactly as the Moon turns on its axis, once in making her circuit around the Earth. This would make the day of Mercury about 88 of our days long, while that of Venus would be in the neighborhood of 225 days. One side of each of these planets would then be in constant illumination and the other in constant darkness.

Leaving these knotty questions for the astronomers to fight over, the question presents itself: When from the deck of a yacht we see a bright star which does not twinkle, and which we cannot find on our planisphere, how do we know which of the planets it is? Of course, if we have an almanac which gives the time when each planet rises, sets, or sets, the question is at once settled. But let us suppose that you have no almanac. If the planet is very bright and not decidedly red in color, you may be sure that it is either Jupiter or Venus. Saturn's place should always be known, as will appear hereafter. If it is anywhere on the meridian or where the Sun is setting, it is not Jupiter or Venus, but more than three hours from the Sun, and of course more than time she is much nearer. Her orbit being within that of the Earth, she appears to slip over the horizon across the Sun, being sometimes to the west of him, when she is Morning Star, and sometimes to the east, when she is Evening Star. She therefore sets soon after the Sun or rises a short time before him. She never rises when the Sun is setting, and never sets when the Sun is rising.

No celestial body comes so near the Earth as Venus in portions of her orbit, except the Moon, and perhaps a stray comet. At inferior conjunction, when she is between us and the Sun, she is only 26,000,000 of miles distant. This happens once in every 584 days, and her light then reaches us in a little over two minutes. If it were not that she has phases precisely like the Moon, and that, unfortunately, she is so near to the Sun, the Earth, she should at such times have as other small moons in the sky, and be able to minutely examine this planet which so nearly resembles the Earth in volume and perhaps in physical characteristics. Although at these near approaches a more crescent, she becomes at these times such an object of unusual splendor, that we are always sure to hear from the devout of the Star of Bethlehem; but the quickest eyesight is not sufficient to tell us, as the Editor— for what reason they never exactly know. At last, some newspaper sets them straight, and people begin to realize that it is their old friend Venus, only six times nearer than they are accustomed to see her.

It was my fortune once during the war to be a humble member of a brigade which was counted up by the long roll in the early morning, to witness this planet as it appeared through a good field glass under any reasonable conditions. Jupiter's moons should be plainly visible. They will appear in a straight line on either side of the planet. The figure on the screen gives a very fair idea of what you would see. This is a telescopic view of Jupiter showing the cloud belts and the great red spot which has excited so much discussion.

The red color of Mars makes his identification very easy. Saturn would be more difficult if it were not that his motion is so slow, the period of his revolution being 29½ years. He consequently accomplishes only about 12° a year, remaining 2½ years in each constellation. It follows then, if we once know what constellation he is, we are pretty safe to find him again after any moderate lapse of time. He is now in the constellation of Leo, which is marked by the Sickle.

The screen shows a view of the most magnificent sight in the heavens. Saturn surrounded by his system of rings, probably consisting of a swarm of meteors, moving in orbits nearly circular and in one plane. As these rings always keep parallel to the Equator, which is inclined to the orbit, it follows that twice in each revolution they are edge on, when they are nearly invisible, except in the largest telescopes. They therefore must be extremely thin. The last disappearance of the rings was in February, 1878. The next will be in the autumn of this year, 1891.

If a model of Saturn were constructed, on a scale of 10,000 miles to the inch, the outer ring would have an exterior diameter of 14 in., and the thickness of this sheet of paper would be in fair proportion.

The next view is a fair telescopic view of Mars as ordinarily seen under favorable conditions. You notice the snow caps, which increase during the Martian winter and decrease during the summer, also the general cloud-like markings, supposed to be land and water.

The distance of Mars from the Earth varies so enormously—from 33,000,000 to 40,000,000 of miles—that his apparent magnitude varies from about that of Polaris to that of Jupiter. He is sometimes 5½ times as bright as at other seasons. He can therefore only be satisfactorily observed when in opposition, which happens once in every 780 days. The most favorable time is when the opposition occurs at the planet's perihelion. It is then nearest to the Earth, and as we are between the Earth and the Sun, it is consequently nearer us than at any other time. In 1892, he will be nearer than he has been for 15 years, and astronomers hope then to settle many questions which are now in dispute. The screen shows a map of Mars, by Schiaparelli, who has of late made such startling announcements in relation to this planet, showing his system of canals, about which there has been so much discussion.

Such vague ideas generally exist on this subject that perhaps a short statement of what the controversy really is may not be devoid of interest. Let me commence by saying that Schiaparelli occupies a deservedly high position in the astronomical world, and his statements are therefore entitled to respectful consideration. During the opposition of 1881 and 1882, he claimed to have discovered a network of fine straight lines, which he called "canals," crossing the planet in every direction. The term canal seems to be an unfortunate one, for the narrowest are from 40 to 50 miles broad, and they run hundreds, some times thousands of miles; nor is there the slightest evidence that they are filled with water. At times these lines are reported to become doubled, two canals appearing where there was only one before. Some instances Schiaparelli claims that he was actually able to follow the "germination" or doubling, and he thinks that the phenomenon is in some way connected with the planet's change of seasons. H. and Perrotin, an observer at Nice, who strongly confirms his observations, also report that large regions of land are subject to periodical inundations, and that in 1883 a continent, "Lybia," so-called, about as large as France, was hidden from view in the early part of that year.

On the other hand, Neisten, at Brussels, made drawings of the planet at the same time, in which the continent, reported as invisible "completely disappeared" by Schiaparelli and Perrotin, is

plainly shown. Neisten also reports that he could not see the duplicated canals, although he saw some single, while others to him look like the boundary lines of two different parts on the planet's surface. Mr. Proctor considered these markings to be "optical products." He was careful to explain that he did not mean to call them optical illusions. He thought that they were really pictured on the retina of the eye, but like diffraction rings, could be explained according to some known optical law.

Prof. Hall, of Washington, with the great refractor of the Naval Observatory, the same instrument which discovered the Moons of Mars, observed for eighteen nights and failed to see the canals reported. Prof. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, failed to see any evidence of the canals, and Lybia was frequently drawn while invisible to Schiaparelli and Perrotin.

Prof. W. H. Pickering, in the October number of the *Sidereal Messenger*, reports as the result of an examination of a series of photographs taken on Mount Wilson, and from a careful series of visual observations at Cambridge with the Boyden 12 in. refractor, that he can see a large number of these markings. He further says: "I use his words—'I have not yet been able to doubt any of them, or to see many of the fainter ones, but I have the highest admiration for the eyesight of the astronomer who could discover them in the first place with an 8 in. telescope.'"

Such, then, is the evidence, as far as I know it. For the facts I am indebted to "Young's Elements of Astronomy," and to the *Sidereal Messenger* of December, 1890.

To us there is such wide divergence of opinion among observers, that we cannot but think we cannot agree for the astronomers are looking forward to the great opposition of 1892 with much interest and excitement.

We now come to comparatively familiar ground. When we see this object in the sky we need no one to tell us that it is the Moon. We all know that it is about 240,000 miles from the Earth, that it completes its revolution in about a month, turning once upon its axis during that time, so that the same side is always presented to us.

The "Man in the Moon," that horrible warning to Sabbath breakers, sent there, with his staff and fagot, by Moses, for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, is one of the familiar recollections of our nursery.

Recently, a lady who seems to have escaped the eye of Anti-Queen Victoria, writes to me: "We have most of us, I think, with interest and rejoiced that the mythical Lunarians are no longer confined to the sterner sex alone. We also remember, from our school books, diagrams similar to the one now shown, illustrating New Moon, first quarter, full Moon and third quarter. Our reason teaches us that these changes cannot possibly affect the weather in any way, and yet, as yachismen, we are so constantly running in with these facts, that we cannot help feeling that it is immutable that it is sometimes hard to maintain our skepticism. We also hear a good deal from the same sources of 'wet' and 'dry' moons. When the horns of the crescent are turned up it is to be 'dry weather,' when they are turned down it is to be 'wet.'"

As these cusps or horns are obviously always turned away from the Sun and a line connecting them is always perpendicular to a line drawn from the Moon to the Sun, their precise position at any moment can be calculated with perfect certainty. If then, their position were an indication of rain or the reverse the Signal Service might well give up that branch of its duty and we could make our engagements for months ahead entirely undisturbed by the capricious humors and mackintoshes.

Familiar as these facts are, it is amusing to see the errors into which distinguished artists and authors will sometimes carelessly fall. It was only the other day that I saw a very fine picture by a French artist of a sunset, in which the new moon was represented as about midway between the zenith and the horizon, with its cusps turned toward the west; that is to say, the sun illuminated side toward the Sun. Like Sam Weller, I suppose the artist thought that it looked "more tender" that way. But he was in good company, for Dickens himself, in "Barnaby Rudge," says: "It was a fine dry night and the light of the young moon, which was then rising, shed around that peace and tranquility, which gives to even time its most delicious charm."

The photograph now shown was taken by Mr. Rutherford in 1873 and it speaks volumes for his skill, that in spite of all the improvements in photography and optical power during the past 18 years, it still loses but little in comparison with the best modern work.

The next picture is a typical view of three great ring plains, Ptolemy, Alphonsus and Arzachel. Ptolemy has a breadth of about 115 miles. Its wall or rampart is about 13,000 ft. high and it contains 40 minute craters. Alphonsus is 83 miles in diameter and has a central peak which is 15,000 ft. high. Arzachel is 65 miles across and on its west side has a peak 13,630 ft. high.

This view is a copy of a photograph presented to the Camera Club of this city by Professor Keeler. The original was taken by the Lick telescope during the past year. I am enabled to show it to you through the kindness of Mr. B. Ridgeham, who made the slide from the negative in the possession of the club.

I suppose the first question which comes into your mind is, how much detail which I regret our time will not permit us to examine. Near the center you will notice the craters shown separately on the last slide. On the right these dark spots are the so-called Lunar seas, the Mare Crisium, Mare Fecunditatis, Mare Tranquillitatis, Mare Serenitatis. Here are the Lunar Alps and the Apennines, ranging from 6,000 to 20,000 ft. in height. Near the edge of the crater on the dividing line between the Mare Crisium from the dark is called, you notice several minute points of light. Those are the tops of distant mountains whose bases are still in the shade, but whose peaks are gilded by the rising Sun. This suggests one of the methods by which the heights of Lunar mountains are measured, and in this connection a glance at the following slide may be interesting. When the bright spot first appears the distance from the terminator to its most distant point is the radius of the Moon is of course known. We have the two sides of this right angled triangle, and the remaining side, the hypothenuse, is obviously the radius of the Moon plus the height of the mountain.

I suppose that there is no one who owns a telescope who is not occasionally asked, how near does the Lick telescope bring us to the Moon? So I am going to anticipate a question to-night and tell you all I know about it. The answer seems to be, that I am not now referring to the photographs just shown—that for ordinary working purposes, visually, about 500 miles. With a power of about 2,500 or 3,000 under exceptional atmospheric conditions, this distance can probably be reduced to about 100 miles, perhaps 50 miles, but owing to the atmospheric shadows and also to the fact that the Moon is seen through a lens, and not as a problem a terrestrial object at the same distance would be it probable that more detail is visible than would appear on the terrestrial object.

The last view is an ideal picture of a lunar landscape, a scene of such absolute desolation that for any analogy can be found only in the Arctic, with practically no atmosphere, no water, no life of any kind, and probably a degree of cold which it would be hard for us to imagine. A dead world. A type of what the Earth, the planets and the Sun may one day become, for according to the best authorities everything leads to the conclusion that not they alone, but all of the stars which you see are gradually losing their heat and cooling off, that in the course of countless ages they too, like the moon, may become dead worlds. Whether a new system may be evolved from the wreck of the old, it is impossible even to conjecture.

Having now finished up the universe and suggested the possibility of a new one, this seems to be the proper place for me to conclude my remarks and to thank you for the kind attention with which you have listened to what I fear has been a long paper.

LIEUT. HENN'S CRUISE.—Lieut. and Mrs. Henn have just finished a long cruise at Trusville, Fla., their yacht, the *Minnehaha*, being a first-bottomed Indian Riverskipjack, 26 ft. l.w.l., 12 ft. beam, and 2 ft. 2 in. draft. At Jupiter Inlet they met with quite an adventure, but fortunately were able to launch the yacht in left Biscayne Bay for the 90-mile run to Jupiter Inlet. The wind was light and fair, and the sea smooth with rising glass, and all went well for the first 60 miles, when a heavy sea and rising wind were met. The boat was kept going and finally the Inlet was reached but the bar was impassable, and the only course was to anchor. The boat was driven very heavily, the sea being so bad that the Life Saving crew were unable for some time to launch their life boat. Finally they got off and took ashore Mrs. Henn and the steward, Lieut. Henn staying by the yacht. After a very bad night a shift of wind calmed the sea on the bar and the yacht made her way in with some danger, after which the cruise was resumed to Trusville. Lieut. and Mrs. Henn will be in New York about the first of May. Lieut. Henn, speaks in the highest terms of the bravery and kindness of the Life Saving crew.

THISTLE'S NEW OWNER.—The New York World is responsible for the statement that Thistle's new owner is no less a personage than the Emperor of Germany, who will rate her in British waters this summer.

CATS AND SAFETY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the outset of the very readable account of a "Cruise to the Westward" in the last two numbers I find the following: "I know some people will hold up their hands at the idea of a cat boat being safe. But no sailor boat swims the salt water for its size than a good Newport or Cape Cod boat in competent hands, and no boat is safe in others." I confess I entertained some demur to this, but I read on. The boat the narrator went cruising in was a genuine Newport cat, 23 ft. l.w.l., 10 ft. beam, and 28 in. draft. By trying to get one of the hay at night in face of a north wind, and the breeze moderate, it was evident that the cat was a very safe boat, one might go cruising in anything. But let this laudator of cats tell his own story. In Fort Pond Bay it came on to blow a good breeze from the northwest. It was evidently not more than a good breeze, for the cat was able to be tied up to an old wharf all night, where they could get ashore easily in case it blew too hard, for trying to get one of the hay at night in face of a north wind, and the breeze moderate, it was evident that the cat was a very safe boat, one might go cruising in anything. But let this laudator of cats tell his own story. In Fort Pond Bay it came on to blow a good breeze from the northwest. It was evidently not more than a good breeze, for the cat was able to be tied up to an old wharf all night, where they could get ashore easily in case it blew too hard, for trying to get one of the hay at night in face of a north wind, and the breeze moderate, it was evident that the cat was a very safe boat, one might go cruising in anything. But let this laudator of cats tell his own story. In Fort Pond Bay it came on to blow a good breeze from the northwest. 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felt, although, of course, the temptation to modify them to gain length would not be nearly so great. I think by measuring the after and the forward sail separately, and perhaps charging the forward triangle at half its area, this difficulty might be sensibly diminished. For the present, however, it seems to me safest to leave matters as they are, classifying by waterline length, and seeking to invent some more satisfactory and fairer method of measuring sail and of taxing it severely enough to prevent, or at least not to encourage, the building of "bushies" and at the same time to escape the difficulties above suggested. For some time to come, thanks to the example of the Minerva, yachtsmen will be satisfied to build boats of moderate proportions such as we all want. One thing is clearly necessary for encouragement of yacht racing—a combination among our large clubs by which we may be secure in the possession of a common and, if possible, stable measure."

Mr. Gielow: "I am strongly in favor of classifying yachts on their corrected length and sail area rule; and the measurement of sail area in accordance with the rules of the Seawanhaka Y. C. The statement, often heard, that the corrected length rule will produce a long and narrow boat has not been borne out by experience in Great Britain, where the rating rule, which is substantially the same thing, has been in force for several years. From data before me it appears that with one or two notable exceptions the wide boats have beaten fairly the old narrow cutters. The accurate measurement of sail area has always been a vexed question, and is likely to remain so. All rules formulated so far have been approximately correct only, and have admitted of more or less evasion by clever designers. Even if exact actual sail areas could be readily obtained and were used it would not eliminate evasions by reason of the fact that all sails are taxed as being of equal value for speed. Obviously, the more effective sails would be increased at the expense of the less effective, and the result would be a rig undesirable for seagoing purposes. The Seawanhaka rule seems calculated not to offer a premium on bad rigs, and it is uniform with the rules of the other large yacht clubs. It has much to commend it."

BOAT BUILDERS WANTED.—Wanted immediately, first-class workmen for planking and decking high grade canoes, small sail boats and launches. Only good workmen required. Write stating previous experience to J. G. Fraser, Manager, St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., Clayton, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. H. B.—There is a letter here for you.

H. S. Morristown, N. Y.—The New York Legislature has not yet passed any law affecting the wildfowl shooting.

W. E. H. M., Muncie, Ind.—Consult our advertising columns for addresses of St. Bernard breeders.

H. L. A., Canton, Ohio.—Apply to any of the large dealers in sportsmen's goods whose names you will find in our advertising columns.

A READER.—Whether ties on highest score take all prizes or not depends on the rules of the game, and those rules must be decided on beforehand.

G. W. H., Fredericton, N. B.—Will you kindly inform me where I can purchase some wild rice seed? Ans. Write to Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.

C. M. W., Providence, R. I.—You will find plover, ducks, etc., at Mace's Bay, New Brunswick, in season. The law requires non-residents to take out a license (from the office of the Provincial Secretary), fee \$20.

H. L. F., Camden.—1. Which one of the books you advertise gives the best instructions on the care of a horse? 2. What is the best way to kill a wounded rabbit? Ans. 1. Geo. A. Martin's "The Family Horse: Its Stabling, Care and Feeding," price \$1. 2. Strike it on the back of the neck with the edge of your hand.

MOXAN, Fitchburg, Mass.—The Catskill deer park is an enclosure of 150 acres, which has been stocked by the Forestry Commissioners. It is reached by the Ulster and Delaware R. R. to Big Indian, thence stage to Claryville and Slide Mountain. Hunting is not permitted there now.

P. H. R., Oakland, Cal.—Have you published any other writings by "Nessmuk" than the "Poems" and "Woodcraft"? Is the 31b. campax mentioned on page 74 in "Woodcraft" supposed to be the favorite pocket ax? At what age did he die? Ans. 1. No. 2. It is liked by many who use it. 3. "Nessmuk" (George W. Sears) died May 1, 1890, at the age of 69.

W. H. H., Tarrytown, N. Y.—Please give me the pedigrees of following pointers: Judge (A. K. R. 6330), Ruby (A. K. R. 4993). Ans. Judge, by Kibbee's Ned, by William's Quaker (Clement's Dash-Billy's Tidy), out of Indicot's Vixen, by Foster's Dan out of William's Daisy, by Woodward's Mac out of Gillett's May. Dam, Elsie, by Indicot's Van, brother to Vixen, out of William's Blitzen, by Kron's Woolch out of William's Gypsy, by Snapshot out of Gabb's Fanny II. Ruby, by Rowell out of Rump II.

J. H. SHERMAN, Idaho.—Lake trout are readily caught by trolling with a minnow, about 4 in. long, in deep water. A 6- to 10-0 O'haughnessy eyed hook is recommended for this kind of fishing. For the small lake trout, such as we have seen from Henry Lake, Idaho, an 8-0 would be suitable. The same arrangement will be proper for still-fishing. We do not know that bears make it a practice to visit salt licks. We would advise you to choose for bears nothing smaller than 45-70 or 45-90.

R. E. F., New York.—1. For trap-shooting pigeons near New York go to the new grounds to be opened by Mr. Penrose, whose office is at 178 Broadway (in Squire's gun store). 2. For Long Island duck shooting go to G. W. Howell's at Atlanticville. In New Jersey try Samuel Loper's at Waretown (on Barnegat Bay), or Capt. John Kelly's at Barnegat. 3. For information about the Chatham Club apply to Mr. Geo. Shepard, Page, 69 Wall street, New York.

C. E. T., Indiana.—I would very much like to know how large the horns of mountain sheep grow. I have a pair that measure 14 in. around the base of horn and spread 21 in. Ans. Your horns are fair, but not large. Sixteen inches in circumference at the base of horn and from 32 to 34 in. in length measured along the curve are fairly large horns. Seventeen inches is a big pair. We have heard of a head that measured 22 in. about the base, but have never seen one that approached this, and never expect to. As with other game so with sheep, the big heads are growing more and more rare. The animals no longer have time to grow them.

E. T., Avon, Mont.—Have you any model of a screen to put at the mouths of irrigating ditches out of streams to prevent fish going out of the creek? Ans. Drive a post firmly at each side of the mouth of the ditch, each post containing a groove in which a screen can be placed and raised or lowered easily. The screen is merely a rectangular wooden frame supporting a sheet of wire gauze, and this should be of the proper fineness to prevent the fish from passing through. We have no model or figure of such a screen at hand, but the simple form here indicated will answer the purpose. Any of the works on fishculture advertised in our columns will give the necessary details about screens and their position.

AREFAR, Auburn, Cal.—Will you please tell me if "Antoine Bissette's Letters" are written by Mr. Rowland E. Robinson? Their great fidelity to the "Pea-soupers" methods of speaking English denotes a master hand, and one that has faithfully copied their pronunciation and traits of mind. I was born and raised among them and lived in daily communication with them for thirty-five years, and thought I "had them down fine" to use a bit of slang. Antoine Bissette is the living embodiment of the Canuck of my youth. Although Mr. Robinson does not sign his name to these letters, I think no other man than the author of "Onc"

Lasha" could have written them. Ans. They are by Mr. Robinson, author of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps."

J. A. E., New York.—We advise the .45cal. The hollow-pointed express bullet expands, on striking the game, and gives a greater effect than does the solid lead bullet. The steel fishing rods are liked; their use is largely a matter of individual fancy. The black fly preventive recommended by Mr. E. A. Samuels in his "With Fly-Rod and Camera" is this: One part pure Stockholm tar to two parts sweet oil, adding a little oil of pennyroyal or peppermint. Vaseline thoroughly incorporated with this mixture gives it consistency and "wear." Too much pennyroyal will irritate the skin. "Nessmuk's" famous recipe, as given in "Woodcraft," is this: Summer together over a slow fire 3oz. pine tar, 2oz. castor oil, 1oz. oil pennyroyal; bottle for use. Rub it in thoroughly, and renew from day to day. "Kingfisher," in FOREST AND STREAM, recommends: One-half pint tar, ½ pint lard or vaseline, ½oz. pennyroyal, 3 drops crocus; mix with heat and bottle for use.

J. S. C., Jr., Boston.—In the number of your paper of March 26 I notice under the heading of "Maine Deer" your correspondent says he has seen two deer "within the past two weeks," one of which had a fine pair of antlers. Allowing that it is now four weeks since these deer were seen, it brings the date some time during the latter part of February or first part of March. I would like to know if any one else has ever seen a deer at this season with a pair of antlers. Have never heard of such a thing. Ans. The Virginia deer is supposed to shed its antlers from January to March, later in the North than in the South. In his work on the "Deer and Antelope in North America" June 1890, we have seen the case of a buck which he had which had only shed one of his horns in April. This was in Illinois, and it is to be noted that the animal was in a park, i. e., perhaps not under perfectly natural conditions. We have a record of a captive deer in a Boston park which had shed one horn by March 15, 1878. Deer in the Baltimore park are reported to shed in April. On the other hand, we have seen a deer with only one horn about Feb. 15 in Nebraska. We imagine there is a good deal of individual variation in this matter, but that the rule first stated generally holds good. It is well known that different species of deer differ widely in the dates at which they shed their horns.

There are those who seem to think that wherever there is water there must of necessity be fish, but they are in error. If fish are not protected during their spawning season the supply must eventually become exhausted, just as the stock of swine of a farmer would be cut off should he butcher his sows just before they are about to farrow, or kill his other stock as they were about to produce their kind. The policy of Vermont has for some years been to protect valuable food fish during their breeding season, but the class we have spoken of, together with those who care more for the gratification of their present desire to catch fish either for pelf or pleasure, have been fighting these protective laws. At the last session of the Legislature they thought they did a mighty smart thing by the passage of an act that they seem to think has destroyed the effectiveness of the protective laws passed in former years. The statute book shows, however, that they have reckoned without their host. If the time comes when any of them shall presume to act upon what they seem to think to be true, they will find they have made a very great mistake. The act that they fondly hoped was going to enable them to defy the law with impunity, they will find to be but a rope of sand. When it says this, the *Argus* and *Patriot* speaks whereof it knows.—*Argus* and *Patriot*, Montpelier, Vt.

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To the Creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company: Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of February, 1891, an order was made by the Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, that the creditors of the F. L. Sheldon Company present to the undersigned, the receiver thereof, and prove before him under oath, to his satisfaction, their several claims and demands against said corporation within two months from the tenth day of February, 1891, and that in default thereof such creditors shall be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be made and declared by the court upon the proceeds of the effects of the said corporation, and notice is hereby given to all the creditors accordingly. WILIAM H. LEMASSENA, Receiver, 803 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

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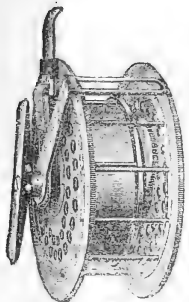
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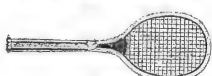
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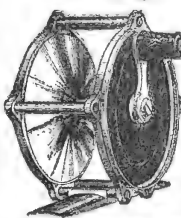
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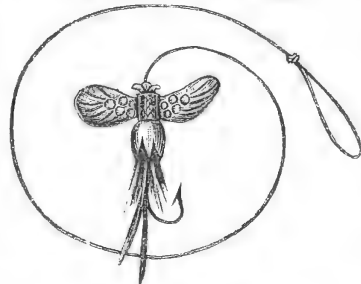
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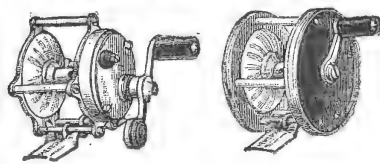


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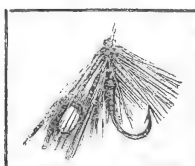
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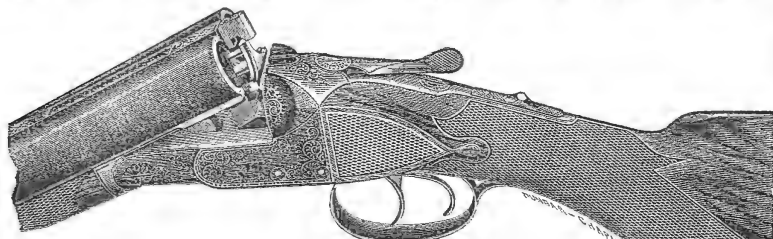
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APRIL TALK.

OF right there should be no shooting now, but of pests and at inanimate targets. The killing of a bird in this season of northward migration means, at least, one better bird the less, perhaps two, or a dozen, in the season to which shooting properly belongs.

No right-minded man practices or advocates the shooting of woodcock, quail or any of the grouse in the spring. Why should such uphold the spring shooting of snipe, shore birds and waterfowl? The poor reason is, that the first breed with us and the loss is directly apparent, forced at once upon us, when in early summer days we visit the barren covers, fruitless now, not because of untimely harvesting, but for lack of seed, while the far northern fields, on which the crop of last-named birds are grown, are for the most part beyond our sight and ken. Just as surely as if we destroyed the seed there instead of here, the yearly crop diminishes and less and less of it returns to us.

The only plea for this improvident killing of migrants is, that without it we should have no spring shooting! As if life were not worth living unless one can be killing something from the beginning to the end of the year, and as if it were not better to stay our hands for a season now, than to have nothing to shoot by and by. No, let there be no more spring shooting of geese, ducks, snipe and bay birds. If we cannot be content without the pulling of triggers and the noise of guns, let us blaze away at targets and clay-pigeons. There will yet be left clay to mould others of. And if we want to go hunting, let us go now without a gun.

We shall not find it unpleasant nor unprofitable to take to the woods now, for we may be sure that they are pleasanter than the untidy fields. Where nature has her own way with herself, she makes her garb seemly even now, after all the tousing and rents she gave it in her

angry winter moods. The scraps of moss, bark and twigs with which the last surface of the snow was obtrusively littered lie now unnoticed on the flat-pressed leaves, an umber carpet dotted here with flecks of moss, there sprigged with fronds of evergreen fern, purple leaves of squirrel-cup and its downy buds and first blossoms. Between banks so clad the brook babbles as joyously as amid all the bloom and leafage of June, and catches a brighter gleam from the unobstructed sunbeams. So befittingly are the trees arrayed in graceful tracery of spray and beads of purpling buds, that their seemly nakedness is as beautiful as attire of summer's greenness or autumn's gorgeousness could make them.

Never sweeter than now, after the long silence of winter, do the birds' songs sound, and never in all the round of the year is there a better time to see them when the gray haze of the branches is the only hiding for their gay wedding garments.

If you would try your skill at still-hunting, follow up that muffled roll that throbs through the woods, and if you discover the ruffed grouse strutting upon his favorite log, and undiscovered by him can watch his proud performance, you will have done something better worth boasting of than bringing him to earth from his hurtling flight.

Out of the distant fields come, sweet and faint, the call of the meadow lark and the gurgle of the blackbirds that through the brookside elms. From high overhead come down the clarion note of the goose, the sibilant beat of the wild ducks' wing, the bleat of the snipe and the plover's cry, each making his way to northern breeding grounds. Are you not glad they are going as safely as their uncaught shadows that sweep swiftly across the shadowy meshes of the forest floor? Are you not content to see what you see, hear what you hear, and kill nothing but time?

Verily you shall have a clearer conscience than if you were disturbing the voice of nature with the discordant uproar of your gun, and marring the fresh odors of spring with the fumes of villainous saltpeter.

THE MAINE GAME SITUATION.

THE Maine game question is so important that it is well worth our while to try to understand it; to learn all we can about it; to hear all sides.

Two classes are interested, residents and visitors. The chief importance attaching to the papers written by Miss Fannie P. Hardy is found in her claim for them that they give the side of the residents, or at least of those residents most nearly concerned. She professes to speak for this class—a class which is less often heard than the other; and she claims that her peculiar opportunities for gaining information and her long study of the subject enable her to represent the views of these people accurately.

Miss Hardy is a daughter of Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, engaged for many years in fur trading (a business from which he has only recently retired). Mr. Hardy has had an acquaintance wider perhaps than that of any other man in the State with hunters, trappers, guides, lumbermen and other dwellers in the woods, upon whose co-operation the preservation of game so largely depends. More than this we understand that Mr. Hardy enjoys the respect of the Game Commissioners, as a citizen who has always obeyed the letter and spirit of the game laws, even when such compliance involved great personal loss to himself.

From all this it would seem that Miss Hardy's claim that she is qualified to speak for these people is well founded; and if it is; and if she can tell us how the Maine residents look at this game question, it is surely desirable that we should hear what she (for them) has to say. Their views may be full of error, their attitude a mistaken one, their logic at fault, their position untenable, their practices indefensible; nevertheless all these must be accepted as actually existing conditions, which should be taken into account in the effort to provide the remedy and save the game. For that, unless a change shall be inaugurated, the game is going, appears to us to be beyond dispute.

If what is told by Miss Hardy in to-day's issue is insufficient evidence as to the doings of so-called sportsmen in Maine, turn back to the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 11, 1890, and read there what "Special" wrote of the wholesale destruction of Maine deer by jacking and dogging and other modes of hunting in the summer months of 1890, and up to the opening of the season, Oct. 1. Ac-

cording to "Special's" report, this killing out of season and by forbidden methods was done by sportsmen from outside the State, or by guides employed for them. His account and Miss Hardy's amply corroborate each other. Their reports and much other information which has come to us indicate that the illegal destruction of large game in the Maine forests last year was practically unchecked, and exceeded that of any previous season.

The result appears to be this: The people of Maine, or at least that class for whom Miss Hardy speaks, having seen the deer and moose thus wantonly killed and wasted by sportsmen in the summer months, have themselves given over all restraint and in their turn have slaughtered the game in winter and without regard to the laws.

This, we are told, is the actual condition of things. We need not now discuss the moral aspects of the case; we have already said that two wrongs do not make a right; but the situation is one that cannot be touched by an abstruse or argumentative consideration of the points of ethics involved.

We confess that we do not at this moment see where the remedy lies. Perhaps Miss Hardy may have one to suggest; or it may come from elsewhere; but we are not without confidence that it will be found, and that the discussion of the question by Miss Hardy and by those who will doubtless follow her will aid in its discovery.

It surely must be discouraging to every true sportsman (and we know many such), who visits Maine, and by his practice, example and influence there strives to awaken among those with whom he comes in contact a respect for game protection and an observance of the laws, to find that after all he is in a minority; for it appears from what Miss Hardy has written that the Maine people themselves have acquired their notions of "sportsmen" as a class chiefly from the lawless individuals who in the close season commit outrages which are abhorred even less by the native of Maine than by sportsmen of better type themselves.

DEATH OF GENERAL STRONG.

ON Friday last the cable brought to this country news of the death, at Florence, Italy, of Gen. William E. Strong of Chicago, a gentleman who had a wide circle of friends all over the land. He sailed for Europe only a month ago for the benefit of his health, though he was not at the time supposed to be seriously ill. His death was therefore entirely unexpected. Gen. Strong was born in 1840 at Granville, N. Y., but during his boyhood his father removed to Wisconsin, where the son studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1861. At the breaking out of the war he raised a company of troops and saw much service, passing through the various grades of promotion from Captain to Brigadier General of Volunteers, which brevet he received March 21, 1865. Gen. Strong was Inspector General of the Freedman's Bureau from May, 1865, to September, 1866, and then became Secretary of the Peshtigo Lumber Co. of Chicago. In 1873 he became President of that company, and occupied the position until his death. He was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Republican National Convention which nominated President Garfield.

General Strong was an ardent sportsman, and has had a great deal of experience in many kinds of hunting. Years ago he was a most successful prairie chicken shooter, and did much deer hunting in Michigan. He was an intimate friend of President Arthur and General Sheridan, and accompanied them on many excursions into what used to be the wild West. He was with the Presidential party which in 1883 made the trip from the Union Pacific Railroad north through the Yellowstone Park, and one of the camps made by this party on Snake River, not far above Jackson's Lake, is still known as Camp Strong. General Strong was a most genial, kindly man, and was warmly esteemed by all who knew him.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Society last week 170 members and guests were present. New England uniform game legislation was the topic discussed, without definite result, the general opinion being that it would be difficult to make the game and fish seasons the same in the several States.

SOUTH SIDE CLUB TROUT.—The first day's catch at the South Side Sportsmen's Club was 556 trout weighing 546lbs.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SNOWBOUND.

THE storm has passed into the deep, impenetrable mountain whence it sprang. The frost king rules. White are his locks and beard, stern his eyes, and the unsympathetic diaphanous of his voice comes down the cañon on the strident blast. His icy breath congeals the laughing brook that groans beneath his pitiless sway. The forests crack and wild beasts seek their lairs at the mere whisper of the monarch's iron will. Even rough, weather-beaten men stand trembling at the half-opened door, for all their wraps and furs, their wool and hides, are but scant armor 'gainst the lances of the powers of the air.

They are gone and I am left alone. Before me is the cheery fire. Great logs of cedar snap and blaze, and from them rises a sweet incense—vain offering with which to propitiate an implacable deity. The cedar gives its fragrance forth not for love's sake, but impelled by rude necessity. Therein, with the crushed bay, it shows a trait most common in mankind. 'Tis strange that if the milk of human kindness once turn sour, it may, by pride or public sentiment, forced neutralizers, be given a semblance of its former self, and yet the quality and flavor, once lost, can never be restored. So, by the smell, that cedar log is cedar till it be reduced to ashes or fly away in smoke and vapor, but how different that odor from the rich perfume of which it was so prodigal when once it stood in upland grove and nodded to the blossoming earth or raised its sinewy limbs up to the smiling sun.

Now, I am not finding fault with the cedar. It is neither better nor worse than the majority of the men with whom it has been compared, and, on this bleak, bitter January morning it is doing valiant service. Up the wide-mouthed chimney roars its challenge, its defiance, and down from the upper ether comes the shrill reply of the angry, baffled sovereign. Listen! Did some one speak? No, I am yet alone, save as the elements companions be. The sounds change to words: the words frame themselves into song:

"Darkness my cradle,
Chaos my throne,
Terror my mantle,
I monarch alone.
Me defying,
All things dying
Prostrate fall;
And the armor
That they trusted
Is their pall.
While the moaning and the groaning
And the ever sad intoning
Of fierce winds 'mid branches bare,
And the wild, incessant rattle
Of the elements in battle
Makes sweet music everywhere.
"From realm of hail and bitter blast,
Where icy forms fly thick and fast,
Where frozen land looks on frozen sea,
I come, and I have come for thee.
Sharper than Toledo dart
Is the lance that seeks thy heart;
More sure than Borgia's poisoned steel
Is the weapon thou shalt feel,
For my breath
Is death."

But the dancing fire leaps higher, laughs and sheds abroad new lustre. Even the old, smoky rafters glow and the dull andirons take a cherry tint. The fire is alive and the great room, a moment since so cold and cheerless, is peopled with strange forms of light. There is music in my ears and the sound is the sound of murmuring waters, of bees lulling the nodding clover to sleep; the music is the music of the morning stars when they hailed the new-born earth, and from the dazzling splendor, to the inspired accompaniment, comes a sweeter song:

"I am the spirit of the flame;
The fire of love is my life.
Softly I conquer the hearts of men;
I banish care and strife.
"I have stolen the warmth of the noonday sun,
The light of the harvest moon,
The first faint blush from the maiden's cheek
And the mother's cradle tune.
"I have given love's hue to the budding rose;
I have cherished the eggs in the robin's nest;
From the babbling brook I have loosed thy bonds;
To the tired soul I have given rest.
"Oh, I am the spirit of the flame!
While the fire of love burns true
I know no rule but my own sweet will,
And that shall conquer you."

Roar on, old Boreas, thou king of darkness and desolation! Thy reign is short; make the most of it. Sing on, thou spirit of the flame; and you, light-hearted heralds of the spring, gather about the hearth. Pile on the logs of fragrant cedar. Winter storms without, but within is endless summer, peace and rest.

Ah, me! The great door opens; the vision flies; the song is hushed. Once more I am by the fire in the cold, dreary room, and the teamsters have come in from their morning chores. The breath of the ice king is on their garments. On the brick hearth they stamp their half frozen feet and smite their hands with pain. Then they take their customary seats in the half circle they have daily made since first the snow began to fall. The vile aroma from their pipes pervades the hall, and another day, monotonous, almost interminable, is here.

I wonder if the good Queen Anne's poet-philosopher, looking in upon this motley throng, could, with clear conscience, say:

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

But it takes all kinds of people to make the world, and there is a certain profit and pleasure to be found in the analysis of humanity, that can be derived from no other source. My new-made friends are silent now, but let

their voices thaw and the insidious nicotine bemuddle what they call their brains, and coarse jests will fly and tales of strange adventure such as might bring a blush to Baal's brazen brow or turn old Nimrod green with envy.

"Yes," Winn begins—a rough frontiersman of the genus cowboy, species *intractabilis*. Winn is the perpetrator of a joke upon a certain erudite justice of the peace and the tale will bear repeating before his own story is given. His home is in the quiet town of Richfield and when he visits the settlement he celebrates by painting the town a flaming cardinal. On one of these occasions he took a hand at some simple game played with five cards, of which the first is buried. I think they call it "stud." Something about the game was forbidden in the city ordinance "For the suppression of gambling," and under the kind supervision of the marshal, Winn, with five companions, found himself before the bar of justice. Denials and defense were useless. Justice Orrick solemnly perused the statutes and fined each offender \$12.50. Winn found he had but \$10, and this he offered to the magistrate, but no compromise could be effected with the city treasury. It was \$12.50 or 124 days in durance vile. Finally a happy thought struck the young man.

"Say, Judge, I'll give you a bill of sale of my mule and if I don't bring you the money within five days I'll bring the critter and it's yours."

Now an average mule was worth \$40 and the justice thought he had a good bargain, so did Winn, although he never cracked a smile until the bill was drawn up, signed and delivered; then something in his countenance warned the grave Orrick of impending trouble.

"Winn, how old is that ar mewl?"
"Old enough to vote, Judge, old enough to vote," and the door was closed from the outside.

Now Richfield justice cannot be lightly treated. Straightaway the justice hid him to the constable and together they visited Winn's home.

"Well, Winn, I have a warrant for you."
"What fer?"
"The Judge says as you ain't settled that fine."

"Ain't settled that fine? You try and make me settle it agin and it'll cost you three or four mules."

"How's that?"
"Well, I give the Judge a bill of sale of my mule and he let me go."

"Is that so, Brother Orrick?"
The Judge, with much hesitation, confessed that such was the case.

"Well, then you can't do nothing more with Winn."
"But, Winn, you'll let me see the mewl?"
"Cert. Come along."

Out to the old corral they went and there upon the ground lay the ungainly hybrid, patriarch of all the mules in Utah. Winn kicked it and it slowly rose and tottered to its feet.

"Look out, gentlemen, it may fall on you and I can't be responsible for accidents."

"Now, Winn," whined the baffled Orrick, "I meant to do the right thing by you, but I guess I stretched the law a little. The law won't let me take anything that'll eat or run away."

"You're all right, Judge. You're all right. That mule can't do neither one."

Five days later there was a procession through the main street of Richfield. Winn drove a cart and behind was tied Brother Orrick's mule. Two of his boon companions marched on either side to steady its feeble steps, and the fifth brought up the rear and gave the beast a push whenever it seemed that it must surely fall. The next morning there was a funeral in Justice Orrick's corral, and the worthy magistrate, having just deposited \$12.50 of his own hard-earned cash in the city treasury, was the sole mourner.

But to return to Winn's narrative, which has been rudely broken by the advent of three lusty Corn Creek Utes. Tall, straight, broad-shouldered, with clear-cut profiles, they are noble specimens of their fast-dying tribe. From one to another they pass, trying to barter their heavy navy blankets. Failing in this, one produces a worn-out .22-cal. rifle on which he had evidently been swindled. He offers it for \$4, and with grim irony remarks: "Shootem buckskin, no much bueno; shootem mouse, shootem fly heap good."

Then the trio roll three cigarettes, and squatting on the floor behind the charmed circle puff away while Winn proceeds.

"Last summer I went up on Panquich Lake to see what show there was for choppin' ties and floatin' 'em down the river to Richfield and Salina. I allowed to chop this winter and float before irrigatin' time, but it's handier to get red pine and black balsam right here and on Clear Creek, so I give up the job. Bill Jones went with me. We had been running our cattle in Emery Valley and we knowed they couldn't get away, so we allowed to be gone about two weeks. We didn't take much grub, for the man that can't get all he wants to eat about Panquich Lake deserves to starve. There was no trail up Mammoth Creek, and we had a tough time of it. Didn't get to the lake until dark, and didn't see a deer on the whole way. Bill made a little yeast powder bread, and we wrapped up in our blankets and lay down by the fire to sleep. The next morning we started chopping, and worked a little every day on our cabin so as to have it all ready in case we came up in the winter. We didn't hurt ourselves with hard work. The fishing was too good. I believe there's more trout in Panquich Lake to-day than in all the rest of Utah. The Injuns used to catch lots of 'em in some kind of willow fish traps, and the time was when a man could buy all he could pack for two bits or a plug of terbaccer."

"After we'd picked a place for a camp and cut down one tree we wanted a mess of trout. But we was in the timber and thar warn't no hoppers, and we hadn't no fish eyes and pine logs make durned poor poles. So we wandered around till we found a little creek. There we cut some willows and caught a few minnies in our hats. We had to use our hats for pails in getting them back to camp. Then the fun began. We put on heavy sinkers so the little cusses couldn't swim very far and then we threw in. I didn't wait more 'n a second before there was a yank at my pole that almost pulled it out of my hands. That was the first fish that ever I had on that I couldn't fling out right over my head. He was a whopper and no mistake. The more I pulled the more he jerked. Bye 'n bye he jumped clean out 'n the water, and by jimminy he looked like a young whale. Well, I fooled with that feller half an hour before he turned belly up and let me

haul him in. He must have weighed 8 or 10 lbs. Well, we fished until noon and then had eight fish. Any one of them was enough for a meal. The rest we cleaned and hung up in a tree. Every day we had the same luck, and every day the string of fish in the tree got longer and heavier.

"One afternoon when we got back to camp the fish was gone. The whole pile had been drug away, and by the tracks, which wasn't very plain, the beast that done the thievin' was a bar. The trail was well marked and went up toward the mountain, and Bill and I thought that between the scalp and the hide we could make a good grub-stake; so we took our gun and started after it.

"We had gone about a mile when just ahead of us there was the darndest yowlin' and growlin' and spittin' that ever you heard. We stole up and looked through the bushes. There was a big wolverine and a she lion fightin' over them trout, and two kittens were havin' a circus of their own jist beyond them. We managed to git up pretty clost. The beasts had all they could do to look out for each other without attendin' to us. Talk about a wolverine bein' a coward! I know better. That old lion would walk round and round and switch her tail, and every time she'd spring the wolverine would half stand and half jump and snap at her neck. Then they'd roll over together, and when they parted for the next round the wolverine was always over the fish. They was both of 'em torn and bloody. By'm by the lion got in a side scraper—gee whiz! but it was a horrible belt—right on the wolverine's head, and the wolverine curled up and rolled as if it had been hit by a thunderbolt. The lion yowled a little and the kittens ran up to her, and she was just makin' off with the fish when 400 grains of lead took her whar she lived, and she never axed no questions. Before we got to her, Mister Wolverine picked himself up and shook himself together, but Bill attended to his case. Their hides was so cut up and bloody that it warn't no use skinnin' 'em, but you kin bet yer life we didn't have no more fish stole from that camp."

The door opens and Gretchen's frowzy head is thrust into the cloud of smoke. "Dinner's ready, gentlemen." So am I.

MARYSVILLE, Utah, Jan. 18.

AN EXCITING CHASE IN NEW JERSEY.

THIS being the inning of a driving northeasterly storm, when the authorities had cut and dried a "westerly wind, with fair and colder weather," and having nothing worse to do, I make so bold as to tell you about a lovely fox chase we had down this way in January. Ever since we didn't go deer hunting and get shot by some other hunters, we had been solacing ourselves with the promise of a run after reynard some day when the time seemed propitious, and the time seemed at least to get around into that quarter when my friend C. asked me one evening if I was ready for that fox hunt. The outlook for a fine day was below par at that time, for Old Prob had guessed that a storm center had already formed in Arkansas with wicked intent, and head faced to the east, with a good second out among the Rockies; that the Arkansas trouble would give the mountain business a handicap of twelve hours or so, and that if there was not any counter diversion from Manitoba or the Gulf region, the two flyers would probably, other things being equal, impinge on the seaboard more or less according as the precipitation of moisture radiating from a given area should be influenced by opposing currents. This looked bad as a starter, added to which there was a ring around the moon and a decided tendency to disturbance in the cornfield, and when I retired the moon had done the same thing behind a thick covering of very snowy looking clouds; consequently I didn't lay out my hunting togs over night, as I usually do for an early start, for I did not think the circumstances warranted it, but went to bed in the usual way.

I heard the clock strike two, and in a minute or two, three, and shortly after four, and before I had time to turn over twice five came along, when I rose and looked forth. The wind had got lost somewhere, so that the dogs could be heard nicely, the mercury had stopped at 30, and a star or two twinkled from between bands of clouds which spanned the heavens. "Good luck," said I, and hopped into my clothes. By daylight the sky was almost clear, and by 7 o'clock F. was on hand, and I gave Moddesh her head and told her to g'long, to the old hunting song:

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning,
Before the sun rises away we fly,
Dull sleep and a drowsy bed scorning.
To horse (buggy), my brave boys and away,
Bright Phoebus the hills is adorning,
The face of all nature looks gay,
'Tis a beautiful scent-laying morning,
Hark! Hark! Forward!
Tanta-ra, tanta-ra,
Tanta-ra-a-a."

We drove about four miles from town to a road from which the man with the dogs was to come into ours. The sun had fairly got above the low-lying clouds and begun to warm up stiffened nature considerably, giving promise of a day without flaw, when L. loomed up in the rear rumbling over the frozen road, flanked by skirmishers in the shape of five fine foxhounds that at intervals filled the circumambient with their musical baying. Just behind L. came C., having gathered in Mr. V. as he came along, and away we went for the rendezvous, a mile distant, at the house of Mr. F., an old fox and deer hunter, whose name by the way, is the same as the middle name of the world-famed author of the Leather Stocking tales. He was on hand to welcome us, and in a short time we were putting our guns together and discussing methods of operation, when up drove Mr. McK. in his road cart, followed by a hound or two. The party was now complete, and in a few minutes we were jogging down a woods road that skirted a swamp in which Bre'r Fox might, could, should or would be found.

In less than five minutes one young white purp, a heedless, headlong, headstrong hound had got out into the swampy brush and started a lively ruction all by himself after a rabbit. This wouldn't do at all at all, so L. dropped behind to call off his dog while we with much urgent persuasion restrained the other dogs and straggled along into the woods. After a while L. rejoined us, accompanied by the delinquent, which immediately went off into the woods to the right and began to stir up

another smell. We left him to his own devices and odors and plodded ahead.

By this time McK. had got his dog in leash to prevent any more hare rising, and was being towed along through the bushes at rather an uncomfortable rate of speed by the half-choked eager hound, which soon placed him in the advance together with C., and several dogs, which latter soon found what was pronounced a fox trail and dashed off. Right here we'll drop this much of the outfit for they don't interest us further, as we saw them no more that day. I neglected to mention C.'s big black and white dog, which accompanied him without any definite purpose, being composed of several different breeds with a good deal of other kind of dog, and exhibiting considerable enthusiasm without much attention to business. V. had a pocket edition of canine, as had our host F., which were taken along to take care of us in case we got lost, I suppose, as I couldn't see any other reason.

Faster and faster away went the dogs ahead, and we five pulled along behind easily, while the lone dog in the scrub behind was evidently working up considerable of a fever. The theory was presented that he was working the same trail that the other dogs had struck further on, and that he would work it up to their trail and then rejoin us. This was as satisfactory as anything we could think of, and more complimentary to the dog than if charged with frittering away his time on a hare. Of course all the motions of the dogs must be understood, and each person generally having a different opinion added to the clear solution of the matter. The skirmish line was getting pretty much out of hearing, when we struck a road, one end of which was anchored in Millville, and the other somewhere else. Here we halted a bit, listening for the dogs and making various wild and unsatisfactory conjectures. Then host F. said that he and L. would follow on and F., V. and I could form a picket line along the road, and if the dogs turned the fox back, or the fox led the dogs back, we would be in position to shoot him, perhaps. So the woods swallowed them up, and we moved down the road a way and stopped for consultation, as it was necessary to come to some conclusion as to what the dogs were doing and what the fox would probably be compelled to do in case there was any fox up. Once in a while one would say "Hark!" and then each would stretch his ears away off into the forest and endeavor to persuade himself that he heard the dogs, when an entirely new set of conjectures were called into play.

After a time, during which the rear guard hound had joined the company cheerfully, showing that he had done all that could have been expected of him, V. suggested that we go down to Hance's bridge, across "Painter Creek Branch," that could be seen at a little distance. There being no good reason why we should not, and there being the possibility that we might surprise the fox swimming up the creek, we leisurely reached the bridge, where we paused and looked into the water and speculated about how old the puncheons were and other fox-hunting subjects. V. told of coming along here in winter one day and going out on a slippery log to dip a bucket of water for his horses, and how cold he was when he crawled out from the water and for some time thereafter. He also said that in the cedar swamp, that skirted one side, the stream was a good place to find rattlesnakes, and I mentally resolved that I'd choose some other place to find mine, where the odds would be more even.

F. mentioned that near here was the spot where Mrs. Whatsname dug for gold, having dreamed that there was any amount buried in a certain spot. He also began to tell how in the swamp near the bridge was a jug cache, made by two boys, I believe, who were teaming to and from Millville, and who didn't dare carry the liquor home, and there was more to it, but right here something interrupted him, and I'm in a good deal of doubt as to the sequel—I'll ask him for the rest some time when there is no danger of being interrupted by the incidents of the chase.

We were having a terrible good time and enjoying ourselves immensely, exclaiming "Hark!" every now and then and pretending we heard the dogs. Across the bridge and up the road a little way was a covered wagon in the bushes, denoting the presence of other hunters far or near.

After exhausting the pleasures of this place we easily moved back to our first position, where, after due consultation and much straining of ears, during which we plainly heard dogs in the same direction as before, we decided to follow the advance guard and endeavor to come upon the field of action, convinced that the fox had not yet been started and that if he was he would lead the dogs straight away down across the Dowdy's Tavern road, then doubling back would keep up the other side the swamp toward Bennett's mill and over into the Thick Holes. That was as far as we could safely predict and I couldn't see any good reason for any prediction at all, but when a person wishes to do anything he will generally find a reason. So we started, overtaking ere long a solitary huntsman with a dog chain over his shoulder, going in our direction with a white hound. He was surprised to find that our party was ahead of him on the same trail and before long he vanished in some mysterious way. We halted every two or three hundred yards to listen for the dog music, which began to be a little better defined and served as a mild stimulus. After a while we entered a road going our way, crossed a swamp and rose a hill, where in the sand we found the tracks of our party pointed ahead in the road, as evidenced by the rubber boot track of F. and the small track of L. which we could identify. Here and there we found where they had halted, waiting for the dogs to work out the trail or watching for a shot. The music, however, kept about so far ahead, old Jack of the baritone voice, with supplement of soprano and falsetto mixed, doing the solo part, while the other dogs encouraged him by turns. Of course, we periodically halted during the next mile or two and held a caucus as to the present position and occupation of the pack and what we'd better do in case the fox kept the swamp or took a side shoot to the starboard and a turn over by May's Landing and down Egg Harbor River. Old Jack continued to keep just about so far off, which was just near enough to render it very doubtful whether we heard him at all, though occasionally one or the other would exclaim: "Hear that? I heard him then sure. There! Don't you hear him? That's him." Then we'd all strain a while with more or less doubt or certainty, as we had imagination in the emergency.

Finally as we came to a fork of the road up which the party had gone, we heard unmistakably the dogs in what

seemed to be full cry, a long distance away. Here was a new mix. If we kept on we'd be going directly away from the attraction. So we caussed again and concluded that the fox would now come down the swamp we had crossed, and if we were not there we'd be somewhere else. In order to prevent so dire a calamity we took the back track instant and paddled along lively for a while, and then halted to listen—not a sound. Everything dead. Well, now what? The whole chase was probably heading now for Atlantic county and would probably pull up down by Atlantic City somewhere, but we might as well scup on to the swamp and wait awhile; and so we did, enjoying the sport as only thoroughbred fox hunters can.

On nearing the crossing we found a little open space where some woodchoppers or charcoal burners had once had some little huts. Here we sat or reclined and rested our weary legs, almost exhausted in the hot chase after the fox, while we talked of the pleasures of the sport and enjoyed the mild air of mid-January. A light breeze had arisen, and sighing through the treetops gave once and again momentary sounds in confusion which might have been wafted from the dogs, and might have been from a thousand and one other causes, probably were. After waiting long enough to be reasonably certain that neither dogs nor fox were going to make us any trouble, we resumed our legs and filed along the road for a mile or so until we came to a road, old and disused, leading diagonally to the right from the one we were on. Here we stopped to indulge our ears once more and caucus a little. F. said that right here on this ridge was formerly a noted deer stand, where his father and perhaps his grandfather had slain many a mighty son of a glen, which of course started reminiscences in which we all indulged, while we drank in with quivering ears the "heavenly music" of the fox chase—in the next county, and congratulated each other that it was our good fortune to be enjoying so much sport on such a perfect day in the woods.

Well, should we keep the old road we were on or take the still older one and go somewhere else? It was argued by F. that we were nearer home now than we would be were we to go "callahootin'" off into a new neck of woods, while V. said that the right hand road led nearer in the direction of the dogs' last note and not so far away from the home road; while I, being a stranger in a strange land, opined that if the road in question intersected the Bennett's Mill road at a point equidistant from the junction of Rattletrap Branch and Petticoat Creek we might get there in time to cut the fox off from heading for Thick Holes—in case there was any fox or dogs.

During my argument V. had slowly wandered off down the fork, and F. and I not wishing to break up the procession, slowly and uncertainly followed. In a few yards we came to another old road intersecting this one at nearly right angles, thus making the direction of the last found road S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Here we stopped from force of habit and listened. The wind softly sighed among the oaks and pines, and away off somewhere where there was life and hope a locomotive whistled for a crossing, and then silence smothered everything again.

"Wonder where this road goes," said V., referring to the almost overgrown track that had just arrived from S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. He said he was going to look it up a little, and was soon swallowed up in the brush. I looked at F., who was looking away, way off into the untrodden realities of the unseen, and I said, says I, "F., the strain attendant on the intense excitement of the past few hours' sport is beginning to tell on me. I'm as a nervous as a cat and—"

"Hello-o-o!" came faintly from the dim recess of the brush.

"V.'s in trouble," quoth F. "It'll never do to leave him to suffer out there all alone by himself in the bushes," and off we went to see what the matter was. After quite a tramp we sighted V. standing in the edge of a mile wide clearing, evidently gazing away off into 1900, and when we had nearly reached him he cried, "Hold on! Hear that? There they are. They've got him up this time sure. That's music for you."

We listened some more. It was true. From away across that clearing, and from how much further we knew not, came the rich baritone of Old Jack, accompanied by the voices of the other dogs in full chorus. It did seem as though we were to have a little taste of a fox chase after all. The clearing was thickly grown with oak bushes about head high with branches as stiff as wire, but into it waded V. face to the music, and with considerable misgiving we poked along behind. Pushing the bushes aside, stepping high over brush, zig-zagging this way and that to avoid the more dense portions we slowly forged ahead forestward, and at last the scrub was all behind us and we stood in the Bennett's Mill road and paused to catch a breath and do the listening act over again. Naught but a faint and far "ough" rewarded us. The crescendo with which we had entered the scrub had given way to a diminuendo which in turn had died away into a pianissimo, and we were badly left once more.

"The dogs must have caught that fox again," quoth F. "Yes," I said, "and lucky it is that we were down in this section to head the fox and turn him back. Those fellows wouldn't have had any fun but for us."

It was now nearing the middle of the afternoon and the internal vacuum plead loudly to be filled with something besides dog music, and very little of that, which led, I suppose, to examining the road for tracks, if perchance we might find some leading homeward, and indeed we did find two, one of which we pronounced that of F. with his rubber boots, the other that of C., also the tracks of a large dog, which must have, of course, belonged to the bullfoundland. We didn't wish any better pretext than this for a retreat, and forthwith fell in for home arguing that if two who had been with the hunt all day had given it up, we couldn't be expected to hold on. So we left the hounds and such of the hunters (if any there were left) as chose to stick to the forlorn hope, to work out their own salvation, and paddled along the sandy road, with a good deal of ramble in the conversation. After a tiresome tramp, during which we passed through a part of the Italian settlement of East Vineland, we reached the house to find that C. had left for home to attend to some business, and that host F. had not come at all. So easy is it to be mistaken both as to foxes' and men's tracks. Hitting up, we started homeward, skirting the flooded cranberry bog near the house, and so with cheerful chat over the softened road to town, which we reached in the early evening, having had a full sufficiency of fox hunting under existing circumstances, and

perfectly convinced that there are some things just as feasible as attempting to corral a lone fox in a ten-mile square tract of swamp and other varieties of wilderness indigenous to Jersey.

This is the way we went fox hunting. But then we know that it is not all of fox hunting to shoot a fox. To change the proverb slightly, *L'homme propose et vulpes dispose*.

I have learned since that the dogs did really act after we left as though they had started a fox, and tore up the country in great shape, but they begun too late in the day to secure tangible results.

O. O. S.
VINELAND, N. J.

Natural History.

FROM A PHILADELPHIA SANCTUM.

"THE MERCURY," Philadelphia, March 31.—*Dear Forest and Stream:* I notice in the issue of the 26th a suggestion by E. L. Carney, of Leavenworth, Kansas, for the extermination of prairie dogs, the method being the use of the fumes of the poisonous and volatile bisulphide of carbon. Can it be that this is the final solution of burrowing pests? I wonder what the answer will be from Australia when the *FOREST AND STREAM* for March 26, 1891, arrives? The question as to whether the English or the rabbits shall take that continent may soon be decided, or at least be put in a more promising way for the English than it seems to be from the latest advices.

As I sit in my office alone nights, letting thoughts of woods and fields come between me on the one hand and the latest exchanges, the tariff, the wickedness of the Other Fellows, etc., etc., on the other, I have had a singular experience, or at least one singular to me. Eating an apple one night, I threw the core down among a large pile of papers I had been clipping so that it was completely concealed. Within a very few minutes a rat came out of the near office and walking straight up to that pile, dug his nose down into it and fished the apple core first shot and marched off with it. I can only attribute this to extraordinary powers of mind reading on the part of the gnawer; (or who knows?) it may have been a sense of smell so keen as to put our human organs to the blush (that is to say if any organs except those we modest newspaper fellows run, can blush). Have you had any data or information on the point of extraordinary keenness of scent like this among animals of this kind?

I have been using Schultz powder in a .32 Winchester magazine gun. Result: less noise, greatly less smoke, of course, and slightly greater penetration. Can you explain, however, why an occasional bullet should leave no signs of its presence on a seven foot square target at a time when I am making anywhere from 28 to 31 out of 35 (Creedmoor figuring); or what is equally singular to my untechnical soul, that the bullet should in one case appear to have cut a hole in the target, which looked as though I had fired a piece off the sharp end of a lead pencil about an inch long, rounding in point like the bullet, said piece appearing to be three times as long as the bullet and to have turned round broadside to the target, so.

WATER LIFE.

Occasional Observations on the Fishes in the Aquaria of the U. S. Fish Commission.

THE KEEPING OF YOUNG SHAD IN AQUARIA.

DURING the shad hatching season of 1890 a number of shad eggs and fry were placed in a pool in the yard of Central Station, at Washington, D. C. The pool, which is constructed of brick and has perpendicular sides, holds about 4,000 gallons, and in the summer contains a dense growth of aquatic vegetation. During the summer of 1890 it was essentially a small pond, the water not being allowed to run in it except to clear it on two or three occasions, when it became green from the presence of unicellular algae. At times the temperature of the water, which is about 30 in. deep, was taken, and found to be sometimes as high as 85° at the surface and 83° at the bottom, but it appeared to be perfectly satisfactory to the fish, they, however, keeping nearer to the bottom as it grew warmer. The growth of the fish was watched with interest throughout the summer, and they could be seen in schools of hundreds, always in motion. The water was alive with insect larvae and small crustaceans, such as *Gammarus*, *Asellus*, *Daphnia* and *Cyclops*, and these appeared to constitute their sole food up to September, by which time they had attained a length of 14 to 24 in. During this time several goldfish, which had hatched from eggs accidentally introduced into the same pond on some aquatic plants, had grown to a length of 4 to 5 in. The goldfish is a forager for food, while the young shad usually only takes what it finds floating free in the open spaces.

The young shad in September were not so large on an average as those which had been planted in one of the big carp ponds, and they appear to have stopped growing. This was no doubt due to the exhaustion of the natural food supply. They were now tried with bread and crackers, and it was found they would eat them with avidity, catching the crumbs as they descended through the water. From this time with daily feeding they grew more rapidly, and in October, when from 14 to 24 in. long, an attempt was made to transfer them to a fresh-water aquarium. Three attempts were made, but although there was no lack of aeration, both natural and artificial, and apparently wholly favorable conditions, except in the size of the tank (about 60 gallons), they did not thrive, and soon died.

In the latter part of October a number of them were brought from the carp ponds in a tub, and instead of putting them in fresh water they were put into brackish water, about 1.005, where they seemed to be more comfortable. The water was gradually brought up to the full strength of the sea water of the aquaria, and some of the shad are yet alive, and are therefore almost a year old and 2 to 3 in. long.

Their principal food is clam chopped very fine and they take it voraciously. This is varied with oyster, mussel, raw beef, bread, crackers and chopped earth worms, all of which they will eat. Most of those which have died have been affected by some form of eye disease, which is prevalent with some species in the aquaria. It is surmised that it is due to the presence of some immature form of a parasite, which is present on some species of

the fishes in the aquaria, but it has not yet been carefully studied.

The young shad would not at first take food from the bottom of the aquarium but would only eat it as it fell through the water. Now, however, they will pick it from the bottom, tossing it up and catching it as it falls.

They are always in motion during the day and, although some times swimming more slowly than at others, they have never been seen, day or night, in a state of absolute rest.

An interesting question yet to be decided is whether the adult shad may not also be kept as easily in the salt water aquaria. With the gizzard shad, which is quite a delicate, it has been demonstrated here that there is no very great difficulty, as some adults of that species have been kept for over a year in tanks of only sixty gallons capacity, but until much larger tanks are provided the keeping of the adult common shad cannot be satisfactorily tested. WM. P. SEAL.

WHY THE GROUSE DRUMS.

THERE has been a great controversy among ornithologists and many conjectures have been formed as to the motives that prompt the grouse to drum. To say "that it is a natural habit" is to say next to nothing. To suppose that he does so for the purpose of obtaining grubs and insects out of dead logs (as some have believed), is to suppose something entirely foreign to what would naturally be looked for in a bird of such superior intelligence and sagacity. The grouse drums from a high not a low motive. If I may give an opinion it will be one formed after many years of observation and study and one born of the woods. The grouse drums:

To announce the approach of day, at dawn.

To announce any approaching remarkable change in the atmosphere, night or day.

To make his whereabouts known to the female.

To celebrate her coming. (The grouse has been seen to drum while the female stood within 6 ft. of him).

To announce a triumph over a rival.

To sound a requiem over a dead mate or friend.

To divert himself. (As we sing or whistle to amuse or divert ourselves).

The tone, cadence or sound made by the same bird varies and changes somewhat at times. This may be due to atmospheric or physical conditions, but I believe it to be due to the power possessed by the grouse to modify, alter or intensify somewhat the sound, as he has the power to modify the whirring roar as he rises from the ground. The all-wise Creator has implanted this faculty in the grouse to deepen the solemnity or feeling of awe and loneliness in the dark, dank, silent and solitary forest. For where the grouse dwells no singing of birds and but few sounds of a musical character are heard. And as the sound comes to the ear, at first slow in measured strokes, and gradually accelerated till they roll into each other, and away through the depths of the woods and over the meadows and streams, we instinctively feel that "there is a spirit in the woods." DORP.

SCHENECTADY.

THE BEAVER'S SUNKEN WOOD.—Duluth, Minn.—In reading Mr. R. V. Griffin's valuable and interesting article on the habits of the beaver in your issue of April 2, ("Practical Trapping"), I find allusion is made to the habits of that sagacious animal in laying in a winter's supply of sticks or saplings for food, and sinking them in caches near their houses; and the question interesting to Mr. Griffin as it must be to every one and certainly was to me before it was explained, is how the beaver manages to make his sticks or saplings sink. Captain Edward Patterson, with whom I undertook to discuss this matter, says that whatever we may think of it, the beaver themselves find it simple enough, for all they do is to draw enough air from the interstices of the fiber of the wood to make it lose its superior buoyancy to water, when it will sink; hence it can be moved on the bottom freely without a tendency to rise, but when raised to the surface, the interstices of the fiber (or the cells if you will) are again filled with as much air as was drawn from it by the beaver, and, having regained its buoyancy, it floats again as unsinkable as before. Capt. P. is the happy possessor of quite a store of forest lore himself, yet credits an old trapper friend of his, Andy Reffer, with at least the knowledge of this curious fact, if not with having made the observation himself.—BERLIN.

EAGLE AND JACK RABBIT.—While hunting antelope on the prairies of Colorado I was the witness of a very interesting chase between an eagle and a jack rabbit. The various circles and downward sweeps of the eagle attracted my attention, and I resolved to ascertain the reason. I put spur to my horse and succeeded in gaining an elevation from which a good view of the chase could be had. The rabbit to all appearances was very much bewildered, and would run first one direction and then another, and sometimes in circles, its pursuer, the eagle, following its every turn. Finally the eagle, as if tired of his sport, with a vicious downward swoop, and a stroke of the wing, laid the rabbit out lifeless on the prairie. At this moment I gave a tremendous yell, and at the same time rode rapidly toward them, which had the desired effect of frightening the eagle away, leaving its victim in my possession, which turned out to be the only game I bagged that day.—W. L. J.

CINCINNATI NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—The officers for the year are: President, Col. J. W. Abert; First Vice-President, A. D. Smith; Second Vice-President, Dr. F. W. Langdon; Secretary, Dr. J. A. Henshall; Treasurer, Davis L. James; Librarian, W. H. Knight; Trustee, W. P. Anderson; Members of Executive Board at Large, T. H. Kelly, T. B. Collier, Alex. Starbuck and W. H. Knight. Curators—Geology, E. O. Ulrich; botany, D. L. James; zoology, Chas. Dury; anthropology, Dr. A. J. Howe; photography, T. B. Collier; microscopy, Dr. B. M. Ringenbeck; physics, W. H. Knight; chemistry, Prof. Karl Langenbeck.

LONG ISLAND VERMIN.—Minks raided the pens of ornamental wildfowl belonging to Major Frederick Mather, State Superintendent of the Government hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, one night last week, and killed many valuable birds. They took the original pair of Chinese mandarin ducks imported from China at a cost

of \$50, three pairs of wood ducks, and several teal, wild-geon, and other wildfowl that were in process of domestication. Fortunately all the fowl were not in one pen, and some of each species were saved. Vermin has been very plentiful on Long Island the past winter, and farmers have lost much poultry through their depredations. Notwithstanding the steel traps kept around the grounds of the Fish Commission to protect the trout from minks and the ponds from muskrats, these animals occasionally get in and work mischief. The following is the record kept by Major Mather of the vermin destroyed this season: Opossums 16, minks 9 muskrats 23, weasels 2, night herons 8, kingfishers 43.—New York Times.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

OUR GUN CLUB—TURLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With your permission I will introduce, to such of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as may care for the acquaintanceship, the members of our gun club. Ours is not a very tony outfit. We have no president, treasurer, or secretary, no spacious parlors and smoking room adorned with trophies of the chase or freaks which have emanated from the imaginative brain of the taxidermists. We have merely got into a habit of gathering around the stove in the rear end of our patient friend's grocery store, where we adjust ourselves as comfortably as possible upon whatever affords a convenient seat, and smoke and chat to while away a dull hour or so every evening except Sunday. Here our hunting or fishing parties are made up and verbal reports of each expedition rendered, with a goodly sprinkling of remarks from the audience and not a few tales of the "That reminds me" order.

The ages of our members, of whose names there is no official list, range anywhere from twenty-five to seventy years, but we don't reckon age by the Gregorian calendar and count our men young as long as they feel youthful and able to fill their store box at the stove fire even though unable to endure fatigue in the field or on the stream. I know of but one point upon which we all can agree, and that is sporting matters of a general character, though even on this subject many small differences of opinion develop. We don't like one another's religion, politics or habits; no two of us have the same daily occupation; we are radically opposed to each other's views on almost everything; don't look alike, and in short, are a misfit all around, except that we all cherish a friendly feeling tempered with charity for all, and are glad that we are so well acquainted.

Fishermen are in the minority, because water is scarce in this section, and the sport is almost exclusively limited to mountain trout and snapping turtles. By the way, the last-named affords us a huge amount of fun and generally an ample reward of real turtle soup. When the water becomes warm enough, a wagonload of turtle fishers may be seen creeping away in the gloom of very early morning on the way to some muddy meadow brook, perhaps some miles distant. Coffee pot, tin cups, canned goods, bread, etc., are stowed away, together with empty coffee sacks to carry the game in, horse feed and fishing clothes; while we will trust to the farmer's wife for good butter and milk. Reaching the stream the party, usually four or five in number, divide; two will fish, two will pack the game and provender, while the odd man takes care of the team and courts all the eligible rural maidens who are so unfortunate as to be forced to endure his presence. A hasty breakfast with hot coffee is prepared over our camp fire, while old clothes are being donned; and this being disposed of, into the waters the fishers go, attired in decolette costumes of the most extreme fashion, and immediately the one whose teeth are chattering informs us that that water is c-c-cold and wet besides. But the chill of the first plunge soon wears off and the fun begins. The fishing is done entirely with the bare hands here, and it is considered cowardly to use any other method; though frequently a turtle which has been disturbed will inflict a reminder which is by no means gentle, and if anything on earth can equal his Satanic Majesty for perseverance it is an angry snapping turtle, bulldogs not excepted.

Groping around under the overhanging sod banks, under piles of drift brush and logs, ledges of submerged rock, roots of trees, among the rank growth of water vegetation, and in muskrat holes, the fisher feels his way; now he gets ducked all over, and now the blazing sun kisses his damp shoulders and leaves a red mark—the mark will assert its importance to-morrow. "He's got one!" a yell from the shore proclaims. Yes, which has got one? Then, accompanied by much grunting, perspiring and evolutions which would put a professional contortionist to shame, the struggle becomes more and more exciting. It is "liberty or death" with the bedraggled reptile, and honor and spoils for the captor. Suddenly there is a change in the tide of battle. His turtleship has broken away and makes a hasty retreat through a muskrat burrow under the bank. Quickly the fisher leaps from the water to the solid ground and once more seizes his prey by the tail as he passes mine host muskrat's back yard door. Behold the spectacle now! The brawny form of the fisherman is doubled, his head and arms are straining to get further into the hole for a better grip, his knees are on the edge, while his, at present, most prominent parts are turned skyward in the attitude of a devout Moslem in the act of making a particularly obsequious Salaam to the Prophet. The strain is terrible and power has almost fled from the contorted muscles of our champion. Hark to a doleful sound which rises lingeringly above the grunts and pants from the hole. Aye, the pants have indeed suffered, and at a most inconvenient place, too, but then with that mighty effort which wrought this havoc, all was not to be discouragement. There lies the quarry on his back, and long and loud is our merriment, while our champion rests himself and attempts to repair the damages to his apparel, but withal well satisfied with himself. Such and many other equally ludicrous scenes are what make turtle fishing one of the periodical sports of our gun club.

Toward the evening of the hunt we get up a good substantial lunch, with plenty of fresh butter, milk and eggs

procured in the neighborhood, and after the fatigue of wading, stooping and kneeling down in the water only to rise up again to move on a little further, this meal is an important part of the programme to the robust fisher, who generally does it justice. Our catch on this occasion was fifty-three.

The turtles are usually found with their heads shoreward in the forenoon and toward the water in the afternoon. They are able to cling to brush and roots with a strength truly wonderful, and knowing this the experienced hunter prefers to seize it by the head instead of the tail, as it cannot then get a hold on the numerous obstructions, neither can it turn and bite.

During the season many parties come from the cities to hunt turtles, and market-hunters do not miss the opportunity of turning this sport into a profitable business.

Having thus introduced a few members of our gun club to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and hoping that some of them will add turtle fishing to their list of outdoor pleasures, I will defer making them acquainted with the others until some future time. As in all other amusements, care should be taken in selecting companions for the hunt, and a knowledge of how to dress and cook a turtle is also very necessary. DEACON.

GREENSBURG, Pa.

MY LAST EXPERIMENT.

I AM fond of trying experiments. My last one was only too successful, but it might have had a fatal ending. I will give it for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I was spending a few weeks in Pike county, Pa., in a region where partridges were quite abundant. They sometimes come out by a fence only a few rods from the house. One morning I flushed five not far from the barn. But as most sportsmen know, this is a very difficult bird to secure. One requires a good dog and should be a superb shot. Then it is exceedingly hard to stalk him, and so far as walking him up goes there is no telling where he will rise nor what direction he will take. I found it. I had no dog and a lame leg prevented my rambling in the brush, even had I wanted to.

This time I thought I would try a new plan and see if I could not outwit Bonasa. I did outwit him, though I regret to say I outwitted myself at the same time.

I know that all the birds in the neighborhood had been in the habit of seeing the cattle browsing in the woods and consequently were perfectly familiar with the sound of a cowbell. So it occurred to me that if I should strap old Brindle's neck ornament around my waist, allowing the bell to fall by a string from behind me, so that its sound would not be impeded, the birds would not be frightened.

All this done and out I went through the bars and along the road that ran across the "back lot," the bell meanwhile clanging and jangling in the most approved style. There was no need of treading carefully, nor did I care how many sticks broke under my feet, I just went on, my bell registering every step with a clang.

But not a bird started, nor (much to my surprise) did I see one in the road. It was strange, I thought. There must be some around here, I will stand still for a moment and wait. I did stand, and in a moment the bell ceased its noise.

But my! Whirr, whirr, whirr, behind me, at the side of me, right, left and in front. One went this way and another that. I would turn for one, and another would fly, and not a shot after all! Nothing but brown streaks darting here and there among the scant oaks and pines, and some of them starting not 3 yds. from where I stood.

I must try again, I say, and be more careful when I come to a stand. Can it be, I ask myself, that my "bell attachment" is too great a success? I walk along for a little distance and stop again. I am already now looking toward the left, when whirr off to my right, and I get a glimpse of something brown going like an arrow through the pines. No chance yet. I will turn off on another road more grown up with blackberry bushes in the center. I do this, my bell attachment ringing all the time. No birds fly until I come to a stop, and then another gets up almost in front of me and swings off behind a bush to my right. In a sort of desperation (I am afraid) I fired at a shadow. I only know I heard no thud, nor did I find a feather.

I go a long distance now and no bird flies. I am in a place where I have seen plenty in days past. But this leg is tired and I must rest on this log. I have been sitting here for perhaps half a minute, my gun lying across my knees, and my noisy appendage now quiet, when whirr again, and a bird gets up almost in front of me in an open place and darts into the woods before I get the gun to my shoulder. I begin to despair of getting any now, but will make one more effort. I will keep along this path by the side of the fence, and when I get to the bars go through them and up among the short pines that border a low meadow. The birds at this season are feeding on wintergreens.

No bird flies, and I have passed through the bars and am about to cross the little bridge and make my way up to the pines. My foot is on the bridge. But, hark! Booo-o-o-o. I look through the alders, and here comes a red bull to meet me. One glance is enough. I know he means business. He does not see me yet, and I retreat through the bars and limp into the woods. But bars, I know, are nothing to that fellow, nor gates either.

I cannot run fast and I get laughing at my ridiculous plight, and this renders my race the slower. Then I try to get the bell off of me. It is betraying my whereabouts to the bull, and the harder I run the more it clangs. Meanwhile the bull is coming. His booming is nearer. I guess he is beginning to paw.

But the bell is off. It drops to the ground. I must not lose it, and down I stoop to pick it up, and off again. But, dear me, it still clangs! even worse than it did before, as Brindle when she runs. And the booming is louder than ever. What shall I do? My footsteps on something soft. It is moss. Fill the mouth of the bell is at once suggested to my mind. It is done, and now the bellowing ceases.

I am in a thick undergrowth by the side of a stone fence. I climb over it and rest. My heart is beating very fast and I am warm. But I am hidden and do not hear the bull, and then if things come to the worst I could blind him with shot. However, I would not like to serve my friend's bull in that way.

But now I am rested, I want to see this bull that has caused me so much alarm and interrupted my sport. I

will go cautiously, and wade the stream and come out by the edge of the woods and see what he is doing. Then I will pass up by the side of the fence to another pair of bars and take the moss out of the bell and tinkle it.

This plan was carried out to the letter. I knew there would be a stone wall between myself and the bull of at least 4 ft. high by 4 ft. broad. So I walked to the edge of the woods and looked out, and there was the bull quietly waiting for the strange cow to appear. He was 200 yds. from me now, and when I got to the upper bars he would be 500. Here I determined to have my fun. The moss was taken from the mouth of the bell and I gave it three or four tinkles. That was enough. Again he came as fast as he could, while I plugged the mouth of the bell and made off in very good time. That is the last I saw of him.

The bell experiment is one that I do not care to repeat. It was too successful as a help to stalking partridges and too dangerous to one who has no ambition to engage in a bull fight. STILLABOY.

MAINE'S NEW LAW.

THE Maine Legislature has adjourned, and the game laws have been vastly improved in several respects. Deputy sheriffs, constables and policemen have been empowered to enforce the game and fish laws. Any of the officers or any game warden can arrest without process any person at any time if found breaking or having broken the laws, but he is bound by a heavy penalty to use all diligence in bringing the arrested parties before the nearest trial justice for examination. All trial justices are also empowered with jurisdiction of such cases. The law against bounding is made more plain and stringent, and dogs that are known to be in the State or kept for the purpose of hunting moose, deer or caribou, may be destroyed and the owner fined. Cow moose are protected at all seasons by a fine of \$100. The having in possession of any game in the legal close season is made a penal offence, but provision dealers, having a place of business in the State, may have on sale at retail during the open season, one moose, two caribou and three deer, which they are permitted to retail to their trade. When these animals are used up they may replenish their stock with the same number again. Transportation is forbidden of moose, deer or caribou in the State, except openly and properly tagged with the owner's name and residence. Transportation of partridges from the State is forbidden at all times. These birds can only be had in possession to be used in the State, and then no person is permitted to have more than thirty at one time.

The fish laws have been so amended that the spoon hook, for taking trout or landlocked salmon, is not prohibited, or at least it is not included in the list of prohibited articles, as it was in the old law. The new law gives the proceeds of fines for infractions to the cause of fish and game protection in the State. These fines do not go directly to the wardens or Commissioners, it is true, but the trial justice who imposes the fine must immediately pay the money over to the county treasurer where the case is tried, and the county treasurer must in turn immediately pass it over to the State treasurer, who must accredit to the fish and game fund, to be used in enforcing the laws. This gives the money virtually for the enforcement of the laws, but removes it from the nature of a bribe direct to the wardens and officers. Perhaps this is well, for the reason that there has been a good deal of complaint in the past that the zeal of wardens and officers has led them to commit injustices for the sake of a share in the fines. But the incentive of a reward direct is removed. The game and fish wardens are to be appointed by the Governor and Council, on the recommendation of a majority of the three Commissioners, and they are to hold office for three years, unless sooner removed for cause. They have the same power as sheriffs, so far as the enforcement of the game and fish laws are concerned, and receive the same pay. It is also provided that no person shall use any sort of explosive or poison for the purpose of taking fish, under a penalty of \$100 and two months imprisonment in the county jail for each offense. SPECIAL.

"PA'TRIDGE."

FRANKFORT, Ky., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A writer in your issue of March 19, from Kirwin, Kansas, asks the difference between ruffed grouse and partridge or pa'tridge. Your reply, to my mind, "ain't altogether satisfyin'," as Jeems Mackerel would say, after feedin' on pickerel, "it don't altogether fill the aching void."

I've hunted partridge since I was old enough to lift a gun on a straight line—and don't know but what even before that I rested on a stump or rail fence to get a bee line on a squirrel. But the partridges I hunted and the ruffed grouse or partridge you are talking about are not the same thing, by a long jump. In our country—down here in old Kentucky—partridges, except in mating season, go in flocks or coveys from 8 or 10 to 15 or 20. Some people call them quail—that is, people from other States, and what right have they to name our game birds. Hasn't a man a right to name his own children and his own horses, and why not our wild game? If your mind is bent and fixed on calling a ruffed grouse a partridge, and nothing else, why can't I call a partridge a partridge, and nothing else?

Seems to me there is in your reply a scent of boyhood days coming across the clover. That's the way you were born and raised, and that's the way, consequently, you are going to have it. Well, I was born and raised where ruffed grouse were never heard of and where the thing you call partridge were never known—unless it was hiding under the nick-name of "pheasant." May be it was.

Down here we call a little striped animal that is found in the Michigan woods by the thousand—a ground squirrel. Up there they call him a chipmunk. Down here we call a little stream 6 ft. wide a branch or creek—up there they call it a river. Down here we call a pool of water 100 yds. long a pond—up there they call it a lake. Down here we call a brown-colored, long-billed, uneatable bird that hangs about muddy banks a "white-poke"—up there they call it a water-hen. Down here we call a comely, eatable fish with a full optic and golden, hickory or lead color, a salmon—up there they call him a wall-eyed pike. When "Kingfisher" was ruminatin' down in Tennessee a year or two ago he caught a fish known universally down there as a "jack-fish." Sending it to one of your big scientists, he pronounced it a "muscalong."

Now, who's goin' to give way and surrender his natural

born rights? I've seen partridges by the thousand and killed 'em by the hundred—in fact, with the help of another Kingfisher, have killed as many as 20 out of one covey (nary one on the ground) and what's the use saying they weren't partridges? If a ruffed grouse can be a partridge, why can't a partridge be a partridge?

I believe in equality on game matters—equal rights to all and exclusive privileges to none. If a Kansas man calls a certain bird a ruffed grouse and the FOREST AND STREAM calls a certain bird a partridge (in the memory of shootin' days) and a Kentuckian calls a certain bird a partridge—who's right and who's going to win the pot?

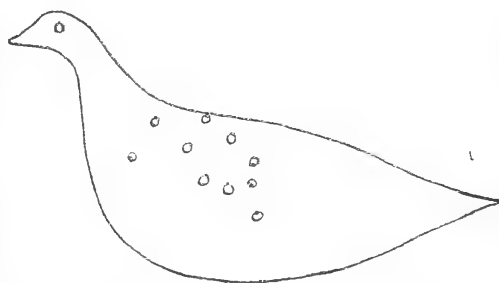
It don't make any difference if the birds are not exactly alike. What I'm after is, who's got a right to give the name and call them by the name they give? Aren't we all sovereigns—and can a sovereign be hampered on the matter of partridges? From the time I was born till I got to readin' books published somewhere else, I never knew the plump, neat, shy, quick, toothsome bird we found in the stubblefields, woods and briar thickets as anything else than a partridge. I claim that name as a natural, indefeasible, undyin' right that shall last forever and ever. If a woman on "Hell-for-Sartin" Creek, in Kentucky, calls her offspring that kicks and yells as she spansks him, a "brat," and an Indiana woman calls her offspring "a baby," and a New York woman calls hers "an infant," and a Montana woman calls hers a "pappoose," who's goin' to hinder 'em or make 'em afraid? Who's goin' to swear they don't know what they are talkin' about? If there's any discrimination at all, it ought to be given to the one who can show he first named the bird and gave it identity, and let him crowd out the balance. If that proposition is accepted I'm goin' to strike for Dan'l Boone, and Simon Kenton and the other buckskin fellows who came from Virginia, until I reach George Washington, and that ought to settle it. If Noah Webster is mixed on the partridge question, as our Kansas friend says, ain't every other man entitled to his free opinion in this glorious county of ours?

Why, up in Vermont they call a cow a ke-ow; down in East Tennessee they call a regiment a reegement; over in Indiana they call pies cookies; up in Pennsylvania they call a polecat a skunk; over in Connecticut they call a bar a brum; and in West Virginia they call silver perch by the name of Campbellites. Then what's to hinder me from stickin' to things as they were and callin' a partridge a partridge, or if you want it that way for euphony sake, a pa'tridge? OLD SAM (of the Kingfishers.)

[Reference to a map of the United States hanging on our office wall shows that Rockingham, N. C., lies southwest from Frankfort, Ky., in a beeline less than the width of this line of type. If "Old Sam" will buy a ticket for Rockingham and there hunt up our correspondent "Wells," he will go back to Kentucky and ever after call his "partridge" a "Bob White."]

TO HELP OUT THE POT.

A recent dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club Mr. E. P. Rogers, of Hyde Park on the Hudson, exhibited a very neat device, of his own invention, by which the big game hunter can without change of rifle shoot birds without making noise enough to disturb large game that may be near at hand. All large game hunters know that it often happens that days may elapse after starting into the woods or mountains before any fresh meat is killed. It is therefore the practice of some hunters to carry a shotgun or a small rifle for the purpose of killing grouse, which are frequently met with in hunting. It is a bother to carry a shotgun, which is very noisy, and it is a bother too to carry a second rifle. To do away with the need of a second gun Mr. Rogers invented the attachment which is figured below.



It consists of a solid steel shell with a chamber in the butt large enough to hold a .22cal. shell and a rifled bore, very short it is true, yet long enough to carry the .22cal. ball with reasonable accuracy for a distance of 10 or 15 yds.

Mr. Rogers has used this apparatus with great satisfaction and success, though of course the range of the little ball is comparatively short. This is not important, however, when we consider that in a wild country birds, whether they are ruffed, blue or Canada grouse, are extremely gentle.

With regard to the device Mr. Rogers writes us as follows:

When hunting in the Rockies and Canada, it has been a source of considerable bother to have to lug along an extra outfit for feathered game, generally a .22cal. rifle, and while moose hunting one fall, when there were lots of partridges about, it occurred to me that a reducer could be made that would obviate the above difficulty. The accompanying sketch of a grouse illustrates its success and its execution. The reducer shown herewith is for my .45-85 rifle. It is 2 1/2 in. long and weighs 1 1/2 oz. It discharges a .22 central fire cartridge. I carry 4 to 6 of these steel shells loaded in my belt with the larger rifle shells, and before the last one is fired my Indian can have the discharged ones reloaded and ready again. I have fired over 100 shots from one reducer. I should never think of going after big game without a supply of these useful little fellows to "help along the pot."

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

IV.—ON THE WASTE OF GAME BY SPORTSMEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think that in my last paper I brought forward evidence enough to show that sportsmen from outside the State have been influential, if not mainly efficient, in bringing into the code of Maine game laws many of their present features. I asserted that, though equally responsible with us for the proposition and framing of these laws, sportsmen as a class had brought discredit upon themselves by inexcusable violations of the laws, involving the waste of large quantities of game and that, moreover, though this was known, they had not been held to account for their deeds in the same way as residents of the State—two circumstances which have aroused bitter feelings against sportsmen, the first because it is a direct affront to our ideas of economy, the latter because of its unfairness.

That laws have been proposed and partly carried through by outsiders no one will have the temerity to deny in the face of the facts that might be furnished, but it may be claimed that I have not proved either the waste of game by sportsmen or the partiality in the execution of the law. For the latter, since the Commissioner's silence may be taken as presumptive proof of the assertion, it is enough to ask if any one ever knew a sportsman, visiting in the summer or fall the section of which I write, to be arrested on evidence that the warden gained personally in the woods without the aid of an informant, excepting only that case at Gassobeeis where the three wardens arrested, by mistake, on a warrant sworn for "Jonathan Darling and others," three sportsmen who gave their names as Doe, Roe and Poe, supposing that they were capturing Darling also, who proved not to have been of the party at all. Rarely wardens have gone into the woods in the fall to make seizures of hides, and a few times to Niatowis to watch for Darling; but none have been stationed at important points to patrol the game country and prevent the illegal destruction of game. Prevention never has been sought, but only the occasional capture of an offender after the harm was done.

On the former of the two points—that sportsmen kill large quantities of game illegally—I can satisfy even the sportsmen themselves. They will hardly challenge the statement that nearly all the game that is wasted is killed by non-residents—in summer, sportsmen; in winter, Canadians. But before taking up this point, a word may be necessary to explain why residents of the State seem to put less stress on the illegality of breaking game laws than on the wickedness of wasting game.

In our eyes, however good it may be, a game law is not founded on moral distinctions; to break it is a misdemeanor, but not a crime nor a felony, and no wrong is attached to the violation when it is done to supply necessities. At the most, it is a transgression of a standard put up arbitrarily, whose violation involves no moral wrong doing, except the technical one of acting differently from the tacit agreement made at the time of its enactment. That this is a wrong is not to be denied; but here comes in one of the bad effects of having laws of doubtful origin. With the increase of the conviction that our laws have been tampered with by those outside the State, has spread the denial of the moral authority of those laws, until at present it is frequently asserted that it is not wrong to break a law which was not made by one's representatives. That the laws are good, in the main, does not materially alter the public opinion on this point. The present situation is sometimes compared to that in Boston just before the Revolution, and it has been not unwittily said that the cause of the discontent is the same as then, *taxation without representation*. Be that as it may, there is very little compunction felt here about breaking a game law when any one wishes to do it—sportsmen and residents are at one in this. But the residents are restrained in one way which does not seem to affect visitors. The people of Maine consider it a sin to waste food. They might break the law with untroubled consciences; but they could not persuade themselves that there is any excuse for wasting what they got, even if they obtained it legally. Sportsmen evidently do not feel so, and here arises a difficulty. To illustrate: We can understand perfectly the temptation to a sportsman who sees a cow moose splashing through the hilly pads a few rods away—how the destructive instinct of curiosity, as in a child, almost forces him to shoot unless there is a wholesome certainty of detection and punishment—that is the temptation to an illegal act. But how a man can shoot at a moose when he knows he can use but 50 lbs. of the meat and that he must leave several hundred pounds equally good to spoil, is beyond even our imagination; that is a positive sin, and if the man is a man he will not do it. We never forgive those who have done it. We never quite trust them afterward. The man who has not sufficient self-control to hold himself from taking life unnecessarily, lacks the poise which makes a man well-balanced and trustworthy, and by a subtle undercurrent of thought is set down as lacking courage *à la*. He is a "sport" (the word is abominable, but it supplies a lack and tells the kind of man meant and the feeling entertained toward him).

The mistake that seems to have been made by many visitors is that they have paid for the game and are at liberty to get as much as they can—as if it were a lottery, the amount of the prize not depending on the value of the ticket but the luck of the drawer. We claim, and we certainly are right, that they have paid nothing at all for the privileges they enjoy, and have no right to any more of the game and fish than they can use or legally carry away. They have paid the railroads a certain sum—for transportation; they have paid the hotels—for board, which they must have paid at their homes if not here; they have paid the guides—but it was for transportation and personal services. If they had been capable and willing to undergo the hardships, they might have walked hither carrying their own packs and eating wayside berries, with theoretically no expense to themselves. Would they have been paying for the game then? Not one cent has any one paid for the right to fish and hunt; it is a gift from the people of Maine. We say that the sportsman has no more right to kill game on account of what he pays out while he is here, than he has to shoot farmers' sheep and cows when he is on a railroad train on the score that he has paid for his ticket and meals. Whoever owns the game, the man who lives outside the State certainly does not; but he is given the same rights which the prob-

able owners assume for themselves—the right to feed himself economically at a certain season, a limit being set which is supposed to be liberal enough to provide for all his necessities. It is considered here that it is an un-courteous act to take all a man has because he offers all any one wants; and so when a sportsman kills a moose where a deer would serve him, or a deer when trout and partridges would suffice, he is doing a wrong act even though the law allows it, and an outrage to hospitality.

This is the ground of objection to waste of game: First, morally wrong; second, ungrateful. That the charge of sportsmen wasting game is not unfounded will be proved. Instead of giving individual instances for each year, I will abbreviate by quoting from the Commissioners' reports and FOREST AND STREAM, when I know that the statements agree with facts that have come to my notice.

The Commissioners' Report for 1883 says:

We have been credibly informed of three moose wantonly shot down in hot August weather by a party of whites (we will not call them by name) who even could not be pleaded as a temptation, as but one bore horns. Of other as flagrant cases, committed in the same region, we are in possession. The destruction of this valuable game is greater by residents of other States than by our own, while arrests and convictions are mostly of our own citizens.

The Commissioners' Report for 1884 says:

All the severity of remark that the Commissioners felt warranted in uttering last year in relation to the acts of summer visitors, has been more than borne out, more than confirmed by the experiences of the year. * * * We again repeat, the meanness and infamy of the acts seem to be in almost direct ratio to social position, education and profession. * * * The law has been better observed by our own citizens than by visitors from other States.

This is supported by what "Special" says in FOREST AND STREAM, July 10, 1884:

Concerning game protection in some sections of Maine, matters are not just what they should be. * * * Just such sportsmen are causing the friends of game protection a great deal of trouble. They demoralize the worst and lowest class of the guides with their money. They care nothing for the future of the game; they are not citizens of the State; their only object is to kill a deer or a moose and come home to be regarded as a great hunter by their friends.

In FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 30, 1884, "Special" says:

There has been some hunting of deer with dogs, but generally by persons living out of the State, and the law fails to reach a poacher of this class. He kills a deer in close time or with dogs and escapes from the State; his crime is regarded as of too small magnitude to bring him back by requisition, and he steers clear of Maine soil ever after. * * * A few cases are also being worked up by the authorities where deer and caribou have been killed before the season opened. These cases are also generally from out of the State.

Because the Commissioners and "Special," who has always exactly reflected their opinions, have ceased to speak thus plainly, it may have been supposed that the evil has ceased within a few years. It has not. It has increased proportionately to the increase of the visitors if not faster. Fish, it should be said, are not wasted as formerly, but in the palmiest days of skin hunting the slaughter of moose sometimes was no worse than it has been this year, and fewer deer and caribou were killed then because there were almost no deer and caribou in the State. Leaving the gap between '84 and '88 because it would take too long to give the history of those years, I may come to what I have seen myself in 1888 and 1889. Of course, my own experience is very limited, and would be worthless if not borne out by the testimony of many others.

We were in the woods these two years in the months of August and September, when it is illegal to kill any game animal. We traveled as rapidly as possible along the main routes, not going into the side streams and remote places where sportsmen were going and were at that time staying in numbers, and where they did most of their hunting. We endeavored to ask no impertinent questions of those we met about their business or what they had seen. And yet in 45 days, of which 5 were Sundays, when we did not travel, 8 were spent in travel on railroad and steamboat, and 7 days' time lost by foul weather or other circumstances which kept us within a few rods of the tent, leaving 30 days of actual travel, we knew of fourteen violations of the game laws, which may be tabulated as follows:

Four deer, wholly saved, by residents of the State.

Two deer, at least partly saved, one by resident, one by non-residents.

One deer, probably partly saved, and probably by residents; the names were left, but not where they lived; the size of the party would indicate that most of it was eaten.

One deer, mostly wasted, by sportsmen from New York.

One caribou, all wasted except one hip, by sportsmen from outside the State.

Two deer, without even a pound of meat cut from them, killed by "sports."

Three deer, moose or caribou, not seen but smelled. From the stench, probably the whole, or nearly the whole, was wasted; from the location, off the line of travel of residents and far off from any houses, probably killed by sportsmen.

All but the last five were actually seen, and of the last three we had sufficient olfactory evidence; the two deer wholly wasted were shot between Aug. 22, when we passed down the West Branch, and Aug. 27, when we returned to Chesuncook, where we were informed of the case by one who had examined the deer carefully, and said that they had no mark on them except the bullet holes. We also saw trout and whitefish left to waste—not even thrown into the water where the eels could get them.

This is my own experience. I have compared it with that of others, and will present some extracts from letters giving the opinions of men whose information is probably as great as that of any man in the State.

This comes from an experienced woodsman, not a guide, living at the foot of Moosehead Lake, and so situated that he knows what is done in the woods at all seasons:

I think there is a great deal of large game killed and wasted by summer visitors. What is killed by our own people is made good use of, which is far better than some of the sportsmen do, as they shoot it down and never touch it. I don't think there are many fish wasted by sportsmen; the guides look after this pretty well.

This is from the head of Moosehead Lake, a point which seventy-five out of every hundred who go into the great game country of the West Branch, Allegash, and East Branch must pass. It contains a good word for sportsmen which I am happy to repeat. The writer's knowledge and veracity cannot be doubted:

It is my opinion that ten times as many moose and deer are killed in the summer months as there is killed in open season and crust-hunting together. There is a growing tendency among the better class of sportsmen to come in the open season. There were more parties left Kineo for the woods after Sept. 25 this year than any two years before.

One reason for this probably was that the full moon came very late in the month, which made moose calling begin later than usual.

This comes from the neighborhood of Chesuncook:

Nine-tenths of all moose killed here and near Chesuncook are wasted except skins. I knew of the last season of more than twenty-five moose skins being taken out to sell and only a part of them were brought out to use.

It may be said that probably most, if not all, these moose hides were taken by one man who stays around Chesuncook. He has killed this year certainly twenty, probably thirty moose, and some reports which investigation has disproved would make the number much higher. This shows who kills the moose? Hardly. As usual the man is not a native of the State, but in this case happens to be a bumner from the Provinces. Our native-born white hunters do not kill game to waste. As the man who wrote the letter quoted from above, says:

People living here, citizens of the State, do not kill to waste, but Canadian hunters do, and most of the moose hunters are Canadians.

A guide who has been a great deal on Passadumkeag waters, writes:

Last summer more than one hundred deer were killed and wounded on the Passadumkeag Stream in the months of July and August, and I saw lots of them rotten on the shore.

Although not so stated, this must have been done principally by sportsmen. The doggers do not go to work so early, and do not run deer into the streams but into the lakes. The fact of the deer being killed on the stream shows that they were shot while feeding in the water. Settlers would not have left the deer to spoil after killing them. I have been told of two sportsmen who went to this region to fish in July, and who killed six deer in spite of all that the guide could do or say against it. When we were in there we saw no sign of waste, except the fore-quarters of two deer which had been skinned out and left. Most guides, it may be said, would not call this waste, because the fore-quarters of a deer are small and light compared with the "saddle," and are not as good meat.

Instead of quoting what I have received from Aroostook, I prefer to repeat what some one who signs himself "Backwoodsman" writes in *Shooting and Fishing* for April 2, 1891: the sentiments are the same:

Almost all of the violations of the law in summer are done by tourists and fishermen while going the rounds of our lakes and rivers. They are armed with repeating rifles, and shoot at every living thing they see, whether it be a nursing doe or a chickadee. This is no fancied sketch, but plain, unvarnished facts, and I claim these are the most despicable of poachers; for what they kill is left to rot; while the native crust-hunter usually takes his ill-gotten gains to his family, and in a good many cases is the only meat these poor folks have through the long, cold winter. The latter class are the ones usually caught, as they make more tracks in snow, while those on the water, in a canoe, with a good fast paddle, bribe the guide to silence, go unpunished. As a general thing, there has been more poaching the past winter than usual. The law violators attempt to justify themselves by saying if they do not kill the game, the tourist will.

It certainly is true that more game has been killed this winter in close time than for many years, but it has not been by accident nor entirely because the snow has been deep. It is an avowed retaliation for the enormous waste of game last summer and fall by sportsmen. In November I knew as well that it would be done as I do now that it has been done. Any one who was in the woods last fall could not fail to predict it if he knew anything about the waste and the feelings of the people. And next winter the same will be repeated unless sportsmen reform very suddenly.

Concerning the waste of game in 1890 by sportsmen, it is enough to say that it has been unparalleled. Without touching at all upon what has been done the length and the breadth of the State, I will give a few facts regarding what has been done in the immediate neighborhood of Chesuncook Lake. And I will quote from only two men, who write only a part of the cases they have known this year. I asked only these two in that vicinity for information because there was danger, if I asked many, of getting the same instances repeated again and again and thus making the case appear worse than it really was; for, of course, no one could tell whether five independent witnesses going to these different ponds and lakes saw the same cases of waste or different cases, without going into a more extended investigation than the importance of this case warrants. Therefore I call on but two who tell only a part of what they know and confine themselves entirely to cases where the meat was wasted. The first says:

I went to Duck Pond to get some fresh meat myself and I found three moose dead that had been killed some ten days there, only one hindquarter taken. Mr. Hosford and wife went to Cusabexis Lake on Sept. 25, they found two large ones there left. I saw one left at Mud Pond and at the foot of this lake, and at Harrington other people saw the remains of six.

Here is a perfectly trustworthy man who tells of thirteen moose which he has known to be wasted, and twelve of the thirteen killed on four ponds or lakes lying within the limits of three adjoining townships. He makes no mention of deer or caribou, nor of any cases where only one moose was left in a place, except two which he saw himself. This shows that he is telling the smaller part of what he knows about. But it may be said that, since no particulars are given, a large part, if not all these, might have been killed by Jack Russell, the Nova Scotian renegade, who killed so many last year for the skins. As to the absence of names of the offenders, I particularly stated in asking the information that I wished it for publication and did not want the names; but I think I made it sufficiently clear that I wished to know of cases where sportsmen had done the wrong. We will grant that the above proves only a heartless and inexcusable waste of game; the following shows who was responsible for something similar. This writer knows nothing of what the first had written:

Last August a party camped at Mud Pond landing two weeks. It is a well-known fact that there is not a trout-fishing ground within five miles, but they were within easy reach of Mud Pond, Quaker Brook and Caribou Thoroughfare, three of the best hunting grounds on Chesuncook. This goes to show that it was hunting and not fishing they were after. In Quaker Brook I saw the body of a large deer with only the horns taken and after they left, the body of a moose and a caribou were found in Mud Pond. Near Sept. 1 two calf moose were killed at Duck Pond by a party; they lay about two rods apart. The hides and a small piece of the meat were taken. Near the last of September a party of sports killed a bull and a cow moose on Cancongomoc Stream near Little Scott Brook. They camped till October and then brought the hides and head out openly as killed in October. The meat was left. I made a trip to Loon Lake Sept. 1 and saw a dead caribou at the foot of the lake, and got the smell of tainted meat in a number of places on Loon Lake and Hurd Ponds. This is only a few cases of a great many that have come to my notice.

Comment seems superfluous. Here are five moose, two caribou and one deer wasted. Four of the eight were

seen by the writer, and all but one are expressly stated to have been killed by sportsmen; for "a party" does not mean Frenchmen, Indians, residents, nor Jack Russell. If they were sportsmen in this case they probably were in the other, for two of the instances referred to by each man are probably inclusive of each other. The three moose which one saw at Duck Pond probably include the two which the other saw a few days earlier. The moose and caribou which one hears of at Mud Pond probably cover the moose which the other saw there. If so, there is no doubt that sportsmen were the murderers. Here are at least eighteen large game animals, principally moose, wasted in the immediate neighborhood of Chesuncook; and if I say that this is one-fifth of the waste on waters that run into Chesuncook last year, I am putting the statement so low that those who know most about it will laugh at the caution shown. This does not include what was honestly eaten whether summer or winter killed.

Besides these thoroughly trustworthy accounts, various reports have come to me from men whom I know to be truthful, but who did not actually see the game. Two different men tell of a moose wasted at Moosehorn Stream on the West Branch above Chesuncook. One of the best guides in the State tells me that his brother saw a cow and a calf sunk in the West Branch between Northeast Carry and Chesuncook, and two others tell the same thing.

Another correspondent writes me concerning what a guide and hunter told him: "— was telling me that he saw a Boston man that was guided by one Joe —, an Indian guide, who shot and killed eight deer in two days and never used only part of one of them, and then he asked his guide if he could not take him where he could find good shooting; and that was last summer. He said that he saw four big moose lying dead just as they were shot by a New York party, and if this kind of work is carried on we know that our game must play out in a short time. There are lots of moose being killed in this section." This account is almost startlingly like a story Darling published; although differing in some particulars, there is no disagreement between them. I do not present it as being absolutely correct, for I have not investigated it further, preferring, since I had the matter at a point where it would be easy to find out the real facts, to treat it merely as an example of the way that the news gets around here. That there is truth in it cannot be doubted.

If enough evidence has not been presented to show that the sportsmen who come here "have brought discredit upon themselves by inexcusable violations of the laws, involving the waste of large quantities of game," more definite evidence with names and dates can be furnished.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

WHITE DEER AND BAD LUCK.—Negaunee, Mich.—In reading your valuable paper of Feb. 5, I was much interested with Mr. Hough's account of the white deer, as I had the pleasure of seeing one at Humboldt Station in this county in 1874—a 2-year-old buck as white as snow. It was shot by a deer hunter by the name of Candy. An old Indian told Candy it was bad luck to kill a white deer, and that the Indians never kill them as they are the spirit deer. Shortly after that, Candy was out deer hunting. Somehow or other his rifle was discharged and shot him in the back. He was laid up a long time and came near passing in his checks. There are a number of people at Humboldt that know this to be a fact.—GRIFFIN.

LOOK HIM UP.—All readers of this department are requested to read the communication in our Trap columns of this week, regarding the mysterious disappearance of E. S. Benscotten, the well-known trap-shooter, late of Shinrock, O. For the relatives of the missing man we bespeak among the trap-shooters of the entire country, and more particularly on the Coast and in the Northwest, every effort to determine his whereabouts or his fate. Let more than idle curiosity govern in this. Will shooters of the Northwest kindly send to this office any information they may have as to E. S. Benscotten, or E. S. "Brown." He must be found.

NEBRASKA WILDFOWL.—Edgar, Nebraska, April 8.—The shooting has been fine in this vicinity for some weeks. We have had more than our usual supply of the game, by reason of plenty of water in the lakes and ponds. Canada geese, Hutchins geese, brant, snow geese, redhead, mallard and pintail ducks have been plentiful, and some of our hunters have made good bags. One of our hunters bagged a fine specimen of the whistling swan. It was quite large, being nearly 8 ft. in extent. We are expecting the dow birds to put in an appearance in a few days.—H.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IT was in the winter of 1870 that I made my first visit to Florida. At that time railroads were not; the Northern tourists were few in number; St. Augustine was a sleepy old town with no Standard Oil king in sight. The alligator basked quietly on the bank of the St. John, and the white plume of the egret gleamed from every swamp. Bears, deer, and turkey were abundant. At Lord's comfortable cottage at New Smyrna were five or six anglers who filled their boats daily with channel bass, sheephead and spotted sea trout. Almost all those worthies have joined the great and silent majority. New Smyrna then contained three houses and a store, and from the head of the Halifax to the Inlet there were hardly 100 people. Daytona I think was laid out that year. A mile below that hamlet lived a kind of naturalist named Chamberlain, who had a cottage on the river bank filled with skins of beasts and birds, and copper jars of alcohol containing fishes and reptiles, which he had collected for Northern museums. Like that of most men who live close to nature, his conversation was interesting and I often visited him. One day he said, "I think you have not seen my alligator. Come with me and I will show you my pet." We went to a small creek about a hundred yards from the river, winding through a hamak. At one place there was a hole under a high bank into which Chamberlain thrust a pole. The reply was a loud and ugly growl. "He is at home but he won't come out to-day." The pet was a good-sized alligator, seven or eight feet long, which C. had partially tamed by feeding

it with fish and snakes, the 'gator being particularly fond of the latter. C. punched it with the pole to make it come out, but it seized the pole in its teeth and shook it. "I think if I was alone he would come out, but he is a little bashful before strangers," said the naturalist, and we left.

The next year when I visited the region Mr. C. had moved away to some wilder and more congenial spot, where he would have fewer neighbors, and my host at the Inlet told me of the fate of the alligator. After C. left some mischievous boys at Daytona borrowed a mule with plow harness and took him to the creek where the alligator lived. They punched him till he got angry and then dropped the plow chain on his nose. The 'gator seized it at once, as is the habit of the beast, and held on to it, bulldog fashion, while the boys started the mule, a powerful animal, which dragged the alligator from the hole. Now there is nothing which a mule fears more than an alligator, whose musky odor will set him crazy. When the mule smelt this he looked round and seeing the beast at his heels he tore away homeward at full speed, dragging the 'gator after him—and, of course, the faster he ran the faster he was pursued. Up the narrow road he dashed, the 'gator bounding behind him, striking against trees and stumps at every jump, so that before the mule got to his stable the poor alligator was dead enough. As to the mule, his nerves were so shaken that he never could be got down the river road again. He smelled alligators in every breeze and was a ruined mule.

S. C. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT WATERS.

THE returns from early trout fishermen are not yet very flattering. The number who tried the streams of the Old Bay State on Fast Day, April 2, was good, but the water was high and the day was cold. Some of the Arlington boys tried the brook, and the result was six trout to about a dozen men and boys. They will try again as soon as the water is lower and the weather is warmer. At Waltham the boys of the club went up to the camp, but the brooks were very high. Indeed, the water was so high that it was not easy to find the brooks at all, especially where they flowed through the meadows, the best positions for trout in fine weather and at low water. Some waded the overflowed meadows, with rubber boots, and two trout were taken. This set those on shore crazy and all went in wading, but the two trout already taken were the entire result of the day's fishing. The same streams will be tried when the water is lower. On the Cape the anglers had better luck, but after all the sport was not quite up to expectations. Sea trout generally did not come to the bait or fly. It was evidently too early.

Reports from the Maine lakes are rather more favorable for an early movement of the ice than at first, though the weather is still very cold, and the last storm, which was a heavy rain in New York and Boston, was snow in Maine, and indeed the same in the western part of Massachusetts. Capt. Fred C. Barker gave me a very pleasant call the other day. He was out from Rangeley by the new route. That is, he came out on snowshoes six miles to Reddington, and from that point by the new Phillips and Rangeley Railroad to Phillips. He is of the opinion that the new railroad will soon be in operation to Rangeley, and the manager of the road, Mr. Rich, has been in Boston, and says that the completion of the road will be pushed to the utmost, and he hopes to have it running to Rangeley by the first of June. Capt. Barker is of the opinion that the ice is going out of the Rangeley Lakes early, and in this opinion he is agreed with by Mr. Bowley, of the Mountain View, and other men of long experience in that region. Billy Soule, of the Capsuptic, has also been in Boston of late, as well as J. A. French, of the Upper Dam, and they agree that the ice is to leave the lakes early. The recent rainstorm in that region raised the lakes, which had previously been very low, and broke off the ice at the shores with considerable commotion. The rain also took the snow off the ice, and now it is more exposed to the direct rays of the sun. This will tend to melt it rapidly if the weather is warm enough. The body of snow is still very great in the backwoods of Maine, and the waters promise to be very high, a condition favorable to a good run of trout when the water does begin to subside. The best trout seasons in that State have usually followed the deepest winter snows that have caused prolonged high waters in the spring.

Trout fishing is not yet at its full height, though there was a good send off on Fast Day, April 2. But since that time the weather has been cool, and the streams have not been in favorable condition. In the mountain streams the water has quickly run down, and some of them have actually been fished at low water, though the time was early in April. A warm rain is needed to start the fishing in good shape. The best creels noted are those mentioned by Mr. John Fottler, who is authority on fish and game matters in Massachusetts. He says that from a pond in Norfolk county an angler took seventeen trout with a fly on Fast Day, an occurrence most unusual for so early in the season. Other fishermen were generally more successful with the "garden-hackle," a ground fly not altogether unknown to the early fishermen in this region. Two other sportsmen killed thirty-four trout on the same day, one of which weighed 2lbs., a very extraordinary size for this part of the country. The others of the creel were all the way from 2oz. up to 1lb.

Trap Hole Brook, which runs from North Sharon to East Walpole, was thoroughly fished on April 1, and also on Fast Day. The fishermen did fairly well. The water was low, though the meadow brooks were full of snow water. But it was plain that the hillside brooks had run down early. The trout were small that were taken from this brook. President E. A. Samuels, of the Fish and Game Protective Association, has been absent a couple of days fishing at Wareham River. He was accompanied by H. H. Kimball and Dr. J. T. Stetson. They had good sport, though not as large trout as they expected.

About the ice leaving the Maine lakes, the wise ones

have changed their views somewhat. Only 18in. of snow fell in the mountain regions of Maine during the storm of a week ago, which storm was all rain on the sea coast. This has been followed by very cold weather for April, and now some of the guides who prophesied an early departure of the ice at first, say that May 15 is early enough to expect the ice to leave the Rangeleys, while it may depart from Moosehead a few days earlier. It is expected that fishing at Moosehead will be good this year. Spotted trout are protected by statute from the ice fishermen, but the togue may be taken. It is a popular theory with the lovers of brook trout fishing at Moosehead that the togues should be all fished out, even if it were necessary to pay a premium to have them taken by the ice fishermen. But the Commissioners realize the impracticability of such action, even if it were thoroughly established that the togue destroy the small brook trout. SPECIAL.

EASTERN FISH IN CALIFORNIA.

THE current report of the Fish Commission gives a gratifying record of the successful introduction of Eastern fishes into the waters of the Pacific coast. The first black bass taken to California were carried by Seth Green, at the expense of a sportsmen's club, who placed them in Temescal Lake, near Oakland. Mr. B. B. Redding obtained the second lot for the California Fish Commission and planted them in the Crystal Springs reservoir, near San Mateo. In California the black bass will devour even the sticklebacks, which are avoided by most other fish because of their sharp spines. Russian River is said to be well stocked with black bass and it is proposed to introduce the species into numerous lakes and streams, except those which are now salmon rivers.

The introduction of striped bass into California began in 1874, when 150 young fish, from 1 to 1½ in. long, were taken over. In 1889 another shipment of this species, including fish ranging from 5 to 9 in. in length, was brought from the Shrewsbury River, at Red Bank, N. J., and deposited in Suisun Bay, at Army Point. A number of these fish have been taken from year to year until, in 1889, several weighing over 20lbs. each were caught, and in the winter of 1890 an example of 35lbs. was captured. In the spring of 1890 Mr. Woodbury found that thousands of young striped bass were offered for sale in the markets of San Francisco. He immediately secured the passage of an ordinance by the board of supervisors prohibiting the catching of striped bass under 8lbs. weight, but not before from 3,000 to 4,000 young of the fish had been sold. From this it is evident that the striped bass has become acclimated in California and only needs protection to provide the people with a valuable food fish.

The Eastern brook trout was first introduced from New Hampshire in 1876. They were hatched at the first California hatchery at Berkeley. Their introduction and hatching was continued for several years and many hundreds of thousands were planted in the streams of Alameda, Marin, San Mateo, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara and Monterey counties, also in the high Sierra Mountains, above the falls of the Yosemite Valley, on the headwaters of the Yuba and North Fork of the American River, Prosser Creek (a branch of the Truckee) and in Cold Creek at Sisson, a small branch of the upper waters of the Sacramento. In all those short coast streams, which become narrow and diminish in volume as the summer advances, they have not reproduced, but in all the high Sierra streams where they were planted they can now be found quite plentifully. A number of them were caught during the past summer in Blackwood Creek near the Tahoe. About four years ago a few were placed in a small lake on the mountain side back of McKinney's place on Lake Tahoe. Last year Mr. McKinney stated that a number of these trout had been caught in the little lake, one of them weighing 3lbs. He said they were fierce fighters and had a delicious flavor. In the winter of 1889 and 1890 100,000 Eastern brook trout eggs, obtained from Mr. Livingston Stone, of Charlestown, N. H., were hatched at Sisson and yielded 80,000 fry, which were planted in small tributaries of the Upper McCloud, in Deer Creek, and in various tributaries of the Klamath and Sacramento rivers.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE following opinion handed down by the Supreme Court of Fairfield county, Conn., January term, 1891, is of interest to all sportsmen, particularly those who lease lands for the purpose of controlling the fishing and shooting rights.

The Potatuck Club, at Newton, Conn., leased the Cold Spring Stream and adjoining land from John B. Peck and had it posted. A man by the name of Geo. H. Turner was prosecutor on complaint of a grand juror, for having entered the grounds of said club without permission for the purpose of fishing. The Justice Court before which the case was first tried found him guilty and imposed a fine. Turner appealed to the Criminal Court of Common Pleas, the case was given to a jury and the defendant was again found guilty. He then appealed to the Supreme Court of Errors, claiming that as the suit was not brought by the owner of the property, and the posted signs were not signed by the owner, the verdict was wrong and he should not have been convicted.

The court held that Turner's evidence as above stated must be ruled out, as it had nothing to do with the case. The authority of a grand juror to prosecute for a crime committed is fixed by law, and cannot be controlled by the wishes of any person who may have been affected by the crime. Neither did the question of putting in fry or of signboards have anything to do with it. It was proven that the defendant committed a trespass and he must suffer the penalty. The court rendered a lengthy opinion, quoting many authorities, and sustained the decision of the lower courts, holding that there was no error in the judgment appealed from, in which opinion all the judges concurred.

Striped bass are still being taken off Sing Sing in large numbers, one caught the other day weighed 46lbs. The smelt tried to ascend the Croton River in immense numbers, but the river was practically closed by the fykes, so much so in fact that the smelt left in disgust and went up a stream at Peekskill, where they had never appeared before in any quantity. Here they did not know how to handle them and only a few were caught in dip nets. The people of Sing Sing are now afraid that as they did not have a chance to spawn, there will be none next season.

A number of salmon have been killed in the fykes in the Hudson River, three of which were brought in at Sing Sing.

The anglers at Smithtown, Long Island, had excellent luck on the opening day. The largest trout so far reported weighed 3lbs. 2oz., and was caught by James L. Livingston, who brought in 16 trout that weighed dressed 15lbs. 2 oz., and he returned by the afternoon train to the city. The next largest caught the first day weighed 2½ pounds. But all the trout brought in were large and in fine condition. These fish were all taken in public waters.

The striped bass that are now being caught in the Hudson River between Tarrytown and Sing Sing are in remarkably fine condition. Some say that they are following up the smelt, while others insist that they do not feed at all at this season of the year. It seems strange that they should be so fat if they do not take any nourishment. Can any one throw any light on this subject? If they are feeding on the smelt they certainly ought to take the hook.

The New Adirondack Hotel League proposes to join the army of supporters of game laws; this will be a good thing and a radical change of base. If the hotels in the North Woods would only stop buying game and fish, in season and out, it would be much better for their guests. The benefit they derive from having a supply of trout and venison on their tables does not compensate for the skinning of the woods and waters by the loafers that hang around these places. These men resort to all sorts of unlawful methods, and even visit private grounds at night to jack deer and set line ponds, and are getting to be an intolerable nuisance in the Adirondack region. Too lazy to earn a living legitimately, they resort to any method to get money for rum, even to stealing baggage from the visitors if poaching fails. The next question is, will the members of this League take any steps to prevent their guests breaking the law? It is a common occurrence now for visitors to go out after deer before Aug. 10.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THE SILVER PIKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article of "T. H. B." in last number of your paper on the pike family is very interesting, but he does not seem to make any distinction, only between pike and mascalonge. Now there is through Michigan and Georgian Bay country a fish commonly called the silver pike; it is brighter colored than the common grass pike and easily distinguishable from it or the mascalonge. I have had the three together, and from my own observation, as well as that of others who have seen them there is about as much difference between the grass pike and silver pike as between the silver pike and the mascalonge—that is, in looks; for eating qualities I prefer the silver pike to either. While the grass pike has that muddy, soapy taste and the mascalonge its peculiar twang something like the large-mouthed bass, the silver pike has that peculiar flavor of the salmon family which is so delicious. The common grass pike in color is green all over with green fins and green back and sides; the silver pike is generally a bright silver color with reddish fins, streaked with black, and a red dotted line when the fish is fresh caught lengthwise along its side; the mascalonge has the same dotted red line only more pronounced, blood red fins and large round spots on its sides. I sent a mascalonge to Mr. Clarke, of the U. S. Fish Commission, last year, and he pronounced it the true *Esox nubilus*. I had quite an experience with one of those silver pike last season fishing on a small lake back of here. My companions having gone to look for some bait, and a Frenchman happening to come along that I knew, I asked him to paddle me up the lake and I would get him some fish to take home; he kindly consented to do so. I took my rod, an 8oz. lance-wood and got ready, having first secured 4 live minnows. We paddled up the lake and I caught four good sized pike of both kinds and had one minnow left. I laid my rod carefully across the boat and putting on my last minnow I threw it over so as to clear the boat, keshwash! biz! went the reel, the water flew into my face and I nearly upset the boat, it was so sudden. Getting hold of my rod and taking in the slack, I struck and had him fast. My Frenchman by this time having got speech says to me: "Giminy Mr. B. that fellow was watching you put the bait on." He must have taken the bait one foot or more above the water. Having got him under control, I played him hard, forcing the fight all the time. He made one fly in the air and then settled down to steady runs and turns. Coming on to the boat he turned suddenly, and coming to the surface he must have slid fifteen feet like a bird, alighting on the water. "Giminy," says the Frenchman, "he's got his skates on." He was a plucky fellow, but he was two well hooked under the tongue and had to succumb. I landed him and he tipped the scales at 7½lbs. This made 17 I had caught that day, the largest one 11lbs. I mention this simply to show the game qualities of the silver pike. They will almost invariably break water when hooked and I have never seen the grass pike do anything but bore in the weeds and mud. The only place that we get mascalonge is off and in the mouths of rivers running into Lake Huron. I have never seen or caught one in any of our inland lakes.

H. B.

ALPENA, Mich.

CALIFORNIA TROUT AT OSWEGO.—A correspondent sends us this report from the Oswego, N. Y., *Times*, of April 11, and having seen the fish pronounces them beauties: "About five years ago a quantity of California rainbow trout fry were deposited in the Oswego River here. Last year a few were taken out, which indicated that the fish were breeding. Yesterday Mr. L. Reiker took out two handsome trout at the high dam, which weighed together about 2½lbs. These fish must have passed up through the fishways, and have reached a size which indicates that these game fish will thrive well in these waters."

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., April 11.—Trout fishing opened here April 1, but only one small catch thus far. The weather has been cold and raw. Smith and Cruttenden, the veteran anglers, have their "wums" dug and packed in sawdust ready for use, and only wait for a day or two of sunshine to visit their old haunts and catch some upon whom they have a claim.—W. H. C.

SOME ST. LOUIS CLUBS.

THE shooting and angling clubs in St. Louis number thirteen with about 800 members. After a week's still-hunt I was enabled to gather the following brief sketch of each club:

The St. Louis Game and Fish Preserving Association. commonly called the King's Lake Club, is located in Missouri at King's Lake north of St. Charles. The association has under its control about 6,000 acres of land and controls one shore of the lake for about two miles. There is a large club house containing about forty rooms, ice house, garden and other conveniences. The membership is fixed at 200, and is nearly filled. There is a wide range of sport, there being both timber lakes and prairie lakes. The shooting consists of duck, snipe, quail, squirrels, and imported coons. The fishing is mostly for bass and croppie, although other fish are caught. The officers of the club are: David Caruth, Pres.; Joseph Specht, Vice-Pres.; John McDonald, Sec'y and Treas.

Grand Pass Shooting Club.—This club is located in Green county, Ill., about 100 miles northeast of St. Louis. The club owns 3,000 acres, and has a fine ten-room club house. The membership is limited to twenty-five and is full. The club grounds afford duck, snipe and quail shooting, and black bass are freely taken in the spring with the fly. The officers are: J. F. Shepley, Pres.; Frank Carter, Vice-Pres.; J. D. Malin, Sec'y.

Calhoun Fishing and Hunting Club.—The grounds are located in Calhoun county, Ill. The club owns about 100 acres of land, upon which was recently erected a new club house, and in addition controls a large slough from the river with about two miles of water front. The membership is limited to seventy-five, the roster now numbering about seventy. The officers are: D. W. McElroy, Pres.; M. Petersen, Vice-Pres.; P. J. Clifford, Sec'y; M. P. Morrissey, Treas.

Kidd Lake Club.—The grounds of this club are located in Monroe county, Illinois, and contain nearly 2,000 acres of land and lakes. The shooting is duck and snipe, while the fishing is for bass and croppies. The lake being clear water, fly-fishing is the only method pursued, and fine scores have been made. The fishing begins in June or about as soon as the shooting is over. There is a club house on the property. The membership is limited to twenty, and the officers are as follows: President, F. G. Huzinud, and Secretary, Allen Glasgow.

Murdoch Lake Club.—This club was organized about a year ago under the laws of Illinois, and has a membership of fifty. The officers are: President, Thos. Couch; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. Smith. The lake is located near Harrisonville, Ill. The club also controls the shore land around the lake, but the shooting is mostly on the water. Angling is good, especially for croppie, for which the lake has long been famous. The club put a stop to seining, and fishing has been much better in consequence.

Gilead Slough Hunting and Fishing Association.—This club is incorporated under the laws of Illinois, with a capital stock of \$7,350. Its membership can reach 290, but at present numbers about seventy. Their grounds are located in Calhoun county, Ill. The club owns 800 acres of land and controls about two miles of water on the Mississippi River and two miles on Gilead Slough. They are now building a fine club house to cost \$3,000, and an ice house is also being constructed and a cottage for the accommodation of members and their families. The shooting consists of duck, quail, snipe and rabbit; fishing, black and striped bass and croppies. Fly-fishing is also done on these waters. The officers are: President, D. Delabar; Vice-President, C. Schweickhardt; Secretary, A. E. Winkelmeier; Treasurer, Herman Schwartz.

Brevatore Shooting Club.—This club owns 4,000 acres in Missouri about 10 miles from St. Charles. It has a fine club house of 10 rooms, and as the club contains but 10 members each one claims a room. The association is what is known as a close one. The president is Joseph Lucas, Sec'y-Treas., David Rankin.

The Cuivre Shooting Club.—This club owns 3,000 acres of land in St. Charles county, Mo. They have a fine club house suitable for the accommodation of the members of the club, which number only 20. They have excellent shooting on their property, on which there are six lakes. The shooting consists of duck, snipe, quail and geese. No fishing in the lakes. The president is Geo. M. Wright, Sec'y, Geo. Dana.

The Dameron Hunting and Fishing Club.—This association, now in its fourth year, holds a State charter from Missouri good for 20 years. It is located in Pike county, Mo., and contains about 5,000 acres, mostly prairie with some timber. There are a number of small lakes and sloughs on the property which afford fine bass and croppie fishing. The shooting consists of duck, snipe, prairie chicken and quail. The membership of the club is limited to 20. There is a comfortable house on the grounds for the use of the members and also an ice house. The officers are: Wm. Clark, Pres.; E. C. Mohrstadt, Vice-Pres.; L. A. Weaver, Sec'y; Wm. Hettel, Treas.

St. Louis Hunting and Fishing Club.—This club has a membership of 100. The grounds are located in Stoddard county, Mo., and consist of 100 acres, but as the region is a very wild one, the range of country for hunting is almost unlimited. They have a fine club house with every convenience. The character of the shooting consists in deer, ducks, quail, turkey, squirrel, woodcock and rabbits. In angling of black bass, croppie, jack salmon, wall-eyed pike, sunfish, pickerel and catfish. The officers of the club are Seth W. Cobb, Pres.; J. R. Claiborne, Vice-Pres.; E. C. Lackland, Sec'y.

The Allenville Gun Club is a sort of a close communion club and has only five members, but they claim to control about 4,000 acres of land and water at Allenville, Ill., near Collinsville. They have a club house and boat house with excellent duck and snipe shooting. The president is C. W. Steinmetz, and secretary, G. Miller.

Current River Fishing and Hunting Club.—This club is located on the Current River, in southeast Missouri, not very far from Doniphan. The officers are: R. C. Barrett, President; J. A. Lee Vice-President, and R. L. Mabrey, of Doniphan, Mo., Secretary. The association was incorporated in 1887. It has spent several thousand dollars in building a club house on the Current River and in other improvements. At one time the membership numbered over 200, but of late there have been many withdrawals, and the future of the club is in a somewhat dubious condition. The shooting and fishing are both excellent in the territory surrounding the club

property, but it is somewhat difficult of access from St. Louis.

Dardenne Hunting and Fishing Club.—This club is located in St. Charles county, near St. Peters. It controls 3,000 acres of land, upon which is a fine new club house with accommodations for thirty guests. The grounds are fitted up with all conveniences for the accommodation of shooters. There is a fine kennel house, ice house, etc. The membership of the club is limited to thirty-five. The shooting consists in ducks and snipe. The club is incorporated under the laws of Missouri with the following officers: President, John C. Noble, the present Secretary of the Interior; Vice-President, Mark Taylor; Secretary, J. Shepley.

The Gilham Lake Hunting and Fishing Club, which was partly organized a few weeks ago, will probably not reach a permanent organization. The property they had in view they have been unable to obtain, and without full control of the lake the property they now have under lease would be of no value, consequently the club will not go further in their organization.

A movement is on foot by prominent sportsmen of the State for the purchase of a large game preserve in southeast Missouri. It is said that about 50,000 acres have already been purchased in the region of what is known as the "sunk lands" of Missouri. The land is mostly swamp, but is full of game of all kinds, and is probably the best hunting ground in the State of Missouri or in the West.

ABERDEEN.

AN ANGLER'S MEMORIES.

AUBURN, Cal.—Our trout season opened April 1, but, alas! 'twas the same old story. When the law-abiding angler went to his favorite stream, he found a well-worn path up and down the banks, formed by the feet of numberless law-breakers who had fished the waters, over and over again, in defiance of all law. It makes the law-respecting man's blood boil, but what can he do? It has all been said a hundred thousand times before, and will have to be said millions of times more, until the end of time—or trout. As long as every petty officer, even down to constable, is elected by the votes of We, the Sovereign People, just so long can the Sovereigns fish, hunt, or do aught else contrary to law that happens to come into their sovereign heads unmolested by any and all official action.

But it is no use "kicking." 'Tis so the world over, more or less; and I try to think with Dr. Pangloss, that "*Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles*"—which, being (il)-literally translated, means, "everything goes."

I received a call the other day from an old Eastern angling acquaintance that I had not seen before for twenty years. He was visiting the Pacific coast and came to see me, and oh! didn't our tongues wag? When we last met it was on the shores of Egg Pond, some two miles back from Spider Lake, in the Megantic region. At that time there was nothing but wilderness in that region, the nearest settler being at Piopilis, on the west bank of Megantic, ten or twelve miles away. We had gone there as members of separate parties, to explore the place, and to ascertain the facts about some wonderful yarns we had heard about the size and numbers of trout contained in that small body of water. 'Twas only a case of "another lie nailed," as the fish were small and in very limited numbers. I bade my friend good-bye that June morning, just twenty years ago this coming June, and we had never seen or heard from each other since. Twenty years! It is a terrible gap right out of the middle of one's life. We were only thirty then, and now we are fifty, and—alas! and alas! our fishing days will soon be over.

What's that? Our fishing days will soon be over? Fie, for shame! For, lo, these twenty more years we intend to "go a-fishing," if life be spared, and when we are doddering old men the click of the merry reel and the ze-e-p of the silken line as it cuts the water, responsive to the wild dashes of his royal highness at its further end, will again send the old boyish enthusiasm bubbling through our senile frames.

And when we get too old to cast a fly in actuality we will do it in our minds and see the line go rolling out across the dimpling water until the flies drop softly down thirty yards away (there is no limit to our cast when it is done in our minds) and his lordly troutship answers with flashing leap. Ah! here comes in an advantage we had not thought of before. When fishing in our minds every cast is rewarded by a rise!

By the way, what can any old man occupy his mind with after he becomes helpless and housebound, who has never gone a-fishing? The glorious memories that store every old angler's attic will be brought out and dusted, and ranged before the mind's eye with ever new delights, and the rapidly descending road to the great unknown will be smoothed and cheered by the innocent companionship of those dear old friends. Not one memory among them all but what is innocent and happy. God bless the declining years of the honest angler!

But this is digression. My friend tells me that the fishing at Megantic has followed the dodo, the Labrador duck and the buffalo.

The advent of the railway brought the world to its doors, and its glories have departed. In the Chaudiere, Lower and Upper Spider rivers, where I have fished a creel in two hours' fishing, the angler must fish all week for the same number, and then be in great luck if he accomplishes so much. But then, "*Tout est pour le mieux*," etc.; and where nothing was once heard but the melancholy hoot of the owl or bellow of the moose, hundreds of our fellow creatures dwell in comfort and contentment.

And where it took me three days to go, in a boat mounted on wheels, the wonderful nineteenth century railway train will transport you to the same spot in three hours.

Now, dear FOREST AND STREAM, all this maundering comes from the awaking of old memories by my angler friend's visit, so you must pardon me. I promise not to do it again—till next time.

AREFAR.

HAD A SECRET.—Columbus, Tex.—Last year a fisherman came into my midst, and every night he would catch nearly a wagonload of catfish, and no one was able before or since to do it. Thinking there is a secret about it I write you to see if you can give me this secret, or put me in position to get it. Our stream has plenty of fish in it, but they cannot be caught, and the turtles and gars are bad.—J. G. B.

KEUKA LAKE.

A DUNDEE, N. Y., correspondent sends us these notes of the fishing in Keuka Lake: We have no good fishing in this immediate vicinity. Our fishing grounds we find in Lake Keuka, "The Queen of the Lakes," about ten miles west of this place. This lake is 23 miles long, and averaging from one-half mile to one mile wide. It is in shape like the letter Y, with the village of Hammondsport at the head of the lake, Branchport at the foot of the West branch and Penn Yan at the outlet and foot of the East branch. This lake is traversed by two lines of steamboats making several trips daily during the summer season, and, owing to the strong competition, the fare for a trip through the lake, or to any point thereon, is only ten cents.

This lake is well stocked with trout, black bass, pickerel, perch and whitefish, with an occasional glass-eyed pike. Trout are caught trolling with the spoon and "Seth Green" rig, using with the last named tackle, alewives or "saw-bellies," as they are commonly called for bait. This bait is taken from the lake, long minnow seines being used for the purpose. These lake trout vary in size from one pound in weight up to twelve and fifteen pounds, with an occasional "old sander" tipping the beam at eighteen or twenty pounds. To capture one of these "heavy weights" upon the "Seth Green" rig and safely land him in your boat, furnishes an angling experience never to be forgotten. The "Seth Green" rig is made of No. 1, 2 or 3 silk line from 300 to 350 ft. in length, with from 4 to 6 single gut leaders 12 to 15 ft. long. Gang hooks are used, upon which the baits are fixed in a slightly curved position.

The favorite fishing ground for these trout is at Keuka. The season opens April 1 and continues until October 1.

At Keuka is situated the Lake Keuka House under the management of Mr. J. M. Washburn, owner and proprietor. It is a well kept hostelry and a favorite resort for fishermen. Mr. Washburn always endeavors to keep a good supply of bait on hand, together with necessary tackle and boats. His charges are one dollar and fifty cents per day, or by the week seven dollars.

Last season a trout register was provided by Mr. Washburn in which the number of trout taken by his guests was recorded together with their weight. Although the season was a poor one owing to the high water and other causes, yet the grand total footed up 1,003 trout weighing 2,591 lbs. The largest trout captured was taken by a gentleman from Dansville, N. Y., and weighed 11½ lbs. No record was made of any other kind of fish. Any inquiries addressed to Mr. Washburn, Keuka, N. Y., will receive prompt attention. Guides are not necessary, though any one desiring an oarsman to row his boat while trolling, can readily secure such help at reasonable prices.

For black bass, the favorite bait are live minnows, the helgramite or "dobson" and the fresh water lobster or "crab." Pickerel and perch also take the same bait. Trolling with the spoon is a favorite way of capturing them with many. The "dobson" or "crab" are not obtainable at the lake, but have to be secured in advance from other places.

Keuka is easily accessible from either Hammondsport or Penn Yan. Railroad guides give full directions how to reach these places. The scenery of Lake Keuka is enchanting and picturesque. Tourists pronounce it the most attractive of all the lakes in western New York. Its shores are lined with cottages, while vineyards cover the slopes on either side for several miles back. The lake has become famous on account of its immense grape industry, and the large wine cellars in connection therewith. Much more might be written of this attractive body of water, appropriately called "The Queen of Lakes."

CASTALIA TROUT IN THE SNOW.

CHICAGO, April 11.—I don't hear of the snipe yet, though it must be nearly time for them to be up here. Along the Castalia stream in Ohio last week I heard of about half a dozen being seen. That is just at the lower edge of Lake Erie. And while so near to that, I must say, in re the close of last week's letter, wherein the prospect of taking a trout was mentioned, that Mr. Sadler, of Sandusky, and myself did go fishing on the club preserve on the following day, and we did catch a trout, and more than one, though the full score of those kept (the smallest fish retained must be six or over) was only six trout. I had heard so much of fly-fishing for trout on this stream in the middle of a snow storm. "I would dearly love to see a trout taken on the fly when the snow was on the ground," said I to Mr. Sadler. And a few moments later we did see one. In the snow bank then lying along the stream the brilliant fish rolled and struggled, encasing himself in the frosty crystals until he looked like no fish ever seen. But I shall tell much more of this strange stream before we close about it. Meantime the engravers must have a little time to play, they are too busy to make a picture or two of things bearing on that story.

E. HOUFH.

GAME PROTECTIVE SOCIETIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Utica Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting last evening. The reports of the president and secretary showed that much good work had been accomplished during the year, especially on Oneida Lake. The removal of F. P. Drew from the office of chief game protector was deemed unwise. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, I. J. Gray; Vice-President, I. C. McIntosh; Secretary, John D. Collins; Treasurer, Geo. L. Bradford; Directors: I. C. McIntosh, W. K. Gilmore, W. E. Wolcott, Gustavus Dexter, Dr. C. M. Hitchcock, Ebon G. Brown, T. Jay Griffiths.

The Hamilton Fish and Game Protective Association held its annual meeting April 7, in Hamilton, N. Y., and elected officers as follows: President, A. M. Russell; Vice-President, L. B. Crowell; Secretary, E. L. Kingsbury; Treasurer, Wm. Wentworth; Directors: E. L. Kingsbury, C. M. Wickwire, Nicholas Carp, Wm. Wentworth, E. Hoostkotter, A. R. Orvis, L. B. Crowell. Although only one year old the association is doing excellent protective work.

PORTA.

UTICA, N. Y., April 9.

LEASE of St. John River for sale; splendid salmon fishing. See advertisement.—ADD.

CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAMS.

VENTURA, Cal., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trout season opened here on April 1, and there are more fish in the streams about here than has been known for years. It is believed to be due to the enforcement, during the past year, of our screen law, whereby all irrigating and other ditches are screened by 1/4 in. wire mesh before leaving the streams. Vast amounts of both small and large fish were formerly destroyed by being carried out in this way. Our local water supply company first put in screens for their own protection, as the fish were a constant source of trouble to them by plugging up the distributing pipes. The requirement is now a law and is being enforced in this locality.

The largest catch for the season that I have heard of so far was made by myself and two companions on April 1st, when we took out 475 trout, the largest weighing 1lb. and measuring 14 1/2 in. length. They take any of the commonly used flies with avidity, probably preferring of those I used the professor, coachman, stone and grannum.

There are, in this county alone, about 225 miles of trout streams, all teeming with the speckled beauties, many miles of which are virgin to the angler. I am to take an angling for ten days in the early part of May far back into the mountains, a two days' trip out. May tell you something about it when I return.

A. J. C.

SQUETEAGUE is the name of a club of happy lovers of the gentle art who rendezvous at Great Kills, Staten Island, where mine host, the amiable Judge Collins presides. This club was organized a year ago by five men who regularly journeyed to those waters in vain effort to lure the wily squeteague or weakfish from his lair, and the organization resulted from a conclusion these men came to, that in union there was strength—hence the club. The success of the club is proven by its growth, and at the annual meeting held in March last there assembled at the club rooms over twenty of the most widely known of Staten Island's Pilgrims. The present officers are: John M. O'Brien, President; Benjamin F. James, Vice-President; Thomas J. Nolan, Treasurer; Geo. C. Meyer, Secretary; Geo. W. Graham, Sergeant-at-Arms. The members present beside those mentioned above were: Judge Jas. P. Collins, C. R. W. Davis, Peter J. Conlan, Edgar Whitman, Edward Milligan, Harry Kalb, Clifford W. Pullis, John Klockemeyer, George Shapley, Harry W. Graham, Samuel A. Beatty, Fred Jordan, Sim O'Donnell, James Murray, William Kelly, Josh Ward, Esq., all of whom after adjournment proceeded to Klockemeyer's Hall to partake of their annual banquet. Covers were laid for fifty, there being a numerous contingent of the Fishing Bruders, the crack organization of the Eleventh Ward. The hours sped by merrily as the boys congratulated each other on the near advent of spring, but the lionized man of the evening was the "Judge," who has the enviable reputation of having "never told a lie." The Squeteague Club house at the Great Kills adjoins Collins's Hotel, and the members will always be pleased to welcome their similarly inclined friends.—Geo. C. MEYER, Secretary.

ANGLER'S WADING RIG.—Staunton, Virginia, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the risk of telling so experienced a sportsman as Mr. Hough something he already knows, permit me to say in answer to his query in FOREST AND STREAM of the 26th inst., that the wading rig most in vogue in the very rough, stony mountain trout streams of this State consists of a pair of rubber or silesia wading stockings or pants (stockings preferred as they are long enough for all practical purposes and not so hot around the waist and body as the pants) without boots, over the feet of which a pair of heavy cotton or yarn socks is drawn, over which is worn a pair of the coarse heavy leather sewed shoes known as "stitch-downs," the soles of which are plentifully studded with large hob nails. The practice of cutting small slits in the leather uppers of the shoes close to the soles to let the water out has been discontinued by our fishermen, as it has been found that the sand and gravel will work in through the holes, to the serious detriment of the wading stockings. Care should be taken to have the points of the hob nails inside the shoes well clinched, both to prevent them from working out and from cutting the stockings. A light leather insole will be found advisable also. Several years' experience with this rig by myself and all my fishing acquaintances has demonstrated its entire utility and reliability and I can confidently recommend it to Mr. Hough as worthy a trial.—COMMODORE.

Fishculture.

STATE OYSTER POLICY.

AT the public meeting held in Baltimore, March 18, to consider measures necessary for the restoration of the oyster industries of Chesapeake Bay, Hon. Marshall McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, outlined the policy which the State of Maryland should pursue in establishing preliminary conditions of successful enterprise in this direction. We give the following abstract of his remarks:

"The lands under the tidal waters of the State should be placed under the same conditions as to production that now exist for the farming lands above the tide. As far as practicable, they should be placed under private ownership and control, and individuals should be invited and encouraged to invest their energies and capital in oyster farming by having first assured to them that security of tenure which must constitute the basis of all future development. The man engaged in oyster production should be harassed by no imposts nor special supervision. He should be treated as the farmer, protected in his rights of property, and his investment required to bear equally with the lands above tide the burdens of taxation. The State should seek to derive its revenue not from any special tax or from extravagant prices for sales or entry, but from the vastly increased valuation which would be given to these lands when the opportunity for their improvement is afforded.

"The first step in dealing with this matter intelligently would seem to be an actual careful survey of all the waters of the State—not only of those areas which are now oyster-producing or are planted, but that much larger area from which at present no oysters, either natural or planted, are drawn. The object of this survey should be to make a classification of the grounds into: (1) The natural beds, or those areas of the Chesapeake over which the oysters are now so abundant as to furnish steady production and employment for the men engaged in the fishing; (2) the grounds which

are now available for planting and which are under actual cultivation; (3) that extensive area of marsh and swamp and muddy bottom which now is not oyster-producing, but which, under the intelligent use of capital and the application of improved methods, will doubtless in the future become fully as productive, if not more so, than the natural grounds or those at present planted.

"The area of the natural oyster beds should be carefully limited and defined by law, so as to indicate clearly to all without the possibility of mistake, those portions of the Chesapeake in which the general fishing on public grounds will be permitted. Having thus appropriated to the public use the area so indicated, all the rest of the land under tide should be thrown open to entry under such conditions as the State might prescribe.

"In the case of planted ground, which has at present a market value, the State might consider it reasonable to exact a good price for the privilege of conversion of existing leases or franchises into fee-simple holdings. In the case, however, of that broader area which at present yields nothing to production, it would, in my judgment, be wise on the part of the State to permit its entry under conditions similar to those which are prescribed for the public lands of the State above tide. The great oyster production of the future in the Chesapeake and elsewhere will not be from natural beds, from which, at present, the chief supply is drawn, nor yet from the existing planting grounds, but from those vast mud flats and salt marshes now bleak and barren, but which, through the agency of private enterprise, and by judicious investments, will be converted into productive oyster fields, which will yield a harvest more abundant and a usufruct more generous than the richest above the tide.

"When we consider the vast extent of this area which is now valueless, and the possibilities for production which may be realized by judicious exploitation, it does not seem unreasonable to expect that the inauguration of a policy by the State such as I have indicated, and such as Connecticut now observes, would in the end carry the oyster production of Maryland waters to many times what it is, and that the increased revenue to the State which would come from the enhancement of values would be a generous equivalent for the surrender of her right of eminent domain."

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

PICTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Minball, Secretary.

April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.

April 23 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto, C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 41 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.

COLLIES.—(MR. WATSON).

Report by Mr. Mason.

If the breed has improved any during the past two years I fail to see in which points the improvement comes in. The infection that rushed it to the front a few years ago seems to have gone off on another tack and collies to-day are a one-man show, with Mr. Harrison first and the rest nowhere. He has in his kennel about a dozen dogs that can beat all others and as breeders show not the slightest judgment in mating their bitches he has a walkover for all prizes. Mr. Terry tried to breed good ones and failed. Mr. Shotwell experimented and proved a failure, and so it has been with others. Not until some wealthy person with more dollars than knowledge of dogs steps in and buys up the Metchley Wonders can Mr. Harrison's victorious march be checked. There is mighty little honor in winning for there is nothing to beat at the same time the fancy owes Mr. Harrison a world of thanks for having set the pace, even though it is too hot to follow. There is good—the best—collie blood in America, but it has not been used with judgment and the same reckless mating that has ruined the type of pointers is doing the same thing for collies. Keep it up another twenty years gentlemen. There is nothing like experience. At this, one of the very best shows in America, there was not a good specimen outside of the Philadelphia Kennels, and it was the same thing at New York. What a prospect. But after the thousands of dollars that have been invested in the breed is not this a disgrace? Advice is of little use. It is forgotten as soon as it is read. A man will buy a bitch by the woolly-coated Pomeranian Robin Adair. This bitch he will breed to The Squire. Another will buy a sterling bitch by Scottilla out of Flurry II. and breed it to Old Scot, a mongrel half-bred Gordon, because "my wife likes the color." When the puppies come they are shown and get nothing. Then there is music in the air and the owner rushes around the show for four solid days showing everybody that will talk with him a printed pedigree three feet long and asking how much he (the judge) knows about collies.

Roslyn Wilkes in challenge dogs and Flurry II. in bitches had no competitors and those that tried conclusions with Maney Trefoil and Roslyn Conway in the open class for dogs might just as well have been at home. Robley, third prize, I thought lucky in getting the place. He is called a light sable but is really fawn color, there being no dark shading on any part of him. His head is of Esquimaux character, with wrong expression and ears not properly carried. He falls away very sharply from the hips, has a nasty ring tail and is rather soft in coat at present, but being a youngster will improve in that respect. He has strong legs and fairly good feet, with, with his coat, are his only positive points. Duke, reserve, has light eyes and wrong expression; ears not well carried; not right just before and below the eyes, good muzzle, stifles and hocks not perfect, loin would be improved by more arch, good forelegs and feet, plenty of coat of better than average texture, lacks quality and character. Orphan Boy, he, by Strephon—Flossie, is a much better specimen, but then his right name is Scottilla II. It appears that Mr. Harrison gave this dog to his doctor, who lost him, and the dog found his way to Boston in charge of Ben Lewis, who brought him on for the supposed owner. Jarrett, who handles Mr. Harrison's dogs at the shows and manages his kennel, knew about Scottilla II. having been lost or stolen, and when he saw the dog come into the ring he quickly had what the only German designates his "heazle heyee" upon him and he soon let Ben know that his charge was not an orphan. It was said Mr. Watson did not wish to give the reserve or a prize to a dog that was really not eligible to compete, but about this I cannot say. Anyhow, Scottilla II. was about third best dog in that class, but I thought him very cleverly pressed by Scot II., he, who may yet beat him. Barrington Maney Trefoil this was the best coated dog in the class. He

is rather coarse in skull and cut away too much below the eyes, also defective in feet, but for type, character and other essentials he is far ahead of Robley and Duke. Fordhook Climax, he, is round and coarse in head, cut away too much below the eyes, legs not in good position, length and arch of loin would improve him, ring tail, coat behind withers too short and open, fairly good ears, proper legs and feet, dark sable with white frill. Of the unnoticed ones Silver King is light in eyes, coarse in head, not quite straight in front, coat rather short and too open, ears only moderate, good feet and plenty of strength. Scott is a vicious, bad-headed brute, "date of birth, breeder and pedigree unknown." Lothian Laddie lacks in coat, head and lips, and has terrier ears. Sootson had a fit just before the judging commenced and did not compete. In bitches Roslyn Dolly fairly outclassed all others. Roslyn Primrose, second prize, is a light sable and white. Eyes too light, muzzle near eyes not right, ears not well carried, bad feet, specially the hind, bad stern, not properly coated, scanty in body coat. Flurry IV., third prize, is a sautty black and tan, bad eyes, forelegs set too close, with elbows tied; ears not just right, they are at times almost prick ears; knees showing weakness, do with more bone, fair good body and coat, shows quality in head, undersize. Lucy Locket, vhe., had been sent home and I did not see her. Miss Nancy, second in puppy class last year, might have been second in this class had she been in coat. This was a weak class. In puppies there was only one show dog, Roslyn Dolly. The President's cup for best collie in the show was awarded to Maney Trefoil. After a careful examination of the competitors the judge landed, I think, on the wrong one and it was not until I had given them an equally careful overhauling that I felt sure that both Wilkes and Dolly could beat Maney. The latter was clearly the best-coated collie in the show, but his head, never a very good one, has gone off considerably and his ears were dangling down in poor style. He beats Wilkes in coat and color of eyes, but I think nowhere else. The former is not quite so typical a dog as I expected to find after all that has been said and written in his favor. He is, however, a good one, and only the best of them can beat him. If made to order I would have had him darker in eyes, better in expression, a bit more up in ears, more level in back, more arched in loin and, of course, better in coat, which is his weakest point. He has a good type of head, stands on proper legs and feet, is good behind, weak nowhere, stands well and moves well, is of a useful size, of much better type than Trefoil and shows considerable sheep dog character. But my choice for the trophy would have been the undersized Roslyn Dolly, whose exquisite front places her so far ahead of the others that I do not see how they can get back behind what they lose in front. Trefoil beats her in coat and size, but nowhere else, and Wilkes has her in bone and size, and perhaps a little behind in the short ribs, but for character and quality of head, expression, set and carriage of ears, she has, in my opinion, no equal in this country. Then how about the "old lady," Flurry II.? She is not quite out of the hunt; in fact with Trefoil's head and ears as they appeared to me I would have placed her over him. Mr. Watson has been breeding collies many years and has seen the best of them. His opinion is entitled to respect. He may be right; but my decision, taking the dogs as they appeared at this show, would have been: Dolly first, Wilkes second, Flurry II. third and the winner, Maney Trefoil, fourth.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—(MR. LACY).

Report by Mr. Mason.

This was probably the best class ever seen in America, and the judging was done in a careful and painstaking way, the attachment at the lower end of the chain being the thing considered. In the challenge class for both sexes Meersbrook Maiden and Kaiser again met, the result being, as usual, in favor of the bitch, that is more symmetrical than the dog, truer in body, better behind and in markings, also his superior in one or two minor points. The open class for dogs was a hot one for America, where the breed, until recently, has received little attention. Broomfield Sultan, the New York winner over Beaconsfield, failed to show up under Mr. Lacy, who might not have attached any special importance to the awards at that show, so Beaconsfield won. Enough "deadly rot" has been written about this sterling good dog to scare the inmates of an insane asylum. Whether some of these reports have been published to show if the writers know any more about black and tans than they did about Meersbrook Maiden, or whether they were written to make room for somebody else's dog, are questions I cannot answer; but I do know that great injustice has been done by these reports. Beaconsfield is not full in eye, he is not full in cheek, he does not stand "very bowed" in front, he is not all shrunk in loin and crouchy in hindquarters, neither is he utterly devoid of muscle, nor yet a shocking mover. The suspicious looking patches on his second thighs existed only in the reporter's imagination. "It is hard to think how he could have beaten his younger opponent in England recently." Very hard indeed, if he had the defects scored against him; but it is just because he does not have them and never had them that he "beat his younger opponent in England recently." To breeders of black and tans I would say blot out the rubbish that has been written about this good dog and judge him not to make room for others, but strictly on his merits. Head beautifully formed, albeit a trifle short, eyes a shade light; eye, cheek and face markings correct; good neck, with head well set, excellent back and ribs, shoulders putting on muscle, stifles not truly formed, muscle of legs behind correct (a bull-terrier-muscled black and tan is an abomination not to be tolerated for a moment). Old General put on the sort of muscle that some ignorant folks demand and that ended his career; thumb marks not clearly defined, excellent color for a 7 yrs. old dog; foot and vent markings correct; good, short stern, carried rather high; stands on excellent legs and feet; getting wide in front, but limbs from the elbows down as straight as they make them; mouth going; good coat; a good dog, but not a Queen II., a Saff or a Belcher, but a terrier that can still hold his own in any company and one that has none of the flat-catcher about him. He was rightly placed first. Salisbury, second prize, is a very fair son of Beaconsfield, but is not nearly so good a terrier. Good length of head, but not sufficiently filled in under the eyes and in front of them, set of forelegs might be better, does not stand quite true in front, gets over at the knees once in a while, too wide between the hocks, rather leggy, tail coarse and has been shortened, good color, clean behind, markings better than average, eyes a shade light. Prince Regent, third prize, was, I think, second best in the class. He is shorter in legs than Salisbury, more truly formed in body, better behind, straighter in front, but is beaten in front of the eyes (his weakest point) where both dogs are deficient. My note book says: Foreface weak, eyes a shade light, excellent skull, stands well in front, legs well set, proper feet, good color, thumb marks not defined enough, stern rather long and not well carried, shows quality, symmetrical. Prince Wallace is a rose-eared wastrel. Snap is a queer little fel ow that should always stay home. Queen III., first in bitches, was, all things considered, rightly placed first. Rather weak in front of the eyes, color of eyes too light, a trifle cheeky, feet inclined to turn outward, would do with more depth in body, shows some breeching, stern well formed but too heavily coated, good coat and color, thumb marks not clear, otherwise well marked, truly formed hind parts, moves well. While not up to the high class form of her namesake, Mapplebeck's Queen III., she is a fairly good specimen and one that should quickly reach the challenge class. Louie, second prize, is by Beaconsfield, that is evidently a good sire. Better in eye and foreface than the

winner, also better in ribs, of better size, not so heavy in stern coat, and also better topped, but beaten in set of legs, and above all in feet, which are bad. Chest should be deeper; slightly breeched; would be first but for her feet. Leg markings not perfect. Desdemona, third prize, is an old face that has often been described. Kit, unnoticed, is a bad-headed toy. English Lady was absent and the others outclassed. Salisbury, Queen III, and Louie are owned by the Park Kennels (Mr. Comstock), of Providence, and were sent over by my old friend, Henry Lacy, of Manchester, who at one time could beat the world in black and tans. Queen II., Belcher and General were among those that helped to win him fame.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

TO one who attended dog shows held in the Windy City several years ago and observed the limited interest displayed by the public in those ventures, it was indeed a great treat to watch the strides which kennel interests have made in this city since the Mascoutah Kennel Club was organized. The show held last week, from April 8 to 11, proved conclusively that this city is certainly the New York of the West, as far as dog shows are concerned. The only drawback, and a serious one, is the lack of space in the buildings secured by the club. Battery D would just about hold 400 dogs comfortably, but for the whole 830 the adjoining armory, connected by a temporary passageway, had to be, as last year, scoured for the occasion, and several of the breeds were benched here with a wing extending from either end of the hall reserved for the dog circus and the whippet racing. The light in Battery D building is very bad indeed, and it would have been better had the judging rings been all put in the armory. The judges were seriously handicapped owing to the smallness of these judging rings in the first hall, and added to a bad light it was simply impossible to properly move the dogs, and I am afraid several bad movers got a little more than they deserved on that account. The judging was not completed till Thursday afternoon, and somehow as usual this spring the pointer judging failed to entirely satisfy the bulk of exhibitors.

When one thinks of the attendance one is afraid of becoming almost too enthusiastic. I thought Pittsburgh had enough, but here in both halls it was almost impossible to move round after 8 o'clock in the evening. The crowd was a well-dressed one, too, and reminded us forcibly of the New York show. Of course the club must have made "barrels of money," as a 50-cent admission fee was charged. The exhibitors and handlers were of course feeling very happy, as plenty of shakels were put up, and some of the dogs could win all the way from \$50 to \$100 each. This bears us out in our assertion some time since that it is not so much the judges who draw, but the amount of money hung up that serves to swell the entry list. Among the members of the club who were particularly busy in attending to the business of the show were Messrs. H. Ives Cobb, the president; G. H. Goodrich, one of the vice-presidents, who seemed to be ubiquitous, here, there and everywhere, making every one feel at home; Wm. J. Bryson, another vice; John L. Lincoln, Jr., the secretary; Allison W. Armour, H. G. Nicholls, W. F. Fox and Dr. D. Lewis. Dr. Withers is well known as a good "vet," and attended to his duties conscientiously. The judges will be named over their several classes in the criticisms. The cataloguing, while well arranged and gotten up, had several misprints, but this, though provoking, is a minor fault and only discernible to those who follow the shows and know the dogs. A marked catalogue was issued on Friday morning, the first since New York. Owing to the crowded state of the benching and other inconveniences, Geo. Hill, the superintendent, succeeded in keeping everything pretty clean and comfortable for the dogs; plenty of clean straw every day. The portly Hill knows how to run a show, for everything goes smoothly, and another thing, he is popular with the boys, and that is a great advantage.

MASTIFFS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

I was quite surprised to see the good entry which the West can show in this breed, and the class of dogs is better, as a whole, than the run of mastiffs we find in most of the Eastern shows, outside of the principal kennels. A good many Minton and Ilford Caution pups have found their way out here, and while there are no real cracks, the general average shows a good running to type. In challenge classes Ilford Chancellor and Lady Colens were the only representatives. In open dogs the prize fell to Elkson, a dog with a good square-cut muzzle and nice skull, good bone and fair body, eyes a bit light. Eddie, second, was in poor flesh, has a fair head, but rather lacking in character. Ormonde, third, has a fairish head, needs more rib, stands on good forelegs, but behind he is a bit straight. Melrose Don, vhc., is faulty in front, and head could be improved; Ilford Caution III. has a nice body, but is faulty in head and behind; Melrose Caution, in the same division, boasts a nice front and body, head only fair. The others call for no particular mention. In bitches, Caution's Own Daughter, of course, scored another win toward the challenge class, she keeps up well too; Pharoah Queen came next, she loses to her in head, though by no means a bad one, decidedly over the average, she is well known; Karin, third, lacks bone, ears not right, is rather plain-faced, and faulty in pasterns. Mai, fourth, is exceedingly short-faced, but not of good type. Miss Caution, vhc., is small and; not quite true in front. Genette, h.c., is weak in muzzle and wants more rib. Fitzgerald's Spera, c., is long-headed, and Lula Minton is light built throughout. Elkson won again in dog puppies easily, followed by Cyrus, whose head is rather plain and long; Moses Duke is only fair. Beaufort Queen, by Beaufort out of Pharoah Queen, shows good breeding, though light in eye and rather plain-faced. Countess Von Moltke is poor.

GREAT DANES—(MISS WHITNEY).

A good showing, especially the bitch class. Melae and Irene took care of the challenge classes, and in the open dogs the new one, Imperator, a light fawn, is a big upstanding dog but shown in wretched condition, and evidently all out of sorts; he is well formed and beats Melae in head, but otherwise there is little between them, and in his present condition the special might easily have gone to the darker dog; feet rather broken up, stands a bit too wide in front, is well ribbed with a good loin when covered with flesh. Second went to Grover Cleveland, a bit heavy in head, throaty, but excellent front. Don, third, is light-eyed, too full and round in skull and heavy in shoulders. Major, reserve, is also not clean enough in head and neck; otherwise fair. Prince is lippy, light-eyed, and hardly deep enough in chest. Prince Leo has a good front, too flat in loin, and Hector S. is wide in front, faulty in feet, but has a good body. Minca II., the winner in bitches, is throaty, otherwise nicely formed. Madge, second, is nicely put together, though I think Nevezel is cleaner cut in neck and head, is a bit straight behind but well-fronted. Flora S. is throaty, has nice head, but was in whelp. In puppy dogs Don Senator, a rather coarse big dog, is albeit well formed and won easily, with Grover Cleveland second. Black Jack, third, is too broad in skull. Madge won in bitch puppies and the others need no particular mention.

ST. BERNARDS—(MISS WHITNEY).

An excellent showing and nearly all Western dogs. The Melrose cracks were all absent and Folko II., an indifferent one comparatively, was given second in the challenge dogs. A very nice son of Victor Joseph showed up in the dog class, has a good body, bit faulty in pasterns, otherwise good bone, head showing plenty of character and is of good formation. Pretty much the same may be said of Lord Wilton, who would be improved by more stop, but it excellent in bone,

body and coat, not enough volume of skull yet, a very promising young dog though. Monte, third, is light in body, faulty behind, but good bone and fair head. Comte, fourth, is short-backed, but has a very nice head and good depth and volume, excellent bone, his worst feature is his rather curly coat, at present, and straight stifles. Knight, h.c., lacks markings and Grover Bogart is only fair in head, no shadings and is a peculiar colored one, chocolate nosed. In bitches the nicely-formed Republican Belle just beats Lady Alice, gaining in type of head and markings. Io, third, is a daughter of Victor Joseph and shows a fair head, a bit dishd, but has good bone. Prudence, lacking flesh, could do no better than fourth and Mona K. is a bit straight behind, front might be better and has a fairish head. Nymph, vhc., I did not see. In puppies the dog class order was maintained in first and second, third going to Monarque, who loses considerably in head and size to the other two. One Stickney, a small one, but well marked and promising. Watch, came in for reserve. Grand Marque, vhc., was out when I called and Fernwood Snow is too round in skull and a little too short in muzzle; the others were below the average. In bitches Bedivere Bena is a little straight faced but shows lots of character. Belle, second, is plain in head, weak in pasterns and coat too curly. In the novice class the awards pretty well followed the regulars.

In smooth challenge dogs Lord Hector, looking well, of course, had to give in to Victor Joseph in size and bone. Cleopatra was absent. Watch won easily in the dog class, beating Mascot Royal in everything but comparative form of body. The beautiful Empress of Contoocook walked away from Alpine Queen in head, but is not much if any better in body. Sola, third, loses in head and front. Thusnelda is only fair and below the average. Rehue loses in head and front. Puppies were fairly good as I saw them in the wing, but had been taken out when I came round. Some nice dogs, showing lots of quality and of average type, were brought out, and this shows that Chicago and the West are advancing rapidly in St. Bernarddom.

BLOODHOUNDS, ETC.—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Four nice hounds were shown, first going to Jack Shepard, who beats Burniston, second, in length of head, peak and wrinkle. In bitches Metchley Venus and Pembroke Star divided the honors, the former beating in bone and body, but not so good in head, wrinkle and leather.

In Newfoundland old Leo came to the front once more with the redoubtable Dan O'Shea, giving an old-time flavor to the show. The others in the class were of the curly non-descript order, and prizes were rightly withheld.

The Hornell-Harmony Kennels took the prizes in the Barzoi classes, with Vladenir and Princess Irma, both well known.

In the absence of the Hillside Kennel entries, Brock Allen had to uphold the honor of the deerhounds; he has been round the circuit. Fergus McIvor loses in head and loin to him. These were all that were shown.

GREYHOUNDS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Quite a Western turnout and visions of Great Bend and Jack rabbits naturally arose when I passed through this aisle. Gem of the Season and Harmony took care of the challenge class, both looking well. Then came the open dogs with Lord Neverstill an easy winner over Jolly Ranger, in front, ribs, loin and bone. This dog afterward beat Gem of the Season for the special. His wonderful rib development and short loin is what is wanted and his excellent quarters show that he is well off for the necessary propelling power, and his short back gives him a great advantage in his turns when after the wily jack. Like all of his breeding, he is a bit coarse looking in coat and not let down enough behind. Jolly Ranger, second, is hardly ribbed up enough. Bruno, faulty in hocks, flat-ribbed and coarse and short in neck, third. Little Climber, first in bitches, is a taking hound, beating White Lips, from same kennel, in head, muzzle especially, quarters and pasterns, bone and hocks. Lancashire Lass was at New York and with Liberty partakes of the same quality as the dog class winner in color and coat, losing to the winner in head, front and hind parts. Lady Clare was a bit out-classed, her faulty loin being against her, and so was Lady Olivia, little out in front, weak in muzzle and losing to the others in bone and quarters. Cleo, h.c., is only moderate. Foxhounds were a nice show, but as most of them were at Pittsburgh it is no use going over them again. Mr. Cook, got up in Frenchy style, paraded them down the ring with whip and horn for the edification of the public every evening.

POINTERS—(JOHN W. MUNSON).

While the classes were well filled the quality on the whole was only ordinary, and the scattering round of so many commended cards is no criterion to go by, but on the contrary detracts from the merit of those which really deserved them and were entitled to them. The ring was entirely too small for the judge to properly handle the dogs, and as no weeding out process was gone through it took him one hour and fifty minutes to place one dog class alone, and then naturally several mistakes were made. In the challenge dogs, heavy-weights, Robert Le Diable easily beats Trinke's Chief, though not in good shape, and Belle Randolph had the bitch class to herself. In open dogs, Tory White, in poor shape, was placed over Trinke's Coin, who loses in skull and shoulders. Shotmaster, third, has a fair head, is a bit straight behind, but if better shown could have won. Westminster Drake, faulty in head and throaty, came fourth; he has been described before. Luck of Ildstone, reserve, is domy in skull, but good in front. A lot of dogs in the mention division were too ordinary for notice, with the exception of Spotted Boy, h.c., who should have had more, having a fair head and is a bit straight in stifle, but shows good body and front. It is unnecessary to mention the others, as they will hardly be heard of again, this year anyhow. In bitches first went to Dolly C., good in head and neck, a rather catchy-looking bitch, faulty in ribs. Wynette, second, is faulty in muzzle and a bit coarse in build. Nell of Ildstone, third, is too round in barrel and straight in stifle, nice head. Lou Brackett, fourth, loses in quarters but has a good head. Sal II., reserve, is throaty and open in feet, round in barrel and altogether too fat, also wide in front, a queer decision for a man seeking field type. Josie Brackett, too heavy in shoulders, vhc. Pride of Ildstone the same, throaty, flat-faced and wide in front, worth about c. Cicely, good in front, well known, should have been higher up. Others call for no mention.

In light weight dogs, Duke of Hessen had to go under to Tribulation this time, though he beats him in most points; still Duke was a little off in condition and that may have done it. In bitches, Fan N. beats Queen Fan in head, but loses a bit behind. Open dogs saw the neatly put together Glenmorgan, fully described before, the winner, Springbok coming second, though numbered as Shot S. in the judge's book; he is a bit throaty, but well put up in body and legs. Trinke's Champion, too heavy in shoulders, faulty quarters and coarse tail, third. Rock II., fourth, loses in head and legs. Woncedal had reserve, is nicely put together and can beat several of those ahead of him. Bing of Kippen, well known, was left without anything; should have had three letters. New Bright's Tom is faulty in head and stern; same owner's New Bright's Dick is a better dog. Inspiration, just about the winner, was shut off with an h.c.; more than likely obscured in the crowd. In open bitches, Phantom caught the judge's eye; she has a good head and body, but is a bit straight behind. Juliette, second, is a bit dishd-faced, nice body and front, ribs faulty. Chicago Peggy, third, I could not find. Fan Fan, fourth, is faulty in head-muzzle. Reserve went to Lady Graphic, who, though losing in head, should have been higher up; she is well known,

Pearl's Dot, too round in barrel and poor in muzzle, vhc. Bloomo III. could have done with another letter; a better bitch than the last mentioned. In puppies, Dictator was about the only good one, fair in head, has excellent neck, chest and shoulders. Tempest Beppo, second, is only moderate, and Tinker, third, will hardly be heard of again. The others do not merit particular mention. In bitches, Queen of Spades, out at elbow a bit and stright behind, otherwise fair, was placed over Nell of Naso, faulty in stifles and body. Hester of the Elms has a poor head, and Hedwig of the Elms is too long cast.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

Here was a fairly good show of these dogs, and most of them new ones. Monk of Furness was the only entry in challenge dogs, and looked much improved on his Pittsburgh form. No challenge bitches. In open dogs a rather nice one in True Blue came to the front, is a bit long cast, and might be better ribbed, head, pretty good; second went to Ben Hur of Riverview, faulty in ribs and chest, good head and front; Diamond was third, is almost a cripple behind, falls right down, no doubt the crowded ring hid this from the judge; Carleton Pero, described before, coming fourth. King Gladys, reserve, short in muzzle and heavy in shoulders, fair head. Gippo II. is well made and should have been higher up. Dushing Kent deserved his letters, and so did Tony Gladstone. In bitches Albert's Nellie was again ahead, second going to Lilly Hill, a nicely-built bitch, better than winner in head; Idaho of the Elms, third, is light in bone and short in neck, fair head; Monk's Fan, fourth, is long-cast, but fair otherwise; same owner's Forest II. is a much better bitch in body and head, vhc.; and his Canadian Lilly, though faulty in stop, might have changed with the third winner, as she has a good body, legs and feet; Bess Noble, vhc., is faulty in muzzle, and Stell is faulty in stop, good ribs; Lady Zoe, vhc. too, while faulty in head, is a well-built bitch. The others call for no particular mention. In dog puppies Pembroke's Blue Don was rightly well in front, though a bit straight behind; Darby J., second, loses in shoulders and pasterns; Blade's Boy, third, is light in muzzle and throaty. The two bitch puppies were fairly good, the winner, Silk, is light in muzzle; and Nushka of the Elms is also wrong there.

IRISH SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

Certainly the best challenge dog class of the season put in an appearance here. With such typical dogs as Elcho, Jr., and Mack N. to lead them, the quality was of course the best that we can show. It was said that Elcho looked as well as he did five years since, and he certainly keeps his age wonderfully. There is little to choose between the two named, Mack M. perhaps losing in muzzle a trifle to the other. Max A. took the reserve over Kildare and Beau Brummel. In bitches Ruby Glenmore was placed ahead of Molly Bawn, Winnie II. falling far in "reserve" to these two. The open dog class filled the ring, and I certainly wonder how the judge managed to get through with so few mistakes; the light was bad, and it was almost impossible to move the dogs. Inchiquin was picked out for the winner, and Ben C., coarse in head, came in second, third went to Minstrel, all well known. Prince Ninon, fourth, is hardly straight in front and also loses in ribs, fair head. Rancho, reserve, from the same kennel, is faulty in quarters, has good shoulders, legs and feet. Western Elcho, vhc., is a bit dish-faced, and Trump S., in the same division, is wide in front and thick in skull, but has good body. The others did not show much Irish setter type, most of them being on the English order. The bitch class was another large one and gave the judge much unnecessary trouble in such a small ring. Edna H., by Elcho, Jr., was the winner; she is a bit out in front and light in bone, but has a new type of head. Nora Blythe, second, is deficient in stop, nice color. Eudora might have been higher up; she is well known. Flora H., fourth, has an English setter head, has a fairly well-ribbed body, but falls away in quarters too much. Anna H., reserve, has a poor muzzle. Nino, vhc., is faulty in coat and muzzle. Jessie is a bit throaty, faulty in ear, nice in front. The others call for no particular mention. Puppies were only fair the winner in dogs, Elcho of Claremont, beats Terry S. in head, though much younger.

GORDON SETTERS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

As usual, most of the winners in the challenge classes are too well known to need describing, and their order will be found in the prize list. In the open dogs, Rexmont took the ribbon, beating Reginald II. in head and front. Foreman B. is faulty in skull and a little out in front, otherwise good. In bitches, first went to Fly, who has a nice head and good tan, but hardly stands true enough in front. Floss IV. loses in stop, is too wide in front, but has a good body and nice tan. Countess of Richmond, third, has been before us at other shows. The other entries were absent, and the puppies call for no mention, though a fair one by Beaumont was shown.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

Quite a good lot were shown. Dick, a dog of good color but a bit snipy in muzzle, had the challenge class to himself. In open dogs, a well-known winner in Barnum, who has been the subject of one of Mr. Tracy's best efforts, won easily; he is, we believe, a little too dark for the accepted standard. The Osceola Kennels claimed all the prizes in the bitch class with some nice specimens.

SPANIELS—(CHARLES M. NELLES).

Patsy B., who was returned the winner in the Irish water dog class, is lacking somewhat in topknot and curl, but has an excellent front and body. Patsy O'Connor, though out of shape, came in for second, and Barney O'Connor, third, has a nice head, deficient in curl, and front not so good as the others. Denis O'Donoghue, vhc., is short-faced, and Jack loses in type of head, has a nice front and loses again in fineness of tail and curl. In bitches, Irish Flora's best part is her well-boned front, muzzle faulty but nice coat. Queen Vic is plain-faced, woolly-coated and stands too wide in front. Marguerite, in puppies, beats Jerry in length of head and especially in skull, and also in coat. Jack A., described above, won in novice class. This was the best display of the breed yet seen on the circuit.

In Clumbers the four circuit dogs from the Clumber Kennel had four classes, and took the four prizes, no others being on hand.

In challenge fields, Baron and Lady took the challenge honors in their classes. Beverly Negus had an easy win in the open dogs over Samson, both are well known, third going to Dude, who has a head on the Irish water spaniel order, with quite a topknot. Saybrook Lass had another win in the next class, followed by Dorothy, who is too pinched in muzzle, but has a nice body, is faulty in front. Any other color saw Saybrook Dolly, the winner over the black and tan colored Fancy, beating in muzzle and front. Workman, third, is not very good in front, but has an excellent body, head and coat.

Cocker spaniels were nicely represented, and Mr. George Belle writes us the notes on them:

In challenge dogs Rabbi and Black Duke were the only entries. Black Duke being absent gave Rabbi a walkover. In bitches there were no entries. In open black dogs Oban was first. Cannot agree with this award. Nice formation of skull, right type of body, slightly undershot, light in eye, showing too much haw; front legs not straight, is rather light in bone and a little low at the shoulder, has well-sprung ribs, a good stern, coat too wavy. Black Dufferin, second, is weak in muzzle, ears carried too gay and is rather out at the elbows, ribs badly sprung, is weak in loin and tail carried too gay, coat good but very short. Obadiab

third, head not quite right, a trifle sour in expression, shoulders, legs and feet good and has a good deep chest, fairly good loin, tail carried correct and has abundance of coat, and of the right texture. The first or second prize should have gone to Black Dufferin or this dog. In bitches Amazement was first. Formation of head could not be improved on, eye a trifle light, good front, very straight on legs, good pads, well-sprung ribs, good loin, good set on of stern, with a well-carried tail, a good flat coat and is a grand mover. Rosedale Busy, second, is weak and snipy in muzzle and very badly overshoot, skull not right, is wide in front, out at elbows, light in bone and is a little too toyish. This bitch should have given way to Lady Obo, third prize. Lady Obo is a shade weak in muzzle, very good in stop, nice formation of skull, well set ears, good dark eye, best of legs and feet, well-sprung ribs, good loin, best of stern, abundance of coat and feather, with the right texture, a good all-round bitch, very little to choose between the first and this. In any other color dogs Bamboo, first, a wretched specimen, void of all cocker character, should have been ordered out of the ring. In bitches King Pharaoh's Sister was first. Very weak in muzzle, light in bone, too toyish, with a good black coat. This bitch should have been placed third in place of first. Blushing Rose, second, is weak in muzzle, has good straight legs, well-sprung ribs, good loin and is a grand mover. Bed of Clay, third, is one of the best cockers in the show, muzzle good though slightly undershot, stop not quite right, eye a shade light, formation of skull good, length of head right, ears set on low, very straight in front, with good bone and the best of feet, well-sprung ribs and good loin, grand stern, well-carried tail and a perfect flat coat, and moves well. This bitch should have been placed higher.

COLLIES—(JOHN A. LONG).

In challenge dogs there were Roslyn Wilkes and Scotilla, the former, better in head, expression, loin and carriage of ears and tail, won. In challenge bitches, Flurry II. and her daughter, Flurry III., met for the first time this year; the former won. It is a close thing, but as the older bitch was not in full coat, Flurry III. should have won. Open dogs—The Squire being absent, Maney Trefoil, in grand coat and looking well, won easily, with Roslyn Conway second; both were at Boston last week. Carmen, third, good coat, wrong in head and carriage of ear: rather small, too. Macgregor, vhc., is thick in skull, nice eye and expression, heavy shoulders, wide in front. Kinloch, reserve, is heavy in ear, coarse in head, short coat; a well-made dog with good bone. Queechee, big and very coarse, was out of coat, and may be called lucky to get mentioned. Open bitches—Roslyn Dolly was an easy winner, and afterward won special for best dog or bitch and most of the other specials offered. Dawn, second, is a good bitch, nice shaped head, too much hair on skull makes it appear a little domed, fair coat, dense, but not long enough, good legs and feet, and nice carriage of tail. Nancy, third, is thick in head and cheeky, nice expression, good ears, out of coat; in good condition would probably do better. Jakyr Dean, reserve, is well known and was looking well; the others in the class were very poor specimens. In puppy dogs, Roslyn Regent, a well-made pup, won; he has a good head, beautifully carried ears, and is good in body and loin, grand legs and feet, tail a little short, fair coat. Moray, second, is a good-sized pup, with heavy bone, wrong in ears, head and expression, good coat, body, legs and feet. Roslyn Tory, third, won at New York, was rightly placed here. Regent got reserve at New York. In puppy bitches, Roslyn Dolly of course won. Clara, a black and tan, has a soft coat, nice expression and good head, but did not move well behind. Venus M. is too small and lacks quality all through. Isis is light in bone, has a sweet head, nice ears, but was too young to show. Zoe, vhc., is small, in poor condition, bad head, ears set on wrong and carried badly, and is soft in coat. The others were poor. Novice dogs saw Wellesbourne, thick in head, short in body, good legs and feet, beautiful ears, light eyes, good coat, the winner. Queechee had no right to be entered in this class. Won at Troy first or second in open class and first in puppy class. Novice bitches had Roslyn Primrose first. She has a good head and body, is a big bitch, bad ears and feet. Whiff and Dell were lucky to get mentioned, for they are wrong all round. With the Chestnut Hill Kennels and Messrs. McEwen & Gibson's dogs out, there was little quality shown.

POODLES—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Dexter, in challenge class, was absent. Berri scored again in open dogs, beating Parisian in front and loin. Hund, third, is not up to much. In bitches Nell had an easy win, second going to a woolly-coated one in Juno. Third was withheld.

BULLDOGS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

No challenge entries. In the open first fell to Bo'swain, and second to African Monarch, both of these have been met on the circuit before. Third went to Jack Spratt, a queerly-marked dog, too high on leg and nothing much to speak of in head, and nearly straight in front. Cleopatra II. did the trick in bitches, beating her kennel mate Duchess of Parma in front and head. Messrs. Woodward & Herrick supplied the winners in both classes, and they now have quite a good kennel. Bandy, third, is not out enough in front and not broken up enough in stop. Jack Spratt won in the dog novice class, and Lady Nan, the winner in the bitch class, is a promising daughter of Harper.

BULL-TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

A fair lot, with Attraction at the head of affairs in challenge class bitches. Slaven is a small dog, just over the 30lbs., has a nice head, though muzzle is a bit snipy, good legs and feet, but gets his tail up too gaily. Dufferin, well-known, came second, beating King of Hearts in head, eye and front. In bitches, that well put together bitch Duchess of York, beat Lady Melville in earnest this time, in body and front: both are known. In light-weights first went to Loumont Kit, who has been doing some of the past shows. Mister Dick is also another one now well known, he is short-faced and cheeky. White Pete, third, stands wide in front, but otherwise fair, muzzle could be improved. Straight Tip, the winner in dog puppies, we did not see, and White Pete was alone in the bitch class.

DACHSHUNDE—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Hundesport Bergmunde won fairly well in open dogs, Feldman K. beating Countess Lina especially in front in challenge class. Second in open class went to Knirps, not ribbed up enough, excellent crook but not let down enough in chest, has good length. Hundesport Zaenker, third, loses in crook and chest and is rather short-bodied. In bitches first went to Waldine and second to Tatsy, the former winning in head, length and front.

BEAGLES—(JOHN DAVIDSON).

A nice display. Royal Krueger and Little Duke met in the challenge class for dogs, and Royal wins nicely in head and shoulders, the other better in carriage of stern. Una was the winner in her class. Tricotrin, a new face, sort of liver marked, proved the winner; he has a good front, muzzle a bit spiky and tail carried away over his back; too much brush. Tony Weller coming a good second, Rowett third, is poor in front, and soft in coat. Princeps, reserve, has a bad muzzle, long and snipy, and is a bit large-sized, but has a nice bound coat. Boss, vhc., is only a moderate one, faulty in head and front. Rattler S. is too high in brow and head is coarse. Stub is pinched in muzzle and not true in front. Bitches had Bettie the winner; she boasts a nice skull, good front, and is altogether a fairly good bitch but shown too fat. June M. is pinched in muzzle, faulty in ear and only fair front. Elf, third, should have changed places;

better in head and front though a little lengthy in body. The only puppy shown is a poor one.

FOX-TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Lucifer and Volunteer fought their battle o'er again, with Lucifer in the ascendant. Volunteer is regaining his form. In bitches Rachel of course was unapproachable, beating Brilliant, well known. In open dogs that good terrier Blemton Victor II. was well ahead over Valour, whom he beats in head and body; third going to Verdi, too full in skull and fine in muzzle; Le Logos, an old circuit runner, getting his vhc. again; Gyp, c., is out in front, though he has a niceish head. Several well-known faces were absent in this class. In bitches Dona again beat her kennel mate Dominica, who is running her very close, though third was withheld. In puppy dogs Rustic Brown proved the winner, is open in feet, has a niceish long head, good legs, ears not come down yet, and coat just half-and-half; Belvoir Gambler, second, loses in front; and Prince Albert is too short in muzzle and ears are not right, otherwise well formed. Fogle, vhc., loses in front, too wide. In bitches, Dominica, though entered was over age, this left the prize to Vixen, just a fair one, faulty in head properties. Busy, second, was out of her stall; third went to Richmond Lilly, too full in skull and straight in front.

The wire-hair division was well represented, in fact no better this year. In open dogs Wentworth Wonder, short-faced, soft in coat, a bit out in front, hardly beats the second winner Eskdale Brown, who excels him in head and coat, but is a bit open in feet. Nettle Topper won in bitches, is a nice one, with a good lengthy head and fair coat; Lill, second, was shown too fat, and a bit wide in front, soft in coat. Dartmouth Sunbeam is faulty in ears, wide in front and soft in coat. In fact, very few had the proper wire. In puppies, a nice little customer in Pincher captured the blue ribbon, stands a little out but has an excellent body, and general carriage good, head nicely formed. Dartmouth Nora came second, faulty in head and front.

IRISH TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Breda Bill and Breda Tiny took care of the challenge classes. In the open, Mars of course won over Roslyn Murphy and the well known Arra, third going to Adventurer, faulty in muzzle, big in ear, and showing too much coat. Nailor, reserve, loses to the winner in head and front. Roslyn Pluck is too coarse in skull and snipy-muzzled; coat, body and legs good. Dunmurry led the way in bitches, the well known Kathleen coming next and Eileen, a bit wide in front, coming next. Rose T., vhc., loses in muzzle and stop too much, and front could be straighter. An excellent showing altogether.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

The largest showing yet, as might be expected, but there was nothing to oust Kilstour from first place in dogs. Bonnie Leach, second, has a good coat, but is too short in head. Glencho, third, is short and thick-faced and coat not of good texture. Pepper, vhc., loses in head and front, nice feel of coat. In bitches Bessie beats her kennel mate Topsey in head, coat and size; the other stands too high.

BEDLINGTON AND OTHER TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Qui Vive, well known, had no trouble in beating Sir George. Dan winning though in bitches, with Zulu II., described at Toronto last year, she was alone. Border Clinker II. took care of the Dandie division, only one shown. In Skyes there was some competition. Lovett and Sir Stafford leading off in the challenge class in their usual order under Mr. Mortimer. A moderate one in Prince Victor was alone in dogs, and Effie Dean the same in bitches. Pedro looked after the puppy division.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Toon's Royal and Venus took care of the challenge classes, and then Fishpool Gem had a somewhat easy win over Toon's Royal George, in coloring and size. Prince, short in coat, nice blue, smutty tan, came third. Victor, reserve, has nice blue, but is light in tan, coat not long enough. Damfino, owned by a lady, is cloudy in tan, short of coat, but nice body color. Quite a good class. In bitches Minnie York won, second going to Rough, who loses in coat and head. Calumet Bo Peep is too dark in blue, niceish tan, but not much coat. Several of the terriers, had they the care given the Northfield dogs, would make a much better competition.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

Many of the old faces were on hand, Buffalo General and Meersbrook Maiden taking care of the challenge classes. In open dogs, Broomfield Sultan, indisposed at Boston, crops up here and won easily over Prince in markings and head; Dick, an old friend, coming third. Buttercup was the winner in bitches over Lady II., beating her in pretty nearly every point, as the latter is a poor one. Some fair little toys were shown, rather apple-headed and short of coat, but nice size and fair markings; both the winners are tulip-eared, and would take an excellent crop. Pepper, third, is another of the apple type.

WHIPPETS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

Maggie, a nice little smooth, won over another smooth, Jessie, and a rough, Nellie Gray, coming third.

PUGS—(MISS A. H. WHITNEY).

One of the best shows of the season, as might have been expected when the West round here is the hotbed of the fancy now. In challenge dogs, Kash beat Bob Ivy again, and Vesta had little difficulty in disposing of Bo Peep II. In open dogs, Sprake, the New York winner, was again to the fore, with the rather large but well-formed Eberhart; Cashier second. Little Toots I could not find; he came third. Nixy, Jr., losing in ear, muzzle and front to the others, vhc. In bitches, Beauty III. leads Mint in head and general type, third going to Toadie, faulty in ear and muzzle; Cribbage getting reserve, and the lightly-built Sara Bernhart vhc. Bang's G., a nice little son of Sir Loris, won in dog puppies, second going to Lord Fauntleroy, poor in feet, ears faulty, nice head. Mable E., the winner in bitches, has a nice muzzle, skull fair, is not straight in front and falls away in quarters. Silver Queen runs her close.

TOY SPANIELS—(JAMES MORTIMER).

These interesting little dogs made a very nice display, plenty of quality being apparent. Royal Duke, an excellent-headed one, beats Calumet Ben D'O in tan and pasterns, Bentic, losing in ear and front, third. In bitches Calumet Alice, described before, won over Nell Gwynne II. in eye and ears. Jenny, third, has hardly volume enough of skull, has a good eye, tan and ear nice body.

In Blenheim's Milwaukee Duke, one of the best out, with excellent skull and face, beat Calumet Cronwell in muzzle, eye and stop. Calumet Lula was alone in bitches, she is nicely formed.

Sprite won in Italian greyhounds, beating Challis in size of ear, though both are carried wrong, and she is not so good in body. Dixie, third, was out and Lavender, loses to the winners very much in muzzle and ears, though neither are right.

In the miscellaneous class a Mexican hairless of poor type was given equal first with Kirby's Russian terrier or setter or bobtail, or something, but a rather handsome dog nevertheless.

In Dalmatians there were shown one family, parents and daughter, and the only properly spotted one was the daughter, the others running in.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Ilford Chancellor. Bitches: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Lady Coleus. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Edwin L. Kimball's Elkson; 2d, C. N. Powell and

A. H. Ayers' Edric; 3d, Chas. E. Bunn's Ormonde; 4th, E. A. Morley's Nero. Very high com., C. B. Davey's Melrose Don. High com., Mrs. Ella Johnson's Ilford Caution III., and G. F. Hawley, M. D.'s Melrose Caution. Com., Chas. A. Stone's Elgin Mack. C. A. Altmansperger's Ben Harrison II., and Huston Wyeth's Gladiator. Bitches: 1st and 2d special, Flour City Kennels' Caution IV.; 3d, Chas. C. Cook's Pharaoh Queen; 3d and 4th, Huston Wyeth's Karin and Mai. Very high com., Flour City Kennels' Miss Caution. High com., Huston Wyeth's Gennette. Com., Thos. P. Fitzgerald's Fitzgerald's Spera and G. E. Holcomb's Lula Minting. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Edwin L. Kimball's Elkson; 2d, Mrs. Nonie McLean's Cyrus; 3d, Chas. C. Cook's Moses Duke. Very high com., Geo. M. & Clement Steele's Caution Trust. Com., Out of the Grover's Caution; 4th, Will. Davis's Mac. Bitches: 1st and 3d, Chas. C. Cook's Beaufort Queen and Queen Alice; 3d, Otto Dietrich's Countess Von Moltke.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st and special, H. G. Nichols's Melac. Bitches: 1st and special, Teutonia Kennels' Irene. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 4th, Imperial Kennels' Imperator and Prince; 2d, J. Zilligen's Grover Cleveland; 3d, E. R. Bacon's Don. Reserve, Imperial Kennels' Major. Very high com., Shogakukan Kennels' Prince Leo. High com., A. K. Schmidt's Victor S. Com., G. M. R. Kennels' Pity. D. G. Faber's Prince. Bitches: 1st, H. G. Nichols's Minca II.; 2d, G. W. Schmidt's Madge; 3d, Osceola Kennels' Nevezel. Reserve, G. K. Schmidt's Flora S. Com., W. W. Ormsbee, Jr.'s, Meg Meriles. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st and special, T. C. Donnelly's Don Senator; 2d, J. Zilligen's Grover Cleveland; 3d, Wm. Podaritz's Black Jack. Reserve, H. Walker's Nobr. High com., C. H. Ruhl's Paul. Bitches: 1st and special, W. W. Schmidt's Bella S. Reserve, Mrs. Emma Otto's Kate. Very high com., O. Segar's Blanka. High com., C. E. Howe's Zellar. Com., H. C. Tyler's Queen T.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—1st, Withheld; 2d, Hiawatha Kennels' Folio II.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, W. C. Hickox & Co.'s Fernwood Bruce; 2d, Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie Hughes's Lord Wilton; 3d, P. L. Hancom's Monte; 4th, Dacotah Kennels' Monarch. Reserve, and high com., Spencer & Robbins's Major of Lemont and Colonel of Lemont. Very high com., A. G. Litgow's Grand Marquis and A. W. Harris's Fernwood Snow. High com., Miss Harriett Pullman's Borne, D'mmen-den-Bleyker's Grover D. and F. W. Lambport's Marco. Bitches: 1st, Walter F. Clark's Bedivere Benet; 2d, A. B. Vanblancum's Belle; 3d, Robbins & Caville's Princess Josephine. Very high com., Spence & Robbins's Lady of Lemont and G. Roach's St. Cecily.—NOVICE.—1st, W. C. Hickox & Co.'s Fernwood Bruce; 2d, Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie Hughes's Lord Wilton; 3d, E. German's Mascot Ouray. Very high com., Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Jeannette. Com., Frank Foster's Cap. Foster.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, J. B. Lewis's Victor Joseph; 2d, Maryland Kennels' Lord Hector.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, John Pogg's Watch; 2d, Albert Lackman's Hascot Royal. Bitches: 1st, Col. Jacob Hupert's Empress of Contocon; 2d, J. B. Lewis's Alpine Queen; 3d, H. Gorman's Solia; 4th, Francis Bachmeyer's Thunelda. High com., Dacotah Kennels' Rehue. PUPPIES—Dogs: A. B. Vanblancum's Victor Boy; 2d, Francis Bachmeyer's Tell William; 3d, W. Roach's St. Luke. Bitches: 1st, H. Gorman's Solia; 2d, Francis Bachmeyer's Thunelda; 3d, A. F. Kramer's Lady Gladstone.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, R. G. H. Huntington's Jack Shepard; 2d, Huston Wyeth's Burnston. Bitches: 1st, Huston Wyeth's Matchley Venus; 2d, Huston Wyeth's Pembroke Star.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Dan O'Shea's Leno. High com., Mrs. E. F. Upham's Black Diamond.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Valdemir. Bitches: Hornell Harmony Kennels' Princess Irma.

DEERHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, G. McDougall's Brock Allen; 2d, S. Skinner, Jr.'s Fergus Mac Ivor.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Arthur W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. Bitches: 1st, Horrell-Harmony Kennels' Ch. Harmony. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, H. C. Lowe's Lord Neverstill; 2d, C. E. Ireson's Jolly Ranger; 3d, L. A. Charleston's Bruno. High com., B. B. Bonheim's Major B. Bitches: 1st, H. C. Lowe's Little Colonel; 2d, J. B. Lewis's Alpine Queen; 3d, H. Gorman's Solia; 4th, Francis Bachmeyer's Thunelda. Very high com., The Knight Grayhound Kennels' Lady Clare. C. W. Sarvis's Lady Olivia. High com., T. Ellis Taylor's Ohio.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Cook Kennels' Brave. Bitches: 1st, Cook Kennels' Barnhart.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Cook Kennels' Drum II.; 2d, Cook Kennels' Roderick; 3d, Cook Kennels' Streak. Reserve, F. G. McNeir's Rock. Very high com., Cook Kennels' Bill. Com., L. A. Parker's Scott. Bitches: 1st, Cook Kennels' Fairy; 2d, Cook Kennels' Mary. Reserve, Cook Kennels' Francis. Very high com., Cook Kennels' Black Bess.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Robert le Diable; 2d, Acme Kennels' Trinket's Chief. Bitches (55lbs. and over): 1st, Fleet View and Reading Pointer Kennels' Belle Randolph.—OPEN—Dogs (55lbs. and over): 1st, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Topsy White; 2d, C. G. Stoddard's Crinkles' Grand Duke; 3d, Idstone Kennels' Shamster; 4th, T. G. Davey's Westminster's Drake. Reserve, Idstone Kennels' Luck of Idstone. Very high com., J. A. Graham's Bangstone, J. G. Earle's Chief Amo, W. D. Clingman's Sir Stanley, D. Ferguson's Prince Graphic, E. N. Freeman's Rockford Bang, H. J. Thomas's Devonshire Don. High com., C. E. Felton's Smoke, H. K. Magee's Denis, C. Proctor's Spotted Boy, G. E. Fargo's Felix, Abdullah Kennels' Gairn Duke, D. M. Kelly's Kent Rob. Com., James R. Walker's Pete. Bitches (55lbs. and over): 1st, J. Crum's Nellie C.; 2d, J. Moerlein's Bessie Wyand; 3d, Idstone Kennels' Nell of Idstone; 4th, S. B. Dilly's Lou Bracket. Reserve, T. Donoghue's Sal II. Very high com., S. B. Dilly's Josie Bracket, Idstone Kennels' Pride of Idstone, G. E. Poyner's Ravenswing, L. A. Biddle's Cicely. High com., W. D. Clingman's Chicago Peggy.—CHALLENGE—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, B. M. Stephenson's Tribulation; 2d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen. Bitches (under 55lbs.): 1st, T. G. Davey's Fan N.; 2d, Hempstead Farm Kennels' Queen Fan.—OPEN—Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, L. A. Biddle's Glenmorgan; 2d, W. B. Sheldon's Springbok; 3d, J. Bolus's Trinket's Champion; 4th, C. E. Connell's Rock II. Reserve, Kalamazoo Kennels' Grand Duke. Very high com., E. Canfield's Mark S., L. Cowin's Major E. T. G. Davey's New Brighton and New Brighton's Dick. High com., W. B. Sheldon's Sot's S., E. G. Taylor's Inspiration. Bitches (under 55lbs.): 1st, Idstone Kennels' Phantom; 2d, T. G. Davey's Juliette; 3d, J. B. Wickery's Chicago Fawn; 4th, C. E. Connell's Fan-Fan. Reserve, W. H. Hyland's Lady Graphic. Very high com., C. I. Engel's Lady Trinkel, D. Ferguson's Princess Margaret, Idstone Kennels' Heart's Desire, Idstone Kennels' Genvo. High com., Miss Josie Engel's Juliet, J. H. Winslow's Blooms III.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Idstone Kennels' Dictator; 2d, T. Donoghue's Temp't Beppo; 3d, J. Harley, Jr.'s Tinker. Reserve, The Elms Kennels' Wonomoe of the Elms. Very high com., L. B. Norris's Clifton Spring, The Elms Kennels' Oisgeo of the Elms. High com., Mrs. C. I. Engel's Capulet, Miss Josie Engel's Romeo, The Elms Kennels' Nordeck of the Elms. Bitches: 1st, Idstone Kennels' Qu'en of Spades; 2d, G. B. Thomas's Nell of Nassau; 3d, The Elms Kennels' Hester of the Elms. Reserve, The Elms Kennels' Hedwig of the Elms. Very high com., Miss Josie Engel's Juliet.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, The Elms Kennels' Monk of Furness. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Edward S. Hunter's True Blue; 2d, Wallington & Williams' B'n Hur of Riverview; 3d, M. C. Ryers' Diamond; 4th, J. V. Kemble's Carleton Nero. Reserve, L. T. Ward's King Gladys. Very high com., J. B. Morgan's Bud, J. W. Kemble's Dashing Kent and Claremont Kennels' Zippo II. High com., R. B. Morgan's Sam Jones and King of Akron, and Mt. Washington Kennels' Tony Gladstone. Com., C. O. Ferry & Co.'s Kokomo Dan and Tim Donoghue's Duke Gladstone. Bitches: 1st, Dr. John A. Hartman's Albert's Nellie; 2d, J. T. Taylor's William; 3d, The Elms Kennels' Edith of "The Elms"; 4th, T. G. Davey's Monk's Fan. Reserve, Davey's Canadian Lilly. Very high com., Charles B. Ver Nooy's Bess Noble, C. O. Ferry & Co.'s Stell, J. Taylor Williams' Lady Zoe and T. G. Davey's Forest Heather. High com., H. Warut's Fly Noble, J. M. Pike's Lily Boxer, L. T. Menkey's Madge D., C. O. Ferry & Co.'s Clara II., and R. B. Morgan's Miss Bob Pitts. Com., Kalamazoo Kennels' Susan B., C. O. Ferry & Co.'s Pearl Bondhu and Rollin A. Smith's Trusty Gladstone. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Tim Donoghue's Pembroke's Blue Don; 2d, Geo. W. Johnson's Darby J.; 3d, R. B. Morgan's Blade's Boy. Reserve, H. C. Foote's Scout. High com., Hayward Walker's Chicago. Com., W. P. Biddle's Count B. Bitches: 1st, H. C. Foote's Silk; 2d, The Elms Kennels' Narkka of "The Elms."

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, G. H. Covert's champion Elcho, Jr.; 2d, W. N. Kuhns's Mack N. Reserve, A. V.

action of Mr. E. H. Morris, my setter bitch, Katie Howard recovered from her attack of pneumonia contracted at Boston, and while distemper has set in, her condition is improved, as to warrant every hope of a speedy recovery. I wish also to congratulate you on the grand reports of the New York and Boston shows, written by Mr. Chas. H. Mason. It is a great relief to find in them the absence of those vague generalities so common in other reports. The merits and faults of the exhibitors but of most all the entries are placed so clearly and fairly that I trust that they go far toward quieting and reassuring breeders who may almost become demoralized by the inconsistencies of some of our judges and writers.—R. R. MOORE.

DOG CHAT.

THE roundheads are conspiring to form a club. On Tuesday evening of the Boston show they held an enthusiastic meeting and judging from the earnestness with which the admirers of the breed are entering into the subject, there is little doubt that this smart little dog will soon aspire to a recognized standard of its own. Dr. J. B. Saunders was elected president and H. J. Harris secretary. Messrs. C. F. Leland, C. C. Kammerer, Rudolph Weimer and S. D. Parker were elected a committee to form the constitution and by-laws and Messrs. Leland, Hook, Newman and Hughes had the serious task assigned them of wrestling with a standard. The next meeting of the club will be held at 266 Washington street, Boston, April 7 at 8 P. M.

The Beagle Club dinner to which we briefly referred to last week was a great success and served to tighten the bonds of good feeling now existing in the club. President Brookings sat at one end of the long table and secretary Chapman faced him at the other. Among the lovers of the merry little hound whom we noticed were Messrs. W. Stewart Diffenderfer, Robert Leslie, W. F. Rutter Jr., W. A. Power, W. H. Childs, C. H. Innes, H. L. Krueger, A. E. Ledyard, F. E. Williams, Joe Lewis, J. A. Peabody, H. H. Brown, H. V. Jamieson, John Jarvis and several press representatives. The dinner was served in Young's best style but in kindness to our readers we refrain from tantalizing them by publishing the menu. Pretty nearly every one gave voice to their sentiments when cigars came along, and the club received congratulations enough to turn its head. Mr. Childs as a member of the old club said that a successful club must have the sinews of war, and that \$1.50 cups and dog dollars would not accomplish the object for which the club was formed. He also wished the trials could be held nearer the Mason and Dixon line and so do we, as the country down in Maryland and Virginia is so much better adapted for a clear view of the running. The company broke up amid hearty cheers and mutual good wishes.

Genial Bob Leslie, president of the Massachusetts Kennel Club of Lynn, writes us of his ill luck since their show. His pointer bitch Cora Lynn, which was so harshly treated by the judge at that show, died last Thursday morning from internal injuries received in a collision with the St. Bernard John Bonivard while out exercising. This pup was the apple of his eye and he intended running her in the trials. He had picked her out of a litter of seven when only seven weeks old and she turned out to be the only good one in the lot. Never mind, better luck another time. In speaking of their show he tells us they are just about \$20 out, owing to keeping the show open on Saturday. They will not have another show until a more suitable hall is available.

We understand that the Ottawa show committee, after a protracted meeting on March 31, decided to invite Mr. Kirk, of Toronto, to judge the spaniels, greyhounds, deerhounds and foxhounds, and Mr. Lacy the balance of the classes, at their show in the fall. While fully appreciating the honor, it is more than likely that this arrangement may be upset, owing to the inability of the latter to accept. They expect a good show, especially as they have abolished all puppy classes, and for this they deserve the thanks of the members of dogdom. It is the thin end of the wedge of common sense.

Mr. Mercer's Clumber bitch Lady Holmes has just died in England. Her sister, Lady Lancaster, will be bred to Hotpot before crossing. With four dogs in the challenge class it was rather hard lines that this kennel could not have a class provided at Boston. The best interests of the breed would have been better served had such a class been provided, considering the specimens that were shown.

The premium list of the California Kennel-Club show (San Francisco, April 29-May 2) is received. There is provision for 105 classes, with diploma for first, second and third, and a long list of specials.

Miss Anna H. Whitney was the recipient of a very pleasing present from the Mascoutah Kennel Club. Fastened to two strips of satin something after the style of the ordinary judge's badge, was a cross bar of four swallows on the wing. Hanging from this by two chains was the club's silver medal with this inscription:

PRESENTED TO
MISS ANNA H. WHITNEY,
Judge
ST. BERNARDS,
GREAT DANCES AND FOOS,
CHICAGO,
1891

The table in the ring was covered with a fancy table cloth and a large bowl of tulips stood in one corner of it. Certainly a most pleasing attention and showed that the club, while admitting that Miss Whitney can judge as well as any man, remembered that she is still a woman.

It was a great disappointment to Mr. Covert to have Dick Swiveller down with pneumonia just as the Chicago show came on, but in Elcho, Jr. he had something still safer to pin his faith to. At last accounts Dick was progressing favorably.

This gentleman's new Irish setter Blue Rock arrived in fine shape on Saturday evening at the show, having come over on the City of New York, arriving on Thursday last. He is rather a coarse dog, but is well built, with a strong intelligent looking head, and seemingly a dog full of life and vigor; he has excellent bone and color. He is a workman, too, having at the Irish Setter Field Trials last year won the St. Leger Stakes for all comers, pointers and setters; second in the Puppy Stakes, and fourth in the All-Aged. After this he was sent to the Birmingham show in November, and won first and the Irish Setter Club's cup for best Irish setter in the show. Mr. George E. Gray will take charge of him in the trials this fall, together with several other dogs from the Killarney Kennels.

Mr. John H. Naylor—"Diehard"—will take on a team of about 27 dogs to Denver, Colorado, for the Continental Kennel Club's show. Good luck!

Spratts Co. had a nice display at the Chicago show, but Mr. Babbitt was feeling very wrath when we came across him, as, after having secured the exclusive right to put up posters, etc., in the building, and after they had plastered the walls in the usual style, some person during the first night tore them all down. Next day he had to have canvases ones printed and put up. Rather a small piece of business on somebody's part.

A. G. Spalding & Co. had also a good display, and we noticed the old champion English setter Gladstone set up on their counter, though the mounting hardly does the old dog justice.

Elmwood Kennels have, we understand, sold their challenge smooth-coat dog Beauchamp to Dr. L. N. Ward, of Newark, N. J., and this kennel will now try for roughs as far as possible.

The Northfield Kennels sold during the Chicago show the

well-known Yorkshire terrier Fishpool Gem to Mr. John L. Lincoln, the secretary of the show, for \$200. They also sold Minnie York to Dr. Ellis Oliver, of Chicago.

The Chestnut Hill Kennels sold Wellesbourne, first in novice class for collies, to Mr. George S. Sheldon, of Chicago. Also Roslyn Tory to Mr. Howard of the same city, at good prices.

Mr. Gibson, of the firm of McKewen and Gibson, the well known collie breeders of Byron, Canada, had several of their dogs at the show and succeeded in disposing of Carmen, Elora, Clover and Mora to different parties at excellent prices.

On Friday afternoon last the following gentlemen interested in the new United States Field Trials, met in the show building at Chicago: Chas. G. Stoddard, Gustav Pabst, Taylor Williams, B. F. Seitzer, P. T. Madison, Andy Gleason, Wm. Keer, James Freeman, John W. Munson, Chas. Proctor, J. W. Patterson, Paul H. Gotzian, H. Hulman, Jr., Wm. Titterton, Geo. M. Lier, J. H. Perry, Bert Crane, S. B. Dilley, R. B. Morgan, John Bolus, W. H. Childs, Major Taylor and Dr. N. Rowe. The club was organized and a committee appointed to draft constitution and by-laws, and with power to lease land at Bicknell, Ind., for from one to five years. A committee was then formed after discussion to confer with other field trial clubs with a view to a uniformity of field trial rules. It was decided to have the trials Nov. 2. There will be a pointer Derby and one for setters. Also an All-Aged pointer and All-Aged setter stake. \$500 will be given in each stake with \$200 for each absolute winner.

A good many dogs were disposed of at the show. Fred Kirby placing three Skyes to advantage, and also his bull-terrier White Pete.

It was estimated that something like 20,000 people attended the Chicago show, and judging from the immense crowds the estimate cannot be far wrong, as the management of course had the sold tickets to go by. It is said the club has in view the idea of starting a kennel and going in for several breeds.

The Maryland Kennels (Messrs. Diffenderfer) purchased the fourth prize winner in the open rough St. Bernard dog class, Comte, from the Dacotah Kennels, of Jamestown, N. D. This dog is rich in Bonivard blood and will no doubt prove a useful purchase.

The boys pretty well owned the train which left Sunday evening for Cleveland on the Chicago & Atlantic R. R. A certain number of tickets having been guaranteed the management provided a special car which landed the dogs in good shape at Cleveland about 1 P. M. Monday. All of the exhibitors and handlers had been treated well at Chicago in the way of prize money and they were consequently very happy. Those who traveled on the sleeper (?) were: Chas. P. Diffenderfer, J. F. Cody, S. L. Boggs, Harry Twyford, German Hopkins, J. H. Pritchard, George Bell, H. B. Meyers, A. Hart, J. G. Williams, B. F. Lewis, Joe Lewis, Joe Hill, Fred Kirby, George Thomas, C. S. Wixom, E. H. Morris, C. O. Ferry, Prof. Parker and the writer. A pretty "dogly" crowd. At Leavittsburg a change of cars was made and a wait of over an hour ensued which was taken advantage of by two amateur "photogs" to group mementoes of the occasion. FOREST AND STREAM had its "Hawkeye" on them, but whether the machine will be permanently damaged or not time only will tell. Geo. Bell, giving "our only German" practical points on cocker spaniel winning, was also caught in the telltale box, and will be used for future reference.

Mr. J. H. Winslow has sold his noted pointer bitch Golden Rod, by Beaufort out of Zuba, and winner of six prizes, to Mr. Chas. Clippinger, Lansing, Mich., who reports himself as highly pleased with her.

The Clumber Kennels, of Ottawa, Canada, have sold their Clumber bitch Lady Joan, who has been winning on the circuit, to Mr. W. S. Cobb, of Chicago.

The show at Cleveland promises to be a good one. A good many dogs arrived to-day (Monday) and though arrangements at the hall are not altogether in order yet no doubt everything will be ship-shape by morning. This is the last show of the circuit and there is hardly any one who has been connected with it, who is not heartily glad it is over. Some different arrangement of dates will have to be made next year or some of the clubs will surely suffer a loss, as it is too great a strain on both men and dogs.

IRISH SETTERS AT LYNN.—Cambridge, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The result of the judging of the Irish setter puppies at Lynn is very discouraging to the exhibitor of young dogs. There was a strong class in the open dogs, and my puppy Duke succeeded in getting a vhc. in that class, winning over a dog who received second at New York. Duke was also entered in the puppy class and only received vhc., the first prize being withheld. It seems but reasonable to suppose that if he had sufficient merit to deserve a vhc. in the open class, that the dog beating him in the puppy class deserved first and that he should have received second. As there was no money prize offered in the puppy class the withholding of first cannot be attributed to any economic scheme on the part of the club, and the blame can only be placed upon the judge. I should like to see, through the intervention of your paper, a censure on such judging.—J. A. GARLAND, JR. [We spoke of the matter in our report of that show.]

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 50 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Prince Trefoil. By Barnes Bros., Wellsville, N. Y., for black and tan collie dog, whelped Dec. 17, 1889, by Bobbie (Bobbie—Nellie) out of Trefoil's Beauty (Young Trefoil—Imported Mt. Beauty). Canadian Kennels. By A. M. Trebilcock, Toronto, Ont., for his kennels of toy spaniels.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Brunette—Crip. Mrs. R. Braine's (New York) Newfoundland bitch Brunette (Bruno II.—Mirza) to M. Burke's Crip (Nap—Daisy), March 2. Jennie—Baumont. Prof. L. P. Braine's (New York) Gordon setter bitch imported Jennie (Duch—Pam) to Dr. J. H. Meyer's champion Beaumont (Ronald III.—Floss E.), Feb. 7. Luna T.—Duke of Vernon. G. T. Cormau's (Cochituate, Mass.) pointer bitch Luna T. (Wm. Tell—Rosa Croxteth) to L. Gardner's Duke of Vernon (Glendale—Spotless), Feb. 27. Quinta Lomond—Hesper II. John Van Veson, Jr.'s (Buffalo, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Quinta Lomond (B-n Lomond—Duchess of Heatherfield) to his Hesper II. (Hesper—C-Jocne), April 3. Black Renah—Little Lad. J. E. Weston's (Utica, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Renah (Black Dash—Renah W.) to his Little Lad (Newton Abbot Beau—Dinah Bennett), March 29. Gypsy Girl—Little Lad. S. E. Morgan's (Johnstown, N. Y.)

cocker spaniel bitch Gypsy Girl to J. E. Weston's Little Lad (Newton Abbot Beau—Dinah Bennett), March 29. Black Meg II.—Little Lad. J. E. Weston's (Utica, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Meg II. (champion Black Pete—Black Meg II.) to his Little Lad (Newton Abbot Beau—Dinah Bennett), Feb. 8.

Nell W.—Little Lad. J. E. Weston's (Utica, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Nell W. (Koko W.—Phyllis D.) to his Little Lad (Newton Abbot Beau—Dinah Bennett), Feb. 4. Ruby—Roma. R. P. Forshaw's (Toronto, Ont.) King Charles spaniel bitch Ruby to his Romeo, March 23.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Black Meg II. H. S. Reynolds's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Meg II., March 27, six (three dogs), by J. P. Willey's champion Black Pete; all black. Gladys B. R. H. Burr's (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Gladys B. (champion Finn—L. dr. Edit), April 12, nine (five dogs), by J. W. Gale's Blaze (champion Chief—Bizeeno). Countess of Devonshire II. Harry Macdon's (Baltimore, Md.) Gordon s. terrier Countess of Devonshire II. (Stubble—Countess of Devonshire I.), April 8, nine (three dogs), by his Rap (Meadow Thorpe—Meadow Thorpe Blossom). Maggie B. F. W. Eddy's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Maggie B. (champion Lucy Bee), March 30, ten (seven dogs), by Toledo Blade; two dogs since dead.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Marquis of Stafford. White rough-coated St. Bernard dog whelped May 10, 1887, by champion Save out of Miss Philimonim, by Jas. F. Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. Moore, same place. Little Red Rover—Nell W. whelp. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 26, 1890, by J. E. Weston, Utica, N. Y., to Geo. Miller, Jr., Toledo, O.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

W. B., Philadelphia.—I have a spaniel puppy 8 weeks old, that has a dry scale all over his body, and when he is combed the hair comes out very thickly. He is lively, eats well, and has good evacuations. What is best to do? Ans. Rub in a little sulphur ointment daily and give 3 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the milk once daily.

W. H. G.—I have a pointer pup six months old which is growing very rapidly. Of late she limps on one leg, and when she gets up sometimes cries out as though it hurt her. Her eyes are blood-shot and her appetite variable, she will moan when sleeping. She was awkward in playing, which she did a great deal of, and sometime ago I thought she got hurt in playing with a hound dog; it is in the small of the back or kidneys, I think. What is good? Ans. It is impossible to tell without a more particular diagnosis.

J. L. P., Essex, Conn.—It is canker. Get the following: Bromo-chloral..... 3i To opil..... 3i Ag..... 3i Mix. Sig. A few drops in the ears night and morning. Wash out ears with warm water and castile soap and dry thoroughly before dropping the mixture in the ears.

F. M. K., Reading, Pa.—I have an English setter puppy, four months old, which I desire to raise successfully. I will be obliged to you if you will recommend something which it would be well to give a puppy of this age, from time to time, to prevent worms. Will you kindly state the first symptoms? Ans. Symptoms: Hunching up the back, groaning and twitching in the sleep, diarrhoea, general gastric and intestinal disturbance, presence of worms in the stools. Keep bowels easy with half teaspoonful doses of syrup of buckthorne if necessary. Do not feed meat. Exercise in open air daily.

T. E. C., New York.—My English setter is in poor condition, continually scratching, which causes red blotches all over his body, more especially on his legs. The nose is very dry, rough and appears chapped; the hair is fast falling out, and whenever exercised coughs and sneezes, but has an excellent appetite. The eyes run a little every twenty-four hours. I am inclined to think the dog has worms. Ans. The dog is out of condition and has one of the forms of mange. Open the bowels by giving 2 or 3 compound cathartic pills concealed in a morsel of meat. Wash once weekly with carbolic soap and give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food once or twice daily for three weeks. Exercise regularly and do not feed meat, or very little, if any.

E. W. O., Newport.—My setter dog has had a bad diarrhoea for about two weeks, which I have yet been unable to stop. His appetite is very poor and he has lost flesh terribly. He has no fever but yesterday he began to slobber; and to-day, when I gave him a piece of meat, he dropped it and shook his head for about a minute, throwing the slobber in all directions. I thought from his actions that he had got his bone stuck in his throat, but on examining him found nothing. This is his first sickness; he is 9 months old. Ans. Stop the diarrhoea with Dover's tablets, giving one every three hours in a bit of meat until diarrhoea stops. Give 5 grains of quinine three times daily in pill or capsule. If he has fever give acetic tincture 2 drops every hour, or anti-febrin, 5 grains every 3 hours. It looks like distemper.

"Birbo," of Port Royal, Tenn., offers some of his celebrated Llewellyn setter puppies for sale. See his adv. in another column.—Adc.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE number of inquiries for the trial targets prepared by us for those who would improve their skill with the revolver in anticipation of participation in the revolver championship match convinces us that the affair will be a complete success, and that when won the trophy will go to a very excellent holder.

Carefully enough there has been some adverse criticism launched against the conditions as they were first proposed by us and approved by Mr. Walter Winans, the donor of the emblem. Some of the talk, where it is not so obviously the result of disappointed interest, is so utterly ridiculous as to be scarce worth attention, and were it but criticism pure and simple would receive none by us. But it goes a step further and makes positive misstatements with the evident intention of confusing those who may be unlucky enough to read these publications. Harper's Weekly critic speaks of the shots "limited to six." This is simply not true. There is no such limit and this writer ought to have known it, and probably did. The conditions call for five scores of six rounds each, the record to stand on the aggregate of three of these scores or eighteen shots in all. So this clever all-round critic, but not quite a square critic, just got one-third of the truth. It is not demanded or required that the shooting shall be indoors or even that the contestant stand at twenty yards. The shooter may, if he chooses to be guided by our critical friend, pick out the gustiest day he can strike, take possession of a lot where there is no end of weather, and back away from the target as far as he pleases. He may do all this and get gloriously left by those who prefer to shoot when trying for a record under more favoring conditions.

These conditions are quite difficult enough to shoot under though so very easy to talk about with gibbness. A shooter who can average inside of an inch a shot for his 18 counting rounds is making a very good exhibition of his shooting ability and the merits of his arm, and is good enough to be classed as an expert and possibly as a champion. If distance is to count and endurance, of which so much is prated, then let us get a thousand-yard range, with a big duffer target, of course, and make it a "drop and out" match, each to bang away until his pistol arm falls ex-

haunted by his side. That would be a grand test and possibly please our wisacre soulds, but we propose to go right on with our plan, making the match so easy and convenient that no one who can shoot and wishes to shall be debarred by any oppressive conditions as to place and time. We want the best work and we will probably get it. While we have no personal interest in any gallery, we think it very poor policy to sneer at those who run such excellent resorts and possibly Renette and Rigby from the other side and a dozen excellent shooting masters on this side of the water may have something to say on this aspect of the case.

We repeat the conditions of this match in this place and remind our readers that the trial targets will be sent post free on request. We shall be glad to receive samples of particularly good targets made for publication and encouragement of those engaged in practice.

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH CONDITIONS.

In accordance with the instructions of the donor we would fix the following as the conditions of the match for the Amateur Revolver Championship of America, open to any American citizen or permanent resident:

Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches.

Any trigger pull.

Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand.

Any fixed ammunition.

Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots.

Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches.

Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole.

Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively.

Amateur Standing—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by FOREST AND STREAM RULES.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of FOREST AND STREAM to be final on all points.

Places of holding the competitions will be fixed, with consideration to the convenience of contestants, and one month's notice will be given of exact time and place. It has been already determined to have competitions at New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. These finals open to all comers, and will be in charge of the shooting editor of FOREST AND STREAM or his representative.

Preliminarily to the final shoots for the championship, which will be held several months from date, and in order to develop shooting ability, FOREST AND STREAM will open a season of trial shooting. The targets for this test may be had free of cost on application to the office of FOREST AND STREAM. By their use the revolver shot may fix his progress, and the ready measurement feature in them enables a quick determination of the total number of inches in the six shots.

Any winner of the trophy shall hold it subject to challenge for a term of two years, after which it shall become his personal property. Upon receiving a challenge the holder shall agree with the challenger upon a place and date for their meeting not later than six weeks from the receipt of the challenge, of which meeting at least two weeks' notice shall be given through FOREST AND STREAM, and the shooting at said meeting shall be under the same conditions as the original competitions for the championship trophy. In case of a failure to agree upon a time and place of meeting they shall be fixed by FOREST AND STREAM.

The trophy shall be deposited in the custody of FOREST AND STREAM at least one day prior to any challenge meet, and if required, holders must give bonds to FOREST AND STREAM for its safe return.

The holder shall not be required to accept a challenge pending the determination of a challenge shoot already under date. In case of any dispute about the right of priority in shooting challenges, FOREST AND STREAM shall determine the order of shooting. All expenses of targets and gallery will be borne by FOREST AND STREAM. Contestants will defray all other expenses.

SUNFLOWER RIFLE CLUB.—Topeka, Kansas.—The interest in rifle shooting is apparently increasing all over the country, and as the season opens we will hear the clear crack of the .33s and the new .25s, and as the times grow better there will come again a grand boom in target practice. We can but admire the persistence with which some of the old reliable clubs have held to regular practice, noticeable among which we will name the Cincinnati Rifle Club, of which Capt. Gindele is a member. It is a worthy, honorable and healthful recreation, and well worth the time and expense to any hard-working business man, and we hope to see all riflemen take hold of the interest and help push it to the front. Here in Kansas we have started the ball rolling by organizing a new club in Topeka with a charter membership of twenty-one. The name of the club is the Sunflower Rifle Club, of Topeka, Kan. Several new good shots have recently come to the city there was little trouble in effecting an enthusiastic organization. The officers were elected as follows: Robert Max, president; Ben Strickfaden, vice-president; G. Irwin Royce, sec'y and capt. of contesting teams. A match was made with the Expectation Rifle Club, of New Orleans, La., to be shot Monday evening, March 31, gallery all one. The following is the result: 10-men teams, 10 shots, standard American target, resulted as follows: Sunflower Rifle Club 701. Expectation Rifle Club 648. It is likely that a return match will be shot soon. The Sunflower Rifle Club will confine their practice to gallery work until the weather becomes settled, when a fine 30yd. range will be fitted up and regular practice, matches and individual contests will be the order of the day. The club is open to a challenge from any club, gallery distance, .22cal. rifles, 10-men teams, the match to be shot at any time on short notice.—G. I. R.

EPHRAATA, Pa., April 11.—On Friday afternoon the members of the North End Rifle Club formally opened the season's sport by engaging in several hours target practice on the range, about a half a mile south of Ephrata. The unfavorable weather kept several of those who always attend the shoot away, as it was cloudy and cold and occasionally rained somewhat. The following scores were made, distance 200 yds., off-hand, standard American target:

J. M. Sheffer	8 7 5 6 4 8 7 4 10-66
L. M. West	6 9 6 7 5 5 7 7 6-62
M. F. K. Roth	6 8 6 4 6 6 3 6 10-50
W. D. Winters	3 6 5 6 7 5 7 4 8-56
D. B. Levever	4 3 10 5 4 7 6 4 5-42
J. A. Stober	3 5 5 6 6 7 4 5 4-51
C. Knigsmacher	10 4 6 6 3 9 5 3 3-49

EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB.—New York, April 7.—Scores made at the regular weekly shoot at 125 ft. Mark's place: W. Rosenbaum 82, A. Stahl, Jr. 91, C. Zettler, Jr. 89, W. Miller 88, H. Zettler 86, W. Maisenholder, 85, J. Zettler 83, G. Hillmeyer 73, W. Hammer 61, G. Nowah 75, W. Smith 60.

THE FORT SCHUYLER RIFLE ASSOCIATION of Utica will have a tournament on its new range, Wednesday, April 22. Hand-some cash prizes will be offered.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.00. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

April 23-30.—New Haven Inter-State Association.
May 5-6.—Algonia (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all.
John G. Smith, Sec'y.
May 5-7.—Pittsburgh Tournament. Open to all. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y.
May 5-7.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament. \$500 guaranteed. Professionals barred. Chas. W. Brister, Sec'y.
May 5-9.—Grand Tournament of the Hill City Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss. Open to all. Geo. H. Hill, Sec'y.
May 12.—Eastern New York Traps shooters' League Tournament, held under the auspices of the West End Trap-Shooting Association, of Albany, N. Y., at their grounds on Colvin avenue.
May 12-14.—Grand Tournament of the South Side Gun Club, at Watertown, N. Y. Open to all. L. H. Prentice, Sec'y.
May 13-16.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Three days targets. One day live birds. H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Club gives \$1,000. Association guarantees \$1,000, total \$2,000.
May 30.—Canaajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club Tournament. T. C. Peggitt, Sec'y.
June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.
June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.
July 2-4.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

E. S. BENSCHOTTEN.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 11.—This week FOREST AND STREAM has what in daily journalism is called a "sensation," and what may, I believe, also be called a complete "scoop." Months ago one of the best-known trap-shooters of Ohio, one of the most skillful of the "routiers," and a man whose portrait is included in most of the "galleries of prominent trap-shooters," took up his possessions and departed for the West. He told one friend that he was "going where he wasn't known, and where he could get into some shoots and make some money." This may or may not have been his laudable intention. The fact remains that since last fall Eugene S. Benschotten has not been seen in Ohio, and nothing has been heard from him directed for months. His relatives have been seeking for him, anxious to know even where he had been. For months they have thought him fully dealt with, but have hoped for the better, trusting that his foolish whim of disguising himself may be the only cause of his passing out of knowledge. For months FOREST AND STREAM, knowing the great reluctance of the family to have all the unpleasant facts brought out, has asked for permission to give the whole matter publicity, knowing that if E. S. Benschotten be dead it is a fact which should be determined, and that if he be alive, and for any reason whatever, from shame, self-interest or bitterness, be hiding himself away from a family as terribly anxious as his relatives have been, he ought to be found out.

Briefly told, Benschotten left Ohio last November, went to Spokane Falls, Washington, remained there, and while there shot in a tournament under the name of "E. S. Brown," and won some money. Since then he has not been heard of, although his friends have communicated with the officials of Spokane Falls, and made every possible inquiry without resorting to the press.

Here let us close the record for the present. The case is clear in some points. E. S. Benschotten for certain reasons did pass as E. S. Brown at Spokane Falls. If he is now passing under that or another assumed name he ought to be exposed for reasons which will at once rise in any true sportsman's heart, the chief of which is that his relatives are suffering in their anxiety and suspense. The authorities at Spokane Falls ought to investigate at once. E. S. Benschotten was a rough, rugged, burly looking man, about 55, 100 lb. or over, dark hair, lighter eyes, badish front teeth. His picture may be seen in the "gallery of noted trap-shooters," commonly found about the sporting goods stores. He is a man easily identified. Will the readers of this journal assist in the duty of looking him up?

E. HOUGH.

HARRISBURG SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 13.—Shall I say the fates of the elements seem to be against us on our regular shooting day? for as one of our members remarked, we have not had a pleasant shoot day for three months. The important event of the day, the L. C. Smith gun, was not shot off owing to the absence of nearly two-thirds of promised contestants, who did not show up owing to the dampness of the day. But this did not keep our genial friends M. J. Corcoran, of the York City Gun Club, York, Pa., or R. E. Shearer, of Carlisle, Pa., from presenting themselves on the grounds fully equipped with the Lefevers and favorite shells, and again the attention of the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will have to be drawn to the fine run of clean heads made by our true sportsman friend Shearer. But it is astonishing what a falling off occurs in the scores of the shooter as soon as he is talked of as being classed as an expert, for while our friend Nutt could easily defeat this man in two individual races during the past week, he could not lay claim to his clean head at yesterday's shooting. But it is wrong to say all this is done purposely, and we will await further shooting before endeavoring to make any classifications. Herewith I hand you scores made at Saturday's shoot:

Match at 15 singles, \$1 entry:		Worden.....110111101111-11	
Brelsford.....111101111111-14	Shearer.....111101111111-12	Lutensome.....011101111111-8	Nutt.....111101111111-13
Duston.....010111011111-10	Corcoran.....111101111111-13	Dill.....111101111111-12	
No. 2, 15 singles, \$1 entry:		Fuller.....110111111111-13	
Brelsford.....110111111111-10	Shearer.....111111111111-14	Lutensome.....011011111111-9	Nutt.....111101111111-13
Duston.....110111111111-12	Corcoran.....111101111111-13	Dill.....111101111111-12	
No. 3, 15 singles, \$1 entry:		Fuller.....110111111111-15	
Brelsford.....110111111111-14	Shearer.....111111111111-15	Dill.....111101111111-13	Kinzer.....110111111111-9
Duston.....110111111111-13	Corcoran.....110111111111-11		
No. 4, at 15 singles, \$1 entrance:		Fuller.....011101111111-12	
Brelsford.....011011000111-10	Shearer.....111111111111-15	Dill.....111101111111-13	Kinzer.....000111111111-12
Duston.....110111111111-12	Corcoran.....110111111111-12		
No. 5, at 15 singles, \$1 entrance:		Nutt.....110000010111-8	
Brelsford.....111101111111-14	Shearer.....111111111111-15	Dill.....110111111111-13	Kinzer.....110111111111-11
Duston.....111111111111-14	Fuller.....111111111111-12		
No. 6, at 15 singles, \$1 entrance:		Fuller.....111111111111-14	
Brelsford.....110111111111-11	Shearer.....011101111111-11	Nutt.....100110111111-10	Kinzer.....111101111111-11
Duston.....111111111111-13	Corcoran.....111111111111-13	Todd.....130011011111-9	
No. 7, 15 singles, \$1 entry:		Fuller.....111111111111-15	
Brelsford.....111111111111-15	Shearer.....101110111111-12	Nutt.....111111111111-10	Kinzer.....111101111111-13
Duston.....100111111111-13	Corcoran.....111111111111-13	Todd.....101101111111-10	Lehman.....111011111111-13
No. 8, 15 singles, \$1 entry:		Nutt.....110111111111-13	
Brelsford.....110111111111-12	Shearer.....101110111111-12	Kinzer.....101101111111-10	Todd.....101101111111-9
Corcoran.....110111111111-7	Fuller.....111111111111-14		
No. 9, team race, entry \$2 per man:		111111111111111111-17	
Brelsford.....111111111111-17	Shearer.....011101111111-31	Nutt.....010110111111-15	Fuller.....111101111111-19-31
Shoot-off at 10 birds each:		Brelsford.....011111111-9	
Shearer.....111010011-7-16	Nutt.....010111111-6	Fuller.....111011111-9-15	

LAKE ONTARIO VS. VICTOR.—Rochester, N. Y., April 11.—match was shot on the Lake Ontario Gun Club grounds to-day, on challenge by the Victor Gun Club, at 25 kind, 215 ft. rise, 3 traps, unknown angles. The match was shot in a very high and gusty wind; the flight of the birds was very uneven. The Lake Ontario Gun Club won handsly by 23 birds, as the score shows. A return match will be shot at Victor on Saturday, April 13.

Lake Ontario Gun Club.

F. L. Smith	110101111111111111-19
A. Morris	011100101111111111-13
J. Aman	111100111111111111-12
H. D. McVean	030110001000101111-12
J. Morris	000101111111111111-17
F. Knebel	110111111111111111-18
J. C. Aman	000100010001111111-10
W. S. Smith, Jr.	001110100011111111-16
O. E. Walzer	000101011111111111-10-16
W. Morris	101011111111111111-13
W. La Force	111101111111111111-21
D. Walzer	111111111111111111-17
A. Evershed	011111111111111111-22
J. Kissinger	101101111111111111-20-222

W. A. Hill	010011111111111111-17
A. Sale	101011111111111111-15
W. Agate	101011111111111111-21
T. Header	110110001000011111-14
J. Houston	110111111111111111-16
W. Hill	110111111111111111-17
A. O. Gordon	101011011111111111-10-15
W. Mann	010111001011111111-11
E. Vick	011011111111111111-10
L. Benson	000100000111111111-7
C. Brusie	011101001111111111-16
W. S. Hill	110111111111111111-17
O. Benson	010100000111111111-9
J. Barry	000110001111111111-11-198

H. D. McV.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y., April 11.—The shoot which was to have taken place last week at Canastota, N. Y., 100 kingbirds per man, between D. Lefever and Chas. Mowry, of Syracuse, on one side, and E. B. Roberts, of Canastota, and Will H. Crutenden, of Canastota, on the other, failed to materialize from the fact that Lefever took train for Canastota instead of Canastota. The other parties claim Dan was lost astray by one "Court." They were seen together at Canastota and had a very pleasant time together waiting for evening train to Syracuse.—HAMMERLESS.

Dachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, 32.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will do well to look under the heading of the *Canoe*, then into the *Kennel*, squint down the barrel of the *Rifle*, open the *Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

FIXTURES.

APRIL.		30. Corinthian, Annual, San Francisco.	
MAY.		30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	
23. San Francisco, Opening, Sausalito.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
23. San Francisco, Squad Sail.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
23. San Francisco, Fish Cruise.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
23-31. Portland, Cruise.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
30. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
30. Rochester, Open, Sodus Bay.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
JUNE.		30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	
8. Hudson River, Ann., N. Y.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
12. Portland, Annual.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
12. Monaquot, Opening, Weymouth.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
13. Massachusetts, Spring, Dorchester.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
13. Lynn, Lynn.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
13. Quincy.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
13. Savin Hill, First Cham.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
13. Phila., Ann., Del. River.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
17. Hull, Under 21ft.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
17. Massachusetts, Ann., Nahant.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
17. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
17. Beverly, 1st Sweep, Mon. Bch.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
18. Roch., Ladies' Day, Charlotte.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
20. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
20. Hull Corinthian, 1st Cham.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
JULY.		30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	
3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
3-4-5. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
3. Monaquot, Club, Weymouth.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
4. Corinthian, Marblehead, Sweep and Club, Marblehead.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
4. Beverly, 3d Sweep, Mon. Bch.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
6. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
— Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
— Eastern, Cruise, Maine Coast.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
7. New Rochelle, Ann., New Rochelle.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
11. Lynn, Lynn.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
11. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
11. Savin Hill, Cash.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
11. Riverside, Annual.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
14. Quincy, Ladies' Day.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
14. Lake R. A., Hamilton.	30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.	30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.

NEW YORK NAVAL RESERVE ASSOCIATION.

EASTERN Y. C.
THE regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. has prepared the following varied programme of races, in which inducements are offered to all classes of yachts. If a proper spirit is shown by yacht owners in entering their vessels the season will be an unusually exciting one.

May 30.—Handicap Race.—From Marblehead Rock, for yachts belonging to members of the club. Prizes—First class schooners \$100, second class schooners \$75, fifth class sloops \$50, sixth class sloops \$50 and seventh class sloops \$50. Entries to be received by Mr. Edward Burgess, Sec'y, Sears Building, Boston, before May 25, at 2 P.M. The handicaps will be declared at the club house the evening before the race.

June 10.—Sweepstakes Race.—From Marblehead Rock.—The entrance fee in each class will be \$25, and in each class where four or more start the club will add the following amounts—for first class schooners \$100, for second class schooners \$75, for fifth class sloops \$50, for sixth class sloops \$50, for seventh class sloops \$50. In each class where four or less start the prizes will be divided—75 per cent. to the first yacht and 25 to the second; where more than four start they will be divided—70 per cent. to the first yacht, 20 to second and 10 to third. Entries, inclosing check, to be made to Mr. Edward Burgess before June 10, at 2 P.M.

June 20.—Annual Regatta, for all classes.—From Halfway Rock.—Prizes for schooners—First class (over 70ft. waterline) \$200, second class (30ft. and not over 70ft. waterline) \$100. If four or more first class schooners complete the course a second prize of \$100 will be awarded. For sloops—First class (over 70ft. waterline) \$300, second class (over 60ft. and not over 70ft. waterline) \$150, third class (over 50ft. and not over 60ft. waterline) \$100, fourth class (over 40ft. and not over 50ft. waterline) \$75, fifth class (over 40ft. and not over 40ft. waterline) \$75, sixth class (over 35ft. and not over 40ft. waterline) \$75, seventh class (over 30ft. and not over 35ft. waterline) \$50. If five or more yachts start in any class a prize of \$25 will be awarded. Entries to be received by Mr. Burgess before June 27, at 2 P.M.

July (two days before the Annual Regatta).—Handicap Race.—From Halfway Rock, for yachts in cruising trim belonging to members of the club. Prizes—First class schooners \$100, second class schooners \$100, first class sloops \$100, second class sloops \$100, third class sloops \$100, fourth class sloops \$75, fifth class sloops \$75, sixth class sloops \$75, seventh class sloops \$75.

August 15 (or at the end of N. Y. Y. C. cruise).—Sweepstakes Race.—From Halfway Rock for first class and second class schooners, and for fifth class, sixth class, and seventh class sloops. Entrance fee for schooners \$100, fifth class sloops \$100, sixth class sloops \$75, seventh class sloops \$50. In each class, where four or more yachts start the club will add the following prizes: First class schooners \$100, second class schooners \$75, fifth class sloops \$50, sixth class sloops \$50, seventh class sloops \$50.

In each class where four or less start, the stakes and prizes will be divided 75 per cent. to the first yacht and 25 per cent. to the second. When more than four start, they will be divided 75 per cent. to the first yacht, 20 per cent. to the second and 10 per cent. to the third. Entries, inclosing check, to be made to Mr. Edward Burgess before 2 P.M. of the second day before the race.

September 1 (subject to change).—Autumn regatta.—Special programmes for each race will be issued in due course.

WHEN YACHTS ARE TO RACE IN CRUISING TRIM.

No doors, tables, cabin skylights, stoves, or other fittings on or below deck (excepted) shall be removed from their places before or during the race.

No topsails shall be carried extending beyond the truck or the gaff end, and in yachts exceeding 40ft. on the waterline no sails or other gear shall, barring squalls, be put into the main cabin. Anchors and chains suitable to the size of the yacht shall be carried; and of these, one shackled to the chain shall be in the use of the crew on the bow.

Each yacht above 55ft. waterline shall carry two serviceable boats; each smaller yacht, except the Seventh Class sloops, shall carry one such boat.

Except a pilot, no more than the regular crew of the yacht shall be allowed, and no more persons than can be suitably lodged at night.

The committee reserves the right to invite visiting yachts to enter any of the above races, and calls the attention of the yachts to the recent change in By-Law V., under which yachts under 50ft. may now enter races of the club by assuming 30ft. waterline. The committee will be glad to arrange additional races, or races on these dates for other classes, should prizes be offered.

M. S. EATON, Chairman,
R. D. SEARS,
F. E. PEABODY, Regatta Committee,
C. T. JACKSON, JR., E. Y. C.
HENRY H. BUCK, Secretary,
50 State street.

AN ADVENTURE AT MOSQUITO INLET.

WHILE glancing over a number of the FOREST AND STREAM last evening, I was suddenly reminded of a little adventure at Mosquito Inlet, a dangerous, ever-changing channel opening into the Gulf of Mexico from the east coast of Florida. We had been roasting about the flowery State since the latter part of November (1889), and now, after five months of continual pleasure, were leisurely journeying homeward. Our party had spent some delightfully lazy weeks at and about Daytona, on the Halifax River, and the only question which agitated our minds was how to reach St. Augustine with the least possible fatigue. At that time a railroad was under way, and only talked about by a few enterprising citizens of this city in the winter. The all stage route, through sand and cypress swamps, and lasting about twenty hours, was quickly decided against; there remained then only the stage to Volusia, thence by steamboat down the St. Johns to Jacksonville, or the acceptance of a friend's offer, to take a New Smyrna in the night, where we might catch an orange freight boat for the outside voyage within a week or so. We gladly chose the latter mode of travel, and so, with our friend as captain and the mother for mate, we weighed anchor one fine morning and headed down stream.

All went smoothly until we neared the treacherous Inlet, the only opening in the natural breakwater for forty miles in one direction, and sixty in the other. Here the waters of the two rivers meet, and together flow out to sea. The Halifax runs north, the Halifax south, so in order to safely cross from one current to the other a strong, steady sailing breeze is absolutely necessary. As the tide was on the ebb it was in our favor until we reached the Hillsboro, when we had the tide against us just where it was strongest (i.e., in the center of the channel). Just here our danger began, for the wind, on the faintest, softest flapping languidly and we quickly floated toward the white breakers, which had caused the death of an eminent man only a short time before, the ever shifting sands being far more to be dreaded than our own rock-bound coast, as the many skeletons of large and small sea-going craft strewn along the shore of this peninsula effectively proved. Fortunately Madame La Mere sat in the cabin, and so knew nothing of our peril, and the Bashful Bazar who was with her had enough presence of mind to remain perfectly still until such time as action was called for.

Outside the young captain and the remainder of our trio stood ready for any fate. The doctor took off his coat, coiled the long rope around the boat conveniently near, fastened the free end around his waist, and stood ready to plunge into the breakers and try to fight his way to the shore should our little craft have any chance be carried near the beach instead of out to sea. This was an almost hopeless task, owing to the size of the breakers now close at hand, to say nothing of the sharks which infest these waters as we presently had good reason to know. A long moment of anxiety as the Ella trended slightly toward the first white horse wave, and then the foam of the mighty head and tossed the spray from his long green mane, and then the faintest, softest breath that ever tried to fill a sail, caught us, held us, and after an agonizing length of time, actually bore us away from the beautiful destructive monsters, which had seemed so sure of their prey.

Slowly we fought our way against the tide, and, fortunately for us, its force was nearly spent or our little breeze could not have saved us. After tacking back and forth a countless number of times we ran aground on a sand bar left nearly bare by the receding waters. The ever ready Doctor threw the anchor and then himself overboard, and fairly hammered the heavy bukes into the yielding sand until the anchor was nearly out of sight. Then we breathed. We were safe; and although a tedious wait was unavoidable, we were unmolested, but all was thankfulness for our narrow escape from disaster.

It was growing dark, and the tide would not permit us to move for at least four hours; so we prepared and ate our evening meal, and then, while the rest dozed in the little cabin, the Doctor rigged up a shelter from the dew, and we two remained on deck to watch the last of the ebb, the slack, and finally the flood tide. And a wonderful scene it was! Out of sight of land, by the dim light of the phosphorescent waters, anchored in the very center of two arms of the sea, and so near the breakers their music sounded in our ears at every heart-beat of the mighty ocean.

And now, as we leaned over the side, queer forms glided near us, and close to the surface of the quiet water, and as the tide

rose, the size of these spectres increased, until the shadowy forms resolved themselves into sharks of all sizes and kinds. The white, hammerhead, man-eater, dog, razor-back and gray shark were recognized without difficulty, for they were so bold we involuntarily drew back, almost believing these pirates of the sea would board us, or at least reach us where we sat, the distance from their ugly heads to our low deck being so slight.

Presently the water was deep enough for us to venture up the Hillsboro with the tide in our favor, for there was almost a dead calm at that hour of the night, so we roused our cabin passengers, hauled in the anchor, and made our way to the shore, where we found New Smyrna. We gently floated along near the shore avoiding beds of raccoon oysters, with their sharp edges turned upward, and the dark mysterious mangrove islands, by good luck rather than skill; and at last reached the rude pier "we long had sought," between one and two o'clock in the morning, and another hour saw us comfortably housed in the old fashioned inn on the bluff.

NAR A. MORE.

PHILADELPHIA Y. C.

THE second meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held at the club rooms on April 1, Vice Com. Pratt in the chair. J. H. Sloan, chairman Board of Trustees, reported that the purchase of the property on the river property at Tinicum Plans and specifications for improvements have been submitted and work will be commenced at once. One of the most important improvements will be the construction of a basin 60x500ft., with a depth of 10ft. below low water mark, for the winter storage of yachts. The buildings, including the club house, will be thoroughly overhauled and completed by opening day, May 30.

The proposed changes in the racing rules were adopted. The most important were: Changing the detail in measurement rule to conform to that now in use by the Seawanhaka Corinthian, New York, Corinthian and Larchmont yacht clubs. Classifying by corrected length, instead of waterline length with these classes: Schooners, first class, all of 70ft. corrected length and over; second class, all under 70ft. corrected length; sloops, cutters and yawls, first class, all over 50ft. corrected length; second class, all over 40ft. and not over 60ft., corrected length; third class, all over 30ft. and not over 40ft., corrected length; fourth class, all over 20ft. and not over 30ft., corrected length; fifth class, all of 20ft. and under.

These new courses were adopted: Course A—From starting line off the club house at Tinicum to and around Buoy 37, W.S.W. from Deep Water Point Light, keeping it on the port hand, and return to starting point keeping to westward of Cherry Island. Course B—From same starting point to and around Buoy 32, east of Edgemoor, and return to starting point; distance, 20 miles. Course C—From same starting point, to and around a station boat off Marcus Hook, and return to starting point; distance, 10 miles.

Secretary J. C. Currier was elected a life member in recognition of the fact that he is the only one of the original members remaining in the club, and who has been active in its affairs every year since the organization of the club in 1876.

The following new members were elected: Richard P. White, John Overington, David B. Birney, M.D., Marcel A. Viti, John R. Shirley, Geo. W. Stull, Robert Cairns, W. Joseph Hearn, M.D., Don. Sumner, Charles J. Rogers, G. Ramsdell, Emile Pope Etting, Resignations of A. C. McElroy, R. W. D. Albury and Richard T. Starr were accepted.

NEW FIFE YACHTS.

THE present season has been a very busy one at Fairlie, as the following list shows. The most important of the new boats is the Thalia, the largest racer that Mr. Will Fife, Jr., has designed for some years. She will go into a hot class, with Creole and the new 40 raters by Watson and other designers, and will have to work for all that she wins. Dragon is the yacht lately designed by the same builder for this side, but she is a regular 20 rater of the latest design, and is intended to succeed Mr. Hill's famous Dragon, now the top of the class. It is rather unusual for an owner to out-build his own boat before she has been beaten, but this is practically what Mr. Hill has done. Captain Ben Parker, who commanded the first Dragon, will sail her, while Captain John Carter, who was here in the Genesta, will sail the 40 rater with an East Coast crew. The old Dragon has not yet been sold.

LIST OF DESIGNS, 1891.

Name.	Rig.	Rating.	Owner.	Builder.	
Thalia.....	Cut.	10	J. W. Fansmith.		St. Petersburg
Dragon.....	Cut.	40	J. A. Inglis.....	W. Fife & Son.	
Myria.....	Lug.	24	W. Connel.....	W. Fife & Son.	
Thelma.....	Lug.	24	J. C. Connel.....	W. Fife & Son.	
Vashti.....	Lug.	24	P. M. Inglis.....	W. Fife & Son.	
Volva.....	Cut.	6	George Watson.....	W. Fife & Son.	
Erica.....	Cut.	24	W. C. Teacher.....	W. Fife & Son.	
Kite.....	Cut.	10	J. H. Lister.....	W. Fife & Son.	
Jeannie.....	Lug.	14	Blair Cochrane, Taylor		Sandown, I.
Barbara.....	Cut.	40	C. H. H. Foster.....	Lawley.....	Wight.
	Lug.	2	Robertson.....		Boston
	Lug.	2	Robertson.....		
	Lug.	2	Robertson.....		
	Lug.	2	Robertson.....		
	Lug.	24	Norman Clark.....	W. Fife & Son.	
	Cut.	10	P. R. Bell.....		Halifax.
	Lug.	5	H. R. Langrish.....	Camper & Nicholson.	
	Lug.	18	(cb) M. H. Cameron		
	Lug.	18	(cb) M. H. Cameron		
	Cut.	27	A. S. Mateer.....	W. Fife & Son.	

THE HERRESHOFF 46-FOOTER.

THE new Herreshoff 46-footer, which is generally assigned to section is not widely different from those of the Fife boats, but in other features she is unlike any others of the class. Her most noticeable feature is the forward overhang; the rake of sternpost is only moderate; the heel of the keel is slightly rockered up aft, bringing the deepest point a little forward of the sternpost, from which the keel rounds up with no forefoot and with none of the usual overhang water, but runs out in one continuous sweep. The result is the most excessive overhang yet seen, the length over all being 70ft., while the designed waterline is but 45ft. 3in. The overhang aft is very long, but the bow is still longer. The waterlines forward are quite full, but the diagonals are very easy in all parts. The lead, about 234 tons, is hung quite low. The frame is all of steel, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 spaced 16in. The yacht has a complete steel frame, including a strong beam under the deck, with steel gussets and floors. The lower planking was 1 1/2in. yellow pine, a single skin, but the bilge and top-sides will be double planked, 3/4in. cedar and 3/4in. yellow pine, all fastened with copper screw bolts. She will have a large sail area, but long and low in proportions, the boom being about 56ft. and gaff 36ft. There will be a stateroom on starboard side, forward of the main cabin, and a ladies' cabin aft. The workmanship throughout will be of the best.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The Delaware River Squadron will hold their regatta on June 20. The course will be from Cooper's Point, foot of 2d street, Camden, to Delanco, N. J., and return, by Route 28. The squadron will also have a regatta on Decoration Day. The Committee on sailing rules of the Navy have completed their labors, and their draft is now in Admiral Connelly's hands. The committee was a very strong one, consisting of James C. Sumners, William Gardner, W. C. Brown, Frank Taylor, and Thomas Chatham. The new rules governing the 25-footers cannot be published until the Association has passed on them. The East River Squadron has opened its navigation school, and 25 members are now attending. This squadron will cruise on Decoration Day with the Long Island Sound Squadron. The New York Bay Squadron held a meeting at 47 Day street on Mar. 21, when arrangements for cruise on Decoration Day were completed. There are five 25-footers either built or building for the Corinthian Navy. Four are Gardner boats, and one a Burgess. The St. Lawrence River Squadron is making arrangements for its annual election. This squadron will give a big regatta during the summer, and will keep things humming under Mr. Taylor's management.

CONQUERER, steam yacht, lately purchased by Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt, will sail from Hull, Eng. in June, for Newport. Conqueror is a very handsome iron vessel, designed and built in 1889 by Russell and Co., Port Glasgow, for Mr. W. S. Bailey, Hull, Eng. She is 188ft. on deck, 159ft. L.W.L., 24ft. beam, and 13ft. 6in. draft, with triple expansion engine of 800 I. H. P., cylinders 15 1/2, 24 and 40 by 33in. She is classed 100 at Lloyds and has made 18 1/2 knots. She is schooner rigged and of 626 tons.

TEMPEST, schr., has recently been sold by Lowell Mason to S. M. Roosevelt, of New York, for \$4,500.

VOLUNTEER.—It will be a surprise to yachtsmen to learn that within a very short time the famous Volunteer will practically be destroyed, and that the largest and last of the famous sloops will disappear entirely. In the cases of the others, Mayflower, Priscilla and Adiantum, the hulls have been altered to schooners, the hulls have been so little changed as to retain their identity under the new rig; but the alterations to Volunteer are so extensive as to involve the destruction of the yacht and the replacing her by a new craft. She has been hauled out at Lawley's, her mast removed and also the interior joiner work, and the steel hull will be cut in two abaft the midship section. The entire forebody will be destroyed, the only parts retained being the afterbody, the keel and the centerboard trunk. The deck, bulwarks and rail will be new, which will give an opportunity to get rid of that very ugly stern, which was always such a detriment to the vessel and discredit to her builders. The new yacht, which will retain the old name, will be 90ft. on the waterline, in place of 85ft., and be schooner rigged. The steel plates and angles are now being rolled by the Pencoid Mills, and the yacht is to be ready by June.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Norristown, Pa.—The Montgomery Sailing Club has been reorganized and the following officers elected: Com., L. G. Palmer, Vice-Com., George W. Ritter, Sec. and Treas., E. A. Leopold, Timer, William Alcorn. There are 18 members and 9 boats enrolled, with several applications for membership to be voted on at the next meeting, to be held April 14. The rules of the old club of the same name were adopted with a few minor changes. Class 1 consists of canoes and duckers with a maximum sail area of 110 sq. feet. Class 2 includes tugs with a sail area of 165 feet, and will be set back 10 minutes at the start in a five mile race. A special rule was made allowing the 16 foot hiker Pennsylvania, carrying 300 feet of sail, to start with class 2. The racing season will open April 19; 13 races will be sailed, and the boats scoring the greatest number of points in the full series of races will be awarded a pennant at the close of the season.—E. A. Leopold, Sec'y.

DOUGLASTON Y. C.—The spring meeting of the Douglaston Y. C. was held on April 7, at the Hotel Marlboro, N. Y. Commodore Newman presided and H. F. Ducret acted as secretary. It was decided to hold the annual regatta on July 4, on Little Neck Bay, open to the leading clubs. It was also decided to give a series of monthly races during the summer. The yachts to be sailed by ladies selected by the owners. The two boats winning the greatest number of the races will receive handsome prizes which will be awarded the fair skippers. Twelve new members were elected, also the following honorary ones: Ex-Commodore W. P. Donnell, Constant A. Andrews and A. S. Robbins. The club goes into commission May 30.—A. F. DUCRET, Sec'y.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—At the regular meeting on April 7 the following amendment was proposed but not adopted: Section 13. If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark, provided she can do so without tacking or throwing herself into the wind. A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

THISLE.—The price paid by the German Emperor is given as \$25,000. Her interior will be refitted in an elaborate manner. Captain Duncan and his Scotch crew will be in command this year and the yacht will be raced in the principal British regattas. It is stated that the Emperor is desirous of changing the name to Meteor.

E. LUCKENBACH.—The big tug E. Luckenbach has been sold to Charleston, S. C., pilots. New York yachtsmen will remember her well, as she was used as judges' boat by the New York and Seawanhaka clubs for several years about 1883-6 and has played an important part in some famous races, especially the trial and Cup races of 1885.

WM. L. FORCE.—On April 3 the well-known yacht builder W. L. Force died at the age of 68 at his home in Keyport, N. J. Mr. Force was noted as a skilful sailor and a very good workman. He built the Regine for the late Mr. W. A. W. Stewart and also the old Active, Ocean Gem and the fast cat Bijou.

COMANCHE.—The schooner Eolus, formerly owned by Samuel Wood, has been entirely rebuilt at Port Jefferson, her name being changed to Comanche. She is now 90ft. over all, 35ft. l.w.l., 23ft. 3in. beam, and 10ft. draft. She was formerly 80ft. over all, 79ft. l.w.l., 22ft. 4in. beam and 9ft. 6in. draft.

CORSAIR, steam yacht, J. Pierpont Morgan, has been sold to Isaac Stern, of New York. Mr. Morgan retains the name for his new yacht building by Neafe & Levy from designs by J. Beavor Webb.

GANNET.—This handsome little keel yawl is advertised in another column. She is completely equipped and is a perfect single-hander.

BEATRIX.—The Burgess centerboard 46 for Messrs. Bryant and Prince will have to content herself with a less rapid and lurid name than Satan, as she has been christened Beatrix.

RAMONA, schr., formerly Resolute, has been sold to Crocker Gilley, of California.

Canoing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with lists of crew, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

	MAY.
16. Ianthe, Spring, Woodside.	
	JUNE.
6. Hoisting Sail Competition, Brooklyn.	30. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Beach.
6. Yonkers, Annual, Yonkers.	27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
13. New York, Annual, S. I.	— Ianthe, Spring, Passaic Riv.
20. New York, Sandy Hook Race	
	JULY.
11-26. W.C.A. Meet, Ballast Island.	
	AUGUST.
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.	
	SEPTEMBER.
5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River.	7. Ianthe, Annual, Woodside.
7. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River.	

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH C. C.

AS DETAILED BY THE COMMODORE.

PART VIII.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, while George and Lacy were engaged in putting the culinary utensils to rights and packing up the grub plate, I strolled down to the White House to get a drink of water from the great iron-handled pump in the shady dooryard, and to have my morning smoke and a little chat with Mr. Brubaker. His war recollections were exceedingly interesting, and although he took no part in it, and indeed hardly left his home during the entire four years' struggle, were quite tinged with the pathetic.

He had been a member of the Union army, and bitterly opposed to the secession movement, and, like many other Union men in Virginia, he was not drawn into the vortex of secession in the great storm of '61, which swept over the fair land of the South, but remained steadfastly loyal to the Union through all the long dark years of fire, devastation and death which followed. He could not fight against the Union, nor could he join the alien Northern invaders against his own State and his neighbors; so he remained quietly and sadly at home while the fierce tide of war swept up and down the valleys and over the mountain passes, leaving death and devastation in its trail. His place was repeatedly overrun with the troops of both armies; and, in common with all the other inhabitants of the valley and elsewhere throughout this war-devastated land, he was stripped of stock, fences, barns and crops.

Here it was that Jackson emerged from the passes of the Massanutten Mountains during his memorable campaign, and crossed the Shenandoah, to fall upon the devoted Banks in a whirlwind of fire and iron hail at Front Royal and Strasburg, and here the baffled Shields came sweeping down with his blue-coated host in a furious rush to cross the river and the mountains and head Jackson off in his flight up the broader valley beyond, only to gain in rage upon the sturdy old bridge, but just burned by the fleeing cavalry of the great strategist, as, under the im-

petuous Ashty—so soon to fall at Cross Keys—they went scurrying up the river for this purpose ahead of both armies; and back over this same ground came these same troops in a broken, torn and shattered mass a few days later, after the doughty Shields had accomplished his desire and overtaken and met Jackson upon the bloody field of Port Republic, forty miles above.

At the close of the war he went to work, with every one else throughout the desolated, impoverished South, to repair his broken fortunes.

We found the character of the river from here on down to Riverton, some fifty miles or so below, quite changed from what it had been above. The bold, open rapids were replaced by long lines of "saw-tooth" ledges or reefs; which stretched across the river from shore to shore in irregular, parallel lines instead of running lengthwise with the stream, as they had generally seemed to do above. An observation of the underlying strata of the valley shows that these lines of reefs (which are not by any means confined to the river bed, but may be found cropping out in the fields, along the hillsides and across the roads) appear to run generally lengthwise of the valley or parallel with the mountain ranges; and as the river, in this section from Massanutten to Riverton, is simply a series of zigzag curves, or loops from west to east and from east to west in search of an outlet through the mountains to the sea, and nowhere presents the approximately straight course that had irregularly characterized its flow from Port Republic to Massanutten; it followed that the ledges were invariably found not parallel with but crossing the river; sometimes in a straight line, forming a literal cataract or waterfall of several feet; but more often in a series of parallel ledges a few yards apart, extending frequently for miles down the river; each reach, or bend, from one side of the valley to the other being more or less filled with them; while, as a consequence of these obstructions in these reaches, the "eddies" or still pools were as invariably found in the angles of the bends where the river made its turns to recross the valley in its interminable series of letter S loops.

There were no more wild, exhilarating dashes down long, open stretches of rapid—nothing but these series of reefs or falls, as they are not inaptly termed. The river was literally terraced, the water in each terrace between the lines of reefs being still and motionless. Large parts of each reef—particularly in the present low stage of the river—stood out above the surface of the water; and the black and jagged masses of stone, some of them of great size, and in many cases matted with a tangled, stunted growth of bushes, vines and weeds, that presented themselves to view, scattered irregularly over the surface of the river as each new reach was entered, added to the wildness of the scene; and with the dull, menacing roar of the river as it fell over the ledges in countless little cascades, were not calculated to allay our apprehensions of unknown perils and difficulties in our watery path as we threaded our way through their mazes.

As may readily be surmised we found this sort of cruising to be quite difficult and not unattended with danger to our frail craft, if not to ourselves, and indeed but for the friendly ever present boat channel it would have been impossible to safely navigate many of these falls. It did not take us long to quickly and accurately locate the channel on reaching the head of a fall. We speedily discovered that the channel was almost invariably close up against one bank or the other; and it was an easy matter to find it by one of us coasting along close to one bank, another close to the other, while the third remained in midstream to watch for the occasional exceptions to the rule, when the channel would be found in midstream; and when found it was a delightful and comparatively easy matter to shoot swiftly down the narrow little road of water, past all these formidable obstructions, a sharp lookout being kept for occasional sharp rocks and the ever-present fish dams. However, if the falls proved particularly long and intricate we had to watch sharply for the channel, for it not infrequently took advantage of the still, water terraces between the ledges, and crossed from one side of the river to the other.

The country was much wilder also and more thinly settled, and the mills were much less numerous along the river. However, as there was a corresponding scarcity of their necessary adjuncts, the mill dams, we bore their absence with great equanimity. We were also gratified to note that most of the dams had shoots in them, which, while invariably crude affairs and more or less steep and rough in place, especially for small boats, still saved us the trouble of portaging, and afforded us exciting sport in pitching down their steep slopes and plunging violently through the big foam-crested waves at the bottom of each shoot.

The day proved most intensely hot by far the hottest we had had on the cruise, and after successfully negotiating the unusual intricacies of the "big path," which we accomplished by entering the channel almost as close to the right bank, following it as it veered to the middle of the river, and wound through the labyrinth of ugly grinning reefs and small bow-grown isles, and finally emerging with it from the sharp-pointed "sawtooth" ledges into the still water below, close over to the left bank. We were fain to lie by for several hours on a shady bank close to a fine cold spring, while we indulged in a long, luxurious nap, until prolonged sickness and the heat of the day made pass by before resuming our cruise.

We camped that night by a little spring on the side of a steep bank 20 ft. high. There was not a foot of level ground between the water's edge and the top of the bank, and we braced the canvas up alongside of the bank with stones, the gunwale of each boat on the upper side being against the bank, while on the lower side it was so high above the ground that Lacy declared he would have to get a step ladder to get into bed.

A platform of stones was soon heaped together by the side of the spring, upon which the camp stove was placed, and a fire started in it; and in a very short time the appetizing odors of bacon and coffee were diffusing their fragrant aroma about us.

A country, long and narrow, and very fertile, while on the lower side it was so high above the ground that Lacy declared he would have to get a step ladder to get into bed. A platform of stones was soon heaped together by the side of the spring, upon which the camp stove was placed, and a fire started in it; and in a very short time the appetizing odors of bacon and coffee were diffusing their fragrant aroma about us.

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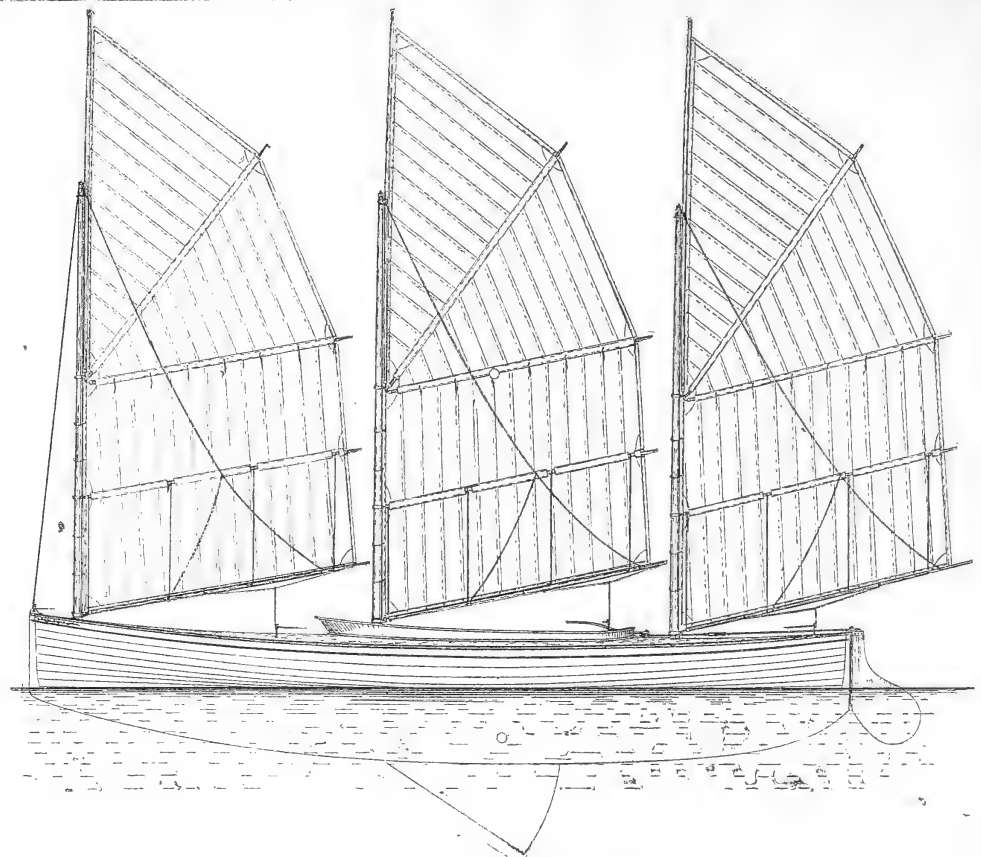
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SAIL PLAN OF CANOE YAWL.

"Look out, Commodore!" yelled George. "You are not going down there again!"

"Certainly I am!" I replied, snapping my hatchets lightly down and pulling the water-proof apron up to my chin. "Come on! it's all right!"

My canoe swooped down over the fall with a dizzying plunge. Her bow went straight out over the edge of the dam until nearly half the boat's length was out of the water and then it dropped with a thud and a shock right into the breast of the huge roller at the foot of the fall, whose white, curling crest loomed up to my astonished eyes apparently as high as the bank.

That fall, high bow, as usual, proved its efficacy, and although a shower of spray flew all over me the water did not roll over my decks any further than to the front end of the forward hatch and I did not slip a drop of water, nor did a single drop shimmer on the blistering hot deck behind me.

I gave a yell of delight as my heavy canoe swooped buoyantly down over the big waves below, and I backed in under the trees close to the bank, and held on by the overhanging branches to see George and Lacy make the passage. Down they came with a slap and a plunge, George in the lead and Lacy following. Each of the sharp-nosed, narrow little Rob Roys dove bodily through the big wave at the foot of the shoot, and the water rolled in a solid sheet a foot deep clear over each canoe from stem to stern.

"Great Scott! Commodore, that's a rough plunge! What do you want to go down such places as that for?" said Lacy, as he and George swung in alongside of me and wrung the water out of their funnel sleeves and mopped their dripping faces. "I took a tub full of water there and I'm wet from head to foot," he continued.

"Me too," said George, as both opened their hatches and proceeded to dip and sponge the water out of their canoes.

"Haven't you better buy this canoe this winter, Lacy, when I sell her?" I asked. "Look at my decks! perfectly dry from the hatches back, and I didn't snip a drop of water. How about that full high bow now, eh?"

"Oh, she's got her good points," he admitted.

"Say, fellows," said George, "I notice that in shooting places like that, if instead of driving your canoe briskly over, you hold her back by pad paddling steadily, and let her slip gently over, she don't ship anything like as much water."

"Yes, I've noticed that too," I replied. "The water seems to slip out from under the canoe and she floats up gently over the waves; whereas, if you push her ahead, she shores her nose right through them."

"I'm hungry! let's lunch somewhere," said Lacy, who was always the first to propose lunch.

"Well, we'll lunch at the old Cedar Point camp ground just around the bend below," I replied, as we got under way again. We easily dropped down over the lower fall and paddled slowly along under a burning sun over the deep, still pool below the dam, and around the high, heavily-wooded point to the left, and beached the boats on a bar of glistening white sand putting out from the point upon which the burning rays of the sun beat fiercely down.

We then opened all the hatches and removed the cargoes, throwing the canoes wide open, and playing the provisions in the shade, while the tents, blankets and extra clothing were spread out on the hot, dry sand to give them a sun bath, (than which nothing is so refreshing to blankets, tents, etc., and to air and dry out the canoes. We then took the mess chest, our camp stools, books and smoking materials and repaired to a nice shady bank, where we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable for the next three hours or so, for it was entirely too hot to think of pushing ahead during the heat of the day.

The true canoeist is never in a hurry. He takes things easily and does not measure a cruise by the number of miles made in a day. He spends more days on the cruise even to the extent of shortening his objective point if time be limited. If the heat is great or a strong headwind prevails he seeks a shady nook and lies by and goes a fishing, or reads an entertaining book, or takes a nap, or does anything except to obstinately push ahead through the heat or work like a cart horse battling against a headwind.

He takes time to explore the attractive little brooks and creeks along the river, frequented only by the muskrat, the duck or the contemplative turtle. He visits places of interest along or near the river, climbs lofty bluffs and gets a view of the country— for he really sees but little of the country through which he is passing from the bottom of the trough in which his cruising stream flows.

He strolls contemplatively through the streets of quaint old towns and villages, and becomes of real benefit to the drowsy inhabitants thereof by affording fresh subjects of conjecture and comment; or finds a lovely camping place and remains quietly there for days if the fancy suits him or the fishing is good. In canoeing is not a rapid sport, like bicycling or driving or riding, but is a quiet, lazy, dreamy sort of existence where just to drop quietly and calmly down the stream, or linger reposefully under breezy, shady trees and listen to the musical splash of the water, the rustle of the leaves and the twittering carols of the birds, in the great big out-of-doors, seems all there is of life for the time being—albeit plentifully interspersed with sport of the most exciting character, if the river be full of rapids and falls, as is the lovely Shenandoah; and the true cruiser takes his cruise as it really should be taken, and avoids that false idea of canoeing—any attempt at making time.

"Boys, although not strictly in the line of my official and professional duties," said I, "I'm going up the hill to the house, there on a foraging expedition, and will bring back a bucket of water with me for lunch."

"That's a laudable enterprise, and one that should meet with all possible encouragement," said George.

"Thanks, yes; you go ahead and open the mess-chest and prepare the lunch while I am gone," said I, picking up a camp-kettle as I spoke and starting off up the hill toward the large handsome white house on its summit.

"Well, what have you got?" said Lacy, who was always hungry, as I reappeared in camp presently, laden with all I could carry. "Ice water, by Jove!"

"And catnip!" exclaimed George.

"And fresh ice!" exclaimed George.

"And tomatoes!"

"And pies!" yelled Lacy in delight.

"Yes, and I've arranged for five dozen nice fresh biscuits, which we can have in an hour," I continued, as, assailed by the boys, I relieved myself of my load, and we attacked our noon-day lunch with a will, for Lacy was not the only hungry one in the party.

Our afternoon's cruise was thorough as wild and apparently unhabited sections of country as though we were completely out of the confines of civilization. For hours we saw no sign of human habitation or presence, and the vast, green solitude of forest and mountain which hemmed the river in on all sides hung over us oppressively with its solemn, majestic repose, broken only by the occasional splash of a fish, the mournful cry of a loon or the far off scream of a fish hawk and the ever present, hoarse, menacing complaint of the river, as it tripped and fell over and among the ledges and rocks that continuously obstructed its progress.

At rare intervals a small house or hovel would appear, surrounded by a barren, rocky clearing on the slope of the mountain—the home of some mountaineer, and generally swarming with slatternly women and dirty children, who eyed us with dull curiosity as we passed by—or a bit of the weather-beaten, moss-grown roof or side of a mill would glance out at us from the dense surrounding mass of green as we shot by—like a familiar face seen hurriedly in the crowded street of a strange city.

We picked our way cautiously through the three miles of falls that extend for that distance above the massive yellow-stained cliff known as the Golden Rocks, and skirted our way along its base over the deep black waters, on whose reflective surface we seemed to float like bubbles in mid air.

A gigantic trestle bridge stretched its spidery filaments seemingly half way to the clouds, across the deep gorge at the head of the cliff (the railroad returning to the river again), and as we approached it, dancing down on the rapids above, a heavy freight engine came hustling out of the depths of the forest, crunched like a ponderous, and went roaring across it, outlined boldly against the deep blue of the sky, and screaming a salute to us as it shot by, which we returned by waving our helmets. This rushing, meteor-like fragment of civilization so suddenly and unexpectedly projected across our vision in the midst of the dense solitude was quite like meeting with an old friend, and we felt our oppressed and drooping spirits quite revived by the incident.

"I was, boys," I exclaimed an hour or so later, as we were paddling along close together in a little bunch over a long, smooth "eddy," our hatches open and our helmets lying before us upon them as we enjoyed the cool shadow of Massanutten, behind whose wall-like crest the sun has dropped. "What's the matter with a canoe club? The Shenandoah Canoe Club, for instance?"

"What's a splendid idea," exclaimed George. "You'll be commodore, of course, in virtue of your having already enjoyed that distinction. I'll be secretary and treasurer, while Lacy will be president and janitor."

"We needn't have any initiation fees nor dues," said Lacy. "Consequently you needn't trouble yourself to give bonds, as your duties and responsibilities will be light."

"I really think it an excellent idea," I continued. "There are two or three other canoeists at home, who of course will be included; and as our club house will be in the river itself, and each man takes care of his own canoe and outfit, I do not see but what your duties, Lacy, will be about as light as George's."

"Well, consider the club duly organized and officered then," said George. "By the way, it's high time we were looking out for a place to camp; it's getting late."

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A SINGLE HAND CRUISER.

WE are indebted to Mr. F. W. Martin, formerly of Clayton, N. Y., for the accompanying handsome designs of a single hand cruiser; the boat though intended for sailing and day cruising only, being built to the full limit of the class of the St. Lawrence River International Skiff Sailing Association, whose headquarters are about Clayton, Brockville and Ogdensburg, on the St. Lawrence River. The lines show a very stylish and serviceable cruiser of the canoe yawl type, of moderate draft, 24 in., and with very good internal accommodations. The boat was designed by Mr. Martin for his own use, sailing by day about the river, with no special regard for cruising and camping out, and the well is very shoal, being above the centerboard trunk; but ample stowage room is provided on each side and in the closed compartments fore and aft, as well as below the floor. Large air chambers are also fitted in the ends. For regular cruising with a crew of two or even three, a different arrangement might be made, the whole space from the trunk to the mainmast being made into a deep well; while the floor would also be lowered on each side of the trunk, and forward of the latter a large cuddy could be fitted up, for bedding, stores, etc., the air tank being dispensed with. In this way, and with a tent over the well, there would be plenty of room by day and night. For long cruises the boat would be still further improved by the removal of the board and the addition of 6 in. of keel, making an extreme draft of 2 ft. 6 in., and giving still more room inside. The rig is very peculiar, but it is designed with the purpose of securing short booms to which the usual hand reefing gear may be easily fitted, which cannot well be done with a very long boom such as is used on the racing skiffs. The three sails are of the same size, 80 q. ft. each, and can be very easily set, reefed, trimmed or stowed by a crew of one. The details of construction are very neatly and carefully worked out, and if followed the result will be a very stylish and shipshape craft. The dimensions are as follows:

Length over all.....	22 ft.
L. W. L.....	22 ft.
Beam extreme.....	4 ft.
L. W. L.....	3 ft. 8 in.
Least freeboard.....	1 ft. 2 in.
Sheer, bow.....	10 in.
Stern.....	4 in.
Draft without board.....	2 ft.
With board.....	4 ft. 4 in.
Fore side of stem to	
Foremast.....	1 ft. 3 in.
Mainmast.....	9 ft. 4 in.
Mizenmast.....	17 ft. 4 in.
Bulkhead No. 1.....	7 ft. 1 1/2 in.
Bulkhead No. 2.....	9 ft. 1 1/2 in.
Bulkhead No. 3.....	15 ft. 4 in.
Bulkhead No. 4.....	17 ft.
Fore end of coaming.....	7 ft. 8 1/2 in.
After end of coaming.....	16 ft. 3 in.
Centerboard slot, fore end.....	9 ft. 4 in.
After end.....	14 ft. 4 in.
Well, width.....	2 ft.
Spars and sails	
Mast, deck to head.....	11 ft. 8 in.
Boom.....	7 ft. 9 in.
Yard.....	9 ft. 8 in.
Battens.....	7 ft. 4 in.
Area.....	7 ft. 2 in.
Total area.....	80 sq. ft.
	240 sq. ft.

MASSASOIT C. C.—The Massasoits turned out in good force on Fast Day, practically opening their season. Aline, newly built by her owner, J. L. Ball, capsized off the South Boston Pier, and Vee Bee (V. B. Johnson) going to Aline's rescue met with a similar disaster. Allan Huro's Sappho ultimately came to the rescue, and the men paddled over to the Low Pasture and got somewhat thawed out from their one hour's immersion. A close call; but we prefer to have our disasters at the beginning of the season.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: J. A. Apollonio Winchester, Mass.; Herbert S. Clarke, Holyoke, Mass. Northern Division: The names credited to the Central Division in our issue, of March 26, elonged, with one exception, to the Northern Division. Atlantic Division: Jas. N. Fuller, Passaic, N. J.

THE ZEREGA SAIL COMPETITION.—The following entries have thus far been received for the hoisting sail competition, for which prizes have been offered by Mr. Zerega: C. J. Stevens, W. T. Wintringham, C. B. Vanx, F. L. Dunnell, L. B. Palmer, G. P. Douglas, H. H. Smythe and Wm. Whitlock.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. H. E., Syracuse, N. Y.—We do not understand your question.

A. S. Mand. Pa.—We will be glad to publish your claim of name. To qualify your dog for exhibition he must be listed with the A. K. C. It will not hurt the puppies to give the mother worm medicine.

F. E. C.—Where is a good place to go for a day's sport, fox or coon hunting? Ans. In its season fair sport at these animals can be had near almost any back town in Connecticut or Massachusetts. Write to J. L. Pratt, Essex, Conn.

SOUTHERNER, Charleston, S. C.—In Woodcraft, "Nessmuk" speaks of "well cleaned angle worms," and says "Do not go in the woods fishing with but a stock of well cleaned angle worms." Will you kindly give manner of cleaning earth worms, and state if they are as lively after cleaning as before? Most of our fresh water fishing here is done with bait, or earth worms, minnows and spinners. Ans. Leave the worms over night in moss. See No. 240 of your "Hints and Points."

J. B. G., Columbus, Texas. Can any thing be put on hooks to attract fish? What is the best way to catch buffalo fish? What are the best and cheapest works on fishing? Ans. 1. The only charm known to us for taking fish is proper bait and tackle. Give us the names of your fish and we will state methods of capture. The catfishes can be readily taken with earth worms, raw liver and most other animal substances. Mr. Albert Turpe, of Brackettsville, Texas, can give you information about your fishing. 2. Buffalo fish do not take the hook freely; they belong to the sucker family and, like the others, are usually caught by seining or spearing. A correspondent has caught buffalo on a minnow or fly-hook baited with lead, fishing on the bottom. The fish, however, is shy and hard to catch. 3. See our advertising columns for list of works on fish and fishing.

D. J. M., Grant's Mills, N. Y.—Does the game law now in force prohibit a mill owner from letting sawdust in a flowing stream of water, the mill having been in use on said stream for a period of 20 years? Ans. Chap. 534, Laws 1874, Sec. 25, as amended by Chap. 430, Laws 1881 (given in the Book of the Game Laws), reads: No person, association, company or corporation shall throw or deposit, or permit to be thrown or deposited, any dye stuff, coal tar, refuse from gas houses, sawdust, lime or other deleterious substance, or cause the same to run or flow into or upon any of the rivers, lakes, ponds, streams, or any of the bays or inlets adjoining the Atlantic Ocean within the limits of this State. Any person who shall violate this section, or any member of any such company, association or corporation who shall authorize and direct such violation, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense. But this section shall not apply to streams of flowing or tide water, nor to the town of French Creek, in Chautauque county, which constitutes the motive power of the machinery or manufacturing establishments, when it is absolutely necessary for the manufacturing purposes carried on in such establishments to run the refuse matter and material thereof into such stream.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanite," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—4 ft.

22-FT. CANOE YAWL. DESIGNED BY MR. F. W. MARTIN.



1st Angler with broken rod;

"Where do you get tackle that will stand such fishing?"

2d Angler;

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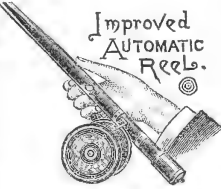
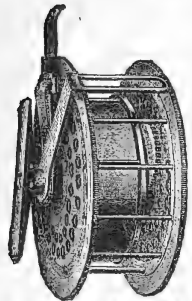
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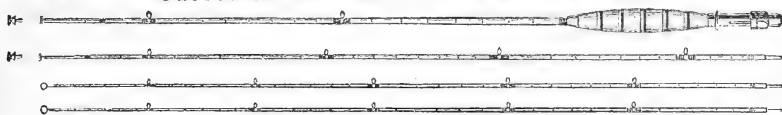
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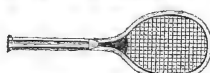
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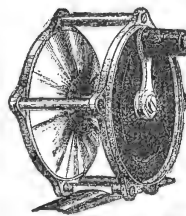
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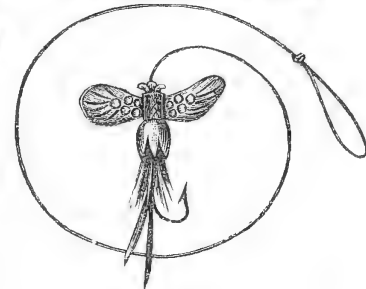
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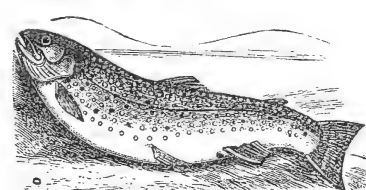
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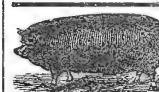
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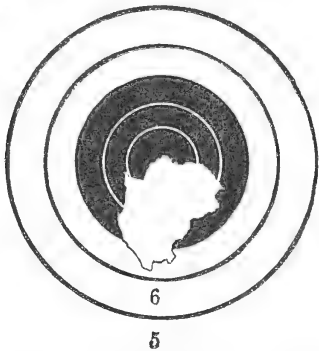
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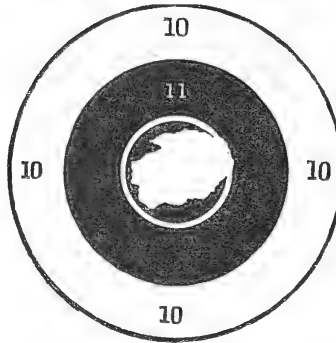
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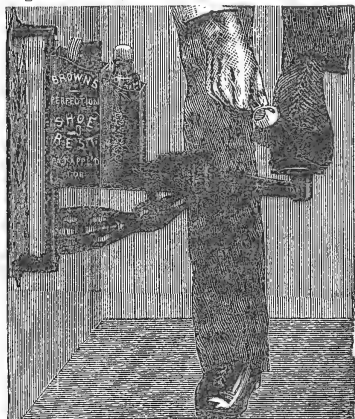
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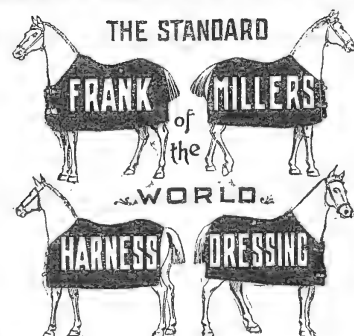
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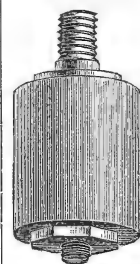
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VOL. XXXVI.—No. 14.
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

never disturbed, and when they are assured of safety in such a locality they become singularly tame. This is shown by the conduct of the elk, deer, sheep and antelope in the National Park, whose lack of fear has been witnessed by many of our readers. We are glad to print the following letter and memorandum, which set forth the plan so far as it is yet developed. Viewed from the standpoint of the biologist, the matter is one of great interest, and it may be hoped that it will be fully discussed in these columns by naturalists.

The position of Amak Island is stated in the memorandum which we print. The Farallone Islands lie in the Pacific Ocean nearly due west of the entrance to San Francisco Bay and about 35 miles from land. These islands have often been visited by naturalists, and recently by Mr. W. E. Bryant, who published an interesting paper giving an account of his visit there. The following letter and memorandum explain themselves:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, JAN. 14, 1891.

The Honorable John W. Noble, Secretary of the Interior:

SIR—Referring to a late conversation, in which you expressed an interest in a suggested plan for enabling the Government to secure a place of refuge for many of the marine mammals now threatened with extinction on our Pacific coast, I have the honor to present to you a memorandum laid before me by some of the most competent experts in the country upon the matter, recommending the reservation of Amak Island, a small, rocky, treeless isle of a few square miles, bordering the Alaskan Peninsula near latitude 55° north, and the well-known Farallone Islands near latitude 38° north. The latter is already, I believe, occupied by the Treasury Department as a station of the Lighthouse Board.

I have not addressed the Honorable the Secretary of the Treasury in the matter, though, if you should think it desirable, I will do so.

I inclose a map showing the exact position of Amak Island, and am, sir, yours very respectfully,

(Signed)

S. P. LANGLEY, Secretary.

Memorandum on the establishment of Natural History Life Reservations in American waters, to prevent the extinction of certain well-known forms of amphibious mammalia.

1. A northern station might be established for the preservation of the walrus (*Odobenus rosmarus*) from impending extinction by the reservation of Amak Island, in Behring Sea, Alaska.

2. A southern station might be established for the preservation of the northern sea lion (*Eumetopias stelleri*), and the California sea lion (*Zalophus gilletti*), from extermination by a prohibition of the right to kill these animals on the Farallone Islands, off the entrance to San Francisco Bay. These islets are special reservations of the Government to-day, and occupied only by the Lighthouse Board servants.

REMARKS.

With reference to the reservation of these stations above located, it may be stated that the title of the land is now held by the Government, and the order of the Secretary of the Treasury, supplemented by that of the Secretary of the Interior, whenever the United States land laws are extended over Alaska, will be all that is required for their control.

It would be necessary on Amak Island to build a keeper's house, supplying him with a small sailboat, provisions and fuel. The cost would be perhaps some \$1,200 annually. The cruising of the Revenue Marine cutters would give this keeper his supplies and enforce the prohibition of killing walrus on this island. These cutters cruise every summer and early fall in these waters of Behring Sea, charged with the duty of protecting the Seal Islands.

On the Farallones the Lighthouse Board has a perfect establishment, and its keeper of the lights might have the extra duty devolved upon him of looking after the preservation of the amphibians above cited.

The sea elephant (*Macrorhinus angustifrons*) of California is now believed to be extinct. This animal, under the circumstances of its breeding, could not very well be saved to-day, even if a few breeders survived.

The sea otter (*Enhydra marina*) of the northwest coast and Alaska is also at the limit of extermination. The reservation of Amak Island would save a few breeders and the species from utter elimination.

With reference to the other forms of marine mammalia in Alaskan waters, it may be truly said that they are not, any of them, in sufficient number or of value enough to tempt the cupidity of the white man. It is unnecessary to attempt saving them, since there is no real danger of their extermination in the present, or the future, as far as we now know. The conditions which operate to save the fur seal from destruction we well know, though they are at the present moment being taxed to their utmost to attain the object of their creation.

The waterfowl of the Pacific Ocean coast and Behring Sea have so many practically inaccessible rocks and cliffs to breed upon, that they are beyond all danger of extermination—there is no helpless bird among them like the extinct giant auk of the Atlantic.

JAN. 14, 1891.—The preceding memoranda are prepared from the statements of naturalists personally familiar with the marine mammals and the Pacific coast, and I recommend them as worthy of confidence. (Signed) S. P. LANGLEY, Secretary.

The islands proposed to be reserved in the plan outlined are valueless from any commercial standpoint, yet, for the purpose indicated, they may be of great benefit to science, and the act of setting them apart as reservations where animal life shall be protected may result in the pre-

servation from extinction of some most interesting mammals. Just as to-day in the Yellowstone Park the visitor may see a few individuals representative of the herds of buffalo which once darkened the Western prairies, so on these tiny islands of the Pacific—if set aside—the naturalist of the future may study forms of ocean life which but for this reservation would have been swept out of existence.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE bill prepared by the codifiers of the New York game laws still hangs fire in the hands of the Senate Game Law Committee, and no man can tell in just what shape it will ultimately reach the Upper House of the Legislature. It is understood that the Senate Committee has determined to amend the section which legislates the present Fish Commissioners out of office, leaving that body as it now stands. They have also decided to leave the deer and the trout law substantially without change. It seems altogether probable that the day of adjournment for the Legislature is not far off, and it is important that this bill should be put in proper shape as soon as possible, so that action may be taken on it before the closing days of the session. As the bill if it passes the Senate must go back to the House and be acted on there, no time should be wasted. It is certainly to be hoped that the bill with proper amendments may become a law. As may be seen by a reference to the *Book of the Game Laws*, the statutes of this State with regard to fish and game are at present a disgrace to a civilized community. Something should be done at once to straighten out and render intelligent and intelligible the obscure, confused and contradictory hodgepodge of enactments which at present are supposed to protect our game and fish.

The account of Mr. Austin Corbin's game preserve in New Hampshire, published in FOREST AND STREAM a short time ago, has excited a widespread interest, and been extensively copied in the newspapers of various towns and cities of the East. It is not strange that this should be the case, for the general public takes a real and lively interest in the preservation from extinction of American wild animals. It is for this reason that the public feels so deep a sentiment about the Yellowstone National Park, but to many people the National Park seems so far off that they feel that they may never get far enough west to see it, while New Hampshire on the other hand is at our very doors, and it may fairly be hoped that when Mr. Corbin's park is fully stocked and in fair running order the general public may be afforded an opportunity to see some of the great mammals of this country in a state of nature.

The enterprise of Californians in all matters affecting the welfare and happiness of the people of their State is proverbial and has been rewarded with most gratifying results. In no respect is this more strikingly manifested than in the efforts to stock open waters with choice fish. The shad and the striped bass now swarm in California bays and rivers, while the black bass and the brook trout have found congenial permanent haunts in the fresh waters. We give in our columns an account, drawn from the last report of the Fish Commissioners, concerning the introduction of several well-known Eastern game fishes by State and individual coöperation.

The dog world of this city and vicinity are watching with interest the progress of the Vredenburg—Peshall libel suit, which as we go to press is being tried before Judge Martine in the Court of General Sessions. A brief report of the proceedings will be found in our kennel columns, but any extended consideration of the matter must be postponed until the case has been decided.

The present month has been marked by an unusual mortality among well-known sportsmen, several of which we chronicle this week. The list includes the veteran who has completed the span of life allotted to man as well as the young man just entering his prime.

Any subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The unavoidably delayed index to Vol. XXXV, is sent out with this issue.

A MARINE RESERVATION.

THE recent establishment of the forest reserve adjacent to the Yellowstone Park, which was brought about largely through the efforts of Secretary Noble, has been welcomed with the warmest interest by a very large class of people. This is a matter which appeals strongly to the naturalists, a small class, to those interested in forest preservation, and finally to the agriculturists and stock raisers of the West, whose business must be ruined unless measures are taken to provide for them a never-failing water supply. It is to be hoped that as time goes on other forest reservations may be established in the Rocky Mountain region. There can hardly be too many of these. We may feel sure that Secretary Noble will do all in his power to forward such action.

It will greatly interest those among our readers who are naturalists—and should interest the sportsmen as well—to learn that the Secretary of the Interior—following out a suggestion made by Professor Langley—has in view the reservation of certain portions of lands and waters subject to the jurisdiction of the United States in the Pacific Ocean so that a chance may be given some of the great ocean animals to be preserved in the future. It is well known that many of the marine animals of the North, especially those which afford valuable fur and oil, are being destroyed at a rate which foreshadows their speedy extinction. While most of these animals are prone to wander great distances from land, and so are exposed to a thousand dangers which would not threaten a land animal on a reservation, and more or less local in its habits, it is nevertheless true that an asylum such as would be furnished by an island or a group of islands might do much toward preserving species which are on the verge of extinction.

Animals soon learn to resort to a place where they are

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE GEN. STRONG.

IN the death of Brevet Brig.-Gen. William E. Strong, of Chicago, as announced last week, the sportsmen of the country, and more particularly of the West, which was his home, sustain a lamentable loss.

His services in the war were briefly referred to last week, but to what was said then may be added the statement that he was with Gen. McPherson from the organization of the Seventeenth Army Corps until Gen. McPherson took command of the Army of the Tennessee and was killed before Atlanta. When that ill-fated officer fell before the fire of the twelve ambushed riflemen upon whom he had blundered while making a reconnaissance, he was accompanied by Gen. Strong, who had at the moment started off in obedience to an order. It was Gen. Strong who caught McPherson's wounded horse, which later died, and it was he also who recovered and brought in the dead body of his commander. Throughout the war he showed himself the noble man and soldier.

It was in January, 1867, that Gen. Strong came to Chicago. He did not resume his law practice, but became connected with the Peshtigo Lumber Co., a large concern operating in the pine forests of Wisconsin. He leaves a widow and three children. He died possessed of considerable property, though he was not so wealthy a man as was generally supposed.

It is in his capacity as a sportsman, however, that he attracts most interest for these columns, and in nothing was he more conspicuous than in his ardent love of field sports and for his proficiency in them. Any weapon fitted his hand. He was a skilled angler, and as a combination rifle and wing shot he had no superior among the amateurs of the West. He pursued birds or big game with almost equal eagerness, and spent a great deal of time in long hunting trips. His outfits for his different lines of sport were very elaborate and well chosen. He was a rover years ago of the mountains and plains of the West and has killed many sorts of big game, chiefly buffalo and elk. He was an old companion of Gen. Phil Sheridan in the West after the war, and the two spent many a week in camp together in successful chase. Gen. Crook was another hunting comrade of his, and when the latter died the loss cut Gen. Strong deeply. Mr. Wirt Dexter, one of the wealthiest and most prominent shooters of Chicago, who died within the year, was yet another shooting friend of General Strong. It is now only about a year ago that Gen. Crook, Gen. Strong and Wirt Dexter made a big hunting trip together to the Indian Territory. To-day not one of these men is alive.

If, however, we wish to find the dearest friend, the esteemed companion and the most frequent comrade on the hunt that Gen. Strong ever had, we shall find him alive to-day, in Chicago, himself gray but still vigorous, and even to-day hardly able to talk of Gen. Strong's death. This is Mr. Alex. Semple, one of the oldest shooters of this city. He was fairly a brother to Gen. Strong, and these have hunted together almost exclusively. On receipt of the news of the General's death a FOREST AND STREAM representative called on Mr. Semple. The latter spoke most feelingly.

"I hunted with Gen. Strong for over 25 years," said he, "and he was the perfect sportsman in every day of all those years. He was a tall, well-made man, strong and vigorous. He was the best all-round shot I ever saw. I don't think his equal existed. He had hunted all over the country. We used to get most of our deer up in Wisconsin, but he had shot all over the Rockies, and killed elk, buffalo, antelope and deer, all through that country. He was as pretty a field shot as ever you saw, and a great duck hunter. He was a member of Tolleston Duck Club, and one of the best of them. He shot all the game birds well, and used to fish a great deal also. He seemed to just naturally love the woods and fields, and he took naturally to all such sports. Many and many is the happy day we spent together. I never knew a friend like him.

"The last hunt we had together," said Mr. Semple, "was in Kansas, the 20th of last November. We went out to Alma, Kansas, and were with Mr. Gleason, who took out some of his dogs for us. We got a good many birds, but the General was not shooting well. I never saw him do so poorly. He was not himself at all. He never expected to get well, and we both knew it, though he did not talk much of it, on my account. I knew what was his trouble. I knew all his family matters. There is no use saying anything except that a good man has left the ranks of sportsmen.

"When the General felt his health failing rapidly, he wanted to go to Florida. His doctor thought he would better go to southern Europe, and I advised him to do this, and got him to take his nephew along. The General's wife and two daughters had been in Europe for some time, and he was to join them and keep to the warmer climates. It broke my heart to see him start, for we both knew he would never come back. When I saw him get on the train, I said, 'That's the last. I will not see him again.' I have the last letter General Strong ever wrote to anybody, and the last telegram he ever sent. He sent them to me from New York before he started across the ocean. I carry them in my pocket. You won't find a kinder letter anywhere than this one he sent me, when he knew it was all up."

By courtesy of Mr. Semple FOREST AND STREAM gives this letter. The sportsman spirit shows through it, even to the last. It reads precisely as follows:

"MURRAY HILL HOTEL, New York, March 13, 1891.

"My Dear Mr. Semple:

"We arrived safely at 7:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The trip was rather tiresome, but I stood it fairly well. I think I notice some improvement in my condition. I am a trifle stronger than when I left Chicago, and my appetite is a little better. I hope when I get on the ocean I will notice still further improvement. I believe I shall.

"We go down to the ship (La Gasconne) in the early morning tomorrow, and sail at 8 o'clock. I will write to you from Italy, or wherever I may be, and keep you advised of my condition. I think I am going to get well and strong again, and expect to be back in Chicago on or before June 1, fully restored to health. I want to have another shoot with you, anyway, perhaps several.

"I want to thank you for all your kindness, thoughtfulness and consideration during all these years that it has been my pleasure to know you. We have had some glorious times together which I shall never forget. You have done very much to cheer me up and make my life happy. I remember it all with pride and pleasure. Your warm friendship and close companionship are treasured in my memory. I send you my heartiest best greeting and my wishes for your health, happiness and prosperity.

"Remember me kindly to Mrs. Semple.

"Yours ever sincerely,

W. E. S."

On the next morning Gen. Strong sent the following telegram to Mr. Semple: "8:03 A. M.—We are about to sail. Feeling better. Good-bye.—W. E. STRONG."

Unquestionably he wrote thus cheerfully to cheer up his old friend. A few days of travel, a few days with his family, happy ones, we hope, and his life was over. A cablegram announced the

fact to the papers in this country. His remains will probably be brought to Chicago, where he has a son living. He died at the age of 51 years.

D. W. CROSS.

VERY many of our readers will learn with keen regret of the death of Mr. D. W. Cross, a veteran sportsman, whose genial, kindly nature and deep interest in all that pertained to his favorite pursuit had endeared him to the wide circle of friends that he had made during a long and honored life.

Mr. Cross died in Cleveland, Ohio, April 9, at the age of 77. He was born in Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1814, was educated at Hamilton Academy, where he was prepared for college, and in 1836 went to Cleveland, where he entered the law office of Payne & Willson, the senior member of the firm being the Hon. H. B. Payne, of Ohio. In the year 1837 he was appointed deputy collector of the port of Cleveland, which position he held for eighteen years. Soon after this he was admitted to the bar and practiced successfully up to the year 1860. In 1855 he began to take an interest in commercial pursuits and gradually devoted less attention to the law and more to business, and as the years went on was prominent in various industrial enterprises in and near Cleveland. A few years ago Mr. Cross suffered from a stroke of paralysis which has confined him to the house ever since. Our last shooting with him was done in the winter of 1884 and '85.

Mr. Cross was a most enthusiastic sportsman, and it would be difficult to mention any man in this country who has done more to raise the tone of sportsmanship. In the old days he was a great deer hunter, and for thirteen successive seasons from 1838 he devoted his vacations and what time he could spare to this fascinating pursuit, in which Oliver H. Peirry was his favorite companion. He was one of the founders of the Winous Point Club, and to his wise counsels the club owed much of the good shooting which its members enjoyed for so many years. He founded and was president of the Oneida Club of New York, and was a member of the Castalia Club of Ohio, the Narrows Island Club of North Carolina, and of many other similar associations. He did much



D. W. CROSS.

for fishculture, and was one of the first to plant the California trout in Ohio waters. In 1881 he purchased three hundred acres of land in Oswego county, N. Y., in the waters of which he planted several hundred thousand California trout.

Mr. Cross studied carefully the food of wildfowl, and did much to introduce the wild rice and the wild celery in regions where they had hitherto been unknown.

The preserves of the Winous Point Club are at the head of Sandusky Bay, and at the mouth of the Sandusky River, and comprise several thousand acres of marsh and feeding grounds adapted to every variety of wildfowl, especially of canvasback and redhead ducks.

Soon after the establishment of this club, Mr. Cross began the careful study of the habits of the different species of water fowl that resorted to these extensive marshes. He soon discovered that the food that attracted them here and that made it a resort of such vast numbers of game birds, both in spring and fall, was the bulb and tender leaves of the wild celery. He learned, too, that the seed of the wild celery could be gathered in October, and when planted in suitable water with mud bottom would grow well and attract the ducks in their annual passage to and from the breeding grounds. This food is found in many places in this country, especially in the Chesapeake Bay and in Currituck Sound in North Carolina, on the extensive preserves of the Narrows Island Club, where the canvasback, redhead, widgeon, wild goose, brant and swan resort to feed and fatten on the succulent bulb. Of this latter club Mr. Cross was long a member, and there at the age of seventy years he brought down a wild swan.

Among the attractive food for the geese, swan, canvasback, widgeon, pintail, teal and mallard, aside from the wild celery, Mr. Cross noted in the water of Sandusky Bay the marsh potato or the bulb of the arrow head, and the tender water plant known as the *anacharis*, found also in abundance in the preserve of the Narrows Island Club.

Having made the food and habits of water fowl a successful study, he utilized it in his pursuit of game, and at the request of his sportsmen associates he was induced to compile his knowledge in his book, "Fifty Years With Rod and Gun," published in Cleveland. In this book he approximated the flight of birds per second, and the projection of different sizes of shot at various initial velocities, which in the tables prepared would show very nearly where and how to hold to enable the hunter to kill his game.

He devoted much time toward perfecting the game and fish laws of Ohio, and was always an uncompromising advocate of fish and game protection, believing that the sportsman of the era of abundance should yield something unselfishly to the sportsman of the future. He believed fully in artificial culture of food fish, and was in favor of stringent laws for its advancement and protection. He invented sandals studded with hob

nails, to be worn on rubber boots in fishing on rapid and stony trout streams, as a protection against slipping and to preserve the boots. He also devised a mode of safely carrying an extra tip in a water-tight copper tube, inserted in the hollow staff of his landing net, which has been quite extensively used by anglers.

Mr. Cross was a versatile writer, mostly in the interests of sportsmen; but among his most noteworthy productions was his personal reminiscences of the Canadian rebellion, during the administration of Sir Francis Bond Head, while Governor of the provinces of Upper Canada, which was published in the *Magazine of Western History*.

Personally Mr. Cross was a most charming man. He took the readiest interest in all matters pertaining to sport, and was always glad to assist others with his great stores of information. His death leaves a vacancy that it will be hard to fill.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN MY BOAT HOUSE.

STAUICH old canoe,
We've had some pleasant times, we two,
In autumn days when Nature's book
Was bound in gold and blue.
What rocky cove or rushy bay
But saw our lazy shadow stray
Over the languid grass,
Or flashing of our silver hook
And now and then a sullen bass
Come, fighting all the way.
Ah, me! old boat, how swiftly speed
Our yellow Indian summer days.
How soon the tawny gold and red
That made the maples all ablaze,
In rain of withered leaves was shed:
And autumn time was dead.
Would that to-day as swiftly flew
These laggard hours so long and slow:
For many a month must come and go
Ere I set sail again with you,
Stout old canoe.

Brave old canoe,
I shall not soon forget, nor you,
That day of all our autumn days
When she was with us too.
Ah! still I see her sitting there,
The yellow sunlight in her hair,
As in and out the dimpled bays
We drifted, careless where.
Our lines were never even wet—
You thought it quite absurd, I knew;
Mayhap it was, and yet—and yet
Though she forgot and went her way,
The queer thing is I can't forget.

Ah! well-a-day!
Hereafter we will go—we two—
Dear old canoe.

M. M. CLASS, JR.

BETWEEN TWO RIVERS.

THERE is a vast deal of wilderness in Sullivan county, N. Y., and will be when the people of these United States outnumber the population of China. The surface conformation affords great variety, with hill and rock for the predominating features. To one whose acquaintance with the region is limited to the vicinage of Monticello and the lakes this may seem like libel, but the upper crust of the town of Thompson is not the whole of Sullivan county, and even here the stubborn soil demands of the farmer something more energetic than implied in the phrase, "tickling with a hoe." Excepting more or less soft spots here and there, sister townships present a face of adamant to the agriculturist. Great boulder-strewn barrens, thousands of acres, are sacred to scrub oak, sweet fern and huckleberry bushes, sentinelled with rock pines, jagged, starved looking and consumptive.

These dismal barrens terminate when a more ambitious growth rises, generally in a straggling manner, to forest height and girth. Woods extend over hill and dale for miles, little of which is now forest primeval. The increasing demand for sleepers, ties and telegraph poles, promotes close inspection of the hard wood growth, oak and chestnut especially, and often when the game seeker is indulging himself with the fancy that he is an explorer he meets with a stump on which the axe has left its destructive seal.

Occasionally one meets with natural groves of rock maple, lifting aloft their foliage crowns until they seem strangely small for the nourishment of such mighty poles. Wide areas are studded with giant evergreens, a few pines, but mostly plebeian hemlocks. In many of the hollows lie extensive laurel swamps, swales and bogs, surrounded by wilderness so utter that the bellow of a moose, or the sight of one digging for pond lily roots on the margin of a peaty pool, would seem in keeping with the rest.

A few stout hearted sons of toil have their clearings here and there, and wage endless battle to keep wild nature sufficiently subdued to grow at least a portion of their sustenance, usually gleaned amid a stout annual growth of oak and hickory shoots.

During the early decades of the century when as a boy the poet Saxe was helping to extend his father's clearing near Monticello, the population of the county increased rapidly. Almost every man was a woodman and hunter, and the woodland life shrank before them, some species quite disappearing. When our people learned of the great wealth that lay in the fertile bosom of the West, a reaction came. The young men of the hilly East relinquished their assaults on the forests, tired of struggling with stumps and stones, they began an exodus to the alluvial timber bottoms of Ohio and Indiana, and to the inviting sward of the prairie.

At the same time, the diversifying and rapidly growing volume of national industry attracted the brain and brawn of old Sullivan to more profitable employment than the tillage of their native fields.

As might be expected, this reaction had a marked effect on the native fauna. By confining themselves to the forest they enjoyed comparative immunity from pursuit by human foes. Adaptation to change in environment due to the presence of civilized man took place. Many localities in the Eastern and Middle States now swarm

with wild beasts, when such animal life was almost exterminated there sixty or seventy-five years ago.

Between the Mongaup and Neversink rivers, with Thompson township on the north, and Deepark, Orange county, for its southern boundary, lies the township of Forestburgh. It is a natural game preserve, where thrive in relative abundance deer, two varieties of black bears, "hog-backs" and "racers," the latter occasionally attaining a weight of seven or even eight hundred pounds. Foxes, lynxes and wild cats prey upon two kind of hares or rabbits as popularly called.

The streams team with trout, the numerous ponds with pickerel, perch, eels, etc., while muskrats, mink and otter are frequent near the water, the latter sometimes attaining a weight of fifty pounds. Here also resort numerous water-fowl, including heron, cranes, geese, ducks and loons. One or more pairs of the latter (great northern divers) haunt every considerable pond to the terror of the camper-out unfamiliar with their weird night cries.

Within recent years the foxes have so multiplied that as their tracts in the snow reveal, the woods are fairly overrun with them, and the word is that they are exterminating the gray rabbits. Apparently the large white rabbits are too much for reynard, since he passes over their trails with indifference, but meeting the trail of a gray rabbit he follows it up. Sometimes the victim is caught napping on the lee of a bush or boulder, or allows himself to be entrapped in the hollow end of a rotten log. The white rabbit is both swift and alert; he lies on the slopes, and when pursued scuds down into the laurel swamps. If a dog be in his wake he circles about wildly and is easily shot.

Two years ago grouse were plentiful, but for some reason their scarcity was remarked last winter. The foxes are charged with being their wholesale destroyers during the nesting season; doubtless the foxes do their share, but two mild winters in succession had the effect of multiplying the number of rodents and snakes, and grouse nest on the ground. Inference is easy.

This between-rivers wilderness is a favorite retreat for hunted game from all quarters. Bear and deer frequently cross the Delaware to the New York side, a large proportion of them find their way into the region lying between the Neversink and Mongaup and remain there.

The bears of Forestburgh are not easily brought to bag. In the first place they are excessively timid. They are not hunted with much success until snow falls, after which they hole up for winter or confine their movements to the center of some almost impenetrable swale, whence they are not easily expelled. In case a routed bear persists in the fatal desire to return to its quarters he soon falls a victim, provided the hunter understands his business. One of the best hunters in Forestburgh, after routing a "racer," pursued the quarry for three days and gave up, his nearest approach being at the outset.

The slaughter of deer by hounding them in the deep snow, especially when the rivers are frozen over, is a thing of the past in Forestburgh. That clause of the New York game laws which closes the season for deer hunting on November 1 prevents the cruel practice. The law is a great mercy to the deer, and is generally satisfactory to sportsmen, but the backwoods folk who were accustomed to fresh venison throughout the winter feel differently.

A short time ago a party from Fort Jervis spent a day in Forestburgh searching for bear tracks. They were accompanied by "Lu" Boyd, who now rejoices in the title of "Chief Game Keeper of Hartwood Park." Lu had his hound in leash. A light snow had fallen during the preceding night, and the party crossed the trails of five deer, two of which they saw standing within easy rifle range, while the dog was yelping and plunging to get after them.

"Act as if they know the law is on," said Boyd. "By hang! if I were alone," he muttered. Even the lawyer had to struggle against temptation. By the way those Jersey nimrods who invaded Hartwood Park on or about Thanksgiving, capturing a deer or two, will eventually pay well for their venison. The sheriff of Sullivan county has in hand certain papers, the service of which it will be hard to evade.

The popular notion that the deer flies terror-stricken before the hounds is a misconception, at least as regards the deer of this region. "By hang!" declares Boyd, "I've seen 'em fairly play with the dog." However that may be, they do not seem to be much afraid when followed by a dog. The hound is a rather stupid fellow and goes baying and floundering with nose down, stumbling into all sorts of tangles and has to push his way through the low scrub. A pursued deer passes over all these obstacles without difficulty, and sometimes he will wait until the dog approaches within a few rods, then bound lightly away.

If the hound catches a glimpse of the quarry and attempts to follow by sight he is soon hopelessly left behind. Frequently the scent is lost at the same time, and the humiliated canine has to face the anger of his disgusted master. A good many dogs have died young in the wilds of Forestburgh for failing to stay by the game.

When the dog cannot be thrown off in this way, the Forestburgh deer proceed to play a trumphy which, if not shot down on the runways, he usually secures the winning trick. He turns in the direction of one or the other river and crosses the Mongaup into lumberland or the Neversink toward Mamakating. After a sojourn of a few days he returns.

It is easy to start a deer in Forestburgh but it generally requires "head work" to effect a capture, and each one slain represents, on an average, a deal of toil and woodland science as well. The man who does the killing may not be in it. Yet those stationed on the runways have need for quick eyes and must be ready for a snap shot. When the man who has been doing the hard work is met with the solemn assurance that nothing has passed it is exasperating. On the other hand it is extremely mortifying when the man who was relied upon to do the killing is forced to admit that a stag just went by without being seen by him. It happens so often enough.

Within recent years a species of animals of foreign origin and fearful ferocity have taken up their quarters in Forestburgh. These are the descendants of the Black Forest boars that a few years since escaped from the Plock estate on the side of the Shawangunk Mountains near Port Jervis. The known presence of a genuine mountain cat could hardly make the mere deer slayer more uncomfortable in Forestburgh than does the fact

that "wild hogs" are prowling around. The animals whose ancestors the Cæsars were wont to chase in the forests of Illyria, are reputed no less dangerous than the mountain lion.

The boars of Forestburgh, however, have thus far proved excessively shy. Last November a sow weighing two hundred pounds was shot on the margin of a big swale into which the numerous drove to which she belonged plunged immediately afterward. Food is plentiful at present, but doubtless when their numbers press on the margin of subsistence their native savagery will reveal itself, for these creatures have come to stay.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

LET us stop an instant in the middle of these tales of sport and adventure, tales of hotel life and of the lonely camp-fire, and talk about the people that we meet. "The noblest study of mankind is a man" is a quotation as trite as it is true, and the traveler or sportsman who fails to study the specimen of humanity with whom he comes in contact loses some of the profit and much of the pleasure of life.

I have been going through a portion of the country where the stranger is seldom seen, where customs are quaint and curious, where the people know little or nothing of the great outside world,

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

One evening I stopped at a little mountain settlement and put up my faithful Rosinante at the only farmhouse in the neighborhood where a poor wayfarer could look for accommodations. The napkinless board, the fat bacon, and the half dozen children that clambered over the table took away my appetite and after supper I "took in" the dance, the only amusement that the place afforded. The hall was rough and the crowd rougher, but there was enjoyment in the scene. In one corner of the hall there was a box fenced off and this I was informed was the "baby bin." Its use was subsequently discovered. Soon the people began to arrive. The country, for miles up and down the valley, turned out *en masse*. There were women in calico, men in overalls and blue flannel shirts, babes in short dresses and babes in long dresses, and "kids," not boys and girls, of both sexes, all ages and every condition of servitude. The floor of the baby bin was rapidly covered with shawls and coats, and as the little tots became sleepy they were unceremoniously tossed within the inclosure to sleep until the revels were over.

The bishop entered and there was silence for an instant while he implored the divine blessing upon the revels. Then the accordions screeched and the fiddles shrieked and one barbarian yelled, "Come on Susan, let's raise hell," and they raised it literally. I wondered whence the whisky came, as there was no saloon in the settlement, but all the men were gloriously full, and the little boys stole the bottles and soon were in a more maudlin state of intoxication than were their elders. I afterward ascertained that a woman, near the bridge, purchased a barrel of \$1.25 whisky just before Christmas, and her profits, on Feb. 1, amounted to \$600 and the liquor was not half consumed. That was great whisky. An old Frenchman near by had inflammatory rheumatism and determined to take an alcohol sweat. He got a quart of the spirits, put it under his chair, wrapped blankets about him and applied the match, but the fluid would not ignite. Then his wife put in a shovel of live coals. They sizzled and went out. Frenchy lost patience.

"Marie, Marie, tak out de co-als! Ah'll trink de stuff."

The dance went on, hour after hour, quadrille following quadrille in monotonous succession. When all the men were intoxicated or played out the bishop returned thanks and the party broke up.

The next afternoon I walked up Bullion Cañon. It was a six-mile, uphill tramp, but it was one of the most delightful walks of my life. Beside me the brook roared, danced and flung itself into a foaming fury. The lofty rocks stood like black sentinels in the outlying waste of the snow and the great pines were silver with the frosts of winter. Now the trail was crossed by the sharp-cut hoof print of a deer and now the sprawling mark of the mountain lion was imbedded in the drift. Beside me a noisy crowd of Rocky Mountain jays quarreled and chattered, and snow birds flitted in and out among the bushes.

At length I reached the mine and asked for Mr. Ferguson. He was pointed out to me. By the way, I looked as seedy as a thoroughbred knight of the road, and if I had presented myself in FOREST AND STREAM'S sanctum in such a condition, I would have been kicked out as an impecunious book agent.

"Mr. Ferguson?" said I.

"Yes, sir."

"Can I get a job?"

"I'm not going to put on any more men for a month."

"Fine mine you have here."

"Pretty fair."

"How far in is your lower tunnel?"

"About 1,100ft."

"How about that native silver strike that you made last week and that you've been keeping so quiet?"

"Oh! there's nothing in it."

"Well, now about that 60 per cent. galena lode in the 220-foot level?"

"See here, young man, what paper do you represent?"

"What makes you think I'm a newspaper man?"

"Oh, I piped off those gold specs and that long lead pencil in one pocket and the note book in another, and you don't want a job any more than I do. Now what's the paper?"

"The Salt Lake Tribune."

"All right. Go down to the bunk house, get your feet warm, and after supper you'll go home with me and spend the night."

He gave me his own horse and walked down the cañon while I rode through the gathering gloom. Three miles down the creek we stopped. The exterior of the house was not different from others I had seen in the Southern settlements, but within—I had seen nothing like it in six weeks. It was a home. There were Eastern papers and magazines on the table and there were the comforts of life, and when we sat down to a late supper there was snowy linen and no greasy bacon, and more than all, there was a hostess in every sense of the word. Why, it

was almost as enjoyable as a trip East to meet once more with people who could think and talk and who knew something.

After that I wandered often up the cañon. Sometimes the blinding banks of snow would drift down from the mountain and then there would be warm days, and bye and bye I saw a flock of geese fly northward through the Sevier Valley, and behind them were a pair of sandhill cranes. In the leaveless sarvice berries sang a thrush and before me hopped a robin, and I knew that the winter was going and that soon I could get through the lofty passes of the Rockies and down to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. But if I can I will camp for a month this summer on Bullion Creek and catch the gamy trout and hunt the deer and the bear and fill my herbarium with the beautiful flowers that grow on alpine summits and follow the receding snow.

It was the last Sunday night of my stay in the Bullion district. The morning had been spent in the assay office and my mind was a confused whirl of grams and milligrams, of sulphates and nitrates, of chlorides and bromides, of antimonial and galena compounds, and I wanted a change. I rapped on the door of Mr. Ferguson's house. Around the fire his family was sitting and the conversation drifted to the ever enjoyable subject of game and fishing. Mrs. F. told of the beavers that she had seen just up the creek. An irrigating ditch had been taken out and the diversion of the water almost drained a pool where the beavers lived. They went up above the ditch, cut stakes about 2ft. in length, drove them vertically into the ditch, made a dam and ran the water over the bank right down into their old haunts.

Mr. Holderman then told of his first experience with a bear. When he first came out to the wild country he went on a deer hunt with a man named Callaway. Just at night a storm came up and they had to camp against trees with their blankets over their heads for protection against the rain. About midnight the dog charged into the brush and commenced to bark furiously.

"I can tell that it's a bear by the way that dog acts," said Callaway. Holderman tried to light a fire while his partner stood guard with a rifle. Nearer came the noise. They crouched behind the big pine, a rifle pointing out at each side. At length the dog ran whining to them, behind him was a small animal no bigger than a cat. It had no protection but its own quills and was commonly called a porcupine.

At another time Holderman went out and saw a bear. He succeeded in wounding it, but it escaped and he gave it a long chase. Finally he thought he had found it. He heard a rustling in the bushes and fired at the sound. As a result he had to pay for a poor widow's only pig. But practice makes perfect, and to-day Mr. Holderman is one of the most expert and successful sportsmen in the whole region.

BULLION CAÑON, Utah, Feb. 19.

SHOSHONE.

THE IMITATION SPORTSMAN.

BT THE AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDAL TOUR OF THE KENNEDYS."

THE other evening I was sitting by Henry's side at our comfortable hearthstone sewing, and looking over at him I saw he was reading the FOREST AND STREAM, and my thoughts naturally took me back to our first housekeeping in a tent, and by the time I had about reached the doxology of that episode, "How good, O Lord, that we commenced our life in the Garden of Eden," Henry gave a great snort over his paper, and I knew he must be having a little fun while his suffering family was stitching its eyes out in patient silence. So I went and looked over his shoulder and saw him reading the "Answers to Correspondents." Now, Henry is an irreverent man and sometimes laughs at things his superiors seen no fun in. There was only a little question about whether or not sportsmen's axe No. 2 was well liked by the fraternity, and I am sure this was one of the things Henry did wrong to laugh at, for you, Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, answered in your gravest, courtliest manner that it was. I asked Henry what a sportsman's axe No. 2 was, and he said it was a little saved off axe about as big as a hatchet attached to a leather belt trimmed with Hamburg edging.

After little he asked me if he had ever told me about George Devoy. And then, when I replied that he had not he laid down the paper and began to tell me about him. I wish to preface his story by saying that I think Mr. Devoy a very nice gentleman, and that my husband took advantage of his credulity as he has done with others equally as good as himself, although I name no names.

"Many years ago, my dear," he said, "when you were a little girl in short dresses, I met Mr. Devoy through my clerical connection with the office of a great railway magnate. My position on that railroad was humble—Third Past Assistant Keeper of the Book of Car Numbers—my salary was small, and my office on the top floor in a back room at a plain open-front desk; whereas Mr. Devoy was private secretary of the Supreme Grand Master himself, he of the frowning glance, the set eye, the iron jaw and the special car. His salary was commensurate with the reflected glory of his office, and he sat in a swing-back office chair with a red velvet cushion and made out passes with an air that has never been equaled since Hector was a small child. Now, there was a fellow in my office named Warner, who used to go hunting with me when he could get away and spent his other time doing some of the real work of a railroad, but who was never so busy but that he was ripe for mischief, especially when the Supreme G. M. was out on the road in his car. And one day he brought me Mr. Devoy and gave him to me body and soul for eight delicious weeks. He introduced me to him with an unwarranted tribute to my skill as a sportsman, which gave me a suspicion that something was in the wind, and in the course of conversation Warner, who was my superior in years, position, sportsmanship and all things else save goodness, paid such studied deference to my opinion, my slightest suggestion on matters of the chase, that I was not wholly off my guard when he finally explained that himself and Mr. Devoy were planning their fall vacation, and had concluded to try and get me to accompany them on account of my knowledge of the game resorts, skill with the shotgun, etc., etc.; and I said that I would think it over.

"Well, I thought it over in Warner's company, and the result was that I named a deep pine forest in northern Michigan as the objective point, the paradise of all the paradises of the sons of guns of the earth. Quail? The

Natural History.

BIRD NOTES FROM MISSOURI.

THE past winter with us here along the great Mississippi has been a season of peculiarly high temperature, and is the third one of consecutive mild winters. The mercury has remained above zero most of the time, and another uncommon feature of the season is the absence of snow and rain. For three years we have had very dry weather, and all the rivers, lakes and ponds have remained low. Some inland lakes have gone entirely dry, and thus the feeding grounds of thousands of ducks have disappeared. And this leads us on to the question that is being asked in many parts of our land: What has become of the wild ducks? All along this splendid valley of the Mississippi there were, but a few years since, thousands of all kinds of ducks, but now they are seen only in reduced flocks. Lately I have observed gangs of a dozen or more mallards flying along the Des Moines, and I recently saw eight canvasbacks sailing up the Mississippi. Wild geese reappeared in February. One flock which remained on the wheat fields here must have had three or four hundred fowls in it.

Some time ago FOREST AND STREAM asked if quail ever collected in great flocks. My observation and study of bird and animal life justifies the statement that almost all species of birds at times unite their companies into one grand brigade. This may be due to certain laws of migration, or owing to peculiar seasons. In early December I saw a vast flock of grouse which must have numbered two thousand birds. This truth is followed by another one no less apparent that there are but very few flocks of small numbers. Quail in this region used to form themselves into immense aggregations. I have observed several flocks in one, and have counted as many as fifty-five birds in one body.

While visiting in several counties in this State this winter, I found that in some localities there were scarcely any rabbits, while in other places more favorable for their existence and protection these animals were flourishing in plentiful numbers.

The winter has been rather kind to all bird life in this latitude, 40° north. Some kinds that are migratory have remained here all winter. I have seen many red-headed woodpeckers, robins and bluebirds. Some February days were of summer warmth, and a few birds that forsake this region for a warmer clime, made the mistake of undertaking the return journey too soon. On the 26th of that month I saw the first meadow lark of the year. There was a freezing cold storm from the west, and the poor lark was seeking shelter on the warm side of an embankment. How I pitied it. The lark is the very earliest migratory bird we have to return from its southern home. Other birds are influenced by these severe changes of the weather, and many of them perish of cold. This is particularly true of the swallows which are deceived by the early warm days of spring, followed by cold storms. Upon several occasions I have found many swallows and other small migratory birds which had perished from storms and cold.

Aside of the climate we now now have an additional enemy of our native birds in the English sparrow. They should be killed without mercy. I have raised the black flag in dealing with them, and I have enlisted for the war in exterminating this pest.

ALEXANDER, Mo.

JASPER BLINES.

SOUNDS OF WOODCOCK AND SNIPE.

HALIFAX, N. S.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 5 a writer quotes as follows: Remembering that the bleating of the snipe is only heard when the bird is rushing downward, with quivering wings and spread tail, I think the evidence pretty good that the sound is not vocal, and extracts are given, from Darwin, to explain why the feathers make the noise.

Now, with all due respect, quotations and extracts and theories are all very well in their way, but actual, personal observations are, I think, much better, and with your kind permission I wish to make a few remarks that I trust will be taken by your readers in a kindly manner, as they are intended by me.

Before me is a bound book, printed in London, in the old English style, called the "Universal Sportsman," in 1799, and turning to page 540 I take the following: Woodcock: "It is common to see them in pairs at the morning and evening flights and to hear them, when flying, make a small piping noise, although at other times they are quite mute."

Here, you will note, is authority that 92 years ago it was conceded that the woodcock did make a piping noise and, without doubt, it is meant for a vocal sound.

Now, regarding snipe, with quivering wings, spread tail, etc., I claim the booming is made at dusk, and long after dark, when the birds are flying around in circles overhead (just as the chimney swallows act in the daytime), and that it is impossible for one to see the snipe with the naked eye, let alone to be able to describe "the quiver of the wings and the spread of its tail," and that you may judge I will mention a few scores from my journal so you may see how fairly plenty the birds were and what chances I had of taking notes:

Aug. 8 and 9, '84—Major Walker and self, at Saint Julian's marsh, killed 33 snipe, 6 cock, 1 rail; Aug. 29 and 30—15 snipe, 4 rail, 5 bittern, 27 yellowlegs; Sept. 20 and 21—Capt. Lousada and self, at Saint Julian's, killed 73 snipe, 3 rail, 1 bittern, 1 teal, 1 cock; Sept. 27, 28 and 29—62 snipe, 9 yellowlegs, 2 rail, 5 bittern, 1 cock.

Now, in the evenings, when the shooting was over, guns cleaned, and things fixed up for the morning, I would go down to the marsh, sit myself down, light my pipe, and lay me back and pass the time in listening to the snipe, flying round and round overhead, going *who—1, 2—who—1, 2—who—1, 2—who—1, 2*, and they would keep up this booming, I call it, continuously (count 1, 2 between the sounds, which gives pause made by birds between them), and although the birds would sometimes seem to be close above my head, yet I can honestly say that I never saw one of them, and any one who has laid out on the marshes after dark to shoot the dusky duck when they are coming down from the fresh-water lakes to feed will back me up that it takes a keen eye to see them, and quick eye and hand combined to get on and bring them down, and if big objects like these are so hard to detect, I fail to see how such a small one as the snipe can be placed and the spread

of wings and tail noted. Here, too, you will hear the squeak of the great blue heron as he slowly wends his way to some favorite fishing stand, and if he should come within range, well overhead between you and the dark sky, a charge of No. 4 shot intended for a dusky duck will double him up, and down he will come with a dull thud to the marsh below.

Many and many an evening have I spent up to my knees in water, crouching down among the reeds and flags, waiting for the duck, and hearing the snipe, circling about, with their slow monotonous *who, who, who, who*; and any one who has listened and heard this sound would never for an instant confound the noise with the movement of their wings, as it goes far too slowly. The wings could not make this peculiar vocal note, and the bird would have to flap or move them with more rapidity or else he could not keep himself up in the air, and if moved rapidly the sound produced would be a whirl or rushing noise, and not by any means of the same description as the vocal *who, who*. If some of us agree that the snipe is able and does produce or make one vocal sound, which is *sneep*, and which we are able to note, as it is done in daylight and under our eye, why insist that the other notes he may utter, must be caused by the wings. Surely, if the bird makes one vocal sound he is quite capable of making others. I have seen them in the daytime in whisps, flying about and going *sneep, sneep*, and marked them pitch right down in front of me, in the flags and rushes; but I have yet to hear them bleat or boom when descending in the daytime. On the contrary, all the sounds that I have ever heard in daytime has been their vocal *sneep*, except that on Aug. 11, 1885, when shooting on the marsh—our shooting began then Aug. 1—I heard about and around me *who, who, who*, only not in very loud notes, and for quite a while was puzzled until I found running about at my feet three tiny young snipe, which must have been a very late or possibly second brood.

Something new in bird life and nature is cropping up every day. A short time ago one of your esteemed correspondents was astonished to find that the woodcock could and did actually "cock his tail up over his back and strut." Another was delighted to find that this wonderful bird had a "song equal to the lark," and yet another testifies that he saw the bird flying about in the daytime uttering vocal notes like *creeke, creeke*, and all these gentlemen were quite right.

I sincerely trust they and others will continue their interesting notes taken in the fields from nature, and not from books and theories.

H. AUSTEN.

HABITS OF THE RACCOON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Zs. G. Lathrop's article in FOREST AND STREAM, entitled "Coons Catch Rabbits," he says he would like to know if others have noticed "anything like this." Some time ago I was talking with a man who used to make a good living by trapping fur-bearing animals and shooting ruffed grouse for the market.

In speaking of the habits of the coon he asked me whether I knew that they sometimes caught rabbits in the snow. I told him if they did it was something new to me. He said he came by the knowledge in this way: One winter about five years ago he was up in Mt. Discovery (a mountain north of Boquette River, below Elizabethtown, New York) looking for coons that might have come out during the warm days. He followed one coon track, which left the rocks of the mountain side and joined a rabbit runway, which led into a swamp. At a place in the swamp beside the runway were the remains of a rabbit that had been killed and eaten by the coon. I asked him whether he thought the coon had run by scent or sight. He said it was his opinion that the coon had followed the runway into the swamp and waited for a rabbit to pass by. The rabbit, probably being overcome with fear, fell an easy victim to the coon, just as we have seen rabbits terror-stricken when suddenly confronted by a dog. He set a trap here at the remains of the rabbit and caught a coon soon after.

This coon had not carried his prey off to water for the purpose of washing it before eating, as there was no open water anywhere near.

What tactics the coon employed in taking his prey remains for some one else to tell us.

C. M. DUBOIS.

ESSEX, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 26 Mr. Burnham expresses the opinion that coons do not eat during the winter. Having had a little experience with coons I want to tell what I know about them.

While hunting rabbits this winter I tracked a coon to a hollow tree, and as it was but a short distance from home I caught him alive and took him home. I put him in a box with a hole in the side and chained him to the box. He could move about 6 ft. on either side of the box, and would come out every night except on very cold nights. He never stirred from the box in the day time, except two or three times on rainy days. Food was placed in the box and would be eaten every night except on very cold nights. I do not think a coon becomes really torpid when lying up in cold weather, for no matter how cold the weather is when you find a coon in a tree he is always sufficiently alive to put up a good hard fight. When this coon of mine was lying apparently asleep it was only necessary to touch him to cause him to spring up business end to the front, ready for a fight.

In regard to their catching rabbits I am sure it is not common for them to do so. I have hunted rabbits since I was a foot high in a locality where coons are plenty and have never seen or heard of coons disturbing them. As coons will eat meat of any kind I have no doubt they would kill rabbits if they "got the drop" on them. They couldn't catch them otherwise. A pet coon will clean out a poultry yard quicker than a mink.

EAGLE ROCK, Pa.

EARLY BIRDS.—A son of Mr. E. S. Balcome, of this town, found on his father's farm last Friday—April 10—a ground bird's nest with four little chicks in it. Everybody can have the first robin—they are so common that we never care to lay claim to them—but a whole nest full of young birds on the 10th of April certainly entitles the mother of that family to "the worm."—*Canton (N. Y.) Commercial Advertiser, April 15,*

ground was covered with them. Ruffed grouse? They weighted the branches of the trees to the ground. Deer were plentiful and to be had for the asking; and fish—knowing that here I had a foundation of real fish to build upon I straightway put more fish in the northern peninsula of Michigan than there is water there to hold them.

"In the course of our talks about the trip he told me about his gun; and I will say right here that if some evil influence had not possessed some old uncle or grandfather of Devoy's to leave him that old Westley Richards, with its combination rim-fire hammers, you might have known him all your life and never have suspected he was eloquent; you might have passed him every day and admired his fine face and faultless attire without knowing that the real attractiveness and fascination of the man lay in his graphic descriptions.

"I confess to a somewhat hyperbolic reference to the game preserves of Michigan, and trust my sin will be remembered against Warner; but when Devoy turned loose that old sway-back, mule-eared, scatter-bored shotgun at me, he made me feel as if I hadn't told enough, and that I owed it to myself to inform him that buffaloes were frequently seen near Kalamazoo. He lied for himself up to eighty yards, and from there up to a hundred and fifty put it on to his poor old uncle. And it was pathetic to notice that even when it was beyond the eighty yards boundary he would tell you what kind of a dog it was.

"In my peregrinations up and down this vale of tears I have heard many explanations of why a man missed a bird, but I never heard such truly plausible ones as he gave in his preparatory practice at glass balls. And if, at any time, he fell short, Warner loomed up with arundel-tinted spectacles to shoot through to overcome the sunlight, or changed his position at the score into that of a man in the act of making a sneak on to a grizzly bear.

"Every morning he would loom up with a portentous air and the gratifying announcement that he had loaded a hundred and fifty shells last night with sixes, or that he had sent on for a pair of Vermont moccasins to wear around camp in the evenings. He also bought one of those little battle axes with the Hamburg edging. I remember that Warner let him in on the ground floor for a gunshy puppy, and he immediately put him in the hands of a trainer. I always thought that was going a little too far, although Warner said the dog was all right until the \$25 trainer took him in hand. When, however, Devoy came into the office one morning and told us that he had been sleeping on the floor lately to get himself hardened, and intimated that he was having some trouble in his household, we abandoned all our scruples and advised him to get a suit of corduroy of the color of the inside of a rabbit's ear, and one proud and happy day he wore it down to the office.

"We were unable to go with him after all. Warner, with an old trapper, a bag of provisions and a rifle, disappeared in the forests of Elk county, while I took my old Parker and went out on the Platte. He found a couple of kindred spirits, however, and brought back glowing accounts of their trip, and I do hope they were justified, although, as I said a moment ago, I lay the blame of whatever he was led to do upon Warner."

As usual, I find it advisable to follow up Mrs. Kennedy's remarks with something in extenuation and explanation of the imperfect manner in which she reproduces my utterances. Of course we all know how hard it is to do justice to truthful and modest souls when we undertake to quote them. I have been made to admit that I had a certain share in what was done to poor Mr. Devoy. Perhaps in the abandon of a rambling fireside reminiscence I may have intimated as much; but I hereby disclaim any and all part in the affair other than what I was compelled to perform by Warner, who was my superior officer and very fierce when crossed.

Seriously, though, our hero, while he is a real personage whom I have not slandered in the least, is typical of your half-caste sportsman. Trifling over his uniform like a conceited guardsman; lying about his prowess; whose gun is the best in the world, and whose dog is without spot or blemish; who never misses but by reason of some extraneous circumstance which you have to listen to with a straight face; who, when you come to sift him down, is never so nearly a person of any note whatever as when, rising out of his obscurity and insipidity, he goes a hunting and assumes the airs and graces of a person of cunning and skill, engaged in an employment the most momentous of a man's earthly existence, instead of a plain, unassuming man, descended, for the moment, from the really important and manly function of his kind, work—plain, hard, dignifying, elevating work—to the simple operation of children of a larger growth, play—none the less necessary to his well being, perhaps, but still only play. How ridiculous, how more than childish, would it appear to us were children to sit around devoting their time and energies to lying about their bats and balls and trying to outdo each other in the perfection of their outfits, rather than trying to outstrip each other simply in the enjoyment to be derived from their use. Should we not conclude that they were only enjoying themselves because they were having to do with great things, commonly resorted to by their elders and superiors?

I am going on a train with a dog and am accosted by one of these people with the overpowering announcement that he too is a hunter. Now, if he only hunted for play I might enjoy his enthusiasm and his experience; but I soon find that it is the greatest agony he can put on and that his gun has all the old time-worn supernatural qualities, and his dog does all the acts—backing off his point and coming to notify him, uniformly retrieving birds by their toes and the tips of their wings, and so on to the end of the string; and I say to myself, "You are a curious mixture of a boy and a man, combining whatever qualities of either go to take away your dignity, and you make a laughing stock of those who love the sports of the field and river."

And in this connection I want to just say in passing that last week while snipe shooting my pointer broke off in chase of a rabbit, and when I brought him back to be punished he would not let me lay my hands on him, but kept moving in front of me in a circle. Finally I strode to the middle of the ring, grabbed my gun, pushed up the safety and leveled it at him and exclaimed: "Now you stop or I'll blow your brains out!" And, sir, he just stood up and held up his forepaws as plain as anybody was ever "held up" in his life, and waddled up to me and lay down.

ABOUT THE BEAVER.

INDIAN ROCK, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you some notes on the beaver, what I know from actual observation, and also what I have learned from trappers whom I know to be reliable. There are many curious traits in all wild animals, and I am satisfied that many statements made in regard to them as facts are merely guess work. The information I can procure of the beaver does not extend back more than thirty years, except in the case of one solitary beaver which was caught thirty-five or forty years ago, and hardly any one knew what it was.

In the winter of 1862 a party of five went moose hunting. After following the track of the moose for a few miles we came to where another party had turned up the track, so we left it and started for camp at foot of Winnebago Lake. We followed the main inlet most of the way to the lake. While on the brook we came to a hole in the edge of the bank, made by what is called a bank beaver: there had been a light snow which showed the track of an otter which had gone into the hole, and as we could see nothing of beaver tracks, we concluded the otter had killed the beaver and eaten it. About one mile below we came to another hole, and found the beaver was out after food; he was but a short distance away. We killed him and carried him to camp. That was the only beaver seen that winter, yet there were then old works such as dams and houses, made years before, but for some cause or other the beaver left this part of the country years before, and did not put in an appearance until about 1862.

Since then they have become quite plenty. It was supposed by some that a bank beaver belonged to a species different from the house beaver, but I am satisfied they are one, and the only difference is when one gets strayed from his family he finds a good location on some brook where there is a spring (and the water does not prove very hard), and digs a hole in the bank (under water), makes his nest in the ground above high water mark, and whenever he wants food goes out after it, instead of laying in a supply as the house beaver does. Every mark about a bank beaver is the same as a house beaver; a solitary or bank beaver never builds a dam or house; whenever you find a house or dam, you will find a family of two or more.

Beavers are first-class engineers, they know the exact spot to build their dam and the height they must be built, so as to have about one-half of the floor of their house under water. They eat and sleep on the same floor, which is on the ground, they (sometimes) build their house on the bank of a stream where the water is 5 or 6 ft. deep and having a hole run from the stream to their house. Their dams are built in three different forms, sometimes the lower side is concave, some are convex and some straight across the brook or stream. They keep them in good repair as long as they have any use for them, they never leave houses (in winter) except to go into their pond to get their food, which is sunk near the house, unless there is an open place not far distant and there is a warm spell. A person not acquainted with their habits and houses might pass them for days (after snow had covered them) and think the house a boulder or pile of brush, nearly the shape and size of an ordinary haycock; they never come outside their house (in winter) to show any sign of their being in that vicinity.

I have read a statement that whenever a beaver cuts a tree it invariably falls to the ground; such is not the fact, as I have seen several that were lodged in other trees, and one in particular, a white birch, which a bank beaver had cut in the winter, that it could not fall. When the beaver had cut it off it slipped from the stump and stood as straight in the snow as it did before it was cut; the beaver cut it four times and the four sticks stood as straight side by side as any man could place them.

What I have written can be proven by reliable parties. There are many traits that I have heard mentioned that would not be believed. In my estimation the beaver is the nearest to a reasonable animal of any in the Maine woods. C. J. RICHARDSON.

AS TO RATTLESNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the last four years I have spent the most of the summer in Pike county, Pennsylvania, a county in which, according to some accounts, are abundant rattlers, and during that time have met only four. In some of the dry and rocky places, especially on dry and scrubby ridges, they are undoubtedly quite numerous. But unless a person goes on a regular hunt for them he will not often meet one. In midsummer, July and August, they come down from the high ground and go into the swamps and bogs, and remain there until early fall.

In all my encounters with them I have found them to be peaceable when not molested, and to act entirely on the defensive. Moreover, they nearly invariably give warning when approached. I killed two last summer, one of which was 4 ft. 4 in. long, while the other possessed three fangs instead of two; two on one side of the upper jaw and one on the other.

Could the editor, or any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, give a reason for rattlesnakes' color varying from as black as a blacksnake to a handsome yellow with chocolate markings? Some hold that it is sex; but I do not credit this at all; as the yellow in some species fades into light or dark brown, and in others the reptile is dull black.

The popular belief that these snakes have a new rattle each year is also, I think, erroneous; as a 3 ft. snake will often have as many rattles as a snake 4 ft. long. Of course they may lose or break off rattles occasionally, but I do not think the theory to be correct.

NEW YORK CITY.

THEODORE MONELL.

"WOODCOCK."—Brewer, Maine, Jan. 30.—*Dear Sir Antoine Bissette:* We heard what you been wrote it woodcock. We want for tell it you, you don't been know it those bird name what you call him woodcock. He log-cock. Logs, he's big trees; wood, he's chop it up for fire. S'posin' you gone woods you seen it those bird on log—big tree—hang it side tree just like pitchmang side person; never you see him leetle bush for fire, 'cause he's log-cock, don't go dar. Very much we s'prise you call him woodcock. What for you don't know logs—'cause Frenchmans? When you seen him next time dose bird, you call him logcock, like what is. We like what you wrote it

letter. We think so ourself. We decent man, don't kill leetle bird, only once, that time we gone 'splorin' birds' egg, for collecting. I tell you we got pile those egg—quabird, alabama bird, great many bird we got it that time. We don't thought no harm, 'cause did it ourself. Friend Fannie P. Hardy she wrote it dis letter. S'pose don't spell well don't be blame it us. Your truly friend, BIG SEBASTIS MITCHELL.

REPORTED DEATH OF J. C. CAHOON.—A dispatch from Halifax, N. S., dated April 20, says: "A special from St. Johns, N. F., says: 'J. C. Cahoon, an American naturalist, was killed while gathering eggs at Carslett, Placentia Bay. While under a nest overhanging a cliff his strength failed. He let go his hold on the rope and dropped 70 ft., and struck on the rocks. His body rolled into the sea and has not been recovered.' Mr. Cahoon was well known among bird men as a collector of skins and eggs."

A 10 FT. SPONGE.—There is on exhibition at a store in Pearl street an enormous sheep's wool sponge, which is said to be the largest one ever obtained. It measures 10 ft. in circumference, and is 2 ft. thick, being quite solid throughout. It was fished up near the Bahama Islands by the crew of a vessel engaged in that trade, and, judging by the stories of the fishermen, they had a tough time in getting their prize aboard. Being in a small dinghy when the hooks fastened themselves in the sponge, the men nearly upset their boat in the effort to haul the sponge to the surface. When it was finally secured, the iron prongs of the hook had become straightened out under the tremendous weight. When thoroughly soaked this monster sponge is said to hold ten pailfuls of water.—*New York Times.*

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws.*

WILDFOWL IN OREGON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When man was young on this little world of ours, and it was a struggle between him and other species of animal life to determine the question propounded at a later date by Darwin as to which was the fittest to survive—in those days when books were neither written nor read, when the flint was made to do that which at a later date could not be done with anything short of Schultze's powder and a hammerless gun, all mankind, regardless of "age, sex or previous condition," lived out their lives in the open air, and hunting and fishing were not so much a pastime as a necessity; and necessary labor, generally speaking, seldom has much of the charm of sport about it. A man's reputation in those days depended on his ability to capture game and fish. Our love of field sports is simply an inheritance handed down to us by those early ancestors, a taint of the free and easy life led by them that assumes in us the importance of instinct. So we find the best men and some of the best women going to the duck lakes and trout streams for their sport and recreation. The green woods, the smiling lakes and the sparkling streams infuse new life and vigor into the stiffening sinews and hardening clay. The heart throbs quicker and its energy draws from the pure, fresh, balm-laden air a new lease of life. The eye sparkles, the blood dances, and we forget that time has already commenced to foreclose its mortgage on our dust. If women were encouraged to take this tonic instead of the doctor's pills, our race would grow healthier and better instead of weaker and more vicious. My wife has her own little No. 16 breechloading shotgun, her own shell-sack, rod, reel, creel, etc., and knows how to use them, and you can see the effect in her cheeks. The pride in casting a neat fly and making a good shot does not seem to interfere with her household accomplishments, and she can cook canvasback and trout to the queen's taste. But like all hunters she has her experiences, and in this connection I will relate one of them.

Probably the most famous canvas lake in this country is Greene's Lake on the Washington side of the Columbia, near Knapp's Landing. The lake is about one and a half miles long by half a mile in width, and is almost a solid bed of wapatoes—the great food of canvasbacks in this country. At this season of the year the wapato tops are not yet down, and there is only a comparatively narrow strip of water through the center of the lake where the water is too deep for them to thrive. Last November my said wife and I went there for a hunt. I will tell it straight. We left Portland at 9 A. M. on the Lucia Mason, landed at Knapp's at 11 A. M., walked across the meadow half a mile to Lake River, which we crossed, walked a hundred yards to the shanty, where duck boat and decoys were stored, launched the boat with the cargo and crew made up as follows, viz.: In the bow of the boat four sacks of decoys, then two shell sacks, next two guns, next wife, next dog, and lastly your humble servant with barely standing room in the stern of the boat. The wapatoes were so rank that I had to pole the boat out to deep water. The good ship had just reached the edge of deep water when the pole broke, throwing me off my balance. Now, all hunters are agreed that if ever an accident occurs the dog is just where he ought not to be and does just what he ought not to do. As I said, I lost my balance, and throwing my right foot back to re-establish my equilibrium, stepped on the dog. Of course he did what any educated dog would do under the circumstances—jumped. I fell on the side of the boat. The boat did what any staunch duck boat would do under the circumstances—dipped and filled. I don't propose further to disgrace my family by describing the scene that followed, or relating how we got out, but the dog swam ashore, sat on the bank and for about an hour and a half watched one of the most remarkable exhibitions of very civil engineering, on a small but interesting scale, ever seen.

My wife was too proud a hunter to get hysterical and would not acknowledge much, but I noticed that she afterward questioned me closer than usual as to what I would do without her. Honestly, I believe she thought she was going to drown. Our soundings showed 13 ft.—

3 ft. of water and 10 ft. of mud. Kind-hearted Mrs. Knapp with dry flannels and generous care soon made her forgetful of the shipwreck, but I observed that during the rest of our stay she amused herself in the swales with the jacksnipe. Her confidence in me as a navigator seemed to have diminished.

Speaking of jacksnipe I wish to be understood as simply adopting the name for this very gamy little bird by which he is universally recognized here. I am doubtful, however, whether this is his correct name; but I would rather bag one than a gosse. They are very plentiful, particularly during the months of November and December, but the ordinary hunter's bag is seldom conclusive evidence of that fact. Many hunters who are considered dead shots on duck find great difficulty in getting "on to" them. The best bag I ever made in one day was of fifty-two, on what is known as the Wapato Lake, about two miles above East Portland; but two gentlemen gathered in 150 in one day not long since among the marshes at the mouth of Scappoose Creek, about twenty miles below Portland, on Willamette Slough.

The jacksnipe is regarded as among the finest of our feathered game by all sportsmen, and as potting them is out of the question the small boy and pot-hunter turn from them in disgust, as they do from the wonderful Mongolian pheasants, of which more anon. Two hunters secured a very nice bag of jacksnipe last fall within the limits of the city of Portland, at the south end of Guild's Lake. As a rule hunting jacksnipe is hard work. They use that part of the lake where the water is not deep enough to float a duck, just about that part where the cows browse on the juicy wapato stems or tops during the hot summer months when the water is very low, as you will observe when you look for the snipe in November. As every Oregon hunter knows, the snipe has a disagreeable habit of flushing just as you step in to one of these aforesaid cow tracks, and my experience has taught me that at this interesting moment (if you shoot at all) the chances are two to one that you will hit your dog instead of the snipe. This malicious habit of the jacksnipe is distressingly irritating to fat men with short legs.

On the 21st day of November, 1885, the Oregon Legislature made it unlawful for the term of six years from that date to injure, take, kill, expose or offer for sale or have in possession, except for breeding purposes, any ringneck Mongolian pheasant, any green Japanese pheasant, any copper pheasant or scholmeringu, any tragopan pheasant, silver pheasant, or golden pheasant, being the species of pheasants imported into this State by the Hon. O. N. Denny, ex-United States Consul-General to Shanghai, China; the penalty upon conviction being a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$100, and in default of payment of the fine imposed imprisonment in the county jail at the rate of one day for each \$2 of the fine imposed.

The best citizens and various clubs put forth great exertions to enforce this law and protect these beautiful birds; but there is a class of people in every State and in every community who have not the fear of the law in their hearts, and that resort to mean and despicable methods to subvert and render inoperative these beneficent laws which were enacted as much for their ultimate pleasure and good as for that of other and better people. These people would be indignant if accused of being petty-larceny thieves, and yet proudly boast of bagging three or four dozen of these lovely birds; in open violation of a good law and a sportsman's honor. But the Mongolian pheasants are hardy birds, and have learned to put their trust in their own cunning and activity rather than in the statute laws of the State, for protection.

They have come to stay in spite of the unmanly efforts to destroy them, and they are prospering and becoming pretty well distributed over western Oregon and Washington. They are beautiful beyond description; the cocks boasting the most gorgeous plumage of all the feathered tribes of earth. Their stunning loveliness would make a rainbow turn pale with envy.

But I must tell you of the characteristics and peculiarities that not only preserve these magnificent birds from annihilation but make them the gamiest of all game birds. Unlike the common grouse and pheasant, they never "tree" (in the parlance of the country urchin). They will lead the dogs not only a long chase but a lively gallop before flushing, their flight is irregular and strong, they light on the dead run and "keep a-runin'," and will carry off a handful of No. 6. They are very pugnacious and often visit the neighboring barnyards just for the fun of licking the boss rooster; in fact their well-known pugnacity has been turned to good account in capturing them alive. I have been told by persons, whose reputations for truth and veracity in other matters have never been questioned, that they have witnessed something like the following: Tie a barnyard rooster out in a "burn." The rooster crows, the pheasant accepts the challenge (his answer much resembling the crow of a spring chicken) and comes forth to fight. Unless he kills his antagonist early in the fight he will become so infatuated with his job and so oblivious of his surroundings that he can be easily taken.

This generous country with its equable climate seems peculiarly suited to them, and they have readily accommodated themselves to their new home. Other wildfowl might profitably take a few lessons from the Mongolian on various points. The Willamette Valley farmers say that the female will lead her brood to the field of ripening grain and, flying slowly close over the wheat, whip out with her wings a fat breakfast for the young long-tails in a few minutes. This is undoubtedly an innovation upon the time-honored custom of pulling down the stalks—the only plan in general use adopted by other grain-eating fowl.

Those that have eaten the Mongolian pheasant unreservedly declare him to be the best of all wildfowl.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

S. H. GREENE.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,833, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 250 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—To-day the duck season closes in Illinois, and the trout season opens in Wisconsin. One continuous round of pleasure. As for the duck season now ended there seems little reason to call it anything but a changeable and capricious one in shooting, though perhaps that is all that can be said for any duck season. The birds have certainly been seen over our marshes in unusual abundance. That is the main and cheering fact, and I am glad we have so few heavy spring bags to report. I have shot ducks in the spring myself, and I know many goodish sort of men who do the same, but the practice is falling off as it should very well do. Anything to save the birds. I believe that the spirit expressed in that wish is on the increase in this country. There is getting to be more of a popular interest in game laws. The whole people must be convinced of their necessity. The voices of a few sportsmen make small noise, but the voice of general protest against the destruction of our fish and game was never so apparent before in this region.

As to the ducks, more specifically. On Cumberland marsh more ducks have been killed than in any one season for five years. On Mak-saw-ba marsh the shooting has been hard, but the birds abundant. There are not very many hard-working shooters in Mak-saw-ba Club, but those who did work got birds. At Lake Senachwine, in the Illinois River country, the feed seems to have been good, and the shooting has been pretty regular. On Tolleston marsh, Little Calumet, the fowl have been abundant as usual and more so. This is choice property. A year ago last fall Mr. Alex. Semple shot on Tolleston marsh on seven consecutive Mondays, stopping at about 3 P. M. on each day to take the train in to the city. His bag for the seven days was 331 ducks and 93 snipe. This is within 80 miles of Chicago. I think this a record not often beaten. This spring I do not hear definitely much from Tolleston. You have to hunt hard for Tolleston news, though why this should be I am sure I don't know.

Beyond all question the feature and the chief cause of wonder for this season has been the prolonged and tremendous flight of ducks in that much derided and much settled up locality, the Fox Lake region. They tell me this passes belief. One of the market-shooters there shipped 500 ducks, the product of his single gun in three days shooting. Everybody who went up there within the past two weeks seems to have hit it right. Billy Mussey is just back. He got 61 in two days. Charlie Burton had several good bags. Fred C. Donald also got a fine lot. Al Knox got 73 one day. Ed. Cleaver, Will Price, Charlie Carhart, Frank Floyd and numbers of others also had fine shooting. At the opening of this week there were about 3,000 canvasbacks working on Fox Lake, and probably 15,000 bluebills.

From Hennepin Club I do not hear much, except that Geo. Davis got a good lot there a little while back. This is in the mallard country, but the mallards seem to have been scarce all this spring.

April 18.—Snipe were chiefly absent before this week, but are now coming in. They are all over the Cumberland, Water Valley and Koutts country on the Kankakee to-day. Earlier in the week they were at Gilman, on the Illinois Central road. Last Wednesday Percy Stone and Rolla Heikes picked up fifteen right around Wheaton. To-day is soft weather with warm rains, and unless appearances are very deceiving we shall hear of heavy bags of jacksnipe made to-day and to-morrow. I should try it myself down at Shelby, Ind., if there were not a previously formed arrangement, by which my friends Hirth and Harryman and myself are to open the bass season for ourselves at Momena, on the Kankakee River, to-morrow afternoon. From now on the fishing interests will be looking up as compared with field shooting.

The executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association have been busy lately in their arrangements for the annual spring shoot, June 9 to 13, inclusive. The cash prizes already foot up a greater total than at any previous shoot here, and will go so much larger still that it is likely the aggregate will show larger than at any shoot of the entire circuit this year. Comparatively little merchandise will be offered in prizes, though I notice Secretary Shepard came around to ask about that annual missionary copy of *FOREST AND STREAM*. But then *FOREST AND STREAM* isn't merchandise. It's more like currency. By the way, Mr. Wm. J. Starr, of Eau Claire, Wis., was in town the other day. He visited a sporting goods house here, and reporting his conversation later the gentlemanly salesman who supplied his wants said to me, "I have a compliment for your paper. Mr. Starr says it is the only gentlemanly paper published in the line of field sports. It's clean." That's about so.

I see that my friend Charlie Budd fell down against Jim Elliott's hill in Kansas City the other day, in a little entanglement about a "championship" cup. Charlie only got 46 and James A. R. got 49 out of 50. The latter therefore retains the "championship," in spite of six recent Waterloos. Six Waterloos are a good many. But then, 49 out of 50 are a good many, too.

That sweet thing, Harvey McMurchy is not, it appears, on the coast at all. He was here last Tuesday, enjoying himself with the "grippe," but promised to start for St. Paul that night and to be back in Chicago in time for the Illinois shoot. It seems that Mr. McMurchy and Mr. Haggerty got into a little entanglement last week, down in St. Louis. Mr. McMurchy 96 out of 100 live birds, Mr. Haggerty 85. This was a strictly private, social race, scores suppressed. Mr. Haggerty kept his suppressed all right.

Mr. A. G. Spalding has retired from baseball and now says he intends to get acquainted with his business a little. The sport of baseball is much a scheme, and is up and down, always a matter of fight and faction. The spirit of field sports is sweet and undisturbed, perennial and pleasant. I sincerely trust that some one of Mr. Spalding's lieutenants will sell him a gun and a fishing outfit and make a reformed man out of him.

A week ago Chicago had a baby lion, born at Lincoln Park. Last Wednesday evening it died. Its mother was Maggie, the big and popular lioness known by all visitors of the Park. Maggie died on the same day of the birth of the little fellow, and the keepers smothering their regret for the loss of the old pet, put the lion kitten in the charge of an Irish setter female. The setter and the cub took to each kindly, and for a time seemed to flourish in their strange relation. The cub was about as large as a full-grown cat. Soon, however, the baby lion began

to pine away, and passed in his checks last Wednesday. The setter made a great outcry over her foster baby's death, and fought those who came to take it away. Since then she has been inconsolable, for she had been very proud of her baby lion, as indeed the keepers and all Chicago had been. So the animals have tragedies, too.

Last week I sent to *FOREST AND STREAM* a copy of a game law bill passed by the Senate April 9. This bill is not a law, and we hope it cuts no figure, for it is not the bill introduced by our sportsmen's committee, but one presented in the Senate by Senator Hamer. The sportsmen's bill was introduced in the House Committee, and it passed the committee favorably, though it will doubtless meet opposition on the floor of the House, on account especially of one clause attached to it, which exempts a warden specifically from action in damages for a wrong seizure or prosecution. This clause may or may not be constitutional, but is probably unfortunate. At this date we cannot learn what the fate of the sportsmen's bill will be, though it is thought that by next Tuesday something will be known. Recent developments point to an adjournment of the Legislature at an early date, and it can only be hoped that the measures wished by the sportsmen shall go through.

It was really very pretty, so says Dr. Bartlett, our State Fish Commissioner, to see how the sportsmen's committee tangled up and got away with Col. Bond and his game dealer cohorts before that House committee. There were Mr. Wolfred N. Low, of this city, for the State Association, and Mr. Clarence Knight, the able attorney who assists the Fox River Association, and Mr. F. A. Baird, also for the latter body, and Mr. Hawley, of Dundee, all agreed for the sportsman's bill, which, of course, includes the clause shortening the selling season for the dealers. Against these Col. Bond made certain statements as to the dates in other States, but the boys were loaded for him—had a copy of the *Book of the Game Laws*, I believe—and could quote dates a shade better than he could. "Col. Bond was knocked out," said Dr. Bartlett, "and the boys beat the dealers altogether, in a square fight before the committee. I never heard a more diplomatic, able and convincing effort in my life than Mr. Low made. And the bill went through with the committee right there." Pity if it doesn't become a law, as it deserves to be. The point taken by the speakers for the sportsmen was just this: The only way to prevent the destruction of game is to prevent its sale, and the effort at that should be in cutting off the inducement for the killers to kill. This is just the doctrine so often presented in these columns. It goes beyond the warden system pure and simple, for the latter means to stop the killing while the inducement to kill still exists. And on this very basis the dealers were beaten by our men. We ought to remember that.

I regret to announce publicly what has been known privately for a time as a certainty—the closing out of the Jenney & Graham Gun Co. Since coming to their new location they have made but little over their heavy expenses, and having a chance to sell their three years' lease at a profit of \$6,000, they took it and will close. This was voluntary and not forced. E. HOUGH.

NOTES ON DEER HUNTING.

CHELMSFORD, Mass., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A late experience in fox hunting, coupled with the article of Mr. Geo. H. Wyman on "The Traits of the Virginia Deer" in *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 19, has suggested a few remarks. One of the pleasures of perusing a sporting journal is the comparing of notes with the experience of other sportsmen. Your Boise City correspondent struck the key note of the spirit of sport in remarking that "it is not the killing of deer that makes sport, but the chase, and I am as well contented without the killing as with." His idea of sport in that line is shooting on a runway before a deerhound in company with his friends. This statement will accord with the feelings of experienced huntsmen in every section.

That the hounding of deer is especially "a slaughter of the innocents" is a mistaken opinion, and I agree with Mr. Wyman that one good still-hunter can arrange to kill more deer in a week than a party of several will get at different runways before hounds. There are exceptions to all rules. While agreeing with the general tenor of Mr. W.'s article and as to the time a deer takes to water when pursued by a hound, will say that in the backwoods of Ontario I have known a band of six red deer take to the lake in ten or fifteen minutes after being started by the hounds. The hunter in this case made a potslaughter by killing five of the six with gun and paddle. As an offset to this, a friend of mine killed seven deer on a still-hunt in Michigan in one day, not over three deer being seen together at any time.

Regarding the destruction by deer hounding much depends upon the caliber and training of the hounds. With the average hound pitted against the average four-year-old doe or buck, the latter are able to protect themselves, in a great degree, by sagacity, flight or fight, unless the hounds are aided by a large scattering of hunters stationed at various runways. The pleasurable excitement of the chase holds good either with deer or foxes. The deep baying of the deerhound when on the scent, changing to the glad, eager cry when in sight of its quarry is appreciable music to the patient waiter on the ridge, runways, or in the canoe.

The foxhound commences baying and barking from the moment of striking a fresh fox track, and the cry is increased in rapidity and volume as the scent gets stronger and the pace more rapid. It is marvelous how they supply wind for so much noise and action.

The hunter, understanding the habits of the fox and the corresponding action of his hound, will know from the voicing of the latter about where to station himself to intercept the wily fox, who has, perhaps, been started when himself on the trail of a partridge. Unless very hard pressed Mr. Fox will either circle round or by some stratagem take the back door to the point of starting, and the alert sportsman will at times be kept in lively motion to speedily gain desirable positions when the chase is nearing him.

Mr. L. Douglas, of this place, who during the past winter has secured with dog and gun nine foxes in this vicinity and two on the borders of New Hampshire, invited me last week to try my luck with him at fox hunting, which invitation was gladly accepted. Starting early, when we came to a fork of two main roads with a newly made timber road near by, and an open field and

swamp on the right, he showed me where, by stationing himself at this point, he had shot three foxes within a month.

On reaching the swamp, which was frozen over sufficient to traverse by using care, we found tracks of rabbits, partridges, mink and fox impressed in the newly fallen snow. The morning was too cold for the hound to scent well, and after trailing several different tracks by sight, he invariably returned to us without getting up a full cry. At a certain intersection of two brooks we found numerous mink tracks, some of which were so large that D. concluded to return in the afternoon and set a couple of traps for them.

While indulging in a rest, a lunch and a chat regarding the habits of the fox, my friend spoke of one that watched him. Seeing his tracks repeatedly at a certain crossing of the road in angle line with a stone wall, he had for several mornings started out early to try and intercept him. As the fox did not "show up," and as his tracks led up to a large rock on the hillside overlooking the road, D. concluded the fox could also play at the game of intercepting; consequently to beat his game, an unusually early start was made one morning, and D. stationed himself where he could overlook the rock, and soon Mr. Fox came trotting along and sneaked up on the rock where he sat watching for the usual coming of his hunter. A charge of BB shot from the rear stopped his watching. This reminded me to remark that bears will indulge in similar watch meetings at times.

Last spring, while walking with Sam Crowle from his shock to the crossing of the Illicilliwaet near its junction with the Columbia, he was complaining of the bears who were constantly chasing and sometimes killing his pigs. There were fresh tracks along the trail, and Sam remarked that quite likely some of the bears were then watching us. After he had rowed me across the river I proceeded on my way to Revelstoke, and he had not gone over a quarter of a mile on his return trip, when after passing a large fallen tree he heard a slight noise, and on looking around he saw a black bear on top of the wind-fall facing him. As bruin quickly turned to jump down Sam sent him a .44-caliber bullet as a salutation, which traversing his body from flank to shoulder laid him out quivering. This bear had evidently lay within ten feet of us when we passed him on the trail.

After lunch, Douglas said we had better go on a mile or more to a fox borrow he knew of, and then if the dog did not strike a fresh scent we would defer the hunt until the next flurry of snow. From the present outlook that will be a long postponement. WAYLAND.

SHORE BIRD SHOOTING.

BOSTON.—The spring shooters along the Massachusetts shore are making some good bags this year, though not all are fortunate. Mr. Gordon Plummer, of the Boston Leather Co., is a lover of spring shooting, as indeed he is of any sort of shooting, and many is the trip for shore birds that he is the author of. Indeed he is on record almost every season, fall and spring, for going shooting, and generally with remarkably good luck. This time it was a good company that went down to Nantucket, a little over a week ago, composed of Mr. Plummer, E. S. Grew, W. H. Rothwell, W. E. Plummer, all of Boston, with Will Mason, of Providence. They were away about a week, and came back with a score of 187 birds, 100 of which were brant geese. They brought home 87 brant, having used several at the house where they stopped. These birds, together with several eider ducks, black ducks and sheldrakes and old squaws in abundance, they had on exhibition for their friends the other day. It was a bag seldom seen in these days of scarcity of game, and only brings with the pleasure of the hunters the pity that they killed so many birds on their way north to breed.

The spring shooting is also reported to have been excellent in the vicinity of Portland, Me., and more especially at Pine Point. Geese and woodcock were taken with a number of brant and an abundance of lesser birds, such as sheldrake, old squaws, etc. A large number of local sportsmen took part in the shooting. In the vicinity of Biddeford Pool good shooting was also reported. Altogether the spring shooting has been better than usual this year. SPECIAL.

ROCHESTER AND VICINITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some very practical people may be glad to know that canoe and yacht clubs are of some other use occasionally than causing men to fool (?) away their time several weeks in the year, and may approve of the action of the canoe and yacht clubs of this city in holding a joint meeting lately for the purpose of enlisting the members in the project of the Government to form a lake naval organization for the protection of the lake cities in case of war.

The snipe are here and several fair bags are reported, the best being that of E. O. Sage and Dr. Stoddard, of this city, who brought in ten as the result of a day's shooting. The only trout fishing heard from so far is that of the Caledonia Club on the opening day, when several members made good scores. The dealers in tackle report trade very brisk for this season.

The Monroe Sportsmen's Association has put out the following quantities of fish: In Oatka Creek 50,000 brook trout; in the tributaries of Irondequoit Creek 50,000 brook trout; in the tributaries of Oatka Creek 50,000 brook trout; in Burned Swamp Creek 10,000 brook trout; in Old Allen Creek 25,000 brown trout; in the Hoffman Creek 5,000 brook trout; in the Genesee River above the city 100,000 wall-eyed pike; in Irondequoit Bay 1,000,000 wall-eyed pike; in Black Creek 50,000 wall-eyed pike; in Lake Ontario in the vicinity of Rochester 12,000,000 wall-eyed pike; in Irondequoit Creek above Float Bridge an indefinite number of channel pickerel; in the Genesee River above the city a large number of native black bass from six to eight inches in length; in Irondequoit Bay an indefinite number of Oswego bass and in Long Pond a very large number of bass, channel pickerel and wall-eyed pike. At the meeting when it was decided to do the work just detailed, Monroe H. Green, of Caledonia, brother of the lamented Seth Green, was present and presented some very interesting points; also advised as to the waters to be stocked and the kind and quantity suitable for each. Since April first, game protector Schwartz has captured and destroyed seventeen gill and fyke nets. This is a good showing and added to his past record marks him as one of our most efficient protectors,

Since writing the trout fishing notes, I have learned that Dr. E. M. Srantor and Charles Ballard, of this city, have been on a successful trip to Wyoming county, and caught about forty nice trout, but owing to county law were unable to bring them home. OSCEOLA.

CREASING GAME.—Windsor, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 9 what "Old Man" says about creasing an elk, which reminds me of a circumstance I have heard my father relate. He was a very successful deer hunter. His manner of hunting was to ride through the forest with two trained deer dogs; when they showed signs of game he would cock both barrels of his gun, and when the deer got up he was quite sure to kill it before it could get out of range. But on this occasion the game was an old and wise buck which got up and off before a shot could reach him; and, therefore, the only way to kill him was to put spurs and head him at a runaway, which my father did just in time to shoot him down. Dismounting, he at once proceeded to cut the old fellow's throat, but just as the knife was about to enter the neck the buck became very lively and began to rise; but father held on, and with the assistance of the dogs (which arrived by this time) succeeded in cutting his throat. On examination it was learned that only one shot had hit the deer, and this had cut the skin just back of the horns.—CASHIER.

GROUSE CHOKERS.—"Coll" Richardson, one of the Square Pond grouse "chokers," was fined \$20 and costs by the Tolland county Superior Court yesterday for snaring two partridges in September last—before the law was off. It will be remembered that Richardson was captured in the act of taking partridges from his snares by one of Detective W. C. Fielding's men, who was in the employ of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the Protection of Game and Fish of this city. President A. C. Collins prosecuted Richardson at the Justice Court at Ellington, and Attorney Charter, of Rockville, appeared for the defendant. Justice Leonard imposed a fine of \$15 and costs and Richardson appealed to the Superior Court, with the result as above stated. Rather than pay his fine Richardson went to jail. It would be well for all persons to obey the game and fish laws.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times, April 16.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

SHEDDING TEETH IN SALMON.

AN interesting observation of Mr. Dennistoun on the loss of teeth in the Atlantic salmon while in fresh water was brought to our attention by Mr. Clarence M. Roof in connection with the following letter:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Alexander Dennistoun, the former president of the Labrador Company, and probably one of the most expert and experienced salmon fishermen of the present day, sends me from Edinburgh the inclosed article in relation to the Labrador salmon, which must be of great interest to all anglers. The writer, one of the lessees of the Romaine, to which he refers, was a guest of Mr. Dennistoun's at the Mingan at the time spoken of in the accompanying article. The score of the Romaine alluded to was made by the other lessee, Mr. Chas. Fitch, president of the Waltham Watch Co., Newton, Mass.

It may be of interest to add that in the pool above the falls on the Romaine there has been for several years during the season a salmon that the Indians say is "as big as a canoe." He used to roll about every day in the most aggravating manner and show his immense proportions above water, but could not be induced to take a fly. One day, however, while Mr. Fitch was getting out his line preparatory to making the cast from the rock above what is known as the "Ladies' Pool," he hooked the fish above mentioned, which jumped entirely out of the water, showing his immense size, scarcely the length of the rod from Mr. Fitch; this unexpected turn of affairs so excited Mr. Fitch that he failed to take his thumb off the line, and the result was that the leader snapped and the fish was gone. The whole thing transpired in a few seconds. There is no doubt that this salmon would have weighed 60lbs. Only a salmon fisherman can appreciate Mr. Fitch's feelings as he sat upon the rock thoroughly exhausted. The fish in the score alluded to by Mr. Dennistoun average 12 to 25lbs. and the largest one taken was 38lbs. CLARENCE M. ROOF.

From Mr. Dennistoun's article, which was published in the *London Field*, March 21, 1891, under the title of "Labrador Salmon Problems," we make the following extracts:

"During my annual salmon fishing excursion last summer to the rivers on the Labrador coast flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a discovery was made by me which seems to be an important contribution to the natural history of salmon frequenting these waters. Notwithstanding my having made some twenty fishing excursions to these magnificent rivers, landing on an average not less than five clean fish for every day's fishing during these years, I only last summer accidentally learned a very interesting fact, which I record for the information of all who are interested in the subject.

"In the first week of last July we left the river Mingan, my fishing headquarters for the season, to examine and explore a small river named Tupitagan, and to test its fly-fishing capabilities.

"The Government lessee of the net fishing for salmon in the tidal waters near the mouth of the river was a very intelligent French-Canadian, named Girard, who came to my tent near his house to have his usual chat about fishing matters. During our discussion as to the fact whether salmon which had once entered the fresh water of the river often returned to the salt water again before making their final ascent to their spawning grounds, he asserts that such was undoubtedly the case; that he had completely proved the correctness of this statement, judging not only by the color and general appearance of the fish, but by a more efficient test. He stated that, as soon as

they entered fresh water they began to lose their teeth, and when they had been some time in it, they had lost all of them. He said, if he had fifty salmon handed to him in a dark room, some from the river and some from the sea, he could easily separate them into two lots—those without teeth from the river, and those with teeth from the sea, and that the color and general look of the fish, when examined by daylight, would confirm his selection.

"Having caught with the fly more than 2,000 salmon on that coast; having previously known or met most of the gentlemen who for the last twenty years had fished various rivers of that territory; having come in contact with many lessees for net-fishing salmon, and read most of the books on the natural history of this fish, without hearing or reading any statement to this effect, I thought the man was chaffing me, and probably intimidated as much to him. He then good-naturedly called one of his children from the adjacent house, and told them to bring from his salmon storehouse the two fish they had that morning taken from his nets. This was done, and when examined, one, bright as silver, evidently from the sea, had a formidable mouth full of sharp teeth; the other, which had lost much of its brightness, and had all the signs of having been in the river, had scarcely a tooth in its head—a few quite loose old teeth being all that were visible. My next question to him was naturally, 'How did you make this discovery?' His answer was curious, showing in how simple a manner such problems are often found out. His statement was this:

"One Saturday afternoon, some three years ago, I went to tie up my nets for the weekly close time, and found in them two salmon, just such as are lying there before us. I gave one of them to my ten-year-old girl, who had accompanied me, to carry the fish home. Presently she remarked, 'Dad, this fish has no teeth!' This led me to examine it carefully; it was evidently, by the color, a fish that had been some time in the river, and it was toothless. Since that time I have carefully examined all fish caught in my nets, and found the result always the same.

"The following day we left that river for the mouth of the St. John, and after a delay of two days ascended it in canoes some twenty miles to its noted pools. We had at this time twenty-four hours of welcome heavy rain, which raised the river 2ft., and brought down the temperature of the water, giving us a splendid chance for the next ten days, during which my nephew and self landed 160 fish, and hooked and lost some forty or fifty additional ones. All these were most carefully examined, with the result that nearly all were quite toothless. A few of them, evidently later from the sea, had some straggling loose teeth. These pools we fished were between twenty-five and thirty miles from the sea, and salmon had begun to reach them five or six weeks before the date of our visit. Some of those we caught had therefore been a long time out of the sea. We then returned to the Mingan River, and caught some forty more fish. A careful examination of them gave the same result as on the St. John. Before leaving Mingan for the Tupitagan we had caught there some fifty fish, in addition to some half a dozen kelts, but being then ignorant of the toothless problem, the mouths of none of them were examined, and as we were at that latter season unable to obtain any kelts, could get no evidence as to the regrowth of their teeth.

"At the Mingan Post of the Hudson's Bay Company there was an opportunity of examining a number of the hunters of the Montagnais Indian tribe, who all confirmed the statement that salmon lose their teeth soon after entering fresh water. When cross-questioned on the subject they answered, 'It is just the same as deer lose their horns, bears, martens and other animals their fur, and lobsters change their shells every year.' It seems almost incredible that this fact, of which we obtained such ample evidence, and which a slight amount of observation would have easily detected, has been overlooked by so many experienced professional and amateur fishermen. I have conversed with many of both classes on the coast, and since my return, but none were aware of this peculiarity. This in the case of fly-fishermen may in some measure be accounted for, when a fish has been gaffed or landed by a net they leave the detaching of the hook to the gaffer, and therefore do not see the mouth of the fish.

"It is to be hoped that during the coming fishing season in Canada and elsewhere this problem will be thoroughly investigated and reported on, especially in the case of kelts. What may be the case of salmon in the rivers of Great Britain others must demonstrate, but if found to correspond in any measure with those of the rivers of Labrador the fact may have a most important bearing on the much-argued question, 'Do salmon feed in fresh water?' The mouths of the toothless salmon we caught could have no holding power over small fish—one's hand could be rubbed hard along both upper and lower jaw without the least obstruction, while salmon, if caught in or just out of salt water, would in like circumstances cut the hand severely."

In the above description Mr. Dennistoun has apparently brought out an exceptional condition of the teeth in breeding salmon, and the subject deserves careful and continued investigation. It has long been known that salmon and charr frequently shed their teeth and as often renew them by others which appear from below or on one side of the deciduous teeth. The number is much reduced as old age comes on, and, especially in sea-going species like the Labrador salmon, the tooth-bearing surface shrinks rapidly in extent. Males in the breeding season have the jaws greatly produced and bent; the teeth of the intermaxillary bone become much enlarged, so that they are fully four times the size of the corresponding teeth in females. There is, however, usually no serious loss of teeth during the spawning period. Dr. Günther's description of a male Irish salmon in full breeding condition, and measuring 3ft. in length, contains the following remarks as to the teeth: "The dentition of the jaws and of the palatine bones almost perfect, the teeth of the intermaxillary being stronger than those of the mandible, which again are larger than the maxillary and palatine teeth; the series of intermaxillary teeth does not extend across the forepart of the snout, the intermaxillary bones themselves being separated by a deep notch. Of the vomerine teeth three only of the anterior ones are left; they form a triangle; most of the teeth of the tongue are lost." Breeding males of the Penobscot salmon agree with the above description and males of all the Pacific salmon show the same characters. As we have remarked, therefore, the peculiar condition of Lab-

rador salmon is worthy of further study, and will no doubt have the attention of anglers who may visit the region.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT WATERS.

THE run of salmon in the celebrated pool at Bangor has not yet been of any considerable proportions. Following the first one caught, already mentioned in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, only a few have been taken. In one day, Saturday, April 11, six fish were hooked, but only one was landed. The trouble seemed to be with the tackle in use, or with the inexperience of the fishermen who were fortunate enough to get the rises. In one case, where the salmon was hooked and secured, the fish came out of the water to the casting of one gentleman, and would evidently have risen again to the same cast, but another fisherman near by put an end to the hopes of the owner of the cast. The fisherman above evidently saw what was going on and ordered his guide to paddle him across the pool. Either intentionally, or otherwise, the guide allowed the boat to drift slightly down the stream, with the cast of flies of the fisherman trailing in the pool. The salmon rose to these flies, was hooked and landed. It is explained by those who have been there this spring, that the fishing ground has changed, or appears to have changed, in that the best fishing has been on the Bangor side, whereas on former seasons it has been on the other side, where the shore is controlled by the club.

Moosehead Lake sportsmen are preparing for a good season with the brook trout in those celebrated waters. It is reported that the ice is liable to go out early. The water is unusually high, and the ice is broken from the shores, indications that are supposed to suggest an early breaking up. But this is by no means positive evidence that the ice will go out early. For after all the ice has to thaw and become thin enough and weak enough for the wind to break it up, since it is but the work of a few hours for one of those great Maine lakes to clear of ice. It gradually grows thinner and weaker till it is weak enough to rise on top of the waves, or rather to be moved by the wind, starting at the shore. An old hermit, who formerly spent his winters at the South Arm of Richardson Lake, once explained the matter of the going out of the ice to some ladies in these words: "I was here when she all went to smash." He said this with a vacant stare up the lake. Then he added, "I looked up the lake and she was all solid. The next time I looked up she had all gone to smash!"

The latest indications and suggestions do not point toward the clearing of the Rangeley Lakes previous to the 10th of May. Last year these lakes cleared on the 8th and 9th, at the same time Moosehead cleared. The Rangeleys cleared in 1889, on the 29th of April, which was about the earliest on record. The average is about the 13th. It is announced that the railroad from Phillips to Rangeley will be completed by the first of June. This will be too late to catch the best of the travel this spring. It is now completed to within seven miles of Rangeley, but the unfinished part is through a wilderness, and the road will not be of any use to the public till completed.

A trout party of three went from Boston up into Barre, Mass., last week and returned with a creel of some 70 trout. They found many of the streams still very high from the effects of rain and snow water. One of the larger, and about the best stream, they did not fish at all by reason of high water. The tackle people mention a good trade with the fishermen, getting their outfits ready for the Maine waters. It will be legal to fish the streams there on May 1, in fact, any waters, but the lakes are not likely to be open, as mentioned above. Portland, Saco and Biddeford sportsmen are getting ready for the land-locked salmon fishing in Sebago, as soon as the ice leaves. They are expecting a good run. SPECIAL.

At the last business meeting of the Loon Club of Monson, which is an organization of local sportsmen, letters were received from O. A. Denner, of Kineo, and other gentlemen who had been elected honorary members.

Among them was one who has in former years often enjoyed the pleasure of angling in many of the numerous lakes and ponds in Monson and vicinity.

It is unnecessary to add that this pleasant missive from Maine's honored citizen and one of the nation's great statesmen was highly appreciated by the members of this club. It is as follows: "BANGOR, April 10.—E. R. Haynes, Esq.: I have your notice informing me that the Loon Club had elected me an honorary member thereof. The club will please accept my thanks for the compliment. I shall endeavor to meet the club at some time during the coming season. Very truly yours, HANNIBAL HAMLIN."

As it is an autograph letter entire it will be framed and hung in the club house.

Every indication is that the ice will be out of the lakes and ponds earlier by several days than usual. J. F. S.

MONSON, ME.

ICE FISHING FOR PIKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with pleasure the articles on the pike in your issues of the 2d and 9th inst. Your correspondent is misinformed when he places a fish weighing 16 or 17lbs. as being upward of 4ft. in length. I inclose a photograph (flash light) of a part of a day's luck in fishing through the ice; the catch was made by a friend and myself on Feb. 23 last. The three large fish weighed 22, 21½ and 18lbs., being weighed immediately after capture. The one bass (bigmouth) shown weighed 4½lbs. The rule standing between the two large pike is 4ft. in length, the rounds of the ladder are 1ft. apart. The tails of the fish became somewhat broken by freezing. We use a different method in preparing the lines and hooks here in Kalamazoo from that used anywhere else in the country; our hooks are different, we fasten the bait differently, we coil the lines so they will surely run out—in fact, we are successful always in the capture of the pike. B. O. B.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

[The authority for the length and weight of the large pike of Lake George is named in the article on the "Pike Family," in our issue of April 2. As the pike spawns in winter, perhaps some of the big ones referred to were gravid females, and consequently much heavier than usual for their length. The ratio of length to weight, however, is a variable quantity.]

FISHING IN EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS.

READER, have you never been met with the cheery "Hello! where are you going?" from a friend when rigged out with basket, rod, etc.? Well, I have. Just two weeks ago, while waiting for a delayed train, I was approached by my friend and brother sportsman, Dan H., who asked the above question, to which I replied, "Fishing, you chump. Can't you see?"

"What do you expect to catch?"

"Fish," I answered; "want to go?"

"Betcher life. How much time have I got to get ready?"

"Just 50 minutes: the train is 40 minutes late, so run home, pack up, and come on." So off rushed Dan, and in about half an hour he came into the Grand Central Depot, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and then found out that, between his haste and anxiety to reach the depot in time he had forgotten his flies.

"Well, I will be blankety blank! Damn a fool anyhow," exclaimed Dan, and was only comforted when I opened my heart and basket and "whacked up" with him.

"Where do we go?" He had not thought until that late moment to ask my destination. "Eagle Lake," I replied, "and put me down as a disciple of Annanias if we fail to make a good catch of bass and croppies. R. (Little Lord Fauntleroy) joins us at New Philadelphia."

"Are you sure?" asked Dan. "Sure," I replied.

"Bully," quoted Dan, "then we catch fish to-morrow, for R. is a real live mascot."

Just then the delayed train came thundering in and the welcome "All aboard" from the conductor, caused our hearts to leap with pleasure and soon we were being hurried through the darkness toward our haven of sport, the reed-lined and lily-padded waters of Eagle Lake.

Dan and I were both fast asleep when we pulled into New Philadelphia, but were soon awakened by Little Lord F., who came tearing through the coach, banging his fish basket against the heads of several of the unconscious occupants of the car.

We reached Eagle Lake station about daylight, where we were met by P. H. Bunn, the veteran guardian of the lake, with a team, and were soon bowling over the broad prairie at a lively rate and reached the lake about 6 o'clock A. M.

Reader, is there anything that so stirs the feelings of a sportsman, or fills his soul with greater delight, than to stand beneath the spreading branches of a great live oak, his brow fanned by a gentle spring morning's breeze, laden with the fragrance of wild flowers and prairie grasses, listening to the singing of the meadow lark, the bark of the festive fox squirrel and last, but not least, gazing with longing eyes on the placid surface of a grand expanse of water that fairly teems with bass, white perch and bream? I guess not.

After a breakfast of corn cakes, bacon and black coffee we hurriedly jointed our rods and prepared for sport.

Now for a toss to see who shall secure the services of Mr. Bunn. R., with his usual luck, won and announced his success by a demoniac yell. So off we pushed our boats, R. and Bunn in the first and Dan and I in another. They go directly across while Dan and I pull lustily up the lake to a place known in these waters as the "deep hole." I acting as guide, as this was Dan's first trip to Eagle Lake.

I seat Dan in the bow of the boat, rod well in hand, and as soon as we near the edge of the lilies quietly say, "Now, Dan, play your fly close to the lily pads," which he does, and at the second cast a heavy splash and he has one hooked. Lord! How he pulls, rushing hither and thither, leaping high in the air in his vain endeavor to loose the cruel hook. Dan, all excitement, plays him carefully and the beauty soon lies gasping in the bottom of the boat.

"Five pounds if an ounce," shouts Dan.

"Naw," I reply, "about three."

"Betcher the drinks," he replied.

"Done." Scales are then produced and the fish weighs 3½ lbs.

"Must be something the matter with those scales," says Dan, who passed the bottle and we proceed to liquidate.

Soon the fun grows fast and furious and in about three hours we have 11 fine bass to our credit, ranging from 1½ to 3½ lbs. each. The bass now cease to feed so we conclude to try for white perch (or croppie) and pull for a tall bunch of reeds about a half mile away.

These fish, I notice, in Texas waters have different habits in different localities. For instance, in the lakes of the Brazos and Colorado bottom lands, white perch are found only in pairs, while in the lakes that border the San Jacinto and Trinity rivers they are found in schools, in very deep water, and most always at the extreme end of a fallen tree top, and when found can be taken in large numbers. They grow large, are frequently caught as high as 2 lbs. in weight, and afford rare sport.

Soon we reach the reeds, drop anchor and proceed to fish. I open the ball by landing a fine specimen of croppie, above 1 lb. in weight. Then Dan's float sinks gracefully beneath the placid waters, he strikes, and evidently has a large fish. Dan grows excited, cries "Another bass!" and nearly swamps the boat in his wild endeavor to land his fish, which he does after a hard fight, but alas! no game and beauteous bass meets his gaze, but the detested grindell (or fresh-water shark), the greatest enemy of game fish that inhabits our waters. "What is it, Irish?" addressing me. I solemnly inform him that he has caught a cypress trout, one of our rarest fish that swims, and this being the first specimen that he has ever seen, of course he believes me and places him gently on the string.

We now pull up stakes and make for another spot about a quarter of a mile away, much to the disgust of Dan, who did not then know it would have been folly to stay where we were. Soon we cast anchor and once again try with more success. This time we catch bream, croppie and goggle-eyes; moving from reed to reed, picking out one or two here and there, until we show a magnificent string of 15 croppie, 9 bream and about a dozen goggle-eyed perch.

After counting our catch Dan took the rear of the boat, standing on the seat, intently fishing, while I was busy with the anchor, when one of the most amusing (to me) accidents occurred I have ever witnessed. All at once I heard a splash, so light that I thought Dan had a strike. Glancing hurriedly around, to my horror no Dan was in sight. "Good Lord!" I exclaimed, "he has fallen overboard!" I tore frantically at the anchor and pulled the boat around to where the water was disturbed.

Now Dan wears glasses, and the first thing I saw when he arose was the glasses. He fairly churned the water in his wild effort to reach the side of the boat. He climbed in the boat, and found that as he fell overboard he broke his rod, lost his spectacles as he reached the edge of the boat, and split his pants. Hokey, how he cursed. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I fairly roared with laughter; but when Dan said, "Just think. Broke my rod, lost my glasses, and busted my breeches all at the same time; who ever heard of such cursed luck?" I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. But not until B. and R. came in was his cup of sorrow filled. He had put on Bunn's Sunday vest, Dan is 4ft. and Bunn is 6; of course R. and B. laughed and called him Santa Claus, and when their merriment subsided Dan triumphantly produced his string of fish. R. picked up the grinell and exclaimed, "Dogfish!" Dan dropped the fish and started for me, but I proved too swift. All jokes were then declared off, and we proceeded to count the catch of B. and Little Lord F., and found that their take exceeded ours: showing 15 bass, 19 croppie, 23 bream and 6 goggle-eyed perch. Our total catch was about 58 lbs.

Eagle Lake is situated in Colorado county, on the Colorado River, and is about 1½ miles from a station of the same name. It can be reached from almost any point in Texas by either the Southern Pacific or the San Antonio & Arkansas Pass Railways. The lake is 4½ miles in length and from 1 to 1½ miles in width, and is entirely surrounded by large magnificent liveoaks. It abounds with fish of all kinds, and it is not an infrequent occurrence to catch from 40 to 50 bass a day, to say nothing of croppie and several varieties of perch.

During the winter months ducks and geese can be found on and in the vicinity of the lake by the thousands. Quail, jacksnipe and squirrels are plentiful, with deer further down in the bottom. Verily this is a sportsman's paradise.

Families from all parts of Texas visit this lake, bringing their own tents, etc., remaining from one to three weeks, renting a boat, which costs only 50 cents per day, or \$1.50 including the services of Mr. Bunn, who has a cabin on the lake and is untiring in behalf of visitors.

At 7 P. M. we board the east-bound train and reach Houston at midnight, healthier and happier for our one day's outing. J. C. W.

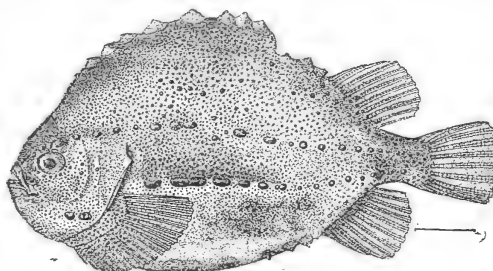
HOUSTON, TEXAS.

THE LUMP FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A salt-water fish obtained from the Philadelphia markets has been upon exhibition for several days without being named. I send you a rough description from a casual glance with the desire that it may be lucid enough for the purpose.

It is 16in. in length, 7in. in width or depth, for three-fourths of its length very heavy in structure, the tail and fins being small in proportion to the apparent weight, 6lbs. In cross-section (transverse) it is triangular or trefoil, the base being 4in. In color it is a glossy blue black, the fins being darker in color, a small area on the stomach being a dirty white, rapidly shading into the prevailing



color. The upper surface is apparently without scales except two or three longitudinal rows on each side far apart of triangular scales or warts touching each other. The heavy upper portion upon which is the dorsal fin is of jelly-like consistency. The head is not defined; that end is rectangular and flat on the end, with a transverse mouth opening 2½in. long near the bottom, with the eyes set near the front on the sides. There are apparently no gill covers.

It is evidently a bottom feeder and an odd looking creature as it lay upon its stomach, having about as much shape as a wooden jack plane. We would be pleased if you can name it and give its habitat. J. M. T.

[We think the fish is the lump fish of our East Coast (*Cyclopterus lumpus*). This species is figured on plate 70 of the "Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," and its natural history is well set forth by Dr. Goode in the accompanying text. The lump fish is a very common inhabitant of New England seas and north to Greenland, occurring also in the eastern Atlantic in large numbers. It ranges south to Chesapeake Bay, but is comparatively rare in the southern portion of its range.]

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAYLING.—Salt Lake City, Utah, March 29.—Please send me a cut and description of the grayling, as some of our local anglers think that in some of the waters of Idaho, whither we occasionally take a trip, they have found the same, and I wish to have the means of identifying it.—T. J. S. [In Idaho and the Rocky Mountain region of some other Western States two fishes are known under the common name of grayling. One of these is a true grayling (*Thymallus tricolor*), the other is a small whitefish (*Coregonus williamsoni*). The grayling may be easily distinguished from the whitefish by the presence of distinct teeth in the jaws and by its very long dorsal fin, which contains about twenty rays. The whitefish has no teeth in the jaws and the dorsal fin is short, containing about twelve or fourteen rays. The whitefish again is plain silvery in color, while the grayling has the sides purplish gray with numerous black spots. The dorsal fin is beautifully marked with blackish and rose-colored streaks, besides rows of dusky green and rose-colored spots. The belly fins are also variegated with rose-colored lines crossing diagonally over a dusky ground. There is no difficulty about distinguishing the two fish with specimens at hand for comparison. The very small toothless mouth of the whitefish alone would distinguish it readily from the comparatively large mouth and tooth-bearing jaws of the grayling.]

ANGLING NOTES.

THE anglers of the Tuxedo Club are having fine sport with the brook trout they turned out last winter. Their fish run larger than usual this spring and are in fine condition. The catches average 1½ lb. each, but so far none have been killed over 1½ lbs. It is comparatively easy to catch the limit in any of the private club waters at the beginning of the season, but after the trout has been fished over for a month or six weeks they seem to become educated and very shy; then the real sport begins and only those fishermen who are good anglers can hope to fill their creels.

Many persons will be disappointed to learn that the best part of the east and west branches of Broadheads Creek, at Henryville, have been taken up by a club of anglers. Every year free waters are getting more difficult to find and trout fishing, like all luxuries, must be paid for.

A Canadian fly-fisherman gives us the following interesting occurrence which happened to him last summer in one of the lakes back of Quebec. He was casting with a light rod along shore, when he struck what seemed to be a heavy fish. After a long fight he found that he had on two trout instead of one. In landing the upper one the bottom fish tore loose and took the tail fly and part of the leader with him. The one he saved weighed a trifle over 2 lbs. and was a very handsome specimen; the lower one he only got a glimpse of, but he saw enough to convince him that it was a much larger fish. The next morning he went bright and early to the same spot and soon was so fortunate as to hook that identical trout with the fly and leader still fast. It weighed 3 lbs. 7 oz. During that day he killed among many others twelve speckled trout that weighed 30 lbs., none of which were wasted.

The lake trout fishermen are looking at their gangs and making ready for their annual raid to the Adirondacks and Maine waters. The ice on Raquette Lake is reported to be 2 ft. thick and it will probably not break up before the first or second week in May. Most of the veterans arrange with their guides to keep them posted, and when the long looked for telegram flashes the welcome news to them that the ice has gone out, they are off. Last May was unusually wet and cold and the water was too high for good fishing; this season promises to be much better.

Anglers and sportsmen should make the most of it while there is any game or fish left in the old North Woods, for in a very few seasons the new railroad will cut the Adirondacks nearly through the center and spread fire and destruction along its path.

The New York Association for the Protection of Game, at their April meeting, refused the offers of Morello and the Hotel Brunswick to compromise the suits, and their counsel was ordered to proceed against them as soon as possible. Morello seems to have kept right on serving quail. Game Warden Kidd has commenced a suit for ten quail served to him and a party of friends a week or two ago.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell writes that four salmon were taken at Bangor on Friday. SCARLET-IBIS.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUT WATERS.

MECHANICSBURG, Cumberland County, Pa., April 18.—The opening of the trout in Pennsylvania was inaugurated in the Cumberland Valley by the banks of the many trout streams being lined with hundreds of noted fly-casters from this and adjoining States and a full complement of the members of the local angling brotherhood.

For days before the open season the outlook for good weather was discouraging, as March closed with a snow-storm which beat the largest in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But the fifteenth opened with a sky and a wind that gave joy to the heart of the angler as well as many fine trout to his creel. Among the many streams which vein this beautiful valley the famous "Big Spring" at Newville is the most noted for the excellence of its trout fishing. The well known fly-casters of the Eastern and Middle States have oftentimes wet their lines in its silvery stream, and year after year make pilgrimages to its shore in quest of the speckled denizens which populate its waters.

This year they gathered in on the afternoon and evening of the 14th, and the evening was spent at the only inn in the town talking of the trouting of "auld lang syne." Long before dawn on the 15th the banks of the stream were dotted with anglers, who faithfully whipped the stream until the sun went down. On this stream the catch numbered over 3,000 trout, the "stone fly" being the taker, and those who came provided with this fly were the most successful. Among those whom fortune favored with good catches were Mr. E. S. Osgood, of New York, who caught the famous 9 lb. trout in the Rangeley Lakes. This gentleman took a great many trout of large size. Marborough Keedy, Esq., John U. Adams, editor of the *News*, and Dr. Murray, of Hagerstown, Md.; R. M. Sturgeon, of the *Telegram*, H. W. McAlamy, of the *Evening Telegraph*, Dr. Vallerchamp, Dr. Moffit, Alderman Fager and Mr. Lutz, of Harrisburg; Mr. Bech, of York; Theo. Rakestraw and R. W. Short, of Mechanicsburg, and Mr. Mell and Mr. Loy, of Newville. At Shipensburg the Dykeman ponds were fished hard, anglers paying \$1.00 per pound for the trout caught. The Letort Run and the net work of brooks in the south mountain out from Carlisle yielded many fine fish. Harry Noble and the Messrs. Heckman were successful in these waters. Many fine trout were taken also at the "Bonny Brook" preserve near Mt. Holly. This preserve is owned by the venerable Johnson Moore, who is the pioneer fly-caster of the Cumberland valley.

The stream near New Kingston was not fished hard, but some big trout were taken by local anglers. Cohocan Run was in fine condition, and the fishermen who fished it with worms got the big fish and a large number of them.

Trout Run, as in former years, was a favorite, and good returns came from that water. Commissioner Levi Hertzler took 16 that weighed over 18 lbs., Major S. N. Emminger took 13 fine fish, and John Ulrich took 16. Hoge's Run was neglected by the anglers who formerly fished it, and no returns are reported from it.

Trindle Run showed up well, and many excellent trou

were taken. A. G. Hade caught 9, John Coover brought to basket 26. Chas. Murdoch, of Columbia, Lancaster county, captured 9 in this stream, four of which weighed 9lbs.; the largest weighing 2lbs. 5oz. Harry Mayer took one that weighed 2lbs. 9oz., and a young Titian it surely was. Over at the well known "Silver Spring" dams remarkable success was had by the anglers who gathered on its banks to try their favorite sport. Chas. Metzgar, Jacob Haehnen, Geo. Boyd, W. E. Seiler, Prof. W. F. Seiler and T. B. Robinson took 110 big trout, running in size from 13 to 18in. in length. Good success was had by the fly-fishermen who went to Cedar Run. Dr. Jones, of Harrisburg, had a well-filled creel of 23 trout, among them several two-pounders. Mr. Miller and Mr. Schroeder also took some trout from this brook.

The brook-veined mountains north of this place were given the "go by" so far as Cumberland county visitors were concerned, but were fished by anglers from the Juniata Valley. A gentleman in town from that section to-day reported many fine fish taken from those mountain streams.

All of the above-mentioned streams, from the Big Spring down, have been stocked with trout from the State hatchery of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and the success of the planting is manifest by the unprecedented catch of opening day this season. The California rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) are showing up well and take the fly greedily. Mr. Thos. Adams took one at Newville from the Big Spring that tipped the beam at 1lb. 9oz. and measured 17in. in length. But the fish pirates are alert and active. On the night of the 14th a party of trout hogs and fish pirates drew off the water at the middle dam in the Big Spring and simply murdered hundreds of trout. Some of them were exhibited the next day that weighed 3½lbs. and 4lbs. 8½oz. respectively. Both of these fish had their heads smashed with some hard instrument. No effort has yet been made to mete out justice to these violators of the fish laws of the Commonwealth.

For a number of years "Silver Spring" was thus plundered by fish pirates, but a wholesale prosecution by parties interested placed the pirates in a pillory of public contempt and a quietus on fish robbery in the lower end of the county. With all the joy which the rapid growth of fish planted in the streams gives our local angling brotherhood, yet our hearts are sorely troubled because we have a "Farmer Legislature," and there is a disposition on the part of the majority to tamper with the present excellent fish laws and make fish piracy respectable. Still more grievous is it to know that the Senator and member of the lower House of the Assembly are heartily in favor of the change—indeed they pronounce themselves, it is said, as in favor of doing away entirely with the fish laws. The honest anglers of our grand old Commonwealth have need to lift up their voices against this iniquitous measure now before the Legislature.

ROBERTA.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 17.—Dr. Bartlett, Fish Commissioner for Illinois, lives at Quincy, when he isn't somewhere else, but lately has branched out and now has an office in Chicago. I found his desk to-day, just at the left of Mr. Geo. E. Cole's, in the big establishment of the latter gentleman, at 86 Dearborn street. Mr. Cole, as everybody knows, is president of the Fox River Fish and Game Association, and any one knowing that will know why the Commissioner's office is where it is. The two work together, and that very well indeed.

Dr. Bartlett is highly encouraged by the improvement noticeable in his lines of labor in this State. He rejoices in the system of fishways which now let the fish from the Mississippi clear on up to the Fox Lake waters. At the La Grange locks, once much dreaded as a barrier, the Government has made one of its stone abutments suitable as the wing of a good fishway. The wardens all over the State are doing well. Hundreds of nets have been taken up in the Illinois River country this spring and an entire new era inaugurated in a once lawless region. The Commission, as will be remembered, has a steamer of its own and by means of this steamer it carries out a pretty smooth scheme about these nets. Of course, the Commission has no authority to destroy a net without legal process after its removal, though some of its wardens have burned a few without protest from the owners who lately used them unlawfully. They do not destroy the nets therefore, but acting under their legal right to remove them, hitch a long drag rope to the end of the net wing, put on steam and drag the net bodily from its moorings. Of course, it may tear, but that's in the "removing," and, of course, after it has been dragged down stream a mile or so it sinks and in due time gets covered with mud and sand, but that isn't destroying property, it's only removing illegal nets. A great many have been so removed and the work is constantly going on.

There will be a good-sized planting in the Des Plaines River soon, 1,000,000 German carp, 1,000,000 pickerel, 500,000 black bass and 500,000 pike, all of which fry will be placed in the river near Riverside. There have been three attempts made to stock the Des Plaines within the past six years, but the stream has no fish worth mentioning now. It is speared, netted, dynamited and otherwise depleted constantly, and no one of the angling guild thinks of fishing there. There is no fishway in the dam at Riverside, but one is to be put in this spring, it is said. The Des Plaines, if properly protected, would be a good stream for pickerel and big-mouth bass, and it is the most accessible stream about Chicago, being only about a dozen miles out. It is hoped the new plant will give the Dutch, Polish, Irish, Bohemian, Russian, Italian and other delectable "American" element a chance to net, poison, spear or blow up a few more fish. The warden of Riverside says he will stop illegal methods there.

Warden Buck, acting for the Fox River Association along the Fox River, sends President Cole the following report on his work. He has gone clear from Fox Lake on down, and this is what he says:

ELGIN, April 5.—Geo. E. Cole, 86 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Dear Sir: I went to McHenry Wednesday night, and Thursday morning at 4:30 I was at the Johnsburg Creek. I waited there until it was light and then commenced to look for nets. I dragged the creek as far as I could go up it and all around the mouth, but could find nothing, nor any stakes where a net could be fastened. I then went to the lakes and looked along up Nippersink Creek and found nothing there. The water is so roily they can't see to spear there yet. On Friday I came down the river. I found one

net opposite Bain's place below Burton's bridge, but could not find the owner. Bain said he did not own it, but I think he does, as he had a gill net last year and it was not in his shed where he kept it. I have got it stowed and think I will be able to prove who owns it. I found a large gill net in Courtney's Bayou and Mr. Courtney said some boys were there last week from Ringwood and he thought they left it. I have got that put away and will try and find the owners. I came on down to this place and got here last night. I found everything all right at Algonquin, but at Carpentersville the fishway was all stopped with some pieces of stumps that had been put in there. I notified Mr. Edwards and will go there in the morning and see that they are cleaned out, and then I will go on down the river and see that every fishway is in shape. Mr. Edwards said the fishway was all in working order when he got my notice, and this stuff must have been put in last week. Yours, respectfully, F. L. BUCK.

Beardstown, on the Illinois River, is one of the old offenders, and one of the hardest of places to straighten out into lawful ways of fishing, the waters thereabout having been unrestricted for years. Yet there are good men there in plenty, and now there is a good club there, which will break up the lawlessness. Mr. A. A. Greene was the inaugurator of this movement. He wrote up to Mr. Cole about by-laws, etc., early this spring, and was duly answered. On March 16 he wrote:

The by-laws and your letter reached me in good time, and I am happy to state that we organized the Beardstown Rod and Gun Club yesterday, with some 55 or 90 members. We elected 10 directors, who have called a meeting for Friday for the election of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and adopted your by-laws, and will incorporate also at an early date. Will send you copy of by-laws and proceedings as soon as printed. If you can assist any in having Dr. Z. T. Smith, of this place, appointed deputy fish warden it will help out; he is one of our members and assures me that he will watch the matter closely, without fear or favor from any one, and is the right man in the right place. We are going to see the law is obeyed from this out regardless of everybody. Fraternally yours, A. A. GREENE.

The next letter from Mr. Greene was as follows:

BEARDSTOWN, Ill., April 5.—I take pleasure in making you an honorary member of our club. Our membership will number near 100 when we get thoroughly canvassed, and I hope to do good work and have a good report when you come down in May. I propose to go for 'em tooth and nail—let the chips fall where they may—prompt and vigorous action in movements of this kind is the only way to win. In addition to officers on membership card we have Jno. H. Hazener, treasurer, and G. L. Van Doren, vice-president. We will incorporate, and have adopted your by-laws.—A. A. GREENE

This is the way the Fox River Association has built itself up, by the constant accretion of clubs whose members live right along the Fox River and Illinois River tract. Its membership is growing and it cannot grow too large. Now here is another new little club which I have just got track of and which I recommend for early action upon to Mr. Cole and Mr. Wilkinson. I met Mr. Wood and told him all his club should certainly join the association, as that will help their fishing. They are on the Fox River, well up, not far below McHenry.

I believe we are going to have a big fishing season out here this year, both in sales of tackle and in actual angling. Our game will go, we may be ready to say, but it is easy to see that the fish can be protected and kept forever to afford sport. Angling is growing in favor in Chicago and the fishing is growing better, and not poorer, around Chicago.

It is a strange fascination this that angling has, both for the old hand and the novice; and hereafter I have found something in one of our dailies here. It is good reading, and not bad writing, though the writer is impersonal, and I have a notion to ask room for it:

Yesterday morning two men were strolling up the lake shore drive. The lake rippled and shimmered under the warm sun in a really inviting kind of way. The grass looked much greener than it has on any previous day this year. There was a hint of balminess in the air. One could feel the sap starting in the trees. The men walked very leisurely to the end of the drive and across a corner of Lincoln Park to that new causeway. At the lower end of it for a few rods a row of tall pilings makes a sort of piling at the water's edge. Two or three boys were seating there. They had a long piece of scantling projecting over the posts. Near the land end of this scantling was a huge reel, from which a rope ran out over the end and down to the water. The men leaned over the piling and watched. Presently one of the boys wound up the reel, lifting from the water a four-cornered seine held by a frame of two oaken bows—empty.

"Pooh!" said one of the men as he tossed the stub of his cigar contemptuously at the unsuccessful apparatus. "An intelligent occupation! Fishing's about the stupidest thing anyhow. I never could imagine any fun in watching a string dangling in the water all day. Here's the end of the line!" indicated a youth who was just then tossing out his line. "It's 9 o'clock—these fellows will be at it till noon."

They loitered along over the granite blocks. A little further up an old man was pulling a fish from the water—a small fish that flopped and squirmed amazingly.

Jove, you must be the contemner of Walton, surprisedly, "this man's caught a fish!"

He stopped, half mechanically, while the patriarch stooped down and pulled from the water a piece of cord, at the end of which three other small fishes flopped and squirmed, and put on it the new captive. Then he watched the ancient sportsman bait his hook and toss it out again. Presently he shifted his weight to the other leg and took his place in the other hand. Every now and then there came a twitch and tautness at the fishing line. The fisher pulled his old slouch hat close over his brows to shade his eyes, and moved his line a little once in a while. The watcher cast a hurried glance about him, selected a smooth and comparatively clean stone and sat down upon it. He lighted a fresh cigar and rested his elbows on his knees, and smoked lazily and kept his eyes on the bobbing line. The water lapped against the posts in a soft, grateful sort of way, the birds over in the park sung, and the sun climbed higher.

Presently the other man said, "Well, it's after 10—let's go back."

The observer jumped up hastily, "After 10, by Jove—yes, let's go." He dusted his coat-tails and glanced back and stopped. "Had a mighty strong bite then," he said. "I've wait just a second. I want to see him land this one."

After a while the other man said again, "Well, I have got to go." "Yes; hold on—I'm going," said the scoffer. He cast one hesitating, lingering glance backward, then set his face resolutely cityward.

As they passed the boys with the seine he said, "Where'd be a good place to run out to next Saturday and go a-fishing?"

That question is becoming a common one now, and I hope we shall have abundant answers to it after a while.

April 19.—A number of friends respond, I see, to my inquiry for good wading gear. I have even had marked advertisements sent me. The heavy stocking and the stitch-downs I have never tried, though I have found heavy rubber-soled canvas tennis shoes good to wear over the rubber foot. My trouble isn't about that, but about the rubber or sileasia stockings or trousers. I have a couple of pairs that leak, always did leak, always will leak. No matter what I pay I always get stuck in wading trousers and that's why I am not stuck on them. In my family they sprinkled and didn't dip, and I'm dead

against a portable bifurcated rubber bath tub that only leaks one way and goes under the trade name of waterproof wading trousers. E. HOUGH.

CHEAPER FOOD FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much pleased with your editorial of March 19, on stocking Lake Ontario, and hope you will refer to it again. The subject is receiving very much attention and we are encouraged to believe that results will soon come from the agitation. The United States people have shown a disposition to assist, but ask that our State first protect the water by laws and regulations well enforced. We are in hopes this will speedily be done, from the fact that the life of the Game Law Codifying Commission has been extended for the purpose of conferring with Canadian authorities on this subject.

New York State has done well in fishculture, and can view with pride the shad and game propagation; but there is a growing sentiment that in the matter of food fish, which are natural to the Great Lakes, she is far behind the other States and Canada, and that the time has come when New York should turn her attention to the restocking of the vast water farm on our northern border, thus affording a cheap and very desirable fish food for the rapidly increasing population and at the same time fostering an industry now monopolized by our neighbors. If the coming conference above mentioned could be extended so that Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin be represented, I believe much better results would be arrived at. Our Association favors uniform laws for all the Great Lakes, and joint action, both State and national, and working harmoniously together, is what we desire to see accomplished. Cheap fish food is sure to receive more attention in the near future. Legislative bodies are beginning to perceive its importance, political and industrial. What is first needed is wise protective laws thoroughly enforced, followed up by liberal artificial planting. One good practical result we are in hopes may come from this conference mentioned is a finding, after careful consideration, what would be wise laws to enact and enforce, and as there is much difference of opinion on this subject, we would like to see it include the other States; and at the same time we would suggest that the people now engaged in the industry—fishermen and fish dealers—be given a hearing. This class we find, from extensive correspondence, are fully alive to the importance of the subject and more anxious than any one else for proper protection.

F. J. AMSDEN.

TAPE WORM IN ROCK COD.—Whitcomb, Wash., March 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: The specimen of morbid anatomy which accompanies this letter, was this day taken alive from the stomach of a small fish weighing nearly 1lb., of the variety which is known here and at other points on Puget Sound as rock cod. We have heard of tape worms being found in trout in northern Scotland, but never credited the report. This looks, however, as if some fish in this country might have a touch of the complaint. Can any of your specialists on fishculture give us any light on the subject? H. E. HENDERSON, M.D., M. MUIR PICKEN. [The parasite referred to in the above letter is a tape worm and we have referred it to a specialist on fish entozoa for identification. It is a very common thing to find intestinal parasites in fishes, and among them tape worms are rather abundant. Professor Edwin Linton, of the Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., has written several important articles upon fish entozoa for the Report and Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission. Some of these papers have been separately issued and can probably be obtained by writing to Hon. Marshall McDonald, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C. By reference to these monographs it will be evident that intestinal parasites are among the commonest and most varied afflictions incident to fish life. The rock cod of your locality is a species of *Sebastes*, of which you have so many fine representatives; it is related to the rose fish of the Atlantic waters, but is very different from the true cod.]

BAHIA FISHES.—We have received from the U. S. National Museum an extract from Vol. XIII. of its Proceedings, being a list of fishes obtained in the harbor of Bahia, Brazil, and adjacent waters, by Dr. David Starr Jordan. These fishes form a part of the scientific results of explorations made by the U. S. Fish Commission steamer Albatross. They were obtained during the cruise from Norfolk, Va., to San Francisco. The principal collection was made in the harbor of Bahia and includes 112 species. Two of these are flounders which are described in this paper as new to science, and one of them is made the type of a new genus. One of the first things that strikes the attention of the ichthyologist is the large number of species possessed by this locality in common with the East Coast of the United States and the Gulf of Mexico. More than one-fourth of the species mentioned in the list occur as far north as Cape Cod. Among them are the well-known lady fish, thread herring, anchovy, lizard fish, half-beak, trumpet fish, Spanish mackerel, mackerel scad, big-eyed scad, look down, gray snapper, moon fish, flying gurnard, spotted sea robin, common file fish, orange file fish, blue-striped trigger fish, trunk fish and spotted swell fish of our waters. The number of specimens procured was only about two hundred, and as Dr. Jordan remarks: "It is evident that the results which would have come from extensive collecting might have been exceedingly valuable." We note the presence in this lot of four species of snappers, but unfortunately the coveted *Aya* or *Gavanha*, which Dr. Jordan believes to be the same as our famous red snapper, is not among them.

CODFISH IN CANARSIE BAY.—On April 16 John Roeklein, a Brooklyn youngster of twelve years, who was fishing for flounders in Canarsie Bay, Long Island, caught a 5½lbs. codfish, a capture reported by old habits to be remarkable for the locality.

LEASE of St. John River for sale; splendid salmon fishing. See advertisement.—Ado.

"I will see you some time after April 1," said the angler to the trout. "How will I know that you are coming?" queried Fontinalis. "Oh, I'll drop you a line,"—*Undertaken*.

Fishculture.

CALIFORNIA FISHCULTURE.

THE biennial report of the Fish Commissioners of California for 1888 to 1890 has just been received through the kindness of Mr. J. G. Woodbury, superintendent of hatcheries.

The Commissioners are Joseph Rontier, Sacramento, J. Downey Harvey, San Francisco, and Charles Josselyn, San Francisco. The report announces that sturgeon are steadily diminishing on account of the slaughter waged upon them by Chinese fishermen. Trout are rapidly increasing in number in the rivers and lakes, owing to fishcultural efforts. Black bass have been introduced in various places and their multiplication at Crystal Spring has been sufficient to constitute a base of supplies for future stocking. Catfish have become abundant in most waters and have met with popular favor. Seals and sea lions continue to destroy the incoming salmon and their depredations are so seriously felt that the Legislature is asked to abate the nuisance.

The hatchery at Sisson, on the headwaters of the Sacramento River, has achieved a great success.

The annual appropriation for the work of the Commission was \$10,000. In disbursing the \$2,000 appropriated for the purchase and importation of certain game birds difficulty was met in obtaining most of the species mentioned in the act. Chinese quail and Oregon pheasants were bought and distributed in suitable localities. Forty pairs of pheasants were obtained at \$15 per pair and 1,300 Chinese quail at the rate of \$20 per hundred.

The Commissioners recommend the passage of a law requiring the use of close-meshed screens at the ends of all irrigating ditches within the State. This is to prevent the destruction of millions of fish, which pass from the streams into these ditches and are left to perish when the water is exhausted.

The close season for salmon, says the report, should include the months of August and September. At the present time September covers the entire close season for this fish in California.

It is also recommended that the killing of deer be entirely prohibited for the next two years. This is necessary on account of the loss of deer through the severity of the last two winters.

In beginning operations at Lake Tahoe trout were found to be scarce in several streams which a short time ago were famous fishing waters. The decrease is attributed to torch-light fishing, and in one stream to the serious pollution by sawdust, as well as to the building of dams in Truckee River, which prevent the trout from making their way into Tahoe Lake. A new hatchery was built at Lake Tahoe, near Tahoe City. The species of trout abounding in this lake is one of the forms of the red-trout or Clark's trout, and has been described as *Salmo henshawi*. It is a beautiful and excellent food fish, which of late years has been rapidly diminishing in numbers.

In March, 1890, a small hatchery was started on Shovel Creek, a tributary of Klamath River, for the propagation of rainbow trout.

In taking trout for the Tahoe hatchery in March, 1890, the seiners frequently caught as many as 300 lbs. of suckers at a haul, and also whitefish. As the suckers were very plump it was thought they must be full of trout spawn. On opening them, however, not an egg was seen. The whitefish, on the other hand, were found to be full of trout eggs. The largest trout caught in Blackwood Creek weighed a little more than 16 lbs. Some of the females furnished 5,000 eggs each.

The total number of salmon, trout and black bass distributed in California during the period covered by this report amounted to nearly 9,500,000, and the Sisson hatchery contained 3,000,000 salmon eggs in the fall of 1890.

The report concludes with a paper on the food fishes of the fresh waters of California by Dr. C. H. Eigenmann. The list of fresh-water fishes now known in the State includes only 47 species, not counting those which have been introduced from other localities. There are two kinds of lampreys, two sturgeons, six species of suckers, twenty representatives of the carp or minnow family, one whitefish, four kinds of Pacific salmon, four black-spotted trout, one red-spotted trout, two species of sticklebacks, one member of the sunfish family (the Sacramento perch *Archoplites*), one species of the viviparous perch family and four species of fresh-water sculpins or miller's thumb. One of these strangely enough has received the common name of catfish. About one-half of the species enumerated are used for food. The fresh-water sculpins have no interest to the angler or fish consumer, but to the fishculturist they are among the greatest pests of the fresh waters on account of their extensive destruction of the eggs and young of the salmon family. Dr. Eigenmann gives us a grain of comfort by stating that one of the species of garter snakes subsists chiefly on these troublesome fishes.

TROUT PLANTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are going to make an effort to improve the fishing in the few streams that are left to us in this locality by artificial propagation. I speak of the streams as the few that are left, for they are few indeed now, thanks to the many sawmills and tanneries that dump their fish-exterminating refuse into them. Only a few weeks ago a bill to oblige owners of mills and tanneries to adopt some less destructive method of getting rid of their refuse was defeated in our State Legislature.

There are few things more exasperating or saddening to a fisherman than to arrive at the stream he has fished for years and knows so well and find sluggish, discolored water, filled with sawdust and sour, soggy banks of the same material. The loss is never forgotten.

In response to applications made to Mr. Streuber, of the State Commission, we recently received from the Corry hatcheries several cans of brook trout fry in excellent condition. These will be cared for till attaining a length of about 4 in. before being placed in the streams. I intend to try Mr. Wm. P. Seal's arrangement of trough as given in your issue of Feb. 19.

In removing the fry from one of the cans I noticed two little fellows that seemed to be stuck together. On closer examination I was astonished to find them possessing a well developed head apiece, but only one tail in common. They grew into one body at a point about midway in their length. They could not navigate as gracefully as some of their companions, but would lie on the bottom and take things easy. They are over three weeks old now, but I have no hope that they can hold their own for a very much longer time, as they do not appear very robust.

TITUSVILLE, Pa.

Angling Talks. By George Dawson. Price 50 cents. Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle. By H. P. Wells. Price \$2.50. Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout. By J. H. Keene. Price \$1.50. American Angler's Book. By Thad. Norris. Price \$5.50.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will make an application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—Adv.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 14 to 17.—Fourth Dog Show of the Cleveland Kennel Club, at Cleveland, O. C. M. Munhall, Secretary.

April 15 to 18.—Dog Show of the Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles.

April 28 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y. 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

CLEVELAND DOG SHOW.

THE last show of the circuit has come and gone, the Cleveland Kennel Club having the honor of bringing up the rear last week. Shows in the Forest City have heretofore been anything but a success, for in the two shows previously held something like \$1,500 having been dropped. It was therefore with no little trepidation that the club issued their invitations this spring, and naturally they did not feel very much inclined to go to any extravagance in the way of prize money and etceteras. I have already given in last week's issue some particulars of the building and the opening of the show. Contrary to expectations, the crowds poured in and the building every afternoon and evening was comfortably filled, and on Thursday night it was especially crowded and with a most respectable gathering, the admission fee being 50 cents. The club members were soon in good humor, as they are sure to be well on the right side, and next year promise us a right good show. Among those present whom we noticed were: Miss A. H. Whitney, Miss Lancaster, J. H. Winslow, N. H. Child, Geo. Bell, C. M. Nelles, T. K. Bull, Chas. G. Cook, Jno. R. Daniels, German Hopkins, H. Twyford, J. Shelley Hudson, Major Taylor, C. S. Wichard, Al Eberhart, Howard, Edgar Huidekoper, J. F. Pritchard, J. E. Dager and Mrs. Dager, B. F. Seitzer, Joe Lewis, L. F. Whitman, Jno. Moorhead, Mrs. Nicholson, Chas. R. Diefenderfer, B. F. Cody, E. Probert, Jno. Poag, E. H. Morris, George Thomas, Ben Lewis, Fred Kirby, etc. Mr. L. F. Whitman, of Chicago, superintended the show, and though things were rather muddled at first, owing to the delay of benching, everything soon worked in good order, and a very enjoyable show was the result. The only drawback was the entrance spoken of last week. This will be improved another year, but more of this in "Dog Chat." Mr. C. M. Munhall bore the brunt of the show on his shoulders, and as secretary he had to arrange everything with little or no help from the others of the club, in fact, Mr. Robison, the president, and a model one he is, and Mr. Munhall were the only club officials with whom any one had any dealings. One pleasant feature of the show was the entire absence of "kickers," decisions being received with that spirit of complacency which tends to make the judge have a good opinion of himself.

Judging did not commence till about 2 P. M. Tuesday, and the awards up to the time of our going to press were published in last week's issue. Our task will be an easy one this week, as many of the winners have already been described. As only two small rings were provided, judging was not completed till Thursday morning, black and tans and the spaniels having been left over till a good light could be had. Spratts Co. fed and benched in their usual good style, and by the way, we may mention the fact that an entirely clean set of benches had been sent on from New York for this show, so that the fears of some of the exhibitors that it followed too close on the Chicago show for the health of the dogs, were groundless. The names of the judges will, as usual, be found at the head of the breed criticised.

MASTIFFS.—(H. W. LACY).

The classes were poorly represented on the whole. The open classes are the criterion to go by as to the quality displayed in any breed. Iford Chancellor and Lady Coleus were present in their respective challenge classes. The bitch needs some little attention now, and the end of the circuit must be welcomed by these dogs, though they have certainly stood it well. In dogs I found nothing but Ormonde, and so withheld everything but first, which fell to the dark dog. Something better came forward in bitches, Caution's Own Daughter repeating her Chicago victory over Pharoah Queen, Miss Caution getting vhc., losing in size to the other. Some fair puppies were shown, first going to Beaufort Queen, who boasts a nice body, but head and expression are faulty. She will hardly make a good one unless she improves in skull. Second went to Dictator, who, had he been straight in front and not so weak in pasterns, would have been placed first; he has an excellent head and immense bone for his age, about 3 mos., judging by the appearance. The decision was a popular one, as this son of Beaufort, if he raises well, has a future before him. The others were only fair. Lady Constance, hc., lacks substance, and Talisman is faulty in skull and weak in pasterns. Hesper is black-faced.

ST. BERNARDS.—(MISS A. H. WHITNEY).

With the cracks out of the way, some of the other kennels have been able to improve their prize records at the Western shows, so it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. There were no challenge roughs entered. In open dogs a fairish class appeared. White Chief, who has been described before, winning easily from Neumann, whose best points are bone and skull, muzzle is light, good coat, is a bit straight behind, but is a dog that shows a good deal of quality. Cherokee Bruce, reserve, beats Chequassett II, in head and markings, for the latter has a snipy muzzle, lacks blaze, is light in body and a bit straight in stifles and out of coat; bone and skull good. Mox, hc., is light-colored and no shadings, light in eye and poor expression. Odin is too short-faced, sour in expression, and faulty in pasterns. Major, also hc., is long in ear, light in body and rather slab-sided. Republican Belle repeated her Chicago win with less competition, to being her nearest opponent; both were at Chicago. Prudence, reserve, owes this to her want of flesh. Victory, c., is a pretty dog but not a St. Bernard, like an overgrown setter with St. Bernard markings. In puppies Mount Zion Guy, who has a promising future before him, and especially so were he belton colored, again beat his kennel mate Noble who was reported on at Boston. Lion, reserve, I did not see. Tim H., vhc., is long and narrow-headed, no blaze, curly-coated, and is weak in pasterns. Albert and Charley were nicely marked small ones. Victor Joseph, as before, beat Lord Hector in smooth challenge dogs, and Empress of Contocock had little difficulty in disposing of that nice little piece of quality Thisbe in size, head and bone. Open dogs were rather good, not taking into consideration Watch at all; he stands alone in such a class. Lord Clifton, from Baltimore, who was described in my report of that show, took the red ribbon, and this he must esteem honor sufficient to such a dog as the first prize winner. Count Lazzio, reserve, has a long, plain, bloodhoundy head, is a bit straight behind, but has a good body and plenty of

size. Cato, Jr., has a poor-expressed, long head and excellent front, but it is faulty behind. Keystone Monarch is also too long in head, turns his feet out, has good bone and nice coloring, but is wretchedly straight and weak in hind-legs. Barry de Berne, c., has a small, snipy-muzzled head, good front, but is peculiarly ticked all over in body like a pointer. Prince Wentworth has a nice shaped head, but is spoiled by a light eye. Two old friends in Alpine Queen and Reka took the prizes in the bitch class, the latter, while having a better head, stands very much bowed in front, and is small, the other being far ahead in bone and body.

BLOODHOUNDS, GREAT DANES, ETC.—(H. W. LACY).

A fair specimen of a bloodhound was shown in Bruno, rather coarse, head of good length and formation, but lacking wrinkle; good bone and leather. The Newfoundland shown was one of those curly apologies, and the prize was rightly withheld by Miss Whitney. Melac was absent and so was Imperator, though entered in the great Dane division. In the open class two poor ones and one very moderate specimen in Caesar, Jr., showed up, and after the grand display at Chicago it would have been an outrage to award a first; so the judge gave Caesar second and withheld other mentions. Caesar has a fair head, but is all wrong in body and tail; the others were rank bad 'uns. The Hornell-Harmony Kennels showed their two wolfhounds, and Valdimir beat his kennel mate Princess Irma, better now in ribs, head and body development; both want more flesh, and need a little "kidding to," as "Cheerful Horn" puts it.

FOXHOUNDS.—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

An excellent showing of the improved American type, the Cook Kennels being strongly represented. Brave and A. Bernhardt took care of the challenge classes. In dogs Roderick beat Drum II, reserve going to Trolia, a bit out in front and coarse in shoulder, shown in excellent condition. Jolly Joe, faulty in head, throaty and rather light in muzzle, and stern carried wrong, vhc. Brave Boy, c., is only fair. In bitches two from the Cook Kennels, Fly and Fanny, were placed as named, with Primrose hc., too fine in muzzle, a little out in front and small sized. A rather good shaggy hound was shown, this is a true shag and partakes much of the type of an otterhound, excepting the ears.

GREYHOUNDS.—(H. W. LACY).

Mr. Thayer's entries in deerhounds were all absent. In greyhounds Gem of the Season and Harmony were on hand to instill a little quality into the display, which, with the exception of the winners, was very poor. Jolly Ranger out-classed any thing in the open dog class, he was at Chicago, and Cyclone, given c., second withheld, is altogether too much of a good thing, nearly as big as Chieftain, the deerhound, but fairly well formed. Lady Clare proved herself the winner over Lady Olivia in the bitch class, losing in front, bone and quarters.

POINTERS.—(J. H. WINSLOW).

This was Mr. Winslow's first appearance in the ring this year, though I know he has been invited. His judging proved more careful and satisfactory than any yet done in this breed throughout the circuit, and this proved to be the opinion of most of those who exhibited. In heavy dogs (challenge) the heavily-fronted Pontiac beat the coarse-headed Lord Graphic in head, body, bone and hind parts, Reveled III, also accounting for Belle Randolph with something in hand. In the light-weight challenge Tribunal on again shut out the hopes of Lancelot, and the decision seemed popular. Sally Brass II. was alone in her division; all these dogs have been so repeatedly gone over that exhibitors, reporters and the public need a rest. Count Graphic was picked out as the winner in heavy-weight dogs, boasting a niceish head, though light in eye, is a bit faulty behind, but has good legs and feet. Shotmaster I spoke of last week; he came second, with Luck of Idstone reserve, as at Chicago. Trinket's Coin, faulty in skull and shoulder, vhc., as was Col. Purcell's Jupiter. I am not sure about the latter name, as the entries from this kennel were telegraphed and no names given. Barry H. is throaty, faulty in muzzle, open in feet, but has a good body. Rex might be better in muzzle and feet, but legs are good; these were all hc. In bitches Nell of Idstone, third at Chicago, was the winner, second going to Wyannet, who loses in head, eye and bone to the other. Pride of Idstone, reserve, got a little more than she deserved; her faults were detailed last week. Cicely, in the vhc. division, is well known, and Purcell's entry, poor in head, was also in this lot, as was also Jennie, bad in front, good head, but shown in poor shape. Minnie-ha-ha, hc., has a long, plain head, good ribs and loin, and nice front; ought to have been higher up. Nellie, also hc., had a litter of pups, and I failed to see her. In dogs under 55 lbs., Ossining beat Inspiration again; their merits and demerits have been fully described. Yellow Dock, reserve, is light in loin, faulty in skull, but boasts some nice legs and feet. In the vhc. division June is a poor one, light and shelly, and wrong in muzzle. Rock II. is now well known. Purcell's entry is snipy in muzzle, body not well ribbed, faulty in feet and pasterns. In the hc. lot came Springbok, whom I noticed last week, and who might have had another letter. Graphic Duke is wide in skull, and Wonderful Lad lacks a well-ribbed body, is fairly good in front, is a bit broad in skull. In bitches Miss Meally, well known, won nicely over Trinket S. in head, cleanness of throat, legs and feet. Lady Graphic is quite her equal, reserve. Phantom, vhc., was at Chicago, and so was Fan Fan. Lord Graphic's Gem, hc., loses in ribs, has a fair head, legs and feet, and Karle is heavy in shoulders and bad in feet, head fair, though ears are faulty. In dog puppies Dictator was again a winner, with Spot second, feet turn out, but he has a nice head, reserve going to Rex, a well-built youngster showing good bone. Cleo won in bitches, is a bit disfigured, nice skull, and good bone, legs and feet. Dixie, second, loses in head and is straight in stifles. The classes throughout were well filled, and in the small ring it was no easy matter to place the dogs.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

In these classes the entries were good, but the quality has been better. In the challenge dog class of course Cincinnati won, Dad Wilson getting the reserve. It is no use going over them again. Bohemian Girl was alone in the bitch division, she has been described fully in these columns. In open dogs Toledo Blade, rather dished-faced and light-eyed, but well made in other respects, excepting that his tail is carried too gaily, won, with Ben Hur of Riverview occupying the same place as at Chicago, loses in ribs and chest to the other, but head is better. Edgemark took reserve. Zippo II. is coarse in head, and Don S. is faulty in head but good in body and legs; Dashing Count, also vhc., has a plain head, is a nicely-bodied dog, but there is lack of quality about him; Benzine, vhc., is not straight in coat, not quite straight front, but a nicely-made dog nevertheless; Dad Wilson, Jr., is wrong in stop and wide in front, nice body, legs and feet; Rodstone, hc., coat not straight enough, nice head, but, like his kennel mate, not true in front. The bitch class was a large one, Lady Zoe proving the winner, her head is her worst part, being a well-built bitch; Lilly Hill, second, is Roman-nosed, and at times stands quite bowed in front and out at elbows. Tube Rose, reserve, much better in this respect, but long and straight-faced and faulty in quarters. Stell, vhc., has a nice head, and should have been higher up; and Albert's Nellie, that has been winning a good deal lately, could do no better than vhc. Daisy B. has a poor head, is light in bone and straight behind; Susan B. is coarse throughout, but stands on good legs and feet, and Sunshine loses in muzzle what she gains in skull; these were all given vhc. In the hc. lot Patti Gladstone II. is too short in muzzle, not straight in front, and is small-sized; Lady Pitt I did

not see. Bessie Marshall, c., is faulty in skull and muzzle, too long. Blade's Boy was the winner in puppies, he needs a good deal of filling out yet and is too fine in muzzle; Count B., second, has not much to recommend him, and the others will never be heard of again. Sam's Girl, winner in bitches, has a good head; and Dashing Kent had been removed when I got to her stall, the others were poor.

IRISH SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

My task in these classes will be an easy one, for, the list of good Irish setters, unlike pointers and English setters, is limited, and shows follow so quickly that most of the winners are simply a repetition of other shows. In challenge dogs, in the absence of Kildare, Mack N. had a walk over. In bitches, Winnie II., who loses to Jeannette in head and front, but gains in color, took the blue ribbon. The well-known Inchiquin won again in dogs, Seminole coming second, losing in forelegs and head to the winner, Iowa Prince taking reserve. Prince's faults are in muzzle and ribs, good otherwise, but a bit coarse. Minstrel, vhc., is now well known, and Rancho was at Chicago, and so was Prince Ninon, c.; the others need no mention. Though in numbers few, the quality in bitches was good, Edna H. furnishing the winner, beating Claremont Meg, although she has not, as our printer got it last week, a new type of head. Eudora, reserve, is too well known to need description. Dolly, vhc., loses in muzzle and is not quite right behind. Here was another poor bitch suckling puppies; what folly and cruelty at the same time, to subject a bitch to this ordeal. Nino, vhc., is well known and was rightly placed. Nora Blythe, a peg or two higher up at Chicago, had here to content herself with the three letters. This comprised the class. A rather coarse-skulled pup with a snipy muzzle but good in color and body won in the dog class; second was withheld. A very nice, promising bitch pup was shown in the bitch class, a good head, excellent color and shape.

GORDON SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

Ivanhoe and Leo B. occupied their usual places in the challenge class. In the open, Rexmont had nothing but Reginald H. to beat, who this time did not impress this judge so favorably as Mr. Davidson at Chicago, for second was withheld and he was only given a commended card. The open bitch class was better. Janet, the winner, is but a pup, has a nice head though rather on the Irish order, good rich tan, nice body, but ears don't hang right, she also won in the puppy class for her sex. Flomont has been described before, she took second, and Countess of Richmond, reserve, I have also spoken of before. Gyp loses in front and ribs. Jess was leniently treated, having a short, plain head. In dog puppies Pilot of Lorain was alone. A fair Chesapeake Bay dog was shown in Duke. The entries were, as usual, poor in this breed.

SPANIELS—(C. M. NELLES).

The same judge and pretty nearly the same dogs in the classes makes criticism easy this week. In challenge field dogs Baron and Lady were placed as named. Samson was alone in the open dog class, and so was Saybrook Lass in her division. In any other color Saybrook Dolly again proved herself superior to Fancy. In cockers, Rabbi again took the blue, Bene Silk not being for competition. Oban won in the open dogs, beating Mardo, who has but one eye to get along with, the other having some sort of a film over it. Reserve went to Black Dufferin, well known. Obadiah, vhc., could easily have changed with Mardo. Lad O., he., is too long and fine in muzzle, and has a dachshund front. In open bitches, Amusement and Lady Ob. shared the honors, though how Oban can beat either for the special is hard to understand, losing to them in mouth, front, body and quarters. Rosedale Busy in this class received the reserve card. Cleo II., from the same kennel, getting vhc., she is a bit undershot and not straight in front; Kate W. is just a light-built field spaniel, with little cocker type. Any other color saw Silverton an easy winner over Bambo, who, though he has made up a bit since the fall, is still far away from good form. Silverton has a good head, nice body, legs and feet, but is light in eye. Clumbers were the three which have been winning all along the circuit. The Irishmen were sustained by the immortal Patsy O'Connor and Patsy B., the former looking the shadow of his former self, in the challenge class, and the latter in the open dog class—only two shown.

COLLIES—(H. W. LACY).

It is not often one sees such a good collection of collies outside of the principal shows. In the challenge dog class poor old Scutilla, I regret to say, received his last blue ribbon; and now that the old dog is dead, one feels some satisfaction that in his last appearance in the ring this grand collie was able to carry off the blue ribbon, Roslyn Dandy, in good shape, getting reserve. Flurry III., winner in dog class, in open dogs competition was keen, and alone in her class, only just won from Golden Clipse, beating a little in skull and quarters. Prince Para, vhc., fair head, light eye, soft and rather ragged in coat and not quite straight in front, was not up to the form of the winners. In bitches Jakyr Deane had all she could do in beating Golden Flirt, a bit light in body, wide in skull, but coat first-rate, though a bit soft. Nancy, vhc., is rather coarse in head, soft in coat, but nice front and shows quality. Hera, the dam of the two second prize winners, is rather short-faced, soft and open in coat, but has a nicely formed body and good legs. The puppy class was a hot one, Golden Clipse's lengthy head pulling him to the front over Golden Flirt, reserve going to Roslyn Tory, who loses in coat and head to them, vhc., Golden Prince is a little domy in skull, faulty in quarters, but has two good coats, though they are soft, as are all the dogs in this kennel. Golden Charlie is not so good in front, but of the same type as the winners. These are all from a litter by Prince Charlie out of Hera and certainly a very good lot.

POODLES—(H. W. LACY).

Competition lay between Berri and Nell, both well known and placed in that order at Boston. There were no bull-dogs shown.

BULL-TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

Jubilee was absent, as were all Mr. Harris's entries. Attraction therefore did the honors in the challenge division. In open dogs a well-made young dog, Keno, with poorly cut ears, was placed over Topsparkle, who loses in muzzle and front to him. Keno had one of the best natural and well-carried tails I have seen in many a day. King of Hearts, vhc., well known, and Master Dick, short necked and faced and rather cloddy, hc. Rogue, c., is coarse. The bitch class was a hot one, with not a good one in it, Queen Bendigo winning from Lady Melville in body and front and showing more quality. Loumont Kit stood wretchedly out in front, reserve, and Venus, vhc., loses in head to the others. Lill, hc., faulty head and front. A rather good pup in Luce won in the puppy class, Stanley Rose being absent.

BEAGLES—(H. W. LACY).

A fairish Basset was shown in Fanshon, and three dachshunds turned up. Gyp, the winner, is better in head, crook and chest than Erdman. Waldman, hc., got his letters for body, not crooked enough, but fine head. Three good ones turned up in challenge. Beagle dogs, the ribbon eventually falling to Royal Krueger, better in head and shoulders than Little Duke, who was run close by Rattler III., whom he beats in front and skull. In bitches Una beats Bonnie in neck, loin and hindparts, though Bonnie shows a little more quality and type. In open dogs, Trictrid, though he carries his brush too gaily, had no difficulty in beating Fleetwood in body, front and head, Bugler, vhc., losing in bone and size to the others. In bitches Twintwo had a hard

go with Elf for the blue ribbon; both are a bit long in body, but Twir beats in front, coat and loin. Merry Maid is snipy-muzzled and not true in front. Pearl of Hollywood has a good front and coat, but loses in head, and is a bit coarse. The two puppies were runts and the prizes were withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

The challenge class at first sight seemed a hot one, but with Baby Mixer and Dusky Trap among the absent ones the fight lay between Lucifer (as in present, *vide* catalogue) and Blemton Volunteer, which made the proper placing of the ribbons an easy matter, in the order named. In bitches the struggle was, in the absence of Richmond Dazzle, Consequence and Brilliant, short and sharp between Rachel and Dona, the former's excellent front and head placing her well to the fore. People may try as they may to pick the old bitch to pieces, gone off and so on, but there she stands to-day as truly fronted as any terrier now on the bench. In open dogs Blemton Victor II., though he had been bitten through the knee by his kennel mate Valour II., still showed himself so superior that, though a bit lame, he took the ribbon, with Valour II. next, not so good in head, but better at present in body. Victor having naturally lost flesh a bit owing to his mishap. Le Logos, better in head, took reserve over Baby Trigger, who is faulty in ears and skull. Endcliffe Spice, also vhc., is coarse in head, good body. Beverwyck Rebel, hc., is coarse in skull, too full in brow. In bitches, owing to the absence of several well known animals entered, competition narrowed down to Dominica and Hillside Gaudy, and it was not long before the former walked out with the blue ribbon, a better all round bitch, the other being light and shelly looking. Out of six entries in the puppy class only two turned up, Rogue and Rival, the former winning; has a much better shaped head, but is hardly so good in front as the other. No wire-hairs were shown.

IRISH TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

A challenge class was made for Mars and Dunmurry and the bitch was placed over the dog. Is better in front. In the open a leggy, shelly specimen in Brick Bat was shown but hardly deserved the prize. Sir Stafford was shown in the Skye class, and having no competition, won, the other entry being one of those fluffy nondescripts which may be anything from a bad poodle to a Yorkshire. Mr. Russell's Jack was the only entry in Bedlingtons, and, of course, took the blue ribbon.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

This was about the strongest class yet seen. Beaconsfield, Sultan, Prince Regent and Prince. After careful handling, Beaconsfield I found the better dog, more true to type, better in head; the other is long and narrow enough to suit my Philadelphia friends no doubt, but there is not enough terrier in it. There is such a thing as getting a head too greyhoundy and losing all character and expression. Beaconsfield has brain room and the other has not, and though his head looks a trifle short to the others, it is better formed. Sultan beats in cleanness of neck, but in everything else excepting, perhaps, in color, the older dog is going off a bit in this respect, still his markings and pencilings are truer. He is also much better in front, deeper in chest, shorter in body and immensely better in tail. Prince Regent has a better muzzle and were he better filled out in body would also beat Sultan, but the whippet style of black and tan is not the correct one, and now that we are "learning" we may as well start right as not. Prince was out of this company. In bitches Matchless, though small and a little light built, but well marked, nice head, fair front, and showing quality all through, won easily over Buttercup, English Lady being absent.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—(H. W. LACY).

Toon's Royal George I placed over Toon's Royal, it is near, but George has it in coloring. Bob, reserve, though short of coat and coarse in head, has the best tan I ever saw, it quite made George Thomas's eyes sparkle. In bitches Venus was alone. A fairish toy terrier was shown and given first.

PUGS—(MISS A. H. WHITNEY).

Bob Ivy and Treasurer met in the challenge dog class, the former winning in head. Vesta was alone in her class. Open dogs saw some good ones, the struggle lying between Eberhart's Cashier and Penrice. The latter beats the other in size and is shorter and more cobby in body, Cashier gaining in head, general condition and front. In the bitch class Cribbage won this time over Mint, who was second at Chicago under the same judge, and Cribbage reserve. Midget loses in front and head to the others. Low, vhc., is black-faced and pinched in muzzle; Sarah Bernhardt, in the same lot, is well known, and Daisy, hc., is faulty in ear and muzzle. Mable E. and Banjo G., winners at Chicago, were placed as written in puppies, with King Leah, quite a fair one, by Kash, given vhc. Midget, that charmed the hearts of the ladies by her cuteness, was given hc., too small yet, but though three months old, is no bigger than a month old puppy, and paraded the ring like a Bradford Ruby with chain and collar on; it is a credit to its sire, Penrice.

TOY SPANIELS—(H. W. LACY).

Calumet Ben d'Or won over Ben d'Or, Jr., in skull, shortness of face and loin, in King Charles dogs. In bitches, Calumet Alice, the winner at Chicago, was here alone. In Blenheim's, Calumet Cromwell, faulty in skull, muzzle and eye, was alone in the dog class, and Exeter Beauty, though smothering Calumet Lula in head and coat, had to give place to the latter, owing to her inability to walk, some weakness in the loin.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(H. W. LACY).

Lavander beats Nellie in size, front and head, Nellie being too much cut out before eye.

MISCELLANEOUS—(H. W. LACY).

Kilston, the Scotch terrier, and Nellie Gray, the whippet, were given the money, and letters were distributed generously to two German Wachtels that look like very bad cockers, a Leonberg, etc. This brings the spring season of 1891 to a close, and no one is more pleased than H. W. L.

The following is the list of awards made after we went to press last week:

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Iford Chancellor. Bitches: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Lady Coleus. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Bunn's Ormonde. Others withheld. Bitches: 1st, Flour City Kennels' Caution's Own Daughter; 2d, C. C. Cook's Pharaoh Queen. Very high com., Flour City Kennels' Miss Caution. Puppies: 1st and 2d, C. C. Cook's Beauport Queen and Diadora. High com., H. A. Luther's Lady Constance, J. M. Horner's Talisman.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, J. C. Kreb's Caesar, Jr. Others withheld. Bitches: No entries.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Valdemir.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, The Cook Kennels' A. Bernhardt. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, The Cook Kennels' Foderick and Drum II. Reserve, C. C. Cook's Troller. Very high com., D. E. Peters's Jolly Joe. Com., Oriole Kennels' Brave Boy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, The Cook Kennels' Fly and Fanny. High com., Oriole Kennels' Primrose. STAGGS.—1st, T. N. Bright's Salor.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harmony. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, C. E. Ireson's Jolly Ranger. Com., J. M. Cissie's Cyclone. Bitches: 2d, C. W. Sarvis's Lady Olivia.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scutilla. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy. Bitches: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry III. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Conway; 2d, E. Huidekoper's Golden Clipse. Very high com., C. M. Munhall Prince Para. Com., Wm. Taylor's Wood Green Rover and P. B. Sears's Glence II. Bitches: 1st,

Chestnut Hill Kennels' Jakyr Dean; 2d, E. Huidekoper's Golden Flirt. Very high com., H. P. Harrison's Nancy. High com., E. Huidekoper's Hera. Puppies: 1st, 2d, very high com. and high com., E. Huidekoper's Golden Clipse, Golden Flirt, Golden Prince and Golden Charlie. Reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Roslyn Tory.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Bitches: 1st, Wm. Mariner's Attraction. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and com., Crookery City Bull-Terrier Kennels' Keno and Rogue; 2d, F. F. Dole's Topsparkle. Very high com., North Field Yorkshire Kennels' King of Hearts. High com., J. Morehead's Master Dick. Bitches: 1st, John Morehead's Queen Bendigo; 2d and reserve, F. W. Moulton's Lady Melville and Loumont Kit. Very high com. and high com., Crookery City Bull-Terrier Kennels' Venus and Lill. Puppies: 1st, Crookery City Bull-Terrier Kennels' Luce.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, Ildstone Kennels' Fanshon.

DACHSHUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, T. N. Bright's Gyp; 2d, H. Kaase's Erdman. High com., H. Kaase's Waldman.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Royal Krueger. Reserve, H. Bennett's Little Duke. Bitches: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Una. Reserve, Hollywood Kennels' Gladie. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Twintwo; 2d, F. F. Ogier's Fleetwood. Very high com., Hollywood Kennels' Bugler. Bitches: 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Twintwo; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Elf. Reserve, F. F. Ogier's Merry Maid. Very high com., Hollywood Kennels' Pearl of Hollywood. High com., C. W. Fromm's Piney. Com., W. S. Gates's Mage. Puppies: Prizes withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. Reserve, Oriole Kennels' Blemton Volunteer. Bitches: 1st, Blemton Kennels' Rachel. Reserve, Oriole Kennels' Dona. OPEN—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor II. and Blemton Valour II. Reserve, Oriole Kennels' LeLogos. Very high com., Chas. D. Bernheimer's Baby Trigger and North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Endcliffe Spice. High com., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Rebel. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Oriole Kennels' Dominica and Hillside Gaudy. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Oriole Kennels' Rogue and Rival.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, The Park Kennels' Dunmurry and Mars. OPEN—1st, Geo. Bell's Brick Bat.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford; 2d, withheld.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, Wm. H. Russell's Jack.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7 LBS.—Dogs: 1st and reserve, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Beaconsfield and Prince Regent; 2d, H. T. Root's Broomfield Sultan. Very high com., Blake & Herberston's Prince. Bitches: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Matchless; 2d, Blake & Herberston's Buttercup.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Toon's Royal George and Toon's Royal. Reserve, E. Etzenperger's Bob. Bitches: 1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Venus.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, E. Etzenperger's Midget.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, H. M. Cryer's champion Bob Ivy. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Treasurer. Bitches: 1st, H. M. Cryer's champion Vesta. OPEN—Dogs: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier; 2d, Howard Bros.' Penrice. Bitches: 1st, M. H. Cryer's Cribbage; 2d, G. H. Hardy's Mint. Reserve, E. F. Farnell's Midget. Very high com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sara Bernhardt, M. H. Cryer's Low. High com., G. D. Gordon's Daisy. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mable E. and Banjo G. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' King Leah. High com., G. H. Hardy's Midget. Com., G. D. Gordon's Dick.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Calumet Kennels' Calumet Bend Or; 2d, F. G. Boesger's Bend Or, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Calumet Kennels' Calumet Alice.

BLENHHEIM SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Calumet Kennels' Calumet Cromwell. Bitches: 1st, Calumet Kennels' Calumet Lu La; 2d, Mrs. B. F. Lewis's Exeter Beauty.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. S. Rockwell's Lavander; 2d, D. S. Davis's Nellie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, North Fields Yorkshire Kennels' Kilston; 2d, Campbell & Blake's Nellie Gray. Very high com., Miss Marie Adair's Oyez, G. Klepper's Spot. High com., M. Reinhard's Rolland, Campbell & Blake's Benbow.

SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS.—Best dog or bitch, Iford Chancellor; best bitch in open class, Caution's Own Daughter; best puppy, Beauport's Queen.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best dog or bitch, Watch; best American-bred dog or bitch, Io; St. Bernard Club medal best American-bred rough bitch, Io; best in open class, Republican Belle; best under 18 months, Mount Zion Guy; best smooth owned by a lady of Cleveland, Count Tazior; St. Bernard Club medal best American-bred smooth dog, Lord Hector; best smooth bitch, Empress of Connecticut.

GREAT DANES.—Best in show, Cesar Jr.; best under 18 months, Leo. Best foxhound dog or bitch, Brave.

GREYHOUNDS.—National Greyhound Club medal for best in show, Gem of the Season (2).

POINTERS.—Pointer Club of America for the best pointer owned by a member of the Pointer Club, Ildstone's Spot Master; a similar prize for the best pointer bitch, Nell of Ildstone; Daniels prize, Nell of Ildstone; the best get of Lord Graphic, Count Graphic; best kennel of American bred pointers, Ildstone Kennels; the special for the best field trial record dog or bitch, Tribulation; best kennel of pointers entered from Cleveland, John R. Daniels; the pointer with the best field trial record owned in Cleveland, Lord Graphic.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Club medal for best bitch and two of her produce over 12 months old, Nellie T., with Bob and Dan Beaumont; breeder of the best three dogs or bitches over 12 months old, J. Shelley Hudson; best dog or bitch with public field trial record, Cincinnati; best in open classes, Toledo Blade; best dog puppy owned in Cleveland, Count King; best with best field trial record, Toledo Blade; best bitch, Bohdan Girl; best brace sired by Beaumont, Dan Beaumont and Dashing Count; best brace, Cincinnati and Toledo Blade; best kennel, J. Shelley Hudson.

IRISH SETTERS.—Best dog or bitch, Mack M.; best dog in open class, Inchiquin; best bitch ditto, Edna H.; best kennel, Claremont Kennels.

GORDON SETTERS.—Best dog, Ivanhoe; best bitch, Duchess of Waverley; best brace owned in Cleveland, Gyp and Jess; best kennel, D. Dixon.

SPANIELS.—American Spaniel Club specials, best field, Baron; best cocker, Oban; best cocker bitch in open class (Lake Shore Kennel special) Amazeament; best brace (a hat) Amazeament and Lady Ob; best spaniel dog or bitch, Baron; best Irish water spaniel, Patsy B.

COLLIES.—Collie Club medal, best not over two years old in open class, Roslyn Conway; bronze medal for second best ditto, Roslyn Tory; bronze medal best dog in puppy class, Roslyn Tory; best collie in show, Flurry III.; best bitch in open class, Jakyr Deane; best entered from Cleveland, C. M. Munhall's Prince Para; best kennel, Chestnut Hill.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Best dog or bitch, Attraction; best bitch in open class, Queen Bendigo.

BEAGLES.—National Beagle Club specials (3): Best kennel of four, Hornell-Harmony Kennels (2); best dog Royal Krueger; best bitch (2), Twintwo; smallest puppy over 4 mos. old, Mrs. White's Silver.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Best dog or bitch in open class, Blemton Victor II.; best in puppy class, Rogue; best dog, Blemton Victor II.; best bitch, Rachel; best brace, Rachel and Blemton Victor II.; best kennel, Blemton Kennels.

PUGS.—Best dog in open class, Eberhart's Cashier; best bitch ditto, Dr. Cryer's Cribbage; best in show, Bob Ivy.

Best black and tan terrier, Beaconsfield, Best Yorkshire terrier, Toon's Royal George. Largest dog in miscellaneous class, Roland. Best German Wachtel, divided; handler with largest team, Ben Lewis's kennel making largest number of entries. North Fields Yorkshire Kennels. Best stud dog, any breed, with six of his get, English setter Beaumont.

IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I see by a Western paper that the committee appointed to make arrangements for the field trials of the Irish Setter Club have recommended to the executive committee the date of Nov. 23 for the trials. If such be the case they have made a bad start, and one I am very much surprised to see advocated. The trials should be held at such time that they will not interfere with any of the other large field trials, for all the best handlers are already engaged for the larger trials and could not therefore take any Irish setters. The Irish trials should be held so as to bring out the largest and best field of Irish setters. The date recommended by the committee will not do this.—MONT CLARE.

DOG CHAT.

MEETING Mr. F. E. Lamb, of Baltimore, on our way home from Cleveland, he told us he had sold his two St. Bernards, Lady Bedivere and Keepsake, to John H. Francis, Jr., Peoria, Ill. Keepsake is now in Melrose to be mated to Plinlimmon, Jr. We understand Mr. Francis is negotiating with Mr. S. W. Smith for his crack dog Aristocrat, by champion Plinlimmon out of Adela. Mr. Lamb is importing the bitch Marguerite, in whelp to the one-eyed dog Polyphemus. She is by champion Plinlimmon, and won first and cup at Dundee, only time shown.

While we are talking about Baltimore we might as well add that Hepsy is completely recovered and has now been moved to Mr. Diffenderfer's country kennels. The pups are doing well and are beautifully marked.

On our arrival home from Cleveland we were rather exercised over the non-appearance last week of a paragraph which we had sent regarding the purchase of Scottish Prince by Col. Ruppert. Somehow it had gone astray, and perhaps just as well, for we hear, from a perfectly reliable source, that Mr. Smith has not sold Scottish Prince, though nearly all the dailies had the circumstances of the sale very pat. Mr. Mann was to go over May 2 to bring him home together with another young bitch that Mr. Smith swears by, if one could imagine the "Greek professor" guilty of such an act.

In referring to our advertising columns we find that Sir Bedivere has been placed at stud, and this, in addition to a letter from Mr. Green, the kennel manager, leads us to suppose that the crack is all right again, and so is Hesper, therefore Mr. Sears must be congratulated on his lucky escape, and all's well that ends well just fits his case, but it would be wise not to tempt Providence again.

The old English Mastiff Club intend holding another of their club shows this summer and Mr. Taunton was instructed to negotiate again for the Crystal Palace accommodations.

There were several exciting races on Friday last at Cleveland between the greyhounds Gem of the Season and Jolly Ranger. A course of about 150 yds. was cleared and the results were very even. Ranger won two out of three by a neck and the last one was a dead heat. Considering Gem has been doing the circuit for nearly two months, while Ranger has had some racing in Canada, Gem's work was very satisfactory.

The Toronto Kennel Club now numbers 31 members and it has been decided to hold semi-monthly members' shows, only members' dogs to be admitted, and the first show will take place in May. They also pledge themselves to do all they can for the Fair show in the fall.

America is a great country. Instead of having to keep his pack eating their heads off during the summer, the master of the Pennbrook Hunt, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, had an offer from Forepaugh's circus to let the pack for exhibition drag purposes if they could show a good performance in the ring on a drag, this they did and the sale was consummated.

It is not usual for strangers to become attached to Patsey O'Connor and we were therefore surprised to hear that the sheriff at Cleveland had laid hands upon our old friend of the topknot. It seems that a Mr. Chisholm claims the dog was stolen from him two years since. This ought not to be difficult to disprove, as we believe Patsey must have been for three years, at least, a circuit rounder.

There is quite a little storm raging in Canadian papers over the selection of Mr. Mason to judge at Toronto. They should bear this in mind that with Mr. Mason judging there last year, the entry list exceeded any other show by nearly two hundred entries.

We hear that the cockers Amazement and Lady Obo will be sent to England next month to try and snatch some of the prizes from the clutches of the Boultons, the Farrowes and the Jacobs. We wish them luck, for they are both worthy specimens of the breed.

Canadian breeders have put in circulation throughout the country a petition for the Minister of Customs for such alterations in custom regulations as will put dogs on the same level as swine, and so be allowed, as registered stock, free admission into the country.

The Cleveland Kennel Club is to be congratulated in having such a whole-souled president as Mr. Robison. He understands the peculiarities of dogmen instinctively. On Tuesday evening, after the show closed, several of the boys were rounded up, among them Messrs. Winslow, Childs, Diffenderfer, Moorehead, Munhall, Nelles, Cody and the writer. At the invitation of the president we adjourned to one of the restaurants, and in a private room spent about the pleasantest evening of the circuit. Dog chat mingled with the Moët, interspersed with songs from the only "Bert" and others. Mr. Robison in the course of conversation proposed that the kennel clubs of the country should subscribe \$100 each toward an annual pigeon shoot, three members from each club to shoot at 50 birds each. For the first meeting Mr. Robison said he would supply the birds and have it on the track at Cleveland. It was thought that three would surely enter from the Philadelphia Kennel Club, and no doubt the Westminster and other clubs would also join. The plan is a good one and the meeting would be very interesting.

There is to be a Sängerst at Cleveland, next year, and a permanent exposition building is about to be put up in time for the gathering. This building the kennel club intends to secure for their next show, and as it will of course be well situated they have every intention of making their next venture a notable one. Though the club numbers some 100 members, owing to the losses on their last two shows the other members were not willing to incur much risk and left everything to Messrs. Robison and Munhall, who must be congratulated on their pluck and their courteous treatment of the visitors.

We have received the premium list of the California Kennel Club's show, to be held April 29 to May 2, in San Francisco. There is no regular prize money given, only diplomas, but the classification is very liberal. The special prize list is certainly interesting reading, as the prizes range all the way from hard cash, Peerless steam cookers and carpet sweepers to sides of spring lamb and "pants," the latter being singularly appropriate to the occasion. One novelty is the first payment on ten shares of a building and loan association. Mr. Davidson will judge all classes, and A. Russell Crowell will superintend, and with his Eastern experience this is a good selection. "Honest John" we all know. The secretary is H. L. Miller.

Mr. C. A. Stone, the secretary, writes us that the indications are that the coming Industrial Exhibition Association International Bench Show of Dogs, to be held in the city of Toronto Sept. 14-18, will be the grandest ever held in Canada, and will compare favorably with the largest show in the United States. The general Committee of the Industrial has granted about \$1,500 more cash to be added to the amount offered last year, besides a large number of their very hand-

some silver and bronze medals. Miss Whitney and Mr. Mason have both accepted the position of judges, and it is more than likely that it will be necessary to appoint another judge to take some of the classes. The committee are now hard at work on the premium list, which will be published shortly.

Mr. Charles N. Symonds, owner of the North Field Yorkshire Kennels, has, we understand, formed a partnership with Mr. Richard Toon, of 216 Fitzwilliam street, Sheffield, England. That Mr. Symonds has made a wise move there is little doubt, Mr. Toon being a thoroughgoing fancier, and with the increasing interest now being taken in Irish, black and tans and Yorkshires, a man with good judgment on the ground to pick up the coming cracks is a great advantage to any kennel. The combination will now be known as the Anglo-American Terrier Kennels. George Thomas will sail with Prof. Parker next week for England, and will then with Mr. Toon attend the summer shows, taking along with him Beaconsfield and Kilston, the Scotch terrier, together with Lady Belle, the Clumber.

One of our advertisers, who has a boarding and training kennel, writes us, in making an addition to his advertisement: "My advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM has been very satisfactory; judging from the many points from which I have received letters, its circulation must reach almost every hamlet in the land." It does.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Eastern Coursing Club, held March 27, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: H. Q. Pope, President; J. H. Watson, Vice-President; C. M. Fitzgerald, Secretary; A. L. Pape, Treasurer.

After reading a chatty letter, which the noted Irish setter breeder, Dr. Jarvis, sends us, the reason he was prevailed upon to part with Elcho, Jr., is not far to seek. It seems he has purchased a young dog, Duke Elcho, from Mr. T. H. Sherman, Augusta, Ga. The Doctor sold the pup when 10 mos. old to that gentleman, and he is now nearly 2 yrs. old and has been trained by friend Titus of West Point, Miss. He was shown at Augusta, Ga., in 1890, taking first and special for best puppy of any breed. The Doctor says he is more like Elcho, Jr., than any dog he ever saw, and when he exhibits him he expects to carry all before him. He bought him back for his field qualities and hardly expected to find such a bench dog. He will run him in the Irish setter trials together with Edna H., the young bitch that has won at the last two shows. She was trained by S. C. Bradley and will handle his dogs this season. Closing his letter he says: "I sold Elcho, Jr., but I am still 'in it.' I don't think I have lost my knowledge of Irish setters and can still breed winners." We are sure that all setter men will be pleased to see this well known "red" man taking an active part in Irish setterdom again.

Owing to lack of space we cannot devote much time to the English Kennel Club show, of which the English kennel papers this week are full. There were 1,377 dogs benched, just 7 more than our New York show—we are speaking of numbers, not quality. The show is said to have eclipsed all previous ones in both respects. Royalty made several entries, the Queen and the Prince of Wales being among the exhibitors. During the show the noted bulldog Cardinal York was purchased from Dr. Snow by Mr. Alfred George for an American buyer. He is now on the way over. British Monarch still showed himself cock of the walk, defeating Bedgebury Lion. Col. North showed his crack greyhounds Fullerton, Simonian and others and they were, of course, a center of attraction. Black and tan terriers were good, and personally we were pleased to see that Mr. Henry Lacy won the team prize against Mr. Ellis' formidable kennel. Will history repeat itself? We shall go through the breeds more extensively next week for the benefit of our readers.

"Namquoit" intends to boom the St. Bernard interests on the Pacific coast, and has brought out the dog Republican, by Duke of Wellington out of Restless.

The Barzoi Elsie is seriously ill, but hopes are entertained of her recovery, as she is under Mr. Sewell's care.

A speaking likeness of Mr. Geo. Raper appears in a late issue of *Canine World*, but we can hardly compliment that enterprising journal on the picture of Princess Florence in the last issue to hand. It is not in their usual style by any means.

If "Pater" will kindly send us his name we shall be pleased to publish his letter on the spaniel judge question.

Mr. Shillcock, the owner of Lord Bute, purchased for \$2,000 the noted St. Bernard sire Marvel. He is a son of champion Pouf. It seems he has sired a wonderful pup out of Princess Florence, which simply out-Herods Herod in head properties according to *Stock-Keeper*. By the way, Keeper won the St. Bernard Club's 100 guinea challenge cup at the kennel club show.

The English Bulldog Club's show will be held May 13 to 15 and the prizes are said to be especially rich. It may be remembered that a ten-guinea cup is to be competed for, for the best dog or bitch owned by a resident of America. The American club will also offer a silver medal to the breeder of the best dog or bitch owned by a resident of America. We shall therefore expect to hear of something going over from this side. We believe Mr. Geo. Thomas would take a dog or two over with him if the A. B. C. people feel like showing.

Poor old Scotilla. It is bad enough for an old favorite to die in his kennel with those he loves best around or near him, but to think of his dying of suffocation like a rat in a water hole, is very distressing. Coming home from Cleveland show the dog was found dead when he reached Jersey City Sunday morning, and Ben Lewis was very much troubled, though it was no fault of his. Scotilla, a champion many times over, was Dublin Scot's best son and out of Flurry II. Mr. W. R. Dockrell, of London, England, bred him, and he was whelped Oct. 28, 1885. He was shown two or three times in England and then imported by Mr. Harrison in 1887, and since then, till the Baltimore show last year, he had had an almost uninterrupted run of first prizes. Roslyn Wilkes, his son, being the first to take his number down. Since then he has lost his bloom and has never looked the Scotilla of old. It will be long ere we meet with another collier that can keep such a strong head as he had without getting coarse. Mr. Harrison has our sincere sympathies, for, however many winners he might breed, he still had the tenderest spot for Scotilla and his dam. Just before going to press we received a letter from Mr. Jarrett saying that Scotilla had died from poison. An analysis is being made of the stomach contents. He says: "The whole thing seems a mystery," and promises us further news on the subject.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. Kennel Record and Account Book. Price \$3. Training and Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds. Price 50 cents.

VREDENBURGH-PESHALL.

THE trial of the Vredenburg vs. Peshall case was begun last Friday, and is still in progress. Assistant District Attorney McIntyre appears for the prosecution, and Mr. Peshall is conducting his own defense. Judge Martine, before whom the case is being tried, is presiding with distinguished ability, unflinching patience, and an evident desire to be exactly fair to both sides. If the rights of the case are not determined, it will not be the judge's fault.



A. P. VREDENBURGH.

The first witness for the prosecution was Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, who was subjected by Mr. Peshall to a cross-examination lasting through Friday afternoon, all of Monday and into Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Peshall was bent on getting the items making up the famous balance, \$1,228.28. Mr. Vredenburg testified to the correctness of his accounts throughout, but did not satisfy Mr. Peshall on this point, and by the time the cross-examination was concluded the jury appeared to be more muddled about the A. K. C. finances than dog men themselves have been. The two sums named by Mr. Vredenburg as making up the \$1,228.28, were those mentioned by Dr. Perry in our issue of July 17, 1890, namely:

Club dues.....	\$285 59
Stud Book account.....	942 89
	1,228 28

This was supplemented on the following day by a more detailed account, as follows:

DETAILED STATEMENT OF ITEMS MAKING UP THE BALANCE OF \$1,228.28.

Statement from Jan. 10, 1888, to Jan. 11, 1889.

Receipts.	
Balance on hand Jan. 10, 1888.....	\$650.04
Received for members' annual dues.....	310 00
Registration of prefixes.....	42 00
Traveling expenses.....	100 00
Registration of dogs.....	212 00
Sales of Stud Book.....	937 00
Tabulated pedigrees.....	54 50
Advertising.....	425 25
Incidentals.....	7 90
Total receipts.....	\$4714 69
Less total disbursements.....	3486 41
Balance on hand Jan. 11, 1889.....	\$1228 28

This account embraces 47 pages in cash book, January, 1887, to April, 1888, and 97 pages in cash book, April, 1888, to April, 1889.

Disbursements.

Jan. 10, 1888, to Jan. 11, 1889.

Paid Dr. N. Rowe.....	\$25 00
For postage stamps.....	118 00
Stationery.....	7 05
Exchange to bank.....	12 45
Volume I. Stud Book.....	20 00
Expressage.....	1 65
Returned registrations.....	20 00
Treasurer's account.....	69 72
Gas bill.....	18 67
Telegrams.....	75
Extra services.....	31 15
Vol. V. American Kennel Register.....	2 60
Trade discount.....	14 14
Librarian of Congress for copyright.....	4 00
Type writing.....	50
Returned registration of prefix.....	3 00
Returned copies of Stud Book.....	4 87
Furniture.....	21 00
Stenographer.....	25 00
Christmas gifts to elevator boys and postman.....	3 00
Traveling expenses.....	64 70
Rent of office.....	268 75
Salary A. P. Vredenburg.....	700 00
Salary A. B. Lewis.....	400 00
Printing to Rogers & Sherwood.....	1,651 01
Total disbursements.....	\$3,486 41

All the books of the club were put in evidence and Mr. Peshall announced that he would go through them with an expert and after his examination would then, if permitted



C. J. PESHALL.

by the Court, renew the cross-examination. The trial has been converted by Mr. Peshall into a "fishing excursion," as the lawyers call it; that is a quest for evidence to be used in the civil suits which are threatened. This was manifest in the cross-examination of James L. Anthony, who was made to testify that he was one of those who in secret meeting of September, 1890, voted to suspend Mr. Peshall. Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, James Watson, James L. Anthony and one of the staff of FOREST AND STREAM were

called by the prosecution to testify respecting Mr. Peshall's connection with the article on which the indictment was based, and at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon Mr. McIntyre rested for the prosecution.

Mr. Peshall opened for himself Wednesday morning. It appeared that his defense, as then outlined, would be that the money received by Mr. Lewis for the Stud Book belonged to him and not to the club, and therefore could not have been put into the club. Secondly, that the article named in the indictment was a reply to other articles, and further that the statements contained in the article complained of were true and their publication was justifiable, as the subject was of general interest to the public.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the New York World for the portraits here given and we publish them after having taken advice of counsel that such publication is not libelous.

BLACK AND TANS AT BOSTON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are times when friends must agree to disagree, and even the oldest and best of friends must not forget those little courtesies which they owe one to the other. Mr. Lacy's notes on the mixed terrier class at Boston contain the following statement: "Black and tans will be reported by Mr. Mason at my request. In looking them over again on a clean board floor and in good light I preferred Prince Regent to Salisbury, though as they were shown in the ring Salisbury was truer in front." My first intention after reading this was to ask you not to print my report of black and tan terriers at Boston, which report, along with the report on collies, reached you too late for publication last week. But as Mr. Lacy is from home and you cannot get a report from him this week, it might seem that in canceling what I have written I was acting unfairly by you, and this I could not do. So let it go this time.

It was to oblige Mr. Lacy (who had been requested by certain exhibitors to have me, if possible, report the black and tans) that I took the class off his hands. After having gone over the competitors very carefully, I told Mr. Lacy that he had, in my opinion, made a blunder, and on an unprinted leaf of my catalogue I showed him why Prince Regent should have been second. Then is it not in bad taste for Mr. Lacy to forestall my criticism by saying that "in looking them over again on a clean board floor and in good light I [he] preferred Prince Regent to Salisbury"? If Mr. Lacy had said that after I, and not he, had examined the dogs and showed him that he was in error, he preferred Prince Regent, he would not now be guilty of an act of discourtesy to one who took the class merely to oblige him, lessen his task and give your readers a report of a breed which, since New York, has been clumsily butchered in Chicago and almost unnoticed in New York.

CHARLES H. MASON.

New York, April 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mason is in error. Long before Mr. Mason had finished taking his notes I expressed myself to Mr. Thomas and another, I forget who it was now, as satisfied that Prince Regent was the better dog in front, and that was the particular issue, though he did not show himself so in the ring the day before. I think friend Mason is stretching a point, for as I was not writing a report of the breed I had no other way to correct my award to some extent. However, if I have been guilty of any discourtesy in the matter I will freely apologize, as it was not my intention in any way to usurp the credit of the best report on black and tans we have yet seen in this country. I would also draw the attention of terrier men to the very full report on this breed at the late Manchester show in *Canine World*, written by "Anglo-Saxon."

H. W. LACY.

EDGAR SHEFFIELD PORTER.

IT is our painful duty to record the death of one of the most popular members of our kennel world, E. Sheffield Porter, of New Haven, Conn. The news of his death will be a shock to many of his friends in the fancy, not only on account of its suddenness but from the feeling that his death is a distinct loss to the kennel interests of this country. He died of heart disease on Thursday night at his home on Hillside avenue and was only thirty-three years old. He studied in several departments of Yale; devoting a good deal of time to the study of medicine at the Medical College, he was well versed in the use of drugs. Mr. Porter belonged to several New York clubs, among them the St. Anthony Club and the New York Y. C., also to several clubs in London. He was the son of the late John A. Porter, a grandson of Joseph Sheffield, and a nephew of William Walter Phelps, late Minister to Great Britain. His brother is John A. Porter, editor of the *Hartford Post*. He took great interest in athletic matters, especially those of Yale. It is rather as a fancier that we know him best. Fond of dogs, his fancy led him toward bull-terriers and bulldogs. The bull-terriers President and Victoria, among others, occur to us as having been shown by him, also the bulldogs Lion, Carisbrooke and other winners. He was also well known as a fearless, conscientious and capable judge of these breeds, having officiated several times at New York and no longer since than last February, when we all saw him apparently in the best of health. As a prominent founder and officer of the Bulldog Club his loss will be keenly felt. Soon after the organization of the A. K. C., he was elected secretary but resigned from office after a short time. Genial and pleasant in his manners, his tall, familiar form will be sadly missed from many a show in the future. Our sincerest sympathy is tendered the family in their bereavement.

OTTAWA DOG SHOW.—Ottawa, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The newly appointed bench show committee have commenced work. Mr. P. G. Keyes has been appointed chairman. The Fair Association have been asked for an increased grant for this year's prize list, and also for a larger and more suitable building. Last year, it will be remembered, the committee extended the age of some of the puppy classes; this year they have gone one better, and have decided not to make any puppy classes. Mr. Kirk, of Toronto, has been asked to judge spaniels, deerhounds, greyhounds and foxhounds, and Mr. Lacy all the remaining classes. The undersigned has been appointed superintendent, to whom all communications relating to the show should be addressed.—ALFRED GEDDES, Supt.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Miss Boots.—Dan O'Connell, Prairie Mound Kennels (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Miss Boots to their Dan O'Connell, March 24.

Laura Elcho.—Dan O'Connell, Prairie Mound Kennels (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Laura Elcho to their Dan O'Connell, April 20.

Petrel IV.—Forest Tatton. A. E. Davis's (Worcester, Mass.) English setter bitch Petrel IV. to his Forest Tatton, March 29.

WHELPES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Virginia. P. C. F. Hoffman's (Rockville, Conn.) beagle bitch Virginia (champion Lee-Dorsey's Venus), April 19, four (two dogs), by F. W. Chapman's champion Bannerman (champion Marchboy-Dewdrop).

Fraulein Waldeck II. W. S. Gates's (Chagrin Falls, O.) dachshund Fraulein Waldeck II. (Waldean II.—Fraulein Waldeck), April 9, seven (four dogs), by J. C. C. Jerry.

Forest Belle. Geo. M. Johnson's (Birmingham, Conn.) English setter bitch Forest Belle, March 22, seven (four dogs), by Gene; one bitch side destroyed.

Escapes Gladstone. David Francis's English setter bitch Escapes Gladstone (Rake Gladstone—Mina), April 6, eight (four dogs), by Colin's Dan (Colin—Mistoe).

Maggie Bee. F. M. Eddy's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Maggie Bee (Kink—Lucy Bee), March 30, ten (seven dogs), by J. E. Dager's Toledo Blade; two dogs since dead.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Spot F. Orange belton English setter dog, whelped Oct. 18, 1890, by Phil F. out of Petrel IV., by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to A. G. Wordsum, same place.

Phil F. Jr. Orange belton English setter dog, whelped Oct. 18, 1890, by Phil F. out of Petrel IV., by A. E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., to M. M. French, same place.

Dan O'Connell—Lalla Rookh whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by L. N. Hilsendegen, Detroit, Mich.; also presented to same party dog pup Elsans.

Prairie King. Red Irish setter dog, age not given, by Dan O'Connell out of Biddy Clare, by L. N. Hilsendegen, Detroit, Mich., to J. D. Hough, Lowell, N. Y.

Bonnie Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March, 1889, by Pete Obo out of Floss B., by A. S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass., to Fred H. Henry, same place.

Prairie Tim. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 14, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Biddy Clare, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to T. F. Foley, Jackson, Mich.

Blackthorne. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 18, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Lalla Rookh, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to Jas. Murphy, Bad Axe, Mich.

Prairie Lily. Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 14, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Biddy Clare, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to Joseph Millenbach, same place.

Punch C. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 18, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Lalla Rookh, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to M. B. Curtis, Berkeley, Cal.

Prairie Rose. Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 14, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Biddy Clare, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to Jas. Hanley, same place.

Judy C. Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 14, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Biddy Clare, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to M. B. Curtis, Berkeley, Cal.

Prairie Girl. Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 18, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Lalla Rookh, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to Alb. D. Millard, Windsor, Ont.

Prairie Tip. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 18, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Lalla Rookh, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to Geo. H. Martz, same place.

Prairie Flame. Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Jan. 18, 1891, by Dan O'Connell out of Lalla Rookh, by Prairie Mound Kennels, Detroit, Mich., to Geo. H. Kemel, Mexico, Mo.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

M. S. Leland's Mills, N. Y.—I have a puppy that has a very bad humor, scratches himself most of the time. The hair is nearly all off, and he is in very bad condition. Please give me your advice about him. Ans. Mange very likely. In our advertising columns you will find a mange cure that will no doubt put him all right.

G. W. P., Chicago, Ill.—Please prescribe for my English setter bitch, aged 11 months. Some time ago I found she had worms and gave her a castor oil, followed with castor oil, and succeeded in getting quite a few away from her, also a few pieces of tape worm. I repeated the dose in about three days, but was not successful. I notice she has an abnormal appetite, eating the dropping of horses, cats, etc., and still think she has tape worm. Ans. Fast the bitch twenty-four hours, and if bowels are constipated give a spoonful of castor oil. Then in a pill of lard give half a drachm of areca nut, and in one hour repeat the dose, if in twenty minutes there is no result, give a dessertspoonful of the oil. Feed soft food, such as soups, etc., for a week or so after.

W. J. W., Montreal.—I have a cocker spaniel pup, 6 months old, that is suffering with some trouble with his head or ears. He will sit down and scratch his ears terribly, and then shake his head at a great rate. At times it seems to pain him to even scratch his ears. There are no signs of any soreness, nor are his ears inside at all inflamed. The dog has every attention and is kept perfectly clean. He is in the best of spirits otherwise and very lively. He had distemper when but 2 months old. Will you kindly advise me of the trouble and what to do? Ans. Canker. Use the following:

B. Bromo-chloral. 3 i
Tr. opil. 3 i
Aq. ad. 3 vi
Mix. Drop in ears night and morning after washing with warm water and castile soap and drying thoroughly.

ANXIOUS, N. Y. City.—About two months ago I had given me a valuable Irish setter, about 18 mos. old. At the time I received him he was suffering badly with distemper and worms, and his eyes were running badly. I doctored him for the two former, and after three or four weeks of serious illness, during which he was at times at the point of death, I succeeded in bringing him round so that now he seems perfectly well, except that he appears partially blind. I can see nothing the matter with his eyes, as they do not run and seem to be perfectly clear and natural. Shall I do anything for them or trust to nature to effect a cure? His general health and spirits now, could not be better and his coat is in fine condition. Ans. Wash the eyes with borax and water, teaspoonful of castor oil in warm water. Amaurosis is not uncommon as a sequel to distemper. Get some "Iron and strychnine" pills or tablets and give morning and evening hidden in a bit of meat.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

GARDEN CITY RIFLE TEAM.—Chicago, Ill., April 15.—April 7, at 25yds., 25 shots each, open sights, off-hand, Massachusetts paper target, possible 500 points: Al Sorenson 275, W. J. Gibbs 268, C. A. Hankle 268, Geo. McCune 265, W. J. Meyers 257, Thos. Ford 250, Joseph Hosie 247.

SYRACUSE. April 15.—These scores were made at the Syracuse Rifle Club shoot this afternoon. Leighton and Taber doing remarkably well in the rest match. Off-hand:

Ball.	3	6	3	8	7	5	8	7	6	10	—62
Leighton.	6	8	9	9	4	6	4	7	9	—68	
Stillman.	6	8	8	7	7	7	5	6	8	—67	
Knapp.	7	8	9	7	2	6	3	8	7	—65	
Dalley.	7	7	9	9	7	6	4	10	9	—75	
Smith.	7	9	9	7	5	7	8	9	10	—45	
Grassman.	6	6	9	6	8	7	4	6	6	—64	

Rest.

Robotham.	12	10	9	12	9	12	9	9	9	—101
Smith.	9	12	9	8	7	8	5	10	8	—100
Robotham.	9	11	11	9	8	9	8	11	9	—94
Leighton.	9	9	10	10	12	9	9	12	9	—98
Taber (telescope).	9	9	8	11	8	10	11	9	8	—92
Robotham.	7	7	9	11	11	10	9	12	9	—92
Leighton.	11	11	10	11	11	10	12	9	12	—106
Smith (telescope).	8	9	11	10	11	9	10	9	11	—96
Taber (telescope).	9	8	12	9	12	11	9	12	9	—103

BOSTON, April 15.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range today with a good attendance of riflemen, and some good scores were made. Following are the scores made to-day, distance 20yds., standard American target, re-entries allowed:

All Comers' Off Hand Match.

S. C. Sydney.	88	F. B. Thomas.	78	D. Martin.	71
H. Cushing.	86	I. S. Ham.	76	J. B. Moore.	68
H. Eastman.	85	M. T. Day.	73	M. T. Week.	67
H. Severance.	83	A. S. Hunt.	72	J. B. Hobbs.	65

All Comers' Rest Match.

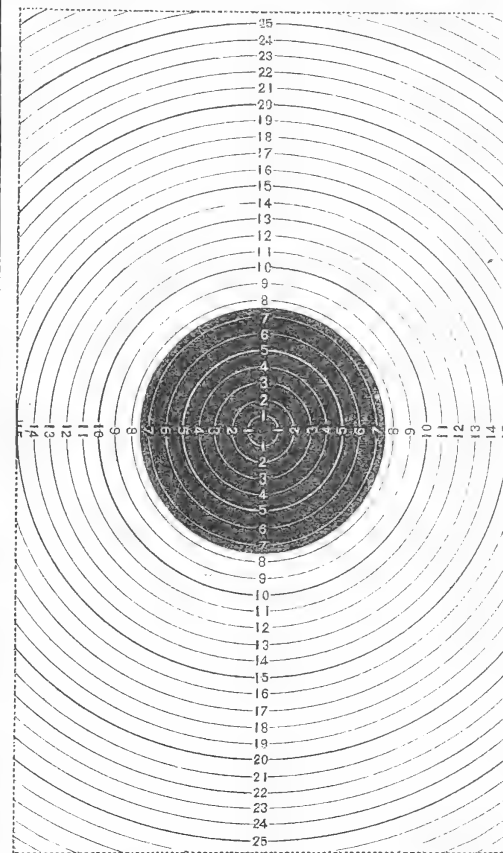
J. N. Eames.	112	F. Dunn.	103	J. W. French.	93
S. Wilder.	109	M. R. Barter.	103	S. E. Howard.	90
A. H. Ballard.	106	M. T. Day.	100	A. S. Hunt.	88
F. W. Chester.	105	D. Martin.	98	J. B. Moore.	87
S. T. Crawford.	101				

Pistol Match, 50yds.

H. Severance.	90	M. R. Barter.	79	M. T. Day.	74
W. Charles.	89	F. C. Bridge.	79	D. Martin.	73
J. L. Fowle.	82	A. G. Stevens.	77		

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE progress of the Amateur Championship match in revolver shooting is all we could desire. From every direction come inquiries for particulars and demands for the new ready measurement targets prepared for the preliminary preparation. By using these a shooter can at once gauge his skill and measure his progress. The cut below will show the target for each shot full size. The outer boundary is just the size of a current postal card. This is amply large enough to be hit by any one who has the proper



revolver and who has any claim to the title of expert. Line shots in this kind of shooting are of more moment in actual work than shots having good elevation and away on either side. The concentric circles are $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch apart. This arrangement facilitates counting up the total score into inches and tenths of an inch. One shot only should be fired at each card in order to have no possible dispute owing to the cutting up of the previous shot hole. *FOREST AND STREAM* wishes each week to give samples of good targets made and would invite our shooting friends to send in their best targets for that purpose.

Early in the fall we will begin fixing times and places for the various final competitions. By that time enough targets will have been published to enable all to form some idea of the degree of skill probably required to gain a place. We shall accommodate competitors as far as may be in naming locations and date for the shoots, of course making them public in advance through our columns.

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH CONDITIONS.

In accordance with the instructions of the donor we would fix the following as the conditions of the match for the Amateur Revolver Championship of America, open to any American citizen or permanent resident:

Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches.

Any trigger pull.

Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand.

Any fixed ammunition.

Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots.

Distance, 20yds.

Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches.

Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole.

Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively.

Amateur Standing—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of *FOREST AND STREAM* to be final on all points.

Places of holding the competitions will be fixed, with consideration to the convenience of contestants, and one month's notice will be given of exact time and place. It has been already determined to have competitions at New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. These finals open to all comers, and will be in charge of the shooting editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* or his representative.

Preliminarily to the final shoots for the championship, which will be held several months from date, and in order to develop shooting ability, *FOREST AND STREAM* will open a season of trial shooting. The targets for this test may be had free of cost on application to the office of *FOREST AND STREAM*. By their use the revolver shot may fix his progress, and the ready measure.

In position for the night, up on top of the sloping clay bank just above the mouth of the creek, where, in a very short time, the Frankie reposed comfortably by them.

"There's a little town or village up there above the trestle, Commodore," said Lacy, as we gathered around our mess table a little later and made a most vigorous onslaught upon a supper of fried bacon, scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, hot coffee and the elegant fresh biscuits we had procured a few hours before at Cedar Point, for it was late and we were very hungry.

"Yes, and from the place called Millford," said George. "By the way, this is a good camp-ground, plenty of fuel and water as well as shade."

"Yes, and these are most important considerations," I replied. "I have once or twice been caught out at camping time where we had to use river water, but while it will do very well in the mountains where the streams are cold I can't say that I enjoy it in a more civilized stream like the Shenandoah."

"Nor I," said George. "Another piece of bacon, Commodore. Yes, thanks; you may give me some more eggs, and some potatoes also. Particularly in such hot weather as we are now having. The water is so warm it would be sickening to be obliged to drink it. Lacy, please pass the biscuits."

"I'll take some more prog, Commodore, too," said Lacy, passing up his plate for the third instrument, "and some more coffee, too, while you are about it; what nuisances these bugs are around the lantern!"

"Yes, it is an all-round nuisance to be obliged to make camp and get supper after dark by the light of a lantern, and I never do it when I can help it. When my brother and I cruised the Upper Potomac two or three years ago we decided that it would be a good plan to take a very attentive audience of the subject of designing, illustrating his remarks by models and working drawings."

"Yes, that is the best way," said George. "It is very inconvenient to do the thousand and one little odds and ends incidental to making a camp by the light of a lantern, to hunt firewood, fix black flies, etc., and an excellent substitute is found for the noisily but useful dish rag by tying a small piece of duck on the end of a stout forked twig, each fork being about six inches long, making a servicable swab that is really more effective than the more orthodox dishcloth, and by means of which the disagreeable job of dishwashing is robbed of its worst feature."

"After the culinary utensils had been put to rights and the club trestle placed in its proper position upon the mess table, in the light of the little camp-fire and the lanterns which hung suspended from the tent supporters, one at each end of the canopy, we lighted our pipes and strolled up to have a look at the village, which was but a hundred yards or so up the gorge from our camp. It was a picturesque little hamlet of a dozen or so of houses clustering around an old mill, nestled down in the gorge and looking peacefully a goodly hundred feet or so below the rest of the world, with the great trestle bridge towering so high in the air above the tops of the houses that its massive timbers and crossbeams looked as light and fragile as a network of wires in the clear sky above, while its shadows fell in fantastic crosses and in all imaginable angles on the roofs and sides of the houses as the little hamlet lay peacefully dozing in the bright moonlight, with here and there a light twinkling from window or an open door."

A little knot of disreputable looking loafers hanging around the door of a mean little doggerly at the lower edge of the hamlet, eyed us curiously as we strolled back to camp. Their curiosity led them to follow us, and as Lacy spoke to them pleasantly, they joined us and accompanied us back to the canoes. They proved to be harmless and good natured spirits of their unpossessing appearance; and, being of the waterside variety, they were greatly interested in the outfit, particularly the canoes, and the fact that they were home made greatly deepened their interest in them and in us. One particularly trifling, shiftless-looking specimen, clad only in a dilapidated hickory shirt, long ago at outs with the washtub, and a demoralized pair of trousers, took me unobtrusively to one side and whispered to me that if he only had me here what a good thing we could make out of the boat building and navigating business. "If I had you here," he repeated, looking a finger through my buttonhole, while he waved the other hand impressively, "if I only had you here!" and the rest of the sentence was lost in the hazy mist of conjecture.

The night was a peaceful and quiet one; broken only by the deep-toned indignant h-t-look of a big bullfrog down in the sedge at the edge of the creek below us, and the drowsy chirp and hum of the insects and other noise-producing things in the night, and the woods, and the occasional roar of a train as it sped meteor-like in a glare of fire and flashing lights up against the sky, over the great creaking trestle just above us; drying away with a dull rattle in the bend below us, leaving the momentary glare of a dull, red eye and a faint trail of smoke. The distant wailing of a dog in the little hamlet above alternated with the deep hoot of an owl and the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will.

The full moon rode high in the cloudless sky above, scattering her effulgent radiance over hill and dale, and was mirrored in the calm, reposeful bosom of the river, while the tall, tree-clothed bluff in the bend below us rose solemnly in a solid wall of blackness far up against the northern sky.

A fishing boat with a solitary occupant put out from the other side and paddled slowly and noiselessly across; breaking the mirror-like surface of the river into long lines of sparkling, dancing light, and disappeared in the black shadow of the bluff; from whence the dropping of a paddle in the bottom of the boat and the murmur of the oars were echoed back from the more distant bluff a mile or two up the river.

The loveliness of the night was impressive in its calm repose, and I sat apart from the little group gathered around Lacy's tent while I finished my pipe and drank in the scene. Then, donning my pajamas and slippers, I retired into the privacy of my own cabin. The night was a peaceful and quiet one; broken only by the deep-toned indignant h-t-look of a big bullfrog down in the sedge at the edge of the creek below us, and the drowsy chirp and hum of the insects and other noise-producing things in the night, and the woods, and the occasional roar of a train as it sped meteor-like in a glare of fire and flashing lights up against the sky, over the great creaking trestle just above us; drying away with a dull rattle in the bend below us, leaving the momentary glare of a dull, red eye and a faint trail of smoke. The distant wailing of a dog in the little hamlet above alternated with the deep hoot of an owl and the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will.

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ROCHESTER C. C.

At the regular meeting held April 4 it was decided that the Decoration Day cruise of the club should be from Portage, down the Genesee, to Rochester; a three-day cruise, was not deemed advisable to use the war canoe, as the river for that part of the way is rocky, shallow and swift. A committee consisting of H. D. McVeen, A. B. Dodge and Geo. J. French was appointed with power to make all necessary arrangements. The question of a club trophy was discussed and a committee, consisting of Capt. W. S. Smith, C. B. Bruns, Geo. J. French, C. H. Moody and H. J. Wilson, was appointed with instructions to purchase a challenge cup at an expense of \$200. An invitation to join the club cruise on Decoration Day was extended to the Genesee C. C. The regatta committee presented the following report, which was adopted:

Appointments for the season of 1891: Clerk of the Course, H. D. McVeen; Judge, Arthur Luchford; Starter, H. D. McVeen; W. C. Seward; Timekeepers, A. B. Dodge and S. B. Perkins. The dates of the club regattas are fixed as follows: Annual spring regatta June 18, second unlimited sailing race July 9, third unlimited sailing race July 23, fourth unlimited sailing race Aug. 27, annual fall regatta Sept. 10. No unlimited sailing race shall be called unless there shall be at least four starters. The order in which the races shall be called at the next annual spring and fall regattas shall be left entirely to the judgment of the club. In case a trophy is provided to be raced for, the unlimited sailing race shall be considered the cup race; points to count as heretofore, further conditions to be reported later by this committee. The first race of the spring and fall regattas shall be called at 2:30 P. M. sharp.

If for any reason neither starter is able to attend any regatta,

they shall appoint a starter for that day only. Such appointee need not necessarily be a member of the club.

If in any unlimited sailing race there be not the required number of entries, such race shall be postponed one week, and at the expiration of that time shall be called irrespective of the number of entries.

J. F. NEWMAN.—A telegram from Colorado Springs announces the death on April 18 of Mr. J. F. Newman, a well known and popular canoeist of New York. Mr. Newman, who has long been in delicate health, suffering from consumption, took up canoeing about 1881, joining the New York C. C., and using his canoe as an aid to the outdoor life which his precarious state of health made necessary. Though never a racer he was in all ways a most earnest and enthusiastic canoeist; he served the New York C. C. well for several years as secretary and on its executive committee; he took a most active interest in the A. C. A., and every canoe he owned has been a model of perfection in its fitting up and equipment, his canoe and camp outfit being matters of special pride. Though by no means vigorous, Mr. Newman had a good deal of cruising on Lake George, Lake Champlain, and the St. Lawrence. Being a resident of Brooklyn, he was one of the leaders in organizing the Brooklyn C. C., and did much to establish it on its present successful basis. He leaves a wife and one child.

IANTHE C. C.—On April 18 Mr. W. P. Stephens was present at the smoker of the Ianthé C. C. at the club house, and spoke for a couple of minutes to a very attentive audience on the subject of designing, illustrating his remarks by models and working drawings.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, 52.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the batches of the *Canoe*, *peep into the Kennel*, *squint down the barrel of the Rifle*, *open the Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman Tourist*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial* and *Advertising Departments*.

CAPE CATS AND KEEL BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am just recovering from the shock given me by "Anti-Cat" in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, and my doctor says if I can keep still my good constitution will pull me through. But I must ask him not to jump with both feet next time, for I am an orphan. I would like to ask him if he ever was in Fort Pond Bay and can recall the lay of the land, and the tide rips at the entrance in a good northwester? If he can, and ever tried to get out in any kind of a small keel boat I ever saw, and did not get a good shaking up, then I am no judge of choppy seas. But this is neither here nor there. I presume "Anti-Cat" was jumping on the type of boat, and not on us personally. When I was a boy, I remember that from Boston Light to Point Judith the prevailing type of boat for the fishermen was a deep, narrow, heavily-battered keel craft, generally with two sprit sails and often a jib. I have hardly seen one of this type on the coast for the last five years, and none have been built. If "Anti-Cat" will take the pains to go to Provincetown, or more especially to Chatham, and visit Nantucket on his way around, take a side trip through Buzzard's Bay and then to Block Island, and at all of these places ask the men who spend their life on the water, and rough water, too, summer and winter, pulling lobster-pots and fishing, why they have universally abandoned the Cape Cat for the Newport style, he will have good answers from the most experienced men in the country in both kinds of boats.

"Anti-Cat" says they are not seaworthy. Let him go to Block Island and ask the skipper of the Puck (30ft. cat) why he carried the mail over to Newport and back in the great March blizzard of three years ago, when it was so rough that the steamer would not run, and the Cape Cat, skipper of the Puck, Albro, or a dozen others in Newport, who go out in keel boats or for four miles of the size, when they do not go in their despised cats? Ask Capt. John Jones, of Fall River, who he spent three months cruising in the stormy St. Lawrence Gulf last summer in a 20ft. cat, when keel boats were much easier to find down there. No, brother "Anti-Cat," you cannot convince a whole race of men, who know something about their boat, that the Cape Cat, properly built and properly handled, are unsafe. Last September at the open regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. it was so rough and fluky that none of the entries of cutters dared to risk their spars, and yet over two-thirds the entries of catboats sailed over the entire course. Any good sailorman will admit that the proper type of boat over 30ft. is the Cape Cat, with low ballast, and more than one sail; but a man has a hard row to hoe to find a more useful boat for going about the coast near reefs and shoals, and into small harbors, and at the same time comfortably and safely, than the Newport cat; and I think for the same size boat they are much faster and easily handled than sloops. If "Anti-Cat" has a small cutter and would like to demonstrate speed and seaworthiness against a few catboats, you might get a better result in the Fall River Y. C. that would be willing to give him an opportunity to show for himself, and time of his own choosing. I am sorry I am not a better defender of the poor cats, but generally they can defend themselves. QUEQUEHAN.

FALL RIVER, MASS., APRIL 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to state for the benefit of "Anti-Cat" that a Cape Cod catboat properly sparred and hung and fitted with cruising rig, not racing, in competent hands is as safe and as weatherly a boat as one wishes to sail in. As to the incident in question I quite agree with "Anti-Cat" that it was unskillful to turn back trying to get out of Fort Pond Bay in a Cape Cat. Why was the sea running so high or what? Fort Pond Bay is free from dangers with a depth of water varying from 8ft. near the shore in the bay to 8 fathoms, average depth 3½ to 6 fathoms. Sticky bottom and as good holding ground as one can find. Why did they tie up to a wharf? They should have anchored unless their ground was deep, narrow cutters or reef. As for the mess in the cabin it was not the fault of the boat, but the carelessness of the crew in not having stowed the dunnage in a secure manner. I would ask "Anti-Cat" whether a larger, narrower and deeper boat would be any better in a seaway if things were not stowed away snugly and secured?

By the tone of "Anti-Cat's" letter I think that he is an advocate of deep, narrow cutters or reef, but a catboat of 30ft. l.w.l. in the hands of a person experienced in cruising in one, will, if properly handled, claw off a lee shore under a two or three-reef mainsail, providing she is in proper sailing trim; and will make good weather of it, too. I have sailed in a large number of boats, from a 10ft. catboat of 14in. draft to an 800 ton schooner, and have been the business twelve years, and find that any boat not properly handled in a blow makes bad weather of it. "Anti-Cat" asks what would happen in a case of a genuine blow in an open sail? My answer is, that in competent hands she would come through all right. With a balance reef in her mainsail and a short stunsail a catboat will make good weather. I cruised for five months in an 18ft. w.l. boat, drawing 2ft. in., on the eastern coast from New York to Belfast, Me., and have experienced some pretty rough weather, but never had to put back to turn in or shake out a reef in all of my cruises. In conclusion I will say to "Anti-Cat," as well as other readers, that eight out of ten men sailing catboats do not know how to handle them in rough weather, neither is a man who is accustomed to sailing a sloop, schooner or cutter competent to sail a catboat unless he has had experience in one. NEWBURG, N. Y., April 12. SAILOR.

ATLANTA Y. C.—A meeting was held on April 13, at which it was decided to amend their racing rules so that yachts in cruising class shall be allowed for time allowance of 94 per cent. of their racing lengths. In regard to rules for the special 25-foot rating class, it was provided that the club's reduction of one-tenth of the racing area of yachts in measurement for time allowance shall not apply to the raters, the sail area being taken at its full value, and the mast must be at least one-fifth the length of water line from the fore end of the water line. The spinnaker boom of the raters shall not exceed their sailing length, the raters shall not exceed three men in addition to the helmsman, and all sails shall be square, and in case any sail of different design from ordinary jib and mainsail be carried the club's measurer shall measure this excess of sail. A motion to extend the privileges of the Bay Ridge clubhouse to the Aloyone Boat Club was lost.

BARBARA.—The actual headline of the Fife 46-footer is given as 46ft. 9in.

SIPPICAN Y. C.

THE Sippican Y. C. expects a lively season this year. The class for sloops under 35ft. l.w.l. will be revived. Commodore Ryder has bought a 30ft. schooner named Mystic. In the first class Mr. Stetson is having a new racer built by A. M. Jenney to take the place of Chinas, sold last summer. The old Mattie will be ready for her. Dora and A. P. E. of course will be on hand. It is also rumored that Surprise will race again. If this is so, there will be some good racing.

In the second class Mist, Widgeon and Anonyma will be in fighting trim. It will be Anonyma's second season, and great things are to be expected of her. Hanley, of Monument Beach, is buying a new owner for this class and will probably find his way over to Marion sometimes.

In the third class Elna, Puzzle and Parole will be at it again, with Daisy not far behind. It is to be regretted that Trump, who by the way has a record of 9 firsts out of 13 races, is on the sale list and will not race. Eben Holmes, of Marion, who was so successful with Parole last year, is building a boat and so is C. A. Crank, of Portland. Mr. Coolidge is having a boat built by Dunn, of Monument Beach. Mr. J. L. Stackpole is having a racer built by A. M. Jenney, and Hermione is undergoing extensive alterations which are expected to improve her speed.

In the fourth class Edith has been bought by Mr. George Griswold Van Rensselaer, who is sure to keep up her reputation as a racer. Vice-Com. Palfrey is having a racer built by Dunn. She is named Squall and will be 10ft. 10in. l.w.l., 8ft. 7in. beam. She will probably be ready for her first race from Mr. Dunn's former efforts; at any rate she will make Edith look out for her heels. It is to be hoped that Red Wing will be in better trim and better handled than last year. Mr. J. H. Clark, Jr. has purchased the little Mattie and she will not suffer in his hands.

In the fifth class Worry will be raced for all she is worth. The Sippican Yacht Club will be in for her share of the prizes, with Fairy and McGinley's Benches. Mr. J. H. Clark, Jr. has purchased the little Mattie and she will not suffer in his hands. In the fifth class Worry will be raced for all she is worth. The Sippican Yacht Club will be in for her share of the prizes, with Fairy and McGinley's Benches. Mr. J. H. Clark, Jr. has purchased the little Mattie and she will not suffer in his hands.

The following dates have been arranged for the coming season: The Sippican Yacht Club, first open sweepstakes, July 11; fourteenth regatta, annual regatta, July 25; first regatta, regatta, Aug. 21; sixteenth regatta, second open sweepstakes, Sept. 5. The races are to be sailed at Marion, Mass.

The cruise will be held about Aug. 1, time not definitely decided. The fleet will reach New Bedford about the same time as the New York Y. C.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—First regatta, April 19. Courses, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance five miles, weather clear and warm, wind strong westerly. Summary:

Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Playford, Grisdale Bros. 15.00	1 40 00	2 55 45	1 15 45
Iola, George Walker. 15.00	1 50 00	3 01 20	1 21 20
Stranger, E. MacAllister 15.00	1 40 00	3 05 00	1 25 00
Edith, E. A. Leopold 15.00	1 40 00	3 05 00	1 25 00
Sadie, Geo. W. Ritter 15.00	1 30 00	3 05 00	1 55 00
Emma L. E. Beideman 15.00	1 40 00	Withdraw.	
Flying Eagle, J. Berndt 15.00	1 40 00	Withdraw.	
J. S. Lever, J. S. Lever 15.00	1 40 00	Withdraw.	
Pennsylvania, Adamson 15.00	1 40 00	Withdraw.	

I was a beat dead to windward to the buoy and a run home. The Sippican Yacht Club will be in for her share of the prizes, with Fairy and McGinley's Benches. Mr. J. H. Clark, Jr. has purchased the little Mattie and she will not suffer in his hands. In the fifth class Worry will be raced for all she is worth. The Sippican Yacht Club will be in for her share of the prizes, with Fairy and McGinley's Benches. Mr. J. H. Clark, Jr. has purchased the little Mattie and she will not suffer in his hands.

MODEL YACHTING.—The pastime of model yacht sailing, which has been neglected for some years after the period of prosperity, has lately taken a new start about New York and Philadelphia, the latter city having a flourishing club, The American Model Y. C., of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., is preparing for a very lively season, as a strong interest in the sport has lately manifested itself. The opening races will be sailed on May 20 at "Prospect Park" and will consist of one of 52in. and eight of 40in. The Sippican Yacht Club will be in for her share of the prizes, with Fairy and McGinley's Benches. Mr. J. H. Clark, Jr. has purchased the little Mattie and she will not suffer in his hands.

GREAT SOUTH BAY Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Great South Bay Y. C., of Long Island, was held at Delmonico's on April 13. Treasurer, Bernard's report showed a balance of \$611.10. It was decided upon motion of E. C. Peschiera to revise the racing rules and constitution. Com. Swan announced that agreements had been entered into with the Hempstead Bay Y. C., West Hampton County Club, Shinnecock Y. C. and the South Side Y. C. for inter-club regattas this summer. It was decided to erect a new club house, the site has been already at Islip, and a committee was appointed to ascertain the cost and prices of property available for the plant. The following officers were elected: Com. A. S. Swan; Vice-Com. L. T. Powell; Rear-Com. W. Arnold; Treas. M. H. Bergen; Sec'y, John W. Rickards, Executive Committee, Schuyler L. Parsons, W. S. Alley and W. M. Van Anden.

ROYAL HAMILTON Y. C.—This club has been formed with a phenomenal boom, its membership having grown from 146 at the end of 1890 to 634 at this date. The club house at Hamilton Beach, costing \$7,000, will be ready by July 1. The officers are: Com. Hon. W. Sanford; Vice-Com. S. O. Greening; Rear-Com. W. C. Townsend; Capt. J. E. Monck; Hon. Sec'y, Treas. E. H. Ambrose; Meas. John B. Young; Asst. Meas. G. R. Judd. Committee of Management—G. F. Birely, Geo. E. Hamilton, T. W. Lester, John Stewart, T. H. Stinson, J. V. Teetzel, C. C. T. H. Stinson, Sailing Committee—J. F. Monck, Chairman; E. H. Ambrose, J. H. Fearnside, T. H. Lawry, R. A. Matheson, F. R. Waddell, House Committee—E. H. Ambrose, W. J. Grant, J. M. Lottridge, R. A. Lucas, George Roch.

MARINE AND FIELD CLUB REGATTA.—The third annual regatta of the Marine and Field Club, of Bath Beach, was sailed on June 17, being open to all sloops, cutters and yawls of the New York, Atlantic, Seawanhaka, Larchmont, New Rochelle, Oyster Bay, Corinthian of N. Y., Kinderhook, Manhattan Athletic, Yachting Club, Brooklyn, Pavana and Eastern. The races were sailed in 47-53in., 41-47ft., 36-41ft., 31-36ft., 25-30ft., open jib and mainsail boats 25ft. and under; cutters, 25-30ft. must be made in writing to Mr. David Rait, Jr., secretary of the racing dept., Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach, prior to 6 P. M. of June 16. Full particulars may be obtained of Mr. Rait.

QUEEN CITY Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, was held on April 14, the officers elected being: Com. A. W. Dodd; Vice-Com. G. Schofield; Captain, Owen Martin; Hon. Sec'y, Louis Imandi; Hon. Treas. W. Endell; Hon. Treas. W. Foy; Executive Committee, J. J. Quinn, E. Apter, W. Lee and W. Barron; Sailing Committee, James Allan and W. McGill. The club is in a very prosperous condition and will add several new racers of 18 to 25ft. to its fleet. On July 17 it will hold a regatta as a part of the L. Y. R. A. circuit.

SOUTHERN CRUISING.—On April 17 the schooner Wanderer, Mr. G. W. Wood, sailed from New York for Havana on April 2, touching at Savannah on April 10. Mr. Wood made an extended cruise in the West Indies during the winter. She will now lay New Bedford to lay up. Whim, schr., sailed from Charleston, S. C., for New York on April 18. Nydia, schr., Dr. R. O. Pierce, sailed from Beaufort, N. C., for Norfolk, on April 13, reaching New York on April 20. Pastime, schr., was at Wilmington, N. C., on April 15.

THE NORTON COMPANY.—It is reported that among the assets of the recently wrecked Washington National Bank, of New York, is stock of the Norton Shipbuilding Co. of the nominal value of \$10,000, actual value not stated.

UVIRA, cutter, built last year for Jas. Fraser, of Halifax, by Wm. Fire, Jr., is reported sold to F. P. Sands, of Newport, owner of the sloop Peri.

CATARINA, steam yacht, is reported sold by J. W. Sullivan, to Jos. Pulitzer, of the New York World, for \$63,000.

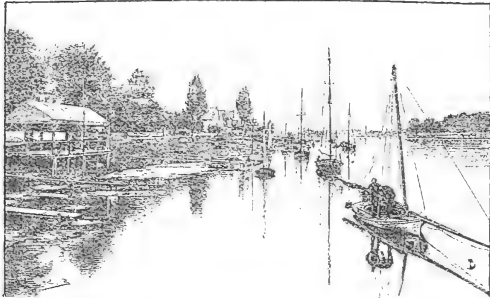
IROQUOIS, schr., Vice-Com. Ellis, S. C. Y. C., has returned from her Southern cruise and is at the Atlantic Basin.

KATHLEEN, Mr. Whitlock's 30-footer, was in commission last week.



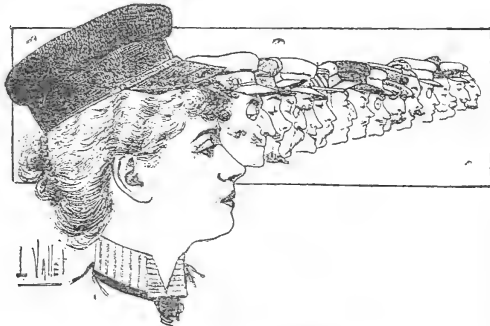
YACHTING IN FRANCE.

Of all peoples who have contended for the supremacy of the seas, in war, in commerce or in pleasure sailing, the English speaking nations have always held the lead; the Anglo-Saxons have proved their superiority to the Latin races, and the battle for first place has for the past century been between the United States and Great Britain; the results in the main being decidedly



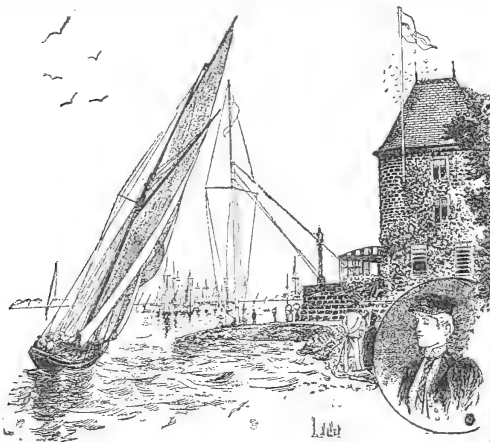
THE BASIN AT ARGENTUEIL.

satisfactory to Americans. After these, the third place must be conceded to France both in war and in pleasure sailing, and though on the whole she has never led her two rivals, she has always shown a most creditable progress, and at times pre-eminence, in some directions. In the old days of wooden ships, France was noted for the skill of her naval architects and designers, and in the matter of model she was often ahead of all rivals. Though



PROFILES OF YACHTSMEN.

her shipbuilding to-day will not compare with that of Great Britain, there are yards and shops and skilled constructors who turn out vessels of the first rank. The strong point of the French has been in the theory and practice of shipbuilding, in the more complicated and abstruse branches of the science of naval design, while the weak point has been in the handling of the vessels afloat. While in yachting France is still a long way in the rear

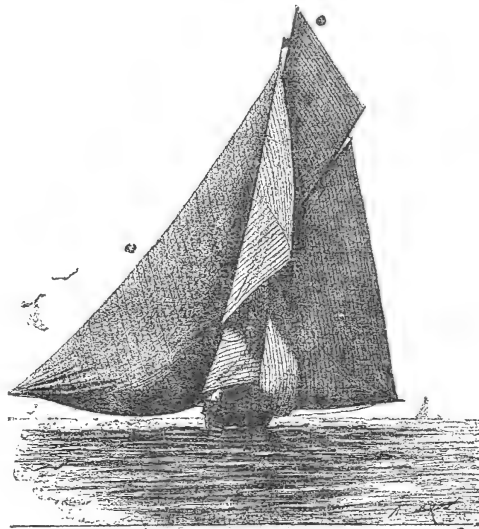


ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON—COWES.

of America and England, having always been to a great extent dependent on the two, at the same time she has won an honorable place as the third of the great yachting nations, and the possessor of a strong and firmly established system of yachting. Unfortunately French yachting has thus far developed no strong individuality, the inland waters are in the main very shallow, and the craft that navigate them have been imported from

the United States, while the rougher waters of the seaboard have developed no national type, but the narrow racing course so long in the ascendancy in British waters has been transplanted to the French coast. In these two different types, each modified more or less in time, but still preserving its most distinctive characteristics, a great deal of racing and sailing has been done by French yachtsmen, the number of yachts, of yacht clubs and of individual yachtsmen having increased in a very gratifying manner; but at the same time the fact that the boats are all practically of foreign origin has proved a hindrance to the advance of yachting to the place it should occupy as a national sport.

This state of affairs has of late attracted considerable attention among the leaders of French yachting, and as a result a most practical and we hope successful movement has been started. During the past winter a body under the title of the Comité du Yacht has been formed, its object being to encourage French



UNDER SPINAKER.

yachting on a home basis, to promote the designing and building of yachts in France, to encourage French yachtsmen to enter their craft in international races, to build up a pleasure marine of skilled French skippers and sailormen to form the crews of French yachts; and in short, to place French yachting in the same independent position that the sport has long enjoyed in England and the United States.

Among the leaders in this work is Mr. Philippe Daryl, a French yachtsman who has done much with his pen to enlighten the aid and interest of Frenchmen generally through the public press, and who has also chosen this opportune time for the publication of a most exhaustive and comprehensive treatise on yachting. This work is a large octavo volume of nearly 400 pages, handsomely printed and containing a number of excellent illustrations. Though at the risk of giving a rather unfair and frivolous idea of a work whose technical value and patriotic aims cannot be over-



A CORINTHIAN.

rated, we cannot refrain from reproducing some of the most amusing of the many sketches from the skilful pencils of Messrs. Brun and Vallet. The former is well-known through his work in the French yachting journal *Le Yacht*, as one of the cleverest of marine artists in pen and ink; while the spirited sketches of the latter speak for themselves.

The book opens with a hearty eulogium of yachting, which should move the veriest landlubber to venture afloat; Mr. Daryl is an enthusiast, and speaks most earnestly in praise of his favorite sport. In the same chapter are some figures relating to the cost of yachting and also to the French fleet, from which we learn that the number of steam yachts is 537, with a tonnage of 11,165 tons; the sailing craft number 712 yachts of a total of 8,970 tons. The book opens with a hearty eulogium of yachting, which should move the veriest landlubber to venture afloat; Mr. Daryl is an enthusiast, and speaks most earnestly in praise of his favorite sport. In the same chapter are some figures relating to the cost of yachting and also to the French fleet, from which we learn that the number of steam yachts is 537, with a tonnage of 11,165 tons; the sailing craft number 712 yachts of a total of 8,970 tons.

This date is very near the beginning of organized yachting in America, being but a few years prior to the foundation of the New York Y. C., 1844. In 1847 the first American centerboard was imported, proving very successful and leading to the general adoption of this type on the Seine and other rivers where draft was the first consideration. An interesting chapter on racing yachts reviews the great racing events of various periods, following which are two chapters descriptive of English and American yachts and yachting, each fully illustrated by views of the principal yachting stations, pictures of the yachts, and charts of the leading courses, such as around the Isle of Wight and that of the New York Y. C. The



A PROFESSIONAL.

from the Dutch "iacht," signifying chase. The author discusses the various modes of pronunciation, and decides in favor of "yak" as in accordance with the best usage; but at the same time he recognizes the claims of the English terms yachting and yachtsman as well established by custom, though expressing a preference for the form "yaktung" as more logical.

After describing the earlier vessels and the galleys of the ancients, the author takes up the origin of yachting in France, the date of which he places at 1838, when the international regattas of Havre were established. This date is very near the beginning of organized yachting in America, being but a few years prior to the foundation of the New York Y. C., 1844. In 1847 the first American centerboard was imported, proving very successful and leading to the general adoption of this type on the Seine and other rivers where draft was the first consideration. An interesting chapter on racing yachts reviews the great racing events of various periods, following which are two chapters descriptive of English and American yachts and yachting, each fully illustrated by views of the principal yachting stations, pictures of the yachts, and charts of the leading courses, such as around the Isle of Wight and that of the New York Y. C. The



THE PROPRIETORS.

very spirited picture of the "man at the wheel" forms the heading to the chapter on American yachting. The other picture, of a "Yachtsman Yankee," was evidently taken at Newport on Goelet Cup day, and not at Larchmont or Marblehead; we are glad to say that the monocle has not yet come into general use among genuine yachtsmen, but is confined entirely to the elegantly attired gentlemen who ornament the decks of the larger steam yachts on a few grand occasions in the height of the season if the weather is fine. The earlier American races, the development of the centerboard yacht, and the progress of American



A FRENCH YACHTSMAN.

A FRENCH YACHTING LADY.

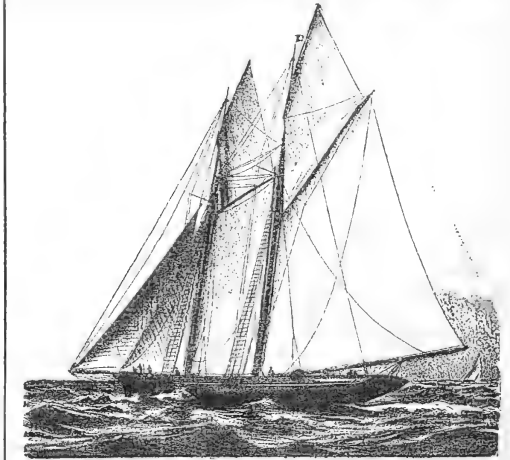
yachting are treated very fully, while the America's Cup is honored with a separate chapter with excellent portraits of the most famous competitors.

The next chapter deals with the purchasing and building of yachts, the nationalization of foreign yachts in French waters, the survey and registry and similar details. Chapters IX. and X. take up in detail the various rigs and parts of yachts and the instruments of navigation, the compass, log, lead, etc., the explanations being very clear, and aided by many cuts, a chapter on interior arrangements is also very practical. The cost of yacht-



SOME PROFILES OF YACHTING LADIES.

ing, the question of measurement and allowances, and the management of regattas are each treated at length in separate chapters. Deep and narrow yachts are discussed in another chapter by the aid of lines and diagrams. A chapter is also devoted to steam and electric yachts, and another to the French clubs and to *Le Yacht*, the journal which has done so much for French yachting. The discipline of the ship and nautical education occupy two other chapters, following them being an interesting summary of single-hand sailing and canoeing. A special



THE SCHOONER ALINE.

chapter, with many excellent illustrations, is devoted to the steam yacht *Sunbeam* and the late *Lady Brassey*, followed by a chapter on "Some Famous Voyages."

The book concludes with an earnest and stirring appeal for French yachting, in which the author not only insists on the necessity of action, but lays down a positive policy, which if carried out is likely in a few years to place French yachting on an equal basis with that of America and England as possessing distinctive

national characteristics and an individuality of its own, in place of being a mere reflex of other nations. The appeal concludes as follows:

"Let us not allow the world to believe any longer that if we do not build yachts it is because we are not able to do so. Let us build one at first, big or small, if it were only to call the attention of the country, which is not yet awakened to a question of vital importance. Let us form a society of sailors, architects, yachtsmen and even of laymen. Let us pay our addresses to the public powers, to the chambers of commerce and to the governments of our cities. Let us intrust to a skilled board the business of designing our yacht, and then let us enter her in the lists for the America's Cup."

"We shall be beaten perhaps once or twice. What matters it? There are defeats which bring better results than victory. There is no disgrace in being beaten in a peaceful and gentlemanly contest."



A YACHTING LADY.

importance. Let us form a society of sailors, architects, yachtsmen and even of laymen. Let us pay our addresses to the public powers, to the chambers of commerce and to the governments of our cities. Let us intrust to a skilled board the business of designing our yacht, and then let us enter her in the lists for the America's Cup."

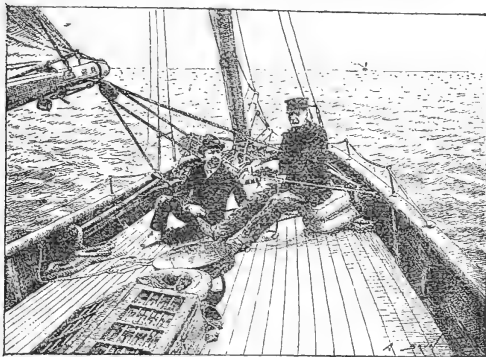
"We shall be beaten perhaps once or twice. What matters it? There are defeats which bring better results than victory. There is no disgrace in being beaten in a peaceful and gentlemanly contest."



A YANKEE YACHTSMAN.

test. The disgrace is for our country while it bears the name of France to fail to enter a tournament gotten up in the interest of science and art."

The author has at least done his part of the work thoroughly in winning for France a place in the literature of yachting beside those hitherto occupied exclusively by America and England. We know of no single work in the English language with which Mr. Daryl's can properly be compared, as he has treated the subject from a broader and more comprehensive standpoint than



DECK OF YAWL ZAMPA.

other writers. As a history of yachting on both sides of the Atlantic, the work has a special value to the casual reader or for purposes of reference; while it is no less valuable to the tyro and the yachtsman as a technical guide, the leading points being brought out clearly, although the author has not attempted to cover the field of designing and construction with the detail that Messrs. Kunhardt and Dixon Kemp have devoted to it. Apart from its historic and technical features, the book has a special value from the high purpose of the author, which is evident throughout; and should the present attempt of the Committee du Yacht meet ultimately with the success which it deserves, a large part of the praise will be due to Mr. Philippe Daryl.

KILL VON KULL Y. C.—Officers: Com., Geo. Ross; Vice-Com., F. B. Huyler; Trustees, C. M. Sterling, Frank Foggin, A. W. Applegate, L. M. Pulz, C. A. Ingalls, L. Deille, C. J. Jones and A. Greenwald.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—New members enrolled during March, 1891: Dr. E. J. Ranhofer, 237 West Thirty-fourth street, New York; Wm. Gardner, 1 Broadway, New York; R. M. Blatchford, Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.; Wm. A. Marsh, 16 Centuries slip, New York; Joseph Rudd, Jr., 758 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn; Morton V. Brkawk, 82 William street, New York; New York Bay Squadron, Jas. R. Thompson, 55 Day street, New York; R. E. Lowe, 421 Rodney street, Brooklyn, East River Squadron.

SAN FRANCISCO Y. C.—At the annual meeting of the San Francisco Y. C., held on April 7, the following officers and directors were elected: Com., Wm. N. McCarthy; Vice-Com., L. B. Thomas; Sec., Fred B. Chandler; Fin. Sec., Geo. W. Reed; Treas., Chas. W. Kellogg; Meas., Capt. Matthew Turner; Directors—J. Gutte, G. F. Davidson, Henry A. Bowen, E. C. Bartlett and John W. Pew.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—The committee on lectures has announced a course of lectures on "Emergency Surgery," under the auspices of the Massachusetts Emergency Society, at the winter quarters, 270 Boylston street, Boston. The course will consist of four demonstration lectures by an eminent surgeon, assisted by a live model, and will be concluded by an examination entitling those in civil life, who pass successfully, to a diploma, and those in the M. V. M. to a medal which they are authorized to wear. The entire course, the commencement of which will be duly announced, will be given for the nominal charge of \$2.50 for each member.

THE NEW AMERICAN COAST PILOT.—We have received from the author, Wm. A. Pratt, Deep River, Conn., a copy of the new edition of the "American Coast Pilot, or Yachtsmen's and Coasters' Book of Reference." This well known book has lately been revised and extended in accordance with the latest charts and surveys. It covers the entire Atlantic coast, from St. John, N. B., to Mobile Bay, giving courses, distances and bearings, with full directions for entering all harbors. It is printed in clear, legible type, and bound in enamel leather, being specially intended for use in bad weather when it is difficult to handle a chart on deck.

STEBBINS' COAST PILOT.—Mr. N. L. Stebbins, the yacht photographer, has just published a novel and useful book under the title of "Stebbins' Illustrated Coast Pilot." The volume contains about 300 photographic views of the lightships, lighthouses and beacons of the New England coast, from New York Harbor to Eastport, Me. Sailing directions are also given for a portion of the coast. The book is intended for the use of yachtsmen and coasters, and will enable them to quickly identify the various aids to navigation. It makes a neat oblong volume 11 x 8 1/2 in., bound in canvas.

PAINE AND FIFE.—There is a big difference between the Paine 46 and the Barbara. The Paine boat looks bulky and powerful all over, and shows a belief in "brute power and ugliness" as a method of winning. Fife, on the other hand, has gone in for fine lines. If anything, the Fife cutter looks too fine on the ends, especially aft. Fife has the neatest looking construction of all the designers. His boat is tied together the whole length with neat diagonal straps. Five courses of oak planking are already on the bottom.—Boston Globe.

PAYONIA Y. C.—The contract for extensive improvements at the new station at Atlantic Highlands, including a wharf 600 ft. long, with a bulkhead forming a basin and a large landing stage, has been made with Ross & Sanford. It is intended also to build a pavilion on the outer bulkhead and bath houses on the shore bulkhead. The club races can be started off the Communipaw house and finished off the new station.

VOLUNTEER—PHOENIX.—The work of demolishing the famous Volunteer is still going on at Lawley's yard. The Boston Globe is responsible for the statement that not even the name will be left, but that Gen. Paine has chosen a new one, Phoenix. The Globe also quotes a yachtsman as suggesting Pensioner, as all the old volunteers are pensioners now.

THISTLE—METEOR.—The Field states positively that Emperor William has changed the name of his new purchase to Meteor. This does not speak well for the originality of His Imperial Majesty if the name is such a yachting chestnut in Germany as it has long been here. The price is quoted as \$4,500, \$32,500.

YARANA.—Mr. M. B. Kennedy, owner of the Maid Marion, yawl, has bought Yarana from Mr. Paul Ralli, and will race her this season. Mr. Ralli has lately taken a great interest in the new class of small open boats, 1/4 raters.

NORMA, steam yacht, Mr. Horace Daniels, grounded in a fog on the night of April 17 on the Long Island shore, two miles west of Greentown, when on her way from New York to Providence. She had run ashore to anchor on account of the fog. She lies in good position, and though leaking slightly will probably be hauled off without serious damage.

ALVA, steamer, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at New York, April 15, from her Mediterranean cruise. One of her officers was ill with varioloid and died while being transported to the hospital.

SMUGGLER.—The first of the Gardner 25-footers will be launched on April 25 at Webber's yard, New Rochelle. She is owned by Mr. L. J. Boury, Atlantic Y. C.

LOYD'S YACHT REGISTER.—We call attention to the advertisement on another page of this valuable book. It is furnished to individual subscribers at a nominal price.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The annual dinner of the New York Y. C. will be held at Delmonico's on May 9.

LIEUT. HENN.—Lieut. and Mrs. Henn returned last week from Florida and will remain in New York until May 2, when they leave on the Umbria.

ATLANTIC, schr., Mr. E. C. Homans, is receiving a thorough overhauling below and aloft at Poillon's yard. Capt. Rose will be in command.

DAPHNE, sloop, has been sold by Com. Lowery, Larchmont Y. C. to Mr. A. W. Booth, owner of the sloop Mistral, of Bergen Point, N. J.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—This club is about to make a very important change of quarters, having secured a site at College Point, so that the old anchorage at Port Morris will be abandoned.

VALKYRIE.—Lord Dunraven has decided to race Valkyrie this year, and Wm. Cranfield, her new skipper, is now fitting her out.

MONTECITO, yawl, has been sold by Manning's Agency for Mr. Ronald Thomas, the new owner not being yet announced.

YACHT ARCHITECTURE.—The second and enlarged edition of Mr. Dixon Kemp's standard work is just ready in England.

VENTURA, cutter, has been sold by C. H. W. Foster to S. J. Colford, of New York.

CARMITA, cutter, has been sold to Mr. Broughton, of Marblehead.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF SAN FRANCISCO.—This energetic club is doing much for the revival of yachting on the Pacific Coast, and this year expects to have a most prosperous season. A very large list of fixtures is announced, the first being the opening of the club, on Saturday next.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—The 20th annual regatta of the New Jersey Y. C. will be sailed on June 17 over the usual course on New York Bay.

UTOWANA.—The New York Times of April 19 contained a very interesting description of Mr. Durant's new steam yacht Utowana.

RAMONA, schr., formerly Resolute, has been sold by D. H. Smith to H. M. Gillig for \$24,500.

MONTAUK, schr., has been sold by J. E. Brooks to F. E. Weeks.

"West India Hurricanes and the Great March Blizzard." By Everett Hayden, U. S. Hydrographic Office. Large quarto, with 23 lithographic plates. Price \$1. Contains full history of the great storm of March, 1838, with practical information how to handle a vessel in a cyclone; use of oil at sea, etc.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

M. A. V., Philadelphia, Pa.—State breed of dog.

A. O. N., Newburyport, Mass.—You do not state what breed the dog is.

H. D. Sandusky, O.—I have the pedigree of a dog in written form, and you tell me where I can have the same in printed form and how much it will cost? Ans. Write to C. L. Schember, 96 Nassau street, New York city.

STEADY READER.—Please inform me where I can procure the history and picture of the South American bloodhound, either by letter or through your valuable paper. Ans. We do not know of such a book or dog. By writing to Mr. Winchell, Fair Haven, Vt., you can procure photos of his celebrated bloodhounds.

T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Please inform me how to train and keep a dog's hair in proper condition. 2. Also, what color is a Yorkshire terrier? Ans. 1. Plenty of exercise, judicious feeding and a good grooming every day with brushes suitable to the texture of the dog's coat, always brushing from head to tail of course. 2. Golden tan on the head and legs and silver blue from neck to tip of tail.

E. J. M., New York City.—I have a puppy of the Rookingham-Donna strain, which I desire to have trained and handled for the field trials of '91. Could you kindly furnish me with the name and address of some trainer to whom I could send the puppy for careful treatment? The puppy, Prima Donna, took the two first prizes at the recent Westminster Kennel Club show in this city, and I am very desirous of developing every good quality she may possess. Ans. You will find several kennels advertised in this week's issue, any one of which we can recommend.

G. F. S., Haverhill, Mass.—Will you kindly state the weight of the largest striped bass on record, caught with hook and line? How large a bass has been caught, to your knowledge? Do the largest striped bass enter the rivers at all, as far as is known of them? Ans. 1. Between 50 and 60 lbs., at Cattyhunk. 2. A specimen of 12 lbs. was taken in the Town Cove, Orleans, Mass. 3. Occasionally. An example said to weigh 90 lbs. was taken in the Potomac and sent to Washington, D. C., recently. In some North Carolina sounds individuals of 100 lbs. are reported common by good authority.

C. B., Akron, O.—I am thinking of going into the kennel business, and would like to ask a few questions. 1. Do you know of a man that lives in Ireland that will buy dogs for an importer? 2. Is there any money made at the bench shows? The prizes are so small, I should think the expenses would be more than the prizes. 3. Which is the most profitable, setters or English mastiffs? Ans. 1. Wm. Graham, Belfast, Ireland. 2. All depends on the shows, distance from home, and the kind of dogs you exhibit. It is an advertisement for your kennel more than anything else. 3. Setters at present.

M. T., Chicago.—Will you be kind enough to tell me what kind of flies to use for trout and bass in Montana, North Dakota and Washington? Ans. The best patterns for the black-spotted trout are coachman, royal-coachman, dark-coachman, professor, brown-Palmer, Abbey, Montreal, alder, Lotie, Imbrie and brown-ben. The Alexander and black-prince are good flies for swift streams. The brown-hackle is a general favorite for the region. For black bass the grizzly-king, coachman, professor, red-bird, polka, oriole, Oconomowoc, Henshall, Epting, gray-drake, Seth Green, white-miller, fluttering-fly and various hackles. The success of any particular fly is limited by many conditions, which can be learned only by local experience.

AZTEC.—A Mexican gentleman, who is a friend of mine, has recently received as presents a couple of fine dogs. One of them is a setter bitch whose parents were imported direct from England and presented to President Diaz, who is a great hunter. I do not know what stock she is from, but she has the appearance, so far as I can judge, of being a good dog. The other is a pedigreed pointer, given him by General Stanley, of San Antonio, Texas. He has not received the pedigree yet, but the dog is doubtless a good one. Now, what he wants me to find out of the "only" FOREST AND STREAM is, what will be the probable result of breeding the two, pointer and setter, together? Do such crosses usually result well? An answer through the paper or otherwise will greatly oblige. Ans. Such an alliance would result in a "drop-per," which is known, as a rule, to be an excellent field dog. We do not advocate this breeding, though in your case it may be unavoidable.

E. H. P., East Trumbull, O.—Will you give the distinguishing features between a mascalonge and a pickerel? In Grand River, a tributary of Lake Erie, there are fish that local anglers call mascalonge, but some persons call them pickerel. The fish are taken with minnow or spoon and weigh as high as 20 lbs. Ans. In our column of April 2 and 9 we published accounts of the pike and pickerel, and we will soon have a paper on the mascalonge, containing a figure of the species and some illustrations, showing the differences between the three principal members of the pike family. The pickerel of Grand River is probably the pike, which is best distinguished from the mascalonge by its pale spots on a dark ground, the mascalonge having dark spots on a pale ground. The pike has the cheek scaly and the lower half of the gill cover naked—the mascalonge has the lower half of both the cheeks and the gill covers naked. In all the true pickerels the cheeks and the gill covers are completely scaled.

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FOR CANOEISTS AND HUNTERS.

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"It is the most complete map of the Adirondack
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PRIZE OFFERED!

\$10 IN GOLD will be awarded the person
sending an account of the best adventure with
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quired—the facts are wanted. Before competing
write for particulars to
S. N. McADOO, Dover, Minn.



At a meeting of the *United Protective Association of Fishes*, it was Resolved: "That the use of **ABBEY & IMBRIE'S** Fishing Tackle is exceedingly dangerous and should be prohibited under severe penalties."

Resolved: "That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

18 Vesey Street, New York."

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Send for 82-page Catalogue of Arms and Ammunition.

The Expert's High Grade Trap Cartridge

Owing to the demand for a thoroughly reliable and strictly first class "Trap Cartridge," we have decided to put on the market a cartridge to be known as "The Expert's High Grade Trap Cartridge." These cartridges will be loaded with The Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s "High Grade Trap Powder," which is made "exclusively and expressly" for these cartridges, and which we know to be the best trap powder made. The specifications and lists of these cartridges are as follows:

Load No. 30. 10-gauge Climax Shells, $\frac{3}{4}$ drs. High Grade Trap Powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. No. 8 shot. List \$30.00 per M.

Wadded two 9 and one 10-gauge Black Edge Wads on powder and card on shot.

Load No. 32. 12-Gauge Climax Shells, 3 drs. High Grade Trap Powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. No. 8 shot. List \$27.50 per M.

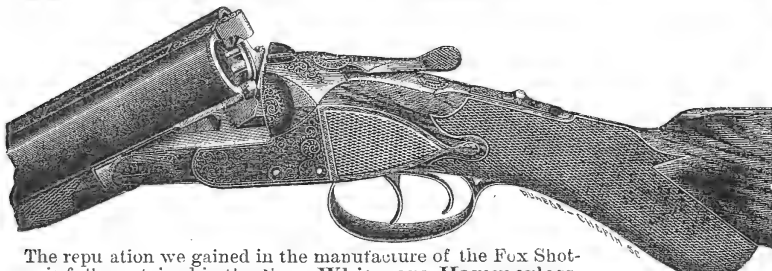
Wadded two 11 and one 12-gauge Black Edge Wads on powder and card on shot.

Chilled shot \$1.00 per M. net extra.

We solicit a trial of these cartridges and know that they will not fail to give the very best of satisfaction. We are also prepared to load these or any of our regular trap or nitro-powder cartridges in the new U. M. C. Co.'s "Trap" shell for which an extra charge of \$10.00 per M. net will be made.

Send stamp for our list and discount.

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AMERICAN ARMS CO., 36 New Street, East Boston, Mass.

NEW LIGHT FRAME AUTOMATIC HOPKINS & ALLEN HINGE REVOLVER.

**.32
CALIBER.**



**11
OUNCES.**

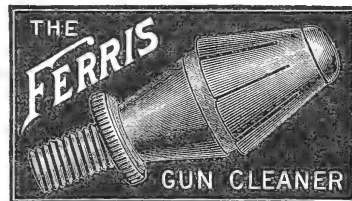
The only one of its class.

With Patent Folding Hammer.

This Revolver can also be furnished in a larger frame, .38-cal., $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{5}{8}$ in barrel.

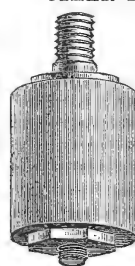
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\$36.00 MEACHAM HAMMERLESS GUN.

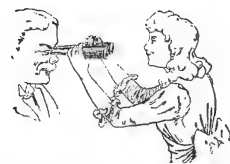
TOP SNAP, Extended Rib, Imported Walnut Pistol Grip Stock, Patent Fore-end, Full Checkered, Matted Rib, Double Under Fastening, Rubber Butt, Compensating Hinge Joint, Long Breech Frame, 10 and 12 gauge. Full Damascus Barrels, Choked, **\$36.00**
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The directions are as plain and explicit as possible for the construction of a canoe 13ft. 6in. X 27in. at an expense of not to exceed \$7, while the simple operations are within reach of the skill of any careful amateur. No technical terms are used and the successive operations are carefully described in detail, each step being made clear before proceeding to the next. Illustrated; paper 48 pages; price 50 cents.

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Notice to Fishermen. Cut Prices for 1891.


Here I am again as usual cutting the prices of Fishing Tackle. Low prices and good quality of goods increases my business. It will pay you to buy your tackle in Brooklyn.

No. 1, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Trout or Black Bass Fly Rods, solid reel seat below hand, nickel mountings, silk whippings, extra tip, all complete in wood form, length 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., weight 7, 8, 9oz. Price \$2 72
No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 22
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 9, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10ft., weight 9, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12, 13oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz. Price 2 75
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Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25yds., 85c.; 40yds., 95c.; 60yds., \$1.05; 80yds., \$1.15; 100yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40yds., \$1.75; 60yds., \$2.25; 80yds., \$2.50; 200yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300ft., 41c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300ft., 9 thread, 88c.; 12 thread, 45c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c.

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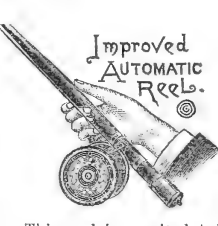
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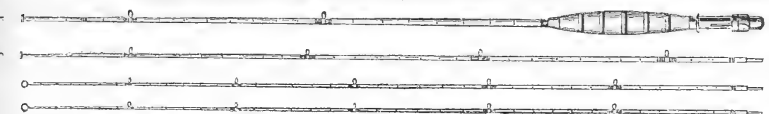
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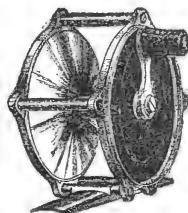
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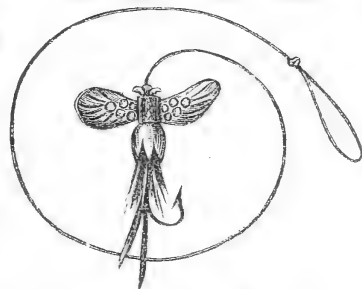
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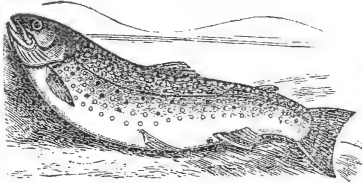
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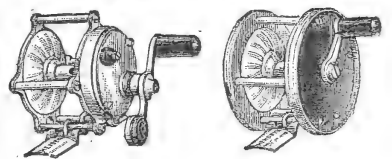
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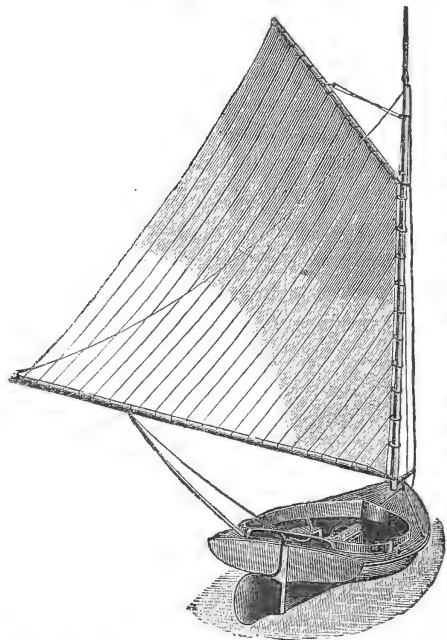
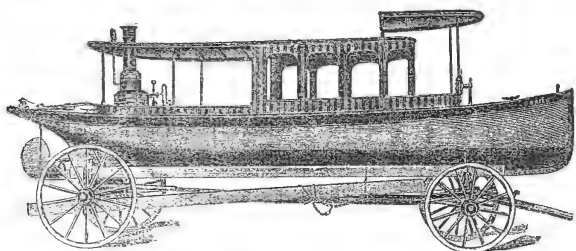
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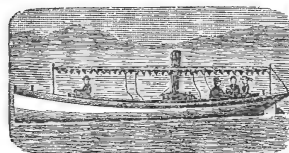


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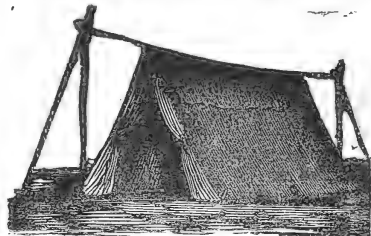
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Chicago and the West.	ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB ACCOUNTS.

THE trial of the case of Mr. Chas. J. Peshall, who was indicted for criminal libel of Alfred P. Vredenburg, has resulted in a verdict of acquittal. In other words, a jury of business men have determined that it was not libel for Mr. Peshall to state in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 19, 1890, that the accounts of the American Kennel Club were "juggled." As a matter of fact, it happened that the verdict turned directly upon the actual condition of the books as shown by an inspection in the jury room. After discussion of the evidence, on the third ballot the jury stood nine for acquittal and three for conviction; and so firm were both sides after a further consideration of the evidence that no other result than a disagreement was thought possible. At this juncture the A. K. C. Treasurer's book was sent for, and when the three jurors who had stood out for conviction looked at them there was no further argument; they concurred with the rest that Mr. Peshall had not been guilty of libel.

The result of the famous Peshall case is far from pleasing. Mr. Peshall, it is true, has every reason to feel elated and to look for the congratulations of his friends, and of others, who, knowing him (as we have known him), have believed (as we have believed) in the perfect sincerity of his contention. To know the man at all was to be convinced that he had made no charges, the full truth of which he did not believe; and the verdict will of course be accepted as a substantial indorsement of his charges. With this personal vindication he and his friends may well be satisfied.

When it is considered, however, what Mr. Peshall's personal vindication means, at what a cost it has been won, there is outside of his own sympathizers little reason for rejoicing. Here was a man on trial for having questioned the accounts of a public club. He was not alone on trial. The accounts were being tried. The verdict turned on the actual condition of the accounts. The man

was acquitted. The acquittal is bound to carry with it in the mind of the public, rightly or wrongly, discredit of the accounts; and we submit that this is an ending of the case much more deplorable than the conviction of any one man possibly could have been. Had the jury found Mr. Peshall guilty, his friends might possibly have claimed for him that such a verdict proved only that he had been intemperate and criminally rash in his public charges; they might still have contended for his honest intention and his justifiable motives. At the most, looking at it abstractly, such a result would have convicted an individual only, and any personal hardship would—in public estimation—have borne with it more than ample compensation in the vindication of the accounts—accounts with which the kennel world is so nearly concerned. The members of the local clubs constituting the American Kennel Club surely have little reason to be satisfied that Mr. Peshall has been vindicated at the expense of their executive officers.

There was no charge of stealing; nowhere in all the discussion of the case has there ever been any imputation that one single cent had been dishonestly appropriated. The charge was that certain transactions had not been recorded as they should have been recorded; in short, that the accounts had been "juggled."

What are the facts about the financial management of the American Kennel Club for the years 1888 and 1889? Do the Treasurer's books contain a correct record of the transactions of that period? Was the January 11th, 1889, balance of \$1,228.28 made up of money actually earned by the club and properly belonging to it at that time? These would appear to be questions easily answered by the club's officers having the books in their possession. They are questions, one would suppose, which would have been answered at the trial, and answered conclusively—beyond the shadow of a dispute—by the men who caused the prosecution of Mr. Peshall. On the demonstration of the absolute integrity of these accounts, or at least of the correctness of the manner of keeping those accounts, depended the verdict last Friday. The demonstration was not afforded. The verdict was against them.

DESTRUCTION OF SEAL LIFE.

AS was to be expected, the announcement made last week by the FOREST AND STREAM of the project to establish marine reservations in the Pacific Ocean, which should be refuges for certain species of the larger aquatic mammals which resort to the land for rest and breeding, has attracted wide attention and met with general approval. Every day thinking men are coming to realize more and more that it is worth while, now, before it is too late, to try to save from utter extinction the wild creatures native to our continent. These wild animals are a part of nature; and nature, uninterfered with, cannot exist among our people—has no place in our scheme of civilization. To-day even the most sternly practical men regret the extermination of the buffalo, and we have heard those who were among the most successful of the old-time buffalo skinners express profound sorrow at the part they took in that miserable butchery.

The slaughter of seals, sea lions, sea elephants and walrus has been going on for more than a hundred years, and these animals have been destroyed in numbers which really cannot be computed. No one who is not familiar with the literature of the subject, can have any conception of the vast numbers of these creatures which have been slain since the trade in their skins and oil first began. It has been a war of extermination, and one species—the northern sea elephant—has already succumbed to this continual pursuit, and has no doubt passed out of existence.

The history of sealing tells the story of the rapid diminution of other species. The fur seal, for example, used to be taken in paying numbers on both coasts of South America, and on many outlying islands in the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Antarctic oceans, as well as on the coasts of Australia and New Zealand; but to-day those shores no longer resound with the hoarse barking of their crowding multitudes, and the only profitable fur seal fisheries are on those islands of the North Pacific where the seals have been protected for many years, and where they are now, we are told, rapidly diminishing in numbers.

The walrus, while it inhabited an area much more lim-

ited, and was probably never anything like so numerous as the fur seal, has yet been slaughtered in appalling numbers, for we have records of cases where one ship's company destroyed eight or nine hundred of these great beasts at a single killing. Mr. Lamont mentions such occurrences, and adds that in one case, when he visited the spot six years afterward, "the smell of the island was perceptible at several miles' distance."

The destruction of the *Phocidæ* in the North Atlantic is scarcely less than of the species already mentioned, and each year very many thousands of them are slaughtered, as many as 25,000 having been taken in one spring by a single vessel. The season for this hunting lasts, however, only about two months.

It is evident that these marine carnivora are peculiarly subject to destruction by man, and that if they are to be preserved it must be done at once, and by the establishment of just such places of refuge as outlined in FOREST AND STREAM last week. That the Secretary of the Interior should act in this matter will be acknowledged by all, and we have good reasons for believing that the time is not far off when these marine reservations will be duly established by law.

Elsewhere we print letters from eminent naturalists, whose intimate knowledge of one phase or other of the subject in hand, entitles their opinions to the greatest weight. Their letters are prompted by their interest on the subject—an interest which is shared by all who have given the subject any thought—and solely by a desire for the public good.

THE CODIFICATION BILL.

A POLITICAL wrangle between the Senate and the Governor of the State of New York has resulted in a deadlock, which blocks the wheels of legislation and will apparently prevent the passage of any more bills during this session of the Legislature, which is now almost at an end. Among the bills which will fail to be acted upon is that for codifying the New York game and fish laws—a measure which all sportsmen in this State hoped might pass. The failure of this bill is deplorable, but it is not difficult to discover the reasons which postponed action on it until it is now too late to hope for its passage.

The commission appointed by the Governor to codify the game laws did not confine itself closely to the work for which it was established, which was "to revise and codify the laws of this State for the protection and preservation of fish and shellfish and of birds and quadrupeds." It went outside of this defined and limited work, and attempted to legislate out of office the present Fish Commission. By this action it drew upon the bill as originally submitted the hostility of all the Fish Commissioners, who naturally objected to the star which was thus cast upon them and upon their work. The time taken up in hearings before the game law committee, which should result in eliminating this provision of the bill, caused the delay which has led to the failure of the measure.

If the codification commission had confined their labors to the game and fish laws and to nothing else, their bill, with some minor modifications, would no doubt be to-day the law of the State.

The laws on our statute books with regard to fish and game are a disgrace to the State and it is high time that they should be changed for the better. Next year an organized effort should be made to put through the Legislature a bill, which shall simplify and improve them.

SNAP SHOTS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I leave home to-day for my thirty-ninth annual spring trip to the dear old Adirondack woods and waters." Our correspondent "Are-far" asked, the other day, what old men who had never gone fishing had in memory to amuse themselves with. Surely our friend of the thirty-nine annual fishing trips to the Adirondacks—if he shall ever confess to old age—will have a rich store of delightful reminiscences.

The FOREST AND STREAM notes with pleasure that it is to have for neighbors Messrs. Hartley & Graham, who are about to remove from their old stand in Maiden Lane to Nos. 313-315 Broadway, just across the street. The vicinity of this office is every year coming to be more and more a center for the sportsmen's goods trade; ever since we came here, of course, it has been the center from which has gone out the best of sportsman's literature.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DUCKING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

SOUTHWARD, ever southward, to the summit of the great divide, where the snows lie deep, where the rivers run, some to the north to lose themselves in inland lake, some to the east or south to mingle their foaming waters with the muddy Colorado. Here and there amid the great snowy billows rise white sentinels that, far above the timber line, collect the fleecy clouds above their majestic heads. And the rivers that cut their way out of this great wilderness make the grandest cañons to be found on the continent. Yonder the Kanab hews mighty parapets from the barrier walls of trachyte; there the Virgin boils and tosses over granite boulders; there the receding banks make parks along the picturesque Wa weap, and, far to the south, far as the glass can spy, beyond the Buckskin plateau, the Grand Cañon of the monarch stream stands—the crowning wonder of this mountain land.

Not on the old Thessalian hills, but here did Titans fight and Ossa pile on Pelion. Aye, and before the rule of Kronos, here dread Chaos, Nox and Terror had their thrones. Shapeless, sombre, sublime was the waste they left—awful in its solitude, peerless in its planless grandeur. Age followed age; rocks crumbled and the warm wind from the southern seas breathed the breath of life upon the cheerless scene, until the hills were covered with a mantle of pine and carpeted with mosses and ferns and the great timber district of the middle Colorado assumed its present shape. But why should I attempt to describe this region that the Powell expedition opened to the view of the world—this region where winter and summer are at endless warfare, where the perfume-laden breezes from the Mexican coast beat forever on the banks of eternal snow and where frosty gales are lost on the cactus and yucca-strewn desert?

This great, timbered angle of the Rockies occupies an area 100 miles in length by 60 in width. It is unsettled and the few saw mills that have been built along its borders have scarcely made one respectable clearing. Game? Well, some. You can find deer, bighorns, bears, lions, wildcats, Mexican lynxes, beavers, Wolverines, dusky grouse, western ruffed grouse, sage hens, quail, ducks, geese, wild turkeys (these from Buckskin plateau southward) and trout. You can find Utes and Pah-vants slaughtering game by wholesale, and zealously guarding their "rights" against all intruders. To one who can speak their language they are inclined to give every privilege, and to a "Mormon" they are invariably friendly, but a stranger gets run out of the country with little notice and less ceremony. It seems almost time for these Indians to be converted (*volentes, volentes*) into law-abiding citizens. Only last week I knew of a man going a few miles into the foothills and bringing back fifteen deer that he had found in the deep snow. Of course it was wrong and he knew it, but if he had not slaughtered them the Indians would have done so for their hides and the meat would have been wasted. There is a trout law, but the Utes dam the streams, divert the brooks from their natural channels and shovel out the spawning fish. What better can you expect of their white brethren? I have ceased to be angry and expostulate. I am "clean" disheartened at the outlook.

Day after day there have been hours of snow and hours of sunshine. The heat has grown stronger, the mercury has climbed higher, the ice has broken on the rising brooks, and the snow in the valleys has given place to mud. It is spring. You can fool the geese, you can fool the robins, you can fool the ground hog and you can fool the freshly budded trees, but you cannot fool a beaver nor can you deceive a sprigtail. Last Friday, Feb. 27, a flock of sprigtails sailed northward over the mountains into the upper Sevier valley.

I did not imagine that there could be much sport in duck hunting on a swift, tortuous mountain stream. I was certain that there could be no such fun as is to be found along the Platte or upon the Missouri or Sacramento bottoms; but ducks are ducks the world over. Early Tuesday morning John T. brought his cart to the door and we started down the valley. I had a lot of shells in the pocket of my hunting coat. My gun and outfit were on a freighter's wagon somewhere down the Sevier, but coming southward at the rate of fifteen miles a day. However, John borrowed the only breechloaders in the settlement. As luck would have it they were both 12-gauge, so we were fixed. His was a "pump," while mine was one of those rusty single-barreled nondescripts that sometimes goes off at half cock, and sometimes refuses to go off at full cock; that sometimes is provocative of profanity and that does best execution when used as a club. After riding five miles we turned down to the river, tied the horse in a fence corner, left our lunch in a flour sack on the seat and made our way through mud and snowdrifts to the water's edge. As a fortunate omen, above us northward sailed a flock of geese; eleven answered to the name *Branta canadensis* and one, the second in line, was a white-fronted goose.

The Sevier at this point was open, with steep banks from 3 to 8 ft. high. It was turbid, swift and filled with floating ice. It made more bowknots in a given distance than any stream of its size in America. In the great bends, where the flow was more gentle, beneath the shelter of the wind-breaking banks, the ducks were sporting. Here and there were little clumps of willow, but the principal protection was from knee-high sage brush. For half a mile we walked without seeing a feather. Then on a bend below us we saw some bright objects bobbing up and down. We stole up as cautiously as possible, but before we were within gunshot four or five of them flew up. Supposing that no more were there we walked boldly to the brink and from the base of the bluff at our very feet a large flock raised. John was so taken by surprise that he forgot to raise his gun and mine came up only through force of habit. There was a snap, but no report, and I was so mad that when I did succeed in getting the gun off I scored a clean miss. As we went along the ducks kept rising before us, but always just out of range. At length John bent over and commenced to run. An instant later he shot and a pair of blue-winged teal fell as the first trophies. Then five mallards flew overhead. John banged away and a fat female fell in the meadow 100 yds. away. He had now three to my none, and I was getting my Irish up, but it did no good, for we walked nearly two miles without seeing another bird.

At length John pointed out a line of willows far to the left.

"There," said he, "is a warm creek, where there are always lots of ducks. We will go down to its mouth and then follow it up to the spring."

Down the warm creek rode a horseman on a white horse. We have a special reason for remembering him. In all probability he would scare up whatever ducks were over there. That is just what he did. John and I were sitting on the bank, when there was a rustling of wings and, within 20 yds. of us, a tremendous flock of teal fluttered to the water, balanced themselves and prepared to settle. Bang! bang! whoop-la! John made a miss, but I dropped one in the water and one in the sage brush on the further bank. The current carried the first out of reach, but I was determined to secure the second. The river was about 40 ft. wide, and only two weeks before I had waded it 50 miles below this point and the water had not reached the top of my hip-boots. It would be only knee-deep here. One step, two steps, three steps. Oh! I catch my breath, gasp, and just manage to keep my head above the water and the floating ice. Evidently the melting snow had exerted a decided effect upon the treacherous stream. Well, I got over and came back with that doggoned little teal. After getting wet I'd have crossed if it had been for only a sparrow. Then, as there was no bridge within 10 miles, I plunged in and rejoined the smiling John. Revenge is sweet, and to pay for his levity John scored three consecutive blanks. Oh the perverseness of inanimate things! Up to this time the sun had shone brightly, but now he hid himself, and one squall followed another in rapid succession. To dry was an impossibility, and I became terribly chilled. My fingers were so numb that I could scarcely cock my gun or pull the trigger. But I kept constantly in motion, and John T. did most of the shooting, which grew better as the snow and wind increased. We were enabled to get closer to the ducks, and they arose in confusion and made short flights. At one bend we found the river perfectly black with teal. As there was no way of stealing upon them we ran along the chord, a distance of some 60 yds., intending to intercept the flock as it came floating by. When we reached our vantage point a flock arose. As we blazed away John remarked that he had never before known ducks to swim so fast. We each dropped one into the river, and, as I could not get any wetter or any colder, I played retriever, and made a most excellent water spaniel.

The warm creek yielded its quota, and when we started on the four-mile walk back to the cart the game bag was more than heavy. The last shot of the day was a wonder. The snow stopped falling for a few minutes, and on a little pond a quarter of a mile away John espied a flock of big ducks. I was too stiff to crawl or even to lift my gun, so John played a lone hand. He did it in elegant shape. There was only a solitary sage brush to hide him, but he flattened and crawled like an adder. At length he stopped and raised his head. I thought that he was out of range, but at the report two ducks dropped dead in the mud on the further side of the water. One was the finest greenhead I have ever seen, and his mate lay beside him. The distance from the sage brush, where John stopped, was 93 good paces, and the shells were loaded with 3 drs. of powder and 1 1/2 oz. No. 4 shot. The shades of night were falling fast when we reached the cart, to find that our lunch had been stolen by the man on the white horse. I still have a warm place in my heart for him. John helped me to my seat and held me in place, for I was too nearly frozen to look out for myself. All I could do was to shiver and with chattering teeth pray that I might land somewhere where a simple prescription could be compounded; but no such luck was mine. At 7 o'clock we drove up to the door, and in a few moments John's kind mother was dosing me with ginger tea and cayenne pepper. A change of clothes and an hour before the glowing fire-place restored the circulation, and the next day I was in excellent condition to enjoy the duck dinner.

All the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are duck shooters, but I imagine that few of my confreres have enjoyed ducking at an altitude of 6,500 ft. above the sea level. I did not know that the Anatidae were so abundant in this region, but they winter only 60 miles away in the streams east and south of the divide, where the climate is as warm as that of Louisiana. The Escalante, Paria, Kanab and Virgin rivers are covered with ducks during December, January and February. But the habits of these western ducks differ from those of the aristocratic dweller upon the Calumet marshes or upon the shallows of the Chesapeake. Here there is no feed in the streams and ducks follow the example of geese and take their meals in the stubble fields. The mountain lakes are full of lemna and algæ, and with the addition of an occasional trout, an ordinary duck can make asquare meal. On the lakes, however, ducks and geese are migrants. They do not enjoy the gloomy environment of somber pines. Along the upper Sevier mallards and teal are found during the entire year. If a cold snap freezes the river, an hour's flight over the divide brings them to Dixie, and just as soon as the ice breaks they return. Sprigtails are migratory, making a very brief visit and I am told that, in a week or two, there will be a few canvasbacks on the stream.

There are very few shotguns in this country, so the ducks are comparatively unmolested and they are too small game to attract the noble redman, so those of us that do enjoy ducking can have a genuine feast. I have selected half a dozen lakes and streams where deer, trout and ducks are abundant and where there is plenty of big game. These pools and preserves I intend to put on the market when I return to civilization, and I think the scheme ought to be as profitable as the ordinary mining sale, especially if the mine is salted. However, I do not believe in a blind sale, and I wish it were possible for the editorial staff of FOREST AND STREAM and as many of their friends as they could induce to make the trip, to come up here to this out-of-the-way land of wonders to enjoy rod, rifle and gun, to drink in the glorious scenery and to find in every breath a new life. Friends, the latch string hangs out.

SHOSHONE.

PANGUITCH, Utah, March 5.

Since writing the above I have learned that one Mike Lloyd has been appointed game commissioner for this county of Garfield. He has not yet qualified but I understand that it is his intention to do so. I have not the

honor of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Lloyd but I wish to give him a little friendly advice.

Don't qualify, Michael, unless you intend to see that the law is obeyed. If you enforce the game laws you will incur the ill-will and the anger of your neighbors; if you close your eyes to the wanton destruction of deer and trout you will only excite the scorn and derision of the very men that it is your duty to watch. There is excellent fishing in your meadow on Pangutch Creek and I suppose that you will never refuse any one permission to catch enough trout for one meal, but what are you going to do about the carloads of trout that you know are caught with seines and giant powder and, regardless of the season, are shipped to Salt Lake? What are you going to do with your friends that pitchfork trout out of the brooks when they go up to spawn and then salt them down by the barrelful? You would not begrudge a deer to a family that you know is out of meat, but what will you do about the wagon loads that you know are slaughtered for market every month in the year?

Speak up, Michael. Be a man. Enforce the law, whether you cinche friend or foe. The country at large and Utah in particular needs the example of a few fearless, honest game wardens. If you are such a one your praises will be sung by every true sportsman from ocean to ocean. You may have the old laurel wreath of Cincinnati for your brow and may wear the little tomahawk of George Washington in your cartridge belt. But if not, bah! The sooner you get a corner in that lot that was originally homesteaded by Ananias, why the better you will suit.

SHOSHONE.

A STORY OF THE FIRST RAILWAY.

I PASSED the winter of 1832 in Augusta, Georgia. It was the year when South Carolina proposed to nullify the revenue laws of the United States, "peaceably if she could, forcibly if she must," always provided that Georgia would join in the act. In February the annual race meeting was to be held in Charleston, and this usually brought the leading men of the other slave States to that city, where the scheme was to be laid before them. A party of Augusta gentlemen were going down to these races on horseback and I was invited to join them.

At that time there was an excellent breed of saddle horses in Georgia, called the "Cherokee pony," being raised in the upper country, then occupied by the Cherokee Indians. It is now a thickly settled region, with Atlanta for its chief city, but the Indians have long since disappeared, along with their ponies. I owned one of these ponies, a very handsome animal, about twelve hands high, a compactly built bay, with long tail, mane and foretop, very easy in all gaits, gentle and spirited. I had ridden him in fox chases, and he could generally keep up with a field of big horses, and would jump any common fence. I have ridden many horses in many lands, but I think "Little John" was the best saddle horse I ever rode.

The distance from Augusta to Charleston is 140 miles; there were no railroads then, although one had been begun from Charleston toward Augusta, and it was the first railroad in the United States which was operated by steam power. On a fine morning in the latter part of February we started, six in number, with a change of clothing in our saddlebags, down south through the great tract of pine forest which lies between Augusta and the coast, thinly settled, with roads only suitable for horsemen. We made about thirty miles a day, and ate and slept usually in some log cabin by the roadside. There were few villages or taverns, but almost any planter or farmer would take us in for the night.

One day as we approached Charleston suddenly there appeared on the road an elephant, coming slowly toward us flapping his great ears. This apparition was more than our horses could stand, and they all bolted into the woods with their riders, and refused to be comforted until the monster had passed. A few hundred yards further we met the caravan of wild beasts to which the elephant belonged—as the wagons were drawn by the familiar mule our horses passed quietly, but as we got abreast of them from one of the wagons came the roar of a lion, with the growls of other beasts. The bolting process was renewed, and off went our horses in a panic.

Hardly had their nerves become quieted again, when we saw in the distance the new railroad, finished some ten or twelve miles out of Charleston; it was built upon piles, longer or shorter, according to the nature of the ground; sometimes in crossing a ravine the rails were 20 ft. from the surface. Our track ran near this L road, and soon a horrid shriek as from twenty panthers was heard in the woods. By this time we were nervous. Elephants and lions we had heard of, and some of us had seen them, but what monster was this whose screams we heard? Presently it came in sight, flying aloft through the air, and breathing fire and smoke, and again our frightened steeds became unmanageable. And in fact I think that some of our party were as badly frightened as their horses. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the introduction of locomotives, and how they felt at first sight of them, they will perhaps understand our sensations that day in the pine woods.

A mile or two further on we came to a broken wagon by the side of the road, and near it sat a Georgia cracker smoking his pipe. On being asked what was his trouble, "Well, stranger," was the reply, "I've often heard tell of nullification, and now I reckon I've saw it for true."

We found Charleston full of the notable men of the South, bent upon politics and the sports of the turf. I attended the races every day and saw the finest horses of that region. The methods were different from those of the present day. Instead of running two and three-year-old horses in short races of a few furlongs, as now, these old-timed turfmen seldom trained a horse till he was four years old, and then run him in heats of 1, 2, 3 or 4 miles—best two out of three, or three out of five—so that a horse had to run from 3 to 20 miles before the contest was decided. The great event of the week was a match race, four mile heats, between the gray mare Bonnets of Blue, belonging to Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia, called the "Napoleon of the Turf," and the chestnut mare Clara Fisher, belonging to Col. Singleton, of South Carolina; this for \$5,000 a side. The Virginia mare won in two straight heats, the quickest being 7:45. I also saw a little chestnut mare (name forgotten) belonging to Wm. R. Johnson win the regular four mile race in three heats, equal to 12 miles, and she was ready to run

again two days after. How many of the fast youngsters of the present day could do this? The professed object of horse racing is to improve the breed of horses, and it would seem that the progeny of a four-miler, who was not put on the turf till he came to maturity, would be a stouter and better animal than one whose sire began to run at two years and never ran over a mile. But a race horse nowadays appears to be merely a betting machine.

The politicians of South Carolina, as well as her horses, were unsuccessful on this occasion, for the Georgians would not join in nullification and President Jackson put a stop to it for the time. S. C. CLARKE.

OLLA PODRIDA.

I WANT to join those who have been of late expressing their satisfaction with *FOREST AND STREAM* as a substitute for the pleasures of the field when you can't go hunting or fishing. I too feel as if I ought to say something grateful, graceful, if I could, to the writer of Antoine Bissette's letters. I never heard the lingo, myself, but the beautiful consistency with which "Antwine" murders good "United States" is evidence that the work is well done. And we can all enjoy the pleasant satire, that "long American fellow" being simply delicious.

But the thing that sets me going just now is a wish to say something on a subject mentioned several times of late and discussed rather more at length by your correspondent "Dudley" in the last number. This is the value of hunting and fishing as a relaxation for professional men. But it has just occurred to me that after all it is idle to discuss this matter in these columns. Those who need to be convinced are the ones who have no time to read such literature as *FOREST AND STREAM*. Still a few words may not be amiss, as they might be seen by some one not yet entirely persuaded. It seems to me that the convincing answer to all objections is that more actual work can be done in the course of the year, not to speak of a whole lifetime, by thus keeping up the balance between mental and physical forces than by constantly digging. This I believe capable of full proof. I have seen it tried more than once. But if there is any question as to the quantity of the work there can be none as to its quality. In those professions whose demands are purely upon the mind the importance of a sound condition of the nerves cannot be over-estimated. But the constant destruction of nerve tissue calls for a variety of rich and nourishing food, and the strain upon the digestive organs being so one-sided they get awry and the brain begins to work at a disadvantage.

But there are other considerations. No man is fairly himself or getting his just proportion of satisfaction out of life, when he is suffering from even incipient dyspepsia. The false coloring which a morbid condition of the physical man throws upon men and motives hinders much the prompt and efficient discharge of professional duties. A Methodist Bishop who is well-known all over the United States is an enthusiastic fisherman. He says he would have been a hunter too but for being near-sighted in his youth. When his over-conscientious friends ask him how he can afford to spend so much time on the river bank he replies: "As a means of grace, sir." Lawyers, physicians and preachers, all whose success depends upon their dealing with men, especially need to have themselves thoroughly in hand, so that no personal element may mix with their judgment of motives and character.

Nothing can be compared to field sports in the way of recreation. Of course the same amount of mere physical exertion can be easily had by artificial means, but this is only half, perhaps less. No mind that is trained to close and intense application can suddenly leave off and do nothing. While one swings the dumb bell or takes a constitutional, the tough question, be it a sermon, a brief, or a battle with pneumonia, riots in the brain and will not down. The only show is to give the mind something else upon which to work. This is most successfully done in the effort to circumvent a wily trout or make the most of a day's shooting. The intensity with which a genuine sportsman will focus his trained faculties on such problems is refreshing to a degree, and sometimes supremely funny.

These are some of the things I say to my friends who seem surprised to see a preacher and a missionary put on a ducking coat and a slouch hat and "take to the woods." And to myself I say that if ever there was a position in the world which demanded a little communing with nature from time to time it is the one I am trying to fill. Even if I thought it interfered a little with my present success in my work, which I do not, I should still not deny myself that which I know to be essential to my properly living the long and laborious life that I believe I am entitled to look forward to.

It is close season with us now, not that we have any laws, but on account of the heat and because no true hunter will shoot birds in breeding time. A few weeks ago two of us in a sort of farewell shoot got about six dozen doves and quail in a day's shooting. The ducks are gone to Canada, I suppose. May they have a safe return. If I don't get some panther and leopard shooting next fall I shall be disappointed. I know where they are and how to get there. It is only a question of opportunity. Mine host of Angostura has given me a standing invitation to come and shoot deer, of which he has plenty. AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

A LABRADOR EXPEDITION.—Prof. Leslie A. Lea, of Bowdoin College, who was chief naturalist on the U. S. Fish Commission steamer *Albatross* during her cruise from Norfolk to San Francisco in 1887-1888, is to lead a scientific expedition to Labrador during the coming summer. The expenses of the excursion will be met with funds raised chiefly by the alumni of the college, but the personal expenses of the members will be paid by themselves. The expedition will study the Esquimaux between Hamilton Inlet and Cape Chudleigh and make general collections, which will be studied after the return of the party. It is hoped that the expedition will be able to cover a distance of 500 miles among the comparatively neglected Esquimaux of the region. The collections of ethnological and other natural history objects, besides the determination of some doubtful geographical questions, will undoubtedly prove interesting to the public.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The *FOREST AND STREAM* will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

MARINE RESERVATIONS.

THE project for the establishment of marine reservations in the Pacific ocean, which was outlined in last week's issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, has been received with the greatest interest by naturalists, and so far as we have been able to learn, there is but one opinion as to its desirability. We print this week comments on the subject from several gentlemen who are peculiarly fitted to speak intelligently about it. No one knows more about the rapidly with which our marine carnivora are disappearing than Dr. J. A. Allen, whose important volume on the Pinnipedia (seals and walruses) must long remain the standard work on this group. Dr. Dall is well known as one of the earlier explorers of Alaska, and no doubt to-day knows more about that Territory at large than any other single man in the country. Mr. Elliott, whose important monograph on the Seal Islands of Behring Sea, really contains all that is known about these islands and their fauna, has resided long in these and other islands in this sea, and has an exhaustive knowledge of all the larger mammals which are found on them.

We are glad to be able to present to our readers the opinions of these experts.

It would seem that the only possible objection to the plan, which we outlined last week, will come from the walrus hunters, who, like the buffalo skinners of a dozen years ago, want to secure the last one of the great beasts left alive; and from those ignorant fishermen who desire the extermination of all seal life, because seals destroy fish. These men do not know that the seals—as shown by Mr. Elliott in *FOREST AND STREAM* some weeks ago—do a great deal toward preserving the valuable food fishes of Alaskan and other waters by killing enormous numbers of the dogfish, the most destructive enemy that the cod, hake, pollock, herring and young salmon have to meet. There is every probability that the amount of useful food fish which the seals destroy is insignificant in comparison with what they preserve.

Below we print the letters already referred to:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am delighted to see your hearty editorial indorsement of the suggestions of Prof. S. P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, favoring the setting apart by the United States Government of certain islands on our Pacific Coast as Government reservations for the preservation of some of our larger marine mammals, for such action can be taken none too soon.

The suggestion of making Amak Island, on the Alaskan coast, a reservation or place of refuge for the Pacific walrus (*Odobenus obesus*) is an exceedingly proper one, this island being one of their favorite places of resort, and so situated as to be readily protected apparently from invasion by the walrus hunters. The sluggish nature of this animal and its unwieldy form render it an easy prey to human enemies, and its wholesale slaughter for commercial purposes threatens its early extermination.

During the last half century they have decreased from herds of thousands to a comparatively small number, distributed in little groups lingering precariously in out of the way places, to which they are pursued and relentlessly slaughtered. Amak Island also seems favorably situated for the sea otter (*Enhydra marina*), which is also evidently approaching extinction.

The Farallones, off the California coast, opposite San Francisco, have long been noted resorts of the northern sea lion (*Eumetopias stelleri*) and the California sea lion (*Zalophus californianus*). These islands belong to the Government, and can be easily patrolled for the protection of the animals resorting to it. While these two species are of comparatively small commercial importance, they are more or less hunted for their oil, and doubtless many are killed wantonly. Their numbers, however, are annually decreasing, and it is only a question of time, in the natural order of things, when these most interesting forms of seal life will go the way of our larger mammals generally, unless the Government intervenes for their protection—a sacrifice to man's avarice or to his insatiable desire to "kill something" for the mere sake of killing.

It is to be hoped that Professor Langley's letter and recommendations to the Secretary of the Interior, published in your issue of April 23, will promptly meet with the favorable consideration their importance so evidently merits, and that our Government will provide suitable marine reservations to serve as places of refuge for, and thus prevent the extinction of, some of the most notable and interesting of our aquatic mammals, which otherwise will soon swell the list of species needlessly exterminated by man.

J. A. ALLEN.

AM. MUS. NAT. HIST., New York, April 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The preservation of any well known form of animal life from extinction is a popular idea among all civilized people, especially among Anglo-Saxons. Your recent editorial on the proposed Marine Reservation in the waters of Behring Sea and off the entrance to San Francisco Bay is one that has doubtless aroused the interest and approbation of all readers.

The case of the Alaskan walrus, which is now threatened with extermination, is one that is decidedly pressing, since the combined hunting of this animal by our own people and the Alaskan natives has during the last twenty years reduced the herds so much that unless some refuge is left for the remnant the end is at hand, and the skin or two more in the National Museum will be the last evidence of the existence of *Odobenus* which we will have.

Although only a few hundred walrus haul out annually on Amak Island, yet it is due to the fact that they are regularly hunted there as elsewhere in Alaska; if not disturbed on Amak, then the herd would be recruited by large numbers, which, having been driven from Port Moller, Oogashik and the Togiak region, would speedily recognize and visit Amak Island as a quiet and safe resting place.

While it is true that the walrus does not breed except on the ice floes of Behring Straits and the Arctic Sea, and where it is practically impossible to prevent whalers from getting them, except as the fog and weather from year to year shall interpose to save them, yet I believe that this reservation of adult and young walrus life at

Amak would be sufficient to tide the species from year to year over the danger of extinction.

The walrus is evidently long-lived, and although sluggish, is still a watchful and cautious traveler when in the sea; it is only when hauled out on the rocks or sand beach that he becomes an easy prey to man or any other adequate foe, like the polar bear for instance. Let him rest in security at Amak and I believe his race will be preserved from extinction.

But the fact that Amak Island was reserved for this purpose would be duly advertised, and unless an American keeper, well equipped with the simple belongings of civilized life, was placed on the island, it would be raided worse, far worse, and oftener than it has ever been thus far.

The memoranda of Prof. Langley seems to cover the ground very well in my opinion, and nothing better can be said as far as I understand the subject.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, April 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may not be amiss for me to say in regard to the proposition to reserve Amak Island from the pot-boilers who are destroying all our larger and more interesting mammals and birds, that I am heartily in favor of it. When I visited the island in 1898 I found it a dead volcanic cone without a harbor, covered with luxuriant herbage near the shore, and with a herd of about 300 walrus hauled up on a sand and shingle beach near the sea. The only other animals were sea birds and a few blue foxes. It is the only place in Alaska where I have seen what appeared to be young and female walrus associated with old males. Walrus Island, of the Pribiloff group, is a sort of walrus club house, where old bald males associate with each other exclusively. On the sand islands at the mouth of Port Möller I am told by the head of a walrus party who spent a year there, killing them, that only males were found. At Amak Island the dangerous character of the navigation, from myriad rocks and reefs, had preserved the little band almost free from fear of man. At a distance we saw the steam rising from their hot bodies in the frosty September air. Coming nearer they gradually slipped into the water and played around our boat, rising on each side of us upright in the water with their strange crimson eyes and funnel-like nostrils fringed with stubby bristles; then diving under the boat to rise on the opposite side and stare at us again. I do not know how many survive from that time, but if any there are by all means let them be preserved!

WM. H. DALL.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, D. C., April 25.

WRENS VS. SPARROWS AND BOYS.

ON May 3, 1890, our little friends the house wrens (*Troglodytes aedon*) returned and undoubtedly intended to occupy again the little white cottage situated in the apple tree that they had occupied for the past two or three seasons. But, alas! the apple tree had been blown down during a severe wind storm, and when we cut it up into firewood we neglected to place the little white cottage in another tree. But our little friends had come to spend the summer months and they took possession of a much larger domicile that had been erected for our more sedate friends, the bluebirds, who had been evicted by the English sparrows, who, however, did not occupy it. But the wrens had not known of this and they commenced moving in their household goods, when they also received notice from the sparrows to vacate, which they did, and took possession of an old sparrow house on the grape trellis of our next door neighbor. Matters now seemed to be moving on smoothly until one morning about two weeks after they had taken possession, we saw an English sparrow entering their abode with a straw about 2 ft. long.

In the meantime we had found the little white cottage and placed it in another apple tree, to be in readiness for our friends another season, little expecting that they would require it for the present. But the next morning after seeing the English sparrow moving in their old domicile we saw Mrs. Wren enter the little white cottage and Mr. Wren perch himself on the top of it and pour forth his song of exultation over the victory over their garulous and pugnacious enemies, knowing by past experience that no *Passer domesticus* could pass the threshold of the little white cottage, the entrance of which was a tin, round hole.

But now our little friends seemed to have difficulty in finding material enough to furnish even the small back room of the old house, as it was nearly two weeks before they were satisfied with their efforts. We had called on them whenever they were not at home. But one morning we saw Mr. Wren on top of the cottage with his wings drooping, bill pointing upward and wide open, his throat throbbing and tongue vibrating, and we knew that he was again exulting over some event (the writer does not hear the songs of birds any more.) Shortly after, when we thought that they were not at home, we called at "the little white cottage," and looking in we saw in the nest a little whitish-brown egg. The next day there was another. The third day three, and at the end of the week there was the usual complement of six. A few days passed and we did not see our little friends. But supposing they were so busy with their household affairs that we thought little of it; but after another day or two had passed without seeing them, we thought we would call and see if there was anything wrong, and found that the nest was empty with no signs of its contents in "the little white cottage." It had been ruthlessly robbed.

We surmised that our next door neighbor's boys might know something about the robbery and offered them \$5 if they would give information as to who had taken the eggs, but they did not seem very anxious to earn the money, which I suspect they might easily have done. It is again about time for our little friends to return from the South. But we can hardly expect them to occupy "the little white cottage." As an incentive for them to do so, we will put a good strong lock on it and warn our neighbors' boys not to meddle with it in future.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., April 15.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 280 pages, price \$4.50. For sale by *FOREST AND STREAM*.

HOW GREEN MOUNTAIN FORESTS GO.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I much fear the Green Mountains are to lose their title to their name, if an opinion may be formed on the observations made in a recent trip among them. To be sure, the trip led me right into scenes tending to create such a conclusion, for I went on a business errand to examine the working of sundry engines and boilers in the sawmills on the higher slopes of the main range, above the reach of the available water power, which has long since made into boards and scantling the available timber on the lower hills and is now superseded by steam engines, the fuel for which is supplied by the slabs and sawdust, which were formerly thrown into the trout streams.

Leaving Brattleboro at 6:30 P. M. with a companion, who had furnished the engines and machinery for a number of these mills, we reached the little village of Londonderry at 10, and were soon asleep, getting rested for the morrow. The next day was spent in the examination of a large mill in L., about four miles from the village, in a steady drizzling rain, which we did not mind while under cover, but which destroyed all the enjoyment of the beautiful mountain scenery through which we drove in getting up to it. This mill was busy working up beech, birch and maple logs into furniture stock.

It cleared in the evening, and we anticipated a pleasant drive across the mountains the next day to Dorset on the west side, but were disappointed. When we started early in the morning, it was gray and dark again, and began to snow before we had gone a mile, and soon developed into a "howling blizzard." We kept on up into Peru, where we came to a mill which we intended to look at on our way, when with frost bitten cars and faces we drove into an open barn door, blanketed the horses as quickly as possible, and made a beeline for the nearest house, which proved to be that of the owner of the mill. After thawing out over the kitchen stove for half an hour, we went to the mill and found it idle. The owner said he did not make slabs and sawdust enough to run his boiler, and he was not going to buy hard wood for fuel. He was sawing spruce lumber. He dissuaded us from the attempt to cross the mountains in the storm, and tying our hats down over our ears with our mufflers we turned our horses' heads and were back in Londonderry to dinner.

In the afternoon we took a passenger car attached to a freight train and started for Brattleboro, stopping at every station for a load or two of lumber, among which we took on two car loads of huge rock-maple logs, 18in. to 2ft. in diameter, destined for wash rolls in the bleacheries at Lowell. We got on such a load that the engine could not pull it all over a rise, where the West River makes a long turn through a rocky gorge, and our engineer "broke the train" and went off with half of it over the hill, leaving us waiting until he came back, which he did in half an hour, and got us down to B. in time to take the up train for Rutland which we reached at 10 P. M.

At 6 the next morning we were on the cars again, on the Rutland and Bennington Road. When we reached Danby, our destination, it was just coming daylight.

We soon secured a pair of horses and driver, with a "box-sled" from the office of the sawmills, which is here in Danby, and started for the deep gorge of one of the branches of Otter Creek, for Mt. Tabor. It was clear and still, but the mercury was down to 10° below zero, and we tied our hats down over our ears again, drew the robes well up round us, and enjoyed the climb.

There was just room up the ravine for the brook and the road, and the latter wound its way up among the rocks and trees, in a manner which was picturesque enough, and it must be a lovely drive in June. We met occasional sled loads of lumber and charcoal coming down, and at one rocky corner had to wait some time while the drivers of the charcoal sleds chopped tracks through the ice to keep them from "slewing" over into the stream. At another point we found another lumber sled hanging on the edge of the road, the horses having gone over into the water the day before. Luckily no bones were broken, and they were taken out safely, and when we came down at night the sled had been carried away.

However, in spite of delays, we reached the first set of mills, in an elevated plateau at the base of Mt. Tabor, in good order, and after thawing out at the "store," which the Lumber Co. keeps there to supply their workmen, and examining the huge piles of spruce logs, we went on three miles further to the upper mills, getting there in time to enjoy a lumberman's dinner in the logging camp, of fried salt pork and potatoes, brown bread, "biled" tea, with a raw onion to give it a relish. "You know how it is yourself," and you can believe in that cold mountain air that simple dinner tasted better than "all the flesh-pots of Egypt!" The afternoon gave us time for our examinations, and slowly and carefully we picked our way down the steep mountain road to Danby, my companion pointing out to me on the way the big trees by the roadside, to which he had attached "blocks and tackle," and applied "man power" to help the ten pair of horses which were attached to the wagon, last October, to pull that big boiler up the mountain.

We reached Rutland again at night, and the next day drove north four miles to Mendon over a level road on wheels. Then we turned sharp up another gorge, not so long or so steep as the one we ascended the previous day, and at the end of three miles more found ourselves in an amphitheater, surrounded by "Pico," Killington Peak and Shrewsbury mountains. Half a mile more up the base of one of the opposite hills brought us to another mill belonging to the same parties as the one we had visited the day before, and just erected, right in the edge of an unbroken forest of old heavy timber.

These parties have bought all the timber, as I was told, on 30,000 acres of mountain, and are preparing to convert it into dollars as rapidly as possible.

I fear the dwellers on Otter Creek will suffer from summer droughts for many years to come until these forests are grown up again, for it is probable that they will do so in the course of another century, for the land is too steep and rocky even for pastureage.

This last mill was working hard wood the day we were there for furniture stock, wainscoting and boards for the Brandon Scale Works. Everything was going on satisfactorily, and while my companion took the measures for a new set of grate bars I went out in front of the mill, sat down on a big beech log and enjoyed the prospect.

Right in front of me rose the sharp, clear peak of Killington, white against the blue sky, a little to the left was the rounded dome of Pico, and the longer and lower slopes of Shrewsbury Mountain laid to the right, dark with their heavy spruces, while Pico and the Peak had been caught in the rain and blizzard of the previous days and rocks and trees were covered alike with a snowy coating and only distinguishable by these outlines.

I sat there some time enjoying it all, for the weather had moderated sufficiently to make it very pleasant, until my companion joined me, with the wagon, and we made our way back to Rutland, where there was no snow, though we found four feet of it on the mountain. Had there been eight days in the week instead of seven I would have run up to Danvis and inquired for those thirty-seven coons of Antoine's, but it was Friday night and I had to be home the next day, so I could not spare time. I had been up in Peru and that region thirty years ago trout fishing, but never got up there in mid-winter before, and now hope that you and some of your readers may enjoy my trip half as much as I did.

VON W.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

Then stood we shivering in the night air cold,
And heard a sound as if a chariot rolled
Groaning down the heavens; and lo! o'erhead,
Twice, thrice the wild geese cried, then on they sped,
O'er field and wood and bay, toward Southern seas;
So low they flew that on the forest trees
Their strong wind splashed a spray of moonlight white;
So straight they flew, so fast their steady flight.
True as an arrow they sailed down the night;
Like lights blown out they vanished from the sight.
—From I. R. Pennypacker's "Gettysburg and Other Poems."

BORES AND SHOOTING QUALITIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not long before the FOREST AND STREAM shotgun trials commenced I wrote you a letter upon several points connected with the subject, and mentioned, among other things, that my own experiments did not confirm the general opinion that, with equal charges of powder and shot, small bores give greater penetration than large.

In stating this, I referred to some experiments made three years ago with two Maynard shot barrels of 28 and 18 bore, a double English shotgun of 16-bore and a double muzzleloader of 14 bore. The Maynard barrels are of steel and each 26in. long, the 28-bore being muzzle-choked and the 18 recess-choked. The 16-bore barrels are of Damascus twist, 28in. long and both are recess choked so as to make a pattern of about 175 on a 30in. circle at 40yds. when loaded with 1oz. of No. 6 shot (270 pellets to the ounce). The muzzleloader has 30in. Damascus barrels of cylinder bore, making very close and regular patterns of their kind. For testing penetration I used straw boards placed 1in. apart in a rack. The trials showed:

1. That with very minute charges, such as are used by naturalists for collecting small birds, viz.: 20 to 25grs. of powder and 90grs. weight of No. 12 shot (1,272 pellets to the ounce), the 28-bore was greatly superior to the 18 in pattern and penetrated about double the number of boards. When No. 7 shot (370 to the ounce) was substituted the 28-bore was still superior, but not nearly to the same degree as with No. 12 shot.

2. When the charges were increased to only 1½drs. of powder and 4oz. of shot, the 18-bore made a closer pattern than the 28, and was equal and sometimes slightly superior in penetration with No. 12 shot. When No. 7 shot was substituted the pattern and penetration of the 18-bore were considerably superior. This was the case with both fine and coarse-grain powders.

3. When both barrels were tried with the largest charges that the 28 bore shells will hold, viz., 2drs. of powder and 4oz. of shot, the 18-bore was slightly superior in pattern and very decidedly superior in penetration.

4. The 16-bore with 2drs. and 4oz. gave the same penetration as the 18-bore and a better pattern.

5. When the 16 and 18-bores were each loaded with 1½drs. of powder and 1oz. of shots their penetration was almost exactly the same and the pattern of the 16 superior.

When the 14-bore muzzleloader was fired with the same charge the patterns were of course superior to those of the 16 chokebore, but the penetration was exactly the same with No. 4 grain powder and superior when both were tried with No. 2 (a finer grain).

The above detailed results were quite different from what I had expected. I was aware that a large bore with its own loads of powder and lead must be superior to a small bore, for the same reasons that a punt gun must be superior to any shoulder gun; but I had always heard and believed that a large bore with the loads of a small bore had less penetration than the latter, because the powder was not confined sufficiently to develop its force.

One conclusion arrived at was that naturalists' collecting guns need not be of the very small bores made in England. These are (in rifle gauges) .36, or about 90-bore, for 14 grains of powder, and .41 for 20 grains.

The 28-bore Maynard barrel, with 20 grains of powder and 90 of No. 12 shot, carried so closely up to 16 or 20yds. that hummingbirds could not have escaped, and at the former distance gave an average penetration of 9 strawboards. When tried at sparrows it killed them in a most satisfactory way. A naturalist when searching for small birds often has opportunities of shooting at hawks and other kinds that require heavier charges. It would then be advantageous to be able to use the shells of a 28-bore fully loaded.

During the past month I have been making a few experiments in order to find out the difference in penetrating power between a 16 and 12-bore. The 16, which weighs slightly over 7lbs., was the gun used in the first mentioned trials.

The 12-bore weighs 6lbs. 9oz. and has Damascus barrels 30in. long. The right is very slightly recess-choked so as

to make patterns of about 140 on a 30in. circle at 40yds., when loaded with 3drs. of powder and 1½oz. of shot containing 270 pellets to the ounce.

The left is muzzle-choked and makes patterns of more than 200 with the same charge. The penetration was taken with cardboards 1in. apart in a rack, the ends of which were guarded from injury by pieces of hoop-iron nailed on, leaving the exposed part of the first card 6½in. square. (I believe this to be the most reliable of all tests when the cards are not so thick as to flatten the shot, otherwise, as sometimes with paper pads, the pellets driven with the greatest velocity would show the least penetration, although their effect upon live game would be the greatest.)

The powder used was Curtis & Harvey's No. 4 grain, the favorite size for shotguns in this country. The charges were measured from a powder flask, tapping it always the same number of times against the hip, which I have found to give accurate weights within a grain. Each charge of shot was carefully weighed. The size used was No. 7 (330 to the ounce when counted). It does not suit either gun (both being regulated for No. 6), but I loaded with the smaller size in order to economize the cardboards, which were difficult to obtain in sufficient quantity.

The distance was 40yds., and only those cards were counted which were pierced by three or more pellets in order that errors might not arise from an occasional large pellet.

The guns were first fired with 20-bore loads, viz., 2½drs. of powder and 4oz. of shot, and the results were:

* 10-BORE.			
Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.
No. of pellets through first card.	No. of cards pierced by 3 or more pellets.	No. of pellets through first card.	No. of cards pierced by 3 or more pellets.
33	13	25	14
9	12	15	12
28	13	13	12
Av. .24½	12½	Av. .17½	12½
12-BORE.			
7	12	21	13
3	11	20	13
7	13	5	11
Av. .5½	12	Av. .15½	12½

The ordinary 16-bore loads, 2½drs. and 1oz., were next tried and gave:

16-BORE.			
Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.
No. of pellets through first card.	No. of cards pierced by 3 or more pellets.	No. of pellets through first card.	No. of cards pierced by 3 or more pellets.
21	14	9	12
18	13	19	13
28	13	30	14
Av. .23½	13½	Av. .10½	13
12-BORE.			
11	12	12	14
15	15	42	16
7	12	19	13
Av. .11	12½	Av. .24½	14½
With 3drs. and 1oz. the results were:			
16-BORE.			
5	12	16	13
19	13	11	13
18	13	13	14
Av. .12	12½	Av. .13½	13½
12-BORE.			
17	14	7	14
10	13	4	12
13	14	9	13
Av. .13½	13½	Av. .6½	13

It will be noticed that, as a rule, the penetration was greater when the first card was hit by the greatest number of pellets. This was probably due to my having fired off-hand, and so failed to hit regularly with the center of the charge, which would usually give the closest pattern and best penetration. I did not try the patterns of either gun on a 30in. circle. They are of slight consequence since the invention of chokeboring, because guns of any gauge can now be made to throw too closely for 49 sportsmen out of 50.

The trials show that the 12-bore gave practically as good penetration as the 16, whether fired with 20-bore or 16-bore loads.

The first mentioned trials proved that the 16-bore was equal to the 18 and superior to the 28 with the loads proper to either of the two latter gauges. It seems, therefore, that nothing is gained in penetration by using small-bore guns for small loads. Is there anything gained in pattern? It is generally admitted that the killing circle is less in small bores than in large, and this is usually attributed to their making closer patterns. The statistics quoted in my former letter to FOREST AND STREAM, of the extensive trials made by the London *Field*, prove clearly that small bores do not throw shot more closely than large, even when loaded with the same charges of shot. To what then are their smaller killing circles attributable? I believe those sportsmen to be right who say that they have a larger proportion of outside pellets deficient in penetration. They therefore do not kill so well as large bores unless held straight enough to hit with the central mass of the charge. Whether this opinion be correct or not could be proved by trying several 20 or 16-bores against 12 or 10-bores, with cardboards (in a rack) of sufficient diameter to show the whole killing circles.

Although the 16-bore I used makes remarkably regular patterns with the shot which suits it, the general rule is that small bores make less regular patterns than large. The question then which would be well worth settling is whether it is advisable to have a small-bore when in want of a light gun. Suppose, for instance, that a sportsman did not care to carry more than the weight of a 20 or 16-gauge, would it not be better to have a 12-bore of the same weight loaded with the 20 or 16-bore charges? The 12-bore barrels would be quite safe, even if the same length as the smaller bore and consequently thinner, because the pressure of the powder gas rapidly decreases in proportion as the bore is enlarged. These could be used for ordinary shooting, and there would be the advantage of being able to load with heavier charges for occasional shots at ducks or other game that required extra hard hitting. As guns vary so much individually, several of each gauge would have to be tried together in order to settle the question conclusively. To make the trial quite fair the barrels should be of the same length. I never can understand why small bores are usually made with shorter barrels than large. It is said that 28in. or even 26in. are quite long enough to burn the small charge

of a 20-bore, and at the same time that 30in. are best for a 12-bore. The latter is usually loaded with only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a dram more powder than the former. The interior capacity of a 30in. 12-bore barrel is nearly 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, and that of a 28in. 20 bore is very slightly more than 8 cubic inches. If 8 be sufficient for burning 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ drams of powder, surely 12 are not required for burning $\frac{1}{4}$ of a dram more.

Some of our best gun makers and practical sportsmen assert that they get as hard hitting with barrels of 30in. or shorter as with those of 30in. Other makers and sportsmen, probably quite as reliable, state that even 30in. barrels do not give so much penetration as larger ones. Douglass, the London maker, says in his book "Shooting Simplified," that he once made some guns of 36-bore with barrels 36 to 40in. long for an Arctic traveler to take as presents to the Esquimaux, and that these were afterward found to kill wild geese at ranges far beyond the reach of ordinary sized guns.

One of your correspondents who signed his name "Cyrtoux," wrote three letters to FOREST AND STREAM about small-bore guns, and said that he found a 16-bore with 23drs. of powder gave more penetration than a 10-bore with 5drs. If he used a reliable test for the penetration, the extra power of the 16 must have been due to the length of barrels—34in.

Mr. G. T. Farmer, who wrote two extremely interesting articles in FOREST AND STREAM last July, about the Hudson's Bay territory, might be able to enlighten us as to the killing powers of the guns supplied by the company for their Indian trappers. These were when I lived in Canada in 1864, of 26-gauge, and had barrels from 36 to 40in. long.

One point, which certainly ought to be settled, is whether the recess choke or the muzzle choke is to be preferred. I have several times been surprised at writers in FOREST AND STREAM complaining that chokebores do not carry large shot, and especially buckshot, as well as cylinders. Three of my own guns, two 16 and one 12-bore, choked on the recess system, have been remarkably good with large shot, but the behavior of the Maynard 28-bore, and the left barrel of the 12 bore used in my last experiments, make me think that perhaps the complaints are not unfounded as applied to muzzle chokes. The 28 scatters all large shot badly. The left barrel of the 12-bore makes very close and regular patterns with Nos. 8, 6 and 4 shot. It throws No. 3 in patches, and with such sizes as BB or A shot it is absolutely useless. With a moderate cylinder, on the other hand, both the 16-bores are splendid performers with buckshot, whether due to their being recess-choked, or to some peculiarity of their boring, I am unable to say.

The weight of the 12-bore, 6lb. 9oz., will be thought ridiculous in America, but with the ordinary charge of 3drs. of powder and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. shot it is not unpleasant at a target, and when firing at any game the recoil is absolutely unfelt. Perhaps this is due to there being plenty of metal in the breech and to the barrels' being about the weight of those in 7lb. guns, viz., 3lbs. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.

Here in England we think that our brother sportsmen in America sadly overload themselves with iron. When a man shoots only for health and recreation he surely ought not to have a heavier weapon than he can carry and handle with pleasure at the end of a fatiguing day's tramp. Of twelve shotguns which I have owned during the last 30 years none ever gave me greater enjoyment than a cylinder 16 bore of only 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight. I used it for years at everything, including ducks, and only gave it up when taking to breechloaders. For all round purposes, including duck shooting, I prefer a 12-bore of 7lbs., and would not buy one exceeding 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. at any price, for a gun of that weight will carry the largest charges that the shells will hold without uncomfortable recoil.

J. J. MEYRICK,

DEVONSHIRE, England.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

V.—VARIOUS MINOR MATTERS.

THE last paper was on an unpleasant topic and needs the relief of the brighter side to prevent misunderstanding, for some will say: Are there no good sportsmen then? And those who have come here and left a record of honorable acts will ask in discouragement, Has all that we have done counted for nothing?

Far from it! to both. There are such honorable sportsmen—to them these papers are addressed. They have done well and it is remembered for them. We look for some of them every year, and are glad to see that they have returned; when finally they shall cease to come, among those who regret their loss most deeply will be some at this end of their accustomed haunts. A man is prized here for what he is, and is judged by what he does; nor need the one who has lived honorably and spoken truly ever fear the judgments of Maine backwoodsmen, or an uncordial welcome to Maine.

I have a curious matter to present, which I can in no way explain without taking into account the influence of such men as these. In the four counties of which I speak there is one that in some ways is so different from the others that at first it would seem it ought not to be counted with them. In area it is one of the largest in the State; in population the smallest of all. More sportsmen go there than to all the other three; and in proportion to its area more such enormities as were described in the last article are committed than in any of the other counties. And yet the residents of Piscataquis county do not, so far as I have been able to learn, either feel or speak upon game matters in the same way as those of the other eastern counties. I have not so far found that they were greatly disturbed by the present unhappy state of affairs. At first it would seem that this county ought to be classed with the western part of the State; but in all its interests it belongs to Penobscot waters, and so a different explanation must be sought. What? In the first place some of the grievances of the eastern part of the State have scarcely touched this county; but even so, why should it not sympathize? In the supposition by which I have been able to explain the matter I may be wholly or partly wrong, but it is the only one by which I can account for a noticeable difference. I think that the character of the summer visitors who go there largely explains it. That county includes Moosehead Lake, Katahdin Iron Works and many other resorts more or less known. It is visited by people who go for recreation, for fishing and for hunt-

ing. Now, of those who go for the two former purposes, a very large part stay at hotels or near enough the settlements for the residents to know them personally or to know of them, and a better class of visitors than most of these could not be desired. The people there form their opinion from these. Of those who go to hunt most pass beyond the settlements into the deep woods, and they are the ones whose misdeeds are so widely reported. The eastern counties hear of these principally—much less of those who stay on the borders of civilization. But Piscataquis people know the latter also, and while no less severe in condemnation of such waste and slaughter as I have reported, do not blame the whole class of summer visitors, but the individuals who are responsible. In this way the presence of these well-disposed, honorable men coming to stay for a time and not merely to pass through the country, seems to me to account in part at least for this manifest difference in feeling, and so to be its own reward. Lest a mistake should occur, I will say that by "sportsman" as I have used it, and as it is used in this locality, I mean those with whom hunting is the principal object—not fishermen nor tourists, but those who wish to kill large game. In using it I do not intend to include any other class of summer visitors. Of those who come for this purpose, observation and consultation convince me that the majority come and go in close time and kill what they get illegally; but there are certain honorable exceptions of whom it would be a pleasure to speak if space permitted, but who surely are no more condemned with the majority than are these others of whom we have spoken above by the people of Piscataquis county.

Lest there should be a misunderstanding on another point, I wish to state again that in what I have said so far I have tried to represent other people's views rather than my own, and to give their reasons for these opinions instead of those which I might hold personally. For my own opinions on most of these matters I conceive to be of little value. That I sympathize fully with the people who say these things is most true, but does not make it necessary for me to believe all these charges correct, even though they may not be baseless. I do not believe that our Legislature is wholly corrupt, nor that the game laws have been unfair, nor that all visitors are lawless and all residents are saints—nor, it may be added, that the people here all think so. What we all hold is that grave wrongs have been done—and I will show some of them in the forthcoming papers—which have greatly disturbed a very large number of people, which have caused loss of property and loss of life, which still endanger both and are fully sufficient to account for all the complaints that have been made and for others yet more radical. I might claim even more and be fully able to sustain it, but this is enough. In the papers which have preceded I have tried to represent the state of public feeling at present, thus preparing by anticipation for those which follow which will tell the causes and deal with facts instead of with theories.

If it should be asked after this part, Where is the good sportsman? it will certainly be asked after the second, Where is the good warden? He is not very abundant here, but in this immediate vicinity we have one man who deserves special mention. Mr. Eben G. Morse, of Eddington, is a warden whose justice, faithfulness and honesty are believed in by the people here. I have never but once heard him accused of doing anything which was not honorable, and that he did not do, although there was reason for the suspicion. I may make this personal mention here, for it is he who has suggested that I should explain more fully some points regarding my article published on April 2, mainly those relating to the holding of game animals alive. This I am the more happy to do, as it may not only bring out some facts clearly, but will illustrate an interpretation of the game law which caused trouble three years since.

Mr. Morse writes: "The law making it subject to fine for hunting and keeping alive is of recent date, and was not in effect nor passed at the time that the deer kept at the Bangor House were caught; and Mr. Beal or any other person, rich or poor, had a lawful right to catch and keep such animals. But later on, and before Davis caught the caribou, the law was amended so as to prohibit the hunting in close time." Mr. Morse thinks that insufficient information was given on these cases, which was indeed necessary at that time on account of lack of space.

Regarding the Bangor House deer, I may quote the following letter from their owner:

"To the best of my memory I bought my first deer in the spring of '82, buying two at that time. The next winter I bought another, and then raised several. In the spring of '84 I bought an albino buck, the other buck having escaped. I had them every year until I sold them in the fall of '88. My impression is that those which I bought were in captivity but a short time. Trusting that this is the information which you desire, I remain, very respectfully, F. O. BEAL."

The point of my reference to these deer was that they were allowed to be kept in Bangor at a time when other people were required to release deer and other animals which they had captured, and that this gave rise to the complaint that one man was favored more than another. The complaint was made. I did not seek to discuss its justice though I tacitly admitted it; nor did I try to give the whole facts. These, as the letter shows, were that one deer was undoubtedly legally held, having been taken before 1883; and that the white one was not legally held as the law was afterward interpreted, though supposed by the owner to be so; that neither was disposed of until after other people had been forced to liberate animals, and that then they were not set free but sold. The facts have borne out the statement which I made. It would be interesting to trace their history from this date.

But respecting the change in the law to which Mr. Morse refers. There was no change in the law from 1883 to 1891, but there was a change in the interpretation which is what Mr. Morse means. This occurred in 1888 or a little earlier, but was not legally established until 1889. Until last month there was no explicit law against holding live game taken in close season, and it very rarely can be taken when there is no snow on the ground. Since our game laws were first originated in 1830 there have been but two passages which could apply to such a case.

Sec. 11, passed in 1878, reads: "Whoever has in his possession the carcass or hide of any such animal, or any part thereof, between the first days of January and October, shall be deemed to have hunted and destroyed

the same contrary to law," etc. Sec. 9 on moose and 10 on deer and caribou (both passed in 1883) say: "And no person shall, between the first days of January and October, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy," etc. The two are not mutually inclusive. On the one hand it is forbidden to kill large game at a certain season, and also to hunt it. On the other it is forbidden to have in possession dead game taken at that time, but nothing is said about live game captured then. If it is legal to have the game alive in close time, why is it illegal to hunt it then for the purpose of keeping it alive? If it is illegal to hunt it for this purpose, why is it legal to have the game so taken? It is evident that all depends on the definition of hunting if we are to construe the law in the strictest way.

But at first it was not so interpreted. For nearly five years it was admitted that any one could capture and keep live animals taken in close season. Hence the keeping of the albino deer at the Bangor House. In 1888, or a little earlier, the opposite interpretation was unexpectedly put upon the law, and it was declared illegal to keep any game animal taken in close time. Did this refer merely to those taken after this decree, or after 1883, or after the decision of the court in 1889? It would be hard to say; but there are a number of instances of animals being let loose before the law court gave its decision on the James vs. Wood case.

The grounds of this change in interpretation are interesting. There was no possible reason except what could be deduced from the one word "hunting." The one who held a game animal taken in close season could be prosecuted for hunting it, but not for having it. As Mr. Morse says: "The having it in possession was not taken into account, only to prove the hunting. I admit that the law did not prohibit having live deer, moose or caribou, if taken in open time or if obtained in any way without hunting it in close time." This sudden change in the meaning of the law caused some trouble. The Davis case occurred about this time, and in the western part of the State there was a famous one which was carried up to the law court—Isaac H. James vs. Thomas P. Wood, a game warden, who, without process, released or caused the plaintiff to release from his own inclosure, a moose and a deer. The moose was captured by Mr. James in March, 1888; the deer bought by him the same month. In the lower court Mr. James was awarded \$125 damages. The case was then carried to a higher court, and the opinion of the law court given Dec. 11, 1889, was in favor of the defendant warden.

Mr. James's moose and deer were set at liberty June 6, 1888. As evidence that the interpretation of the law which allowed this to be done was considered very doubtful, I may say that on Sept. 14 of the same year (1888) I saw a full-grown caribou, with fair-sized horns, confined in a pen near the railroad station at Winn in this county. I was told that it was taken in close season. I was also told that a warden had been sent to release it; that the possessor had refused to allow him to do it; and that the warden had yielded. What became of the animal afterward I do not know. The Bangor House deer were kept somewhat later than this, I am very sure. Mr. Morse tells me that he has known several to pay fines for keeping live game "after it became unlawful," which I understand to be previous to Dec. 11, 1889, as I have heard of none since then, though some who had captured deer have let them go.

In support of my definition of hunting, and to show that Mr. Morse did not proceed as too many wardens have done here in pursuance of plans that no court would uphold, even when he released the caribou on the ground that to put on snowshoes to follow it constitutes hunting, I will quote from the James vs. Wood case, Law Reports 82, Maine 179: "The plaintiff followed the moose in the forest until it became snow-bound, and then, by the use of a rope, tied it to a tree, and finally bound it upon a sled and hauled it some fifteen miles to his home, where he confined it until it was released by defendant. Without doubt this conduct resulting in capture was in violation of the statute. The plaintiff did not destroy or kill the animal, but he did hunt and thereby capture it."

This matter which from one side is unimportant, from another has weight. It shows a law changed from a looser to a stricter interpretation. In my next article I will show another which has had just the opposite history during the eight years past.

Mr. Morse calls my attention to an error in one of the cases mentioned. I wrote partridges "legally killed in December" when I should have said November. I am likely to make other similar mistakes, and will correct them when brought to my notice, if not too trivial or having no real bearing upon the point in question.

Since writing the above I notice the following in the Bangor Daily Whig and Courier, April 25:

"A buck caught at Moose River has been brought to Portland and placed in Deering Park as a companion to the fawn presented to the city by Captain Winslow last spring. A yard will soon be built for them."

If true, this is an ample commentary on what has been said. Are there any deer in Deering Park? If so, by what right? FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

KANSAS GAME.—Hutchinson, Kan., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We have had splendid goose and duck shooting this spring. Trap shooting is getting to be a very popular sport in the West; our State meeting, to be held at Salina, May 19 to 21, promises to be a large one. We have had an extremely mild winter; the quail have fared well; chickens are scarce, but we will have fine quail shooting this fall.—SHADY.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 21.—I was out this afternoon trying my new setter dog. I put up a woodcock, and if you could have heard them "whistling" you would have thought their "outer primaries" pretty well developed for April birds. Killed five sea trout afternoon of 18th; they were a small run, from 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—H. AUSTEN.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,332, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanik," "Gloam," "Dick Swiveller," "Sylvillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

THE BOB WHITES.

THE day before Christmas I was all anxiety to have some sport with the Bob Whites. Five miles above where I was visiting was a plantation noted for more quail than any other on Red River, in Bossier Parish. Just before the close season for birds was to begin I had been to this plantation and had a most successful hunt. There were not less than two or three hundred quail left over for the summer rearing. As the front lands on this plantation were not overflowed in the great overflow of last summer I concluded that the birds had escaped destruction and that I would most assuredly find them quite numerous at this time. Alas! for such thoughts!

With Dan's Trump and his year-old son, out of Maud, I rode to this plantation with "expectation big," that I should have a grand time. Nothing short of a bag of a hundred Bob Whites would satisfy me.

As I entered the fields a negro assured me there were a number of coveys in the coco pasture, opposite Captain Billy Robson's store. This was the place where I left so many birds the close of the last winter. The pasture embraced some 40 acres of land, thrown out of cultivation by coco, on which dewberry vines thickly grew, thereby protecting the birds from the rapacity of hawks. Bordering on three sides of this pasture grew great quantities of the cow pea (that the frosts of a year or two cannot rot), affording ample food for the birds the year round. The pasture was above all high waters. Thence my conclusion was a reasonable one, that the Bob Whites had escaped destruction from the great overflow of 1890 and I would have a most interesting time with them.

Dan's Trump and Jeff Davis ranged the fields as finely as I ever saw pointers do, until I drew near the coco pasture. Not a point had been made; not once did I notice that they winded the scent of a game bird. Surely, I thought, all the Bob Whites have congregated in the pasture, and soon there will be a massacre. Over the barbed wire fence leaped both dogs. I remained on my pony, momentarily expecting to see them grow rigid to a point. Over the forty acres both ranged, crossing and recrossing. Not a halt was made, no points. Dan's Trump came back to the fence, crestfallen and with a downcast look of disappointment. He peered into my face, as much as to inquire, "Where are they?" and "What must I do?"

"Ah! Dan's, the butchers have murdered them, leaving not a bird for seed. Over the fence, sir, and we will go home. Day after to-morrow we will go to the Bossier hills, and I trust we will have better luck."

As Jeff had never been there before, he was not disappointed. Both dogs leaped the fence. Jeff proceeded to range far out, while Dan's showed his disgust and chagrin by merely keeping ahead, so the pony should not step on him.

"Cheer up, old dog!" I said to him; "we will go to Mrs. Weather's new ground field. Perhaps we may find a covey there. If so, you shall have the pleasure of retrieving a bird, provided my old eyes do not deceive me." Dan's seemed to understand what I said. He brightened up, increased his gait, and made a bee line for Mrs. Weather's plantation. Jeff was in advance, and when he got to the fence, sprang over, and flushed a covey of only five birds. Dan's looked as if he could have bit his head off; but it was not Jeff's fault. The birds were running and flushed some distance from the fence. Besides, the wind was blowing from the dog to the birds. I marked the places to which the birds had flown and said to Dan's, "Now we will have some fun." On entering the field both dogs drew to a point at once, rigid as logs. Dismounting I gave Black Pat the bridle to feed as he pleased, and approached the dogs. It was the first time Jeff had ever smelt a quail. Foam fell from his mouth, his beautiful eyes flashed with excitement, his tail stood horizontal, body toward head slightly crouched, and left hindfoot raised from the ground. I was anxious to have the dogs flush. To my order to "Hie on!" neither moved, each afraid of the other, and I had to flush the bird myself. It rose with an ascending flight, and at the distance of some 50 yds. fell to the crack of the gun.

Both dogs stood steady, not moving to the report of the gun, but at the command, "Dead bird, go seek," each dashed out. Dan's got to it first and came running back to me followed by Jeff, who did not like his taking away the bird.

On going near the place where I saw two birds drop, Jeff got in ahead of Dan's, and made a splendid point. At the command he flushed, I dropped both birds, which he retrieved in handsome style, not crushing nor rumpling a feather, a quality he inherits from his sire, who never hurts a bird, and no matter how far off he retrieves a bird it is brought to me uninjured. I have no use for a dog that mashes a bird, and will not keep one that does.

Both dogs scented at once the other birds that I had marked. Dan's making the point, and Jeff backed. I flushed one bird, the gun failed to fire—examination proved I had not reloaded, no wonder at its failure when the chambers contained no shells. I reloaded in time to get in a snap shot as the second bird got up behind me, and the bird was retrieved by Dan's, who beat his son to the fallen bird. Thus I got four out of the five.

The dogs ranged the entire field without finding any more birds. As I went out of the field to take the public road home I met an intelligent negro, who, in answer to my question, "What had become of the quail on the Clyde Pickett coco pasture?" replied, "Oh! sir, last spring in the high water they were all killed." Both whites and colored people united in killing them. They were confined to the front banks of the river, and could not escape. It was death by drowning should they attempt to fly to the overflow, and death to remain on the pasture. None escaped. Had the owner only urged the protection of his game, there would have been birds in quantities to have given both himself and friends good shooting all the hunting season. How long will this be the case, that our planters, in the eagerness to grow cotton, are regardless of the protection of their game?

While I was talking to the negro I missed Jeff. A search found him pointing near the banks of a beautiful lake, known as Wasson's Lake. Supposing it was a hare he had pointed, as it was in the woods, I rode in and flushed a very large covey of birds. Shot once and killed a bird from the saddle. All the birds flew across the lake but one, that perched in a tree. It was too late to go after the birds, and I wanted that one in the tree. I knew I could not kill it if I shot flying, and pardon me, reader, I rode up and pulled down on it, sitting. Under

ordinary circumstances I do not shoot at a bird sitting. But in this case there were five mouths at home waiting to enjoy a bird pie for Christmas dinner. Mine would make the sixth, that would be as eager for that bird pie, and only five birds were in the pockets of my hunting coat. What would you have done, kind lover of the gun and rod?

Dan's recovered the bird, giving it to my outstretched arm—the only one I have. Putting it in the capacious pockets, I rode back to the residence of my son-in-law, Lawser K. Hodges, with no twinges of conscience that I had committed murder in shooting a "sitting" bird.

The next day was Christmas. I enjoyed the fine dinner, especially the bird pie. In the afternoon, by appointment, I rode to Elm Grove, the mansion of my friends, W. H. and C. B. Hodges, to spend the night and accompany Mr. Caw Hodges the next day to the Bossier hills for a two days' sport with the Bob White. Thereby hangs a tale, which I may, in another number, give to the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

HUNTER'S RANCH, Cross Bayou, La.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

THE ruffed grouse behaves far differently before a dog from what he does in the presence of a man. He does not resort to those devices and maneuvers which he is wont to practice with the latter, knowing well that they would be useless and vain. When pursued by a dog he relies mainly for safety upon flight and keeping himself off the ground; hence he betakes himself to a tree, and standing on a limb on the leeward side looks down in security upon his four-footed enemy. He selects the side opposite to the wind so that the scent will not be carried in the air, and he be thus located. When he flies into a tree to escape from man he gets on the side opposite to that in which the person is approaching. A grouse in a tree always remains motionless, whatever the position may be he assumes.

A favorite one is with his back to the body of the tree, standing upright. In this case he selects one of which the bark corresponds as nearly as possible in color with that of his breast and under feathers. When he stands on a limb on the side opposite to the person approaching, his head alone is visible, and this is the "crook" or "knot on the tree," that country hunters talk so much about.

Sometimes the grouse stands out on a limb plainly in view, and does not seek concealment in the least. Then he is indeed a beautiful sight, and one which I would go quite a distance to see. The grouse (except in rare instances) is a difficult bird to shoot either on the ground or in a tree.

To do so successfully requires an intimate knowledge of the habits and ways of the bird and a keen vision. Indeed, a more perfect knowledge than most sportsmen attain to. It also requires great caution and carefulness in approaching the bird at times, while at other times a careless and indifferent demeanor with the eyes wide open answers the purpose. The difficulty of shooting the grouse while at rest has been generally, I think, overlooked by sportsmen, as well as the great knowledge required to do so successfully.

I am sure I could more easily kill ten grouse flying, in a given time, than ten sitting, and yet one shot flying would give me more cause for rejoicing and inward satisfaction than ten shot at rest. This is the true test of superior sportsmanship.

The grouse is still more difficult to shoot while flying. To accomplish this feat requires the exercise of quickness of motion with precision of aim.

I have heard stories told of men who were wonderful shots at the ruffed grouse, of one who took off a pair of gloves, cocked his gun and then killed his bird, all done after he had started from the ground; of another who killed one bird going from his left and turning killed another going directly from his right, both birds sprung at the same time. I leave my reader to judge of the truthfulness of such fiction.

Akin to this is the ancient myth about the "flock of partridges" in the grapevine, and how if you are very careful and particular to aim at and shoot first the bird that sits lowest, the rest will not take wing; but on the contrary if you happen to be a little too hasty and should happen by mistake to shoot the one that sits highest his falling down will so frighten the rest that sit lowest that they will take wing.

Although the grouse is so difficult to shoot on the wing, yet a very small wound on one of his wings will bring him to the ground. On one occasion while hunting in Clifton Park I fired at a grouse as he went over the tops of the trees along the edge of the timber. I had but a small hope of hitting him, as I got but a glimpse and he was quite a distance away. It was a golden October day, not a breath of air stirring. After the report of the gun had died away I heard a slight rustling in the leaves in the direction in which I had shot. I ran out and saw the bird on the ground. Instead of going into the woods he ran out on an old sheep pasture. Then began a foot race (for I had no dog with me on this occasion). After going about 150 yds. I came up to about 20 ft. of the bird when he lay down and I walked up and examined him. One shot only had struck this bird, and that had gone through the tip of the wing a quarter of an inch from the end.

The grouse when mortally wounded sometimes flies quite a long distance and falls dead. One day I fired at a grouse that rose quite close to me but he still kept on, and after going 75 yds. passed near my brother, who noticed a wavering motion in his flight, and keeping his eyes on the bird heard him strike far in the woods. Going to the place, about 80 yds. from where he had stood, he found the bird dead at the foot of a large hemlock tree. He had struck the tree about 40 ft. from its base and fallen dead.

On one occasion I saw a grouse shot that fell in a small stream of water about 8 ft. across; he fell directly in the middle of it. This bird could not have been hurt very badly, I think, for he rose again. As he struggled to rise he threw the water into the air in a spray and it was about 10 seconds before he succeeded in getting up and under way, when he flew up the vale and lit among the tall pines. We were unable to get this bird and saw nothing more of him.

The grouse when wounded will run as long as able, but he soon tires, and when come up to will lie down and seem resigned to his fate, and be passive and rarely, if ever, make any struggle while in the hand. DORP.

SCHENECTADY.

GAME THAT IS ALWAYS ON TAP.

EDDY, New Mexico, April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our local sportsmen are having great sport shooting jack rabbits. There are thousands of them in this country and they can be found anywhere within half a mile of town. They do a good deal of damage to the young fruit trees, and farmers are anxious to have them thinned out. Several parties have been out lately and made large bags. So far the only weapon used has been the rifle, but some of our wing shots are getting interested, and a large circle hunt is talked of for the near future, in which everything that will burn powder and throw lead will be allowed to enter.

We could have great sport with a pack of greyhounds, but none have yet been brought into this valley.

The blue quail are nesting, and the indications are that there will be an abundance of them next fall.

Antelope have bred liberally. Cowboys and others who have ridden over the staked plains, to the east of this valley, report a large number of kids. Band of them are found within five miles of this town, but so far as I have been able to learn no one has molested them since the season closed.

The season is well advanced here. Alfalfa is 12 to 18 in. high and is in bloom. The first crop will be cut in a few days. Fruit trees are in bloom and promise an abundant yield. We raise all the fruits here that are grown in southern California, except oranges and lemons, and being 1,000 miles nearer the Eastern markets this valley is destined to become in the near future as rich a fruit country as any portion of that State.

There are over 100,000 acres of Government lands in this valley, subject to entry under the Homestead laws, that are well adapted to the cultivation of fruits and cereals of all kinds, and if any brother sportsman, who may be in search of a new home, will write me, I shall be glad to give him any further information desired.

H. A. LADD.

STRANGE ANTICS OF A JACK RABBIT.—Pecos City, Tex., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I walked out a mile from town yesterday to shoot jack rabbits, and on my way in shot at one that immediately gave an interesting exhibition of his agility. When the rifle cracked he jumped straight up, some two feet high, and then ran in a small circle, at the best speed he was capable of, for two or three minutes. During this performance I shot again and missed. When he stopped I threw down the lever to fire again, but my magazine was empty and so were my pockets. The jack now settled down and appeared to be getting sick. I laid down the rifle, picked up a couple of rocks and started toward him. When within 20 ft. of him he got up and ran several times around me, keeping about the same distance away. I threw several rocks at him, all of which missed. Finally one hit him on the point of the shoulder and knocked off a bunch of fur. Then he turned and ran straight toward me. I threw again, missed, and, as true as gospel, the long-eared *Lepus* ran between my legs. I grabbed at him as he went through, but had both hands full of rocks, and the action was so quick that I did not think of dropping them until too late. I caught him on both sides with my clenched fists, but he shot through my hands like a greased pig, leaving another good crop of fur on the ground. He lost no time then in getting out of the country, and to this moment I am unable to say where the first bullet hit him. I presume it was on the lower edge of the stomach, although I could not see a drop of blood on him or on his trail. If I had had sense enough to drop the rocks when I saw him coming I could easily have held him, but a fellow always knows more to-day than he did yesterday. I presume some smart Aleck will get himself in print to say that this whole business is a lie; but as I get no pay for writing this article, and have no axe to grind, I am telling the truth this time just for a change.—E. H. G.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A SHORT time after the winding up of the "late fraternal unpleasantness" found me stranded out on the prairies in Illinois, about midway between the Des Plaines and the Du Page rivers, a few miles from a place called Naperville. There I unexpectedly ran across a former friend from the East, named Joe Elliott, who just then happened to strike the same place. We had not heard from each other for a number of years, so we were both surprised and glad to meet again, and, of course, undertook to enjoy ourselves. Among other pleasures we proposed to go shooting. As for guns he had none, but I had a rifle; so we decided that when any suitable game was found we would shoot alternately with the rifle, to equalize the sport. After tramping quite a while we came to a big slough (pronounced "sloo"), and in the grass and water off near the middle of it I espied a large sandhill crane, or "stake-driver," as the Western folks call it, standing as immovable as a stick in the mud and looking like one too. Now Joe had never seen a bird of that kind before, and when I told him "to take a shot at that stick out in the slough to see if he could knock it over," he, thinking it was a stick and in order to get a better shot, lay down on the prairie with head to the target and blazed away. By dumb luck (for he was never even a decently good shot with a rifle) he hit the bird and wounded it in such a manner that it made an awkward flapping and jumping, as that species invariably will when wounded. In great surprise, and as quick as a flash, Joe bounded clear of the ground and shouted in his excitement at the top of his voice, "I'll be darned, Andrew, if I ain't shot the devil himself this lick." Although poor Joe, many years since, joined the great majority on the happy hunting grounds, his remark in connection with that shot is still vivid in my memory.

A. L. L.

A fishhawk pulled a large salmon out of Elk River one day last week. The fish was too large for the bird to carry off, so leaving it on the sand the bird flew off to a pile of drift-wood, and picking up a stick with a sharp and jagged edge, returned to where the fish lay and saved it in two, when it flew away with half of the salmon. The other half was served for our dinner.—Crescent City (Cal.) Record.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—I.

"No pastimes and pleasures,
No wealth nor no treasures,
Can yield us so much delight,
As to throw the light fly,
And with quick skillful eye,
Hook the trout—sportive and bright."

ONE of the most delightful trouting trips I ever made was that to the North Shore of Lake Superior, in the summer of '89, an account of which was published in this paper, the first part appearing Jan. 30, 1890. It was so pleasantly associated in my mind with the sports of the angle that when the next season came around and the radiant beauties were rising to the alluring fly I was exceedingly eager for a second trip to that rock-bound coast, which evidently presents the best trouting waters on this continent, and at the same time the most grand and imposing scenery, with an atmosphere of ozone as exhilarating as the purest champagne. A mention of my desire to again renew my pleasures to my respected friend Ned, who accompanied me on that famous trip, met with a response that pleased me beyond measure. He manifested an eager desire to again do battle royal with the dandies of the crimson stars, and so we agreed to meet at the "Soo" about the middle of July and prepare for the voyage.

I was passing some idle days at Petoskey after having had a week's sport with the small trout in Deer Creek, at Boque Falls, Mich., when a telegram reached me, bringing the glad tidings that Ned would be at the Soo on July 18. I at once arranged to meet him as specified, and at an early hour in the morning of that day I was aboard the train booked for the Soo by way of Mackinac city and the lake. I expected a very pleasant trip when I reached the lake, but not till then, for along the rail route of about thirty-five miles there is little to interest and no scenic beauty to delight. A few struggling villages, a brook or two running into the dense foliage, an occasional clearing and the inevitable saw mill about complete the prosaic picture.

What a sudden change transpires when you reach the little lake town. After the trip through a loveless forest it is like emerging from darkness into light. Here I was greeted on every side with scenes of beauty and interest. There was the indescribable richness in the dome above, which was charming in lovely shreds of silvery clouds; the unstained, far-reaching sapphire margin of the lake that lost itself in glittering sunlight; the graceful movements of vessels far and near, with their white wings spread to the gentle south wind; the rhythmic beat of curling waves along the sandy beach, all harmonizing in lovely views ever a delight to eye and fancy.

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again."

The steamer on which I took passage was stanch and decidedly comfortable, and as it progressed through the sparkling waters the landscapes grew in beauty, and when you strike the St. Mary, at Detour, you have sixty-two miles through a tortuous channel, which completes one of the most lovely panoramas imaginable. It is really one succession of beautiful straits and broad lakes, with long islands mirrored in the clear, rapid river. This sinuous stream has been compared to the Hudson and other noted rivers of romantic grandeur, and one writer declared that the Canada side, with its bold and precipitous cliffs, only lacked the ruined villas and castles of the Fatherland to make it a veritable Rhine. At intervals along the route you are greeted with decaying wigwags and the ruins of old forts and posts, which, if they could only speak, would give a startling history of red-handed tragedies of the past. The ruins of old St. Joseph, on St. Joseph's Island, Canada side, can be seen quite plainly from the boat, as well as many other points of historic interest. Looking up Hay Lake from the Neebish can be seen the smoke of the dredges at work for Uncle Sam, making a new channel through Hay Lake, shortening the present channel about twelve miles. Work has been prosecuted in this canal several years, and at the present rate of appropriation several years more will transpire before the completion of this necessary and important work.

I reached the "Soo" by supper time, and ascertained that Ned and his family had arrived in the morning and were impatiently awaiting my appearance. I was given a royal reception, I assure you, and then we entered into the details for our prospective trip to the North Shore. Ned during the day had already engaged a half-breed boatman, but on being informed that he was perfectly unreliable cancelled the contract at once, and, like Micawber, folded his arms and waited for something better to turn up.

As the tents, mattresses and cooking utensils we were to use on the trip had been left last fall at Sailor's encampment, some thirty miles down the river, where Ned had been having some royal sport with the bronze-backs, we concluded to take the early boat in the morning and go for them. It was about a three hours' ride, and as we started at 6 o'clock sharp, we were there in ample time to do all the packing and the hauling of the goods to the landing. The work being soon over, we crossed the river and there took dinner at the tavern, and then after a cigar or two, we recrossed the river and awaited the arrival of the steamer, which soon came. Our bill of lading being duly signed, we felt that the cares of the day were over. Ascending to the deck of the steamer, we took position on the guards, and as the wreaths of nicotine incense floated gracefully over our heads, we watched the wrinkles in the water as they rolled in flashing silver from the bow, then the low and craggy cliffs of the shore as the sunlight brightened them and the airy beauty of the snowy clouds, as they were tinged with the ruby splendor of a sinking sun.

Again we are at the "Soo," and here we were greeted by Joe Peters, our half-breed boatman of last year, who expressed an anxious desire to make another trip with us. He had a larger and better boat than the one we went in last year, and a number one assistant, so he stated. Ned

and I had positively declared against Joe on account of his churlish disposition, but as he made such fair promises to us, we concluded to try him once more, and so made the contract with him without further delay. We might regret the compact in the future, but as boatmen just then were scarce and we were soon to leave, it was as much a matter of necessity as aught else. We might have waited longer and fared worse, but believing in the old adage now modernized as a "bird in hand is worth two pair," we instructed Joe to have his boat and helper at the mouth of the canal at 7 A. M. on the Monday following. This gave us three days in which to complete our preparations.

The next thing was the *cuisine*, and as neither of us were much in arrears of being true disciples of Lucullus, we concluded we could fill the larder without having to seek outside advice. We were old campers, believing that the three necessities—food, raiment and shelter—should be liberally provided.

Ned had brought three extra brands of hams with him from home, and while at Detroit had laid in other choice provisions, which were shipped on the steamer Winslow. This shipment was really unfortunate for us, as the boat, during the night, ran on a reef in Lake Huron, and in order to lighten her a hundred tons or more of freight were consigned to the waters, among which was our choice stock. We lamented the loss, not pecuniarily, but from the fact that we could not replace it with the same quality at the "Soo," and consequently our *entremets* would be somewhat reduced both in flavor and stock. The loss of these provisions necessitated another selection, and before that was done we must determine the time desired to remain on the trip. Ned said two months, I said six weeks, being fully satisfied that the romance of the trip would pan out in about four weeks. We finally settled on a six weeks' stay, and then at once selected and purchased the following bill:

42lbs. pork @ 9c.....	\$3 78
50lbs. ham @ 12c.....	6 00
20lbs. lard @ 10c.....	2 00
18lbs. butter @ 25c.....	4 50
50lbs. flour @ 3c.....	1 50
5lbs. royal baking powder @ 50c.....	2 50
20lbs. granulated sugar @ 85c.....	2 55
6lbs. beans.....	25
1lb. pepper.....	30
52lbs. hard bread @ 85c.....	4 42
10lbs. corn meal.....	45
3lbs. evaporated apples.....	40
8lbs. Oolong tea @ 75c.....	6 00
10lbs. cut-loaf sugar @ 10c.....	1 00
1 dozen boxes matches.....	25
2 bottles catsup @ 25c.....	50
15 dozen eggs @ 2c.....	3 00
8 cans California peaches @ 25c.....	2 00
8 cans California pears @ 50c.....	2 40
3 bags sail.....	25
9 bars Ivory soap.....	45
Red pepper.....	10
1 dozen wax candles.....	30
1 bushel onions.....	2 00
6 cans condensed milk.....	1 08
12 boxes sardines @ 16c.....	1 92
10yds. crash @ 5c.....	50
Toilet paper.....	35
Clothes line.....	25
Paul.....	10
Nails.....	80
8 loaves rye bread.....	80
1 1/2 barrels potatoes.....	5 50
2 cans pineapples.....	50
Total.....	\$58.85
Less one-third returned.....	\$19.28
	\$42.57

This may strike some campers as being an excessive supply, particularly when trout would be served at each meal, and in addition an occasional bird or rabbit. The Indian, it is well known, is simply a glutton when the chance offers. Not satisfied with two or three meals per day he will, when occasion offers, arise in the middle of the night and partake of a bounteous lunch. Our men frequently complained of headaches, the result undoubtedly of over-eating. So you see it is well to have a liberal supply or else your rations will run short and necessitate either a replenishing or a return. We are evidently correct as to the supply of food.

The time to leave soon came, and when we arose on the appointed morning we were fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm, so eager were we to lure and play a trout. After our early breakfast we waited some time for our boatmen, and began to think they would not put in an appearance at all. They came, however, but it was fully an hour after the appointed time, their excuse being the rowing of their boat that morning all the way from Point aux Pins, where they were then located with their families engaged in gathering huckleberries. Another hour was now consumed in getting all our things hauled to the head of the canal, where the boat was at anchor. Here we sat for fully another hour before they came, they having remained at the Soo to make some purchases for their families, which they desired to leave with them en route. We had come to the conclusion during the anxious wait that they had been toying with fire water, as I had that morning advanced John, Joe's assistant, five dollars for his family. In addition to this I had the day before allowed Joe to draw seventeen dollars. This is generally customary, as their families must have support while their husbands are away. I had every confidence in Joe's appearing, knowing full well that he would not prove unreliable, though there was slight danger that the tempting fluid might have proved too strong a temptation while he had the wherewith.

FOR "FOREST AND STREAM" READERS.

WE have secured, for the private information of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, knowledge of a number of streams and lakes easily accessible from this city, where we believe that good fishing for trout and black bass may be had. This information, much of which comes from private sources, we are not at liberty to print, but we shall be glad to furnish it without charge to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM who will apply for it, either personally or by letter.

STRIPED BASS IN THE HUDSON.—On Monday last there was exhibited at Abbey & Imbrie's a 20lbs. striped bass taken with hook and line near Tarrytown, N. Y. While fish of this size and even larger are often taken up the river in nets, it is very unusual to learn of the capture of a "big fellow" in the Hudson by means of hook and line.

ANGLING NOTES.

POSSIBLY some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may remember a little book published years ago called the "Blackwater Chronicle, which gave a very interesting description of the adventures of a party of gentlemen in search of trout among the mountains of western Virginia, in Randolph county. It was illustrated by Porte Crayon (Gen. Strouthers) who afterward made up another party and penetrated into the wilderness as far as the headwaters of the Cheat and Blackwater rivers, where they camped for a week and had a royal good time with the trout. Porte Crayon wrote this trip up and it was published in *Harper's Magazine*. From all accounts there is considerable wilderness left there yet, and it is still an angler's paradise and well worthy of a visit. The Cheat River and the Blackwater abound with good-sized trout and the upper Potomac furnishes excellent black bass fishing. The nearest railroad station is Elkins, from which point the angler had better drive to Mingo Flats; the ride alone is said to be well worth the trip. The best flies for this region are the professor, crowding, coachman, brown-palmer, Abbey and march-brown; these should be tied on an No. 8 sprout. The wading is rough and hob-nail shoes are not only a comfort, but a necessity.

No doubt many anglers have noticed how often trout change their location, particularly in lakes and ponds. A curious instance of this was related to me by Mr. A. B. Knapp, of this city, who spent a couple of weeks in the Rangeley Lake region last September. He was passing through Kennebec Lake, when his guide stopped the canoe at the mouth of a stream and told him to try a cast there, as once in a while it was a great place for trout. At the first cast the water fairly boiled with eager fish, and at once two were hooked and soon landed. As there seemed to be so many Mr. Knapp timed himself and tried to see how many he could catch in an hour. The guide unhooked them and threw them back as fast as they were caught, and when the hour was up told him he had returned just 102 to the water. Mr. Knapp reported the wonderful catch to the rest of the party that evening, and the next day they all visited the same spot expecting great sport, but no fish were there; they had left for parts unknown and probably the party had their opinion of Mr. Knapp's fish story. But it was true nevertheless.

The old saying, "When the horse-chestnut leaves are as big as your nail, then the blackfish bite without fail," came true this year to the dot. And the thousands of New York fishermen who visit the bays and harbors around this city are happy, for, next to the universal flounder, no fish is caught in greater numbers or is more reliable than the blackfish. Many use the humble hand line for these fish, but they afford greater sport on a stiff rod. Use a small Virginia or Chestertown hook snelled on twisted linen in pairs—bait with the tough part of a soft clam or a fiddler crab. When the tide runs swift a rather heavy sinker is necessary, as the fish is a bottom feeder. The favorite resort for blackfish is around rocky ledges or old wrecks. The wreck of the Black Warrior is a famous ground, but rather difficult to find; there is also a wreck of an Italian ship opposite Manhattan Beach which is favorite ground for big blackfish. The shores of Long Island Sound from New Rochelle to New London afford excellent blackfishing, and at the latter locality they are caught as large and as plentiful as at any place along the coast. SCARLET-IBIS.

NATURAL BRIDGE TROUT.—New York, April 25.—Your old correspondent "Flin" writes me from Natural Bridge, Va., the letter given herewith, and it seems to me of so much interest to anglers that I give it to you verbatim. The "sheet of paper" measures 10in.—H. S. CHANDLER. The letter reads: "Natural Bridge, Va., April 23.—Yesterday, with a small 'coon' as guide, I drove down to the James and was shoved across in a flat boat, when after a few rods the creek came tumbling down: an ideal trout stream, about 30ft. wide, swift in places and filled with likely holes. I put on some flies, and in a moment a trout started for it, but he decided not to bite after he had gotten within about an inch of the tail fly, nor would he rise again. I tried flies for a half-hour without catching a fish, and then descended to the 'barnyard-hackle.' Standing on a tree trunk, which had been thrown across the stream as a bridge, I let my bait go down on the current about 50ft., when I felt a yank, and in a second I found I had hooked a fine fish. He fought savagely and it was some little while before I could land him, as I had no net and the boy was with the horse on the road. The fish finally swallowed enough water to drown him and I pulled him ashore. He was fully 2in. longer than this sheet of paper and weighed over a pound. I got another from the same place within five minutes, but a trifle smaller. The day was very hot and with a bright unclouded sun, and I fished only in the middle of the day, 10 to 4, and had no wading boots, but I caught 9 as handsome fish as I ever saw, and was satisfied. I shared them with the people here for breakfast. I took a walk this morning and got within 50ft. of a fox. There is a den of four bears within three miles of here, and wild turkeys are shot across the river five miles away in the fall, and there are a few deer within 15 miles, to say nothing of countless partridges, etc.—FLIN."

WESTFIELD, Mass.—The trout season opened here with a rush on the first. Most of the members of the gentle craft who could wield a pole or chuck a bug were out after trout. In many cases from fifteen to twenty persons would be found upon the new stream, so anxious were all to avail themselves of the open season. Various catches were to be seen running in quantity from a few fingerlings to a respectable creel of from 5 to 8lbs. The most successful catch so far as individual size is concerned was that of the veteran fisherman James Liswell, who caught a magnificent specimen of *Salmo fontinalis* in the Still Pond, so called, (which is about half a mile from the station of the B. & A. R. R.), which weighed 2lbs. 6oz. It was placed in the show window of tackle dealer Lewis shortly after its capture, attracting crowds the rest of the day. The weather thus far is too cold for fishing, and the snow in the woods in this neighborhood is too deep to admit of fishing for some days to come. Fishermen generally predict a larger catch of trout this summer than last, as the result of stocking the streams the past two seasons, which will result in larger fish and more of them. —WROXOCO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 22.—It would seem that we are to be snipeless this spring. There is so much water everywhere that the birds are scattered. George Airey got 61 snipe on the "Sag," south of town, last Thursday, but that is the only shooting I hear of. Tom Marshall writes Charlie Willard from Keithsburg, on the Mississippi River, that the snipe are not there in any quantity. Clark Neltner said yesterday from Fox Lake that a few snipe were in there and that the bass were biting well. Snipe have made their appearance around Ft. Dodge, Iowa, and indeed they are probably away north of here. They can be heard in the air at night all around Calumet Lake, but none seem to be stopping. Al Sharp and Dick Turtle only got 21 at Water Valley in two days. Billy Mussey had a big hunt and got one snipe this week, and one is a good many this week. I have not fired a gun this spring, and since reading the recent editorial in *FOREST AND STREAM* have about concluded I won't go out at all.

Mr. Lew Harrison, of Minneapolis, is again in town. I don't know what makes him, but believe he is buying his spring tackle.

Spring tackle is getting to be of great importance just now, for the bass season will soon be upon us. I should not counsel bass fishing in serious earnest until nearly the first of June, for the run and the spawning season should first be over. I do not know of any bass having been caught yet, except a half-dozen taken by our party at Momence, 50 miles below here, on the Kankakee River. Mr. Harryman, Mr. Hirth and myself went down there more to wet our lines than anything else, and to spy out a new land for the people. We found a great many fish-ing, and learned that a number of bass had been caught under the dams. We caught two or three bass apiece, but I can't say that we should be very proud of that, though we found no spawn, except in one Oswego bass.

We were simply delighted with the Kankakee River at Momence. It runs through a rock bed there, and for miles is a swift, dashing, sparkling stream, clear when we saw it, in spite of the high water. Momence is a pretty little country town, and the country thereabout is lively, the shores of the river being high and covered with blue grass all along that part of the stream. The stream itself is simply lovely. I cannot get any word that it has ever been fished with the fly, but it is elegantly adapted to that in season. I caught one good bass on the fly while there. I shall certainly try for bass down that way later on, for I have found no water around the city that I like so well as this at first sight. I presume we may add the Momence trip to the cheap and desirable fishing trips out of Chicago. Round trip tickets \$2.70. Minnows 10 cents a dozen and plenty, such as they are. Hotel good at \$1.50 to \$2 a day. The fishing is within 250 yds. of the hotel, or begins there. The train leaves Chicago 4 P. M. or 5:05 P. M., and leaves Momence for Chicago in the morning at 4:40 or 7:32. No wagon needed. I don't know how a much nicer trip could be planned. It was a new one to me, but I presume there are plenty of other new ones waiting to be found out, and of these we shall hear later I hope.

It is high time the lower Kankakee were visited and investigated and shown up, for certainly a more lamentable state of absolute lawlessness never existed than is now displayed there. No feature of the law is observed. We saw a dozen spearing lights the night we were there, right in the city limits. We purchased one bass, speared, that weighed 4 lbs. The bass were working inshore and were suffering for it. I intended to show this fish to Dr. Bartlett, our State Commissioner. To him and Mr. Cole, president of the Fox River Association, I gave a four-hooked grab hook, or "jig," which we pulled up from below the dam. At the corner of this same dam we saw a boy who was working one of these jigs, or "grab-lines." He had six hooks tied at intervals on a leaded line, none of the hooks baited. He jerked this sharply through the water under the corner of the dam, and in an hour caught a long string of fish. I saw him catch three magnificent bass, all snagged in the side or belly. Then I couldn't stand it any more, and told him to skip or I would stay over and prosecute him. He skipped, blaspheming, but going. I could not find any fishway in the upper dam at Momence. In the lower dam there was a break or cut, apparently, but no fishway. There are eight dams in forty miles on the Kankakee, I was told by Mr. Strunk, of Momence, and not a fishway in one of them. The heights of these dams are as follows: Two Momence dams, about 6 ft. each; Altor dam, 6 ft.; Kankakee dam, 8 ft.; Wilmington dam, 12 ft.; dam right at Wilmington, 6 ft.; "Feeder" dam, 6 ft.; dam below that, height unknown. Once there was a sporting club at Momence. They tell me it broke up because it could accomplish nothing at getting the ways put in the dams.

I saw Dr. Bartlett yesterday about this matter, and he said he would go down at the end of this week and see what was wrong at Kankakee and Momence. The latter town, he said, had an ordinance requiring the opening of a section of each dam for three months in the spring. He had been making a big fight to get a way put in at the great Wilmington dam. Unless that was in the rest were useless, and that was a government affair and therefore slow. Dr. Bartlett invited me to go down with him on this trip, and I hope to be able to do so, and in any event expect to have further news about this lower country, which is altogether too good to be allowed to waste.

The Fox River and the Kankakee River are the sporting streams for Chicago, and they have actual merit besides that of accessibility. Both are good streams for game and excellent streams for fish. Both should be protected in every possible way as sporting grounds for the rapidly increasing population of this great city. The Fox River is protected. I have often called attention to the splendid work done by the Fox River Association, and even now cannot find praise enough for it, qualifying that only with the hope that its work may never begin to lag. The record of this society, which was only organized in 1888, is a grand one, and shows what a few years of serious effort can do. It is the only association in the State which has results to show, but its record is sufficient and convincing. It has won every suit, put in fishways in the dams from the Mississippi River to the head of the Fox, furnished support to the State Commissioner when needed, enlisted club after club along the Fox and Illinois in the work, and even now is morally behind the great raiding at present in progress against the netters of the Illinois, for Mr. Cole, the president, is in receipt of daily letters regarding the work of the State boat, the

Lotus, which has this spring, under Dr. Bartlett's orders, filled a big ice house full of illegal nets and is after more. The Fox River Association has filled its stream and lakes with game fish. Warden Buck reported yesterday that a big Mississippi River catfish was taken this week clear up the Fox, above the St. Charles dam. This was not a game fish, but its capture is cause for exultation, for such a fish has not been taken there for twenty years, and it shows that the water way is now open for the fish to run up even from the big river.

Now what I want to get at is this: If a protective association could be organized for the Fox, and could do so much work, and accomplish such unquestionable results, why could not an association be organized also for the Kankakee?

The Kankakee is unprotected. It is simply ravaged. That it has a fish in it or a bird along it is a miracle of nature. No butchery is spared its creatures, no illegal, wasteful or destructive method of taking the life of its fish and fowl is forgotten. Rob, kill, destroy, butcher, spare not, pity nothing—that is the rule of the dweller along the Kankakee. Yet the Kankakee is a larger and yet as good a stream as the Fox, and just as close to Chicago. The Chicago ducking clubs are located, it is true, on the Kankakee marshes, which lie in Indiana, but the best fishing part of the stream is in Illinois. Help the Illinois end of it, and you certainly help the Indiana end. Every club man of the Kankakee would be interested in a Kankakee Fish and Game Association.

Now, why not have it? No reason not, unless apathy, indifference or niggardliness. Has not the time gone by for us to have those things in sportsmanship, especially in the sportsmanship of Chicago? Has not the time arrived to continue a work which we have seen made plain as possible and effective. All the earth hates a bluffer, and loves the quiet man who gets there. The Kankakee is as pretty and good a stream as flows in the West. The men who camp along its banks are as good men as any, and they have as much money, and they can organize as well, and work as well, and accomplish as much, and can get there if anybody on earth can. Then why not?

I talked with Mr. Cole and Dr. Bartlett about this, and they thought it over seriously before answering. Then they did answer, and they said that the association for the Kankakee ought to be organized, and that they would back and aid it, counsel and advise it all they could. Mr. Cole said it would not need much money for the first year, not as much as the Fox River Association spent. He could show how to save some money in that work, and besides the work done in suits by the Fox River men would not need to be done over so extensively now on the Kankakee, but would serve as precedent. I asked Mr. Cole if he would take the presidency of such an association, and he said he would act in any advisory office, though he would not take the full executive. Then I asked him if, with an able and respected vice-president for acting executive and a working secretary and \$600 put in bank before a hand was turned, he would come in and take the headship of the association. This shook him a good deal. Mr. Cole ought not to be taken away or subtracted from the Fox River Association the least bit in the world, for that institution should be guarded jealously on the principle of letting well enough alone. That is what we have to go by, to measure from, to refer to. But Mr. Cole has showed that he could get there, and that is the quality wanted in the leader for this work. There are not many suitable for it. That is why he is wanted to lead this new movement, if it is ever made. Miscues, blunders, errors are unavoidable to novices in this work. Mr. Cole and his associates now know how to avoid much of that. They have bought their experience. To-day Dr. Bartlett said: "I use George Cole's name as a club over the law-breakers. Down along the Fox and Illinois they think George Cole has horns." Now, the Kankakee association certainly ought to be organized, and its leader ought to be a man with horns.

The success of a Kankakee association ought to be even quicker and easier than that of the Fox River Association. There are the three great clubs, English Lake, Cumberland, Mak-saw-ba. Couldn't Abner Price raise \$150 in a hurry among his English Lake people? Couldn't Geo. Farmer, Charlie Gammon, a dozen, twenty, fifty, in Cumberland Lodge raise a little \$150 in about one evening? Wouldn't Benton Leiter, Roll Organ, Joe Card, Joe Kinney, Billy Mussey, Dick Cox, or half a hundred others, acquire a hundred and a half in about a minute and a half if they started out and said, "Boys, it has to come?" Couldn't Henry Ehlers go among his German friends at the Diana Club and make 'em liquidate \$100 before breakfast? Couldn't Dick Turtle and his friends hustle out \$50 from the Water Valley Club? Wouldn't Momence men put up \$50? Wouldn't Kankakee town jump at a chance to drop in \$100?

The difficulty in interesting these clubs is that most of the men are shooters and fishers. That ought to cut no figure. The fish wardens could also stop the illegal shooting of the woodducks, woodcock, teal and mallards. It would be a good thing all around. Besides, it is the right thing, and I'll tell why. Some day there is going to be a State league of all these protective societies, with an annual meeting at Springfield, and delegates enough to scare certain legislators who need it. Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Cole and others are already talking this over. It is Mr. Cole's idea. The time will come for it. The organization of the Kankakee association would hasten that day. Word is coming up from the Beardstown Rod and Gun Club every day now, and Mr. A. A. Greene, their president, is jubilant. The Fish Commission is doing great work in this State, and it ought to be known, and so should the fact of the assistance of these local clubs. They are yanking them. They are snaking them this year, sure, and now finally we have got to a place where we can say that the fish protective work for Illinois is past the day of promise, and into the day of performance. It's getting there. Now, what greater step forward in all this work could be taken than the formation of a little league along the Kankakee? It should be organized, and that for success, and not for failure.

We make a mistake when we go away up into Wisconsin, or out into Minnesota, or somewhere else, for fine fishing, be that with bait or fly. We don't know our own country. The Kankakee is a lovely stream. Go see it and then match it for excellence by any other river within 300 miles. It's too good a stream to be robbed, abused and ruined by the mob, as now is being done. It ought to be protected. It stands to reason that some day

it will be. The organization of the Kankakee association is a proper and natural thing. Time will bring it. Why not now? It may not be this year, but I will bet my rifle, blankets and ponies that it will be some day.

April 24.—Mr. Greene writes from Beardstown that the Lotus, the State Commission's steamer, aided by two men, sent out by the club, captured on the 17th two big focus nets (fykes) and a boat load of other nets, and intended to take a flat boat and go for another load. He says the market men are getting scared now. He reports \$75 in the treasury of the Rod and Gun Club and offers aid in men or money. Dr. Bartlett yesterday received a telegram from one of his men that the Lotus had seized another big focus net in an adjacent creek. I met Mr. Cole on the street and he told me he had yet another letter from that locality and that a lot more nets had been seized, but I have not yet had time to go over and see this last letter. It looks as though they were shaking things up down Beardstown way. E. HOUGH.

THE MONARCH OF THE POOL.

THE morning of Sept. 13, 1890, broke in gloom over the State of Maine and the rain beat a restful tattoo upon our camp on the Little Jo Mary, and contributed to a lengthy morning snooze on our fragrant beds of spruce and hemlock. The camp-fire sizzled and spit—the circling smoke now forced to earth by fitful gusts of wind and again circling up and losing itself in the branches. The weird notes of the loon made mournful thrudeny with the sighing of the wind in the treetops and the swish of the waves as they broke upon the shore. During the forenoon we snoozed, played whist (our wives being members of the party), oiled boots, made needed repairs to tackle, mounted some new casts of flies—when came the summons to report at the dinner table. Our stomachs always accompany us on our outings and we strive to treat them as we would our best friends, and years of experience have made us somewhat fastidious in the selection of a chef. The savory odors that had reached our camp for some time previous attested his skill, and these joined to our sojourn in nature's haunts high up in the mountains had so sharpened our appetites that we stood not upon ceremony in obeying the call. That we did ample justice to the inner man and to the skill of our chef, may be inferred when it is known that the one rule that he thought he would have to make and enforce was one limiting our time at table to an hour and a half!

The rain having ceased, our friend of former camps, H. S. Seeley, jumps up from the table and sings out:

"Here's a go for a paddle to the upper end of the lake."
No sooner said than he and the writer with Frank Jones as factotum are off.

The clouds rolled low and Katahdin's nightcap was still upon its head. Spiteful whitecaps broke against and over the bows of our canoe, but being well laden we rode along quite smoothly. Not expecting to do much if any fishing we left all of our tackle behind save a cheap rod that had been left on the beach under the overturned canoe, and a few casts of flies which we carried in our hats.

A beautiful sand bar and shoal has been formed by the action of the water where a brook enters the lake, passing which we find deep water extending back from the mouth about a fourth of a mile, now broken only by gentle ripples. The width varies from twenty to fifty yards with a forest growth on either side and an occasional boulder as large as a small house jutting out from either shore or nearly submerged in the water.

Who could resist the temptation to cast? The rod was soon jointed and a cast made by Harry, a second, a third, and a rise and a strike. Ah! and a game boy is he. I grasp my watch to take the time as he flashes his beautiful sides out of water. Down he goes, out again! down and off as the plant rod yields and the reel sings a tune to which Paganini never played an adequate accompaniment.

It is give and take, and take and give for twenty minutes, when our disciple of Uncle Izaak begins to think it more labor than fun, puts severe strain upon the rod and forces the fight. By dint of great effort and considerable skill he leads the victim around to the stern, where I sit, and as I reach out my hand to grasp the line to lift him in, the fish makes a plunge for liberty, breaking the rod at the second tying from the tip, but I grasp the line on the instant and he is in the canoe and the struggle is ended; and we have an addition of two and a half pounds of beautiful freight to our cargo.

"Well, yes! he made a splendid fight and I am tired. You take the rod, Doctor, and give them a try."

Examining the rod we find it like all cheap goods, only "a delusion and a snare." The strips had never been cemented, but glued, and the glue yielding to the moisture, had allowed the strips to separate and bend over nearly to a right angle. Had we another rod along this one doubtless would have gone where it deserved—to the bottom. But we straightened it out, split a quill tooth pick and bound it firmly about the rod with a bit of line and started down stream toward the lake.

We had gone some distance without a rise and I began to distrust my store flies. A huge sunken tree, which had fallen athwart the stream at an angle and right in line with an immense boulder, which extended into the water, turned the current and made a whirlpool that looked to be a most promising spot, and we did our best for "distance, delicacy and accuracy." And, lo! a rise! a swirl of the water and all is quiet. I note that he is a large one, and distrusting my flies tell the paddlers to send the craft right along to the shoal. Here I mount a cast of flies tied by Geo. H. Burtis, of this city, composed of Parmachenee bellies for hand and tail fly with a Jenny Lind for dropper, and back we turn to try conclusions with his lordship. We near the spot and redouble our efforts. A rise, a strike, and right about face went our canoe down stream for the lake as if drawn by a span of ponies. And here we are anchored to a giant with a disabled rod and no gaff or landing net. Let him go, says I, keeping the canoe in mid-stream, and if he reaches the clear water of the lake I will make a landing at the sand bar and reel him out on the beach. We fight minute by minute and contest inch by inch. We near the mouth and I prepare to step out, but no, says he, as he makes a grand break and darts up stream as if he divined my purpose. He sulks, and we think it safe to reel in—a dart to the surface, a break, a dive, a break and dive again. Break, dive, dart, sulk succeed break, dive, dart and sulk! Minutes have sped along into an hour and yet

he is not subdued. As we start from the rapids on the fourth trip I avow that it will be trout or no trout this time when we reach the sand bar, as the fatigue that has supervened has long since eliminated the element of sport and excitement from the unequal contest. I give him the butt of the rod and succeed in getting his nose out of the water. He throws all his weight on the rod and the pliant thing permits him to dive well below the surface.

Again I get his head out of water and again he dives, but with less strength and determination; and he sooner yields to the pressure on the rod. His strength fails and yet he is game and a very unwilling captive. We reach the bar and I step out, followed by the crew. The canoe is beached and I reel in. The boatmen, armed with a paddle, surround his kingship and follow him in until I land upon the sand this foeman worthy of his steel. He tipped the scales at 4½ lbs., and while many a larger one has fallen victim to the tempting lure and human skill, I cannot conceive of and never expect to have, a greater battle than I had, with this monarch of the pool.

If any reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* would like to try his luck and test his skill in this attractive and romantic region, which is outside the beaten path and yet easy of access, a line of inquiry addressed to L. M. Gerrish, Buronville, Me., will secure all needed information. Mr. Gerrish was our guide and chef, and we cannot say too much in his praise. GEO. MCALTEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

APRIL TROUT.

THE April fishing for trout in Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania has not come up to the expectations of the anglers. The fish have not reached their prime condition and show very little interest in anything except the worm. In Connecticut a sentiment in favor of changing the date of the open season from April 1 to May 1 appears to be growing. A great many small trout have been caught and few large ones; the largest recorded is one of 3½ oz., taken by Mr. Potter, of Forestville. Connecticut streams have been depleted by over-fishing and the use of explosives.

In Pennsylvania large trout have formed a greater ratio of the catch; the good work of the Fish Commission in restocking natural trout streams which had been fished out is attracting universal attention and the anglers are reaping the benefit of the State's liberality. The Schuylkill valley has yielded a goodly number of fine trout, among them numerous specimens of about ½ lb. in weight.

When the balmy air of May is fragrant with the perfume of apple blossoms, and the meadows are bright with the golden buttercup; when the pale anemone lifts its modest head in shady woods and the busy hum of insect life mingles with the plaintive notes of nesting birds, the angler may seek his favorite streams and match his choicest flies and consummate skill against the cunning of the vigorous and wary trout with reasonable assurance of rare enjoyment and ample reward.

MISSOURI VALLEY ASSOCIATION.—Kansas City, Mo., April 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is important that the sportsmen generally should know that we (Kansas City sportsmen) are working just as hard as our friends and neighbors are. We have used our best efforts, and by the aid of our worthy representative, Mr. Coats, for which we thank him very much, will have a law in about sixty days which we intend shall protect the fish and game of our section, at least. We want the public to know that in the last three months we have perfected an organization known as the Missouri Valley Fish and Game Protective Association, and at our last meeting it was shown to have 207 members in good standing. Uncle Joe Erwin, one of the oldest veterans as an angler, is our permanent president, and we are fully satisfied that there is no one in our State that is more earnest in the matter than Uncle Joe. Some time in the future we shall give you the joke he played on some of the Down East anglers before he emigrated to this country. He being in such a position as to prosecute the law breakers, and having the money to back him, we feel sure that we shall soon have better fishing than we have had in the past. James Whitfield, who is connected with our leading daily paper and is a great rustler, is the secretary of our organization, and is very active and a well-informed man. The season for angling here has been very backward, and so far we have not heard of any great catches having been made; but if this season is as favorable as the last, no doubt we shall be able to give you an account of some of the great game fish procured in the West before the season is over. —SCOTT.

SULLIVAN COUNTY TROUT.—Woodbourne, N. Y., April 24.—Never in the history of trout fishing have the indications been so favorable for a great season, as every circumstance promises for the coming summer an abundance of sport for the worthy angler. The winter has been favorable, as there were no ice jams in the streams to do destructive work, as is too often the result in the breaking up of winter in these mountain streams. And the beneficial evidences of a continual stocking have encouraged the residents to greater energy. This season, as heretofore, over 1,000,000 trout fry were distributed throughout the county at the heads of the many streams. This good work has been carried on for the past ten years. It takes about four years for the young trout to reach the desired size, when they can make it interesting for a 7oz. rod in the hands of an amateur angler. There are about 500 miles of trout streams throughout the county, convenient to the line of the New York, Ontario and Western R. R., and some of these streams are the most popular in the State. Among them are the Neversink, Willowemoc, Beaverkill and Mongaup. The Neversink has its source in the Big Indian Mountain and flows through a wild and romantic part of the county, it is one succession of pools, eddies and rapids, in which sport the spotted beauties varying in size, and frequently reach up into the pounds. The largest catch for last year was made by a guide living at the village of Woodbourne, who thought it no trick to fill a 12 or 14 lbs. basket during the day, with as fine specimens of brook and California trout as one could hope to hook. The California trout were first placed in the Neversink River by Seth Green as an experiment, to learn if they would propagate, and since the stocking by Seth Green a number of shipments of the same species have been successfully placed in the small brooks leading into the main streams; they grow

almost twice as large as the native brook trout in the same length of time. Experienced fishermen hereabouts look for the best sport during the months of May and June, when fly-fishing will begin in earnest, and they safely predict for this season a greater catch than has ever before been known.—OBSERVER.

KEUKA LAKE.—Dundee, N. Y., April 27.—Trout fishing in Lake Keuka has opened very satisfactorily this year. Several fine catches have already been made. Eighty pounds of trout were recently brought in in one afternoon by the guests of the Lake Keuka House. The fish are running larger than for several seasons past at this time of year. Dr. Phillips, of Penn Yan, captured one last week weighing 14½ lbs. and measuring 37 in. in length. Several weighing 10 lbs. have also been caught. —GUY GRUNDY.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 28 to May 2.—Dog Show of the California Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. L. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

COCKER SPANIELS AT CHICAGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As an owner and exhibitor of dogs, I desire to protest in the most emphatic way against *FOREST AND STREAM*, a journal which the dog-loving public look to for accurate and unbiased reports of the different dog shows that are held, being made the medium for abusing and maligning my spaniels by a disappointed exhibitor. My special cause of complaint is your report of cocker spaniels at the Chicago show. It is not my intention to enter into a newspaper discussion as to the cocker spaniels shown at Chicago further than to say that the dog which Mr. Bell appears desirous of setting back has won at five shows this spring, under four different judges, six first prizes, two second prizes, one third prize and five special prizes. Further, that he can beat, under the official judges of the American Spaniel Club, any cocker dog (or bitch either) that Mr. Bell owns; for fun, money or marbles.

You say, in regard to the cocker spaniel classes: "George Bell writes us the notes on them." I am quite ready to admit the statement as correct, and believe any one with ordinary perception would not require to be informed of the fact, but would see that there was a "nigger in the fence" after reading the report. It is quite evident that Mr. Bell did not expect that his name would appear in connection with the report.

[Here follows Mr. Bell's report in parallel columns accompanying his criticisms on his own dogs and those of his competitors. Space will not permit our publishing it, especially as it is only a repetition of a report already printed. In justice to Mr. Bell we may say that he signed his name in full to the report in question.]

Any one who will say that this report was a strictly fair and impartial report is stating what is untrue. A glance shows that all the dogs owned by the writer of the report have all the essential points of the breed, leaving almost nothing to be desired. All Mr. Bell's dogs (if you take his word for it) are "world-beaters," grand movers, etc. None of the other dogs appear to have been "in it." Still, Mr. Nelles, who is one of the official judges of the Spaniel Club, thought differently; and when Mr. Bell found that he could not work successfully the big game of bluff on the judge that he intended, he became abusive and so impertinent in the ring that Mr. Nelles finally asked him who was judging the dogs. The spaniels at Chicago were placed as a majority of the Spaniel Club judges would have placed them, and I think that this report, belittling every dog not owned by himself comes with very poor grace.

This same George Bell wrote me, under date of March 13, 1891 (less than a month before the Chicago show), in reply to a letter of mine, stating that I desired to dispose of all my spaniels, the following peculiar letter:

TORONTO, March 13.—Mr. A. Laidlaw.—Dear Laidlaw: Your letter to hand. I am showing at Chicago and Denver only. I have got a strong kennel of blacks, do. reds, do. livers. Would not care to buy any at present, but would show about three of yours for you in my name and do my best to sell them for you. Let me know what you think of this.—G. BELL.

Mr. Bell has for several years never lost an opportunity of abusing my dogs and myself personally. He has followed the same tactics with regard to other spaniel men, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. I have hopes, however, that he will in future devote his attention more strictly to his own business, and if by doing so he can produce the "world-beaters" he claims to have (but which he has not) I will acknowledge the fact as quickly as any one. My own opinion is that your reporter was much more competent to criticise the cocker spaniels at Chicago than the man who supplied the notes for the report.

ANDREW LAIDLAW.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., April 21.

MASTIFFS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notwithstanding the opinion of the judge at the last New York bench show that champion Beaufort was a used up specimen, authority of greater weight says Beaufort never looked or appeared better or was in better show condition and health, "and that no one could say that he showed the first symptoms of weakness in any part of his grand frame." He was there as he always has proved himself in the strongest company and before all judges, king of the stud and of the show bench.

Why has the mastiff fallen in popularity? Not from any fault of the dog, for he is still the most trusty and noble of all. Is it not more on account of the poor specimens that have appeared with few exceptions at our principal shows for the last two years? Why have not the old breeders brought out anything new? Is it to be supposed that with the best bitches that can be obtained from England in their kennels and with such a sire as champion Beaufort has proved himself, that within the past two years they have bred nothing worth showing. If you think so visit their kennels and judge for yourself. Should there be a judge at New York next spring who is a recognized authority, a breeder who has owned and bred good ones, then you will

see a class of mastiffs that America can be proud of. It will have the same effect on quality and the increase of the mastiff classes that it did in 1888, when Mr. W. K. Taunton was the judge there. Then the value of Beaufort as a stud mastiff would be more plainly seen.

Besides the quality of Beaufort's get, he has sired the largest and strongest litters; besides, bitches that I have been unable to get in whelp by other dogs after repeated trials for the last three years, have had fine litters by him. At first I regretted that there were no entries made of Beaufort pups that he had sired since he came over, but afterward I saw it was best that they were away. I was anxious to show the great value of Beaufort to American breeders when properly mated. Mastiff breeders will remember the exhibition of mastiffs given at the Crystal Palace in honor of the visit of the president of the American Mastiff Club, and of the presentation of the mastiff bitch Albion (champion Hotspur—Nita) by Dr. Sidney Turner to Dr. Derby, and his remark that by the unity of Beaufort and the Albion blood the finest pups should be obtained. Shortly after Albion's arrival she was sent to my kennels and was bred to Beaufort, when she whelped one of the most remarkable litters in every respect, so far as quality and quantity goes. She gave birth to 10 dogs and 5 bitches. I call this Beaufort's great, prize litter. Well may Dr. Derby be proud of it. He will stand many points ahead whenever any appear on the show bench should it be before a judge who knows a mastiff. J. L. WISCHELL.

FAIR HAVEN, Vt., April 18.

THE AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB JUDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice, in April 16 issue, that a member of the above club wishes to tell some of us how to cast our vote for the two vacancies that remain on the list of judges. Mr. Hemingway and Mr. West, as explained, will not be on the list and two others will take their places. Who shall those two be? I think another might be substituted for Mr. Nelles, thereby making three. Mr. Kirk, of Toronto, is mentioned as one and will probably give great satisfaction. Mr. Winslow is the other. I do not hold with his nomination. Should not call him a spaniel man; he is a first-rate gentleman socially—none other like him, and a great favorite and as good a pointer judge as we have in America, but I am sure the last few years he has not dabbled in spaniels. Count him out and put in "long and low" Otis Fellows. Now last, but not least, comes the best of the trio, one who has proved himself time and again the shrewdest buyer and breeder of any one in the country—that is Geo. Bell. A man who buys Obos and such like for \$4 and makes champions of them is quite qualified as a judge. So cast your vote as follows and be guided by your father and you won't go wrong—Mason, Wilmerding, Willey, Oldham, Otis Fellows, Kirk, Geo. Bell and Laidlaw. PATER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with much reluctance that, during the past circuit, I had to so often disagree with the awards and criticisms of the spaniel classes, and particularly where the Spaniel Club's cups were competed for. I always avoided saying anything where I was interested in any degree, and wish to make it clear with regard to Baron's competition for the cup, that I carefully prevented any arrangements whereby I became interested in his defeat or success. This is a point I wish my fellow members to know. In a recent issue you had a communication recommending certain men for the new list of judges for the Spaniel Club, which did not seem to be exactly to the taste of many exhibitors, and it seems to me that the members of the club do not require to be so instructed. I wish to say in reply that, with many others, I think that some provision should be made for some one competent to handle the large Irish water spaniel classes at the Western shows, and that others thoroughly acquainted with the Clumber, the field, as well as cocker spaniels, should be on the new list. In thus insuring a good and equal representation for each variety, a fair proportion of Canadians should be on the list, not only because it is their right and equally proper as a matter of courtesy, but also because of the desirability of having the judges so located that their expenses will not be too heavy for show committees. EDWIN H. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, April 24.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An executive meeting of the National Beagle Club was held at 256 Washington street, Boston, Mass., April 23. President O. W. Brookings called the meeting to order at 8 o'clock, the roll call showing two absentees. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Committees on banquet and decoration gave their reports and were discharged.

Several communications were read and accepted. Mr. Schellhass was further instructed to fulfill duties imposed upon him at the amalgamation meeting held at New York and was elected delegate to represent the National Beagle Club at meetings of the American Kennel Club. Mr. W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, Ohio, was elected a member.

Dr. W. A. Power, chairman, Messrs. Rutner, Jamieson, Clark and Turpin were appointed a committee by the president to carry out the vote of the club in regard to incorporation under the laws of Massachusetts.

Much discussion in regard to the National Beagle Club field trials followed and the executive committee was instructed to look up and report at the next meeting any grounds they may see before that time. It is expected at the next meeting the time and place may be selected so that those who desire to train their dogs may be assured that the field trials will be held. The prizes will be liberal and a large entry is expected. Meeting then adjourned until Saturday, May 2. HUBITE.

THE LATE MR. PORTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By a vote of the Executive Committee of the Bulldog Club of America, the following was adopted: Whereas, The All-Wise Disposer of human events has taken from us by the hand of death, suddenly on the 16th inst., our highly respected friend, colleague and vice-president, Edgar Sheffield Porter, who was one of the prime movers in the formation of our club and has been our valued associate, be it

Resolved, That acquiescing as we must in this dispensation of Divine Providence, we cannot but lament the loss we have sustained, as individuals, and as members of this club.

Resolved, That we express in this manner our high appreciation of his many excellent qualities which endeared him to each one of us, and of his valuable services so cheerfully rendered to the club, and of which we regret that we must henceforth be deprived.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published, as our testimony of the worth of one who has been called from us, in the summer of his years and usefulness, and that they be communicated to his family as expressive of our cordial sympathy in their great bereavement.

CHAS. D. CUGLE, Sec'y.

HAMILTON DOG SHOW.—Hamilton, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have the pleasure to inform you hereby that the bench show of the Hamilton Kennel Club will be held in this city on 9th, 10th and 11th Sept., 1891, and the club now claims these dates.—A. D. STEWART, Pres. H. K. C.

THE VREDENBURGH-PESHALL CASE.

THE trial of Mr. Chas. J. Peshall, charged with libel, for having said that the accounts of the American Kennel Club were juggled, was concluded last Friday, when the jury, having weighed the evidence in the case, brought in their finding that there was no libel in what Mr. Peshall had written.

The evidence was summed up on Thursday afternoon. Judge Martine concluded his charge shortly after 1 o'clock on Friday, and the jury retired. They were an intelligent set of men, "a jury of business men," as the Court had characterized them; and among the twelve were three practical book-keepers. Their first ballot showed 7 for acquittal and 5 for conviction; the second 8 for acquittal; the third 9. There it stood; and so determined were the 3 for conviction that in the jury room a disagreement was thought inevitable. Then they sent for Mr. Vredenburg's books. It was discovered that although these were a part of the evidence in the case, they had already been taken back to the A. K. C. office; but after an hour's delay they were brought into court and by consent of counsel on both sides were delivered to the jury. The three jurors who had all this time been standing out for conviction took a look at the books. There was no further argument nor delay. The jury returned to the court room, and Foreman Samuel Levon announced the verdict, "Not guilty."

The case grew out of Mr. Peshall's criticism of the management of the A. K. C. This began in the winter of 1888-9, and was continued, until on June 19, 1890, in an article published in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Peshall charged that the financial management of the club, as evinced by the treasurer's reports, was false and fraudulent. As a reply to this article Sec. Treas. Vredenburg preferred counter charges against Mr. Peshall and summoned him to appear to answer them at a special meeting of the advisory committee in July, 1890. Mr. Peshall denying the jurisdiction and even the legal existence of the committee, refused to appear. The committee referred the charges to the club. The controversy over the accounts was continued in *FOREST AND STREAM*. On Sept. 18 Mr. Vredenburg made a complaining affidavit before the Grand Jury charging Mr. Peshall with libel. The charge was based on the article of June 19, and specified in particular the following paragraphs which we copy as they appear in the indictment:

I have also opposed the financial management of this Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club] and for fear that I may have been misunderstood, permit me now to say that the financial management as evinced by the reports made, are not only false and fraudulent, false, because they are not true, and fraudulent because they have been made with the intention to deceive.

A few days after this meeting, while the writer of this was in the American Kennel Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club] office, Mr. Vredenburg [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburg] stated to me out of his own mouth, substantially that I had made no mistake in nominating Mr. Belmont, as he had come into the office mourning over the smallness of the bank account and replenished it with a large sum of money. At the annual meeting of the American Kennel Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club], which was held Feb. 21, 1889, Mr. Vredenburg [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburg] as treasurer made two reports, commencing from Dec. 5, 1888, and showing the balance as reported at the previous meeting \$5.39, and on Jan. 1, \$1,228.28. If any book-keeper will now take these two accounts and examine them, there is only one conclusion that he can come to, and that is this, that they are false. The item of \$1,228.28 was not earned by the Club [meaning the said American Kennel Club], there was no possible resource from which the club could earn this item, and the club [meaning the said American Kennel Club] did not earn it, it was either borrowed, book-kept or juggled into the accounts.

May 8, 1888, the American Kennel Club treasurer's [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburg's] report shows \$128.00 on hand. Secretary goes to Europe, returns Dec. 3, 1888. Dec. 6, 1888, makes a report dated Dec. 5, balance on hand \$5.39. At the same meeting asked to have registration fee increased 100 per cent, because stud book was always published at a loss. On same month states to the writer, received a large amount of money from the president, Feb. 21, 1889, makes two reports of this money, which show into one report in two days.

January, 1890, secretary and treasurer [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburg] published an annual statement showing that from and during the year 1889 he [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburg] had received from the dog men and breeders of this country \$8,312.23, and that he [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburg] and a few others had expended \$7,037.09, and yet he [meaning the said A. P. Vredenburg] fails to show in any of his reports where the dog men and breeders have received any benefit from the expenditure of this money; for no stud book was published during the year and for some two months thereafter.

Mr. Vredenburg's affidavit was sustained by others sworn to by Messrs. Jas. L. Anthony and A. C. Wilmerding. Upon these an indictment was found by the Grand Jury, and on Sept. 25, at a time when the A. K. C. had convened in secret session to suspend him, Mr. Peshall was arrested on a charge of criminal libel. He pressed for an early trial, but the prosecution put the case off with one excuse and another, and it was not until after numerous postponements—nine it is said—that he finally succeeded last week in getting his case before a jury. The trial began Friday morning, April 17, was resumed on Monday, and concluded on Friday last.

Mr. Peshall, who is a lawyer, conducted his own defense and did it with great skill. The old saw is that a man who tries his own case has a fool for a client. Mr. Peshall did not illustrate the truth of the saying, though his position was recognized to be a difficult one; and it was a tremendous physical and mental strain on the man; and when, on the afternoon of the fifth day of the trial, he came to the summing up, he exhibited manifest signs of exhaustion. From the beginning he showed that the prosecution was not going to catch him napping at any stage of the game. If ever a lawyer pleaded a case with a firm conviction of the merits of his side it was Peshall defending Peshall. This unmistakable sincerity had its effect upon the jury from the first. Those who heard the man knew that, right or wrong, he believed he was right; and before he finished he had made most of them share this belief with him. His opening address was a creditable effort, with passages marked by true eloquence. The lines of defense—the points which he endeavored to prove—were that the publication of the article was justified because the charges contained in it were true, were made without malice and in the belief that they were true, that the article was in reply to the personal attack on himself in the *American Kennel Gazette*, that his prosecution for libel was only part of a scheme to "down him" in the estimation of dog men. All this he endeavored to show for the most part by the prosecution's own witnesses. The direct examinations by Assistant District Attorney McIntyre were as a rule brief, and most of the questioning was done by Mr. Peshall on his cross examinations; he kept Mr. Vredenburg on the stand about two full days.

A tremendous mass of testimony was brought out; the stenographer's transcript comprises over 500 type written pages of letter paper. We cannot attempt to give more than a small portion of it, selecting those parts which relate to the points to which most interest appeared to be attached. The notorious balance of \$1,228.28 was, as a matter of course, the first subject of inquiry by Mr. Peshall. In fact it never disappeared for long, and was heard of all through the trial, and made a farewell appearance only in the charge to the jury. We shall give to-day only that part of the testimony (or a portion of it) which had to do with the sum of \$1,228.28 and the items composing it. To this item the cross examination always returned, even after the defendant had, as Mr. McIntyre complained, "traveled all over creation." Here is a protest by the Court, on the second day:

THE COURT: I am not going over the accounts of this club any more than is pertinent to this question. You are charged with having uttered and published a libel. Whatever re-

lates to your defense—whatever relates to the claim that is apparently made, that the statements that the accounts were incorrect are true—whatever tends to show that you were correct or incorrect, I must certainly allow; but I do not want to be drawn into any side issue that may not have that tendency and pertinency, and I am not going any further unless I am clear that that is the situation.

MR. PESHALL: Well, if your Honor please, these are accounts that I have been attacking. I have been attacking these accounts right along.

THE COURT: Well, haven't you all that you want? This witness has told you.

MR. PESHALL: I understand that, your Honor. But I propose now—this is the first opportunity that I have ever had to get these items, and I want them now.

THE COURT: I am not going into the general bookkeeping of the club. It may have been good or bad bookkeeping, and I care only for the portion that relates to the charge here.

MR. PESHALL: It all relates to the indictment. Please hand me the indictment.

THE COURT: Now, Mr. Peshall, without going over all that, if you can show here and elsewhere that the accounts are incorrect—is not that what you want to show?

MR. PESHALL: Yes, sir.

THE COURT: And without going into the entire bookkeeping of the club. Do you think it serves the interest that you represent to do that?

MR. PESHALL: It certainly does; and I will state here—

THE COURT: You will have this jury so bedazzled with figures that they will not know where they are when they get through.

MR. PESHALL: Well, if they are not more clouded about them than the dog men throughout the country, why, it will be lucky.

THE COURT: I assume that, because I confess that I am bedazzled myself as to the figures, but I depend upon the jury, who are business men and better mathematicians than I am.

The first witness called for the prosecution was Mr. Alfred P. Vredenburg, who testified that he was the secretary and treasurer of the American Kennel Club at an annual salary of \$1,800; had held the office since May, 1886. Described the composition of the American Kennel Club and its purposes. The constitution and by-laws of the club were introduced to show his duties as an officer. The witness testified that he had charge of the publications and finances of the club and made his annual reports in February. Had a conversation with the defendant in May, 1890, at which time he had assured him that the accounts were perfectly correct in every way, and the defendant's response was a simple reiteration of his accusation. The witness had brought with him, and they were subsequently put in evidence, a copy of *FOREST AND STREAM*, June 19, 1890, containing the alleged libel; also the treasurer's book of the A. K. C., including the bank pass book (Chatham National Bank), stub of check book and returned checks, minute book of the A. K. C. to January, 1890; invoice book, containing the bills paid by the A. K. C.; a ledger of the A. K. C.; daily cash book from January, 1887, to April, 1888, and another one from April, 1888, to April, 1889; also the *American Kennel Gazette* for February, 1889. Mr. Peshall subsequently called for a large red-bound ledger, in which he claimed the A. K. C. accounts were formerly kept; but Mr. Vredenburg denied its existence.

On cross-examination by Mr. Peshall, the witness testified that at the December, 1888, meeting he had read his treasurer's report, showing a balance in the treasury of \$5.39, and that his next report was that of February, 1889; that he had never made an annual report for 1888; that the February report was the Treasurer's account from Dec. 5, 1888, to the time of the meeting, February, 1889. That report was as follows:

REPORT READ AT ANNUAL MEETING, FEB. 21, 1889.

TREASURER'S REPORT, 1889.

A. K. C. Account.

Balance on hand Dec. 5, 1888.....	\$5 39
Received from clubs for annual dues.....	\$70 00
Received for registration of prefixes.....	15 00
	\$90 39
Expenses.....	
Returned dues to Tenn. P. and P. S. Association, said club withdrawing its application.....	\$10 00
Stenographer, meeting Dec. 6, 1888.....	25 00
Office furniture.....	15 00
Petty expenses.....	6 94
	\$50 94
Balance.....	\$383 45

Clubs in Arrears for Dues.

American Field Trials Club.....	\$10 00
National Poultry Association, Atlanta, Ga.....	10 00
Stafford Kennel Club.....	10 00
Winsted Kennel Club.....	10 00
	\$40 00

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

TREASURER'S REPORT, 1889.

of moneys received by the A. K. C. from all sources, and of expenses of every description to Feb. 16, 1889:

Receipts to Jan. 11, 1889, as per balance carried forward to new cash book.....	\$1228 28
From registrations, Stud Book.....	182 00
Sales of Stud Book.....	145 50
Advertisements, Stud Book.....	50 00
From registrations, Gazette.....	141 75
Sales, Gazette.....	50 00
Advertisements, Gazette.....	9 08
Subscriptions, Gazette.....	6 00
Annual dues, active members.....	507 50
Annual dues, associates.....	15 00
Claims for prefixes.....	
	\$2375 53

Expenses from Jan. 11, 1889.

For Stud Book, including editor's salary on account of last year.....	\$191 20
For Gazette.....	365 64
For club.....	194 51
	\$751 44

Balance on hand..... \$1624 09

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

Asked to explain the item of \$870 in this statement, the witness, consulting his ledger, testified that it was made up of club dues paid as follows:

July 24, Dues, Southern Field Trial Club.....	\$10 00
24, Albany Kennel Club.....	10 00
21, Washington City Kennel Club.....	10 00
21, Virginia Field Sports Association.....	10 00
14, The Tennessee Poultry and Pet Stock Association.....	10 00
Aug. 6, The Chattahoochee Valley Exposition Company.....	10 00
21, The Gordon Setter Club.....	10 00
Oct. 23, The Maryland Kennel Club.....	10 00
Dec. 5, The Rochester Kennel Club.....	10 00
5, The Columbia Financiers' Club.....	10 00
8, Pacific Kennel Club.....	10 00
10, Michigan Kennel Club.....	10 00
10, The Beagle Club.....	10 00
10, The Westminster Kennel Club.....	10 00
12, The Fox-Terrier Club.....	10 00
12, The Collie Club.....	10 00
12, The St. Bernard Club.....	10 00
15, The New England Kennel Club.....	10 00
17, The Pittsburgh Kennel Club.....	10 00
19, The New Jersey Kennel Club.....	10 00
20, The Mascot Kennel Club.....	10 00
21, The Philadelphia Kennel Club.....	10 00
21, The Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association.....	10 00
21, The Cincinnati Sportsman's Association.....	10 00
31, The Rhode Island Kennel Club.....	10 00

1889.		
Jan. 2,	The Massachusetts Kennel Club.....	10
4,	The Worcester Kennel Club.....	10
11,	The Hartford Kennel Club.....	10
12,	The Wisconsin Kennel Club.....	10
21,	The Cleveland Kennel Club.....	10
21,	The American Mastiff Club.....	10
21,	The Rensselaer Kennel Club.....	10
23,	The Syracuse Kennel Club.....	10
25,	The Fort Schuyler Kennel Club.....	10
23,	The Gordon Setter Club.....	10
Feb. 4,	The St. Paul Kennel Club.....	10
6,	The Toledo Kennel Club.....	10

Mr. Peshall then asked for the receipts of this nature subsequent to Dec. 5, 1888 (the date of the \$5.39 balance), and the testimony ran as follows:

Q. Now, will you tell the Court and jury how many dollars you got in after that; that is, commencing on Dec. 8, how many clubs paid \$10 each? A. Twenty-six.

Q. Twenty-six? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now, will you look at that account and see how you can get 26 clubs to pay in \$370 there, and \$90 in the other account? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, tell us how it is. A. The statement of the treasurer was brought up to the annual meeting of Feb. 6, '89, which made \$370, received from dues from 37 clubs. The statement that I made, running back from Jan. 11, includes in that, as you will see, only dues from active members—\$90—which were paid in between the 11th day of January and the date of the 16th of February.

Q. Now, will you take your pencil and figure out and show us how you make that? You may be a better figurer than I am. I don't pretend to be a bookkeeper. A. Well, I can do it very well. On the 12th of January I received \$10.

Q. Well, who did you receive that from? A. From the Wisconsin Kennel Club. That is one. On the 21st I received from the Cleveland Kennel Club \$10. On the 22d of January, from the American Mastiff Club, \$10. On the 23d of January, from the Rensselaer Kennel Club, \$10. On the 23d of January I received from the Syracuse Kennel Club \$10. On the 25th of January I received \$10 from the Fort Schuyler Club. On the 26th of January I received \$10 from the Gordon Setter Club. That makes seven. On the 4th of February I received \$10 from the St. Paul Kennel Club. On the 6th of February I received \$10 from the Toledo Kennel Club. That is 9.

Q. Now, that is the ninth. Now, will you account to us and tell us in regard to the other. That makes 9 clubs that paid after Jan. 11, does it? A. After Jan. 11.

Q. And there were how many clubs that paid between Dec. 5, 1888, and Jan. 11? A. 17.

MR. PESHALL: Yes, sir. During the latter part of December and commencing the 8th of December. A. 20.

Q. How many are ten 20's? A. 200.

Q. How do you account for \$370, then? A. Well, simply between Jan. 24 and Dec. 5, there were eight clubs that paid applied on the new payment of dues.

Q. Now, let me ask you this question: You made a report on the 5th of December and read that report at the meeting of December? A. Yes.

Q. And you said you had \$5.39 on hand? A. Yes.

Q. Where was this money? A. It was waiting to go on the new account; it belonged to the account.

Q. You did not report it? A. No.

Q. You had it? A. Yes, sir, I had it.

Q. Then you had—then your account on the 5th of December was not correct, and you had \$80 more in your possession than you stated? A. My account is correct, because—

Q. Now, answer my question. You are under cross-examination.

MR. MCINTYRE: If your Honor please—

MR. PESHALL: I protest. This is cross-examination and it certainly is no time to come to his rescue.

THE COURT: Mr. Peshall, you must not talk quite so much. Everybody is with you but the District Attorney. If you talk so much the Court cannot hear you.

MR. MCINTYRE: And I am certainly against him on this line of examination.

THE COURT: Now, put a new question. Let us have it again.

MR. PESHALL: Q. You say that you had \$80 in your possession that you did not report as treasurer? A. I did.

Q. Then your account that you made then—the report that you made at that time—was not true? A. It was true.

Q. It was true? A. Yes. The \$80 applied to a subsequent time. It was paid in advance—there is the difference—before it was due.

Q. You had the money in your possession as treasurer? A. And it is here credited.

Q. Was it credited in December? A. No, sir. It was credited already, but it was paid.

Q. You say it was paid in July or August—along there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And you had it in your possession as treasurer of the American Kennel Club? A. Yes.

Q. And you did not account for it at the December meeting? A. No, sir.

Q. Then, if it was your duty to account for the money at the December meeting—for the \$80—then your account was not true? A. I held that money in trust for these clubs.

Q. You were treasurer of the club? A. I was.

Q. And you had the money? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And those clubs looked to the American Kennel Club for that? A. Yes.

Q. And you were secretary and treasurer? A. Yes.

Q. And you had the money and did not report it? A. That is true. But that money was not due until the following December.

The witness then testified that he had never as treasurer at any meeting of the club given the items making up the sum of \$1,228.28, but he had given them to a number of the members of the club. Had never published them in the sporting papers nor in the *Kennel Gazette*. Had been requested by defendant to do so. Had made in 1890 a detailed report for 1889, so that the dog men throughout the country knew where the money he spent had come from and where it went to. Had in January, 1888, published a report for the year ending 1887, because the *FOREST AND STREAM* had questioned the defendant's statements respecting the financial condition of the A. K. C.

Returning to the item of \$1,228.28, the defendant resumed:

Q. Will you give us the items now, Mr. Vredenburg, going to make up that item of \$1,228.28? A. I will. I commenced on Jan. 10, 1888, with \$650.04. I received from members' dues \$310. I received for registration of prefixes \$42. I received for traveling fund \$100. Received for sundries, incidentals, \$7.90. Received for the registering of dogs \$2,128. Received for sales of stud book \$897. Received for tabulated pedigrees \$54.50. Received for advertising \$425.25. The total receipts were \$4,714.69. The disbursements for salaries, rent, printing, postage, expressage and incidental expenses during the period amounted to \$3,486.41, which disbursements deducted from the receipts of \$4,714.69 leave a balance of \$1,228.28.

Q. Now, Mr. Vredenburg, will you allow me to recall your attention again to this account, which was filed in 1890—January, 1890. Now, will you look at that stud book for 1888 and tell me how much money was in the stud book account, at that time, of this sum of \$1,228.28 that you claim? A. It must have been the difference between \$1,228.28 and \$383.45—about \$800. This is in my following ledger.

THE COURT: Q. The difference between what? A. \$383.45

MR. PESHALL: Q. Now, what was the balance on hand,

You are a bookkeeper? A. Not an educated bookkeeper, but I keep the accounts of the club.

Q. What do you mean by an annual statement? What is meant by it—as secretary and treasurer of the corporation? A. Well, I mean by the annual statement that I show the sources of income and the disbursements for the year, leading up to that item, and the difference, the balance, is to my credit. That is, if we have a balance, but showing everything in detail.

Q. That is it. Everything in detail? A. Yes.

Q. Now, Mr. Vredenburg, an annual statement made by a firm or corporation or bank—when this statement is made it shows the condition of the corporation, or the club, or the firm, or whatever it may be, when the annual statement is made, does it not? (Objected to. Objection sustained.)

Q. I will ask you if this is a part of your report made for the year—if you made this report to the club, to the members of the American Kennel Club at the annual meeting and published in your official paper, of which I will show you an extract.

THE COURT: Let him identify it first.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Yes, I will ask you to identify it first. A. I wrote that report.

THE COURT: Was it published by your authority? A. It was published by me. I never reported it at a meeting, though. Q. You wrote and published it? A. Yes, sir.

MR. PESHALL: Q. I would ask you to read what is said in that report about your stud book? A. "The 'Stud Book Account' carried over from 1888 a credit balance of \$942.89, but from this we had to pay for the printing of Volume V., Part IV. (that is the book containing the registrations received during October, November and December, 1888.)" [Q. Now, I want to ask you—THE COURT: He may finish the answer.] A. There are only three more lines—"amounting to \$498.12; also the editor's arrears of salary, \$287.50, which left an actual balance of \$157.27."

MR. PESHALL: Q. Now, Mr. Vredenburg, if you will hand that back to me I will ask you this question. In truth and in fact, now the only balance that is, if you have been making an annual statement; but, if it was an annual statement that you were making for 1888, the true balance, as you state there, would be \$157 and some cents. A. Let me have the book and I will tell you.

Q. You just read it. A. That's all right, but I would prefer having it in my hand before I answer the question. We carried over a balance of \$942.89, and then from this we had to pay for the printing of books, which is \$498.12; also the editor's arrears of salary, \$287.50, which left an actual balance at that time—

Q. At what time? A. After these were paid—of \$157.27.

Q. Now, then, at the time that you made that statement at that meeting—at that meeting those bills were all due? A. Yes, they were due.

Q. And at the time you made that statement you knew those bills were due? A. Yes.

Q. That is what I am getting at. That is what I am getting at. Then, as you have said there truly, the true amount or balance of the American Kennel Club, if you were making a financial statement, on the 31st of December, for the year 1888, would be 150 odd dollars? A. No; I don't say that. I say the stud book accounts, after paying everything, the actual balance is \$157.27.

Q. On the 31st of December, 1888? A. No, sir.

Q. There would be \$122, and some cents left? A. No, sir, I don't understand what you are getting at.

Q. Did you or did you not take in, between Dec. 31 and Jan. 11, \$122.75? A. I had, on Jan. 11, 1889, \$1,228.28.

Q. Wait a minute. I am not asking you that question. I am asking you if you took in, between Jan. 11—or how much you took in between Dec. 31 and Jan. 11? A. Well, I can tell you. I took in, between Dec. 31 and Jan. 11, \$122.75.

Q. How much? A. \$122.75.

Q. Well, then, really the American Kennel Club's balance sheet should have shown, on Dec. 31, 1888, according to this—your stud book account—taking the \$122 from it, would leave how much? A. I don't know anything about it.

THE COURT: If it is a question of arithmetic, he need not do it. If he has got it there, he may tell you.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Then I will put it in this way. Then the true account at that time would be the 150 odd dollars, as reported by you, less the amount taken in? A. The true account would be, on Jan. 11, \$1,228.28, that I had in the bank.

Q. Wait a moment. I am asking you this question. You, in your report, the following year, said—refer back to that time. Now, is your report true here, in 1889? A. Certainly.

Q. Then, if that is true then, your statement should have been, I say, \$157 and some cents, less the amount that you took in between Jan. 11 and the 31st? A. I don't know. I don't know what you are getting at.

Q. You don't know what I am getting at? A. No, sir.

Q. Then I will put it to you a little plainer. You have made a report here one year afterward, in which you refer back to a portion of this item of \$1,228.28? A. Let me have my book and I will follow you.

Q. Let me read this: "The Stud Book Account carried over from 1888 a credit balance of \$942.89, but from this we had to pay for the printing of Volume V., Part IV. (that is, the book containing the registration received during October, November and December, 1888.)" A. What is the balance carried over from 1888 there?

Q. \$942.89 according to your statement. A. This accounts for \$942.89. I commenced the account with a balance of \$942.89.

Q. When—when did you commence? A. Jan. 11, 1889. I ended Dec. 31, 1890, with a balance of \$1,077—

Q. I am not asking you that. We are mixed up enough now. I want you to confine yourself to the item, going back—your report is made there as of 1890, and you refer back to the item of \$942.89.

MR. MCINTYRE: He has asked him to explain his account and the witness is attempting to do it.

THE COURT: If he is attempting to explain something else he is not answering the question.

MR. MCINTYRE: He is using the report that the defendant has handed to him.

MR. PESHALL: I will repeat the question: You have in [hand] your next report made in 1890—have you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. In that you refer to the report of 1888, and you say that you commenced the year—when? Dec. 31? Your account is headed that way, is it not? A. Jan. 11.

Q. Well, Jan. 11? A. 1889.

Q. Leaving a balance of how much? A. \$942.89.

Q. Now, in that report, which I have marked, you say you had to pay—you say the true balance is so much. Do you use that word? A. I do, and I was trying to explain it to you.

Q. Now, what I want to know is this: Was that report true that you then made? A. Most decidedly.

Q. Then I am back that paper. That's it exactly. That's what I want to know. Then there was—the true report should have been \$157—the balance? A. It is the difference between the credit that we started with and the credit that we ended with, that year. I explained that whole year in that statement, and there was only a difference of about \$150.

Q. That's what I say. Consequently, instead of your having that amount of money—making this statement of \$1,228, you then, at the time, and had before that time actually a debt of \$157—of that money? A. No, sir, it is not true.

Q. It is not true? A. No, sir, I didn't say so.

Q. You are positive on that point? A. Why, certainly.

Q. And that is as truthful as any other of your answers that you have made to me to-day; is it? A. (No answer.) Q. Say yes or no? A. Why, certainly, it is truthful.

Witness then testified to the truth of his supplementary report made at the May meeting of 1889, which was as follows:

The Treasurer's Report was read as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.
Receipts from all sources from Jan. 11 to date \$4,558.43
Expenses for same period 3,578.38

Balance on hand \$960.05

Mr. Vredenburg, supplementing the above report, stated that no bills for advertising had been sent out yet, and that about \$130 was due the club. Also no indebtedness, and the rent paid up to August.

He also testified to the truth of the report made in September, 1889, in which were given the bills receivable and bills payable. It was as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.
New YORK, Sept. 18, 1889.—The treasurer begs to report as follows:
Receipts from all sources from Jan. 11 to date \$6,002.81
Expenses for same period 5,173.11

Balance on hand \$829.70

Bills Receivable.
Due for advertisements, Gazette \$657.37
Due for advertisements, Stud Book 32.00
Due for petty accounts 92.25

Accounts not good \$701.02

Bills Payable.
Rogers & Sherwood, printing account \$135.75

Balance due club \$551.87



HONORABLE RANDOLPH B. MARTINE.

Mr. Peshall then called attention to the Stud Book account, made at the end of this year (1889), and reported in the January, 1890, Gazette as follows:

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB STUD BOOK ACCOUNTS.		
1889.		
Jan. 11.	To balance on hand	\$942.89
Dec. 31.	entries received for registration	1,973.50
31.	sales of stud books	618.50
31.	advertisements	171.00
31.	certified pedigrees	16.50
31.	binding stud books	10.00
		\$3,732.39
1889.	Bills receivable (uncollectable)	\$83.00
Dec. 31.	By postage stamps	\$75.33
31.	exchange charged by bank	12.32
31.	trade discount	10.73
31.	entries returned, not eligible	17.50
31.	petty expenses (expressage, stationery, gas bills, carpenter, etc.)	46.97
31.	Rogers & Sherwood, Vol. V., Part IV.	498.12
31.	Rogers & Sherwood, extra printing	112.56
31.	office rent, paid to Feb. 1, 1890	100.00
31.	purchase of American Kennel Register	503.00
31.	purchase Vol. N. & K. C. Stud Book	167.50
31.	editor's salary, balance due for 1888	287.50
31.	editor's salary, 1889	915.68
31.	balance, carried to new account	1,077.13
		\$3,732.39

Referring to the item of \$171 for advertising, Mr. Peshall asked for an explanation of it. The witness testified that it was for advertisements of the stud book and was due prior to 1889, that is in 1888; that no account was made then because it was not paid then. It was paid in 1889, during which year it was accounted for in the reports. Testimony then ran as follows:

Q. I want to call your attention to another matter, Mr. Vredenburg. Now, would you kindly look at "Editor's salary, balance due for 1888," and tell me when that was paid. Mr. Vredenburg—Mr. Treasurer? A. Yes; I can tell you. That was paid between Jan. 28, 1889—

Q. Wait a moment. What was the first date? A. Jan. 28, 1889, and Nov. 30.

Q. How much? A. \$50, \$72, and \$50.

Q. Wait a moment. Give me the dates. A. Jan. 28, \$50, [THE COURT: Q. What year are you reading from? A. 1889.] Feb. 1, \$72, March 30, \$50, Aug. 23, \$35.50, Nov. 30, \$50.

MR. PESHALL: Q. How did you pay that? A. Some check and some cash.

Q. Now I call your attention backward. In May of that year you published your statement, and you supplemented it with this report that you read a while ago [Mr. Peshall reads the supplementary statement of Mr. Vredenburg, May meeting, 1889]. Now, that was not true, was it—that statement? A. Some of this money—

Q. Was it true? Answer yes or no. Was that statement true that you made, that supplementary statement that you made and published to the world? A. Yes, sir.

Q. It was true? A. Yes, sir.

Q. That is all. I am satisfied with that answer for the present. Now I want to call your attention again to the September statement, and in this you give the bills payable—the only bills payable are to Rogers & Sherwood. Is that true or not? A. When was that—September?

Q. Yes—September, 1889—is that true? A. That is certainly true.

Q. Well, notwithstanding the fact that those statements are both true, the facts now appear that you did pay money

out that you were owing, and paid money out after making those statements—isn't that so? A. No, it is not.

Q. That's all. You need not explain to me.

THE COURT: He has not tried to explain.

MR. PESHALL: I mean I did not ask for any explanation. If he wants to do he can do so.

MR. MCINTYRE: And then I will ask for it.

THE COURT: No; not now. The witness stood mute after he had answered, and counsel interjected something and the Court replied to it.

In his complaining affidavit Mr. Vredenburg had sworn that Mr. Peshall had had "the means of knowing all the time the sources from which the said item [31,228.28] was made up, as the major part thereof, to wit, the sum of \$942.89, was taken from the American Kennel Club's Stud Book account, he being the Chairman of the Stud Book Committee, which had the full business management of the Stud Book account." In reply to Mr. Peshall's cross-examination he explained: "I had that amount of money when you were Chairman of the Stud Book Committee." And after an interruption:

A. (Continued) You resigned on the 6th day of December, '88. This balance was struck on the 11th day of January, '89, which was about a month later. At the time you resigned as chairman of the Stud Book Committee the cash on hand to the credit of the Stud Book Committee was practically the same as it was on the following Jan. 11, '89.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Mr. Vredenburg, where was that money on the 6th of December, '88? A. In the bank or in the box.

Q. How much of it was in the bank? A. I can tell you exactly.

Q. That is what I am getting at now. Well, state about it. A. Excuse me, I will get at it exactly. There was about \$751 in the bank at the time.

Q. Mr. Vredenburg, how was that account kept in the bank? A. In what way do you mean—the name?

Q. In what name was it kept in the bank? A. The American Kennel Club.

Q. The American Kennel Club? A. Yes, sir—A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary.

Q. In what bank was that money in? A. In the Chatham National Bank.

Q. Was that money in that bank on the 6th day of December? A. This money was in that bank on the 6th day of December.

Q. When you made that report? A. Yes, sir.

Q. The same day when you made your report to the meeting? A. On the 6th of December?

Q. Yes. The meeting was held on the 6th of December and your report is dated the 5th. Here it is. A. Well, that day—I want to look at my books. That money was in the bank at that time, and on the 6th of December I made the report that there was \$151.48 on hand which belonged to the Treasurer's account of the American Kennel Club. The balance of it naturally belonged to the stud book account.

Q. You made what—on the 6th day of December, '88, you made a report that there was how much? A. Oh—\$5.39.

Q. Yes? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Then you say there was how much money in the bank at that time? A. About \$750.

Q. About \$750? A. Yes.

Q. Then when you stated in your report that there was \$5.39 balance, you do not account for that money that was in the bank? A. No necessity to. I was not reporting the balance in the bank at all.

THE COURT: Q. Did you, as a matter of fact, do so? A. No, sir.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Then, that is what I am coming at. Then you had over \$700 in bank and you reported that you had a balance of \$5.39? A. No, sir; I did not. You have asked me—

THE COURT: Q. No; you must answer the questions and the District Attorney will lead up to anything that he desires to correct.

MR. PESHALL: Q. You made a report to the American Kennel Club meeting that you had \$5.39 on hand? A. Yes.

Q. Now you say you had \$600 or \$700 in bank? A. Yes.

Q. You published a statement showing that you had \$5.39? A. Yes.

Q. And sent it out to all the sporting papers and published it in your Gazette? A. Yes.

Q. Now, was there anything to show the breeders and exhibitors, or the men interested in the affairs of this club, that there was any money in that bank?

MR. MCINTYRE: That is objected to. It makes no difference, if Your Honor please.

THE COURT: Was there anything in that statement do you mean, Mr. Peshall?

MR. PESHALL: Yes, sir.

THE COURT: Q. Was there anything in that statement that would show the amount of money that you had in the bank? A. It simply showed the \$5.39.

Q. Was there anything in that statement that would show anything of that amount of money that you have just spoken of as being in the bank? A. No.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Now, this money that you received is gathered from all over the country, practically—from Maine to California? A. Yes.

Q. The public are interested in this club, are they not? A. I have no means of answering that.

Q. Do you get this money from the public? A. I do.

Q. Well, if that is the case, they must be interested in the club, are they not?

THE COURT: You need not answer; that is a conclusion.

MR. PESHALL: A conclusion? Well, you receive money for the registration of dogs from California? A. Yes.

Q. From Maine? A. Yes.

Q. From Oregon? A. I suppose so.

Q. From all over the country? A. Yes.

Q. Now, the clubs are located all over the country, are they not—in different States and Territories? A. Pretty generally distributed.

Q. Yes, pretty generally distributed? A. Yes.

Q. Now then, did you make any statement during the year 1889 to show to these people who have been interested in the funds of that club, or members of the club, the items that went to make up the sum of \$1,228.28? A. No.

Q. Did you as Treasurer—I believe that you have stated that it was your duty as Treasurer to make reports—in your examination in chief, did you not—in answer to Mr. McIntyre? A. I imagine so. I don't remember what I stated about that. I believe the constitution was put in as evidence, and it was not necessary for me to answer the question.

Q. Well, is it your duty to make reports? [THE WITNESS: I have to answer the question, Your Honor, when the constitution is in evidence? THE COURT: Of course. Answer.] A. Yes, it is.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Is there any rule of the club making it your duty to make reports? A. In the order of business there is.

Q. Is there any rule of the club? [THE COURT: That requires him to do what? MR. PESHALL: To report as to the financial matters.] A. In the order of business there is.

Q. Now did you not in any annual report make a report or have you up to the present day made a report of the financial affairs '88? A. No sir.

Q. Why not? A. Because it was not necessary.

Q. Why not? A. Because, up to Feb. 21, '89, I never made a report of any moneys that came to me, other than those that belonged to me solely as the treasurer of the American Kennel Club. At each quarterly meeting I reported that the balances on hand to the credit of the treasurer's account, and at each meeting my report was accepted by the delegates,

THE COURT: Q. Did you render monthly accounts? A. No sir; quarterly. Q. To the club itself? A. Yes sir. Q. In committee assembled? A. Yes sir. Q. Then, how do you say that you rendered no account? A. A detailed statement. I simply reported the credit balances on hand. Q. Showing simply so much to the credit of the club? A. No sir—to that one account of the club. Q. Without showing what disposition was made of the different moneys. Then you say you accounted for all the money in these quarterly accounts? A. I say that I gave the balances on hand in the quarterly accounts.

MR. PESHALL: Q. How much balance was on hand at the July meeting, 1888? A. That was not a regular meeting, sir.

Q. Did you report a balance on hand on that date? A. I will tell you—July, '88?

Q. July, '88. A. No.

Q. You did not? Did you at the May meeting? A. Yes.

Q. How much was on hand? A. I answered you that question this morning. [THE COURT: Well, answer it again.] A. \$125 01.

MR. PESHALL: Q. That was all the money that you had then? A. To the treasurer's account?

Q. Was that all the money that you had in your possession? A. No, sir; it was not.

Q. Then, where is the rest of the money—that is what I am trying to find out? A. It was in the bank.

Q. Did you ever account for the money that was in the bank? A. No, nothing but the annual account until '89.

Q. You never did? A. No, sir.

Q. What did you do with the money? A. Left it in the bank.

Q. Left it in the bank? A. Yes.

Q. Where is it now? A. In the bank.

Q. In the bank yet? A. Yes.

Q. Will you explain how that money stayed—remained in that bank? A. Why it was changing continually—making deposits and drawing from it.

Q. And do you mean to tell this jury that you have never accounted for any of the money since you have been treasurer of the American Kennel Club—for the thousands and thousands of dollars that you received to date? A. No, sir; because I made a detailed statement in '90 of my '89 account.

Q. Of your '89 account? A. Yes.

Q. Have you ever made any detailed statement of the '88 account? A. No.

Mr. Peshall had evidently been doing some hard thinking about the printers' bill for payment of Vol. V., Part IV., of the Stud Book [1889 account], and he asked about it:

Q. Now, Mr. Vredenburg, I want you to look at the bill marked Feb. 11, '89, and state when that bill was paid, if you know, and how it was paid?

THE COURT: When it was made or paid?

MR. PESHALL: Q. When it was paid and how it was paid?

A. It was paid on Feb. 25, '89. It was paid by check.

Q. One moment now. When did you say it was paid? A. Feb. 25, '89.

Q. By a check on the Chatham National Bank? A. It was the only bank I had any money in.

Q. Give me the number of the check, please. A. Check No. 51.

Q. Now, Mr. Vredenburg, was that bill presented before the meeting of Feb. 21, '89? [THE COURT: Presented to him by the printer, you mean? MR. PESHALL: Yes, sir.] A. I don't remember, sir, when it was presented.

Q. Is that the original bill that you received? A. That is the original bill that I received.

Q. And that is the bill—you placed it, as soon as it was paid, in that book, did you? A. I did.

Q. Hand me the book again, will you, please? Was the bill due when you held that meeting? [THE COURT: What meeting? Specify.] Q. Feb. 18, '89. A. The work had been done. I told you I don't remember whether I had the bill or not.

Q. It is dated Feb. 11. A. I don't remember. I did not notice.

THE COURT: Well, the bill is there.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Was the bill due when that meeting was held? A. I tell you I don't remember.

Q. You don't remember? A. No.

Q. Well, is there any document or paper that you know of that you could get that would refresh your memory upon that subject? A. No.

Q. None? A. No, sir.

THE COURT: I understood you to say that the work had been done? A. Yes; but I am not positive that the bill had been presented.

Q. Then how do I understand you when you say that you do not remember whether the bill was due or not? A. I meant the work may have been done, and if the bill had not been presented I would not know the amount that I owed.

THE COURT: Exactly.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Now, Mr. Vredenburg, I will ask you if that stud book was not out in January? A. I think it was out the latter part of January.

Q. You think it was out the latter part of January? A. Yes, I think it was.

Q. That is, it was in your office at that time? A. Yes; it may have been the 1st of February.

When Mr. Peshall at one time came around to the donation, which he says Mr. Vredenburg told him Mr. Belmont made to the club, this colloquy ensued:

MR. PESHALL: Q. Before I read this I desire to ask you, you say Mr. Belmont never put any money in the club except a hundred dollars? A. That is all.

Q. Did anybody else ever put any money in the club? A. Yes.

Q. Who did? A. I did.

Q. How much? A. \$250.

Q. Cash? A. Cash.

Q. When? A. At the time that you offered me, as chairman of the Stud Book Committee, to pay me \$750 that I was entitled to and I declined to take it all and made the club a present of \$250 and afterward gave my services for nine months for nothing.

Q. When was that? A. That was May, 1888.

Q. You say that I did it? A. You instructed me to draw from the funds of the club \$750, as the chairman of the Stud Book committee. I say I declined to take it all. I gave the club \$250 out of that \$750 and I drew \$500 in two amounts.

Q. You gave the club \$250? How did you give it to them? A. Because you gave it to me and I refused to take it.

Q. Did you have any of the money? A. You were chairman of the Stud Book committee and gave me that instruction after the meeting of the committee.

Q. I was only one member of the committee, was I? A. You stated to me that that was the result of the committee meeting.

Q. When did I state that to you? A. At the time that they had the committee meeting. It was, I think, in May, 1888, or the month before.

Q. Was there minutes kept of the meeting during that time? A. I am sure I don't know what you did in your committee.

Q. Did we have one room there? A. You met in another place that day, I distinctly remember.

Q. Who was secretary? A. I don't know. I had nothing to do with your committee at all.

Q. Did you take the money? A. I took \$500.

Q. Then you gave the club \$250 by not taking \$250 more that I said you might take, was that it? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And that is what you want the jury to believe? A. It is the truth.

Q. I say that is what the jury is to believe? A. I say it is the truth.

Q. And subsequently you made a donation of \$250 to the club? A. That is exactly it.

Q. Haven't you repeatedly stated in your reports and in your speeches that the club has never received one penny of donations? A. In reply to your accusations only, I have a statement that you will see I acknowledge a donation of \$10.

Q. I think you mentioned that. A. Yes, you read it.

Q. You were a friend of mine, were you? [Objected to; objection overruled.] A. Yes.

Q. When? A. I was.

Q. Up to when? A. Up to the publication of your letter of June 19.

Q. Of June 19? A. Yes.

The prosecution had two expert accountants to whom reference was made from time to time through the trial. It was explained that they had examined the books and were on hand to testify to their correctness. At length on Thursday the first expert was put on the stand, and read this statement (which had already been given Mr. Peshall by Mr. Vredenburg on Wednesday):

DETAILED STATEMENT OF ITEMS MAKING UP THE BALANCE OF \$1,228.28.

Statement from Jan. 10, 1888, to Jan. 11, 1889.

Receipts.	
Balance on hand Jan. 10, 1888	\$650.04
Received for members' annual dues	310.00
Registration of prefixes	42.00
Traveling expenses	100.00
Registration of dogs	2128.00
Sales of Stud Book	9.70
Tamulated pedigrees	54.50
Advertising	425.25
Incidentals	7.90
Total receipts	\$4714.69
Less total disbursements	3486.41
Balance on hand Jan. 11, 1889	\$1228.28

This account embraces 47 pages in cash book, January, 1887, to April, 1888, and 97 pages in cash book, April, 1888, to April, 1889.

Disbursements.

Jan. 10, 1888, to Jan. 11, 1889.

Paid Dr. N. Rowe	\$285.00
For postage stamps	118.00
Stationery	7.05
Exchange to bank	12.45
Volume I. Stud Book	20.00
Expressage	1.65
Returned registrations	20.00
Treasurer's account	69.72
Gas bill	18.97
Telegrams	75.00
Extra services	31.15
Vol. V. American Kennel Register	2.60
Trade discount	14.14
Librarian of Congress for copyright	4.00
Type writing	288.75
Returned registration of prefix	3.00
Returned copies of Stud Book	4.87
Furniture	21.00
Stenographer	25.00
Christmas gifts to elevator boys and postman	3.00
Traveling expenses	64.70
Rent of office	205.00
Salary A. P. Vredenburg	700.00
Salary A. D. Lewis	400.00
Printing to Rogers & Sherwood	1,651.01
Total disbursements	\$3,486.41

On cross-examination it was developed that the first expert had examined only the cash book. He had not looked at the ledger or other books. The second expert read a similar statement, and on cross-examination acknowledged that he too had seen only the cash book.

The prosecution called Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, James L. Anthony, C. B. Reynolds and James Watson to attempt to prove that Mr. Peshall published the article in the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Wilmerding testified to a conversation he had had previous to the publication of the article, at which time Mr. Peshall had shown him the manuscript and had told him he would publish it in the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Wilmerding appeared to be an unwilling witness with a very weak memory, and his testimony amounted to very little.

Mr. Anthony, on his direct examination, testified that he had met Mr. Peshall in New street, after the publication of the FOREST AND STREAM article of June 19, 1890.

Q. State the substance of the conversations? A. The time of day was passed, and I said, "Well, you have done what you threatened to. I see you published what you said you would publish in the sporting papers about the finances of the A. K. C."

Q. What did he say to that? A. He replied yes, that he had published it, and that he proposed to follow this thing to the bitter end—proposed to prove the truth of his publications.

Q. Did you call his attention to the publication in the FOREST AND STREAM? A. I told him I had seen it published in the FOREST AND STREAM and Turf, Field and Farm.

Q. And in reply to that what did he say? A. He said that he had published it. He admitted the publication, and he proposed to prove its truth in the contest, the publication.

On his cross-examination he testified:

MR. PESHALL: Q. Now, Mr. Anthony, I believe you made a motion at the May [1890] meeting, you introduced a resolution to keep me out for the reason that I have made? A. Shall I answer you yes or no?

THE COURT: Q. Did you introduce a resolution? A. Yes, sir; I was the father of it, yes.

MR. PESHALL: Q. Now, since that meeting we have never spoken? A. I have never spoken to you.

Mr. Reynolds testified that he did not know whether the original manuscript of the article complained of was sent to the FOREST AND STREAM or not, but that in several conversations had with Mr. Peshall, Mr. Peshall had acknowledged the authorship of the article. On re-direct examination he testified that his best recollection was that the article had come to the FOREST AND STREAM as a printed proof from another paper. Mr. Watson testified to several conversations he had had with the defendant, and also put in evidence some letters written to him by Mr. Peshall.

The testimony of Messrs. Vredenburg, Terry, Schellhass and A. D. Lewis respecting the nature of the Lewis Stud Book contract will be given later. Also some very interesting testimony about the secret meeting of Sept. 25. The charge to the jury will be given next week.

The Hamilton Kennel Club, true to its record so far, steps in ahead and claims the dates Sept. 9 to 11, a three days' show, coming in the week before Toronto and thus starting the circuit. The judges selected are Miss A. H. Whitney and Messrs. Kirk and Lacy. The first named to take St. Bernards, great Danes, mastiffs, Newfoundlanders and pugs, Mr. Kirk spaniels and Mr. Lacy the other classes. Our correspondent Mr. Stewart, the president of the club, writes very pithily: "There will be no puppy classes, as we have decided to shut down on that nonsense; and we propose to spare no pains to make our show a good one in every branch and particular." It is not to the credit of show committees in this country that Canada should take the first credit of abolishing puppy classes and showing that progressive spirit that will at least tend to save to them the results of their trouble and expense in breeding.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

I AM in receipt of a note from Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, advising me that Mr. E. Millais explicitly denies any connection with the publication of the libelous article in *Fanciers' Gazette*. When the armed neutrality these gentlemen maintain is taken into consideration, both are raised in estimation, and Mr. Krehl's magnanimity in hastening to correct an unjust impression against an opponent is particularly creditable to him.

Judging from the editorial course of the *Stock-Keeper*, Mr. Krehl is no carpet knight, but a most puissant warrior, and it is a great pity that combatants generally cannot, or will not, adopt the same course of generous justice. The hateful mischief of kennel squabbles is the blind vindictiveness usually characterizing them. As a result, while A often proves that B is a liar or knave, he also often proves that he himself is a blind, vindictive fool, caring more for injuring his antagonist than for helping himself, and seldom entirely escapes sharing the garment of Ananias with his antagonist.

I see that "Busy Bee" is still unconvinced as to the comparative merits of the collies Marcus and Metchley Wonder. As an expert discussion between two unknowns would be exceedingly ridiculous, I drop the question, with the remark that I am in hopes of FOREST AND STREAM having communications from some very distinguished English judges on the comparative merits of such dogs as Vero, Marcus, Carlyle and Cocksie, contrasted with Metchley Wonder, Christopher and Rutland, with perhaps a consideration of such intervening dogs as Eclipse and Charlemagne, and I fancy many collie men will be surprised. By the way, I think that Mr. C. H. Mason will say that he has seen no collie over here that was superior to Carlyle.

Dr. Mills is quite correct in saying that over-fat dogs are in bad condition, and when this infiction is piled on the confinement, lack of exercise, and excitement of shows, it is not surprising that many succumb to such a complication of infictions. THE ONLOOKER.

DOG CHAT.

WE are always pleased to receive letters from our friends in dogdom, but somehow lately they have nearly always contained some news of the death of a prominent dog or other. A letter from Mr. Frank Comstock tells us that his sterling good Irish terrier Mars has joined the majority in a peculiarly distressing manner. Returning in good shape from Cleveland, where he had added to his already long list of prizes, he met with the accident which caused his death. It seems he was a great dog to climb fences and consequently was kept chained in the yard. On Friday last while so hitched, he jumped the fence during the absence of the kennel man, and the chain not being long enough to allow him to touch the ground, the dog died a lingering death. Mr. Comstock naturally feels pretty sore, not only on account of the manner of his taking off, but also because he was much sought after in the stud. This gentleman has now lost two good ones, Breda Florence and Mars. The latter was by Benedict out of Irene, and as he was only about two and a half years old, it makes his sudden death all the more unfortunate. Mr. Comstock has our sincere sympathy. The other dogs in the kennel he tells us are in good shape, his black and tan Queen III. is heavy in whelp and as Louie has been bred too, he will soon have some puppies from his new stock, future champions of course.

The sign of the times points to black and tan terriers furnishing some of the keenest competition at future shows. Some new dogs may soon find a home in this country, and the class of terriers shown next fall may even surpass those seen here during the past circuit. We hear that Mr. Smith's General took a trip to Denver in charge of Mr. Naylor.

The National Beagle Club are now occupying themselves with the arrangements for their forthcoming trials. From the expressions of interest in the matter which we have heard from several beagle men during the show season there is sure to be a bigger entry than last year. To secure judges seems to be the hardest part of the affair, for certainly they have not a very large field to choose from, as though there are, no doubt, lots of competent men who know what a beagle should do in the field, there is a vital obstacle to them acting in a judicial capacity—wind. One needs to be in pretty good condition to follow the little hounds over the rough country in New England and especially when one has been tempted to partake of the national pie at breakfast, the cry is soon "bellows to mend." Joking apart, it is proposed to have two judges and a referee, though the use of the latter we hardly comprehend, as he cannot follow both dogs at once. We think Mr. Chapman's plan, as he writes us, is a good one, not so many classes and good prizes in each. An under 15lb. class, a 13lb., a two-year-old and under, and a champion class to come last, should about fill the bill, with \$100 in each class, divided into \$50, \$25, \$15 and \$10, and champion prize \$25. As there are sure to be several valuable specials offered these are well worth running for and many a man might do worse than don his leggings and the "toughest" clothes he possesses, to spend a week after the "bunnies," and depend upon it he will return in good condition.

Mr. C. H. Odell, the secretary of the Central Field Trial Club, writes us that the following gentlemen have been selected to act as judges at their coming trials: Messrs. J. M. Tracy, of New York city; N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., and James S. Churchill, of Middleborough, Ky. It will be remembered that the two first named judged last year, but Mr. Churchill takes the place of Mr. John Davidson. Mr. Tracy some time since informed us that such alteration would be made in the running rules as would admit of the trials being run off in much less time than last year, so no doubt these trials will be more popular this year than they have even been in the past two.

There seems to have been some backing and filling about the sale of Scottish Prince to Col. Ruppert. During the Cleveland show we forwarded the announcement of the sale, but luckily it did not arrive in time for insertion. Last week we gave exclusive information that the sale had not been made. We were right. On Thursday, the 23d, Mr. Smith called at our sanctum, during our absence at the memorable trial, and left the following note, which proves everything: "Dear Sir—I have just called to give you the two photos, one of Scottish Prince and the other of Aristocrat, and to tell you that Col. Ruppert has just bought Scottish Prince and Aristocrat and my young bitch by Alton, which bitch bids fair to rival the best bitches ever seen. Yours very truly, SYDNEY W. SMITH." This is the quiet announcement of a sale by which Col. Ruppert transfers from his pockets the large sum of \$5,500, to those of our visitor from Leeds for Scottish Prince alone, and it is fair to suppose that, as good St. Bernards go now, it took an additional "five thou" to secure the other two, for we believe the young bitch was to Mr. Smith as the apple of his eye. These important purchases will at once place Col. Ruppert's kennel well to the front, and competition for the principal honors will not be restricted to the two Melrose Kennels in the future. Scottish Prince, whose picture we publish in this issue, is spoken of as the only likely dog left in England that could hope to successfully compete with Sir Bedivere.

Scottish Prince is a son of that grand stock getter, Prince Regent, who was in this country for some time, but was simply buried as far as St. Bernarddom was concerned. In his stud "ad" he is spoken of as the largest and most typical young St. Bernard now before the public, in color a rich orange, with perfect white markings. He has never yet been beaten on the bench.

Aristocrat is an older dog, stands 34½ in. at the shoulder, and is by champion Plinlimmon out of Lady Adelaide. As the latter is by champion Valentine, his breeding is as good as can be had. He has won this year twenty first prizes and cups in an almost unbroken record. Altogether Col. Ruppert must be congratulated on his successful purchases. Mr. Samuel Mann, who will in future have charge of his kennel, will sail on Saturday next with Mr. Smith to bring his costly charges home, and we trust he may be fortunate enough to land them here in good shape. Scottish Prince has his reputation to make, in a sense, but there is little doubt but that he will have small trouble in doing this, though he will have to meet the "great and only," Plinlimmon and Sir Bedivere, in the open class.

We must thank Mr. Comstock of Providence, R. I., for one of the prettiest and quaintest pictures of puppies we ever saw. They are three little Japanese spaniels, and the clever photographer, Mr. Howe, has caught them with that wise, puzzled look which puppies assume when they cannot just make out what it's all about.

If rumor is correct that Mr. E. H. Moore, of Melrose, Mass., has purchased the great Plinlimmon, then he has indeed played a trump card. Though the dog is getting on in years, still the ownership of such a world-noted and excellent specimen of the St. Bernard is bound to add considerable prestige to any kennel. It is said \$5,000 was the price paid. Plinlimmon, of course, needs no bolstering of this sort. This grand dog has, to a certain extent, been lost to St. Bernard breeders, owing to the peculiar circumstances under

in June next. Of course we know that the latter is on a still hunt for St. Bernards and we hope he will be successful. The former will no doubt keep an eye on the fox-terriers. Mr. John A. Logan, Jr., also sails for Albion's shore, May 14, and will bring one or two good fox-terrier bitches back with him.

There is considerable excitement across the line over a Kentucky decision in regard to a dog case before Judge Jackson in Louisville. The decision was given in the case of John Doubler, who was charged with stealing a mastiff belonging to John Doewer, and valued at \$100, and selling him afterward to Theodore Schwartz, Jr., for \$10. When the case came up in the Circuit Court, Judge Jackson gave peremptory instructions for acquittal on the ground that there is no property in dogs unless they have been properly registered. Both State and city license had been paid on the animal, but Judge Jackson held that this did not constitute ownership. His judgeship is evidently an advocate of the A. K. C.

Dog shows being over it is now the time of the field trial men to busy themselves with the preparations for the fall trials. We therefore draw the attention of our readers to the closing dates for entries to the Eastern and Central Derbys. For the former, entries close May 1 with Washington A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The time of closing for the Central Derby is May 15, and we refer our readers to our advertising columns for the amount of prizes in each stake. Col. C. H. Odell, 44 Wall street, New York, will furnish all information, and with him all entries must be made.

The famous Peshall case is over, and no one is sorry; at the same time while it was going on it afforded the dogmen of this city ample entertainment. At one time or another during the trial nearly every prominent fancier in this city spent an hour or so listening to the multiplicity of questions with which "Jimmie's" owner bothered the officials of the

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Kate IX.—Elcho, Jr. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) imported Irish setter bitch Kate IX. to his champion Elcho, Jr., April 12.
Killarney's Prairie Rose—Tearaway. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Killarney's Prairie Rose to his imported Tearaway, April 18.
Blaze—Breeze Gladstone. E. W. Clark, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Blaze (Count Noble—Rosalia) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), April 5.
Myra Goodwin—Breeze Gladstone. D. A. Goodwin's (Newburyport, Mass.) English setter bitch Myra Goodwin (Bob Gates—Flo MacIn) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), April 21.
Lilly Bondhu—Breeze Gladstone. N. B. Thomas's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Lilly Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Rodoka) to H. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), April 3.
Fanny—Breeze Gladstone. H. Osthoff's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Fanny (Racket—Nancy Leo) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), April 2.
Donna Juanita—Breeze Gladstone. Jas. W. Wood's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) English setter bitch Donna Juanita (Rockingham—Donna) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), March 16.
Mable E.—Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Mable E. (champion Kash—Lady Thurman) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thorn), April 16.
Lady Nora—Pride of Glencho. E. J. Kenney's (Fall River, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Lady Nora to Wm. Brownell's Pride of Glencho (champion Glencho—Lulu II.), Feb. 23.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Banagher. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) imported Irish setter bitch Banagher, March 25, fourteen (nine dogs), by Spalpeen.
Hazelnut III. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish setter bitch Hazelnut III, April 18, seven (three dogs), by his imported Tearaway.
Rhoda. Geo. H. Covert's (Chicago, Ill.) imported Irish setter bitch Rhoda, March 14, twelve (eight dogs), by Wrestler.
Tillie Boru. W. H. Laird's (Winona, Minn.) Irish setter bitch Tillie Boru, April 15, twelve (six dogs), by G. H. Covert's imported Tearaway.
Lady Zora. Mrs. L. McCuen's (New Orleans, La.) pug bitch



THE ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD SCOTTISH PRINCE. THE PROPERTY OF COL. JACOB RUPPERT, JR., NEW YORK CITY.

which he has lived the last two or three years, but now he will no doubt take the position in St. Bernarddom that his many virtues entitle him to, and breeders will have a chance to secure his services and to see him on the bench. What a sight we shall have when Plinlimmon—we name him first as the older dog—Sir Bedivere, Scottish Prince and Aristocrat troop into the ring in the open class. A win in such company will indeed be the pinnacle of canine honors. Plinlimmon was whelped June 22, 1883, and his breeder is Mr. T. Hall, of Liverpool, England. His sire was Pilgrim and dam Bessie II., by champion Bayard out of Hebe; Pilgrim by Leo out of Lottie. Plinlimmon's record is too well known to need any repetition here. Several noted St. Bernard men have rejoiced in his ownership, and until purchased by "Fritz" Emmet he was constantly seen on the bench, but since then he has appeared nowhere except on the stage, where we had the pleasure of seeing him about three months since, when he looked in excellent health and flesh. Though we hardly think it wise on Mr. Moore's part to have paid such a sum as \$5,000—if he has done so—and no self-respecting St. Bernard would think of changing his quarters for less nowadays, still such an addition to his team will make him again a formidable competitor for St. Bernard kennel prizes.

At the last moment we have received a letter from Mr. Moore confirming his purchase of Plinlimmon. He tells us that though a little thin, he yet weighs in the neighborhood of 200 lbs. He intends to breed Lady Livingstone and Sneerwell to him, and of course expects something very fine as a result. Plus, it may be added, is the sire of such dogs as Alton, Prince Regent, Baron Cardiff, Baron Camrose, Aristocrat, Mayor of Leeds and Carmelite. Next season he will be shown at Boston in the open class, Mr. Moore adding, with a remembrance of his past misfortunes—if he lives.

A letter from friend Bradley, who steered Rowdy Rod to victory in the last four-hour race at the Central trials, besides making us discontented with office work, the city and everything that pertains to a humdrum existence, by holding out the prospect of some good trout fishing in his neighborhood, tells us he has opened his boarding kennels for the summer. All who know Simon C. Bradley know full well that, as a trainer and careful handler, he has no superior, and dogs sent to him are sure of good quarters and careful treatment. His address will be found in our advertising columns.

Mr. J. A. Long, of St. Louis, writes us that he has sold his noted collie, Clifton Hero, winner of 8 prizes in England and this country, to Mr. Vincent Liddicott, Saginaw, Mich., who will place him in the stud.

"Namquoit's" full report of the Los Angeles bench show arrived too late for press this week, but will appear in our next issue.

Mr. Charles Heath has sold the noted pointer Launcelot to Mr. H. F. Amsden of Boston, Mass.

Messrs. Jean Grosvenor and E. H. Moore will visit England

A. K. C. Mr. Peshall, as his own counsel, had ample opportunity to indulge in the wit and repartee for which he is noted, and at times his actions were highly dramatic, especially so while summing up in his own behalf, when he took full advantage of his power to tell the gentlemen of the jury what he thought of the gentlemen of the prosecution and of the unmeasured contempt in which he held them. The beatific smile with which Mr. Anthony received his doses was very refreshing, and Secretary Vredenburg gazed at the "counsel for the defendant" with a look as much as to say, "All right, my boy: it's your innings now, but wait till the jury brings in that verdict." Of course, as was generally supposed, the verdict was "Not guilty," and Mr. Peshall received quite an ovation at the hands of his friends, who were blessed with sufficient patience to sit out the three hours the jury took to arrive at a decision. Among those we noticed at the trial were Messrs. A. Belmont, T. H. Terry, J. D. Shotwell, Max Wenzel, A. P. Vredenburg, James Mortimer, James Watson, John Lewis, A. C. Wilmerding, J. T. Phelan, A. D. Lewis, H. B. Cromwell, O'Neil, H. F. Schellhass, L. C. Whiton, E. M. Oldham, E. H. Morris, W. Tallman, R. F. Mayhew and Drs. Glover and Foote.

The English National field trials commenced on the 21st of this month at the Aqualate estate, near Newport, Shropshire. The competition will in some degree be robbed of its interest for Americans, owing to the fact that Mr. Brailsford, having had such a hard time with his dogs since he returned from our field trials last December, will not enter any of Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's dogs. There has been quite a stir among English field trial men over the fact that a professional handler, Mr. Bishop, had been selected as one of the judges, Mr. Brailsford writing a very sensible letter on the subject in *Land and Water*, which we may have space to publish in our next issue.

Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, in a letter to his own paper, the *Stock-keeper*, publishes a very pretty letter which he received from Helen Keller. At the same time he invites from English readers, contributions in aid of the "Tommy" fund, which will be forwarded by him to FOREST AND STREAM, where they will be acknowledged.

Mr. Herbert G. Sweet, who was prevented through illness from officiating as St. Bernard judge at the late Kennel Club show, is on his way to this country for a visit.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Chesterfield and Valentine. By F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Feb. 14, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue) out of List Noble.

Lady Zora (champion Kash—Lady Thurman), April 7, seven (three dogs), by Seminole Kennels' champion Treasure.
Alberta G. L. Shuster, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Alberta G. (Count Noble—Alphonse), April 14, six (five dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).
Abbott's Joy. J. C. Schuyler's (Luray, Va.) English setter bitch Abbott's Joy (Gath's Joy—Rosa), April 6, six dogs, by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).
Albert's Duchess. Dr. J. A. Hartman's (Lafayette, Pa.) English setter bitch Albert's Duchess (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton), March 30, six bitches, by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).
Meg Merilles. J. F. Curly's (Fitchburg, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Meg Merilles (Argus III—Neil), March 29, eleven (nine dogs), by H. A. Estabrook's Whip E. (Malcolm's Whip—Countess of Devonshire, II.).
Beauty II. F. G. Street's (Lexington, O.) St. Bernard bitch Beauty II. (imported Caesar—Guenn), April 13, eight (three dogs), by Miss Whitney's Sir Herbert (Plinlimmon—champion Queen Jura).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Tillie Boru and Belle Swirell. Red Irish setter bitches, by G. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to W. H. Laird, Winona, Minn.
Lone Star Queen. Red Irish setter bitch, by G. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to M. F. Robinson, Granite, Mont.
Road George. Red Irish setter dog, by G. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to Jas. Averitt, Athens, Tex.
Kate IX. Red Irish setter bitch, by G. H. Covert, Chicago, Ill., to H. T. Harris, San Jose, Cal.
Chesterfield. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Feb. 14, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone out of List Noble, by F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mrs. A. H. Moore, same place.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

READER, Clarksville, N. Y.—I lost a valuable pointer this morning (15.753). He would have been two years old in June, he was affected with red eczema. Last week I noticed it was almost all over the entire body, head and neck being affected the most. I clipped the hair off and washed him on April 4, and rubbed him with blasting powder dissolved in sweet cream, adding some sulphur and half of a dessertspoonful of carbolic acid. On the 5th I noticed he was very restless, so I washed him with castile soap and dried him. Next day he seemed well, and at night I gave him a dessertspoonful of sulphur mixed in molasses. The next morning I gave him another application of blasting powder dissolved in sweet cream, four dessertspoonfuls of sulphur and one of carbolic acid. This I applied about 7:30 A. M. I reached home again about 5 P. M.: he was weak and could not stand, and reeled as he walked. Immediately I washed him as before and placed him behind the stove; soon he was so weak he could not raise his head. I gave him warm milk with stimulants. If he was suddenly touched he would growl, this he never did before. About 10 o'clock he died. His eyes were bright and remained open most of the time, and he breathed as if he was asleep. Please tell me the effect of the application had on him, it was put on head and entire body, and what did he die with? Ans. The treatment seems to have been too severe. You do not state the strength of the carbolic acid; if crude, no doubt it was carbolic poisoning that killed the dog through absorption. It is never advisable to treat a dog all over the body at one time, a few patches should be treated each day.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

A DELAY in the printing of the targets for the preliminary shooting in the Amateur Revolver Championship has disappointed many who had made application for a supply of the targets. They are now ready, and everybody may see just what they are, and hereafter we will have a sufficient supply to promptly respond to all applications for the sheets. Already we hear of much practicing going on, and the winning score promises to be a gilt-edge notch high upon the revolver record post.

PHILADELPHIA, April 24.—The regular weekly practice of the Philadelphia Rifle Club for the season of 1891 was opened April 16, and at the regular practice of April 24 the two remarkable scores of 67 and 66 were made on the honor target by Messrs. H. J. Mehard and E. T. Travis. The honor target of the Philadelphia Rifle Club differs somewhat from other Schuetzen clubs, the center 25 being 1 in. in diameter and rings 24 in. apart, receding down to 1 in. Mr. Mehard's three shots scored 21, 22, 27. Mr. Travis's score was 18, 23, 24—66. A score of 66 or better out of a possible 75 entitles the shooter to the gold medal of the club, and can only be won once during membership; and 60 points or better entitles to the silver medal, and one of these may be won every year. Mr. Mehard's score is the best score yet made in this club for the past fourteen years. In 1889 Messrs. Travis and Steib both succeeded in making 66, and in 1890 Dr. M. Price made 66. Mr. Mehard's score of 67 tops them all. All the above gentlemen used the Wurfel rifle, .32cal. The following is the summary of the day's shoot:

Honor.	4 in. bulls.	Honor.	4 in. bulls.
H. J. Mehard.....21 22 27	5	J. Garrison.....10 21 15—42	2
E. T. Travis.....18 23 24—66	5	W. Watersby.....13 14 25—32	3
C. Moller.....20 24 31—55	4	P. Bernhardt.....21 16 2—39	10
M. Price.....17 13 23—53	5	J. Green.....12 8 19—39	10
J. J. Mountjoy.....8 20 47	0	Emil Kolb.....15 11 9—35	1

EPHRAATA, Pa., April 27.—On Friday afternoon the members of the North End Rifle Club went out on the range for practice. The weather was clear but very stormy, and very good shooting was next to impossible. The lighter calibered rifles shot irregularly, although the distance was but 20 yds. at rest shooting. The following scores were made:

C. S. Wenger.....10 10 9 9 6 7 9 8 8 7—83	
J. A. Stober.....9 9 6 9 10 10 6 9 6 6—80	
J. R. Shearer.....4 3 10 9 10 10 6 9 8 8—76	
C. Konigsmacher.....8 9 5 8 9 9 8 5 5 7—75	
W. Carpenter.....6 6 6 6 6 10 7 8 10 7—75	
L. M. West.....6 9 6 9 6 9 7 10 7 6—74	
D. R. Leffever.....6 10 7 5 7 8 7 6 5 10—70	
W. D. Winters.....7 7 5 6 6 5 9 5 4 5—59	
I. Carpenter.....3 4 9 5 4 7 9 4 6 6—57	

The next shoot will be off-hand on Friday, May 22.

REVOLVER AT BISLEY.—Those particularly interested in revolver shooting at the English range have laid before the Council a series of suggestions adopted at the instance of Mr. W. Winans. They range as follows: 1. Competitors to be allowed to shoot pool at the same time as competition at the Running Deer or Running Man. 2. A competition at 50 yds. for any revolver, not bore less than such as will carry .350 ammunition; minimum trigger pull, 3 lbs.; minimum powder charge, 13 grs.; minimum weight of bullet, 150 grs. Such a competition would be useful in assisting to decide upon the best weapon for service purposes. 3. A competition at the disappearing target. Competitors to be allowed to shoot at the target, while the band of the clock is in motion, and with the disappearing target goes once round—all six shots, or as many of them as can be got off, to be fired during the 12 seconds. This competition would test the mechanism of the revolvers. At present these weapons frequently jam. 4. There should be some kind of a partition between each competitor, which, while minimizing the risk of accidents, ought to be so constructed as not to add to the noise of the discharge of firearms.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y., April 27.—The Hoosick Falls Rifle Association will have a prize cup shoot in June, open to all comers, prizes to be six silver cups, valued at \$35. Conditions to be 5 shots on Standard American target, off-hand, 3 strings to count, entries 25 cents each and unlimited. Scores made at 20 yds. off-hand, Standard American target, April 25:

Harry A. Parsons.....10 8 9 10 6 8 7 6 10—84	
J. Lansing.....10 8 10 7 9 9 9 9—81	
Dr. Mayberry.....9 9 9 8 9 9 7 9 5—81	
Frank Lansing.....9 10 8 5 10 7 7 8 4 5—73	
Elmer Lansing.....9 9 7 8 9 7 6 7 5 6—73	
C. Smith.....2 7 8 5 8 5 6 5 7 6—70	
C. Palmer.....9 9 4 6 8 8 6 3 4 6—63	

NEW JERSEY RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—It is proposed to establish a State Rifle Association in New Jersey. The range at Clinton, near Elizabethport, was sustained in part by State funds from 1879 to 1888, when the Sea Girl range was established. The new association will be largely, if not entirely, composed of military members. As at present understood, the association proposes to run a spring and a fall prize tournament on the State ranges at Sea Girl, and also to have monthly practice shoots open to members on the State range, the shooting will be done at 200, 300 and 400 yds. distance. During the fall tournament a contest will be held, open to teams from each organization in this State; and a team contest similar to the "Interstate" or "Hilton Trophy" matches shot annually at Creedmoor may also be made a feature.

LUBRICANT BULLET.—A novel lubricating bullet has been patented by D. B. Wesson, of Springfield, Mass. The bullet is cupped at the base, and the hollow, after being filled with lubricant, is covered with a cap. Ducts lead from this oil reservoir to the surface of the bullet, and upon the explosion the cap is driven forward, expelling the lubricant as the projectile passes through the barrel.

A FULL REVOLVER SCORE.—New York, April 25.—At Conklin's gallery, to-day, Mr. E. Wassermann, of New York, succeeded in making the wonderful record of a full score on the standard decimal target, hitting a ring a half inch in diameter six consecutive times with the S. & W. .44cal. revolver; distance, 12 yds.—J. K.

EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB.—New York, April 22.—Scores were made at the regular weekly shoot, April 21: W. Rosenbaum 94, A. Nowak 92, C. Zettler 92, F. Stahl 86, W. Maisenholder 83, W. Miller 82, G. Hilmeyer 77.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE INTER-STATE LEAGUE.—The dates for the next series of shoots in the Inter-State Trap-Shooting League have been fixed. The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club and the Parkway Rod and Gun Club will not participate, leaving the Fountain Gun Club, the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, the Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, N. J., the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club and the Newark Gun Club in the league. The first shoot will be on the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds, at Coney Island, on May 14. The second will be on the second Tuesday in June, with the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, at Woodlawn Park, Long Island. The third at Long Branch, on the second Thursday in September, and the fourth with the Fountain Gun Club, at Woodlawn Park, Long Island, the second Thursday in October. No date has been fixed for the Newark Gun Club shoot, but it will probably take place at Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., the following month.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—Watertown, N. Y., April 24.—On May 12, 13 and 14 will be held at the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Watertown, N. Y., the biggest tournament ever held in northern New York. The prize money is \$300 in cash. The programme is arranged to give both amateurs and professionals a good show. The shooting will be at kingbirds from ten traps, rapid firing system, under the supervision of Mr. Will H. Cruttenberg, of Cazenovia. We want all the "boys" to come, and promise them a good time—nobody barred, every shooter welcome. Don't forget the dates, May 12, 13 and 14. We will be pleased to mail our programme to any shooter interested.—L. H. Prentice, Secy.

ATHENS, Pa., April 27.—Following are the scores made at the weekly shoot of our new gun club, at 25 single kingbirds: Murrelle 15, Wolfrat 13, Nevins 11, Segar 10, Alberts 9, Hearn 8, Smith 8.—ATHLETIC.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

April 28-30.—New Haven Gun Club, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, \$1,000 guaranteed. May 5.—Eight Annual Shooting Tournament Johnston (N. Y.) Gun Club. F. W. Partis, Secy.

May 5.—Hackettsown (N. J.) Field Day. J. L. Smith, Captain. May 5-6.—Algonia (Ia.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. John G. Smith, Secy.

May 5-7.—Amhurst, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament. \$500 guaranteed. Professionals barred. Chas. W. Brister, Secy.

May 5-7.—Barrington (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Tournament, under management of Shaver, Davidson and Crow. E. T. Shaver, Secy. Pittsburgh, Pa.

May 5-9.—Grand Tournament of the Hill City Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss. Open to all. Geo. H. Hill, Secy.

May 12.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League Tournament, held under the auspices of the West End Trap-Shooting Association, of Albany, N. Y., at their grounds on Colvin avenue.

May 11-16.—Fourteenth Annual Tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, at San Antonio. W. L. Simpson, Secy.

May 12-14.—Grand Tournament of the South Side Gun Club, at Watertown, N. Y. Open to all. L. H. Prentice, Secy.

May 13-15.—Meridian (Miss.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. J. R. Alexander, Secy.

May 15-17.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Three days targets. One day live birds. H. M. F. Worden, Secy.

May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000.

June 2-5.—Harrisburg, Pa., Wolstencroft's Second Annual Tournament, at Facony Driving Park, Philadelphia, Pa. Address Wm. H. Wolstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

May 30.—Canaquaharie (N. Y.) Gun Club Tournament. T. C. Peginn, Secy.

May 30.—Shooting Tournament Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club. Open to all. Programme secret. C. W. Brown, Secy. Maplewood, N. J.

June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000. Club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.

June 2-5.—Rocky Mountain Sportsmen's Association Tournament, at Denver, Col. C. M. Hampson, Secy.

June 8-13.—Regular Annual Tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, W. L. Shepard, Secy. Chicago, Ill.

June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Secy.

July 2-4.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Secy.

PROFESSIONALS AND ROUNDERS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Ament the two communications of "Ad Vance," issues of March 6 and April 8, let me also say a few words on the subject. The remarks are not only sensible but also for the following reasons: First, I belong to more than one club and if I could not have the option of shooting on the team of any one of them, whenever and wherever a team was called upon, I would probably resign from such an organization as I think a preference in such a matter is entirely personal. Secondly—"Ad Vance" has had the experience in getting up teams in gun clubs, which has fallen to my lot, he would know how low it is to find out before a match just what members will be present. You may send out a score of notices, get answers yes or no from five and have fifteen men, perhaps, on the ground ready to shoot. You can't make your members post a forfeit and you must often take those who show up or have no show.

Now, I don't believe in barring a man from shooting just because he is not a member of a gun club. I don't believe in making it a condition of membership that a man must shoot better than those classed as amateurs (partly, I think, because they are better provided in the way of arms, etc., and giving the same much study, they have given more impetus and encouragement to trap shooting than any other class. Look over the list of professionals, Ad Vance, and tell me if you can find one man who is not a gentleman and sportsman. Under no circumstances would I ever good firm engage any other. Take the men named by "Ad Vance" and fifty well-known others, and if they get into a tie with an amateur they are willing to do the agreeable. It doesn't pay them to do anything else. One of the men "Ad Vance" names told me it was absurd to suppose they were in it for all they could get. The better part of their expenses and whether they win or lose it matters little to them. No, the only proper way to classify a shooter is by his record, not by his business. In my remarks I wish to be understood as using the word "professional" as meaning one who is in the gun and other similar business.

But there is another class, and this is the crowd we should discourage the most. They are the men who are in the gun for the money and see if I don't come being somewhere near them in my remarks. I mean the "rounder." The rounder can give the professional points in scooping the boodle and beat him to a standstill. He is everywhere. No little club gives a shoot but the rounder is there. His capabilities are perhaps not well known, and he takes in the ships of his rival's content. He will never divide with you, and he never has to with one of his ilk; they are not in his class, having conveniently missed a bird "in place." The rounder does not represent any "gun house"; he couldn't fill such a position, being too much disliked. Perhaps he has a little place where he works when not like Dick Turpin, "on the road." He can make better wages with his gun than he can with any other tool, and the work is more congenial. His reputation as a good shot perhaps has him a gun at a big discount, and what he makes with the arm is his own; if he loses, of course it comes out of his personal pocket. He must get money, honestly if he can, but he must get it if he wants to shoot. So he and his ilk go where they think they will have a "soft snap," and they have done more with their "deals" and "shooting for place" than they could have done with their guns.

Let us discourage the rounder, and let us have more of the advent of the glass ball. Now, if "Ad Vance" would bar any shooters, let him bar these gentry or handicaps them until they won't think it worth while to come in.

It has been said that to keep out all experts will result in the failure of tournaments. St. Louis, Newark and other places have denied this, the tournaments held in those places having been successful and interesting to the spectators. Let us have more of the rounder shown them to stamp out the rounder. Perhaps the rounder does shoot more than the amateur, but one rounder will keep twenty amateurs away, so the number of shots will be increased by the notice "experts barred." Try it and see. But if the professional has a new gun he wants to show let him come. He will advertise your club and you will not have a good fellow all over and full of fun as an egg is of meat. He'll give you some points, too, which may be useful in the conduct of a club or tournament, and when he goes away with perhaps a little cash which formerly occupied a place in your inside pocket you will be glad you've met him. Try that, too.

A great many tales have been told about these professionals, and I have heard of one who, the first time he went to a tournament without a supply of cast iron standard keys, stones, which the trappers are instructed to put in the traps when a shooter who is in a tie with Pen goes to the score. That Quimby made all the coats for the Climax-Iolanthe team too tight, so that he could easily beat the boys. Quimby is unquestionably the best artificial target shot in the country, but he wanted to make a "rule" out of the gun. The March bird never divide with an amateur, and that the Smith guns know him so well that they decline to shoot him out. That "old Court" who is "on the list" will hoodoo a gun worse than Mack. That Von Lengerke goes to all the shoots like a rounder and scoops it all in. And a number of nice little tales could be told about these and other "professionals" and "rounders" and "deals" and "shooting for place" and "rule" out of the gun. They are the men who are in the gun for the money and see if I don't come being somewhere near them in my remarks. I mean the "rounder." The rounder can give the professional points in scooping the boodle and beat him to a standstill. He is everywhere. No little club gives a shoot but the rounder is there. His capabilities are perhaps not well known, and he takes in the ships of his rival's content. He will never divide with you, and he never has to with one of his ilk; they are not in his class, having conveniently missed a bird "in place." The rounder does not represent any "gun house"; he couldn't fill such a position, being too much disliked. Perhaps he has a little place where he works when not like Dick Turpin, "on the road." He can make better wages with his gun than he can with any other tool, and the work is more congenial. His reputation as a good shot perhaps has him a gun at a big discount, and what he makes with the arm is his own; if he loses, of course it comes out of his personal pocket. He must get money, honestly if he can, but he must get it if he wants to shoot. So he and his ilk go where they think they will have a "soft snap," and they have done more with their "deals" and "shooting for place" than they could have done with their guns.

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HARRISBURG TRAPS.

APRIL 18.—In my report of last Saturday's shoot it seems I led you to believe we had held a tournament. Such was not the case, however; the shoot was merely local, the association gives every Saturday afternoon an open sweepstake shoot for the pleasure of the boys at home, while any one outside of the city is welcome to come and participate, we do not intend it to be anything but a local affair; we have held no tournament since last fall, but, as all the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are well aware, we are making arrangements to hold one in May. Owing to an extensive building boom in the western part of the city, old grounds cannot be used. We have, therefore, secured through the courtesy of Mr. John Westervelt, manager of the Harrisburg Athletic Association and owner of the island on which their buildings stand, his permission to use the same for holding our coming tournament. This is a central location, not being more than a five-minute walk from any railroad depot in the city, and will prove to be a most advantageous location for the display of the goods of the Manufacturers and Dealers' Association, as the grounds are most handsomely fitted up and grand-stand accommodations for all ladies and gentlemen who desire to come as shooters or spectators. Hotel headquarters will be at The Commonwealth, where the meeting for the formation of a Central State Shooting League will be held on the evening of May 14, at 8 P. M., and all delegates elected by the various clubs to attend this meeting are earnestly requested to report promptly. The grounds will be under the management of the Harrisburg Club, a number of whose members are also members of the shooting association.

Our esteemed friend and most earnest worker C. E. H. Brelsford, of the home contingent, whose anxiety to place the record of our genial commodore and Cumberland county's Democratic contingent before the Manufacturers and Dealers' Association finds himself hearing that awful abyss from whose depths even our Western experts were unable to make themselves heard, and in the language of Bobby Burns, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," and so it is that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day, but he who is in battle slain shall never live to fight again." Appended you will find our shoot for medal classification for March:

Dustin.....010111111010111110101111—19	
Shearer.....1111100111111111111111—23	
Nutt.....1101101111111111111111—21	
Fuller.....1111111111111111111111—21	

Medal shoot for April:	
Dustin.....1111111111111111111111—23	
Dill.....1111101011111111111111—22	
Dustin.....1111111111111111111111—22	
McKee.....1111100011111111111111—22	
Brelsford.....1111111111111111111111—22	
Shearer.....1111111111111111111111—20	
Forrester.....1111111111111111111111—20	
Fuller.....1111111111111111111111—22	
Todd.....1101111111111111111111—20	

Tie shoot:	
Troup.....1011111111111111111111—13	
Shearer.....1111111111111111111111—15	

Sweep No. 1, 30 singles, entry \$1.50 1 money:	
Dustin.....1010101111111111111111—23	
Sullivan.....1111111111111111111111—20	
Brelsford.....1111111111111111111111—30	

Sweep No. 2, 10 singles, entry 75 cents:</
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[illegible]

Went to the canoes with the news of my find, and Lacy as finally persuaded that an open river bank, with nothing on it except long, wet grass and a few rocks, and nothing to drink except river water, was not the most promising place in which to lunch, particularly in a risk shower; so we re-embarked and paddled on down through the falls until opposite the farmhouse, where we crossed and made a landing on the sandy bank, the storm, meantime, having passed over us as we progressed, and finally drifting away over the Blue Ridge in a thin curtain of mist which hovered and drifted around over the mountain tops and enveloped the peaks in white, fleecy folds for the rest of the evening.

It was long after two o'clock when George returned across the fields from the farmhouse, laboriously lugging a bucket of water in which the good housewife had thoughtfully placed a lump of ice; and, truth to tell, we were about as nearly furnished as was Lacy, and that we did ample justice to a bounteous repast goes without saying.

"I say, Commodore, we've made a good run so far to-day, and as for me I'm tired. What do you say to finding a place and going into camp?" said George, as we lingered over our pipes.

"Now you see the effect of waiting so long before eating your lunch," said Lacy, striking in. "We put it off so long that we were all faint and tired from want of it."

"You're quite right, Lacy," I rejoined. "We do all feel the effects of the delay; but I do not quite see how we could help ourselves. I am willing to go into camp for my part," I continued, turning to George.

"There used to be an old mill a mile below here at the foot of the eddy below the falls where the river narrows again. It has entirely disappeared now, but the dam is still doing business at the old stand; perhaps you remember it—a low stone dam which we shot last cruise and got several bumps apiece among the rocks below in the operation. I think it likely we may find a place down there to camp, for there undoubtedly must have been a spring somewhere near the mill."

"Well, we'll drop down there and see," said George as we re-embarked and pushed out into the river.

"Hello, Uncle!" he sang out as we were passing a couple of old chaps fishing from a skiff anchored out in the stream a short distance above the old dam referred to.

"Is there a spring anywhere about here?"

"Yes," replied one of them as they turned and looked after us with great interest and curiosity. "Half a mile below the dam there's a creek comes in from the right with an iron railroad bridge across it a little ways up from the river. Just follow along up the creek until you get almost to the bridge and you'll find a good spring. Where'd you all come from, and where—Good Lord, boys, you ought to get over that dam!"

"Why not?" I shouted back in reply as I stood up in my canoe and took a look down the tumultuous mass of waters that poured over and through a somewhat broken down piece of the dam and went pitching and tossing down the steep rocky slope below and saw at a glance that the shoot, though rough, was safe, with good management.

"They dropped their fishing rods and, standing up in their boat, watched us in open-mouthed wonder and astonishment as we shot wildly over the dam and through the rapid below; our little canoes bobbing up and down like corks on the rough, choppy waters, and as long as we could see them they still remained standing motionless in their boat, their fishing suspended, gazing after us as though wondering what kind of lunatics we were.

"We easily found the creek as the bridge was visible for some distance up the river, but we had some difficulty in making a landing, as the bar off the mouth of the creek—which at the present stage was mostly above water—extended so far out into the river, and the water shoaled so gradually along its outer edge, that we found it impossible to get within two or three boat lengths of the shore.

"We solved the difficulty, however, by simply stepping out into the shallow water, painter in hand, and wading ashore; dragging the canoes after us, out of the water and up on to the firm, white sand of which the bar was composed.

"I'm going to leave my canoe right here to-night," said George. "Why, man, it isn't six inches above the water," said Lacy. "I don't care," said George. "I'm not going to lift it up on the bank there, although there is a very good place up there for the canoes." "I'll risk it right here."

"Well, I will too," said I. "We'll place them all side by side right on this sand bank, and make the up-stream painters fast to this willow here on the point; and if a chance rise should come by morning we'll simply find ourselves lying side by side along the bank here. However, we'd better place the camp stove, mess table, etc., up on the bank, as the river is so high."

"Now, then, fellows, the camp's all in order for the night," said Lacy, some little time later, when we had completed our various preparations. "and as it's not near supper time, I propose to utilize the time by going in swimming."

"A really brilliant inspiration!" cried George, as he sprang to his feet and began to chuck off his garments. "Your example shall be just followed in a few minutes," with a rush and a splash through the shallow water, followed by a plunge into the deep, still pool off the steeply sloping outer edge of the bar, we were all enjoying that most delightful luxury—a swim.

"I say," said Lacy half an hour later, as he sat, barefooted and half dressed, on a camp stool out on the bar in about three or four inches of water, idly splashing his canoe pennant to and fro "to wash the dust out of the river was so low," he explained. "How far is it to Riverton from here?"

"About ten miles," I replied. "We can easily make it by lunch time to-morrow, as it is pretty much all still, smooth water."

"There's one dam to portage," George observed.

"Yes; the Blakemore dam," I added. "You can try the shoot, Lacy, if you want to, but I don't want to go for my part."

"No, thank you; I'll take your word for it," he replied.

"Just to illustrate what a difference a few inches more or less water makes in cruising the river, Lacy," said George. "The Commodore and I made the trip from Massanutten to Riverton, last cruise, in two days, while when we reach there to-morrow it will have taken us the greater part of four days."

"That's about the way of it," I added. "In places where we have worked down slowly and with great care, George and I sailed smoothly right along without the least trouble on a foot or so more water."

"On the other hand," said George, "more water means rougher water; and with but few exceptions, our last cruise was a much rougher one than this. You will remember, Commodore, that hardly a day passed but we were not more or less wet; for at nearly every fall or rapid the water washed our decks from stem to stern, and frequently came aboard by the bucketful."

"Yes, and in some places it didn't hesitate to come aboard by the tubful," said I, laughingly.

THE ZEREGA SAIL COMPETITION.

THE following are the complete conditions for the Zerega sail competition previously announced. The date for entries has been extended to June 5:

A hoisting and lowering rig competition will take place on June 6, from 1 o'clock P. M. until sundown, at the house of the Brooklyn Canoe Club, Mr. W. P. Stephens, 315 Broadway.

The contest is open to members of the New York, Brooklyn, Knickerbocker, Lanthan and Arlington canoe clubs. Two prizes will be offered for five, and three for ten competitors. Entries will be received up to and including June 5, and must be sent to W. P. Stephens, 315 Broadway.

Conditions governing the contest are as follows: Rig to consist of at least two sails, catboats must be under way, and all maneuvers executed at command of judge. The contest is to be judged by points, which are to be counted as follows:

Hoisting	3 points.
Lowering and properly furling	3 points.
Balance (to be determined by sailing without rudder and with fixed centerboard over a short course to windward and return)	5 points.
Merit and beauty of design	3 points.
Neat and seamanlike finish	3 points.

Possible score 17 points. |

Should the score of any boats tie, such boats must be re-judged, and on the same day if possible. Double entries permitted, but only one prize awarded to any competitor. Reefing not considered. Rudders may be carried on the third trial, but must swing freely and not be used during the trial.

ELLIDA.—Mr. Schuyler Schieffelin's canoe has been at MacWhirter's shop for alterations, the single long centerboard trunk being replaced by two trunks, located in the center of the boat, each the forward one being only 6 in. from stem and ending at aft, while the after one is within a few inches of the other, ending at 10 ft. 10 in. As the two trunks nearly touch, the great advantage of the double board, space in center of the boat, is entirely lost.

IRRAWADDI C. C.—The Irrawaddi C. C., of Davenport, Iowa, held its annual meeting on April 4, at which the following officers were elected: Com., M. Barker; Vice-Com., Geo. E. Copeland; Sec.-Treas., E. E. Snider. The executive committee reported finances in good condition, bills all paid, and money in the treasury. The club house will be further improved by a large addition to ground floor. A new uniform was adopted and a committee appointed to purchase the same. The matter of purchasing a war canoe was favorably discussed. A number of cruises were planned for the season; one on the Iowa River about May 1, and the regular Memorial Day cruise, from the club house via steamer to the head of Rock Island Rapids, returning in canoes, ladies to accompany the party, and one of about ten days with the ladies, on the Maquoketa River, in August. The L. C. C. have come prominently before the public as the originators of the Davenport River Carnival, which has become an annual attraction, drawing large crowds of people from far and near to see it. It is now under the management of the Davenport Carnival Association, incorporated for the express purpose of perpetuating it. Last year there were about two hundred decorated boats on the water beautifully illuminated and well supplied with fireworks. It is expected that this year's carnival will be much more attractive than heretofore; 100 boats will be built at once, and in order to have a good supply, one of the chief difficulties being to obtain a sufficient number of boats.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—W. G. Maxwell, Geo. Stevens and A. W. Belman, Amsterdam, N. Y.; E. B. Elliott, Jr., Newark, N. Y.; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, 52c.

Yachtsmen who do not see what they want under this heading will please look under the *Hatches of the Canoe*, *peep into the Keel*, *squint down the barrel of the Rifle*, *open the Fish Car* and *Game Bag*, inquire of the *Sportsman's Tribune*, and if their yearnings are still unsatisfied, push their explorations into the *Editorial and Advertising Departments*.

WORK IN THE YARDS.

THE most important yacht building about New York, in fact the only one of any size, is the 48 ft. racer designed and building by Wintringham, at Bay Ridge, for Mr. J. Roger Maxwell, owner of Shamrock and former owner of Daphne, Crusader, Peerless, and a fleet of smaller craft. Mr. Maxwell's early yachting dating back to the time when Gowanus Bay was a noted yachting station, the "Bay Ridge" of its time. The new boat, which will probably be named *Nautilus*, is important as the sole representative of New York in a class that promises to monopolize the racing of this and possibly next season. Two others of the fleet of 9 new boats will probably hail from New York, the Belmont boat, *Mine*, and the Herreshoff boat, *Gloriana*, owned by Mr. Morgan, but both of these are designed and built in Eastern yards, and simply represent New York ownership, and not the skill of her designers and builders. The Maxwell boat is now planked and the deck frame is in, so that her model and construction can be fully appreciated. In draft, displacement and sail area she is more moderate than any of her classmates, and Mr. Wintringham has relied more on harmony of design and light construction than on power alone. None of the features common to modern craft, long overhang, reduced forefoot, raking stempost, or draft, are carried to an extreme, but the whole design bears evidence of a careful study of proportions and adjustment of the various details.

Construction is probably as light as any of the Boston boats, and the weight is also well distributed, the topsides and deck being noticeably light. There are 10 steel angle beams, each with its deck beam of the same material, the spacing being 4 ft. 6 in., while at intervals of 14 in. are steamed oak frames sided 2 1/2 in. and moulded 2 in. at heads, with deck beams 3/4 square on each, one corner of each beam being cut away by machinery, making the beam of L. for the purpose of an ash spar. The main clamps are of 2 x 7 yellow pine, with an oak rubst 4 x 2 1/2 in. well aft and bolted to the quarter timbers. These are of mahogany, neatly worked out to form the planksheer and taper part of the bulwarks; the archboard, also of mahogany, forming a continuation of the same parts. There are three diagonal steel straps 2 1/2 x 3/8 in. across the frames abreast the mast, two leading aft and one forward on each side. The garboards and lower planks are of oak, with yellow pine from below the bilge upward. The fastening on the steel frames are composition screw bolts, and through the wood copper bolts only are used. The joiner work will be very light, and the companion, which is ready in the joiner shop, shows that no weight will be wasted in the deck fittings.

The Boston papers have spoken rather patronizingly of the new boat, and especially of her construction, which they assume to have been learned from the various Burgess boats built and overhauled at Bay Ridge; but the Maxwell boat is far and away ahead of *Chispa*, *Mariquita*, *Nymph* and the other Eastern built craft that preceded *Gossion*, being radically different and far more suggestive of *Clara*, *Yama* and *Liris*. With a good crew in her, as she is like to have, the new boat will have a fair fighting chance, the odds in point of numbers being of course heavily against her as opposed to the large Burgess fleet, with *Fife*, *Herreshoff* and *Palme* thrown in. The work is going ahead very satisfactorily, and with a continuance of the present good weather she should soon be in the water.

On April 21 the little cruising cutter built for Mr. A. W. Ketchum from design by Mr. H. J. Gossion was successfully launched at Wintringham's from the shed where *Yama* was built, being christened *Saona*. She is 45 ft. 6 in. over all, 38 ft. L.W.L., 12 ft. beam, 6 ft. 9 in. draft, with a lead keel of 9 tons. She has nearly 6 ft. of headroom by means of a wide, low house, the interior being in one large cabin with two fixed berths and two folding ones. There is a good toilet room and w. c., and ample room for stowage of gear, and the new boat will have a fair fighting chance, the odds in point of numbers being of course heavily against her as necessary, being the full width of the house. There is a large cockpit in the deck, the mahogany coaming inclosing a part of the deck for seats. The boat is quite neatly finished in mahogany. The decks are paved with Jeffries marine glue. She is intended solely for cruising, and in fact fits no racing class.

The only other new boat at the yard is a catboat designed by Gardner for Mr. F. W. Meeker, a centerboard boat of handsome model and with a very neatly turned counter. She will be 20 ft. on L.W.L., with a large shoal cockpit and a cuddy under a low house forward. The centerboard is of a novel form, the after part being of the usual width, extending up to the floor of cockpit through a narrow well. The greater part of the board is cut away so as to fit in a trunk in the body of the boat, thus interfering but little with the interior space. Mr. Wintringham is now completing the two stock boats started last season of 35 and 25 ft.

In the Atlantic Basin the Cape cat *Iris*, formerly *Mucilage*, and the cutter *Kathleen* have been in commission for some time, and a number of larger yachts are busily engaged in the spring overhaul, among them *Kathleen*, *Katana*, *Chispa*, *A. A. A.*, *Academy*. *Chispa* has her name and port on her sun arch and in letters black enough and ugly enough to satisfy even Commissioner of Navigation Bates.

At Ayres's yard, next to the Atlantic Y. C., the Ellsworth sloop *Kangaroo* has had a very fair looking counter added, the work being done entirely Mr. Ayres's. The Yale launch is well advanced in her spring overhaul, and will be launched in a few days. At the same place the Ofeldt Company is busy with a number of engines and launches.

The winter has been a dull one at City Island, but little beyond repair work being done. At Piegras's yard Mr. Trotter's new Burgess schooner *Fleur de Lys*, which has been hauled out all winter, was lately set afloat, and the cutter *Ileen* will be the next to follow her. At the yard of Besse, the fleetest of the race, the *Arctica*, Mr. McDonough, now fitting out for racing in the 48 ft. class. She has been newly coppered and refitted, with an entire new outfit of larger racing spars and sails, and will undoubtedly make a better showing than in her first season, though she is not the boat for the present 48 ft. class. Being built for racing in British waters, she was originally canvassed just to 20-rating with the rig of a 20-rating in 1889, but that is with no fibrous, and a number setting to the masthead instead of the topsmast. When she came out here it was with this insufficient outfit, and what racing she did was with the small spinnaker and no jibspinnaker, in addition to which she was undersparrred for American weather. Both of these defects will be remedied this season, by longer spars and the usual American outfit of sails, including baby and other jibspinnakers and large spinnaker, and in light weather she is likely to have a fair chance in the new class.

Lying near her are *Titania*, *Nouparell*, yawl, *Montecito*, yawl, lately sold to an owner whom it is to be hoped will change her

name to something a little less clumsy and inappropriate, and the 40-footer *Corilla*. Under her new owner this yacht has been improved with the addition of a sort of square pen on deck, such as is used in the country to confine young chickens and ducks, and which has effectually spoiled the appearance of her clean flush deck. On the other railway is *Liris*, now an ex-racer, on which Mr. Piegras has done a great deal of work during the winter. The light double-skin deck has been replaced by one of the usual construction, the seams paved with marine glue, while an oval cockpit has been added with a wheel in place of a filler. The low racing bulwarks have been replaced by substantial ones of oak, about 8 in. forward and tapering considerably aft, capped with a light oak rail. The interior is unchanged, but the hull has been coppered, while the rudder has been changed from its original shape by a widening at the bottom, to improve the steering. The same rig will be carried, but the yacht will not race unless in some of the handicap or cruising rig classes. Near her lies *Macassin*, still on shore and in her winter fittings, while *Banshee* is afloat in the basin.

In the next yard, Woods's, are two Gardner yachts, one a centerboard boat of 30 ft. L.W.L. for Mr. C. T. Lowndes, of Charleston, S. C. She has a cabin house and cockpit of the usual form, but the centerboard is similar to that already described in Mr. Meeker's boat, the after part forming a narrow projection in place of a trunk about 30 in. long in a fore and aft direction, the rest of the board being under the floor. The cabin is very neatly finished in white pine, with panels of mahogany. The other boat is a keel, for Mr. C. W. Wetmore, owner of *Liris*, and is for the new 25 ft. corrected length class. She is a very handsome little cutter, similar to *Smuggler*, and very neatly and expensively built, the topsides being of Spanish cedar. In the main shop is an 18 ft. L.W.L. keel catboat designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for a Newport yachtsman, a very good type of boy's sailing boat, for which purpose she is intended.

At Hawkins's yard is the cutter *Medusa*, still on the ways, where she has laid all winter, but nearly ready to go off, and the little cutter *Bajah*, the latter receiving a complete overhaul, the topsides scraped and painted, copper repaired, etc. On the beach below the yard are the sloops *Scheher* and *Lone Star*, while at the neighboring yard is the cutter *Magpie* and the *Ventura*, both on the ways yet.

Important changes are now being made at the Harlem River terminal of the railroad, but nearly make City Island more accessible. A continuation of the bridge over Second Avenue is being built, from the level of the bridge to the grade of the railroad tracks in the Harlem yard, while on the New York side a connecting section of track is being built between the Second and Third Avenue elevated road on 125th street. When this work is completed, about June 1, it will be possible to leave the elevated cars at the New York end of the Second Avenue bridge and take the cars of the Harlem River branch on an adjoining track, thus avoiding the present long walk over the old bridge to the terminus. Trains will run every hour to Bortow, where the horse cars connect for City Island. A steamboat line is also projected to run from various points about New York and Brooklyn to the extreme western end of the island, at Baldie's Point, where excursion grounds are now being fitted up. City Island is one of the most convenient stations about New York for yachts, having a harbor, deep water and good yards, but the lack of suitable transit has been a great drawback, the trains being few, the terminus in New York in a very inaccessible location, while the dirty boiler cars of the horse railroad are generally so overcrowded that the use of the island is almost unprofitable. With better transit, however, the place is certain to be more popular with yachtsmen as an anchorage and a place for laying up in winter.

YOKOHAMA SAILING CLUB.

WE have received the report of the Yokohama Sailing Club for the past year, showing in detail the racing done by the club, which now numbers 25 members and 24 boats. The classification by length and sail area has received another year's trial, the committee indorsing it as follows:

"In this connection the working of the new rating must be noted, both Lady Louise and Molly Bawn cutting down their sail plans somewhat and seemingly in both instances benefiting thereby. The loss of speed in light winds not being noticeable, while in good breeze and especially in windward work, a most marked improvement was made in weatherliness and actual speed. It would seem from the present experience that the former measurement encouraged the use of almost useless sails and spars, and under the heavy tax now imposed on sail this excess can be done away with to the benefit of the craft in every way. The new rating is most commendable. With better dimensions and sail spread, so that intending builders should be able to suit their various ideas as to the right proportions, and much useful information may be gained by the racing of the various resulting types."

The club last year established what is called a 17-rating class, the rule being $\frac{1}{2} \sqrt{L \times SA}$ = Rating. This would be nearly equivalent to 17 ft. corrected length. Three boats were built from the lines of the 21 in. in Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing" over all 18 ft., L.W.L. 17 ft. 6 in.; beam, 4 ft.; draft, 1 ft.; with board, 2 ft. 8 in. and two sails, mainsail 100 and jib 36-sq. ft.; crew of five and no ballast. Some interesting figures relating to speed are given as follows:

The total distance sailed by boats over 17 rating was about 208 miles. The average speed made by the record prize winners in each class over the distances given, was as follows:

39 raters, Maid Marion	144 1/2 miles at 4.54 knots.
32 raters, Dalmyo	119 miles at 4.07 knots.
29 raters, Lady Louise	199 miles at 4.11 knots.
17 raters, Jessie	44 miles at 2.88 knots.

Molly Bawn sailed 100 miles at 4.11 knots, and Princess Mand 178 miles at 4.12 knots. The 17 raters were not so fortunate as the larger craft in the average amount of wind they experienced, but on one occasion, the 12th of July, they were enabled to make extra quick time over their course, of 4.15 miles. This race was won by the Jessie in 47 1/2 min. The start was made at 10 minutes past 12, and the water was very smooth and puffy, water fairly smooth. The Jessie is 17 ft. 9 in. w. l., 5 ft. 6 in. s. c., carried whole sail, viz., a lug mainsail and jib; total, 169-sq. ft. Crew of five men, no ballast. The usual standard adopted for comparing speeds of boats of various lengths; viz., that the extreme speed equals about 1 1/4 times the square root of L.W.L. length, gives 5.32 knots for Jessie.

The Seavander, a 17-rater, has lately been the recipient of a large model of a junk from the Yokohama Sailing Club.

LAUNCH OF THE CORSAIR.—The steam yacht *Corsair*, the second of that name, designed by J. Beaver Webb for J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, was successfully launched at Neale & Levy's shipyard at Philadelphia on April 23. The new *Corsair* is a large and powerful vessel, being 23 ft. over all, 20 ft. L.W.L., 17 ft. 6 in. beam, 18 ft. draft, and 18 ft. 6 in. s. c., of steel, with a double bottom, forming water ballast tanks, and her outfit will include a complete electric light plant with other modern conveniences, such as ice machine, condensers, etc. The engines will be triple expansion, with two boilers 14 ft. 5 in. in diameter and 14 ft. long. Capt. B. H. Hawes will be in command, with A. G. Holmes as chief engineer. She will be in commission by July.

A MISNOMER.—It is becoming the fashion here to misapply the English terms "rating" and "rater" to any yacht built to a particular length class, an error which will soon lead to serious confusion. The new class of 25 ft. corrected length yachts is being generally spoken of as "25-raters," but no such class exists; if there was one it would include yachts of about 48 ft. L.W.L. and not 24 to 26 ft. The new class are properly 2 1/2 rating by the rule of the British Y. R. A., and it is consequently absurd to term them 25-raters. Until some better term is devised they may properly be called "corrected-lengthers," which at least will be accurate, though cumbersome.

CATARINA, steam yacht, formerly *Sans Peur*, has been renamed *Romola* by her new owner, Mr. Pulitzer, who will sail her in European waters under the American flag.

SHONA, cutter, has had a new deck and ceiling in cabin, at Frisbie's yard, Salem. The 40-footer *Beatrice* is now in frame at the same yard.

NEW YACHTING JOURNAL.—A weekly yachting paper called *The Yachtsman* has just been started in London.

FENELLA, schooner, has been sold by Oswald Jackson to Arnold Thayer, late owner of the 40-footer *Chowat*.

RANGER, sloop, has been sold by G. E. Chisholm to D. R. Van Nostrand for \$2,500.

CANUCK.—Mr. Ford Jones advertises his racing canoe for sale on another page.

GANNET, yawl, has been sold by H. W. Eaton to E. D. Hulbert.

NAMES ON YACHTS.

THE following notice has recently been sent out by the Commissioner of Navigation:
"To Collectors of Customs and Others: Your attention is invited to the following ruling of the bureau upon the application of the act of Feb. 21, 1891, to the marking of the names and ports of yachts and steam vessels.
"The marking of the name and port of yachts is specifically provided for by the act of March 3, 1883, amendatory of sec. 4214, Revised Statutes, and the marking of the names of steam vessels is likewise specifically provided for by sec. 4495, Revised Statutes.
"These statutes were not repealed, except by implication. The supreme court has held that a specific provision for a particular class is not repealed by a general provision in a later act.
"Hence, it appears that the statute relating to the marking of yachts and steam vessels must be construed together with the marking provided for by the act of Feb. 21, 1891. This seems proper also for the reason that these several laws relate to the same subject, were enacted for the same purpose, are consistent and reconcilable, and seem to be better adapted to the particular class of vessel than the later law of February last; and it is, therefore, the ruling of the bureau that yachts must be marked in accordance with the act of March 3, 1883, and steamboats must be marked as provided for in sec. 4495, Revised Statutes.
"The law, in accordance with which vessels used exclusively for pleasure—in other words, documented yachts—shall have their names and ports marked, is found in the following section of the act passed by Congress in March, 1883:
"Such vessels shall have their name and port placed on some conspicuous part of their hulls."
"The style of marking can be found in a section of the act of Feb. 21, 1891, which says:
"The letters may be painted, gilded or carved. If carved, block or metallic letters are used, they must conform to the requirements of the statute, and be so painted or gilded as to be in a dark color on a light ground, or be in light color on a dark ground."
"Steam yachts will be fitted to have the name in distinct, plain letters of not less than 6 in. in length on each outer side of the pilot house.
"The custom house is now prepared to document yachts as required by law, and all vessels of five tons or over, unless documented, will be subject to the penalty named in the Revised Statutes—a fine of \$50 at every port of arrival without a license.

CHANGES IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—The following very important changes will be made on May 15 in the lightships and buoys marking the approaches to New York: The Sandy Hook light vessel will be moved 2 1/2 miles northeast by north from its present position, and moored on the prolongation of the axis of Gedney Channel, entrance buoy, bearing west northwest 1/4 mile west, 4 1/2 miles. The Scotland light vessel will be moved about 1 1/2 mile northeast 3/4 east, and moored on the prolongation of the axis of the South and Swash channels, and distant 3 3/4 miles from the axis of the main channel. Nos. 6, 8, 9, southwest spit, 10 and 15 1/2 buoys will be discontinued. No. 6 red first-class nun buoy, will be established just south of 18 foot spot, Flynn's Knoll; No. 10, south of 14 1/2 ft. spot, Flynn's Knoll, No. 12, south of 23 ft. spot, southwest spit; No. 14 is to be placed on the 29 foot spot; No. 7 is to be discontinued as a channel buoy and changed to a white spar buoy for demarcation of harbor limits only. West Bank Bell Buoy will be known as Fort Tompkins Bell Buoy. Junction Buoy, at junction at upper end of Swash Channel and Mainship Channel, will be a first-class nun, with black horizontal stripes and surmounted by perch and square. Romer Shoal Bell Buoy will be known as Swash Channel Bell Buoy. In the East Channel No. 2 Red Spar Buoy will be established on the north side, and No. 5 Black Spar Buoy on the southwest side of the channel.

ATLANTIC, schr., has been fitted out at Poillon's, but it has recently been discovered that some of her frames on the port quarter were badly rotted. It is stated that the injury is but local, due to leakage about the plank-sheer where it was exposed while she was laid up for a long time; but her owner has stopped all work on her, laid her up again and discharged her crew.

REVERIE, 40-RATER.—The first important addition to the yachting fleet of the approaching racing season was made on April 9 by the launch at Fay's, at Southampton, of Mr. A. D. Clarke's new 40-rater, built from designs by Mr. J. M. Soper, the architect of Castanet, built in the same yard for the same owner last year. The vessel, as she left the ways, was christened Reverie by Miss Bear, a sister of Mrs. Clarke, and was at once towed to Messrs. Day and Simmer's to have her mast stepped and was afterward towed back. She will be fitted out with all dispatch, as she is to be ready for commission by May 1. The Reverie is composite-built, her frames being of steel, and all her lead is outside. She is of about the same dimensions as Castanet, but she has rather finer lines; her fittings, too, are lighter, and she is expected all round to be an improvement on last year's boat. She has a rich pine bottom and teak topsides, and fiddle bow. Her deck fittings are of cedar throughout, this wood being chosen for lightness, and she has a very bold deck plan. Her main saloon gives a head-room of 6 1/2 ft., and her accommodation below is very roomy. She can make up six berths. The inside fittings are of pine, white enameled, with cedar fronts, tops, and facings, and her seats, etc., are upholstered in scarlet rep. Her mast and boom are Oregon spars. She will be canvassed by Ratsy and Lophorne, of Cowes. T. Diaper, of Hythe, who sailed Castanet for Mr. Clarke, will be skipper. Columbine, 60-rating, building for Mr. A. B. Paget, has her decks in and caulked. Capt. Garrad, late skipper of the Foxglove, will be master of the vessel.

THE CRUISE OF THE YAWL WHITE CAP.—The yawl White Cap, formerly owned by Mr. David Hall Rice, of Boston, is well known to the older readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, having received considerable notice some years since when the yawl rig was under discussion. She has recently been purchased by Prof. J. T. Rothrock, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has used her this winter on a long cruise through the West Indies, the object of the expedition, on which Prof. Rothrock was accompanied by Drs. Young and Bullock, being the collection of specimens of fishes, plants and other objects for the University. The White Cap is a keel yacht 25 ft. over all, 6 ft. 6 in. j.w.l., 20 ft. beam and 9 ft. draft, commanded by Capt. Boynton. She left Booth Bay Me. in October, the party joining her at Philadelphia on Nov. 1, and she returned to the latter port in the first week in March. During this long cruise she encountered some very bad weather, but is reported as behaving splendidly. She is enrolled in the Philadelphia Y. C. Prof. Rothrock will be remembered as the author of an interesting book entitled "Vacation Cruising."

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—The annual meeting of the St. Lawrence Y. C. resulted in the election of the following officers: Com., A. W. Morris; Vice-Com., C. H. Levin; Rear Com., H. J. Beaumont; Sec., D. A. Poe; Treas., W. A. C. Hamilton; Meas., W. Kavanagh and F. P. Shearwood; Committee, Messrs. G. H. Duggan, E. Kirk Greene, J. Simmons, W. J. Wallace, A. Irving, H. M. Molson, J. H. Garth and C. A. Smart. The report of the retiring commodore, Mr. G. H. Duggan, was quite lengthy, dealing in detail with the many changes made during the past year, and showing the great advance made by the club. It is now in a very flourishing condition, and the outlook is good for the coming season.

THE NORTON SHIPBUILDING CO.—The property of the Norton Naval Construction Co., at Tottenville, has been seized to satisfy a debt for rent. It will be remembered that Francis L. Norton, who was president of this company, sailed from this country last autumn in his 50 ft. boat, which he claimed was unsinkable, for a long voyage. There were seven persons aboard the craft, and all are believed to have been lost. Capt. Norton leased the shipyard at Tottenville, and there were several boats there in process of construction.—Marine Survey.

MOHAWK-PAGRE.—The Coast Survey schooner Pagre, once the yacht Mohawk, is at Poillon's, where a new foremast, a white pine stick 26 1/2 in. at partners, was shipped last week. In setting up the foremast, a bad creak appeared below deck, and the stick was condemned, a new one being at once begun.

THAYER 46.—This new yacht was launched at Lawley's on April 25, no name being given her.

NIMBUS, sloop, has been purchased by Com. J. S. Cushing, of the Winthrop Y. C.

MONHEGAN, schr., has been sold by Dr. M. A. Rice to Col. C. F. Ulrich, of New York, for \$4,750.

GOSSOON, Messrs. Adams's 40-footer, will have a new suit of sails.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. L., New York City.—Would you please let me know whether a dog must be led by a string when he has a muzzle and a license? Ans. No.

G. L. H., Englewood, N. J.—I have a greyhound puppy I want to put out to be house broken, can you tell me where I can get it done? Ans. There are several boarding kennels advertised in our columns that we can recommend.

E. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Please give the full address of Mr. Wolf, breeder of English beagle hounds. I believe he used to live at Lewisburg, Pa., and at one time advertised in your paper. Ans. We do not know his address. Some of our readers may be able to give the desired information.

A. S. A., Wakefield, Mass.—Please give breeding of cockers champion Black Pete and Miss Ginger. Ans. Black Pete by Obo Jr., out of Phonsie, by champion Obo II., out of Blackie III., Obo Jr., by champion Obo out of Nellie. Miss Ginger by champion Obo II., (A. K. R. 432) out of Blackie II., (A. K. R. 428). Whelped April, 1887.

R. H. P., New York City.—1. Would you kindly inform me what a six-months-old mastiff bitch puppy should weigh? 2. Does 50 lbs. weight at that age indicate a small dog when full grown? Ans. 1. At that age she should weigh from 80 to 100 lbs. 2. Not necessarily, depends to a great extent on her future raising, give plenty of exercise and nourishing food.

W. T. S., New Haven, Conn.—Can you give me the pedigree of Friedrich and Gypsy J., if they have any, also are they recorded? They are St. Bernards. Ans. Gypsy J. (14208), by Monk Detrick out of Nancy, by Duke of Leeds out of Fannie B., by Carlo out of Fannie; Monk Detrick, by Detrick out of Chamounix; Detrick, by Rex out of Alma. Though not spelled exactly the same, these are, no doubt, the dogs you mean.

P. D., Long Branch, N. J.—Kindly give through your columns: 1. The breeding of Pride of the Border. 2. Lark P. (8221). 3. Gildersleeve's Nell. Ans. 1. Pride of the Border, by Dash II., out of Belle II.; Dash II., by Stag out of Cora II.; Belle II., by Rock II., out of Blair's Cora. 2. Lark P., by Glen out of Topaz S., by Royal Lothian out of Nonie; Glen, by Dashing Lion out of Jessie Turner; Dashing Lion, by Dash II. out of Leda. 3. Not registered.

A. W. J., New York City.—Will you kindly send me the full pedigree of the collie dog Clipper, owned by Mr. J. Watson, of Philadelphia, in 1889? Also of the collie bitch Lady Watson, owned by the same party. Ans. Clipper by champion Eclipse out of Nesta; Eclipse by Charlemagne out of Flirt, by Trefoil out of Maude, by Cockie out of Meg. Flirt was a litter sister to Charlemagne; Nesta by Duncan out of Bess, by Carlyle out of Midge; Carlyle by Perthshire Bob out of Old Lassie. Lady Watson is not registered.

F. R. B., Greensburg, Pa.—1. Please give me, through your columns, the registry number and pedigree for three generations of the red Irish setter dog Rufus II. 2. The pedigree for three generations of Colleen (N. A. K. C. S. B. 690). Ans. 1. Rufus II., by Rufus out of Friend, by Leigh's Flash out of Kavanagh's Stella; Flash, by Pat out of May Martin's Flash; Stella, by Watson's Kollo out of Kavanagh's Ruby; Rufus, by C. S. Trench's Shot out of Capt. French's Linda; Linda, by Hendrick's Squib II., out of Adair's Golla. 2. Colleen, by Milner's Jack out of Green's Rose; Jack, by Dash out of H. O'Connor's Fitzsimmons' Ruby Rose, a granddaughter of Hutchinson's Bob.

New Style Tent

FOR CANOEISTS AND HUNTERS.

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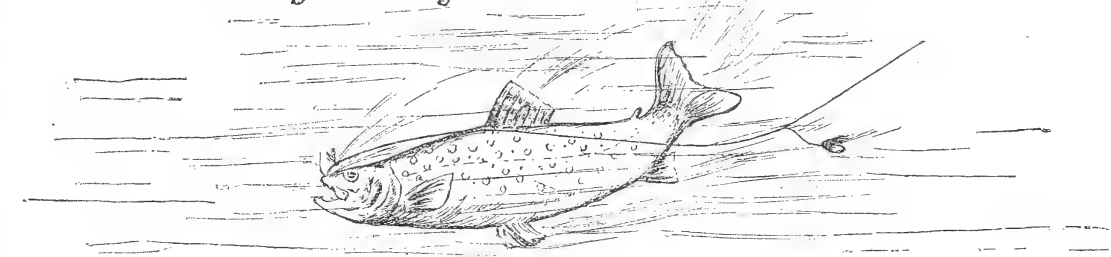
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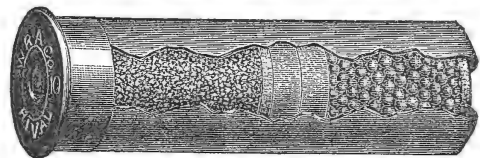
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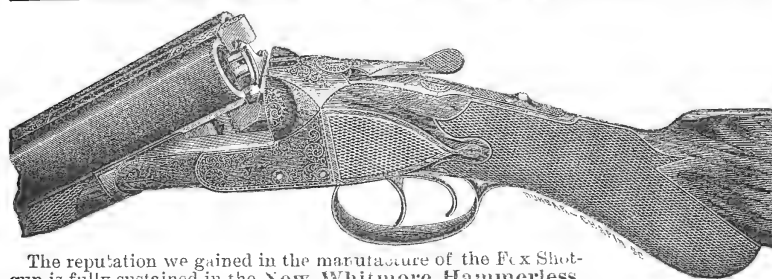
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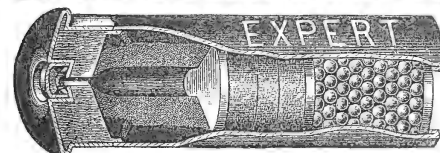
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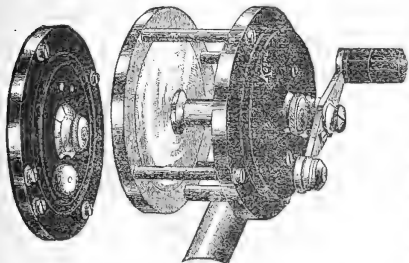
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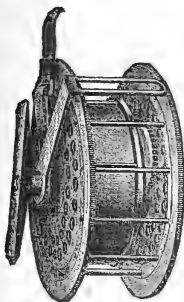


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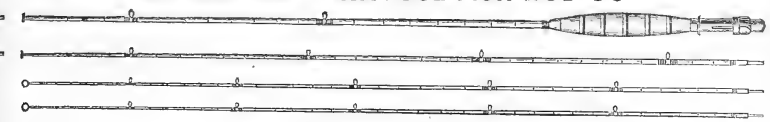
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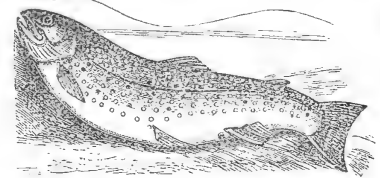
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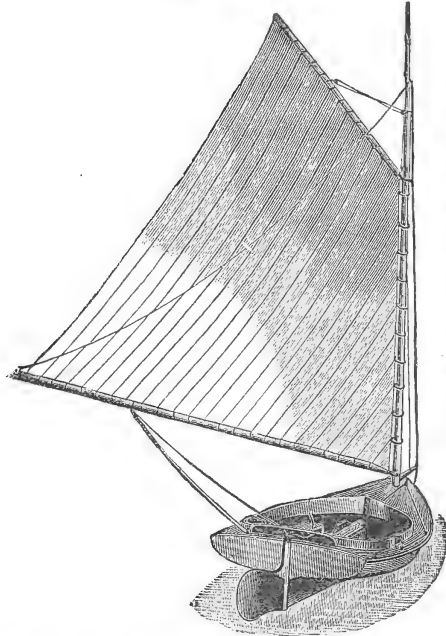
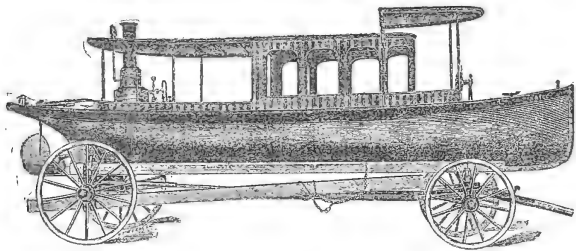
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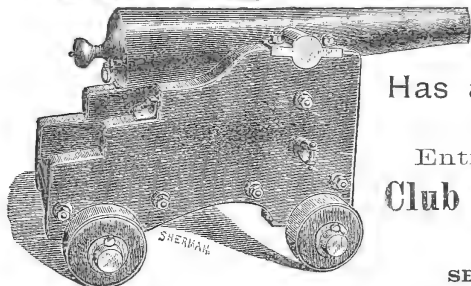
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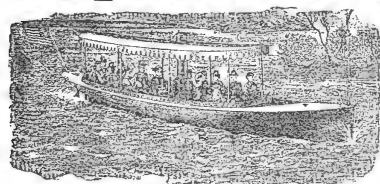
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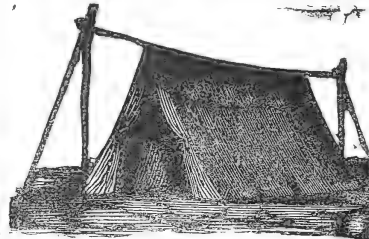


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THE FATE OF THE FUR SEALS.

THERE appears to be no longer any doubt that the fur seals of our Alaska waters are on the point of extinction. It has been feared for some years that the destructive and wasteful methods of the pelagic sealers would bring about this result, but it appears that the threatened extermination of the seals is not in fact due to that cause, but to wasteful killing on the islands and by the lessees.

For some time it has been suspected that the fur seals were seriously decreasing in numbers, but the little islands to which they resort to breed are so far away that it is most difficult to secure exact information on this and other points connected with them. Recently, however, we have the reports of Mr. Goff and Mr. Elliott, and this week we print a memorandum from the last named gentleman, which tells its own story. His report is of especial value on account of his familiarity with the seal islands in years gone by, for this knowledge enables him to compare the present condition of seal life there with what it was soon after the Russians ceded Alaska to the United States.

Mr. Elliott's statements are so clear and so full of force that they need no explanation nor elaboration. The facts are evident to every intelligent person. While there are now on the islands large numbers of female seals—though but two-fifths as many as there were sixteen years ago—there are very few breeding males, only about ten per cent. of the number found in 1874, and there are practically no young males growing up to take the place of these breeders. In fact, there are only about 80,000 young males on the island, and these, even if allowed to live, would not reach the breeding age for three or four years. But these islands are leased to a corporation, and this corporation, if it kills any seals at all, must take them from these young males. If killing on these islands is permitted this year and next year the result cannot be doubtful. The males will all be killed off and the fur seals will disappear from our Northwest coast, just as they have disappeared from so many islands and shores in the Southern seas, just as the buffalo have vanished from our Western prairies.

For twenty years after the cession of Alaska to the United States the revenue derived from the seal islands paid more than 4 per cent. on the purchase price for the territory. Congress, realizing that this was a profitable investment, legislated for its protection, and there is no reason why its value and its returns might not have remained the same for all time. But the Government has not protected itself against its lessees, pelagic sealing has reduced the numbers of the seals, and wholesale killing on the islands has nearly destroyed one sex, so that now we have approached the end.

Congress turned over the care and protection of the seal fisheries to the Treasury Department, and if that industry is to be extinguished by our own citizens, as is now threatened, it is the Treasury Department which

must bear the responsibility of the loss to the nation. Even now it is not too late to arrest the work of slaughter. All commercial killing of seals on the islands of St. Paul and St. George should be forbidden for five years—and not only forbidden, but actually prevented by a force of Government employees sufficient to see that this prohibition is obeyed. In this way the young seals now growing up would reach maturity and become the sires of the seals of the future.

The Department of State is also interested in this matter, since it has for several years been endeavoring by negotiation with Great Britain to put an end to pelagic sealing. Some agreement should be at once entered into with that power and with Russia, providing that there shall be no killing of seals in Bering Sea at any time. This would protect the female seals while on their breeding grounds, and at a time when the death of the mother means also the death of the pup. There should be an absolute close time for five years. In no other way can the seals be preserved.

There are those who object to such action as this, but they are only a few. The corporation which has leased the islands wants—naturally enough—to kill all the seals there, sell their skins and pocket the profits. A few narrow-minded people complain that if killing on the islands shall cease, the Government revenue will cease too. Very true, but which is better; that this revenue should cease for a few years and then begin again and continue forever, or that it should continue for a few years, constantly growing smaller and then should cease forever?

Besides the loss of revenue to the United States which will result from the extermination of the seals, there is to be considered the population of the seal islands. This population now earns a living by working at the seal fishery, and if this fishery ceases to exist, the occupation of the natives will be gone, and they must either starve or be supported by the United States.

Granting the accuracy of Mr. Elliott's observations—and this we must do, since no one knows half so much of the subject as he—the case is a most urgent one, and calls for immediate action by the authorities at Washington. The season for killing the seals at the Pribylov Islands will soon open, and if the killing shall be allowed to begin, the young male seals will soon be all destroyed.

Politics have entered so largely into this question of the Alaska seal fisheries that the important question at issue, the preservation of seal life, is almost lost sight of, and it is difficult to learn what the authorities really intend. At first we are told that killing is to be permitted this year and then that a close time is to be ordered for a term of years. It is earnestly to be hoped that the last named course may be pursued.

FISHING DAYS.

THE rivers roaring between their brimming banks; the brooks babbling over their pebbled beds, and cross-stream logs that will be bridges for the fox in mid-summer; the freed waters of lakes and ponds, dashing in slow beat of waves or quicker pulse of ripples against their shores, in voices monotonous but never tiresome, now call all who delight in the craft to go a-fishing.

With the sap in the aged tree, the blood quickens in the oldest angler's veins whether he be of the anointed who fish by the book or of the common sort who practice the methods of the forgotten inventors of the art.

The first are busy with rods and reels that are a pleasure to the eye and touch, with fly-books whose leaves are as bright with color as painted pictures, the others, rumaging corner-cupboards for mislaid lines, searching the sheds for favorite poles of ash, ironwood, tamarack or cedar, or perhaps the woods for one just budding on its sapling stump.

Each enjoys as much as the other the pleasant labor of preparation and the anticipation of sport, though perhaps that of the scientific angler is more esthetic enjoyment, as his outfitting is the daintier and more artistic. But to each comes the recollection of past happy days spent on lake, river and brook, memories touched with a sense of loss, of days that can never come again, of comrades gone forever from earthly companionship.

And who shall say that the piebegan angler does not enter upon the untangling of his cotton lines, the trimming of his new cut pole and the digging of his worms, with as much zest as his brother of the finer cast, on the testing and mending of lancewood or split bamboo rod, the overhauling of silken lines and leaders and the assorting of flies,

Considering the younger generation of anglers, one finds more enthusiasm among those who talk learnedly of all the niceties of the art. They scorn all fish not acknowledged as game. They plan more, though they may accomplish less than the common sort to whom all of fishing tackle is a pole, a line and a hook. To them fishing is but fishing, and fish are only fish, and they will go for one or the other when the signs are right and the day propitious.

Descending to the least and latest generation of anglers, we see the conditions reversed. The youth born to rod and reel and fly is not so enthusiastic in his devotion to the sport as the boy whose birth-right is only the pole that craftsman never fashioned, the kinky lines of the country store and hooks known by no maker's name. For it is not in the nature of a boy to hold to any nicety in sport of any sort, and this one, being herein unrestrained, enters upon the art called gentle with all the wild freedom of a young savage or a half-grown mink.

For him it is almost as good as going fishing, to unearth and gather in an old teapot the great worms, every one of which is to his sanguine vision the promise of a fish. What completeness of happiness for him to be allowed to go fishing with his father or grandfather or the acknowledged great fisherman of the neighborhood, a good-for-nothing ne'er-do-well, but wise in all the ways of fish and their taking, and very careful of and kind to little boys.

The high-hole never cackled so merrily, nor meadow lark sang sweeter, nor grass sprang greener, nor water shone brighter than to the boy when he goes a-fishing thus accompanied. To him is welcome everything that comes from the waters, be it trout, bass, perch, bullhead or sunfish, and he hath pride even in the abominable but toothsome eel and the uneatable bowfin.

Well, remembering that we were once boys and are yet anglers, though we seldom go a-fishing, we wish, in these days of the new springtide, to all the craft, whether they be of high or low degree, bent and cramped with the winter of age or flushed with the spring of life, pleasant and peaceful days of honest sport by all watersides, and full creels and strings and wythes.

In these soft evenings, when the air is full of the undefinable odor of the warming earth and of the incessant rejoicing of innumerable members of the many families of batrachians, one may see silently moving lights prowling along the low shores of shallow waters, now hidden by trunks of great trees that are knee-deep in the still water, now emerging illuminating bolls and branches and flashing their glimmering glades far across the ripples of wake and light breeze.

If one were near enough he could see the boat of the spearers, its bow and the intent figure of the spearman aglow in the light of the jack that flares a backward flame with its steady progress, and drops a slow shower of sparks; the stern and the paddler dimly seen in the verge of the gloom.

These may be honest men engaged in no illegal affair; they exercise skill of a certain sort; they are enthusiastic in the pursuit of their pastime, which is as fair as jacking deer, a practice upheld by many in high places; yet these who by somewhat similar methods take fish for sport and food are not accounted honest fishermen, but arrant poachers. If jacking deer is right, how can jacking fish be wrong; or if jacking fish be wrong, how can jacking deer be right? Verily, there are nice distinctions in the ethics of sport.

THE DEATH OF DR. EDWARD MAYNARD at the ripe age of 78 years has brought to its close a long career distinguished for usefulness and crowned with abundant honor. Although he was best known to the sportsmen of America as the inventor of the arm which bears his name, Dr. Maynard's work in this field formed but a portion of his mechanical and scientific achievements. We print to-day an appreciative sketch of his life from the pen of Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland. The portrait is by the loving hand of his son, Geo. W. Maynard.

WE have received for the Helen Keller Fund, through Mr. W. Wade, from Mrs. Wm. Bakewell, Parnassus, Pa., \$5; and from Mrs. John Kerr, Parnassus, \$1.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

THE NEW YORK CODIFICATION BILL did not pass.

PROFESSORS LEIDY AND LECONTE.

THE closing days of April were marked by the death of two men eminent in the scientific world. Professor John LeConte, of Berkely, Cal., died April 29, and Dr. Joseph Leidy at Philadelphia, April 30. The following are brief memoranda of their lives:

Joseph Leidy was born in Philadelphia in 1823, and devoted himself in youth to a study of mineralogy and botany. He then studied medicine under Dr. Paul B. Goddard, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1844. In 1848 he visited Europe, and upon his return delivered a course of lectures upon physiology. Five years later he succeeded Dr. Horner in the chair of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1871 he was called to the chair of natural history in Swarthmore College, and in 1884 became the director of the department of biology in the University of Pennsylvania. He obtained the Walker prize of \$1,000 from the Boston Society of Natural History, and the Lyell medal from the Geological Society of London for his contributions to paleontology, and received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard. He published more than 800 papers on biological subjects, many of which were from specimens obtained on various surveys under the United States Government and submitted to him for study and report. Huxley and Marsh used his paper on the fossil horse in their illustrations of the theory of evolution. Many of his papers were issued by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he was the president, the Smithsonian Institution, and under the auspices of the National Government. Prof. Leidy was a member of many scientific societies at home and abroad. Of late years Dr. Leidy had devoted his attention more especially to invertebrates, and especially to internal parasites, but his most important labors were in the field of vertebrate paleontology.

John LeConte was the son of Lewis LeConte, the naturalist, and was born in Liberty county, Ga., in December, 1818. He was graduated at Franklin College of the University of Georgia in 1838, and at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1841. For a time he practiced his profession in Savannah, but in 1846 he was called to the chair of Natural Philosophy in Franklin College, which he occupied until 1855. The following year he lectured on chemistry at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and in 1856 he was appointed Professor of Natural and Mechanical Philosophy in South Carolina College, at Columbia, S. C. In 1869 he was appointed Professor of Physics and Industrial Mechanics in the University of California, and discharged the duties of that position until 1881. From 1876 to 1881 he held the office of President of the University in connection with his professorship. At the expiration of that period he retired to the chair of physics, which he occupied until his death. The whole of his active life, more than half a century, was devoted to scientific investigations. The result of his labors was disclosed in a great variety of communications to scientific journals in this country and Europe, and in the "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," of which organization he was general secretary in 1857. He was a brother of Prof. Joseph LeConte, the geologist and physiologist.

JEROME C. BURNETT.

THE announcement from Washington last Monday of the death of Jerome C. Burnett brought with it genuine sorrow—a sentiment which will be shared by all readers of this intelligence who were familiar with Mr. Burnett as a contributor to the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Burnett died on Sunday, May 3, after an illness of some weeks. He was stricken with a severe attack of the grip early in the prevalence of that disease, and was thought to be improving, when he was suddenly seized with a stroke of paralysis, from which he had not the strength to recover. His age was 58 years. He leaves a widow and two children.

Mr. Burnett was well known and highly esteemed in Washington. When John C. New was Treasurer of the United States, Mr. Burnett was appointed to the position of Chief of the National Bank Division in that department, where he remained until his death. He was one of the founders and proprietors of the very successful weekly, *Public Opinion*. He was a writer of recognized ability on political and social themes, but it is not too much to say that he took more pleasure in the sketches he wrote for *FOREST AND STREAM* than in any other literary work.

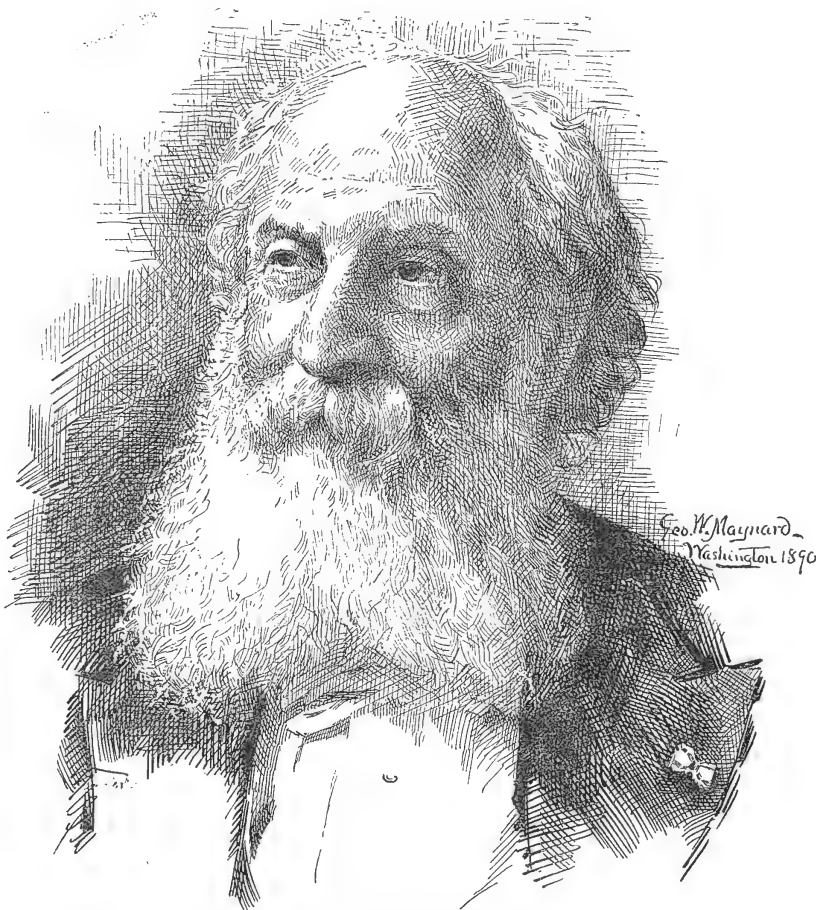
An enthusiastic angler and sportsman, with a wide and interesting experience in the East and the West, he contributed to these columns many a reminiscence of days in the field, and many a bright story of scenes and incidents well worth the telling. What he wrote was marked by manliness and good cheer; the sterling character of the man was here reflected as in a mirror. Jerome Burnett was of the type which gives dignity and standing to the sports of the field.

DR. EDWARD MAYNARD.

THE announcement of the death at Washington, D. C., on Monday last, May 4, of Dr. Edward Maynard, at the ripe age of more than seventy-seven years, affords a striking illustration of how speedily a man whose name was widely known and honored in his day of active service may drop out of sight and be almost forgotten in the turmoil and seething fermentation of succeeding years, when a new race has come to the front and is absorbed in present issues, while the deeds of yesterday are only "remembered as a tale that's told."

Had Dr. Maynard's death occurred twenty-five or thirty years ago there would have been no need of telling the world who or what he was. Few of his contemporaries are left to-day. To them the mention of his decease will awaken many reminiscences of long past years, but to the great mass of readers it will be unknown.

He was a man of rare qualities and of rare acquirements, and apart from the elements of character which commanded the respect of all who knew him, and the warm affection of the wide circle of his friends—the world at large is indebted to him for discoveries the value and importance of which



DR. EDWARD MAYNARD.

can never be justly estimated, and ought to be gratefully remembered.

He was born in Madison, N. Y., April 26, 1813, entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1831, but owing to delicate health was forced to resign the same year. He then applied himself to the studies of civil engineering, architecture, anatomy and drawing, with an earnestness which was a prominent characteristic, and which could never be satisfied with smattering acquirements or with half-way work. He finally adopted the profession of dentistry, and established himself in Washington in 1835.

His discoveries in dental surgery have been of such importance and his skill as an operator was so remarkable, that it may be safely said that he has had no superior in his profession, and the honors bestowed upon him in recognition of it in this country and in Europe are sufficient proof of the truth of the assertion.

Many of the most important improvements in the instruments of dentistry were of his invention. He was the first to successfully practice (in 1838) the thorough filling with gold foil of the nerve cavity, including the nerve canals in molar and bicuspid teeth. He introduced this operation in Europe in 1845, and at St. Petersburg. The Emperor's physician, Dr. Arndt, having witnessed it, Dr. Maynard was immediately employed as the court dentist. The Emperor (Nicholas I.) offered to give him a title with the rank of major if he would remain in Russia ten years and teach and practice his profession while attached to the court. This he declined, but received from the Emperor in addition to the sum paid for his services a magnificent diamond ring.

In 1857 he accepted the chair of Theory and Practice in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery (the first dental college ever established), and held the like position in the Faculty of the Dental Department of the National University at Washington. He received honorary degrees from leading associations in Europe and America, and for a long series of years his practice was among the highest classes in Wash-

ington, including several Presidents and a great number of Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, officers of the Army and Navy, Foreign Ministers and others who demand such operations as necessarily exclude all machine work.

His winning and always gentlemanly and courteous manner, his rare intelligence and the wide scope of his information, served to secure the warm personal friendship of all whom he chose to admit to such intimacy, and the large and varied circle of acquaintance he thus made with leading men of all parties, sects and opinions, gave a rare zest to his conversation and made him a most interesting companion.

But the honors and friendships he acquired through his professional reputation and practice were equalled if not surpassed by those resulting from the exercise of his inventive talents in another and entirely different field. Thousands of men in every quarter of the globe who were ignorant of the fact that he was a professional dentist are familiar with his name in connection with the Maynard rifle, which was the first breechloader that proved itself equal in its performance to the best muzzleloading rifles, and may be truly said to have served as the model which

has revolutionized the arms of the civilized world. This is neither the time nor the place for detailed statements of its peculiar features, but there are circumstances connected with its history, that in justice to the memory of the inventor should be clearly stated and put on public record.

The invention was patented several years before the war, and therefore before the demand for improved weapons had incited inventors everywhere to the study of the subject. There had been many previous attempts to construct breechloading guns, but the results had been so utterly inadequate to the wants of military service and so far below the required merits of the sportsman that they served rather to illustrate the difficulty of the problem than to aid in its solution.

The perfect simplicity and entire efficiency and safety of the system of levers by which in the Maynard rifle necessary movements of the barrel are effected can only be compared to the anatomical system by which the greatest possible ease of motion and resistance to pressure are secured in the animal structure. Yet the ingenuity here displayed was really of secondary importance compared to that of the ammunition and the method of its preparation, which involved the principle by which alone it has thus far been found possible to secure in breechloaders the same degree of precision and force that is attained by muzzleloaders.

Dr. Maynard was the first inventor of a metallic center-fire cartridge, and the instrument by which it was loaded insured the perfectly true delivery of the bullet into the barrel of the rifle, and the most exacting tests to which it was subjected served to prove that it had no superior in all essential points, while in facility of manipulation it so far excelled all others that it was at once obvious that a revolution in firearms was at hand. Innumerable efforts at improvements have since been made and are still making, many changes of models of guns have been the result, in adapting them to the necessities of modern military service, or increasing their efficiency by various ingenious devices, but in all of them the scientific principles by which Dr. Maynard first secured the prime essentials of precision and force are still adhered to and have never been improved upon. Various changes of detail in the Maynard rifle have from time to time been introduced, but in all its essential features it is the same as the original weapon and still holds its high place in the estimation of leading sportsmen and riflemen throughout the country.

Dr. Maynard has himself made many additional inventions in connection with firearms of very great value, as for instance a register which may be attached to any repeating rifle, which indicates at all times the number of cartridges that are in the magazine. He has also made a double-barreled rifle which completely overcomes the previously inevitable defect of unequal accuracy owing to the deflection of one barrel by the heating of the other. Instead of soldering the barrels together he simply clamped them by a most ingenious device, which while perfectly strong and firm, allowed the expansion of either barrel without affecting the other. Another advantage was that if desired a shot barrel might in a moment be substituted for one of the rifle barrels, or a pair of shot barrels in place of the rifles. A very beautiful model of such a gun was made and its efficiency proved by careful tests, and so high an authority as Quartermaster-General Meigs said of it that if introduced it would drive all other sporting guns from the market. But it has never been manufactured for sale, and the model alluded to is the only one in existence.

The Kings of Sweden and Prussia recognized the great value of Dr. Maynard's inventions. The former by giving him the Great Medal of Merit of Sweden, an honor rarely

conferred, and the latter by decorating him with the Cross of the Red Eagle.

The very imperfect statement given of Dr. Maynard's inventions has extended this notice beyond just limits, but the innate modesty and delicate refinement of his nature would never allow him to obtrude his claims upon the public and the services he has rendered are too important to be suffered to pass into oblivion.

As one of the very few surviving contemporaries who was honored with his friendship, I offer this tribute to his memory.

H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—II.

THE boys, having at last returned, threw off their jackets and went to work with willing hands in loading the boat, and were soon ready to embark upon the trip. I observed but one pair of oars in the boat, and on inquiry as to the other, received the information that they had been stolen. I was decidedly averse to leaving with one pair of oars, knowing too well the treacherous actions of the lake and the absolute necessity of two pair. We might not want them for some time, probably not at all, but when we did want them we would want them badly, I assure you. I endeavored to purchase a pair in the immediate neighborhood, but could not, and as Joe promised to make a pair at our first camp, which he did not, we got aboard and were soon abreast the murmuring waters. The morning had fulfilled the promise of the night; a soft southerly wind was blowing, the sky was an azure dome, with here and there a few pin feather clouds lazily floating, while the lake under the bright sun was a surface of broken, rippling, trembling silver. With this atmospheric condition, our progress with both sail and oar was indeed beautifully slow. The sail would flap first one side, then the other, and the day being exceedingly hot, the oarsman felt the influence, and but little vigor came from his brawny arms. We kept well in the channel, with the view to getting a tow from a passing steamer, but it failed to materialize. About noon we reached Point aux Pins, and then passing the lighthouse, which stood like a whitened sepulchre on the sandy beach, we rounded into the shore and there partook of a light lunch. While here a steamer surprised us by appearing off the lighthouse point, and though it was some distance, we hastily boarded our boat, and endeavored to reach it with the oars, but it was a vain endeavor.

We were deeply chagrined at this failure, Joe particularly, who averred that if we had gone ashore where he at first desired, we would have made the connection. My wish for a shady grove was what caused the disappointment. Neither Joe nor John liked the work before them, as the weather now was of a tropical heat, the lake like a mirror, and our objective point for the day's trip Gros Cap Island, many miles away. Although I was shaded by a broad-brimmed straw hat, my cheeks began to burn, and in order to relieve the pain I resorted to some camphorated vaseline as an emollient, but it worked *au contraire*, for the pain increased to such a degree as to make me groan in agony. Ned, whose face was as tender as a lady's was now howling from the effects of the heat, and much to my surprise asked for the camphorated bottle. It made no remark about its severity upon me and quietly passed it to him. As misery loves company I sat silently by, and saw him profusely anoint his face with the fire-eating salve. Soon there came a growl from him, and then another and another, each rising in volume until he had reached the highest note in the chromatic scale, and then he finally endeavored to solace himself by a fiery display of sturdy Saxon that made even the taciturn boatmen smile.

I could restrain myself no longer, and though my cheeks were burning as if coals of fire had been applied to them I gave way to such a fit of inordinate laughter as to fairly endanger my buttons.

Ned gave a sickly smile at my uproarious manifestations and solemnly averred that he couldn't see where the overpowering humor came in. Such stinging jokes he thought in bad taste and emphatically declared that no one but a pot-hunting fiend would ever indulge in them. We generously forgave him his unkind remarks, knowing full well they would not have been uttered had he been in his normal condition. He was crazed with pain.

I now tendered Joe the alleviating (?) bottle, but he declined it, saying, "I no sucker; too much howling in the boat now."

Gently we moved along the iron-clad coast, which was gradually growing in that picturesque beauty which never can be painted nor chanted. Successive ranges of hills, with bold rocky bluffs, from which the cedar, pine and spruce sprang, came into pleasing review, while charming little bays margined in gravel and sand, were ever and anon surprising us. The Pillars of Hercules, with their lofty crowns, were soon in sight, and then lovely Gros Cap Island in living green, nestling close to the craggy shore, was gradually developing into graceful proportions.

My attention was now called to the appearance of the sky in the west. Dark, cold and ugly-looking masses of clouds were just beginning to appear, and soon the light-flying fleeces of snowy curls and ragged feathers, with which we were greeted in the morning, began to increase their speed until they were scudding swiftly along the dome as if pursued by a relentless host. It was manifest there was to be a sudden change in the weather, and one which bade fair to give us all the breeze we desired. Every minute the wind increased, and it was not long before our little craft was sliding faster and faster through the swelling waves with the cheering froth tossing from her bows. This great lake is a terrible coquette, and will give you many a surprise in her sudden changes of sunshine and shade, calm and storm. She was now evidently intending to flirt with us, but we felt confident of reaching Gros Cap before she became terribly in earnest.

The wind at last had got down to steady work, and was blowing quite fresh, and in consequence we were plunging along over the snowy crests with a speed that was rapidly carrying us to our haven. The clouds had marshalled additional hosts, and were sailing across the sky in sombre volumes, that threatened every minute to break o'er our heads and deluge us.

Joe was sure we would make the island before the

threatened rain, and so thought I, for our boat was now fairly flying before the increasing breeze. Another mile and we would reach Gros Cap, that was now being fiercely beaten by the wicked waves. Rapidly we near its lee, and as Ned was assured of our successful landing, he burst into one of his rollicking sea songs indicative of his present feelings. It was cheering in that howling wind, and relates that

The wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky,
All was safe lashed, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Hanly sung:
"A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily,
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip."

We soon reached the island, had the tents up, a fire going, the pots boiling, and in a short time were seated at the table, taking our first square meal in camp. This over, we had all our provisions brought ashore and completely covered with oilcloth and tarpaulins. It being too rough for fishing, we sat on the rocks and watched the coming storm.

The dense black massed-up line of cloud in the west was alive with the incessant play of lightning that radiated and zig-zagged in all manner of forms. It was like watching some gigantic hangings of tapestry wrought in flame. The imagination, rather than the eye, witnessed a hundred fantastic representations—heads of horses, helmets, profiles of titanic human faces, banners and feathers, and I know not what besides. Darkness soon enveloped us, and then we sought our tents, and soon after were in our blankets, totally indifferent to calm or storm. During the night the clouds broke and it rained incessantly, in a heavy downpour, till daylight.

The storm had subsided with the dawn, but the day was dull and heavy, the skies obscured, and the air charged with vapor—a gloomy outlook for our first day in camp.

Well it was that we had taken the precaution we did about our provisions; for had they been left aboard the boat, as Joe desired, they would have been thoroughly soaked, as the rain had about half filled the boat.

It was so damp and chilly that morning, that we gathered around the fire while breakfast was being prepared. Ned got his rod ready for shore fishing, expecting to try the rocks around the west side of the island; but the trees and bushes which ran to the very edge of the lake were so moist that he declined. He however handed his rod to Joe, telling him to catch a few trout for breakfast. Joe, who dearly loved to fish, started off with alacrity on the pleasant mission, heedless of the dripping foliage. In about half an hour he returned with one little trout and a broken rod, the tube tip having snapped off. Joe stated that he hooked a very large one, which he might have saved if he had had some one to land it.

The accident to the rod, which was of foreign make, was soon repaired. This was one of Ned's reserves, and of little or no account for artistic angling. He had a splendid Mitchell rod, as well as others, which he prized highly and which he held in abeyance for boat fishing only.

After we had partaken of breakfast, the question arose as to continuing our trip, our destination when we started being Maple Bay, or remaining here for the day and trying the adjacent shore for some of the scarlet-hued beauties.

The weather was unsettled and it looked as if Jupiter Pluvius might at any moment again resume sway. Joe, who claimed to know the signs that foretell wild weather, was consulted, and fearing that his observations might fall would give no decided opinion. His reply was, "Wait a while, then we see." At this decision Ned wished to take boat and skirt along the shore for a few trout, and then return and make the trip if there were signs of clearing weather. I protested against this, knowing full well if we once started for the angle in the boat that it meant half a day's sport. With me it was either remain the entire day or at once proceed. While quibbling over this Joe had gained more confidence in regard to the situation and pronounced in favor of brightening weather, with a promise that it might sprinkle a little. These half-breeds who live on the lake seem living barometers, exquisitely sensitive to all the invisible changes of atmospheric expansion and compression; they are not easily caught in those fierce storms that come leaping with a wildness and violence that destroy and devour.

Ned finally consenting to sail at once for Maple Bay, word was given to load the boat, and away for the home of the radiant trout. The boatmen worked earnestly, and soon the boat was ready and sailing before a light breeze. We had not gone over a half mile before there was a slight sprinkle and some rueful countenances. At this manifestation of the elements we donned our rubbers and then went into all kinds of prognostications relative to the weather in prospect. Joe began to be looked upon as a false prophet, and Ned began to berate me for espousing so warmly the immediate trip to the promised land. The tinkling drops, however, soon ceased, the clouds broke away and brands of purple and violet, and pale blue and fluid gold began to shoot and quiver and broaden. The weather had cleared and the sky had become a fairy tale and the lake a love poem. Ned, our melodist, rejoiced at the happy change, and his clear ringing notes went echoing o'er the little foamy ripples and along the wave-worn and thunder-scarred cliffs as he sang:

"How gallantly, how merrily
We glide along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free,
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright."

We had a long sail before us, along a serrated shore abounding in charming bits of landscape. Surprise after surprise constantly confronted us in bold cliffs, jutting rocks, and deep depressions, o'er which the golden sun shed an effulgent glow and the feathery foam gently beat. How delicious this sliding o'er the sparkling waves through balmy zephyrs, bright sunshine and under a dome of tender blue, radiant with morning splendor and

the dazzling satin of clouds. What nameless things pass through the mind when Nature thus unfolds her glories to the sensitive soul! They always come to us in such delightful hours as these when she entertains us with her holiest and best. T. Buchanan Read has caught the fine fervors of such moments in these stanzas:

"My soul to-day
Is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird aloft,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.
"Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw
Through deeps below
A duplicated glow."

It was fully half an hour before we reached Goulais Bay, and then we had a ten-mile stretch to the other side. The wind was still gentle, just breezy enough to make the silver ripples dance and keep our canvas straightened. It was a three hours' sail with the wind we were then having, but when we were across the breeze freshened, and we went along as quietly and swiftly as a gull on wing.

Maple Bay was reached by 2 o'clock, and happy mortals we were, for here we would have many a delightful interview with the scaly warriors

"Of the mottled sides and shapely mold,
And crimson stars with fringe of gold."

We concluded to pitch our tents on our old camping ground, it being a lovely spot, and free from the bushes which generally harbored the annoying flies and mosquitoes, and also arranged that everything should be put in perfect order after dinner, prior to our going out to trick the dandy of the vermilion dye. I had purchased before leaving home an 11ft., 7oz. split-bamboo rod of Thos. A. Chubb, of Post Mills, Vt., and was exceedingly anxious to ascertain its qualities. It was well balanced, had perfect butt, sufficiently light and springy, and if it only showed a quick action in service, was satisfied it would prove a Jim Dandy. Ned put together his Mitchell rod, which was 10z. heavier and 6in. longer than mine, and which had seen six years hard service on the Nepigon and North Shore. It was a superb rod, as I had ascertained when I tried it last year. To Ned's credit be it said, that he discarded the junk bag which he had with him the previous season. This time he was more systematic, as he had the most of his impedimenta carefully arranged in small bags and duly labeled.

His flies and leaders were in his fly-book in good form, for these he prized highly. It was only in the odds and ends and specialties he had bagged and marked. He liked originality, and it was nowhere more prominent than in his angling fancies.

He had a pet creation of a fly, which he had made, and which he put on as a stretcher. It was large and bushy, and a combination of brown hackle and red feathers, with horns and glass eyes. He would wager largely that it would prove a taking lure, and I only hoped that it would, for he had put his artistic soul into its architecture, and I was desirous that his fullest anticipations might be realized.

The boys at last had everything completed and all the provisions ready for a rain with which we had been threatened the last hour, and then they prepared a meal which was to answer for both dinner and supper. We sat down to that meal with a ravenous appetite, as we had not had a bite of anything since our early breakfast, and it was now nearly 4 o'clock. The feast over, we soon took to the boat, eager to capture a golden fin. It being conceded that the bow was the best position, we concluded to even matters in that respect by a change in seats each time we went out. Tossing up for first choice, I won, and greedily selected the bow, and consequently Ned resignedly took the stern with the remark that I would have the first chance at the two big boulders just ahead of us, where we never failed last year to secure a rise or two whenever we fished there.

As soon as the boat was a short distance from the shore I commenced casting, having a silver-doctor for a stretcher and a brown-hackle for the dropper, in order to try my rod as well as somewhat to straighten leader and flies. I was highly pleased with the action of the rod, after I had cast a few times, and if it would only prove equally as good when the quarry was at the alluring end of the line, I would then declare the manufacturer an artist and a credit to the guild, and write him to that effect when I had returned to civilization.

Coming within casting distance of the granite boulders, I sent my flies sailing toward a choice place, saw them fall as lightly as a snow flake upon the ripples and at the spot I desired, and was rewarded with a magnificent rise, and a disappointment at the same time, as I had unfortunately failed to attach him to the cold steel. Ned now followed suit, sending his pet creation near the same place, and was lucky enough to arouse and hang one, which, after a few minutes' active play, was deftly boated. It was about a 3-pounder, and a lovely specimen of the rainbow beauties that make their lair in the rocky crevices and around boulders poise.

A further whipping of the waters did not secure an additional rise, and so we continued our course along the wood-crowned shore, striving hard to coax another darling of the spotted jacket to change his element. Reaching a jutting point that disclosed fine cover in shelving and creviced rocks, I was once more compensated with a capital rise, which I was fortunate enough to impale, but which, sad to relate, escaped after I had about conquered him. Ned was in deep sympathy with me over the loss, saying, "Better luck next time," and Joe, being in the same mood, declared: "You get'em by and by." Having had experiences of the same kind I took it quite philosophically, knowing full well that the tide would soon turn.

A moment or two after this, Ned had a wolfish snap, and then a maddened trout was ploughing through the water with the fancy fly dangling from his quivering jaws. He cut up many an odd caper, and at last leaped in frenzied energy from the roughened water, showering the bright drops from his dappled coat. A dash or two more, a dive to the bottom, and then a struggle or two, and up he came and turned his mottled sides to the surface as a token of surrender, and then was gently drawn

to the net and consigned in companionship to the beautiful two-pounder. He pulled the scales at a fraction below three pounds.

Ned being satisfied with his triumphs, handed his rod to Joe, who in a short time caught two more. I had but one rise more during this carnival of sport, and am sorry to admit that the inquisitive trout departed without a scratch. I had evidently lost my lucky stone. It was assuredly not my day.

A glance above satisfied me that a return to camp had better be made without further delay, as the wind was freshening fast, the sombre clouds swelling their bulk as they rolled, while the lake was running in ridges that fell and rose against the boat with spiteful violence. We were about a mile from camp, and at once gave the word to return, and ere we reached our quarters the sky had become completely darkened, presaging rain at any moment. The boys worked the ash blades with willing hands, and soon had us in camp and around a good fire.

My return had not been heralded with blare of trumpets, as my banners were trailing and my plumes soiled. Not a fin had I to record for the evening's pastime, but I swore by the great horn-spoon that ere another sun rose and set there would be an orphanage among the tribe of *Salvelinus fontinalis* that would cause loud lamentation from one end to the other of their aqueous realm.

We sat around the camp-fire for a while, listening to the rumble of the far-away thunder as it came "wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage," and the constant moan of the wild waves as they broke against the granite cliffs with clocklike regularity. Ned declared we would have a wet night of it, and that its inaugural was not far off, and, therefore, moved an adjournment to our inviting beds amid the balsam. No dissenting voice arising, we sought the tent, leaving the elements mustering their troops for the grand battle, which bade fair to be a tumultuous and tempestuous one, that would go rattling along with deafening canonading and livid flames from peak to peak and shore to shore.

Soon the results of the elemental strife became manifest, as a heavy downfall of rain began which lasted till 6 o'clock in the morning, with a promise of an almost immediate renewal. The imagination might conjure the fabled Jupiter with his powerful allies again letting loose the rivers, that the earth might be completely deluged.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

Natural History.

SEAL LIFE ON THE PRIBYLOV ISLANDS.

AN especial interest is added to our recent remarks on the destruction of seal life by the appended memorandum just issued by Mr. Henry W. Elliott, of Washington, whose name is familiar to most of our readers. It is to be remembered that Mr. Elliott spent the seasons of 1872-74 at the Pribylov Islands, and that he again visited them in 1876. The results of his observations there are embodied in his "Monograph of the Seal Islands of Alaska," which was printed as a special Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission. Last season Mr. Elliott was chosen by the Government as the person above all others fitted to visit the Seal Islands again and report on their condition and the status of seal life there; for it had been stated that the numbers of seals visiting the rookeries had greatly diminished, and it was known that the pelagic sealing which had been going on for some years had seriously affected the inhabitants of the rookeries. It was said also that the lessees of the islands had killed a far greater number of seals than the terms of their lease allowed, and had used no judgment in selecting the animals to be slaughtered.

Mr. Elliott made the required inspection, and in the memorandum which follows he gives a clear statement of the condition of things at the rookeries of St. Paul and St. George, and shows that the seal fisheries there are at the point of extinction, and that unless very radical steps are taken to preserve them they will soon cease to exist.

STATUS OF SEAL LIFE ON THE PRIBYLOV ROOKERIES; THE SEASON OF 1890 AS CONTRASTED WITH ITS CONDITION THERE IN 1872-74.

At the close of the breeding season of 1874, on the Pribylov Islands, Lieut. Washburn Maynard and myself found that there were on the breeding grounds about 85,000 able-bodied bulls, 1,600,000 females (*nubiles, primipares and multipares*), and some 80,000 young males between 5 and 6 years of age, which were continually striving to get upon the rookeries, but were, as a rule, invariably whipped off by the older bulls, giving rise in this effort to the most animated fighting and extraordinary noise throughout the whole period of the rutting season.

At the close of the breeding season of 1890, on the Pribylov Islands, after the most careful and extended search, surveying every superficial foot of each one of the fifteen different rookeries with cross bearings from a great number of measured base lines, and giving close attention to the relative numbers of "bulls" and "cows," I found on these breeding grounds only about 8,700 old bulls, many of these aged, infirm and actually impotent; 640,000 females (*nubiles, primipares, multipares and barren*), and no young bulls around or near the breeding grounds.

In short, since 1885, no young bull seal has been allowed to live and grow after it reached the age of four years, if it were possible to secure it; they have all been regularly killed as they grew up, and their skins sent to London. Therefore, these breeding rookeries during the last six years have not been permitted to receive that annual supply of fresh male life, which was then, as it is now, absolutely necessary for their perpetuation and support in good form and number.

In 1872-74 Lieut. Maynard and myself estimated the number of non-breeding young male seals as they appeared on the hauling grounds of the Pribylov Islands to be at the lowest figure 1,100,000; of this grand total 250,000 were yearlings, 220,000 two year olds, 200,000 three year olds, 180,000 four year olds, 170,000 five year olds, and 80,000 six year olds. In 1890, at the height of the sealing season, I made another very careful study as to this number of young males, and my figures will not warrant the statement of there being more than 80,000 young male seals left alive on the Islands at the end of

the sealing season of 1890 (the pups new born on the rookeries must not be considered, and are not, in this connection). Of this 80,000, I calculated fully 70,000 to have been yearlings, or the pups of '89, and the balance, 10,000, was made up almost exclusively of small two-year-olds, not more than a thousand three-year-olds and a hundred or two four-year-olds were left alive on either island at the close of the killing season of 1890.

What proportion of this 80,000 will reappear on the seal islands next summer is hard to say, for the reason that these young seals will be exposed day and night from the time that they left the islands last October and November until they reappear next June and July to the deadly attacks of voracious natural enemies such as killer whales and sharks. These enemies are just as numerous as they ever were, but the seals are far less so, and that may cause, and indeed must cause a vastly greater death rate in proportion to their number now than took place in 1874, when there were a great many more seals. Also a certain percentage of this 80,000 will be destroyed along the Northwest Coast this spring by the pelagic sealers; but this number of "rising" two-year-olds is so small that it is safe to say that these seals will be so widely scattered when they return (and they are now at this writing on their way up the coast off Vancouver and Queen Charlotte's Islands en route for Behring Sea) that I do not believe that the open water hunters can get more than 10 per cent. of them, even if they do as well as that; but the sharks and killer whales will do vastly greater execution.

If, however, these young male seals that live to return next summer are not driven—are not disturbed by drivers on the islands—in four years' time from date quite a large number of them will have matured so as to be able to take up stations on the rookery grounds that are today vacant, and in the charge of aged and impotent bulls, which state of affairs, bad as it is, must get worse and worse, until these young sires arrive on the field.

Bad as the rookeries looked in 1890, they will look worse in 1891, and worse again in 1892, and still worse in 1893; the first signs of improvement we cannot reasonably expect before the seasons of 1895-96, and these rookeries will not mend as soon as this, even if that remnant of young male life, as it shall reappear on the "hauling grounds" next summer, is again driven.

The normal ratio of males to females on the breeding grounds of the Pribylov Islands in 1872-74 was an average of one male to every fifteen or twenty females.

In 1890 this ratio (despite the deadly work of the open water sealers among the females) was an average of one old male to every sixty or eighty females! (I saw many single harems in which I counted over one hundred cows).

Therefore, it is a physical impossibility for these old and enfeebled males now left upon the breeding grounds to meet all the requirements of nature there; they did not last summer; they will be weaker again in numbers and in physical power in 1892, still weaker in 1893, and again weaker in 1894. In 1894 the first relief that can possibly come to them, will come provided that handful of young two-year-old males left alive on the islands last summer is undisturbed by man there next summer and thereafter, and in 1895 the yearlings that were spared last summer, such of them as shall return, will have then matured and take their places on the breeding grounds. This infusion of fresh blood will mark a turn of decided improvement in 1896; so that in all probability by 1897 the killing of seals for tax and shipment of skins may be resumed under revised regulations.

But, one very important fact should be kept in mind; that fact is, that when killing up there is again resumed for tax and shipment, no culling of the driven herds must be allowed; all the seals driven must be taken; for unless this is done, then history will repeat itself—every three and four-year-old male will be killed as it grows up, and the rookeries soon be again deprived of that regular supply of fresh male blood which is absolutely necessary for their maintenance in their full form and number.

Of course, it goes without argument that unless some arrangement can be made whereby the wasteful and wicked work of pelagic sealing can be stopped, it is useless to try and save these interests by any regulation or attention on the islands.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, D. C., April 28.

NEHRLING'S "NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS."—We have received four additional parts of Mr. Nehrling's "North American Birds," the first part of which was noticed in *FOREST AND STREAM* in the Summer of 1889. At that time we had occasion to speak favorably of this work, which it was hoped would by this time have been completed. Delays have interfered with this, and Parts II., III., IV. and V. have only just reached us. These parts contain biographies and plates of some of the thrushes, titmice, wrens, wagtails and woodwarblers, and plates of many of the species described in the work. The accounts of the different species are delightfully written, and the plates as a rule are satisfactory, which is not surprising when we remember that many of them are drawn by Mr. Robert Ridgway, of the Smithsonian Institution, the others being by Prof. A. Goering, of Munich, and G. Muetzel, of Berlin. In speaking of the parts which have just come to hand we have no reason to change the favorable opinion which we pronounced on this work nearly two years ago. If it is completed on the plan announced, Dr. Nehrling's book will be a most useful one, and will do far more to spread a knowledge of our birds among the people at large than many a more pretentious volume has done.

A SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLAR GROUSE.—Auburn, Pa., April 29.—A friend writes me under date of April 19, from the State Normal School at Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa., of a grouse that came like a rocket through the trees on the campus and struck the plate glass window in the front of the building, falling dead amid the fragments of glass from the shattered pane. He states that Professor Thomas had the bird for dinner, but thought it a rather expensive repast, as it will cost \$75 to replace the broken glass.—BON AMI.

WASPS EATEN BY TOADS.—Toads have been observed by some persons to feed willingly on bees and even wasps; and M. Hiron-Royer, who has noticed the fact, says that *Hyla versicolor* is positively frantic about wasps. He has seen one prefer them to any other kind of food, and devour them eagerly, although the sting does sometimes bring the creature to temporary grief.—*Nature*.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

TWO HOURS WITH THE BLUEBILLS.

A SWIFT-SPEEDING afternoon train has born M. and myself far from the confusion and whirl of the great city. Jangling bells, shrieking whistles and jolting vans all are left far behind, and as the April sun sinks from sight behind a bank of golden-tinted clouds we are discussing the merits of a hot supper at the old homestead and watching from the dining room windows the ever varying shades of the western horizon.

Our time for reflection, however, is short, for there is a sound of wheels outside, and the cheerful voice of E. comes floating in to our ears. As we exchange greetings with him, he queries, "Why not take a drive down to the club house?" Nothing loath we consent, and making a hasty exchange of clothing, our guns and shell boxes, decoys and lunch baskets are loaded in the wagon; and we are trotting merrily toward the winding and familiar Bark, with its usually low and sloping mud banks now submerged by the melted snows and spring rains. A drive of an hour and we are nearing our destination. The stars which thickly stud the heavens give us ample light to travel the familiar route. The air is pure and mild, and M. and I, after our long winter spent in town, are drinking it in gratefully. Noisily we rumble across a diminutive wooden bridge scarce forty feet in length, and M. can hardly be made to believe that this spans the same stream on which we are to hunt the wary wildfowl on the morrow. Here the channel is narrow and the current swift, cutting its way between hard and stony banks, but after winding southward three or four miles further broad marshes appear on either side and the stream widens out, forming a body of water many rods in extent, and presenting great attractions to the bluebills. Pausing at a point a short distance from the bridge, we hear high above us in the starry dome of heaven that wavering note caused by the jacksnipe in his evening flight. Again and again it reaches our ears as the bird soars aloft only to swoop earthward on lightning wing a moment later. The sound grows fainter and fainter still as we proceed on our way, and at last we can hear it no longer.

Presently we cross the Northwestern Railroad track, half a mile west of the little town of D. Looking eastward along the shining rails one can see scattered here and there the irregular and twinkling lights of the village. Leaving this behind we journey onward, at last turning in at the barnyard gate of the farm through which we must drive to reach the shelter of the club house. A brindled cur dog comes bounding out from a dark doorway with an inhospitable growl, but the gates are soon closed and with our lighted lantern upon the dash we are trotting briskly down through the grove lying between us and the shanty. Half an hour later we are unloaded, our team is unharnessed and a good fire is roaring in the stove. A pail of water is brought from the spring and the coffee made ready for morning. Before turning into our bunks for the night we step outside to take a final look at our team, which we have stabled in the boathouse adjoining. A beautiful sight is presented to our eyes as we emerge from the heated interior of the house to the pure outer air. The moon hitherto hidden from view by the timber around us now greets the eye as she majestically rises above the tops of the tall and slender poplars to enhance the beauty of the scene. And what a concert is also borne to our listening ears, for from every side there is swelling a grand chorus from the throats of ten thousand frogs. Not the gruff and unmusical bullfrogs, but those tiny striped, sprightly little fellows whose voices sound so pleasantly to the ear of the lover of nature. A flock of geese are heard flying somewhere out over the river channel, presumably in search of a roosting place for the night, for presently there sounds a medley of honkings and a flapping of wings followed by the sound of heavy bodies alighting. An interval of silence follows, during which even the frogs seem affected, but presently two or three, more hazardous than the rest, pipe up shrilly once more as if challenging competition, others join in and soon the old roar sounds again louder than ever. At our feet gushes a large spring, the outlet to which while it carries the surplus water away also serves us in floating our boats to and from the river some thirty or forty rods away.

A jacksnipe which had been soaring aloft for some little time now comes fluttering down and alights close by us with a light *sput* and a guttural *aiik*. Wildfowl are heard overhead on rapid wing, and altogether the evening's entertainment is one long to be remembered. M. exclaims enthusiastically as we turn to rejoin our companions inside, "Great Scott! I'd like to live here for a month."

As we are to rise at an early hour in the morning the bunks are overhauled and put in order for the night, and we turn in to fall at once into a deep and dreamless sleep lasting until about four o'clock, when E.'s stentorian tones announce that "It's four o'clock and time to get up." Three pairs of stockinged feet strike the cold floor in rapid succession. E., with his feet thrust into an old pair of sandals, proceeds to start a fire, for we are all unconsciously shivering. Our coffee pot is soon puffing out its fragrance, and after frying a few fresh eggs we are all ready for breakfast, and we can but wonder where we have found these voracious appetites with which we are provided. Long before we are through eating a glance through our little east window reveals the fact that it is high time we are on our way to the blinds. M. and I are compelled to share one boat together, so the shell boxes and guns are first stowed away with a dozen and a half of canvas decoys, manufactured at Union City, Tenn., and which, by the way, are a perfect marvel of convenience of portability, to say nothing of their lifelike appearance upon the water.

We push out into the center of the spring and pole slowly through the water cress and enter the ditch leading to the river channel. A heavy fog rests low down over the water and ere the river bank is reached and the bow of our boat headed up stream the low musical *kherr, kherr*, of the bluebill is heard on every side, although until the fog lifts not a feather can be seen. Gaining the center of the river we ascend cautiously bend after bend. Now and then a flock rises close ahead and disappears quickly in the gray mist which envelops

everything as with a veil. There is an old-time stand of mine only a little way ahead and it is toward this spot that we direct our boat. A mighty flock is found feeding contentedly in the very spot where our canvas birds are destined to sit, and carefully routing the ducks without firing a shot we are soon located one on each side of the stream with our handsome flock of decoys midway between. M. has not had time to conceal the boat which he has taken to his side of the river before a pair are seen bearing down upon us from up the stream. I am in a trying position, perched upon a tottering bog which is constantly threatening to collapse and subject me to a plunge bath, but I cannot resist cutting loose on the head bird (an old male) as he passes overhead, dropping him close in shore. No time to pick up dead now. I can see that plainly, for a pair of buffle-heads come in with a rush from the north. *Ah-room, ah-room*, a sharp report sounds from each side of the river and goes rolling and quivering through the fog. *Spat, spat*, upon the water follows. A voice from the further side of the river sings out "And the wind whistled."

One of my boots has sunk in the mud until the top is painfully close to the waterline, and there is also a horrid suspicion dawning across my mind that a certain portion of that garment covering the largest part of my anatomy is also becoming dampened. Cautiously I reach for a square piece of plank I espy a few feet distant. "Mark south!" comes from the blind opposite; and in my efforts to get in readiness for a shot I ship a few stray drops down boot leg No. 1. Bang! bang! from Charley, and a moment later I make a successful shot, which nearly proves disastrous to my equilibrium at the same time. A few seconds later I have gained the coveted bit of pine and feel comparatively safe from any further wetting, although I am still far from comfortable, crouching in from 6 to 20 in. of cold water, amid a coarse growth of wire grass. Our dead birds are fast disappearing from view down the stream, and it is decided that we had better make a hasty collection rather than lose what we have down. M. is gone but a very few minutes, but upon his return I point out to him four more birds which have fallen in the meantime. M. enthusiastically begins counting our string as soon as he regains his blind, but only gets as far as seven, when I silence him with a "Lookout, north!" for five bluebills are upon us. Our salute cuts down three of the five, and thus the sport goes on. Four geese are noted winging their way diagonally toward us. Rather too high, but two barrels of fours are sent spitefully upward, and we are favored with a single quill cut from a wing as they pass.

At 7:30 the flight slackens and we take up our decoys and gather in the dead, drifting onward down the river to the club house. Our string of twenty-nine birds fully satisfies us. We have enough for ourselves and our friends, and what more do we want?

E. not putting in his appearance, we hang our birds against the side of the shanty and expose a plate from the Hawkeye upon the scene. The pleasing picture lies before me even as I am writing this narrative and serves to bring back vividly each good, bad or indifferent shot made during one of the pleasantest morning's shoots I have ever experienced.

An eight-mile drive home in the warm April sunshine follows as soon as E. arrives with his 15 birds; and this is as keenly enjoyed as the earlier hours of the day had been. The frogs are still piping their refrain from each and every little pond by the roadside, and there is a suspicious rainy feeling pervading the air. Bird life is jubilant and brimming over with song. Great flocks of red-winged blackbirds are pouring forth their notes from every bush and tree, bluebirds clipper gleefully from the moss-grown rail fences bordering the roadside. Hosts of robins are intent on securing a breakfast from the angleworms everywhere creeping from the ground. Altogether, the day is one not to be forgotten, and the remembrance of it will serve to tide over the long and monotonous hours of dull office routine which the future has in store for us.

GREENHEAD.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

VI.—ON NON-TRANSPORTATION IN OPEN SEASON.

FOR the plain words to our visitors that have preceded, let us even use Robin Hood's own apology: "Nay, my Lord Bishop," said Robin Hood, "we are rough fellows, but I trust not such ill men as thou thinkest after all. There is not a man here that would harm a hair of thy reverence's head. I know thou art galled by our jesting, but we are all equal here in the greenwood, for there are no bishops, nor barons nor earls among us, but only men, so thou must share our life with us whilst thou dost abide here."

Most sportsmen will remember that we have had a very strict non-transportation law—at least, they will say that their impression is such. Of any twelve men here who are interested in game matters, the majority will say the same—a very strict non-transportation law, strictly enforced, recently so modified that game legally killed can be shipped to points inside the State but not outside. It will be generally admitted that from 1883 onward we had a law which practically forbade any deer, moose, or caribou to be transported from point to point, except by private conveyance. Let us hear "Special!"

FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 13, 1884: "It is not pleasant to be obliged to say that even under the very strong transportation law of Maine deer carcasses and even moose antlers do get out of that State and are seen here * * * A fine pair of deer antlers came through the other day, and worse yet, five carcasses of venison came through last week. The name of the express company is known which forwarded them and the Maine Commissioners have been notified."

FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 27, 1884: "Even ex-Governor Connor could not transport a deer, killed honorably in open season, from Bangor to Augusta last fall. Commissioner Stilwell when applied to said: 'Governor, I can do nothing for you under the law.' * * * This was under the first enforcement of the new transportation law in that State, which few at that time understood."

FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 11, 1884: "As for venison, there came through from Maine the season before the non-transportation law went into effect between 1,500 and 2,000 carcasses. They actually rotted outside the Boston markets. Thanks to the good work of the Commissioners, such barbarous and wicked waste of noble game has been stopped. * * * Not a day passes but what the wardens at the large shipping points in Maine seize partridges, ducks or saddles of venison, being smuggled through to Boston or New York. The tricks of the poachers are as curious as they are numerous, etc."

FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 28, 1885: "The Legislature was also asked to legalize transportation of game over the railroads, when accompanied by the owner, but no satisfaction to the market hunters or the market men was obtained."

Is this not strong corroboration of the all but universal

impression that the transportation of game was forbidden in Maine at all seasons? To be sure, one man is the author of the whole of it; but he asserts what we all know, that the Commissioners declared this was the law; that the wardens executed it as law; that the people believed it to be law, and that they even petitioned the Legislature for a change.

Let us examine the legal history of the subject. Our first non-transportation law was that of 1878, which read as follows: "Sec. 13. Whoever carries or transports from place to place the carcass or hide of any such animal or any part thereof, during the period in which the killing of such animal is prohibited, forfeits forty dollars." What was the change in 1883 which every one admits? We quote from the Revised Statutes, Chap. 30, Sec. 13: "Whoever carries or transports from place to place the carcass or hide of any such animal or any part thereof, during the period in which the killing of such animal is prohibited, forfeits forty dollars." Has there been a change since? *Book of the Game Laws*, 1890: "Sec. 13. Whoever carries or transports from place to place the carcass or hide of any such animal, or any part thereof, during the period in which the killing of such animals is prohibited, forfeits forty dollars."

To the self-same tune and words! That is all any one can find anywhere in our laws regarding non-transportation at any season. There is not the change of a jot nor tittle, an iota nor a comma in it. For thirteen years now we have had this non-transportation law and no other. Why is it that the Commissioners can do nothing to help the ex-governor "under the law?" Why is it that the wardens are all instructed to seize game legally killed? Why is it that the Legislature is asked to alter a law which never existed? And how could such a delusion gain ground over a whole State, when there was no change at all in the law and had not been for five years?

If not in this law there had been a change in another which seemed to affect this. In 1883 the one moose, two caribou, three deer law was passed. This law, limiting the number to be killed, also made it illegal to have more than the prescribed number in possession—a necessary measure, throwing the burden of proof upon the accused when proof by the accuser might be impossible. Whether it was intended to do more than this is not for the unlearned in the law to say; but that the phrase "to have in possession" was too sweepingly interpreted at first there can be no doubt. It was officially declared that to handle a deer in any way was to have it in possession. The strictest orders were given that no conveyance, public or private, should carry, haul, or in any manner convey more than one moose, two caribou, three deer for the season. Stage drivers were warned not to do it under penalty of seizure of all deer so carried. "This new game law," said one of the shrewdest lawyers in Bangor to another, "is a queer kind of a law. Now supposing I have three deer legally killed, and you have three that you have killed legally, and you have a sled while I haven't any. Now if as a favor you tell me to pile my deer on your sled, the whole six can be seized, can't they, by this law?" The other agreed. When I asked one of them a week ago if he remembered the conversation, he said that he did not, but until he looked the matter up he always supposed that the law would sanction such an action.

But how did this gain general acceptance? More than in any other way by the refusal of the principal railroad and express companies to transport venison. When large corporations admitted that to convey game from one place to another was to have it in possession and gave up their business with game on account of it, it was natural for private individuals to suppose that they had carefully examined the whole field. Perhaps they did according to their light, but they could not have had the best of legal advice, for we now know that no transportation company can refuse to take what is offered. Neither could our Commissioners have consulted able counsel, or they, too, would have known that common carriers cannot be said to have "in possession" what they are conveying. A little investigation would have convinced them that they had no right to interfere with the transportation of animals legally killed. Apparently this investigation was not given; for for years we have witnessed the curious anomaly of a whole force of special officers, hired and paid to execute the fish and game laws, being detailed to carry out the orders of transportation companies to their own employees—orders which themselves were untenable and illegal; and being instructed to enforce the orders not by punishing the delinquent employees, but by confiscating the goods which they received in disobedience to the commands of the company, but which, once received, the company was in honor bound to deliver safely. The transportation companies have received goods up river, and the officers at Bangor and elsewhere have seized them and converted them to their own use without even a form of law; yet it was not contrary to the laws to ship these goods, the transportation companies could not refuse to take them, and the wardens or officers who made the seizure very often transgressed every form of law in doing the same. Complicated and absurd as this state of affairs seems, it has prevailed here for years.

This is ridiculous, but it may not have been intentionally unjust at the first. Let us be charitable enough to grant that the Commissioners, wardens and railroad companies at the first thought that they were keeping the law to the letter, and that they erred only through over-zeal. Yet in the *FOREST AND STREAM* for April 24, 1884, "Special" says: "But when early last winter, Payson Tucker, superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad, issued his remarkable order to forward no more moose, caribou, deer, or other unlawfully killed [*sic*] game over his road or its branches, the backbone of Maine market-hunting was broken. He was immediately followed by a similar order from the managers of nearly every other express and transportation company with lines leading out of Maine." This admits that the order was a private one in every case. But before the year is out, as may be seen by the quotations already given, he speaks of "the strong non-transportation law;" calls those who undertake to ship game which was legally killed "poachers;" and quotes Mr. Stilwell as saying that shipping could not be allowed "under the law."

Now there was no such law and had been none. Instead of that (though "Special" may not have known it) more than a month before he wrote this last extract, and fully eight months before those previously quoted, a case had

been decided in Bangor, which seems to show that the ex-Governor could have transported his deer and could have done it "under the law."

It was the Allen-Young case, which may be found in the *Maine Law Reports*, 76 p. 80. The facts are these: Benjamin L. Young, of Milford, on Feb. 17, 1883, shipped by express for Boston two deer legally killed Dec. 30 and 31, 1882. At Bangor Thomas F. Allen, a game warden, seized them on the plea that they were shipped contrary to law—which was admitted. But Mr. Young maintained that as they were legally killed, the law prohibiting the shipment (Sec. 13, already quoted) was either defective or subject to a different interpretation. The case was carried before the full bench of judges, and Mr. Young's claim was sustained. The judges' opinion is of great interest, but too long to quote entire. "We fail to see," they say, "any motive for making the mere transportation of the hide or carcass of a deer from one place to another a crime when the deer has been lawfully killed and is lawfully in the possession of the one who transports it [the shipper? or the express company?]. Certainly one may reasonably doubt whether such could have been the intention of the Legislature: and the act being a penal one, a reasonable doubt is sufficient to make it the duty of the Court to adopt the more lenient interpretation and construe the term 'such animal' as meaning an animal unlawfully killed, as was done in construing a similar statute in *Com. v. Hall*, Mass., 410."

The trial of this case before the Bangor Municipal Court was in March, 1883. The decision of the judges was given March 4, 1884. The case itself occurred more than six months before the question of non-transportation in the open season came up. The decision was given nearly six months after the transportation managers had refused to receive venison. In giving their decision the judges must have known of this later much-discussed phase of transportation, although they do not refer to it explicitly. In framing an opinion, it is at least probable that they would word it so as to apply to cases likely to come up under the new arrangement if this change could in any way affect the question of transportation. This is their opinion: "*The transportation of the hide or carcass of a deer from place to place in this State is not unlawful at any time if the deer was killed at a time when it was lawful to do so.*" Need anything more be said on that point?

It should be noted that what the judges say of transportation "in the State," does not prohibit transportation outside of State limits. Mr. Young's deer were marked to "Boston," yet the case was decided in his favor. The judges had no jurisdiction over inter-State matters, is the meaning. There is nothing in this to support the view of a witness in the McPheters case (see below) that it is illegal to send venison out of the State, though of late this has frequently been declared.

Here, as early as 1884, only a year after the three deer law was passed, six months after transportation in open season was forbidden, is a decision which settles the whole matter so far as the duty of the Commissioners and wardens is concerned. True, it does not say whether a transportation company can carry more than three deer for the season; but it does say that any man who legally owns three deer may carry them where he pleases. If the railroad and transportation companies cannot take these deer for their owner, or think they cannot, that is their business. If they do take them it is at their own risk, not the owner's; and if anybody is to be arrested it is the plain duty of the wardens to arrest the railroads. It is no longer a question in which the game or the owners of it are concerned.

Did the Commissioners forbid the wardens to seize game in transportation after this decision? The decision was given March 4, 1884. Read what "Special" says under date of Dec. 11, 1884 (already quoted). There is no lack of corroborative testimony. Did the Commissioners know of this decision? They did. First, it was their duty to know it, understand it and act in accordance with it; second, the suit was begun by one of the prominent wardens and he was defeated—which could not fail to be known to the Commissioners; third, Mr. Stilwell himself was present at the trial before the municipal court and knew the facts. Yet the work of seizing game while in transportation in open season did not fairly begin until the fall of 1884, and was kept up until January, 1889, in spite of this decision.

It is this on the one side that makes people here believe that this interpretation of the law was not accidental.

On the other hand the action of the transportation companies laid them open to criticism on the same score. If they had refused to take any game because it made them liable to suits for damages, they would of course be liable as long as the law was in force, and that law (Sec. 12) still exists. Nevertheless the transportation companies repeatedly ran the risks of this penalty. Game was put on board the trains, and the employees allowed it. They refused to handle it themselves, but they did not interfere when the owner picked up his own deer and carried it aboard the train, even if he carried it into the passenger car, as my father did once. A guide writes me: "All parties that I have had have carried their game home, that would put it aboard themselves and watch it, but most always had a lot of cheap talk with the railroad men and wardens. But when the men hung to their game the wardens did not dare to meddle with it." In short it was not very long before non-transportation became this: No deer can be carried unless the owner is with them to keep the wardens from seizing them. The railroads, it was discovered, could carry all they pleased; they were not liable for having them in possession. The wardens, however, could seize anything that was carried—at least did seize everything they wished to. The result was that no one was responsible except the owner of the deer, whose right to convey his own property over public lines of travel was neither protected nor recognized. The cases of illegal seizure of game, belonging both to sportsmen outside and to citizens, are too many to admit this statement's being questioned. Non-transportation came to be as I have said merely a question of whether the owner was present to prevent himself being robbed. At last it became customary for the company to check deer as personal baggage, both for convenience and safety. The railroad employees no longer refused to handle it, the companies were gracious about receiving it and the owner rested easy at Bangor. Still all was not safe, as the McPheters case shows. This case has recently been settled and I have obtained the printed report of evidence, attested by the clerk of courts, from which I

quote the following to show what has been done in Bangor in the name of the law:

"Walter F. McPheters, plaintiff, called by his counsel, testified: I shipped these deer at Costigan by rail to Boston, Nov. 5, 1888. Costigan is in the town of Milford, in this county. They were checked; I took checks for them. There was nothing on them to indicate the direction or the person to whom shipped, but the checks. I have the checks now. I bought a ticket for Boston at the same time I shipped the deer. I saw them put on to the cars." * * * "The next thing that came to my attention, I heard the deer were taken in Bangor. I went to Bangor to see about them soon afterward. I received no notice from any officer or any court of any seizure. I went to Bangor to see about the deer about the 25th of November." * * * *Cross Ex.*—Q. Did you have any trouble in getting the road to take the deer? A. I did not. There was no conversation to me or in my presence by any of the agents of the company. I had bought my ticket before I asked to ship the deer."

The deer were seized by George W. Harriman, of Bangor, a private detective, warden and special State liquor constable. He admits taking one whole deer and two saddles which had checks agreeing in every particular with those which Mr. McPheters showed. He testifies: "I took them at the Maine Central depot in this city. We brought them to Mr. Page's market for storage. Mr. Mayville, Mr. Nickerson and myself were the men that took the deer. We took them directly to Mr. Page's market. I went with them. Mr. Nickerson was on the wagon with me. We left them in Mr. Page's market. Q. Did you ever see them or any portion of them again at Page's market? A. Yes, sir. We divided them; each one of us took one." A little further on: "Q. What did you seize them for; under what claim of right? Obj. Admitted. A. We supposed we had a right to, as it was wrong to ship them out of the State. Q. You did not then claim to have any right of seizure except upon that ground? A. That is what we supposed." The italics are mine. The answer shows how little of the law some of our wardens who have been longest in the business know, and the kind of acts in which they will engage. No evidence is brought forward to show that Mr. Harriman used a warrant. By the testimony of himself and the other two it is shown that they divided the deer among themselves without appeal to any of the proper authorities and without notifying the owner what had become of his property. The same thing has been done repeatedly in Bangor. I select this case from many others merely because the testimony was given under oath and is a matter of court record. The suit itself, though won by McPheters, is wholly indecisive, because it was brought against the marketman who received the deer instead of against the officer who took them, on account of a technicality.

The case of George W. Bennett against the American Express Company, an action to recover the saddles of three deer, is a test case. The agreed statement of facts published for the court, attested by the clerk of courts, says that on Dec. 5, 1888, George W. Bennett delivered at Newport Station on the M. C. R. R., a box containing the saddles of three deer legally killed, to be shipped by express to Boston; that the express agent was not at the station when Bennett left, but delivered the box to the express company's car, giving no receipt or bill of lading; "that said saddles were seized by Thomas F. Allen," a game and fish warden, on said fifth day of December, and removed by him from said express company's possession at Augusta, Maine, without any search warrant or other legal process, and without objections from the express company or their agents, and have never since been delivered to said express company." It is also agreed that the express company had notified its agents not to receive any venison for transportation, but that they had done so previously, and that in this case no questions were asked as to the contents of the box. Verdict for plaintiff.

The case is so important that it is worth while to quote some of the authorities which were cited at its trial, 1890. They settle conclusively the whole non-transportation question, as it was under the laws previous to March, 1891. (Italics my own):

A delivery is always sufficient if the proper servants of the company accept the goods to carry, whether any bill or entry in the books of the company is made or not. (Redfield on Carriers, Sec. 101, page 82, and the cases cited.)

Common carriers are insurers of all property intrusted to them, except against acts of God or of an enemy of the Government. (Plisted v. B. & K. Steam Nav. Co., 27 Me., 132; Fillebrown vs. G. T. Railway Co., 55 Me., 462.)

The American Express Co. did not restrict their liability, as no notice was brought home to the plaintiff, or was assented to by him. (Fillebrown vs. G. T. Railway Co., 55 Me., 462; Bucland vs. Adams Express Co., 97 Mass., 125.)

Neither can they so restrict as to release them from liability for loss occasioned by their own negligence. (Sager vs. Portsmouth S. & P. & E. Railroad Co., 31 Me., 238, and the cases therein cited; True vs. International Telegraph Co., 60 Me., 13.)

The American Express Co. surrendered the box of deer saddles to Thomas F. Allen without demanding his authority and without objection on their part or by their agents. (Statement of Facts). Carriers are compelled to solve claimants' right at their peril. (Redfield on Carriers, Sec. 214, page 197.)

On service of a legal process he may surrender goods into the custody of the law. (2 Pars. Contr., 207.)

Allen had no right or authority to seize the deer saddles, as he had no warrant or other legal process. (Constitution of Maine, Art. I, Sec. 5. U. S. Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 1 [and other cases].)

The saddles were not in the possession of the American Express Co. within the meaning of Sec. 12, Chap. 30, R. S. As a common carrier has only an insurable interest and a lien for his freight. (Redfield on Carriers, Sec. 303, page 226, and cases cited.)

Also such could not be the fact because it would be in violation of the Interstate Commerce Law. (U. S. Constitution, Sec. 8, Sec. 3.)

Common carriers cannot select what they may carry or what they may refuse, but are bound to take all which offer. (Redfield on Carriers, Sec. 100, page 82 [and several cases].)

When the box of deer saddles were taken by the defendant company for transportation out of the State, and transportation began, they became subjects of commerce, and were governed by the laws of the U. S. (Coe vs. Esol, 116, U. S., 517, 10 Wall., 557-565, 18 Fed. Rep. 10.)

Commerce with foreign countries and among the States strictly considered, consists in intercourse and traffic, including in these terms navigation and transportation and transit of persons and property, as well as the purchase, sale and exchange of commodities. To regulate it, as thus defined, there must be only one style of rules, applicable alike to the whole country, which Congress alone can prescribe. (Various references.)

That is the Bennett case, decided last year—a conclusive demonstration of the colossal humbug of non-transportation in open season. Strangers and citizens alike have given up their property to those who showed no right to seize it, who had no right, either legally or mor-

* Thomas F. Allen, of Bangor, formerly a policeman, now a private detective and game warden, the partner of Harriman above named. For some years Mr. Allen has been the leading game warden of this section.

ally, and the authorities have never once come out to tell us what our rights were nor to stop the depredations. That at first this was done in ignorance is possible, though no excuse. That the authorities should have remained ignorant all these years, requires faith amounting to credulity to believe. That the railroad and express companies should know so little of the laws on which their charters were founded as to have done this ignorantly, is inconceivable. The fact that such an imposition should have been allowed to go on year after year does not greatly increase the credit which will be given to any explanations that can now be made by those who allowed it or who first schemed it. It is said here that it was done to stop market-hunting, so that the deer might be saved for sportsmen, attracting them hither and increasing the travel on the railroads. A small object to gain when obtained by the suppression of both law and right, the toleration of a scheme of systematic robbery against which private redress was hard to get, the transformation of a people that were over-trustful toward those who managed their affairs into a people hard, bitter, suspicious, accusing. Any one who has not lived near enough Bangor to know what has been done there these last seven years does not know the long story of fraud and oppression and downright robbery which I could tell in all its particulars past the possibility of doubting the recital, if I were to go into the individual cases which I have known. No possible excuse can be offered by any one engaged in such actions, but no good could come of telling more than has been told; it is enough to know that the wrong has been done and that it will not be soon forgiven.

We hope now, since the past is past and the future always has some gleam of brightness, that a better order may begin. We have a new law this winter which we understand. It is the same law that we have been drilled on these seven or eight years in advance, which has been enforced before it was on the statute books and declared to be, while as yet it was not. It reads: "Sec. 13. No person or corporation shall carry or transport from place to place any moose, caribou or deer or part thereof in close time, nor in open time unless open to view, tagged and plainly labeled with the name of the owner thereof, and accompanied by him under a penalty of forty dollars; and any person, not the actual owner of such game or part thereof, who, to aid another in such transportation falsely represents himself to be the owner, shall be liable to the penalties aforesaid."

We understand this law. It does not depend upon doubtful interpretations. It will be respected as long as it is fairly executed. If we had had this law eight years ago, or had had the one then existing executed according to its obvious meaning, there would be less reason for explaining how Maine people have come to say hard things of the game laws. On this point of non-transportation in open season, our legal right, we have been so harassed, so often called poachers and law-breakers when we were doing nothing contrary to law, that we are more lenient than we otherwise should be against actual transgressors, and toward those who have done this injustice, are—not boisterous nor vindictive, but very stern.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If a perfect history of the travels and transactions of the sportsmen in the entire Moosehead Lake region could be fully brought to light by an impartial investigation, I am satisfied that it would completely demonstrate the fact that the cases cited by Miss Hardy are only exceptional ones. On the other hand, she does not represent the "residents" of Maine as a whole. She is speaking only for a fractional part of the citizens of this State, as I firmly believe. Neither does she voice the sentiment of a majority of those residing near the great wilderness country frequented by sportsmen. I can recall cases which have come under my own observation where several hundred dollars have been paid into the treasury of Piscataquis county for fines for violation of the game laws by residents of other States.

I know that during the past three years we have suffered by a lax enforcement of these laws. I know further that as bitter complaints on account of this have come from backwoodsmen and guides in the Moosehead section who are during every summer season largely associated with the sportsmen, and necessarily influenced more or less by them, as from any other source.

Now, if these sportsmen as a class were as destructive of game in intention or in practice as Miss Hardy avers, it goes without saying that they would impress their ideas upon the guides. That they do influence them to a great extent is undeniable, and the fact that they do not as a general rule countenance or aid infractions of the laws while guiding, but that many of them are among the staunchest and most sincere supporters of the code, is to my mind positive evidence that the great mass of their employers have done everything in their power to educate them up to this standard.

I hope that as Miss Hardy has opened it, the FOREST AND STREAM will give both sides of the question. I do not feel competent to give the other side, but I hope others who are will join me.

I feel, as do many in this section, that we are, as residents, and as real backwoodsmen, being misrepresented by her.

J. F. SPRAGUE.

MONSON, Me.

PUZZLED GESE.—Springfield, Mass., April 20.—Last Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock a severe thunderstorm passed over this city, taking its way down the valley into Connecticut. An hour later the air was filled with strange and distressful cries that for a moment made the wicked tremble. The city was filled with wild geese in small flocks of from two or three to twenty, which had probably composed one or more large flocks that had met the storm and become scattered, and were finally attracted here by the electric lights. For hours they flew in every direction, probably searching for their lost mates, and uttering an unusually mournful honk, which told that they were in trouble. The electric lights evidently attracted and bewildered them, and probably every light was visited once or more by different flocks; and they flew so low that they barely cleared the trees and buildings, and the "swish" of their wings could be plainly heard. It was only after the electric lights were shut off that they rallied together and took their departure for the north in fairly good order.—F. L. B.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.

ST. LOUIS, April 25.—Spring shooting has been a failure in this section, say all of our hunters. The early spring was so dry that there was no water on favorite grounds, and then came cold and wet weather, which put a damper on all sports. The flight of ducks was small, and the snipe for some reason did not stop to sample our Missouri and Illinois worms. But perhaps 'tis well. Spring shooting should be abolished all along the line from the Gulf to British America.

The angling season opens auspiciously and some good catches are reported. The water at the various club grounds is reported in good condition. Angling is now to the front and shooting goes to the rear.

The trap-shooting season was opened last Sunday by the Carondelet Gun Club, in which a large number of clubs participated.

The Gilman's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club has finally obtained its coveted property, and has completed its organization. The membership is limited to thirty. The grounds are located near Wanda, Madison county, Ill. The club controls about 1,200 acres. The officers are: I. F. Burke, President; Albert Rawlings, Vice-President; Wm. Dooly, Treasurer, and Chas. E. Wise, Secretary. The shooting in season consists of duck, snipe and quail, while the angling, the secretary says, consists of "dog-fish" at present.

Our revolver shots are discussing the championship event and are getting ready for taking part, which will be duly recorded.

Among the enthusiastic salmon anglers of St. Louis may be mentioned Henry Hitchcock, E. A. Hitchcock, E. T. Allen and Mr. C. B. Burnham. In conjunction with a few other anglers of Chicago and Boston these gentlemen lease the Nipisquit River in New Brunswick. The water is controlled by the Government and is known as Government water. The gentlemen have a lease for five years, and the river affords very fine salmon and trout fishing. Another prominent St. Louis salmon angler is Mr. James Richardson, who fishes in the Restigouche. ABERDEEN.

THE WAYS OF SNIPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 23, Mr. H. Austen, of Halifax, N. S., claims that the snipe does its booming (I take it he means drumming) with his voice, and not as supposed with his wings, and that this noise is only made at dusk or long after dark. If Mr. Austen will go out to any good snipe ground when these birds are in, especially in the early part of May in the spring or September and October in the fall of the year on a dull overcast day, he will find numbers of snipe in the air circling and soaring about and drumming to their heart's content, when he will be satisfied (or I am much mistaken) that the noise a snipe makes when drumming or booming is made with his wings.

In the same letter Mr. Austen writes: "All the sound that I have ever heard in the daytime has been their *scaipe* except that on Aug. 11, 1885, when shooting on the marsh, I heard about and around me *who, who, who*, only not in very loud notes, and for quite a while was puzzled until I found running about at my feet three tiny young snipe, which must have been a very late or possibly second brood." If Mr. Austen will go out where these snipe breed, during the mating season, that is with us in the month of May, he will find that snipe sing, twitter and call. During this season snipe call one another *pete, pete, pete*. The cock bird springs into the air, flying 20 or 30 yds. before lighting again, with his tail and head up, singing and twittering much like a bobolink. One could hardly think that these tame foolish birds were the wild, swift-flying, hard-to-hit birds of the previous month.

The snipe and woodcock both drum with their wings. Woodcock drum about dusk, letting themselves down from an elevated position plump on to the ground, with wings set edgewise. Snipe generally drum on dark and dull days, letting themselves down from a high position with wings set edgewise, fifty or a hundred feet, immediately soaring up again to circle around as before. This they repeat for hours together. Years ago when snipe were plentiful on the Holland marsh, a few miles from here, I have seen upon a dull day fifty or sixty snipe in the air at one time circling and drumming; in fact, every snipe on the marsh appeared to be up in the air. I need hardly say that on such occasions the bag was small. In those good old times I remember in the month of October making a bag of 105 snipe in one day, the day was a bright warm still day.

Old Bleacher, the dog I used in those days, was a black and tan, out of a liver spaniel bitch, by a black, white and tan foxhound dog. Strange to say, in appearance he was a very handsome spaniel and a dog I never was ashamed to be seen with either on the street or in the field. All my dogs now have the bluest of blood in their veins, but I would gladly give them all for old Bleacher and the abundance of game of his days.

What a pity it is that both the Government of Canada and the United States do not pass a law prohibiting the exposing for sale all and any game. It seems deplorable to allow our game to vanish before our eyes, when by a simple enactment, such as the above, it could be prevented.

HENRY B. NICOL, M.D.

COOKSTOWN, Canada.

CALIFORNIA SEASONS.—Since I wrote you last, our Legislature has adjourned after amending the game law as follows: Extending the close season for quail up to Oct. 1, instead of Sept. 10 as it has been in the past, and making it unlawful to kill deer, elk, mountain sheep or antelope for the next two years. This has been signed by our governor, and is now the law. This is good, gentlemen, excellent! Even if our Legislature did adjourn with a very unsavory smell of "buddle" clinging to its garments, it did pass some meritorious laws, and this is one. The bill as originally introduced protected the deer for six years, but was amended so as to cover only two. The former period was just about right, but the latter will do a great deal of good, and "half a loaf is better than no bread." And, besides, if we can ever get the average legislator to grant half of what is asked and needed, we do well. And it is useless arguing with them, for *Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens*. Which in English means: Against ignorance even the gods battle in vain. —AREFAR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 30.—Pistagua Fishing Club officers for this year are: J. L. Kinsella, Commodore; Thos. R. Spence, Secretary; Nick J. Wilson, Treasurer. The club makes its first formal trip to Pistagua and Fox lakes May 9.

Within the past week the weather here has been warm and clear. The bass fishing has loomed into sudden prominence. A number of good catches have been made in Sand Lake, Channel Lake, Grass Lake and others of the Fox Lake district. Eight or ten heavy bass has not been unusual, and I heard of one take of 21 good fish in Grass Lake. Mr. Williamson, an artist sportsman of note in Chicago, has had some good fishing. He says the bass are taking flies now, as he learned by dropping insects to them from a bridge below which some were lying. He counsels a large black gnat or other dark fly. Mr. Benner, a fly-fisher of the Wabash, Indiana, says that a bucktail fly (or hackle made from the mottled hairs of the deer's tail) is the best fly they can use in the early spring on that stream. The Fox Lake bass have mostly been taken on the surface frog. The bass have not yet begun to spawn in those lakes. I suppose it would be better to wait till they have spawned, but that would often mean till the end of July, as these fish seem to have no sort of sharp season at all for that process in these waters.

Two of our well-known sportsmen will about the beginning of June run the Kankakee by boat from Mak-saw-ba down, being out a week or so. They want bass. Mr. Strunk, of Momence, says that later in the summer is better for bass, and that pickerel would make the chief catch in May or June; but I am inclined to think a good many bass could be picked up in early June. I suppose the best bait then would be the minnow, then live frog, then spoon, then fly. The Donaldson and Ferguson, though apparently very gaudy for so clear a stream, I have found most successful on the Tippecanoe and Kankakee in the summer. Theoretically I do not see why the bluebottle, Governor-Alvord or Montreal should not be better. Bluebottle is the leading fly for summer fishing on the lower Fox River. At Aurora the jungle-cock has a high place. I should think jungle-cock, bluebottle and say Montreal would be about as good flies as any right now on the Kankakee below Momence.

A young man who fishes the Des Plaines, within fifteen miles of Chicago, came in this week with what my informant called a lot of "croppies." I have reason to think they were rock bass or "goggle-eyes," from the fact that my said informant called the rock bass we lately caught on a little trip "croppies." He calls the croppy "silver bass." And so it goes. We need an act for the proper nomenclature of common fishes. A friend asks me if the rock bass will take the fly. I should say they would, and so will croppies. Best in the evening.

Billy Werner, erstwhile known as caterer to the Possum-Club, is to take charge of a restaurant on Dearborn street, and the club is to have a big room for itself. It is probable that a summer meeting will be held before long.

It is very likely that the Kankakee Protective Society will be organized at a very early date. The boys are moving slowly, because they don't want to make any mistake. Prominent members of Mak-saw-ba, English Lake, Cumberland and Diana clubs have already declared in favor of the movement, and it will in due course be made I hope. A great deal of good can be done along the Kankakee at a very low expense, and it would be a shame if the gentlemen interested in that stream did not combine for this purpose.

I hear from men who saw it done that one of the Paddocks up above Fox Lake was shooting fish last week. The Paddocks are summer-resort men. They take this way of informing good sportsmen that they want their trade. My informant does not know the particular Paddock, but saw the act and saw the man, and was told it was Paddock. He can perhaps identify the man, and I shall see the Fox Lake Association and ask them to prosecute if they can find a case.

Pickerel have been running all over Cumberland marsh and the club men have been spearing them in the ditches. I don't see how they can say much against the natives spearing legal fish then, do you?

Mr. C. S. Burton, city passenger agent of the Big Four road, snook off after trout last week not far away from Chicago, and came back with nine, one weighing a pound and a half. To publish the stream would be to ruin it, and I will not give the name under the circumstances.

Mr. J. L. Wilcox and Mr. Parker last week were after trout on the Kinnikinnick, above St. Paul, and got 400, sending some nice boxes down to their friends.

About those snipe; no one knows where they are. No one has killed any. A good many plover have appeared. Frank Place and Turtle were out on the Say yesterday after snipe and plover. Italian Joe has been shooting plover somewhere down in Indiana for two weeks. Percy Stone says the plover are flying around Wheaton in good flocks now. Fred Donald killed sixty-eight plover at Gilman, on the I. C. R. R. last Saturday, and says if he had had decoys he could have bagged 200. This is top bag, so far as I know, on the plover.

This week Billy Mussey, Dr. Malcolm, L. R. Brown and George Andrews were out after snipe on Mak-saw-ba marsh, and they met a singular incident. Once before I told in these columns of a jacksnipe which Mr. Mussey saw alight in a tree. This same thing happened again in the sight of Mr. Mussey and his friends this week. The bird was flying over the timber, darting and "booming" for several minutes and seeming to have perfect control over itself. Finally it lit on the top branch of a very large dead tree. After watching it some time one of the party started after it, when it flew, and shortly after that alighted on another tree not far off. Again an approach was made to it, when it pitched to the ground not far off. When it arose Mr. Mussey killed it. On examination this bird was found to have lost an eye, probably not very long before, for the cavity of the socket was terribly fly-blown. Doubtless the bird was in agony and it was a mercy to kill it, but whether this had anything to do with its singular conduct is something which can not be said.

Numbers of our sportsmen have been down with the prevalent malady, the "grippe." Mr. R. B. Organ is just recovering and looks badly. He is in poor shape to shoot his race with Alex. Loyd, billed for an early date, he to shoot at 100 birds and Mr. Loyd at 103.

Pleasant days and warm weather here make it hard to

think of cold and ice; yet it was within this month that there happened near the boundary line of Minnesota one of those terrible tragedies which may befall the frontier hunter. Some weeks ago a hunter by the name of McKinnon froze both his feet and was confined to his cabin. Mortification set in and the poor fellow amputated both his own feet. Alone and perishing, he was recently found by two other hunters, who took him in to Winnipeg, where his recovery is very doubtful. E. HOUGH.

FOREST AND STREAM CLUB.—Belleville, Canada, April 20.—Rumors of deer killing having been looked into by Constable Sweet, who is an officer of the Forest and Stream Club of this city, led to arrest and the conviction last Saturday of C. W. and N. Lake, who were fined \$16.20 each. This was a very important case, as it is stated that about fifteen deer, forming a yard, were all destroyed, and the majority being does and heavy with young, neither the venison nor skins were of any value at this season to the butchers. The annual meeting of the Forest and Stream Club was held on Thursday night last, when, after two new members had been admitted, the following officers were elected: President, Henry Corby, M.P.; first Vice-President, W. H. Biggar, M.P.P.; second Vice-President, James Lowrie; Secretary, T. W. R. McRae; Treasurer, Richard A. Davis; Directors, R. S. Bell, Geo. A. Frost, W. P. Clarke, Henry Pretty, James H. Mills, John Brasier, Wm. Ormond. A comprehensive programme for the season was adopted. In trap-shooting, Mr. Crosby offers a prize of \$10 for the senior class, and Mr. W. H. Biggar donates a like amount in the junior class. The club gives second and third prizes of \$5 and \$3 respectively in each class. In rifle shooting Mr. Corby also offers \$10, divided into prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2 in the match, and the club gives like figures for aggregate. Trap shooting matches begin on Thursday, May 28, and will be held fortnightly. Rifle matches commence on Tuesday, May 26, and will be held weekly. In angling and trolling, Mr. A. H. Crosby offers a handsome rod case for largest black bass, Mr. Brasier offers a felt hat for largest maskinonge, and Mr. T. Ritchie will give a prize for fly-fishing. Season from June 15 to Oct. 1. Competitions for money prizes will be held on Aug. 14 and Aug. 22, the awards being for largest black bass and largest catch of black bass on those days. The membership of the club numbers 172.—R. S. B.

OHIO GAME PROSPECTS.—May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have good prospects here for an abundance of game this fall. Hundreds of quail being left over from last season makes a better outlook than we have had for many years. Unless the season should be extremely wet, so as to interfere with hatching, we have nothing to fear for sport, unless it should be failure to gain the farmer's consent to hunt on his premises. Our State laws now protect the farmer in that manner, as well as the quail, and in several townships last fall the farmers allowed no hunting at all. I notice a few jacksnipe this spring and a number of flocks of plover. Have not seen any of the latter in this county for a good many years until this spring. There was a 14-pound scale carp caught in the Oletangy River at this point last week. A number have been taken this spring from 5 to 7 lbs. They originally escaped from fish ponds. The river is very small here. The Liberty Gun Club is a new organization that promises to be born soon. Long may it live, as its members will chiefly be farmers, and when they are interested in the preservation of game and sport in general, it includes men whom we could not count on heretofore. We have a good game warden, Dr. Lee Wentz, of Delaware, but I believe he is hardly strict enough.—YOUTH (Hyattville, Delaware County).

OHIO.—Cadiz, April 15.—Any amount of rabbits and quail left over to replenish the stock for next season. I have flushed several coveys lately with as high as ten to a dozen birds in; and rabbits are very plentiful; can start them any day. My beagles have good runs two to three times every week. As they run at will, hardly a day passes but what they have a short run, as the rabbits go right to earth this season of the year.—S. C. G.

JOHN A. STEELE, of Ohio, who, while on a hunting trip in North Carolina, was accidentally shot in the knee and was sent to Washington for treatment, died April 29. He was the son of the late John Steele, one of the best known of the prominent men in the early history of the "Western Reserve" and the founder of the town of Painesville, Ohio.

PROGRESS OF LAKE ST. JOHN.—Lake St. John has become so popular a summer resort, that the hotel accommodation there has been quadrupled during the present winter. This has been done by enlarging the Roberval Hotel by the addition of two immense wings, so that the house now has accommodation for three hundred guests, instead of one hundred as it had previously. The building commands a magnificent view of Lake St. John. It has a perfect water system of its own, with bathrooms and a very fine dining-room and balconies, and will be lighted by electric light. To provide for the comforts of sportsmen, a fine new hotel with accommodation for one hundred guests has been built on one of the islands of the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, in the very centre of the best fishing grounds for that celebrated and unique species of fresh water salmon called by the Montagnais Indians "Ouiniche." This hotel will be worked by the Roberval Hotel, and the fishing privileges will be free to all guests of either house. A steamer will run daily between Roberval and the Grand Discharge, a distance of thirty miles, in connection with trains on the Lake St. John Railway. At Lake Edward an excellent hotel has been built on the border of that widely celebrated trout lake, so well known for its large lakes Mohonk and Minnewaska. The hotel will be worked by the Roberval Hotel, and the fishing privileges will be free to all guests of either house. A steamer will run daily between Roberval and the Grand Discharge, a distance of thirty miles, in connection with trains on the Lake St. John Railway. At Lake Edward an excellent hotel has been built on the border of that widely celebrated trout lake, so well known for its large lakes Mohonk and Minnewaska. The hotel will be worked by the Roberval Hotel, and the fishing privileges will be free to all guests of either house. 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Rangleys. They go every season, and are very successful. Their names are M. P. Clough, Frank Keene, J. S. Bartlett, and a brother of Mr. Bartlett, whose initials I have not at hand at this writing. But I promise him that if he catches a big trout that I will find his initials, even if it requires a special trip to Lynn for that purpose. The boys were with this party last year and caught the big trout. Mr. Harry Dutton and wife, of the dry goods firm of Houghton & Dutton, will early go to their beautiful camps at Cupsuptic. They spend a good part of each season there with numerous friends. The celebrated Houghton & Dutton camps are in charge of Billy Soule, one of the best guides in the Rangeley region. Mr. Geo. T. Freeman, of Harrington & Freeman, jewelers, will make a few days' trip to Camp Stewart, with friends, about May 25. Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, with his friend T. B. Stewart, will go to the Upper Dam as soon as the ice is out. Mr. Stewart will spend a good part of the season there as in seasons gone by. Mr. Hollingsworth is an artist as well as a sportsman. Mr. Hatch, of Henry & Hatch, boot and shoe auctioneers, with a party of friends, is booked for the Rangeleys. Mr. Hatch is an old-time visitor to these waters.

Other parties are also booked for the Rangeleys. The Col. H. T. Rockwell party is one of the best known parties that visits the Rangeley Lakes. Besides the genial Colonel may be mentioned Mr. E. B. Haskell, of the Boston Herald, Mr. Frank Priest and several others. The Tuttle party must not be forgotten. This party goes to their beautiful summer home, Lake Point Cottage, early in the season. Numbers of the Oquossoc Angling Association will early be at their camps.

Mr. Hall, with Rice, Kendall & Co., will make a trip to some celebrated trout waters in the vicinity of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in due season. He will be accompanied by friends, and they are sure of trout. Mr. Daniel Gunn, a friend of the FOREST AND STREAM, mentions a letter which he received from the same fishing grounds last week, stating that already some good creels of trout had been taken there. Mr. Gunn and Mr. Hall both slip away quietly down there, and each time they come back much pleased with the spot they have found. Mr. Gunn also fishes for sea trout in that part of the country. He has a record of a perch, a pickerel, a trout and a rattlesnake all on the same cast. But a part of that story—the true part—has already been told in FOREST AND STREAM.

Salmon fishing at Bangor is not proving a success this year. A gentleman came back to Boston the other day. He had been there for a week, and had tried the salmon faithfully, with a result of only one, weighing some 12lbs. He is discouraged, and does not believe that there is to be a run of salmon at Bangor this year. He thinks that either the netting from the river below, or the fact that considerable of the restocking has been in the streams below Bangor, is to blame for the lack of salmon there this year. He says that but few outside sportsmen are staying at Bangor now, though the pool is very thoroughly fished by local fishermen. His idea is that if the salmon restocking fry are put into the streams below Bangor that they return to these streams to breed, instead of coming up to Bangor. In connection with this subject it may be mentioned that Mr. F. R. Shattuck, well known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, has word from Chatham of the taking of a 37lbs. salmon in the weir at that point. The fish was brought to Boston for sale, though the neighbors offered ninety cents a pound for it.

SPECIAL.

NEW ENGLAND FISHING.

THE ice is out of the Sebago waters and the landlocked salmon fishermen are abroad. A Portland gentleman (I did not learn his name) has taken two, one of which weighed 10lbs. Other parties in Maine are at the Sebago Lake, and the report is that the salmon are following very closely upon the schooling of the landlocked smelt, and their movement up the streams to spawn. It is a curious feature, in regard to this curious fish, that they follow the smelt each spring, and that then is about the only time to take them. One or two Boston parties will also go to the Sebago for landlocked salmon. One party is already made up to go next Friday. It consists of Mr. L. D. Chapman, salesman with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, well known fishing tackle dealers in this city; Geo. Rogers, a Boston cod dealer; L. K. Harlow, a Boston artist; Dr. Defriez, of Brookline, and N. E. M. Webster, of Boston.

The ice is not out of the Rangeleys, nor is it out of Moosehead at this writing. But all the same I believe that the interest in the moving of the ice in those trout waters has never been greater than this year. It would be no exaggeration to say that fifty prominent business and professional men are waiting for the news of the going out of the ice from those lakes, and by this I mean that they are men with their tackle all ready to the last sinker in place, ready for the word that the ice has gone out. They then will take the first trains for the old fishing grounds. Year after year they do the same thing, and in these fishing trips they renew their youth and gain strength for another year with the battle of life. Gray hairs begin to mark the kindly visages of the most of these veterans with line and rod, for veterans they are and there are apparently few to take their places. Indeed young men in these ranks are few; they are old and middle-aged. Mr. Chapman, mentioned above, will supplement his landlocked salmon trip by a trouting excursion to Richardson Lake as soon as the ice is out. He will doubtless be accompanied by a party of five or six, though only three or four are now sure of going.

Prominent among these will be Mr. G. W. M. Guild, a Boston jeweler, who has a record of a 9lbs. trout taken at the Narrows, Richardson Lake, last year, a note of which the FOREST AND STREAM had at the time. He will be accompanied by his friend Mr. Fox, of New York. Mr. Fox also has a record of an 8lbs. trout on the same day as Mr. Guild secured his trout. But his success was nipped in the bud. The day was a very cold and windy one. The two happy fishermen concluded to go ashore soon after they had taken their big trout. They landed at the wharf of Camp Vive Vale, in order to wait for the downward trip of the little steamer to take them to the Middle Dam. The hands of the guide were slippery, Mr. Fox's trout was heavy, and down he went between the boat and the wharf. They waited till the afternoon boat, hoping that the trout, apparently dead, would rise. But they waited in vain, and poor Mr. Fox went back to New

York bemoaning his fate. He has been to those lakes many times and has not yet succeeded in saving a big trout. May his success be better this year.

Mr. Walter Hill, of John P. Squire & Co., the noted Boston pork packers, will again go to Moosehead this year. He will wait till the weather is fairly warm, for Mrs. Hill will accompany him. Mrs. Hill is a daughter of John P. Squire. Last year Mr. Hill proposed that she take the trip; she was hardly in favor of the idea, never having had any experience with line and rod, but she was willing to try it "just for once." She succeeded in landing several fine trout for Moosehead and was much pleased with her success. This year she was the first to propose the trip to Moosehead in that family, rather than any other vacation.

The Kineo Club will go to Moosehead soon after the first of June. They go for fly-fishing only, not caring for trolling. This club is made up of Mr. J. B. Thomas, of the Standard Sugar Refinery, a prominent officer of the American Sugar Refining Co. Mr. Thomas is also commodore of the club. The other members are J. Walter Sanborn, Frank Wise and W. S. Hills, of the flour and grain trade; H. S. Nickerson, of the wholesale grocery trade; Mr. Beal, of Beal, Higgins & Henderson, of the dry goods trade; and Mr. Lauriat, of Estes & Lauriat, a well-known book firm of Boston. This club always engages one or two of the little steamers that ply upon Maine's inland sea, and they enjoy life only as such men can enjoy it.

But one of the largest parties to the Maine lakes this spring will be the one planned by Mr. A. N. Parlin, of the Magee Furnace Co., of Boston. Mr. Parlin is a Maine boy, and visited the Rangeleys in his early boyhood. It was then that the love for such outings was acquired, and he has succeeded in instilling something of his enthusiasm into his partners and friends. He has almost annually visited Moosehucmagantic for some twenty years. Rarely has he missed a year, and he has been twice a year with sufficient frequency to more than make up for any loss of an annual trip. With him this spring will be Mr. Geo. B. Clapp, a retired Boston broker; Mr. John Magee, of the Magee Furnace Co., with his wife and daughter; Frank A. Magee and wife; Mr. A. M. Kidder, wife and daughter, of Plymouth, N. H. Mr. Kidder is of the firm of A. M. Kidder & Co., of Boston and New York. The party will also consist of Mrs. Pratt, of St. Louis, and Thomas Cunningham and wife, of Boston. Mrs. Cunningham has a record of a 10lbs. landlocked salmon last year.

The brook fishermen are having some sport in the streams in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Mr. Toby, salesman with Jackson, Mandall & Daniell, with a friend, fished a brook in the western part of the State the other day, with the result of a handsome string of trout. The brooks are now low in this State and the weather is fine. Those who visit the streams with rod and reel are generally happy with fair creels, and doubly happy in the outing.

The question of the ice leaving the Maine lakes is still an uncertain one. Summing up all the opinions that I can get from the Maine papers and from private letters, and then striking an average, that average indicates about the 10th of May for the ice to leave the Rangeleys, and a day or two earlier for Moosehead. Still, very much will depend upon the weather. The woods are still well supplied with snow back in those regions, and the streams are very high. On the first of May it will again be legal for everybody to fish Maine waters. The inhabitants of the State, who can fish during the months of February, March and April, for their own use, have taken some good creels of trout from the streams in the southern part of the State.

The latest announcement in the line of controlling the forests and waters is that the board of directors of the Megantic Club has secured the camps at Big Island Pond lately operated by Julian K. Viles and Kennedy Smith, and executed a five years' lease with the Berlin Mills Co. for the whole Seven Ponds township. Such is indeed the case. Another public fishing and hunting resort has become the extension of a preserve of a powerful club, and strangers will be invited to stay away.

Capt. Fred C. Barker writes the Phillips Phonograph that four caribou seem to be spending the most of their time about the Bemis end of Moosehucmagantic, as they have been seen several times from the camps. The other day they came out on the lake to within a mile of camp and stayed around all the afternoon. With the aid of a good glass parties at Bemis get a fine view of them.

SPECIAL.

AN ACCIDENTAL BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last summer while fly-fishing for black bass I was casting along as we were floating through some shallow water, when my attention was attracted by a large bass jumping out of the water several times some distance below us. I told W. to row down there and we would try him. We anchored the boat about 75ft. above where we saw him jump. I cast and changed flies till I was sure I had none that suited him, and then we concluded to try bait-fishing, as they were not taking the flies very well that day anyway. I took off my flies and baited with a helgramite and a stone catfish and let them float down over where he had been jumping, in a place where the water was quite deep, but no bite. After we had remained there a few minutes I commenced to reel up my line slowly, when I felt a peculiar jerking, such as I had never felt from a fish before—it would feel the same as if you were pulling in a bass that would weigh 3 or 4lbs., and then it would slide along as if you were drawing it over a board, and so it went, until my line was reeled up so that I could see my leader; then imagine my surprise to see a bass jump out of the water 75ft. or more below us still fast to the line. While I was trying to think whether I was awake or asleep, W., who was looking down in the water, says, "You are fast to another line;" and sure enough one of my hooks had caught around the line which the bass was fast on. The other end of the line was under and above the boat and was fast to something on the bottom of the river. The line was a cheap cotton line about 100ft. long, with a nail for a sinker, and my hook sliding along on the other line was what I couldn't account for. The bass weighed 3lbs.; it had been speared or hurt in some way, so that it was blind in one eye and it was healed up so you could hardly see where the eye had been.

A. V. R.

TOWANDA, Pa.

THE CASTALIA STREAM.—I.

THERE has been more or less writing about and around the Castalia trout stream of northern Ohio for some years, the topic being of natural interest, but if anything like a thorough investigation of the history and present condition of the streams and its clubs has ever been made by any paper but FOREST AND STREAM, I confess I do not know when or where that was done. Within the past thirty days I have at the suggestion of this journal spent a week or so upon and near this singular stream, making whatever effort seemed possible to learn the earliest and latest facts concerning it. The result has been quite a little mass of data, which in the total would be enough to make a little book. Indeed, I may fore-run a little and say here that one of the Castalia clubs is even now compiling a little book for publication, which shall cover all history of the stream. FOREST AND STREAM's history cannot be so long as that; but it would go hard if nothing interesting could be found in it, for certain it is that there hardly exists in the whole settled portion of our country a stream more unique, more mysterious or more interesting from a dozen points of view.

Early in this century, though Kentucky had long been settled and the Indian wars along the great north and south hunting trail been brought to a close, much of Ohio still remained unwholen from the wilderness. Even to-day you can see portions of the great forest standing along the shore of Lake Erie, with edge as sharp cut as where the mower shears the tall standing grain. But long before all this, and before the Indian wars were settled or well begun, and before Ohio was a State, and before the United States had been born, the strange stream of the Castalia Valley had been seen, visited and commented upon as a singular freak of nature. The earliest printed record of such comment is to be found in the book published in 1765 by one Major Rogers, of the British army. Let us hope that the club in looking up its history will get hold of Major Rogers's book. If they wish to find this book, let them look up Col. E. A. Scoville, once of Cleveland, and ask him for the tin pail of the Castalia stream. There is more history on that little tin pail than in all our journals, probably, and the pail itself has a history. Years ago, in the early days of the trout regime on Castalia stream, Mr. Miller, the present keeper of the lower club, caught some trout from the stream and gave them, inclosed in this historic vessel, to Mr. O'Heagan, then of the Ohio State Fish Commission. The Commissioner had the record and the leading facts of the history of the stream painted on this tin pail, and it is said that in this script was reference to Major Rogers's book. And now comes some arrant thief, stealing this historic trout pail, so that a lapse occurs in its history. A clue, however, is obtained, the relic is traced, and again Miller, the original donor, gets possession of it, subsequently giving it to Col. Scoville. Its present whereabouts are unknown, but it certainly should be secured by the Lower Club and placed beyond further change as one of its most valued possessions.

What Major Rogers saw, or what the little tin pail saw, or what the warriors of the Great Nations saw, was much what you may see to-day; a stream not over six miles in length, but with a total fall of 45ft. in that distance, flowing from great cavernous spring holes in whose depths the water seems a weird and ghostly blue, running between low banks, always just this rapid, always just so full, always clear and always just so cold. The course of this stream was then as now, down a wide and level space of country, hardly different enough from the adjacent swells to be called a valley, and yet distinctly divided from the country near by in certain natural characteristics. In earlier days there were some heavy thickets scattered along this short valley. They find scores and scores of great elk and deer antlers close beneath the surface in the spots where these copes once stood. Keeper Miller has found 200 of these antlers on his farm. Men who live now will tell you how once the wild grape vines matted over these thickets so densely that a man could walk upon the top of them, while if he should break through he would find room beneath to walk upright. These thickets were once inhabited by droves of wild hogs, and this was the scene annually of a great fall pork hunt by the settlers.

Under all the valley surface there lies a most singular rock, a coral-like limestone, more porous than pumice stone, the like of which is not found in all the country-side near by, nor in any part of the country now known. In Castaliatown, in Sandusky, and other towns of that region, you can see masses of this rough fantastic rock heaped up as lawn ornaments. Within a few years the value of this product has been learned, and now by boat and train, far and wide, the "Castalia stone" goes to a paying market. It is chiefly used in paper factories in a pulverized form for a stock filling. Much of it is shipped as far east as Maine.

Blue, cold, forbidding and mysterious, the stream ran down its mysterious valley, and many saw it who turned from it with a shiver. Strange beings ruled that valley, it was sure, and an unholy blight rested on the stream beyond all question, thought the early settlers. They shunned the valley, and it was long left untouched, the stream all the time running through it, telling to itself the story of its mysterious sources under the earth, always just so large, so blue, so cold, so strange. Enchantment, beyond doubt. Because, from head to mouth, in all the clear, pure water, fish would not live in the Castalia stream! That was known and settled long ago. Put a big strong fish in one of the great "blue holes," as the giant springs are even now called, and the blue dismal depths at once became its sepulchre. Now, that meant that the stream was nothing less than bewitched, enchanted, uncanny, dangerous and good to leave alone. So the elk and the deer claimed the thickets, and a few great trees stood up over the valley, and the stream ran on and on, how long, only the stars knew, from whence, not even they could tell, though the stars are counted wise.

Enter now upon the scene one R. H. Haywood, a man with money and not afraid of mysteries. The more mystery the better. He picked up the land along the haunted valley in great lumps, the owners "guessing it off," for payments often absurdly small. Mr. Haywood sometimes resold over 100 measured acres out of a tract he had bought "guessed off" for 40 or 50 acres. Mr. Haywood resolved to harness the Castalia stream, spirits and all. Unwise resolve. He might have known it would ruin him, and ruin him it did. He spent \$80,000 in cut-

ting the great raceway through the valley which even today gives the stream its rigid artificial look for miles, built a mill, made further improvements and altogether sought to take possession of the stream. The stream resented it, rebelled and ruined him. "Nothing but trout and pleasure for me," said the stream, "I will not turn a wheel!" And to-day it is wheelless from spring to mouth, full of trout and full of pleasantness. Only the raceway remains, miles and miles of it, as it was cut 53 years ago by a man whose name is nearly forgotten.

Three things now remain to be established; who first suggested that trout would live in the Castalia stream, who first put them there and who first protected them? These questions run before the history of the two clubs which now own the stream.

Not long ago FOREST AND STREAM published the obituary of a man prominent in Ohio sportsmanship and natural history circles—the late Dr. Sterling. That learned enthusiast was acquainted with the Castalia stream in the '50's. So was that father of fishculture, the late Dr. Garlick, whose work antedates even that of the beloved Seth Green. Dr. Garlick's book, "Fish Culture," bears date of 1857. It was either Dr. Garlick or Dr. Sterling, both Ohio men, who first conceived the idea of planting trout in the fishless Castalia stream. Dr. Sterling claimed that it was himself who first analyzed the water of the stream and found it almost identical with that of the famous Caledonia stream where Seth Green conducted his work so successfully. Soon after this, says Dr. Sterling, the experiment was tried. Yet now comes Mr. Milton P. Peirce, of Columbus, O., and claims that when he was a boy, and a student at Cleveland, he saw Dr. Ackley and Dr. Garlick bring in strings of trout from this same stream. I have this only on hearsay, not from Mr. Peirce, but if Mr. Peirce thinks trout were native to this stream, this being much in support of his well-known idea that trout cannot be successfully planted, he is sadly mistaken. I do not know how old he is now, or was when he saw these trout, but it is known to a certainty that trout were planted in this stream upon the suggestion of either Dr. Garlick or Dr. Sterling, made in 1867 or 1868. The first trout fry were planted on the 17th of March, 1873, by Mr. Hoyt, who owned the mill and dam then upon the upper stream.

And now the weird tales about the stream seemed about to be verified. The trout were put in above the dam and in the great spring known as the Upper Blue Hole. They promptly died. Wonder was expressed at this, as later it was found that when the dam was opened the fish did very well in the live water. Scientists have found the reason for all this now, and have solved the mystery of the once lifeless stream. It is easy to see now that the immense body of water coursing from below the surface of the earth is altogether un aerated, and, therefore, unfit for an oxygen-loving fish like a trout. Pass this water over a dam, break it up, stretch it up, and it is perfect for trout, and verifies the analysis. It is learned now that for about two weeks of the year, in February, when the snow is sweeping into the rocks below the earth, trout can and sometimes do get into the great spring and live there. At the close of that brief season they leave the spring or die. The snow water may carry a little different quality of breathing matter with it.

Very well. Mr. Hoyt tried again. He had some good breeding troughs put in, and soon had a nice lot of young trout. Unfortunately, he also had a lot of neighbors of the "tough" variety. These complained of the back water of the dam. They drained his pond, broke into his breeding troughs, and made him all sorts of trouble, including certain lawsuits. Mr. Hoyt won his suits, but soon thereafter his mill was mysteriously burned. Angry and disheartened, he smashed open his dam, destroyed his breeding troughs and left the country. He went back to New Hampshire, and is there now. Mr. Scott Robinson, who is getting up the club history, is in correspondence with him now.

After the trout were let out all through the stream they seem to have been forgotten for a while. Three years after that time Mr. C. W. Sadler, of Sandusky, caught a nice basket of trout, away down the stream. The word got gradually, and then the murderous natives went to work with nets, spears and guns, and did all they could to exterminate the beautiful fish, which had now attained a good size. The stream was full of these natural fish. Of this I shall speak later.

The fact was now established that trout would grow and thrive in this stream. It was not a sporting club which first took advantage of this. The first man to protect the trout of Castalia stream was A. G. Miller, the present keeper of the "Lower Club." Miller was then a farmer of very ordinary means, but he was shrewd and able. Now he has an elegant home, vast barns well filled with horses and beef cattle, and a valuable farm stretching wide over the enchanted valley. He is a township oracle and authority now, but still a trout fisher and a lover of the trout, as he was that year in the late '70s when he leased the fishing rights of the lower stream for two years at the noble sum of \$5 a year.

Miller had trouble with the natives, who wanted the trout. He has counted 21 men with forks, spears and guns, standing over the spawning beds killing the big trout. On one occasion he had to go to his house for his gun before he could drive the fellows away. Gradually he broke up this sort of thing to some extent. Then for a while he charged 50 cents a day for the right to fish the stream. Soon after that he saw the thing was growing too big for him to hold down. The fulfillment of fate had come. The stream had not a wheel upon it. It would not work. Its destiny was trout and pleasure.

Mr. Lee McBride, of whose courtesy on this quest earlier mention has been made, heard of these trout about this time, and he and Mr. Frank Mason, both of Cleveland, came down and looked over the country on the advice of Mr. Adams, of the upper stream. They found Mr. Haywood holding the lower stream, mill sites, etc., and of him they got the refusal of a ten years' lease. Returning to Cleveland, they formed the club now generally known as the "Lower Club." This was incorporated as the "Castalia Sporting Club." Its lease was first made in 1878. So club life on the Castalia stream is a matter of only thirteen years. The trout were first planted as fry only eighteen years ago.

The club lease proved valuable. Mr. Haywood became financially embarrassed. He had mortgages upon his land, and foreclosures followed. The existent lease was a lien upon the property, and in the legal shake up the plucky little angling club, never over twenty-five mem-

bers, but wealthy and determined, got title to the whole property along the stream, from the line of the "Upper Club's" property clear to the mouth of the stream in Sandusky Bay. They spent nearly \$40,000 at the start in their two purchases and put up many improvements, but they got their stream hard and fast and it did not take long to stamp out the poaching absolutely. There is no trouble at all with that now.

In October, 1879, the so-called "Upper Club" was organized. It is a large club, numbering 67 members, and at first was made up largely of Sandusky and Toledo men, though many Cleveland men joined later. Their first lease was of the Castalia Milling Co. and ran for 20 years at \$50 a year. Then the milling company began a systematic series of annoyances and squeezed the club into sacrificing their lease and buying their property, which they did, and thus got their stream in safe keeping also. They have about \$40,000 invested in their property also. These figures do not represent the total amounts spent by either club, but are less than such amounts. The Upper Club has spent about \$8,000 in making new stream beds.

These, then, are the two clubs which control the stream, owning every foot of it, and such is a rough sketch of the history of the stream. Here we must abide for a week at least, for newspaper space is a limited affair, but in the next writing I shall try to tell something more about the clubs, and about the stream and about the trout. The stream is literally alive with trout and it is a pleasure even to write about them both.

E. HOUGH.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a copy of the acts proposed by our last Legislature for the *Book of the Game Laws*. You will see that we have had a new trout season fixed, placing us legally in the same latitude as Pennsylvania. I can only say that the change was uncalculated for and is utterly unwarrantable and unjustifiable. It is said to be the work of a couple of young men in Manchester who wanted to get at the trout brooks in the southern part of the State before the first of May. One of these young men was a member of the Legislature, and being a son of Col. John B. Clarke, of the Manchester *Mirror*, was placed at the head of the Fish and Game Committee of the House. Aided, as I understand, by a young lawyer from Manchester, they drafted a bill, changing the dates as shown, and got it through both House and Senate without any one knowing anything about it. I had received private advices from Manchester that some such game was in progress and had requested the representative from our town and the senator from our district to look out for it, but being in Concord on the last days of the session, I found it had passed both Houses without either of them knowing it, and it was probably "squirreled through" by the common legislative trick of being "read by the title."

The Fish and Game Commissioners were not consulted and knew nothing about it, and I met them both at Concord the last day of the session, where, having heard of it, they had come to get the Governor to veto the bill. I also saw Gov. Tuttle myself, and he told us all that he would gladly do so, but that the persons interested had been smart enough to get it incorporated in the Revised Statutes by the Commission who were making the usual decennial revision of the Statutes, and he could not veto it without destroying all the laws of the State! It was a smart and nasty trick, and our Legislature only meeting biennially, we cannot repeat it for two years. We had just got the northern New England States into line. Vermont having changed from April 1 to May 1 at the last session of her Legislature, and Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and the Forest Reserve of New York, all in the same latitude, opened the trout season the same day, May 1, when these two youngsters take advantage of the accidental official position of one of them, and upset the "whole kettle of fish," fixing the laws of the State on their own basis without any knowledge of the State officials or any call from the people of the State. I have been in Manchester since, and found many of the oldest anglers very indignant, all saying that if any change was to be made it should have been to move the opening day two weeks later, to May 15.

The result has been that all the boys in the State have been tramping the brooks for a fortnight, and although they have caught very few trout, they have worn a good path by the side of every stream. I was out yesterday for my May opening, and saw more boot tracks than trout. However, I caught a dozen, of which I returned five to the brook as too small, but the seven I brought home, from 6 in. to 10 in. long, gave my small family a good breakfast.

The brooks are yet very low and the water clear and cold, and we need a good warm rain, of two or three days' duration, to wake the trout up. Only one of those I caught yesterday had life enough to make a rush for the hook, and he was so small that he was soon back in the water again.

My old beacon fires, the red blossoms of the swamp maple, are not lighted yet, and it is not much use going for trout till they are. I shall wait a week or two longer before I try again.

ANGLER.

FOR "FOREST AND STREAM" READERS.

WE have secured, for the private information of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, knowledge of a number of streams and lakes easily accessible from this city, where we believe that good fishing for trout and black bass may be had. This information, much of which comes from private sources, we are not at liberty to print, but we shall be glad to furnish it without charge to a limited number of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who may apply for it, either personally or by letter.

COLD-SPRING-ON-HUDSON ASSOCIATION.—Albany, May 1.—The Cold-Spring-on-Hudson Fish and Game Protective Association has been incorporated with primary objects to protect fish and game from illegal capture and the restocking of depleted rivers, lakes, and streams with fish, and the fields and forests with game, and to aid and assist in enforcing the laws relative to the preservation of fish and game. The managers are William H. Haldane, Richard Giles, Sylvester B. Truesdell, Thomas S. Boyd, Irving P. McCoy, Charles De Rhaur, Jr., William Church Osborn, Arthur Ingraham, Chalmers Dale, and Samuel Sloane, Jr. The principal office is in Cold Springs Village.

ONONDAGA ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

HOW is this for a record for '91 up to date? The work was done by Deputy Harrison Hawn, assisted by Geo. Crownhardt and Harry Jackson, hired especially by the association. The lakes and rivers have never been so free from illegal fishing as now. Netters are giving up their work on Oneida and Onondaga lakes and the rivers. Since March 31 sixty trap nets have been taken from the lakes and rivers, valued at \$1,500, and thirty-nine arrests made. Our Mr. Jackson attempted to arrest four netters. They attempted to kill him and made a mistake. Mr. Jackson was obliged to use a pistol and shot one of them quite badly through the neck. Those netters would have killed him if they had had a chance. All were arrested except one who left for parts unknown. This record cannot be beaten I think.

It does not look as if our present Commission and Supt. Pond were not doing their duty. We owe our success to the assistance received from them. We have just got our hand in. Look out for the bulletin later. It is only about a year ago when twelve members formed an association. There are now 250 members with associations formed all around us. We have members who go out and help our game protectors. Gen. R. U. Sherman has a great many friends among us, so has Mr. Drew. Mr. Carr has done us good service and is a good and efficient officer. Mr. Hawn was at Skaneateles and formed an association there, who, with the assistance of Mr. Pond, have done efficient work on that lake. We would be pleased to have our neighbors at Utica join us in the work, as we feel that we are keeping their grounds clean when we take care of Oneida Lake. It costs money; we cannot do this work on wind. Last year we invested \$500 in this good work, and now we ask our neighbors to help us. Mr. Drew contributed \$10, and I do not know of any other moneys being expended on this lake by our Utica friends last season. The annual report of the Utica Association shows that they expended about \$37 last year.

We cannot say too much for our present Commission and Pres. Blackford for the assistance they have given us through Supt. Pond, who does not say, "Go on, and I will follow," but always takes the lead. Such an officer cannot help but be successful. We have no rooms, nor give no fine suppers or entertainments. We meet in the Business Men's Association rooms, and have a meeting the first Thursday in every month, and subject to call. All money received is expended in the good work. All trap nets which have been taken were well filled with game fish. We do not forget also the assistance of Mr. Schackelton which he has given us on Oneida Lake. He has done excellent work for us.

If this good work is continued, readers of your valuable paper will find the best fishing grounds in the State of New York on these lakes and rivers. I would be pleased to give them any information they desire. Our association has a special protector in Harry Jackson, who is paid wholly by the association, and we do think he is as good a man as we could have on the force, and we also do not forget the work which is being done by Geo. Crownhardt.

Mr. Monroe Green, of the State Hatchery, gave us a call, looking up the result of the many fish received from State Hatchery in this section. There has been a great showing on California trout in Onondaga Creek. One catch of 13 running from 1 to 2 lbs. 14 oz. The writer has taken two; one weighing 3 lbs., the other 2 lbs. This shows the good work of State Hatchery.

Since writing the above, received telephone message of three more trap nets having been taken on Oneida Lake; Skaneateles Lake, eleven nets and two seines.

HENRY LOFTIE.

RAINBOW AND BROOK TROUT CROSS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I thank my friend L. M. Brown for his corroboration of my statement made some time ago in the FOREST AND STREAM that I had observed these two fish together in the spawning beds and the *irideus* was evidently engaged in pairing with the *fontinalis*. In reply to your objection I wrote to the effect that according to the U. S. Fish Commission agent in California, the spawning seasons of these two species overlap, thus making it quite possible for a cross to be effected in January. Mr. Brown knows more about my waters than I do myself, as he is an ardent fisherman and has far more leisure at the season than I have, being much occupied in my literary profession. His testimony, however, has corroborated my experience in regard to the actual cross of these fish, and when I doubted the fact ascertained by taking fish that seemed to be crosses, his statement often repeated that he had taken such fish confirmed my own belief.

There can be no possibility of any artificially crossed fish having been introduced here, as I have been the only person who has stocked the streams, having been supplied by the kindness of Col. M. McDonald, U. S. Fish Commissioner, with live fish and eggs for four years past, and no other person has taken interest enough in the fishing to introduce any fish of any kind. As by my residence here I have better opportunities of procuring specimens of the cross than any one else, I will take pleasure in sending some preserved specimens the coming season for your study. The crossed fish have the black back of the *irideus*, with a rather obscure redness of the sides, but the iridescence of the scales is conspicuous. As to the game qualities of the *irideus*, there is no comparison with those of the *fontinalis*; the *irideus* behaves more like a salmon, leaping out of the water and fighting with extraordinary persistence. A friend spent half an hour last summer in landing into his net a 10-inch fish with a very light rod, and I spent even longer time in securing a 21-inch fish with a light fly-rod, and then only got it by its leaping into the boat. The large fish keep in the deep waters of my pond. I have not known of one larger than 10 in. being taken in the stream.

HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLAND PARK, N. C.

LAKE KEUKA TROUT.—Dundee, N. Y., May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: On Saturday, April 25, 1891, Major Gibson, of Catawba, N. Y., caught a trout in Keuka Lake measuring 33 in. in length, 21 in. in circumference and weighed 17 lbs. This breaks the record for a number of years. This fish was taken to Penn Yan by J. M. Washburn, of the Lake Keuka House, where he had it photographed. It was afterward served for dinner at the Benham House in that place and pronounced "very good" by all who partook of it.—GUY GRUNDY.

DEATH OF MAUD NOBLE.—Brockton, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry to inform you that I have lost my Count Noble bitch Maud Noble. She was down with distemper and pneumonia set in, and with all our efforts we could not save her. She was bred by E. A. Hight, Lynn, Mass., out of Katie Berwyn, by Count Noble. She was shown in the Boston show, where she contracted distemper, and received vhc., but three of our most competent judges said she should have been placed higher, and one said she ought to have won second easy. She was a litter sister of Blanche Noble, recently purchased by A. M. Tucker, Charlestown. I feel my loss most severely, and think it will be a long time before I find one that will fill her place, as she had shown some great field qualities.—CHARLES H. LEONARD.

ST. BERNARD CLUB MEETING.

At the adjourned monthly meeting of the board of governors of the St. Bernard Club of America, held at the Hoffman House, New York city, on Tuesday evening, April 27, the following were present: W. H. Joekel, Jr., B. P. Johnson, J. O. Thurston, Jacob Ruppert, Jr., Mr. Wells and K. E. Hopf in the chair. Sidney W. Smith, of Leeds, England, who is a member of the club, was present as a visitor. R. T. Rennie, of Woodside, N. J., was elected a member. K. E. Hopf tendered his resignation as president of the club; B. P. Johnson then took the chair, and after a few appropriate remarks on the part of J. O. Thurston, secretary, expressing the appreciation by the board of governors and the club of the services rendered to the latter since its organization by the retiring officer, his resignation was accepted with regret. The members of the board living at a distance had been requested to vote by mail for the election of a new president, thirteen votes in all were cast (out of fifteen), the majority being in favor of W. H. Joekel, Jr., who was elected. K. E. Hopf congratulating the club on his choice. E. B. Sears, of Boston, was elected treasurer to succeed W. H. Joekel, Jr. Sidney W. Smith was given an opportunity to say a few words in regard to the breed. He thought that with the stock we have here now we ought to be able to compete with England and Switzerland, provided that the mating be done more carefully and more with a view to produce typical stock than simply to supply the market. The meeting then adjourned. K. E. H.

MEMBERS' SHOW AT HAMILTON.

The last of the series of members' meetings for the winter season was given in the Foresters' Hall on the evening of Wednesday, April 23, by the Hamilton Kennel Club. There was a large attendance, over a hundred members being present. In the absence of the president, Mr. Andrew Murdoch, first vice-president, occupied the chair. Thirty new names were submitted for membership and were passed unanimously. The breeds judged on this occasion were collies, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and black and tan setters. The animals led into the ring were hardly as good as the lot shown at the last club meeting, but to this, of course, there were some notable exceptions. Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, of Woodstock, was judge, and performed his duties carefully and impartially, giving perfect satisfaction. He brought with him for exhibition his famous black cocker Oban, which created such a favorable impression at the Westminster Kennel Club show in New York. The little dog was warmly welcomed, all the more so as he is a Hamilton puppy, having been raised here by Mr. Charles Searle, who disposed of him a year ago to Mr. Laidlaw for a song, little knowing what a treasure he was parting with.

Dr. Nelles, of Brantford, was also a visitor at the exhibition, and brought the well-known Brantford Red Jacket with him to show him to the Hamilton dog fanciers.

Dr. Mole, V.S., read a capital paper on "Mange and Skin Diseases in the Dog." The secretary reviewed the winter's work, and his address was full of encouragement and hope for future success. The fall bench show is to be held on Sept. 9 to 11, and no pains will be spared to make it a grand success. The judges selected by the committee are: Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; Mr. H. W. Lacy, New York; Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto. Mr. Kirk has been asked to judge all the spaniel classes, and has accepted.

Miss Whitney will, if she comes, have charge of mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlands, pugs and miscellaneous classes, while Mr. Lacy will get the lion's share of the work with the balance of the show. SAD.

DENVER DOG SHOW.

The second annual bench show of the Continental Kennel Club opened April 22, and continued till the following Friday. During the opening day there were fully 1,500 people at the show, and the box office receipts were something over \$350, and the attendance throughout the week was good. The club made a good move in giving a prize for the largest number of dogs exhibited by any one person. By so doing they got many of the finest animals exhibited at Chicago, and many others which were attracted by the class of animals entered. Judge A. C. Waddell, of Kansas City, began his work soon after the opening. He remarked at the close of his day's work that there was more fine blood in this exhibit than he had ever seen in any show of its size.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, H. Wyeth's Gladiator; 2d, E. P. Graves' Max. Bitches: 1st, A. L. Weston's Mollie Comedy; 2d, E. P. Graves' Callista. Puppies: 1st, Graves estate's Duke of Denver.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH OR SMOOTH.—Dogs: 1st, B. R. Geddes' Caleb; 2d, F. Trimmer's Hackney Monk. Very high com., H. S. Waldo's Victor and Mrs. J. L. Ferguson's Sir Rhono. High com., J. J. Crippen's Pemberton. Bitches: 1st, Edward Jones's Nellie. Puppies: 1st, John W. Morey's Zeus.

BARZOIS OR RUSSIAN WOLPHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d and very high com., P. H. Hacke's Zloem, Czar and Ivan. Bitches: 1st and 2d, P. H. Hacke's Prokaza and Czarina.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, 2d, very high com. and high com., St. Patrick Kennels' Adonis, St. Patrick, Monk and Hurricane. Very high com., E. G. Rowe's Ben Harrison. High com., E. G. Howell's Blue Beauty. Bitches: 1st, 2d and very high com., St. Patrick Kennels' Daisy B., Pearl of Pekin and Ichi Lass. Very high com., J. A. Murtland's Hater. Puppies: 1st, 2d and very high com., St. Patrick Kennels' Miss McGinty, Blizard and Handy Andy. High com., J. A. Murtland's Cid.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs (55lbs. or over): 1st, Acme Kennels' Trinke's Chief. Bitches (50lbs. or over): 1st, withheld; 2d, John Jones's Nellie Buckles. Dogs (under 55lbs.): 1st, Mrs. H. DeMonco's Sergeant Glen; 2d, Elms Kennels' Naso Bow of the Elms. High com., A. DeMonco's Westwood Doc. Bitches (under 50lbs.): Equal 1st, Elms Kennels' Patsy Bang and Otsego of the Elms; 2d, Elms Kennels' Hester of the Elms. Very high com., J. S. Glascock's Free Coinage and Graphic's Corrinne.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Elms Kennels' Monk of Furness.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, Claremont Kennels' Zippo II; 2d, Elms Kennels' Nordeck of the Elm. Very high com., John W. Schuneman's Tom Gladstone and Ed. J. Schuneman's unnamed. Bitches: 1st, Elms Kennels' Idaho of the Elms; 2d, Claremont Kennels' Sandy's Gift. Very high com., John Jones's Sis.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—Dogs: 1st, G. H. Covert's Ch. Elcho, Jr.—OPEN.—Dogs: 1st, P. G. Patterson's Dawn; 2d and reserve, G. H. Covert's Blue Rook and Ben O. Very high com., Claremont Kennels' Claremont Patsy. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. H. Covert's Kidare Ruby and Red River Jessie. Reserve, G. E. Everett's Corinne. Very high com., C. P. Hubbard's Jessie Jones and Geo. H. Covert's Red Belle.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, C. W. Smith's Tom II.—OPEN.—1st, Emma Neill Blen's Topsy.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Cassidy's Fleet; 2d, J. C. King's Tucker. Very high com., Henry Altman's Gyp Obo. Bitches: 1st, Henry Altman's Retta III.

COCKERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. Gutman's Rex G.; 2d, H. Bohm's Pippo. Bitches: 1st, H. Bohm's Lady Sylvia. Puppies: 1st, S. H. Levery's Dell; 2d, Henry Solms's Fannie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, C. M. Hampson's Barney O'Connor; 2d, H. M. Bostwick's Barry.

CLUMBERS.—1st, Mrs. K. W. Weston's Bustler; 2d, Claud King's Rex of Edisto. Puppies: 1st and 2d, S. H. Levery's Lady Florence and Ivanhoe.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, Carlwrie Kennels' Roslyn; 2d, J. Purse, Jr.'s Mack. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Carlwrie Kennels' Louie Lory and Marmad. Very high com., J. Purse, Jr.'s Nellie. Puppies: 1st and 2d, Carlwrie Kennels' Ripple and Smoky; High com., W. G. Haines's Rover and Jumbo.

BEAGLES.—1st, Middleton Kennels' June M.

BULLDOGS.—1st, W. C. McArthur's Jack Spratt.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, W. J. Byron's Dufferin.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Puppies: 1st, F. M. Shoerlor's Jo Jo.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, A. F. Heintzler's Bessie and Bonnie Leach.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, R. Stanley's Damfino and Fred.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, H. J. Limzer's Border Chuker.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Acme Kennels' Lord Nelson.—OPEN.—Bitches: 1st, Robert Graham's Daisy Deane.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, A. W. Smith's Buffalo General.

SPECIALS.

Bankers' special, \$100; \$65 to first, \$35 to second: Best kennels of five dogs, irrespective of breed, owned by one person not a resident of Colorado, three kennels to compete. Elms Kennels' St. Paul first, Kilmarnock Kennels' Chicago second. Real estate dealers' prize, \$100—\$65 to first, \$35 to second—to the first and second largest exhibit of dogs irrespective of breed, by one person: John Naylor, of Chicago, with 28 entries first, Bartels and Le-moine, Denver, 11 entries, second. Hotel and restaurant prize, \$100—\$65 to first, \$35 to second—first and second best kennels of four dogs of one breed owned by one person, a resident of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah or New Mexico: Carlwrie Collie Kennels, Mrs. Rand, first; St. Patrick Kennels, Bartels & Lawrence, second. Best cocker spaniel, \$5, Bert Cassidy's Fleet. Best bull-terrier, a handsome shaving set, J. Bryson's Dufferin. For the second best dog, irrespective of breed, owned and entered by a lady resident of Denver, Carlwrie Kennels' Roslyn.

THE BEAGLE TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The adjourned executive meeting of the National Beagle Club met at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, May 1, President O. W. Brookings in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Dr. W. A. Power, chairman of incorporated committee, gave report, saying that business of that kind necessarily moved slow but the committee expected to have the affair well under way by the next meeting and would make a much fuller report at that time. Each member of the executive committee made his report as to grounds seen during the week, but of course as each one's time was limited, not very much could be done. This is a very important affair and one that needs the hearty co-operation of every one at all interested in the beagle field trials. On this fact depends the success of the field trials. Good grounds will assist to run off the heats in the shortest possible time, so that a long drawn out series may be avoided. Every one who has in view a good place where rabbits are plentiful and the grounds more or less open, would confer a great favor by letting the executive committee know either through FOREST AND STREAM or by personal letter to the secretary. It is the desire of the club to run the trials where the largest entry can be secured. If New York State and vicinity can furnish enough entries, the club will hold a field trial there and the same may be said of any other district or State. This club is not run by a clique, but by gentlemen who have the welfare of the beagle hound at heart. The secretary was instructed to write to all the sporting papers soliciting information of desirable grounds to run the field trials on. The revision of running rules was then taken up, a copy of which I hope to send you next week. The meeting was then adjourned until Thursday, May 7, 1891. HUBITE.

DOG CHAT.

The Irish Setter Club, having assigned Messrs. H. Clay Glover, V.S., James B. Blossom and Louis Contoit the task of drafting the new Constitution and By-Laws, they have made their report. We have not space to publish it in its entirety, for one set of laws being much like another there is little need. Section 2 says: "The object of the club shall be to promote the breeding of pure Irish red setters; to develop and bring to perfection their natural high qualities for field use; to define and publish a description of their type for breeders, competitors at field trials and bench shows and others, as the standard by which Irish red setters should be judged, and to encourage the competition of Irish setters at such places." The election of officers will be at the annual bench show of the W. K. C. The annual dues are set down at five dollars, and the club will donate the largest proportion of prizes to the recognized field trial or bench show which offers the most inducement for the competition of Irish setters. Committee meetings are to be held at least once every five months. The latter part of Section 12 reads: "He [the secretary-treasurer] shall collect and have charge of all moneys belonging to the club; shall pay all bills and submit the same for approval to the committee; and shall furnish each member, upon application, in January and July of each year, a list of names and addresses of members, and details of receipts and payments." The club is in a healthy condition, and if the proper location is chosen for the coming trials, considerably further east than Bicknell, Ind., where one member has suggested they be held, there is no doubt but that the breed will receive a much needed fillip, though the Irish setter classes, we must admit, have been well filled at nearly all the spring shows, which proves that if properly handled there is plenty of material wherewith to bring the breed up to the position it aspires and is entitled to. We trust, therefore, that all breeders who are interested in the Irish setter will join the club, and having joined, work hard to carry out its intentions.

A governors' meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held May 12, at Mr. F. R. Hitchcock's office, 44 Broadway, New York city, at 3 P. M.

Mr. Moore writes us that old Plin is a "dandy," and he is more and more pleased with him every day. As this dog has hardly been used at all in the stud the last few years, there is no reason why he should not, if kept in good condition, do yeoman service for some time to come. After prolonged traveling and confinement, it is wonderful how some aged dogs will pick up when turned out to grass, as it were. We remember old champion Mee, the sheepdog, who, after several years of "mug hunting," was thought to be a good subject for the retired list; but a year on the moors of Yorkshire, tending the sheep, brought him out as fresh as paint and enabled him to do another year or two's winning against much younger dogs.

Rather late in the day our Philadelphia contemporary makes a plea for the quarterly publication of the Stud Book, intimating that the energy devoted to the publication of the Kennel Gazette be turned to the former more useful channel. Quite right. This is what has been advocated by us for some time. The Stud Book, as now published, is not as complete as it might be. The indexing of the different breeds showing the number and nature of prizes won by each dog during the past year is a good move, but might have also, easily, served as a page and number index as well, the dogs, numbered following the name. We receive numerous queries asking for the registered number of certain dogs. To find them we must wade laboriously through every volume of the Stud Books. In volumes IV and V, only do we find an index, and the help that these are to the searcher convinces one at once that every volume should have one. The plan of the A. K. R., where one has simply to turn to the breed, when page and number is at once found, should be the one followed. Here is a sample question in our mail this morning: "Will you be kind enough to inform me the registered number of Jessie, owned by T. H. Welch, also her pedigree? It is in the 1,700 somewhere." Now as the book is arranged at present it would take an hour to go through the 1890 volume to find the particular Jessie required. If the A. K. R. system was followed it would be a matter of only two minutes. The point is made at once apparent to

any disinterested person. A properly arranged Stud Book is worth any number of Kennel Gazettes to the breeder, and this they will find out in the long run. Therefore let our breeders who pay for the Stud Book and support it demand that the volume be issued quarterly and properly indexed. It would save trouble to all concerned, both editor and breeder, in the end. If the breeders wish this, let them so instruct the delegates of the club they belong to and have things arranged as they desire. The opinion of breeders is also invited on the subject, and suggestions offered in the proper spirit will, we are convinced, be taken advantage of by the Secretary of the A. K. C.

The Chestnut Hill Kennels now give the breeders of this country such an opportunity both to win prizes and provide themselves with the best stock as may not happen again in many years. All their dogs, with the exception of the two Flurries, which no price could tempt Mr. Harrison to part with, are now put on the market. When these are disposed of their places will be filled by dogs of some other breed which they will take up, and whatever breed is lucky enough to command Mr. Harrison's attention, depend upon it, the best will be found at the kennels on the Hill. The Irish terrier part of their kennel will now receive more attention, and doubtless we shall soon hear of some "Brickbats" being hurled across the pond in the near future.

Mr. C. H. Hammond, of Salem, Mass., writes us that he has purchased two liver and white cockers from a California kennel. They stood the journey of 3,000 miles in excellent shape, and much credit is due to the express company which had them in charge. We fancy this is rather reversing the order of things, and "bringing coals to Newcastle" is a saying that occurs to one at once.

After several years' rest, Montreal, Canada, is to have a dog show, and a telegram from Dr. Wesley Mills informs us that the Montreal Exposition Co. claims the dates Sept. 22 to 25. This will make it follow Toronto and come the week before Ottawa, a good arrangement as far as convenience goes, and we suppose that no better, under the circumstances, can be made. The circuit as now arranged is Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, and if London intends to come in on the same dates as last year it means a clash with Montreal and a consequently inferior show for each. We presume that for wins to count, the Exposition people will have to make application to the A. K. C. or C. K. C. for membership, and as the next quarterly meeting of the A. K. C. is on May 21, there is ample time for them to attend to this essential part of a show.

Dr. Glass, of Philadelphia, has reported to the Chestnut Hill Kennels that Scottie was poisoned by arsenic. This is a very serious conclusion, and should be the subject of strict investigation. The Chestnut Hill Kennels offer a reward of \$100 for any information sufficient to prove who was responsible for this poor dog's death. Mr. Jarrett in his letter to us adds: "It is absurd to suppose that the dog was suffocated, as Flurry III., who was also in the box, was all right, and then again the box has been in use all this season and is of the same size, same amount of ventilation, etc., as those we have been using since the kennel was started." The subject should be given the widest publicity and every effort made to bring the miscreant to justice.

We hear that Miss A. H. Whitney and Mr. C. H. Mason have accepted the invitation to judge at the Toronto bench show in September next. This reminds us that the Toronto dailies seem to be made the medium by certain people to discuss questions which strictly belong to the Canadian kennel organ. The position of judge is a thankless one at best, but if in addition to this they are to become the subjects of abuse in such a public manner it will not be long before our Canadian friends will have to choose judges from among their own fraternity.

The beagle Brittle, which won first at the recent Boston show, has been sold to Mr. J. Rudolph Groves, of Ellicott City, Md.

Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfer has sold the noted St. Bernard bitch Pleiad to Mr. Thos. Waters, Jr., of Baltimore, Md.

Referring to our advertising columns we find that the Maryland Kennels have placed their new purchase, the St. Bernard Conte (14,540) at stud. This dog has a beautiful head and markings, and strong as he is in Bonivard blood his services should be in good demand at the useful price at which he stands. Hepsy and her puppies are doing well, the latter growing rapidly.

Walking leisurely up Broadway the other afternoon we dropped across a bit of English St. Bernarddom. Standing on the steps of the Astor House we saw Messrs. Sidney W. Smith and H. G. Sweet in earnest conversation. A pleasant half hour's dog chat was the result. Mr. Sweet afterward dropped into our sanctum to look over the English papers. He is over here for the benefit of his health and went to Chicago last Monday and will then journey on to Toronto, Canada. While talking over dog matters on the other side, he expressed himself as much interested in the subject of International sweepstakes for the big show in 1895 at the World's Fair, which we suggested some time since. He is confident that many English breeders would send dogs over and attend themselves, and would do so himself. He suggested that in the more important breeds an English and an American judge should be selected to act together. This is a good plan and would create confidence on both sides.

Mr. Sydney Smith called upon us Friday last on the eve of his departure for England. He sailed on the S.S. Umbria last Saturday with Mr. Samuel Mann, who goes over to bring the new purchases back. Mr. Smith has certainly enjoyed his trip immensely, and who would not after disposing of three dogs for nearly \$10,000? Mr. Smith further stated that he had completely regained his health, and, according to his own words, "felt as young as ever he did." We therefore chime in with the English Stock-Keeper this week—"God save the dollar!"

It seems to be the fashion nowadays to make dog-buying commissions an excuse to visit England and the continent. Mr. R. J. Stephenson, of Hyde Park, New York, is the latest voyager with designs on some of England's dogs.

The "kennel man" of FOREST AND STREAM, fired with an enthusiasm for the gentle art, invested in a rod and line, and being himself to the placid waters of the Hudson opposite Riverdale last Saturday, cast his line upon the waters at full tide. The result of two hours' patience was one striped beauty of 4½ lbs. and another 1½ lbs. There was joy in the camp and the line was wetted at both ends.

The American Bull-Terrier Club held a meeting in Boston, April 27, at 7 P. M., when the following officers were elected: President, Dr. J. S. Saunders; Vice-President, V. A. Power; Treasurer, W. C. Hook, and Secretary, H. J. Harris. The executive committee includes the above names with G. H. Huse, N. A. Knapp and R. Weimer. Application will be made to the A. K. C. for admission. The constitution and by-laws have been drawn up and the initiation fee set at \$1, annual dues the same. We do not think the club has made a wise choice in the selection of the name—the American Bull-Terrier Club. The terrier as we see it in the popularly

named "round-headed bull-terrier" is nothing more than the old English bull and terrier. It is not an American terrier at all. To keep it more distinct and to obviate any conflict with the modern bull-terrier, the terrier accepted in the show schedules and the only one generally recognized as the bull-terrier, the name should have been "The Bull and Terrier Club." Such a name gives one at once an idea of what style this terrier is. Under the other name it is bound sooner or later to conflict with the white bull-terrier in the popular mind.

Mr. Hopf will start for his new home on the Pacific slope next Tuesday. We are certain that he will carry with him every good wish for his success in the new country. We understand that a testimonial is being arranged for, and we trust a befitting one will be raised to show the appreciation in which he is held by his fellow St. Bernard breeders.

In the *Kennel Gazette* for April there is no mention whatever of a trial, which must have had a good deal of interest both for the A. K. C. and its members. The question naturally arises: Where are we to look for official news? The answer is not far to seek—dogmen must read such kennel papers as *FOREST AND STREAM*, whose concise and intelligible report of the proceedings of the celebrated trial has been the cause of much favorable comment. We also notice in the last issue of the *Gazette* that the list of disqualified members is omitted for the first time, and the plan suggested by us some time since substituted, that any club wishing information as to persons under disqualification shall apply to the club for it. It would have been better if such a plan had been pursued from the beginning.

Collies hold their own it would seem in England despite the great prices realized for St. Bernards lately. Ormskirk Dolly, which Captain Heaton purchased some time since for \$500, has now gone to the kennels of Mr. Panmure Gordon, president of the Scottish Kennel Club, for the neat consideration of \$1,000.

Mr. James Hutchings, of Exeter, England, has just sold eight mastiffs of his own breeding to a gentleman who takes them with him to the East Indies.

Mr. Tom Stretch, known heretofore as one of the most fortunate of collie breeders, has at last had his turn of ill luck. At the Kennel Club show he bought the young collie Black Diamond for \$500, but distemper developed on its arrival at the new home and death ensued after an illness of only five days.

Mr. Sydney W. Smith has just purchased eight fashionably bred St. Bernards from Scotland. Three of the bitches are by Alton and stand 30 in. at eight months old; another pup is a smooth, only three months old, for which Mr. Smith paid the largest price yet heard of for so young a pup.

Mr. Geo. Bell has sold his Irish terrier Brickbat, first at Cleveland, to Mr. P. J. Smyth, of Toronto.

Mr. Tracy in his report of New Orleans show in the *Kennel Gazette*, makes a good point when he says: "The judges protested against the offering of specials to be competed for by dogs of different breeds, and declined to judge some of that kind where the prize offered was a patent nostrum worth about fifty cents, and only offered for advertising purposes. If men wish to advertise in this way, the judges think they should be required to give enough value to be worth the trouble of getting the dogs into the ring." This is quite true and it should be the care of bench show committees to see that such farcical specials are not imposed. Follow the plan of the W. K. C. which returned to the owner, last February, a five dollar check which was to be awarded for the pug having the best curl.

The Mohawk Valley Poultry Association and Kennel Club will hold their fourth annual show at Gloversville, New York, Dec. 29, 1891 to Jan. 2, 1892. Mr. C. H. Masou has been asked to judge all classes and has accepted.

The New Jersey Kennel Club will hold a meeting at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, on Thursday evening, May 7 for the election of officers for the ensuing year.

SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.—The bench show held by the California Kennel Club opened April 29 with an excellent entry of dogs. The quality was an improvement on that of former years. The show is well arranged, and the hall, being decorated with flags and bunting, presented an attractive appearance. The pointers and setters contain the quality of the show. Great Danes and St. Bernards show a great improvement, and the terrier classes, especially fox-terriers, were well represented for a show so far West. The pointers, especially in the heavy-weight classes, gave Mr. Davidson, the judge, a good deal of work to decide upon the winners. The judging was not completed the first day. A complete list of the awards and a full report of the show by "Nanquott" will be given in our next issue.

MASTIFFS IN CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I measured an English mastiff to-day that bids fair to rival Ingleside Maximilian. He is one of the same litter, by champion Ilford Chancellor—Madge Minting, and is called Ingleside Crown Prince. At one year old he measures 28 in. in girth of skull and 16 in. in girth of muzzle, measured with a steel tape tightly drawn. He stands 32 in. at shoulder (tape measure) and weighs 164 lbs., and is not in full flesh. His bone is excellent, limbs straight and strong, mask good, expression good, ears of good size and well hung. His owner, Mr. McKee, offers his services free to approved bitches for the good of the breed.—NANQUOTT.

MEASURING BEAGLES.—Cookstown, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* How often we see mentioned in the records of the different bench shows, disputes over the height of the beagles on exhibition. Let any person who is not quite sure as to the correct height of his dog, nail a 2 by 4 in. scantling to his fence or stable, with the 2 in. side up, and place the dog to be measured upon it, the little fellow will press against the wall and stand his full height, he cannot stand higher, the owner can then mark the exact and correct height of his dog on the wall.—H. B. N.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

L. B. S., New York City.—I have a collie dog about 17 months old. When put with a female for the purpose of breeding he showed no inclination whatever. Is there any way to make him more ambitious. Ans. The dog is young yet. Feed nutritious food and give plenty of exercise.

A. J. C., Washington, N. J.—I have a water spaniel 2½ yrs. old whose hindquarters are completely paralyzed. For several weeks past I have noticed a gradual weakening of those parts, ending in above result. His appetite seems to be good, and I am at a loss to know the cause. I am positive that the animal has not been hurt or injured in any way. Can it be the effect of poisoning? What can I do for it? Ans. It may be caused by worms. After fasting 24 hours give Stedman's areca nut, advertised in our columns.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Ohio Nell. By W. B. McClood, Hyattville, O. for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 12, 1891, by Dixie of Devonshire out of Kitten Clyde.

Jack Mason. By Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., for seal brown cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 10, 1890, by Cherry Boy (Ebony-Lofly) out of Flossie T. (Col. Stubbs-Pet).

Gabe. By G. L. Sterling, West Superior, Wis., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1890, by Count Howard (Sir Allister-Mena) out of Donna Juanita (Rockingham-Donna).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Princess—Horace. Flour City Kennels' (Rochester, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Princess (champion Ilford Cromwell-Brenda) to their Horace (champion Minting-Duchess), April 14.

Minna Minting—Horace. Flour City Kennels' (Rochester, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Minna Minting (champion Minting-Minna) to their Horace (champion Minting-Duchess), April 27.

Lady Dorothy—Ilford Chancellor. Flour City Kennels' (Rochester, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lady Dorothy (champion Hotspur or Orlando-Wanza) to their champion Ilford Chancellor (champion Crown Prince—Brenda Secunda), March 25.

Lula Minting—Ilford Chancellor. E. L. Kimball's (Jackson, Mich.) mastiff bitch Lula Minting (—Bess) to Flour City Kennels' Ilford Chancellor (champion Crown Prince—Brenda Secunda), March 11.

Nora—Horace. E. L. Barnes's (Wellsville, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Nora to Flour City Kennels' Horace (champion Minting-Duchess), April 9.

Kairn—Ilford Chancellor. Wyeth Kennels' (St. Joseph, Mo.) mastiff bitch Kairn (champion Minting-Breeze) to Flour City Kennels' champion Ilford Chancellor (champion Crown Prince—Brenda Secunda), March 26.

Rosebud—Soggarth. John Keegan's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Rosebud (Monte Rosa-Kleine) to his Soggarth (Lord Bute—Lady Lottie), March 2.

Rumson Lilly—Ben of Brandon. H. Johnson's (Fair Haven, N. J.) pointer bitch Rumson Lilly (Mainspring-Marguerite) to D. B. Keeler's Ben of Brandon (Croxieth-Blanchet II.), March 20.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Pappoose. G. W. Amory's (Milton, Mass.) pointer bitch Pappoose (Lammy—Lucia), April 12, four dogs, by his Joe (Beppo II.—Sal).

Carrie R. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Carrie R. (Meteor II.—Carrie), April 20, eight (four dogs), by G. Falcon's Bang Graphic (Graphic—White Rose).

Rosebud. John Keegan's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Rosebud (Monte Rosa-Kleine), May 1, ten (five dogs), by his Soggarth (Lord Bute—Lady Lottie).

Rideau Flossie. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Flossie (champion Obo—Gyppling Floss), Feb. 13, six (two dogs), by their Obo, Jr. (champion Obo—Nellie).

Flora Kay. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Flora Kay (Obo, Jr.—Princess Tiney), March 27, six bitches, by their Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie).

Cleo. Rideau Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Cleo (Hector—Black Nell), March 1, six (three dogs), by their Bob Obo (champion Obo—Nellie).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.
Jack Mason. Seal brown cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 10, 1890, by Cherry Boy out of Flossie T., by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to Eugene Gaboon, Franklin, N. Y.

Joe—Merry T. whelps. Two black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped May 23, 1890, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to G. L. Wilkenson, Beloit, Wis.

Ko-Ko. Pug dog, age and pedigree not given, by Jas. Bowden, New York, to G. T. McCuen, New Orleans, La.

Glen Jarvis. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 29, 1890, by Echo, Jr., out of Mena, by John A. Jaun, Jr., Onley, Ill., to Glendyne Kennels, Bristol, R. I.

Gabe. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1890, by Count Howard out of Donna Juanita, by Jas. W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to G. L. Sterling, West Superior, Wis.

Ohio Nell. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 1891, by Dixie of Devonshire out of Kitten Clyde, by Capt. W. M. Hilbilde, Mansfield, O., to W. B. McClood, Hyattville, O.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

TARGETS for trial score in the amateur revolver championship match are now ready and may be had on application by mail at this office. Already large numbers of the targets have been sent out, and from the sample scores sent in it looks as though the postal card size chosen for each shot target was amply large enough. Galleries anywhere will be supplied with the targets for the use of their patrons in practicing for the match. Samples have been sent abroad, to tell our cousins over there what is the most important matter now before the American revolver world. There is a broad field for experts in this line among the policemen of this city. Each one is required to own and carry a revolver, but singularly enough no provision is made for any drill or practice in the use of the arm. A few of the officers do use the weapon and get very excellent records. They will appear as contestants in the race for the Walter Winans trophy. What is true of this city is true of many other, so far as having a large body of men who should be good pistol shots directly in the line of duty. Military officers too promise to furnish their quota of expert contestants. The arrival of large photographs of the trophy will enable a cut of it to be given in an early issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

THAT FULL REVOLVER SCORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:
You reported last week that at Conlin's gallery, on April 25, Mr. E. Wassermann, of New York, succeeded in making the wonderful record of a full score on the standard decimal target, hitting a ring a half-inch in diameter six consecutive times with



the S. & W. .4cal. revolver, distance 12 yds. This report was correct, save as to the make of the revolver. It was a Colts .44, a weapon which had been presented to Mr. Wassermann by President Hall, of the Colts Co. I send you a fac-simile of the target.

CENTER.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—Season shoots at Charles Wissol's Cypress Hill Park, L. I.: May 10, 24, June 14, 28, July 12, 26, Aug. 9, 23, Sept. 6, 20, Oct. 4, 18, and Nov. 1. Ring target open to members of the club only—man target open to everybody. Tickets unlimited, entrance fee 25 cents for three shots. After deducting the expenses for targets, etc., the balance of the money shot in on each day will be divided into four prizes at the ratio of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., to go to the four men making the four highest scores, the best ticket of each man to count. The first premium, a handsome trophy, valued at \$50, presented by President B. Walther, will be awarded to the marksman who obtains the greatest number of red flags during the season; a fine gold medal, valued at \$30, presented by Mr. Joseph Banzer, will be awarded to the marksman making the second highest number of red flags during the season; \$20 in gold, presented by Mr. C. Wissel, will go to the marksman making the third highest number of red flags during the season. Shooting on the man target will begin at 9 o'clock A. M. Shooting Committee: L. Flach, H. Holges, V. Steinbach, R. Busse, P. Ross, B. Zettler, shooting master, G. A. Schürman, sec'y, F. Hecking, cor. sec'y. Cypress Hill Park may be reached from New York via Brooklyn Bridge, Fulton, Grand or 23d street ferries, by Union Elevated, Myrtle avenue or Bushwick avenue horse cars to Ridgewood (city line), from there per Cypress Hill dummy direct to the park.

The club opened its season shoot at the 200yd. range, Cypress Hill, on April 27. Light fair, but wind very tricky. The greatest number of points on the ring target was scored by F. Ross, with 1,033 out of a possible 2,000. The best individual scores were: F. Ross 230, J. A. Hovest, 217, H. Witte 209, G. L. Engel 206, F. Fabarius 168, V. Steinbach 211, H. Halges 212, M. B. Engel 206, L. Flach 224, G. A. Kohlmetz 204, M. Dorrier 224, G. Lober 209, E. Busse 210, B. Walther 208, B. Zettler 183. The competition on the man target, which is open to all comers, was very sharp. F. Ross leading for a long time with a score of 55 out of the possible 60. Then on the 20 line, during the season. The first eight red flags were shown by the markers as follows: B. Walther 9, R. Busse 8, M. Dorrier 6, L. Flach 5, M. B. Engel 3, H. Halges 3, F. Ross 2, Dr. J. A. Boyken 2, G. Krauss 1.

SYRACUSE, April 29.—These scores were made at the shoot of the Syracuse Rifle Club at the range in Onondaga Valley this afternoon:

Dalley	7	10	9	6	10	7	10	9	9	88
Stillman	9	9	8	10	8	5	4	8	6	75
Knapp	6	7	7	5	7	4	9	9	6	67
Lathrop	8	6	4	8	5	8	7	8	7	67
Reynolds	8	4	6	7	6	9	7	8	5	64
Ball	4	8	7	5	8	5	6	5	2	56

Best:

Dalley	10	6	7	8	8	6	10	8	9	80
Stillman	8	6	9	6	10	6	8	9	8	81
Reynolds	5	7	8	6	7	6	7	6	7	66
Ball	6	7	4	7	7	9	6	6	5	62
Knapp	4	5	3	7	7	7	7	7	3	75

BOSTON, May 2.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. The weather was 1 to 1 o'clock wind prevented high scores and disgusted not a few of the shooters. The trap-shooters of this association will begin their regular shoots some time this month. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200 yds., Standard American target: All-Comers Rest Match—J. Francis 111, S. Wilder 109, J. N. Frye 109, A. H. Ballard 103, J. N. Eames 105, F. Daniels 105, M. N. Barker 104, M. T. Day 103, W. F. Peters 101, D. D. Winn 98, A. S. Hunt 96, A. N. Mann 93, J. B. Hobbs 92, W. Conway 90, J. French 88, M. T. Weeks 87, T. Hastings 83. All-Comers Off-Hand Match—A. Sharp 78, J. B. Thomas 77, M. T. Day 76, D. N. Winn 72, A. S. Hunt 67. Pistol Match, 50 yds.—W. Thomas 89, M. T. Day 87, A. N. Mann 81.

HARLEM RIFLE CLUB.—The grand opening shoot of the Harlem Rifle Club will be held at Union Hill Schuetzen Park, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11, 12 and 13; \$750 will be given by the club in 76 cash prizes and premiums on targets; open to all comers. Festival will be held "rain or shine." Route to the park: Take Barclay street, Christopher street or Fourteenth street ferries from New York, thence horse cars direct to the shooting park. H. C. Koves, Pres.; E. W. Busby, Vice-Pres.; J. A. Boyken, Treas.; W. H. Cochran, Sec'y.

GARDEN CITY RIFLE TEAM.—Tuesday evening, April 28, at Geo. McCune's shooting gallery, 146 South Halsted street, Chicago, 25 yds. open state, open state, off-hand. Massachusetts paper target, possible 500 points: Al Dorensen 233, W. J. Gibbs 263, N. Braun 260, C. R. Grant 259, Jas. Hosie 259, W. J. Myers 257, Geo. McCune 254.

NEW YORK, April 28.—The following scores were made by members of the Empire Rifle Club at their regular weekly shoot: W. Rosenbaum 84, A. Stahl, Jr., 81, W. Miller 88, A. Novak 87, C. Zettler, Jr., 87, H. Zettler 84, J. Zettler 78, W. Maisenholder 78, G. Hillmeyer 70.

NEWARK, N. J.—It is likely that the Zettler Club portion of the telegraphic match between teams of 15 men each, from the Zettler Rifle Club and the California Schuetzen Verein, will take place in the Newark Shooting Park. The distance will be 200 yds.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the *Forest and Stream*, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

May 5-7.—Amherst, N. Y., Gun Club Tournament. \$500 guaranteed. Professionals barred. Chas. W. Bristol, Sec'y.
May 5-7.—Bruno's Island (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Tournament, under management of Shaner, Davidson and Crow. E. T. Shaner, Sec'y, Pittsburgh, Pa.
May 5-9.—Grand Tournament of the Hill City Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss. Open to all. Geo. H. Hill, Sec'y.
May 12.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League Tournament, held under the auspices of the Waters, East Trap-Shooting Association, of Albany, N. Y., at their grounds on Colvin avenue.
May 11-16.—Fourteenth Annual Tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, at San Antonio. W. L. Simpson, Sec'y.
May 12-14.—Grand Tournament of the South Side Gun Club, at Watertown, N. Y. Open to all. L. H. Prentice, Sec'y.
May 13-15.—Meridian (Miss.) Gun Club Tournament. Open to all. J. R. Alexander, Sec'y.
May 13-16.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Three days targets. One day live birds. H. M. F. Worden, Sec'y.
May 19-21.—Washington (D. C.) Capital City Gun Club, assisted by Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association gunnars \$1,000.
May 20-23.—Wm. H. Wolstencroft's Second Annual Tournament, at Facony Driving Park, Philadelphia, Pa. Address Wm. H. Wolstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
May 20-26.—Newark (N. J.) Tournament. Three days targets, two days live birds. Target shooting events under management of Mr. H. A. Penrose; live bird contests under control of Mr. Jacob Pentz.
May 30.—Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club Tournament. T. C. Pegnum, Sec'y.
May 30.—Spring Tournament Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club. Open to all. Programmes sent by C. W. Brown, Pres., Maplewood, N. J.
June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.
June 2-5.—Rocky Mountain Sportsman's Association Tournament, at Denver, Col. C. M. Hampson, Sec'y.
June 8-13.—Regular Annual Tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.
July, first week.—Boston; Wellington Gun Club, three days' tournament, under auspices of Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.
July 2-4.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

THE INTER-STATE AT NEW HAVEN.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 28.—The Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament opened here to-day, and has already proved a success despite the unfavorable weather.

No. 1, entrance \$1, at 10 singles. Experts:

Perry.....111111011-9 Crosby.....111111001-8

Dickey.....010101111-7

Amateurs:

N. D. Folsom.....001001101-5

Browning.....010101111-5

Ortselfer.....110110111-8

McMillen.....000010100-2

Barrett.....011010111-7

Albee.....011010111-7

Cowie.....111010111-8

Saunders.....111010111-8

Eristol.....011010111-7

Sterry.....111101011-7

Van Buren.....111101011-9

Longdon.....111010111-7

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance \$2.50, experts:

Crosby.....011010111-9

Dickey.....111010111-7

Perry.....111010111-8

Amateurs:

Browning.....101010111-7

Burnett.....111111111-10

Cowes.....111111111-10

Ortselfer.....010111111-8

Van Buren.....111010111-9

Longdon.....111010111-7

Sterry.....111101011-7

Saunders.....111010111-8

Longdon.....111010111-7

Saunders.....111010111-8

Albee.....111010111-7

Cowie.....111010111-8

Sterry.....111101011-7

Van Buren.....111101011-9

Longdon.....111010111-7

Sterry.....111101011-7

Saunders.....111010111-8

Longdon.....111010111-7

Sterry.....111101011-7

Saunders.....111010111-8

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Longdon.....111010111-7

Sterry.....111101011-7

Saunders.....111010111-8

Longdon.....111010111-7

Sterry.....111101011-7

Mannigan.....001010101-5

Wolstencroft.....010101000-3

Burbridge.....010101000-3

Cowie.....011010110-7

Chase.....111010111-8

Brooks.....103010001-3

Savage.....011110111-7

Bazzard.....011101011-7

Smith.....111010101-5

Goodwin.....110000100-3

Extra No. 1, open to all, 10 singles, entrance \$1:

Goodwin.....000000111-3

Crosby.....010111110-7

Post.....010101010-4

Burbridge.....111101011-8

Bates.....111010111-8

Bristol.....111010111-8

Sterry.....111010111-8

Miller.....011010111-8

Kahl.....011010111-8

Post.....011010111-8

Cook.....010101010-5

Perry.....111110110-8

Widman.....100101111-7

Folsom.....000101011-5

Longdon.....111010111-7

J. Wolstencroft.....0101111-7

Albee.....111010111-8

Extra No. 2, expert rules, 10 singles, entrance \$1:

Longdon.....111010111-7

Bull.....111010111-8

Collins.....111010111-8

Miller.....111010111-8

Post.....011010111-8

Sterry.....011010111-8

Goodwin.....011010111-8

Longdon.....111010111-7

Bates.....111010111-8

Brooks.....011010111-8

Widman.....011010111-8

Went into the purses and 60 per cent. went to averages, 20 and 10 per cent. to expert averages, and 20 and 10 per cent. to amateur averages. A very strong wind blew across the traps and made shooting very hard. All the purses were filled and everybody was pleased. The varied-colored tents of the members of the Association, in a half circle back of the traps, made a pretty display. The grounds are nicely situated, and the well adapted for a large tournament. The principal feature of the day's shooting was W. Wolstencroft's breaking 20 straight under expert rules.

In expert class, W. Perry and W. Wolstencroft tied for first average, 78.6 per cent., and received \$30.50; each Miller won second average, 76 per cent., and received \$20.25. In the amateur class, Fred C. Briggs, of New Haven, and E. H. Barrett, of Boston, won first average and received \$30.50, and C. E. Longdon, of New Haven, won second average and received \$20.25.

No. 9, 10 singles, entrance \$2.50, experts:

Miller.....111111111-9

Dickey.....011111111-9

W. Wolstencroft.....011111111-9

Amateurs:

Bowker.....111010111-8

Collins.....111010111-8

Albee.....011010111-8

J. Wolstencroft.....011010111-8

Cowie.....011010111-8

Barrett.....011010111-8

Thompson.....011010111-8

Penn.....111010111-8

Albee.....111010111-8

Gould.....011010111-8

Longdon.....011010111-8

Bates.....011010111-8

Brooks.....111010111-8

No. 10, 15 singles, entrance \$4, experts:

Perry.....111010111-9

Dickey.....111010111-9

Miller.....111010111-9

Amateurs:

Barrel.....111010111-14

Bowker.....111010111-13

Albee.....111010111-13

Sterry.....111010111-13

Albee.....111010111-13

J. Wolstencroft.....111010111-13

Bates.....111010111-13

Savage.....111010111-12

Smith.....111010111-12

Thompson.....111010111-12

Longdon.....111010111-12

Root.....111010111-12

Brook.....111010111-13

Meach.....111010111-13

Sterry.....111010111-13

Collins.....111010111-13

Barrett.....111010111-13

Albee.....111010111-13

Longdon.....111010111-13

Root.....111010111-13

Brook.....111010111-13

Meach.....111010111-13

Sterry.....111010111-13

Collins.....111010111-13

Barrett.....111010111-13

Albee.....111010111-13

Longdon.....111010111-13

Root.....111010111-13

Brook.....111010111-13

Meach.....111010111-13

Sterry.....111010111-13

Collins.....111010111-13

Barrett.....111010111-13

Albee.....111010111-13

Longdon.....111010111-13

Root.....111010111-13

Brook.....111010111-13

Meach.....111010111-13

Sterry.....111010111-13

Albert.....111010111-18

BuBray.....111010111-18

Bowker.....011010111-16

No. 15, 20 singles, entrance \$5.50, experts:

Lindley.....0110001011010010-10

Perry.....1110000010110101-11

Miller.....010101111111111-17

Amateurs:

Barrett.....111111111111111-19

Savage.....111011111111111-17

Thompson.....0111010101010101-13

Dana.....111010111111111-14

J. Wolsten-

croft.....111111111111111-16

Cowie.....011101011111111-15

Collins.....111010111111111-17

Albee.....111111111111111-18

Willey.....111111111111111-18

Sterry.....111111111111111-15

Joe.....011010101111111-15

Bates.....111111111111111-18

No. 16, 15 singles, entrance \$2.50, experts:

Perry.....0101001101111-8

Miller.....1111111111111-12

Wolstencroft.....1111111111111-12

Amateurs:

Cook.....1110101111111-14

Bowker.....0111111111111-14

Hazel.....1110101011111-11

Albee.....1110101011111-11

Quimby.....110111111101-12
Savage.....000111111111-12
Longdon.....111111111111-15
Root.....111111111111-14
Burbridge.....111111111111-14
Saunders.....111111111111-13
Folsom.....011101010101-9
Brooks.....110101010101-9
Perkins.....011111111111-14
In expert class O. R. Dickey, of Boston, won first average, 86.6 per cent.—\$35.85; W. Crosby won second average, 82.6 per cent.—\$17.90. In amateur class, F. A. Sherman, of New Haven, who shot under the name of Albert, won first average, 90 per cent.—\$35.85, and C. E. Longdon, of New Haven, won second average, 94.0 per cent.—\$17.90. Albert (Sherman) will be advanced to expert class. Total surplus was \$179.90.
The tournament was a pronounced success from start to finish, and everybody was well satisfied.

HARRISBURG TRAPS.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 25.—At the regular shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association to-day, it was announced by all the contestants that the hardest day they had yet had in the traps was today. A strong north-west wind blew directly against the targets, making their flights the most irregular of any I have ever witnessed on the grounds, and at the discharge of each gun the shooter had the pleasant sensation of receiving the powder smoke in his face and eyes, and at the close of the afternoon each contestant's nose resembled a soft coal miner's more than of a man of pleasure bent. The Smith gun was won by Mr. A. C. Krueger, of Wrightsville, the dandy crack shot of Central Pennsylvania, and also a member of this association. The balance of the day was put in on sweeps. See scores below.

L. O. Smith gun, 25 singles:	
Shearer.....	1111110110001111111100-18
Krueger.....	1111110110001111111111-23
Dustin.....	111111011000111111110100-10
Snell.....	111111011000111111111111-19
Worden.....	111111011000111111111111-21
Fuller, Metzgar, Twup, Gunther, Brelsford, Haas, Stabaler, Martin, Felsenger, Kinzer, Nutt, Bapler, Brelsford, Dustin, Sullivan, W. D. Nutt and Scheerer withdrew.	
Sweep No. 1, at 15 singles, entrance \$1:	
Dustin.....	11010111111101-11
W. D. Nutt.....	001000000100101-4
Worden.....	11011111111101-11
Motter.....	000111100100111-8
Shearer.....	11010111000000-7
Nutt.....	00011111111101-11
Martin.....	00011111111101-10
Krueger.....	11011111111101-13
Sullivan.....	111111011101-11
Shusley.....	111111011101-11
Trout.....	111111011101-11
Sweep No. 2, at 15 singles, entrance \$1:	
Sullivan.....	110111011101-11
Dustin.....	001111111101-10
Shusley.....	110110110111-10
Martin.....	000111111111-12
Shearer.....	011111011111-12
Nutt.....	011111011111-11
Krueger.....	111111011111-13
Felsenger.....	000101010110-9
Brelsford.....	111111011111-13
Motter.....	110101111031-10
Metzgar.....	110010111111-9
Sweep No. 3, entrance \$3:	
Shearer.....	11 Worden.....13
Krueger.....	14 Dustin.....13
Shusley.....	9 Felsmyer.....12
Nutt.....	9 W. S.....7
Sullivan.....	12 Haas.....9
Sweep No. 4, entrance \$1:	
Krueger.....	9 Kinzer.....12
Nutt.....	11 Dustin.....13
Fuller.....	12 Worden.....14
Shusley.....	12 Brelsford.....10
Sweep No. 5, \$1 entrance:	
Krueger.....	12 Nutt.....11
Sullivan.....	12 Brelsford.....11
Worden.....	14 Dustin.....13
Fuller.....	14
Sweep No. 6, \$1 entrance:	
Krueger.....	12 Worden.....11
Brelsford.....	12 Kinzer.....10
Sullivan.....	12 Fuller.....11

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

THE first of the proposed series of six tournaments to be held during the season was shot on the grounds of the Blooming Grove Park Association, Pike county, Penn., on April 25 and 26. The weather conditions were not favorable to good shooting, as a variable wind blew across the grounds and especially in the rifle contest, prevented any sort of steadiness. Below are the scores in the various matches. Live bird contest, prize \$50, silver cup, 10 birds, handicap five, 25 and 30 yds. men allowed one miss to be scored as two birds, 25 yds. (and under) allowed two misses to be scored as two birds. Ties at 3 birds, no allowance. Entrance fee \$5. No double entries. 5 ground traps, 50 yds. bound:
D. A. Keyes (29).....023022012-7
C. R. Hedden (29).....010010011-3
A. M. Cromellin (30).....023022012-6
D. Bacon (37).....123022012-6
McKee (37).....123022012-6
E. Y. Adams (37).....123022012-6
A. Hall (27).....212120222-9
C. T. Willis (28).....232000000-4
Dead out of bounds. Cup to Youmans. Ties on 9 yd. first, ties on 8 second.
Clay bird contest for silver flask, 25 birds, 18 yds. rise, ties at 3 birds. Handicaps were arranged by allowing one to shoot at 20, 20 yd. 30 birds, entrance fee \$3, no double entries:
H. B. Breintall (25 birds).....10011111111111111101-19
N. S. Smith (27).....0000011111010000001010-11
Fred Engle (29).....11000111111111111101-17
C. T. Willis (30).....00001010110001101000010001-11
A. Hall (29).....00010101011001101010101-10
W. Green (27).....11111100001111110101010-10
Rifle contest, prize \$50 cup, 200 yds. off-hand, only open sights allowed, 10 shots, decimal target, ties 5 shots, entrance \$5:
A. R. Kuzer.....6 1 2 0 6 2 3 1 6 3-30
R. H. Breintall.....2 2 4 5 4 5 2 4 5 5-38
C. R. Hedden.....4 3 4 7 2 4 4 3 2 6-39
A. M. Cromellin.....2 1 2 3 6 2 1 1 3 9-23
D. Bacon.....1 0 0 0 0 1 6 2 2 2-33
McKee.....1 0 0 0 0 1 6 2 2 2-33
E. Y. Adams.....0 0 1 1 1 4 4 0 3 1-44
C. T. Willis.....4 1 1 9 5 6 4 6 3 5-44
D. A. Keyes.....3 4 9 1 5 2 5 4 2 2-37
Fred Engle.....7 3 2 2 3 4 4 5 2 3-30
B. E. J. Ellis.....1 0 0 6 2 2 0 3 3-30
I. J. Krueger.....1 0 0 6 2 2 0 3 3-30
A. J. Post.....6 1 0 5 9 1 0 0 6 0-28
M. Freeman.....3 1 1 0 5 2 2 1 0 1-16
W. H. McCord.....0 2 5 2 10 2 5 3 7 2-38
A. C. Higginson.....2 4 3 1 6 4 5 1 4 3-33

BEAVER, Pa., has a new organization, the Beaver Gun Club, with Dr. G. A. Scroggs, of P. O. W. O. Vice-Pres.; J. H. E. Secy, as Treas. We had our first shoot to-day. Included please find score. Not so bad when you consider the high north-west wind that blew across the grounds. Mr. Aughenbaugh's score is hardly fair, as he used two guns, one a 9½lb. 10-gauge and then a 6lb. 12-gauge. But let her go. Our birds are all here before the orioles. Whippoorwill arrived Wednesday, April 22. Weather warm and a drizzle. Match at 50 yds. traps:
W. O. Wolf.....011111011001100111111111111111110-29
Scroggs.....111111011001100110101011111111111-35
McCreedy.....010001100111111111111111100001000-28
Aughenbaugh.....010000111111111111111111111111110-29
Wickham.....11011101100110011111111111111111w-29

RETRIEVED BY TELEPHONE.—At a pigeon shoot on Erb's grounds, near Newark, the other day, the pointer dog Telephone, owned by E. D. Fulford, of Harrisburg, Pa., caught a wounded bird by springing into the air after it. The bird was set above the ground when the dog's jaws closed on it, and the old trapshooters entered in the sweepstakes shoots said that it was the finest catch ever seen.

PATERSON, N. J., April 29.—Match between A. Martin, of Eclipse Gun Club, and T. Rogers, of the Universal Gun Club, at 10 live birds each, 21 yds. rise, 80 yds. bounds, old Long Island rules, \$25 a side:
A. Martin.....1101111111-9
T. Rogers.....001011101-6
Next match will take place on Monday, May 18, between T. C. Wright, of the Eclipse Gun Club, and Geo. Doremus, of the Forest and Stream Gun Club, at 12 live birds each, for \$50 a side.

SOME MORE FROM "AD VANCE."

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have carefully read the well written article of "Occasional" in issue of April 30, and I still live. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau"—a poor lamb of a rounder bleating, "I am only a professional," Bad! Bad! The simple sheep in the 50 and 60 class blew back, "What's the difference as far as we are concerned? Our money goes all the same;" and too many of them take the kind advice of our accomplished salesman, with which he closes his remarks, "Better give up trap-shooting." Now, "Occasional," have you where you want you; I am fighting for that very class of inefficient shooters who are always tempted by their poor scores to lay away their guns and withdraw from club and practice.

"Occasional" is evidently voicing his convictions of how the better shots should regard his class—a class which is a cross between a live pigeon and a bluecock, neither one thing nor the other, a hybrid with ability for both animate or inanimate, so long as a sweepstakes is back of it.

"Occasional" agrees with me about the bad policy of colonizing shooters, but says it is no harm to bring in my class if you do. Now I say better leave your crowd out too. "Occasional" speaks of the difficulty in getting a team from the average club together. I agree with him there, but maintain that it can be done and ought to be done from the members of the club alone, every professional, every expert, every club member, every experienced shooter, as every team which has ever represented my club has been selected by me, been written to and notified by me, and I have received the answers. We won the Rockland county championship by three straight victories and have engaged in numerous other contests, winning some and losing others, but always without help from either the above classes. At first we were very much embarrassed by the club members finally by graduating the 50 per cent. men and not by colonizing.

Now, why should professionals be debarred? Because they are too handy for one thing. To explain: A club receives an invitation to send a team to compete for a trophy, ten men must be selected, notified and sent. The captain gets positive assurance from five that they will be on hand; the other five are doubtful. The club sends a team, the club members are in a position to bring them on his team, he flies immediately to the gun store; and finding high-class men there having the necessary leisure, he secures them, makes up his team, winks his eye and is ready for the fray. I have a letter before me from one of the best known club captains within fifty miles of New York, and he says therein, "The R. Club was to have Lindsay, Collins, Penrose, Beam, Von Long, and myself, but the club members were not in a position to wider range for E. D. Miller and John Riegott by saying, 'What could my club do against the R. Club with such a team?'"

You see what it leads to, Brother "Occasional." The next time the various clubs meet in competition, they may be astonished to see those very men on the team of an entirely different club, and the next time on yet another club. "See?" It didn't look nice pushed in black and white, does it?

I have not said that these men are not fine companions and royal good fellows; is it not written in the books of the scribe E. Hough that they are so? That is not the point. That they "give more impetus to trap shooting" I very much doubt. They often help to start shooting enterprises and therein do some good, but some at one time very strong clubs in this vicinity are now shattered by the exclusion of excellent competition in spite of the connection therewith of the aforesaid jolly sportsmen.

Tournaments for the past year or so have been almost flat failures in spite of the attendance thereof of these pleasant gents who shoot for "business only."

Oh, yes, my dears, the amateurs as a rule are taking good care to protect themselves; they do it by staying away. "See?" What I want is to have them back, facing the traps and burning powder, not practicing to become salesmen in gun stores or expert rounders or even gobs of small sweepstakes in their own club shoots, but men with a decent degree of skill developed by moderate practice into that desirable position where their friends and all fellow members say of them "he is a good shot and a good fellow."

Let not through with this business yet, and have a carload of facts, letters and theories to spring upon your confiding readers when the humor next strikes me. AD VANCE.

WATSON'S PARK.—Burnside, Ill., April 22.—Lake County Club and guests in a practice shoot at live pigeons, Illinois State rules.

N. Ford.....	1210101122-8	J. Quinell.....	200101002-4
A. Smith.....	021011212-8	C. J. Quinell.....	021011212-8
W. D. Donnell.....	023122000-5	G. Peterson.....	011111220-8
W. L. Bond.....	212122222-5	F. Farnum (guest).....	001001020-8
H. Koehler.....	102010011-6	A. W. Reeves (guest).....	101122221-9
L. Flerhem.....	101001020-4	A. Fleming (guest).....	103001020-5

Same day the following scores were made in a practice shoot at 25 live birds each, W. P. Mussey 20, C. E. Willard 16, Frank Holister 10, C. R. Hedden 9.

F Willard.....11101111111101111—18			
Open sweepstakes, 5 live pigeons each, \$2 entrance, 2 moneys, American Association rules:			
C E Willard.....	11100—3	F A Place.....	10112—4
F E Willard.....	22112—5	H Farnum.....	00312—3
L M Hamline.....	221020—3	L Willard.....	02231—4
A A Hollester.....	01111—4	A W Adams.....	00202—0

Peria black bird medal:	
C. Willard 10001011110111111-14	L. Willard 11011101111111111-17
F. Hamline 1111110111111111-17	Holister 11111111110111111-17
F. Place 1111110111111111-17	A. Adams 1111111111011111-15
P. E. Willard 11111111111111-17	

May 2.—The Forester Club, of Chicago, 15 live pigeons, American Association rules:			
A Price.....	211211111211—15	F Hollister.....	02111122210211—13
C E Willard.....	21221002121111—13	L M Hamline.....	10122210111111—13
W D Price.....	11111211110111—14	A W Adams.....	1202112200222—11
J O'Brien.....	12210221211122—14		

Hamline.....	12211-5	A. W. Adams.....	00211-3
P. E. Willard.....	22112-5	H. Farnum.....	12110-4
L. Willard.....	21101-4		

Another, with one money only:
P. E. Willard.....10112-4
A. W. Adams.....12109-3

May 2.—The Gun Club of Chicago, 15 live pigeons, American Association rules:
A. Price.....21121111111-15
F. Holister.....0211122102111-13
C. E. Willard.....2221100121111-13
L. M. Hamline.....10122201111111-13
W. D. Price.....120201123002222-11
J. O'Brien.....1221022121112-12
J. Byers.....12012-4
C. E. Willard.....11211-5

Peria blackbirds:
Adams.....1001010101010111-13
Holister.....1001010101010111-13
Hamline.....0010110101010111-14
Adams.....10100101111111011-14
J. O'Brien.....11111101110101010-14
J. Byers.....1001000111110101000-8

Ties for medal:
W. D. Price.....01111-3
J. O'Brien.....11111-5
RAVELLGRIGG.

CHICAGO TRAP.—Chicago, May 2.—Col. A. G. Courtney, evangelist of the Lever Arms Co., is in the city to-day, and is so as to be about. Mr. W. H. Skinner, of the Whitney Arms Co., is just back from his trip to the Coast. Mr. Whitney got some interesting news from E. S. Benscoten while in the Northwest, and says that the last heard of Benscoten in that country was that he had purchased a ticket for the East. He will turn up yet, it is hoped. Mr. R. O. Heikes, Western agent of the Standard-Keystone Co., on Monday next engages in a time match, in which he is to break 450 targets in an hour and a half, three traps, 1100 yds. This is merely in the interest of sport, but there are some side wagers up that he will succeed.—E. HOGG.

WAYNE GUN CLUB.—Philadelphia, April 25.—Match at 80 bluecocks each, 5 traps, 16 and 18 yds., strong wind, fair weather:
J. Jos. Jeffries.....0111111111111111111111-21
S. Davis.....0100010101010101111111-15
F. Hessler.....110110110111111111110101-21
T. Scargle.....00111000101000010001010101-11

E. Hansberry, H. Kane, A. Hessler, T. Mack, J. Sidle, Wm. Jay, Wm. Ulary, G. H. Hessler, G. Hessler, J. Royds withdrew. In the above score several individual matches were shot between Hansberry and Kane, F. Hessler and Jeffries, the latter two winning.—P. E. HOGG.

VICTOR, N. Y., May 2.—Victor Rod and Gun Club regular semi-monthly shoot, at 25 kingbirds per man, 3 Keystone traps, 18 yds. rise, New York State rules, 3 badges: W. A. Hill 17, D. A. McEvan 9, H. M. Stewart 20, A. O. Gordon 15, W. G. Hill 14, M. Sage 13, L. W. Benson 12, A. E. Sale 14, C. Brusie 16, E. S. Norton 13, J. Q. Smith 14. Stewart, Gordon and Norton took the three badges, A, B and C respectively. Members are classified in three classes, A, B and C.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Maplewood Gun Club expects to have a crowd of crockery smashers on its grounds on Decoration Day to take part in the spring tournament. Bluecock targets will be used, the shooting being under the rapid-firing Keystone system. Experts will shoot at unknown angles and amateurs at known angles. The events will be as follows: Ten birds, 50 cents; 15 birds, \$1; 20 birds, 75 cents; 25 birds, \$1.50; 30 birds, 75 cents; 35 birds, \$1; 25 birds, \$2; 10 birds, 75 cents; 15 birds, \$1.50; 10 birds, \$1; 10 birds, 75 cents; 15 birds, \$1. The sport will begin at 9 A. M.

MONEY VS. FLOYD-JONES.—The pigeon shooting match between Col. Money, of the Carleton Gun Club, and C. Floyd Jones, of the Westminster Kennel Club, for \$500 a side, which took place Tuesday afternoon last on the grounds of the Westchester County Club, resulted in favor of Col. Money. The conditions of the match were 100 birds each man, 30 yds. rise, 50 yds. boundary. Score: Col. Money 85, C. Floyd Jones 83.

TORONTO, April 25.—The members of the Owl Gun Club shot for the gold medal presented to the club by Mr. McDowall and for the three gold medals given by the club at the Woodbine Saturday afternoon. Some good scores were made, considering the strong wind which was blowing. The conditions are that there be five shots, and the member making the highest score in any three shots to be the winner. Following are the scores, 20 birds per man. Smith and Unwin 18 yds., rest 21 yds.:
J. H. Hatt.....1111111111111111-18
Edwards.....110110111111110001-14
Tyman.....0111110111111111-17
George.....0110110101010101-11
G. Henry.....0111010111111111-17
J. Unwin.....0111110111111111-13
M. McDowall.....1101101111111111-15
W. Smith.....010111011101001001-10
Townson.....1101101111111111-14

MUNCIE, Ind., April 29.—The first day's shoot at the fifth annual tournament of the Muncie Gun Club to-day was the most successful yet given. Many of the crack shots of the country contested for the stakes. Among them were McDowall and Heikes, of Dayton, O.; Hatt, Whistler and DeWitt, of Marion, Richardson, Allen, Britton and Crockett, of Indianapolis; Long and Thompson, Lafayette, Warner, of Greenville, O., and a score of others. American Association rules are governing, with rapid fire system at Peoria blackbirds. The moneys are divided in three purses. At the ten matches to-day a number of clean scores were made and some excellent shooting was done, with Dayton and Indianapolis artists in the lead.

April 30.—The second and last day's shoot of the Muncie Gun Club tournament was conspicuous by the presence of Scott McDonald, of Dayton, O. The majority of other shooters, concluding they stood no chance against McDonald, left for their homes on his arrival. In the fourteen contests in which McDonald took part ten were clean records at ten, fifteen, and twenty-five birds. In a match he killed 154 out of a possible 163, his only weakness being on doubles. The scores are as follows: The best ever made in the State. Bender, Gough and Williamson, local men, pushed the leaders hard.

ROME, N. Y., May 4.—The indications are that the 33d annual convention of the New York State Sportsmen's Association will exceed our wildest expectation. No doubt we shall have the largest convention ever held in the history of the Association. We are doing everything we can to perfect arrangements, and we are confident that every one who comes here will have a good time. We are confident that a little sportsman's management May 22, and we expect that most of the clubs in the surrounding towns will be with us on that date, to give them a chance to try our new grounds.—M. K. BINGHAM.

Canoeing.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH C. C.

AS DETAILLED BY THE COMMODORE.

PAINT XI.

[Concluded from Page 300.]

THE river did not rise and carry us off in the night as Lacy had feared it would. In fact, morning found us, if anything, still lower than before, and our anticipations of a quiet, easy trip to Riverton, over smooth water, were proved to be wrong; for we found the ten miles between McCoy's Falls and Riverton at the present stage of water, to be a little the meanest and worst piece of river on the whole trip. There did not seem to be much fall, and the water was not specially swift and rough even among the reefs, which were interminable, but the river was very broad and very shallow, and in many places we could find but a few inches of water, pulling over gravel bars, filling in between the reefs and stretching clear across the river from bank to bank. Even the boat channels, which were easily found, did not help us materially except that they were free from rocks and reefs; and the ten miles were made laboriously by means of vigorous shoveling, pushing and lifting, with pike-poles and paddles, and at great risk to the frail canvas skins of our canoes. With this, even 3 in. more water we would have perfect smooth, plain sailing.

We portaged the Blakemore dam, which is an unusually even one, by simply sliding the canoes over the edge and dropping them bow first, with closed hatches and aprons, right down into the deep still water below. There was no water going over the dam; all the water that did not go through the mill race went foaming and boiling down the primitive chute which consisted simply of a huge trough of logs built against the face of the dam at an angle of about 60°, with a loose log or two at the bottom which threw the water in a great boiling spout high in air, and which Lacy hastened to assure us he had no desire whatever to interview after giving one glance down its slope, and which George and I also disclaimed any ambition to run.

It was considerably over one o'clock when we finally beached our canoes at the old camp ground, just above the big dam at Riverton, with the crumbling piers of the old bridge rising like spectres from the deep black water just above, mute monuments of the ravages of war; and three huskier, more tired and generally played out canoeists never more gladly stepped ashore, nor more vigorously attacked and utterly demolished a more formidable lunch in less time than we did. We had dam at the end of this terminal place of the cruise; and as it was Saturday we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable in camp until Monday before packing ourselves and our canoes off in the train for home. The canoes were put in position on a beautiful piece of turf under the trees, between the river and the road, which led down from the straggling title village to the ferry a short distance below the dam and our camp, while the W. was erected on the head timber platform near by, adjoining and protecting the end of the dam, over a small table built of heavy planks and conveniently left there by some former campers. It rained heavily at supper time, and our rubber coats and oilskins came into good play, while the little camp-stove came out brilliantly, for the driving, pounding rain would have put out our ordinary camp-fire.

After supper, which was eaten under the protecting shelter of the fly, the rain ceased, although great black masses of low-hanging clouds drifted rapidly overhead, through the occasional rifts of which the moon shone in fitful gleams as she went skurrying down the sky; and the night promised to be a rainy one. During the evening a couple of gentlemen from the village visited us and urged us to forsake our half-looking camp and accept their hospitality for the night; but we declined their kind invitation with thanks, assuring our friends that our quarters were weather-proof.

Never was promise better fulfilled, for it rained pretty much all night, and morning dawned upon a low-hanging sky of leaden clouds, with a steady, chill, gray veil of rain, through which, as I opened my top flap and looked out, the trees and the mill across the river loomed up like vague and indistinct shadows, while the outlines of the lofty covered bridge of the old Manassas Gap Railroad could be but dimly discerned. The temptation to cuddle back in my blankets in the snug, tight little cabin of the Frankie for an additional morning nap was so seductive that it was long after 8 o'clock when I was finally awakened with the vague impression that there was a fire somewhere to find it still raining, and that Lacy was bawling in no gentle tones (from the snug retirement of his tent) for his breakfast. It did not rain all day, however, and by the time breakfast was partaken of under the fly, and the boys had gotten the cooking utensils and the club plate cleared off, the weather likewise cleared off, and the sun came out and beamed down upon us and we had another nice hot day of it.

I lit my after-breakfast pipe and strolled down the sloping platform at the end of the dam, wet and slippery with the rain, in time to see George pull in a short throw line he had put out the evening before, with two or three bass hooks on it, baited with chunks of fat bacon, with a huge eel, over a yard long and as thick as my arm, and a small green eel, and a small green eel. As I walked down the incline my feet slipped on the treacherous slippery floor in spite of the hob nails in my canvas shoes, and in spite of my executing the roller skate shuffle most vigorously with both feet, it was no go; and I got a tremendous fall which landed me squarely on my back, while my pipe flew in one direction, the stem in another and the tobacco to the four winds of heaven. George helped me to pick myself up and gather up the debris, and

I walked over to my tent, ruefully rubbing my bruises as I went, and inspecting with interest a new and conspicuous phrenological development on the back of my head.

Arrived at my tent I procured a fresh pipeful of tobacco; and while I was lighting it three giddy young gushers of the female persuasion crowded into the one seat of a single buggy came driving briskly by the camp all in a giggle; and as they passed they threw three big snuff-boxes among the canoes.

"Here, Commodore!" sung out Lacy, as he picked up the biggest one and tossed it at me as I stood profile to him, just getting a good "draw" on my freshly lighted pipe. The dainty souvenir whizzed past my face, taking my pipe with it and landing it in the river. With an emphatic exclamation which I still consider not unjustifiable under the circumstances, I took the stem from between my teeth and threw it after the pipe, and then walked over to my tent, amid the suppressed snickers of George and Lacy, stepped carefully in and seated myself firmly on my camp-stool, so as to make sure I could not fall out, closed and fastened the tent flaps tightly all around, so as to make equally sure that nothing could fall in; then having taken all possible precautions, I produced a cigar, lighted it and succeeded in accomplishing my morning smoke without further mishap.

An examination of the club larder at lunch time had developed the fact that we were running short on provisions, the last of the bacon and eggs having disappeared at breakfast; and as it had not been deemed advisable to lay in a new stock at the end of the cruise we had not replenished the evening before; so George rigged up his fishing tackle, putting on a couple of trout hooks baited with worms and proceeded to catch some small fry to flank the eel already caught that morning for the supper and breakfast still to come before we broke camp for home. Lacy assured him that any other excuse would answer just as well; but George protested that we were out of meat and the excuse was sufficient; at any rate it was not worth while to go behind it, and he was soon landed perch and suckers, with an occasional small bass at a most gratifying rate.

There was a square hole or well in the middle of the platform walled with timbers; leading down through the stone filling of the crib some 6 or 8 ft. to the river below, in which was located a hydraulic ram which supplied water to several of the residents in Riverton, a quarter of a mile away; and as George caught his fish he strung them on a runner and lowered them into this place for safe keeping. He soon had a fine string lying in the shallow water at the bottom of this well, and about supper time Lacy went to get them in order to clean and prepare them for the frying pan.

We were startled by a yell, and looking up in alarm we beheld him leaning over the hole in open-mouthed amazement, while his eyes stood out like beads.

"Great Scott, fellows! just come here!" he exclaimed in a suppressed yell.

We hurried along down the platform and joined him at the well. To our amazement the hole was literally swarming with snakes, which were making desperate efforts to swallow the fish. They twisted and lashed around and fought over the fish precisely like pigs over a trough. It was impossible of course for them to swallow the fish, as the stringer holding them all together effectually prevented it, even if the fish had not been entirely too large for the wonderfully elastic throat and neck of a snake.

We promptly decided that we did not care for fish for supper, and Lacy took occasion to assure George that it was no more than he expected, and that he could not expect any luck to attend his fishing on Sunday; but we remained silently over the well for some time watching their maneuvers with great interest. One would take a fish in its mouth and give it a powerful jerk or shake to clear it from the stringer, while another and perhaps larger one would savagely slash and strike at it and drive it from its prey, only to repeat the same ineffectual maneuver. Numbers of them had their mouths fastened upon the fish; frequently two or three were fastened upon the same one, their jaws and necks distended to enormous proportions, vainly endeavoring to swallow them.

"I wonder if they really could swallow these fish if they could get at them, head first?" said George.

"I don't know," I replied. "I wish that they were loose so that we could see."

"Perhaps I can get them up without frightening the snakes and take them off the string," he continued.

"I doubt it," I replied. "Snakes are very timid creatures, especially the harmless varieties, like these water snakes."

George cautiously leaned over and reached down until he got hold of the peg on the end of the stringer which was tightly stuck into a crevice in the curb of the well. And gently attempted to draw the fish up, but at the first movement there was a whizz and a splash and a glitter of wet, scaly forms, and in an instant every reptile had vanished from sight.

George cut the string and let the fish drop back again, loose, in the well; but although we watched for a long time, and returned at intervals until it was too dark to see down into the hole, not a snake was to be seen again.

"This is a famous fishing place, isn't it?" Lacy remarked as we were smoking our evening pipes around our little blaze of a camp-fire, while the full moon rode in brilliant beauty overhead, flooding the entire landscape of river, bluffs and trees with her silver radiance, bringing out the white sides of the mill and the old covered railroad bridge into such prominence that every seam between the planks could be seen as though in the bright glare of the noonday sun. Her silvery image was reflected from the deep, still water above the dam, bringing out the dense black shadows of the trees into sharp contrast, while from the broken, choppy rapids below, her long, silvery sheen sparkled back at us in countless diamond points of light, and the quiet night was impressive in its loveliness. A distant church bell tolled slowly, its notes mellowed by the distance, while the mournful call of the whip-poor-will alternated with the gentle *hoo-hoo* of an owl. The far-off howling of a dog, lugubriously baying at the moon, sounded ludicrously distinct upon the calm stillness, while the chatting and laughter of a little group of idlers at the railroad station a quarter of a mile below, on the other side of the river, came distinctly to our ears. The meteor-like headlight of a train came shooting along in the dense black shadows under the opposite bluff from up the river, leaving a trail of sparks and a cloud of smoke floating gently away over the water into the bright night, while the train rolled up to the station and stopped, in a bright, cheerful glare of lights, ringing of bells, hissing of steam and hum of voices, and then, with a few short, sharp coughs and puffs of black smoke, were roaring away over the moon-dusted railroad bridge, upon which we presently observed the lantern of the night watchman go twinkling across, alternately flashing out, like a little faint star, and disappearing behind the bridge timbers, while above all rose the deep, steady, subdued, dominating roar of the big dam, with the murmuring wash of the rapids below.

"Yes, Riverton is one of the most noted fishing places on the river, or, indeed, in the State," I replied to Lacy's query.

"Why is it, I wonder?" he continued.

"Well, aside from its accessibility by rail, there are two rivers here for one thing," I answered. "The North Fork comes in down below there half a mile, just under the lower railroad bridge, and generally one stream or the other is clear. It is not often that both are muddy at the same time, except in the regular season of freshets, in the spring, and—"

"It is just our luck, however, that both are muddy now," George broke in, discontentedly.

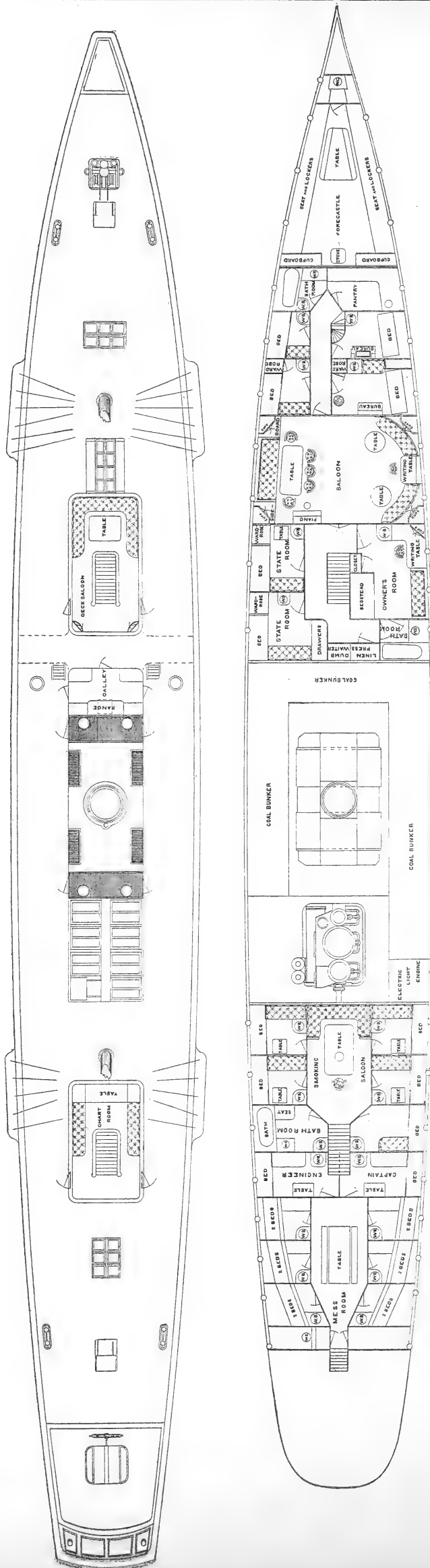
"Yes, you're right there, brother," said Lacy.

"That's very true," I continued. "But it more frequently happens that when one is muddy the other is clear, and the bass leave the muddy water and at once swarm into the clear stream; and as both streams have high dams which the fish cannot pass at about the same distance above the point of junction—say half a mile—it follows that there will be a little piece of clear water between the dam and the junction in one or the other of the streams, and this piece of the clear water is apt to be full of bass. Some phenomenal catches are on record as having been made here under such circumstances. Then again, there are no dams between here and the Potomac, fifty odd miles below, that are of any consequence; there are two or three old broken-down stone dams and the usual number of fish dams, but they are all easily shot by canoes descending and by bass ascending, and the first real obstacles to their free ascent of the rivers are met with here, in the shape of these big, high dams; and they, consequently, accumulate here in swarms at the bases of the obstacles."

"How do they pass the dams, I wonder?" said Lacy. "Of course they get over some way, for there are plenty of bass in the entire rivers, even up in the remote head streams—North, Middle and South rivers, in Augusta county."

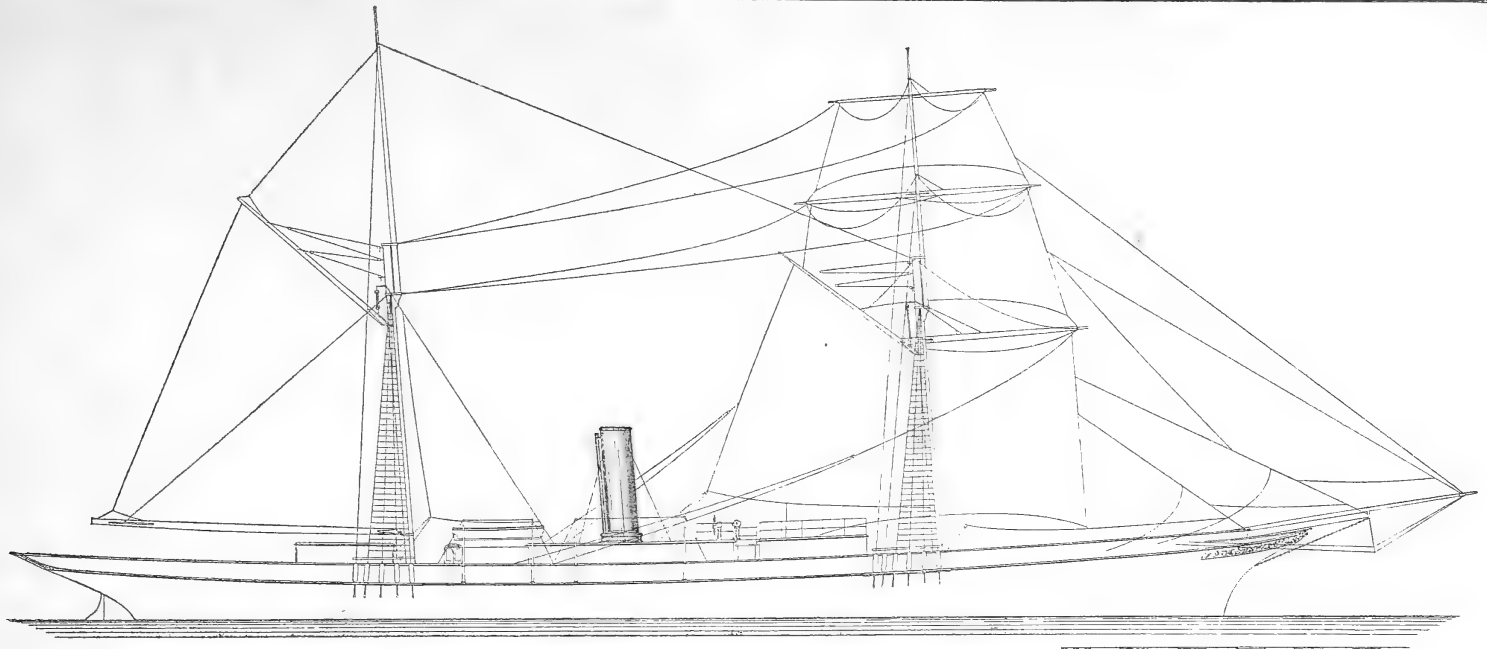
"They go up the shoots or over the dams in high water," said George.

"I declare fellows I am right sorry we are not going on through to Harper's Ferry," said Lacy, as he refilled his pipe and asked George for a match, which he struck on his boot heel and applied to his pipe, while the alternate rising and sinking of the little flame as he puffed away (the blaze of the camp-fire having long since subsided into the dull red glow of a bed of coals, half obscured by a white film of ashes) brought out the canoes, tents and camp equipments, nestling in the dense shadow of the great elms, into curious prominence at each puff—a stray paddle leaning against a tree—the striped fly with the tinware in a polished shine.



DESIGNED BY ALFRED H. BROWN, N. A., 1889.

STEAM YACHT "SEMIAMIS," 703 TONS.



SAIL PLAN OF STEAM YACHT "SEMIRAMIS."

ing heap upon the little table under it—the camp stove—the fishing rods leaning against the tent supports—the white muslin bags containing provisions hanging around from twigs or nails driven into the trees, out of reach of prowling “varmints” and gleaming ghostly white in the momentary flashes—all being distinctly observable without apparent notice being taken of them.

“Well, it’s an easy matter to reconsider, and buy some more provender and resume the cruise in the morning,” I replied. “For my part, between the unusual heat and the unusual low water, I don’t care for any more cruise in mine. In fact, I would not paddle that big, heavy ship of mine through the miles and miles of eddies between here and Harper’s Ferry for her value twice over.”

“Well, I really agree with you,” said Lacy. “We’ve been out two weeks and have had a royal good time, and a fine cruise, and I think, under all the circumstances, we might as well go home; but we’ve had such a good time I am very sorry indeed now it’s all over, that it is over. What are your views, George?”

“I vote to go home,” replied that individual, removing his pipe from his mouth. “The cruise has been a success from beginning to end; but it’s too hot and the river’s too low, and the worst of the river is still before us if we go on.”

“Why, how do you mean?” said Lacy.

“He means simply that the remainder of the trip on the present stage of water is but little less than hard work all the way through,” I replied. “There is considerably less fall in this part of the river than above, and this fall is by no means evenly distributed; nearly half of it—fully 100ft. being found in the six or seven miles at the lower end, down near Harper’s Ferry; and we will have nothing but several days of hard work at this end of the cruise. Why, ‘White Horse Eddy’ alone, down near Berryville, is six miles long, and you know what that means.”

“Yes, it means paddle, boys, paddle, over that much absolutely still, currentless water, the way the river is now,” added George, as he rose and walked over to his tent, while Lacy and I followed his example.

Monday morning dawned cold, wet and drizzly again, with a clammy fog wreathing its gray folds around the trees; which loomed up vaguely overhead, and under whose smoke-like folds the cold, black surface of the river could but dimly be discerned; and the forbidding roar of the invisible dam below seemed subdued and far off to our ears lying companionably side by side on the steady drip, drip, from the leaves overhead upon our tents, and the temptation to linger among our warm blankets was great; but our train passed at 9:30 and we had no time to lose; and we were speedily shivering under the protection of the fly and disposing of our last breakfast; which consisted principally of George’s big eat, which had been despatched the evening before and laid through the head to a tree, and its tough slippery hide stripped off by means of a pair of pincers; supplemented by fried potatoes, hot coffee and biscuits.

I had already arranged with a wagoner to haul our canoes across the village to the railroad station (the little hamlet did not possess a dory); and by the time we had them packed and ready for him he was on hand with his wagon, and the Frankie, Ross and Clyde were soon lying companionably side by side on the depot platform, their cargoes all snugly packed inside, the hatches fastened down and the muslin aprons tightly drawn over the foot and half open space which remained for the crew and securely fastened, while the long bow and stern painters of each canoe were tied together and wrapped round and round the canoes as shields as fenders to protect them while in transit.

Half an hour later the staid and dignified occupants of the rear sleeper of the daylight train on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad looked with grave disapproval upon the sudden irruption of three tramp-like individuals, clad in flannels and short unmentionables, much worse for the wear, long stockings, canvas shoes and slouch hats (for the unsightly but useful helmets had been relegated to the most recesses of the canoes) carrying their personal belongings in rough yellow oiled canvas navy bags, who descended themselves in the stateroom at the rear end of the coach.

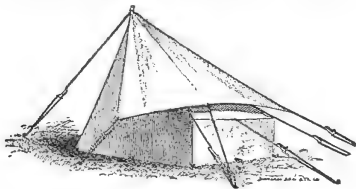
They appeared to be in solvent circumstances, however, in spite of their disreputable appearance, and beyond testing the capacity of the buffet to its utmost—proved to be entirely harmless.

Staunton was finally reached in the midst of a drenching rain-storm, and we were only too glad to take a close-covered carriage, which possessed the additional advantage of getting us through the streets of the city in our disreputable attire without attracting an undue amount of attention, for your canoeists is a modest fellow and shrinks from notice—when clad in his cruising habiliments—and Lacy was soon landed at his home, while George and I in the seclusion of our rooms at the Hotel Mozart, doffed our canoeing rigs and donned the apparel of civilization again; and as we came down stairs and received the cordial greetings and congratulations of our friends we realized that the cruise was now but a pleasant regretful memory, already laid on the shelf in our minds along with our other cruises, and remembered among the things of the past.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The full programme of the Brooklyn C. C. is as follows: May 9.—Opening—Paddling and trophy races. May 29 to June 2.—Annual cruise. June 27.—Annual regatta. 1. Junior sailing race, 1½ miles. 2. Senior sailing race, 3 miles. 3. Canoe yawl sailing race, 1½ miles. 4. Tandem paddling race, 1½ miles. 5. Deck canoe paddling race, 800 yds. July 25.—Swimming race, 100 yds. Sept. 12.—Combined race, 3 miles. Sept. 26.—Closing of season—Sailing and paddling trophy races. No regular club races except during the season. Trophy and cup races open only to members. All other races, except swimming, open to members of A. C. A. or any recognized canoe, yacht or athletic club. Swim open to A. C. A. members only. Special programme will be announced on each race day. The “Record” for club members will be made up from: Unlimited sailing, first challenge cup, first and last double blade paddling, combined and swimming races. Regatta Committee—Com. Jos. Rudd, Jr., ex-officio; M. M. Davis, John Johnson, R. J. Wilkin, Chairman. Challenge Cups (for members only).—Sailing cup, presented by Mr. Thomas G. Rudington, in 1836; 3 miles on triangle. Sail limit, 75-sq. ft. Time limit, two hours. May be held five days, and then subject to challenge. Blue silk pennant. Paddling trophy, presented by Mr. Joseph Rudd, Jr., in 1891, 800 yds., straight. Competed for by either single or double blade, but must be defended by a similar blade and canoe. Subject to challenge five days after race. Red silk banner.—Pagan cruising trophy, presented by Mr. Chas. P. Weeks, in 1891. Sail limit, 55 sq. ft. Sail limit, 75-sq. ft. Time limit, two hours. The regatta committee to arrange in camp each race, time limit, etc. No standing rig or special racing appliances allowed.

A HANDY CANOE TENT.

THE tent shown in the accompanying illustrations, the invention of Mr. A. S. Comstock, of Evanston, Ill., is especially adapted for canoeing and boating, being very compact for stowage



and yet giving room where most needed. It is a shore tent, set with but one pole, and is of a pyramidal form, the back having a wall. Along this wall is room for a bed for one or two, while at the front, near the pole, there is sufficient height to allow a man



to stand up, thus combining floor room and standing room where most needed, and with a minimum of weight and bulk. A special feature of the tent is the triangular fly, which may be used either as an awning and screen for the door, or by reversing it as a fly in case of rain. The tents are made in various sizes, the smallest being suitable for two persons.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Div.—N. L. Weatherbee, Troy, N. Y. Eastern Division—Edward Shattuck, Jr., Winchester, Conn.; J. R. Bartlett, Jr., Boston, Mass. Northern Division—H. W. Mowat, Toronto; E. C. Arnoldi, Montreal; G. E. Hague, Kingston; C. S. Clarke, Ottawa. Atlantic Division—F. E. H. Barrington, Washington, D. C.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

SEMIRAMIS.

THE steam yacht shown in the accompanying drawings is of a type but little known as yet on this side of the Atlantic, but which is each year increasing in numbers, and which is likely before many years to far outnumber the fast river or day boats of great size which have thus far made up the larger tonnage of the steam pleasure fleet. This type of yacht has as yet received but little attention from American designers and builders, the examples now in the American fleet, *Alva*, *Namouna*, *Catarina*, *Suitana*, *Utowna*, *Corsair* and *Conqueror*, being all of British design; as is the *Semiramis*, her designer being Mr. Alfred H. Brown, N. A., of London. Mr. Brown has made a specialty of steam yacht designing, among his larger yachts being *Eros*, of 737 tons, length 219ft., beam 27ft.; *Star of the Sea*, a composite vessel of 333 tons; *Merric England*, also composite, 411 tons; and the present vessel, of 705 tons. Her dimensions being as follows:

Length between perpendiculars.....	206ft. 4in.
Length l.w.l.....	194ft.
Beam extreme.....	27ft. 1in.
Least freeboard.....	6ft.
Depth moulded.....	16ft.
Depth hold.....	14ft. 6in.
Draft extreme.....	14ft. 6in.

The yacht is of steel throughout, the hull and engines being built by Ramage & Ferguson, Leith, in 1889. She is classed 100A but is surveyed by Lloyds M.C. in red, her machinery having been surveyed by Lloyds mill building. Her engines are triple expansion, cylinders 18, 29 and 47in. by 33in. stroke, indicating 730 H.P. Her bunker capacity is 150 tons, the consumption at 10 knots being 8 tons; while on 12 tons she has made a steady speed of 12 knots. It is expected that on long cruises she could easily steam 4,000 miles at 10 knots on her bunker coal. The total space given to the machinery is 47ft. 6in.; engines 15ft., boiler, double ended, of steel, 160lbs. pressure 27ft., and thwartship bunker 5ft. 6in.

The space below as shown in the cabin plan, is very large and excellently arranged. The main saloon is 15ft. long and 22ft. wide, finished in fumed mahogany, the panels being hand painted. The furnishing includes a large table with two smaller ones, a writing desk, corner cupboards, a sofa and a large semicircular divan, two sideboards, a piano, and large revolving arm chairs at the table. Aft the saloon is the owner's private room, also finished in fumed mahogany, with large bedstead, writing desk and sofa, a bath and toilet room adjoining. This room, with two smaller staterooms for guests, finished in birdseye maple, opens on the main passage at the foot of the companion, there being at the after end a dumb waiter to the deck and hold, and a press and drawers for linen. Forward of the saloon is a second passage, leading to a bath room and pantry, on which open four more staterooms, two of them quite large. These, as well as the 5 after staterooms, are finished in white enamel, with polished black walnut fronts to sofas, bed boxes, etc. Immediately aft the engines is a smoking saloon, 16x9ft.,

finished in polished American oak, with large table and sofa. From this room open five staterooms, finished in enamel, as described, and a large bath room. The mess room is 18x8ft., with six staterooms for petty officers, in addition to large rooms for the captain and engineer.

On deck there are two teak deckhouses, a bridge, and a teak steering house on the latter, not shown in the drawings, as it was subsequently added. The forward house is 19x9ft. 6in. inside, forming the deck saloon. The after house is 3ft. shorter and fitted up as a chart room. The galley is in the fore end of the boiler house, on the main deck. The plumbing of the yacht is very complete, each of the three baths being heated by steam. Electric lights are fitted throughout, even to the stock holds, the engine and dynamo being located, as shown, on the starboard side of the main engine room. The steering gear and capstan are both operated by steam. The rig is a schooner, with yards on the foremast. The *Semiramis* was built for Mr. John Lysaght, who still owns her, though he will probably replace her by a smaller vessel, for which Mr. Brown has prepared plans. During his ownership the yacht has done a good deal of cruising, visiting Norway and the Mediterranean.

THE CHANGES IN NEW YORK BAY.

THE changes in the lightships and buoys about New York Harbor, which will be made next week, will necessitate alterations in the courses of the New York, Seawanhaka, Atlantic and Corinthian, as well as the smaller clubs, as the familiar marks, such as Buoy 10 and Buoy 8½ will be obliterated, new ones taking their approximate places. On April 28 the New York Y. C. held a special meeting, at which the changes were made in the club courses, so that they will be as follows:

No. 1—Start across an imaginary line drawn from the judges' boat anchored to the east of Buoy 11, and about two cables' lengths from it to Buoy 14 near Southwest Spit, passing to the west and south of it; thence south of Buoy 12 and north of Buoy 5, off the point of Sandy Hook, to Sandy Hook Lightship, turning from the north and east and returning over the same course. This will shorten that course about 1½ miles.

Course No. 2—The same as course No. 1, substituting Scotland for Sandy Hook Lightship. All yachts must pass to the eastward of West Bank buoys No. 7 and 9, both going and returning.

Course No. 3—Start from an imaginary line between Buoy 14, near Southwest Spit, and a mark boat anchored south of it; thence south of Buoy 12 and north of Buoy 5, off the point of Sandy Hook, to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, turning it from the north and east, thence to and around a stakeboat anchored near the buoy on Shrewsbury rocks, turning it from west and south. This will lengthen the course a little.

The club also adopted new devices and ribbons for the uniform caps, which are not to be copyrighted. The insignia of rank for members' caps will be a gold fowl anchor and the club flag crossed. For captains two foul anchors over the club flag. The commodore will have a star on each side of the latter device and one above it. The vice-commodore a star on each side of it, and the rear-commodore one above it. The rating badges will be for sailing masters silver anchors on the right sleeve; mates on the left sleeve; quartermasters an eight-spoke wheel; boatswains an eagle and coxswains crossed oars.

The annual dinner of the club will take place to-night at Delmonico's.

THE CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—Some important changes are now in contemplation in the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet in order to adapt the rules to the new 25-footers. The present limit of the fleet is 20ft. l.w.l., which it is proposed to extend to 25ft. As some of the 25ft. corrected length racers will be over 25ft. l.w.l., it is proposed to admit them to the class, provided that their racing length does not exceed 25ft. The class limits will probably be arranged as follows: Under 15ft. l.w.l., 15 to 18ft. l.w.l., 18 to 21ft. l.w.l., and 21 to 25ft. l.w.l., or if over 25ft. l.w.l., not to exceed 25ft. corrected length. The two smaller classes will race under the present allowance of the fleet, 6 seconds per foot per mile, which has worked very well in practice; but the two larger classes will race under the Larchmont rules and allowances. The limit of crew will probably be extended to three men in the larger class. It is proposed to hold monthly races for the 25-footers and other small craft through the season.

THE NEW 25FT. CORRECTED LENGTH CLASS.—Com. Lawton, of the Atlantic Y. C., is ready to present a cup for this class, providing 4 yachts will start. The Corinthian Mosquito Fleet has under consideration a proposal to enlarge its limits to take in the new class, in which it will give a race on Memorial Day. The first of the class was launched on April 27, at Webber's yard, New Rochelle, Mr. L. J. Boury's Smuggler. Apart from the merits of her design, she is remarkable as a specimen of fine handwork. She had her trial under sail on Saturday. Mr. Webber is now at work on a slightly longer and narrower craft for Mr. O. G. Jennings, to be named *Needle*. Mr. J. C. Summers, of "Who Won?" fame, will have a third, to be named *Colleen*.

LIEUTENANT HENN.—Lieutenant and Mrs. Henn have been in New York for some days. Mrs. Henn sailing on the *Umbria* on May 2, with a colony of five cubs captured in Florida. Lieutenant Henn will remain for another week, to be present at the dinner of the New York Y. C. on Thursday. *Gaitea* is now fitting out at Plymouth under Captain Bradford's charge and her owners will join her on their return. Lieutenant Henn will buy or build a shoal draft yacht this summer, taking her to Florida for the winter.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN YACHTS.—We have received the second part of Mr. Peabody's handsome book, containing 10 photographs of the leading 40-footers. The plates are printed in different tints, and each is artistic enough to be framed alone. Mr. Geo. A. Stewart, of the *Boston Globe*, contributes a brief but interesting history of the boats and of the 40ft. class, including the records of two seasons, 1889-90. The agent in New York is Wm. Cullen, 61 William street.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The following members have been enrolled during April: New York Bay Squadron: J. J. Finlay, W. H. Blankley, Long Island Sound Squadron: Geo. Vassor, Jr., A. H. Sleight, Walter Eichbaum, W. W. Hollingsworth, S. S. Brewster, A. H. Day, S. B. Pirie. Delaware River Squadron: G. W. Holloway, L. N. Chevrier, J. M. Coward, M. R. Muckley, Jr., G. H. Whitehead, T. C. Smith, East River Squadron: L. C. Hopperd,

FIXTURES.

2. San Francisco, Opening, Sausalito.
3. San Francisco, Squad. Sail.
16. Excelsior Open., New York.
16. Larchmont, Open., Larchmont.
23. St. Lawrence, Fish Cruise.
23. St. Lawrence, Club Sweeps.
23-31. Portland, Cruise.
30. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont.
30. Rochester, Open, Sodus Bay.

30. American Model, Opening, Prospect Park.
30. Corinthian, Annual, San Francisco.
30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.
30. Brooklyn, Opening, Gravesend Bay.
30-31. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
JUNE.
6. Larchmont, Spring, L'chm't.
6. Noyal N. S., Archibald Cup, Halifax.
11. Hudson River, Ann., N. Y.
11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte.
12. Portland, Annual.
12. Montauquot, Opening, Weymouth.
13. Massachusetts, Spring, Dorchester.
13. Lynn, Lynn.
13. Quincy.
13. Savin Hill, First Cham.
13. Royal N. S., Chauncy Cup, Halifax.
13. St. Lawrence, 29 and 24th. Classes, Montreal.
15. Plaine, Ann., Del. River.
17. Hull, L'chm't.
17. Massachusetts, Ann., Nahant.
17. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.
17. Beverly, 1st Sweep, Mon. Beh.
18. Roch., Ladies' Day, Charlotte.
20. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont.
20. Marine and Field, Annual, Bath Beach.
20. New Jersey, Annual, New York Bay.

- JULY.
1. St. Lawrence, 29, 24, 21 and 18th. Classes, Montreal.
1. Pleon, 1st Cham., Marblehead.
3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch.
3-4-5. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.
4. Monaquot, Club, Weymouth.
4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck.
4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont.
4. Corinthian, Marblehead, Sweep and Club, Marblehead.
4. Beverly, 3d Sweep, Mon. Beh.
4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont.
4. N.Y.Y.R.A. Cruise.
4. Royal N.S., Squadron Prizes.
6. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck.
— Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.
— Eastern, Cruise, Maine Coast.
7. New Rochelle, Ann., New Rochelle.
11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.
11. Lynn, Lynn.
11. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise.
11. Savin Hill, Cash.
11. Riverside, Annual.
11. St. Lawrence, 29 and 18th. Classes, Montreal.
11-19. Larchmont, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
14. Quincy, Ladies' Day.
14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton.

15. Pleon, 1st Cham., Marblehead.
15. Massachusetts, 40th. Special.
15. Monaquot, 1st Cham., Weymouth.
16. Lake Y.R.A., C.V.C., Toronto.
17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City.
18. American, Steam, Milton's Neck.
18. Hull, First cham., 1st and 2d classes.
18. New York, Ann., New York.
18. Hull Corinthian, Club.
18. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
18. Beverly, 1st Cham, Mon. Beh.
18. Cor. Navy, N. Y. Bay Squad.
18. St. Lawrence, 24 and 21st. Classes, Montreal.
18. Royal N. S., Lansdowne Cup, Halifax.
18-19. San Francisco, Fish Cruise.
20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester.
20. Rochester, L.Y.R.A., Charl.
20. Pleon, Club, Marblehead.
20. Lake Y.R.A., Oswego, Oswego.
20. Royal N. S., Wenonah Challenge Cup, Halifax.
20. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester.
20. Quincy, Second Cham.
20. Corinthian, Marblehead, 1st Cham., Marblehead.
20. Pleon, Cruise, Marblehead.
— Corinthian, Marblehead, Ladies' Day, Marblehead.
20. Monaquot, Pennant, Weymouth.

- AUGUST.
1. Hull Corinthian, 2d Cham.
1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
Beverly, 1st Cham, Marblehead.
15. Cor. Navy Meet, Riverside.
6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
6. Monaquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
8. San Francisco, Club.
8. Hull, Second Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.
8. Lynn, Lynn.
8. Savin Hill, Second Cham.
8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Beh.
8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
10. Quincy, Third Cham.
15. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.
15. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups.
19. Hull, Ladies' Day.
19. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
19. Pleon, Club, Marblehead.
20. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
20. Massachusetts, 2d Cham., Dorchester Bay.
22. Quincy.
22. Corinthian, Marblehead, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
22. Monaquot, Sweeps, Weymouth.
22. Cor. Navy, East River Squad.
22. Royal N. S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
22-23. San Francisco, Fish Cruise.

12. Massachusetts, First Cham., Dorchester Bay.
12. Pleon, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
13. Monaquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.
15. Hull, Ladies' Race.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead, Mid-Summer Series, Marblehead.
15. Beverly, 2d Cham, Marblehead.
— Conant, N. Y., Sweeps, Marblehead.

- SEPTEMBER.
1. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
2. Pleon, Sail-off, Marblehead.
5. Monaquot, Sail-off, Weymouth.
5. Hull Corinthian, Open.
5. Beverly, 5th Sweep, Marblehead.
5. Larchmont, Fall, Larchmont.
7. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
7. N.Y.Y.R.A., Ann., New York.
7. Corinthian, Marblehead, Handicap, Marblehead.
7. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
12. Beverly, 6th Sweep, Mon. Beh.
11. Massachusetts, Fall, Dorchester Bay.
12. Lynn, Cup, Lynn.
12. Massachusetts, Open, Dorchester Bay.
12. Savin Hill, Cham. Sail-off.
12. Royal N. S., Handicap, Halifax.
19-20. San Francisco, Cruise.
19. Beverly, 3d Cham, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, 3d Cham, Mon. Beh.
20. Savin Hill, Fleet Captains Cups Sail-off.
20. Royal R. S., Lord Alex Russell's Cup, Halifax.

- OCTOBER.
7. Brooklyn, Fall, Gravesend Bay.
17. San Francisco, Closing Day.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—The annual meeting of the New Jersey Y. C. was held on April 30, the following officers being elected: Com. John Ortleib; Vice-Com. Richard Green; Recording Sec'y, J. E. Clarke; Financial Sec'y, Bernard Deetjen; Corresponding Sec'y, Louis Wunder; Treas., E. W. Ketcham; M-as., Daniel O'Brien; Regatta Committee, Thos. McArdle, Bernard Deetjen and E. W. Ketcham; Trustees, E. A. Stevens, T. Butts, John Ortleib, Paul Leeger and E. W. Ketcham. The annual regatta will be sailed on Wednesday, June 17.

HULL Y. C.—The new house of the Hull Y. C. will be formally opened on June 9. On the lower floor will be lockers, baths and committee room, and on the next a billiard room, library and a committee room, and on the third a large hall with a permanent stage. In the club cottage will be eleven sleeping rooms.

AUXILIARY NAPHTHA CRUISERS.—Mr. A. Cary Smith is now at work on a design for a small auxiliary naphtha cruiser for the Gas Engine and Power Company, of Morris Dock, which is making a specialty of this class of boat. It is probable that the result will be a decided improvement on previous craft.

NEW HOMES FOR BOSTON BOATS.—Pappoose is now at Wintringham's yard, on her way to Buffalo; Shark has gone to her new owner at Providence, having a hard trip around the Cape; Monhegan left Boston for New York on May 4 and Ventura sailed on the same day for Newport.

SULTANA, steam yacht, Mr. T. L. Park, arrived at Constantinople on April 29. From recent reports the yacht is greatly improved by the Belle view boiler, making 12 knots at sea. She is also reported with very handy under canvas.

ILDERIM—This name has been chosen for the new 46-footer owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. As Mr. Vanderbilt has decided to spend the summer abroad, the yacht may not be raced.

FORTY-SIX-FOOT RACING.—Vice-Com. Banks, Atlantic Y. C., of the schooner Waterwitch, has offered a cup for a special race on New York Bay for the 46ft. class.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—Com. Soley has appointed Leigh Osborn Garrett as fleet captain, vice Arthur F. Shepard, resigned; and John A. Tanner as first surgeon.

WENONAH—ULIDIA.—Mr. Jas. Stillman, owner of the cutter Wenonah, has sold her to Mr. R. W. Weston, taking in part payment the latter's cutter Ulidia.

NAUTILUS.—The Boston Herald of May 3 contains a very careful and complimentary description of the new Wintringham cutter.

WHIM, schr., was at Beaufort, N. C., from Charleston, on April 27. On the same day Coronet, schr., sailed from Beaufort for New York.

KATHLEEN.—Mr. Whitlock's 30-footer will sail under a cruising rig, now being fitted at Port Jefferson, when not racing this season.

MONTECITO, yawl, was sold by Mr. A. Cary Smith, her new owner being Mr. Alexander Maitland, of the New York Y. C.

GENOEE, schr., is out at Lawley's for 10 tons more of lead on her keel.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,332, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nant," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Syrillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. E. E. Lodi, O.—Will you please state in your next issue of FOREST AND STREAM the open bass season for Lake Chautauqua, N. Y.? Ans. Season will open May 30.

C. T. G., South Boston.—May single-shot pistols be used in the FOREST AND STREAM revolver competition, or is it restricted to revolvers? Ans. It is confined to revolvers.

G. W. S., Meridian.—Is there any way to load a cylinder barrel to make it more effective at the trap than the usual loads for choke-bore. Ans. No; but the shot will cover a wider area.

M., Canada.—1. Are dew-claws any objection on a setter? 2. What is the best way to measure the height of a dog? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. You will find a very good plan described in our kennel columns this week.

A. O. N., Newburyport, Mass.—Will you be kind enough to inform me the register number of Jessie, owned by T. H. Welch, also her pedigree? It is in the 1700 somewhere. Ans. You do not state what breed the dog is.

J. H. B., Ponkapog.—Can you tell me how much a live Canada goose ought to be worth, and where I can get some at moderate prices? Ans. We cannot put a price on it. Write to Mr. Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

F. H. T., Central Lake, Mich.—My spaniel puppy, ten weeks old, has a film forming over the right eye. Cause unknown. Can anything be done for his relief? Ans. Drop in the eye, morning and night, a pinch of very fine powdered sugar.

M. S. J., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Can you let me know through your columns where I can obtain live minnows, by hundreds, for bait? Ans. Try New's store, 357 Tenth avenue, New York, or A. H. Dirke, 403 West Fifth street, near Nine avenue. Your own fishing tackle stores ought to furnish the bait you require or information as to where it may be bought.

W. H.—I wish to know the pedigree of Victor II. (6,774) if he has one. He is owned by Judge Anson Pease, of Massillon, O. Vice. The mastiff Victor II. is by Leo IV. (A.K.R. 6,122) out of Ashmont Bertha (A.K.R. 3,368), by Hero II. out of Empress, by Grip (Jock—Dido) out of Britannia, by Bruno out of Empress; Hero II. by Salisbury out of Venus; Leo IV. by Lord Nelson out of Lioness.

G. H. B., Cleveland, O.—Can you inform me where I can get a photo of Scottish Prince, as I have a pup by him out of June? Also the address of Col. Ruppert, his recent purchaser? For picture write to Sydney W. Smith, York Road, Leeds, England. A good likeness, a fac-simile of the photo, was published in FOREST AND STREAM last week. Col. Ruppert's address is 1639 Third avenue, New York City.

A. Q. D., Toledo, O.—Will you kindly advise an appreciative reader how to "blue" or bronze brass rod mountings, which I prefer to nickel plating. Wells in "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle" tells how to coat them with black oxide, but I prefer the bluish color, similar to that of some furniture ornaments. Ans. An ad for bronzing ferules and other brass mountings is sold by Malcolm Shipley, Commerce street, above Fifth, Philadelphia, Pa. Its composition is unknown to us.

C. P., Toledo, O.—I have an Irish setter which has had red mange for past two years, have had him cured as I thought twice, but he breaks out again. He is apparently healthy otherwise and eats well. Can you advise me as to treatment? 2. Is there any danger of a person taking it from a dog by rubbing him or otherwise handling him? Ans. 1. Use one of the mange cures advertised in our columns, also give him some blood purifier. Dr. Glover has a good mixture. 2. We have never known of such a case.

S. W. C., South Ballston, N. Y.—Kindly give me extended pedigree of pointer dog Ino II. (A.K.R. 6,239) through your valuable columns. Ans. Ino II. (A.K.R. 6,043), by Ino out of Megg, by Beausire out of Mag M., by Craft out of Temptation. Beausire by Tim out of Fannie Fisher. Tim by champion Faust out of champion Clytie, by champion Sensation out of Lily. Fanny Fisher by champion Beaufort out of Nymph, by Viscount out of Dolly. Ino by Joker, Jr. out of Lady Mac, by Faust out of Gertrude, by Snapshot. Joker, Jr. by Beaufort out of Nymph, as above.

W. A. R., E. Tawas, Mich.—Please inform me through your valuable paper what months trout spawn in, and if any difference in locality and how long they carry their eggs. Ans. Brook trout usually begin spawning in October and the season sometimes lasts until April. In exceptional cases the spawning season may begin much earlier in the fall, so that the limits of the spawning may include all of the year except the hot summer months. The temperature of the water has a great deal to do with the date of spawning as well as with the development of the eggs, and the spawning may be hastened by liberal feeding.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

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- No. 1, 3 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Trout or Black Bass Fly Rods, solid reel seat below hand, nickel mountings, silk whippings, extra tip, all complete in wood form, length 9 ft., 10, 10 ft., weight 7, 8, 9 oz. Price \$2 72
No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " " " 3 23
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8 ft., 9 ft., 10 ft., weight 9, 10, 12, 13 oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted " " " 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8 ft., weight 20 oz. " 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. " " " 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9 ft. " 90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish. 25 yds. 30c.; 40 yds., 45c.; 60 yds., \$1.05; 80 yds., \$1.15; 100 yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40 yds., \$1.75; 60 yds., \$2.25; 80 yds., \$2.50; 100 yds., \$3.75. Braided Line Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 800 ft., 41c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300 ft., 9 thread, 38c.; 12 thread, 43c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1 ft., per doz., 15c.; 2 ft., per doz., 30c.; 3 ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1 ft., per doz., 15c.; 2 ft., per doz., 30c.; 3 ft., doz., 45c.

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CALIBER.**



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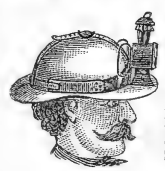
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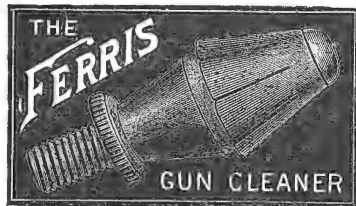
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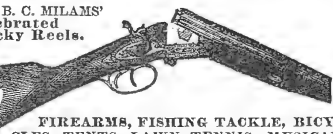
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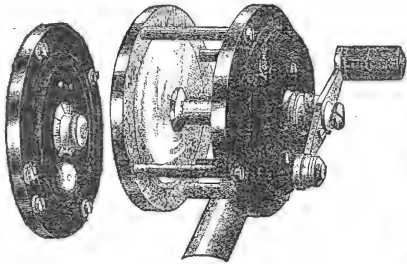
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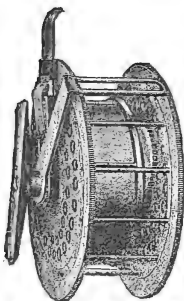
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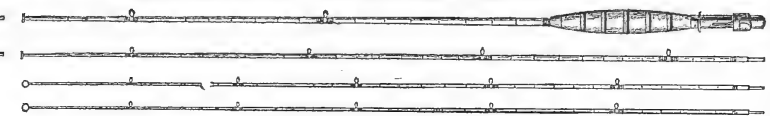
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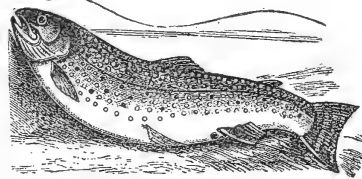
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An Old Un in a New Dress.



This is the size of the fish he caught and carried home to-day.



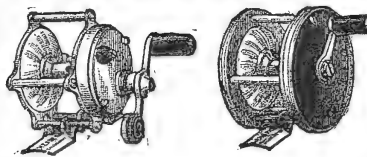
And this is the size of the one he hooked. But the blamed thing got away, because he didn't buy his tackle from

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No. 318 BROADWAY.

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THE FUR SEAL CRISIS.

THE season for beginning to kill seals at the Pribylov Islands opens usually about June 1, but as yet no one seems to know whether the Government has decided that the fur seals shall or shall not be exterminated this season. It is announced that Great Britain has proposed to the State Department that no seals whatever shall be killed this year, and that, during this close time, further investigations shall be made as to the numbers of these animals which visit the islands during the breeding season of 1891. It is difficult to understand why this proposition, made some time ago, was not at once accepted by our Government, for it is so manifestly in the interest of the protection of this valuable industry that it might have been supposed that we would not have hesitated to secure so good a chance to save the seals, and the dollars which these seals may confidently be expected to produce in the future.

It is claimed, however, that private interests—those of the Commercial Company which has leased the seal islands—are so strong at Washington that the Government hesitates to order the close season, which is demanded by the existing conditions of seal life at the Pribylov Islands; that this company wants to secure all the seals it can this season and cares nothing about the future; in other words, that it wishes for the sake of present gain to utterly destroy a piece of property which for 20 years and more has been bringing in to this Government an annual revenue of about \$300,000. We say nothing about the pity of the extermination of a most interesting mammal. The naturalist and the sentimentalist may grieve over that, but a consideration of that kind does not appeal to the average man so strongly as does the thought that a great sum of money may be taken out of the United States Treasury through the selfishness of an influential corporation.

No satisfactory reason has been advanced for failing to order entire protection to the seals this year, nor—with England's proposal before us—can we conceive why there should be any delay in establishing at least a temporary close season. That such a close season should endure for five years is believed by every one who is familiar with the subject.

But nothing is done at Washington; the days are slipping by, and before long the killing will begin, and the miserable remnant of the young male seals now at the islands will be wiped out of existence, and with them will disappear any present hope of the restoration of our fur seal fisheries.

THE HELEN KELLER FUND.

WE have received since our last issue the following additions to the Helen Keller Fund for the education of the little mute Tommy Stringer; the money has been received through Mr. Wm. Wade, of Hulton, Pa., who, it will be remembered, first brought the subject to the attention of FOREST AND STREAM readers. The English subscriptions came to Mr. Wade from Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, editor of the London *Stock-Keeper*:

Geo. R. Krehl, Esq., London, Eng.....	£5 05
J. G. Crawford, Esq., London, Eng.....	05
F. B. Craven, Esq., Thornbridge, Eng.....	1 01
A. J. Gosling, Esq., England.....	5 00

The above is equivalent to.....	\$11 11
J. W. Paul, Esq., Oakmont, Pa.....	\$56 25
	5 00

Previously received.....

Total to date.....\$118 25

The amount has been sent direct to Helen Keller at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Boston. In this connection, the following paragraphs from the Boston *Globe's* report of a recent exhibition at the Kindergarten for the Blind in Jamaica Plain, Mass., will be of special interest to Helen's friends among our readers:

The first of these was "Little Helen Keller," as her friends still call her, though she is fast outgrowing the adjective in its literal meaning, for she has grown very rapidly indeed during the past year, and is now as tall as her devoted teacher, Miss Sullivan. Helen's mental progress has more than kept pace with her physical growth. Her wonderfully brilliant mind has developed in a manner nothing short of the marvellous, a fact which is shown in the beaming intelligence which shines from every feature of her expressive face.

During the past year, moreover, Helen has learned to talk and can now use her vocal organs in audible speech. She says everything she wishes to express, many things with such distinctness that one can see it is only a matter of time when she will have complete control of her organs of speech.

Helen was especially pleased to see Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had come on her own special invitation. This letter of Helen's to the beloved poet was very beautiful and touching from the quaintness of its manner and expression. She told Dr. Holmes that she should be very glad to have him come to this reception because she should read during the exercises his poem on "Spring Hath Come;" and she told him, moreover, how much she loved this, one of her favorite poems, because once she could not see the spring at all, but now she saw it through his eyes.

Little Tommy Stringer, the latest inmate of the kindergarten, was near Helen constantly. He is her little protege, for whose education she has herself undertaken to provide, and she was constantly caressing him. Tommy is 4 or 5 years of age, a happy, smiling, fat little lump of humanity, who has absolutely no means of communicating unto the outside world, as he has never yet been taught anything. He appeals to all hearts by his helplessness and by his affectionate nature, for he demands constant petting and tending to make him happy, attentions which he rewards with smiles and kisses.

Helen Keller was announced, and there was a little flutter of excitement as the tall, graceful girl advanced with her teacher to a little table, on which was placed a large book printed in raised letters. She found the page herself, and then said, through her teacher, on whose hand she spelled out the words: "I will read a few verses from Dr. Holmes' poem, 'Spring Hath Come.' It is one of my favorites."

Then she read, her teacher still acting as her interpreter, a portion of this beautiful poem, her face expressive of the utmost delight as she did so. He left hand traversed the page, spelling out the words with her finger tips, while with her right hand she made the characters she thus read. When some of the flowers were mentioned, such as the rose, the violet and the jonquill, she eagerly pointed them out from a bunch of flowers which she had, selecting the right blossom with the utmost quickness and ease.

But more was to come, for at the close of her silent reading Helen repeated in audible speech the last stanza of the poem, a feat which was greeted with the warmest applause by her delighted audience.

Then Dr. Phillips Brooks, at Helen's request, told the story of her newly adopted protege, little Tommy Stringer, for whose education she is anxious to raise the necessary funds, and in her name made an appeal for help in this task. It costs between \$600 and \$700 a year to care for such a helpless little waif as the blind, deaf and dumb boy, providing him with a special teacher, etc., and of this sum Helen has about one-half the necessary amount raised.

She is asking her friends to help her in this work, and surely the appeal of one such child on behalf of another cannot go unanswered.

THE ANGLING EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

ANGLERS throughout the country will learn with decided gratification that Dr. Jas. A. Henshall has been appointed on the staff of the Government Exhibit, and as a special agent of the U. S. Fish Commission in relation to the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. Capt. J. W. Collins has entire charge of all matters connected with fish and fishing in both the Government and competitive displays for that event. It is Dr. Henshall's expressed purpose to get together the largest and most complete and comprehensive exhibit of everything pertaining to angling, and as "Angling Expert" he will have charge of this especial feature.

The matter is one in which manufacturers and dealers should feel interested, and the great army of anglers should also contribute their aid and influence. The opportunity should not be lost to make this one of the greatest and most effective exhibits of all that pertains in any way to angling. We bespeak for Dr. Henshall the hearty co-operation of every one who can aid him in making the display a credit to the angling interests of the country. At an early date we hope to supply full information as to the character and scope of the exhibit; of one thing we may be sure, that the work has been intrusted to competent hands and will be conducted with intelligence and ability.

SNAP SHOTS.

NUMEROUS game and fish bills introduced at Albany this year shared the fate of the codification measure; the only bill which became a law was one providing for fishways in the Cattaraugus creek and tributaries. All the Adirondack Park bills were killed. The closing days of the Assembly were enlivened by a wrangle over the report of the Committee on Public Lands and Forestry, which investigated the Forest Commissioners. The majority report found that the Commissioners had neglected their duty, if indeed they were not criminally negligent, and a bill introduced by the committee legislated the Commissioners out of office and provided for a new board of three Forest Commissioners. The minority report, while it censured the Commissioners, did not call for their removal. The Commissioners had friends enough in the Assembly to defeat the majority report and to adopt the minority report. Of course, after that action, the majority bill, removing the Commissioners, was not able to go beyond the committee which introduced it. What a sweet condition of things it is to be sure.

Our angling columns record the notable exploit of Mrs. George F. Stagg, of Louisville, Ky., who captured with rod and reel, in the Caloosahatchie River, Florida, a tarpon weighing 205lbs. Mrs. Stagg now enjoys the proud and for a woman extraordinary distinction of being "high hook" among the tarpon anglers. The previous record for rod and reel was held by Mr. John G. Hecksher with a fish of 184lbs., and for hand-line fishing by Senator Quay with one of 187lbs. Next week we shall print some notes about other women anglers who have scored success with these big fish of Florida.

The note in our angling columns respecting the Mastigouche trout waters will be particularly welcome to many because of the explanation contained in it that the fishing in that district is free. In these days when so large a share of good fishing has been absorbed by clubs, he is doing a public service who points the way to lakes and streams which are still open.

AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.—The twentieth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Societies will be held in the lecture hall of the National Museum, in Washington, D. C., May 27. The following papers have been promised for the occasion: "The Rearing of Salmonidæ in Troughs and Tanks," by Mr. Charles G. Atkins; "Kennerly's Salmon" and "An Albino Brook Trout," by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean; "The Fish and Fisheries of Florida," by Dr. H. H. Cary, Fish Commissioner of Georgia; "The Fisheries at the World's Fair," by Capt. J. W. Collins; a paper by Dr. G. Brown Goode, its title not yet furnished; "On the Teeth of Fishes as a Guide to their Food Habits," by Dr. J. A. Henshall; "Breeding Habits of the Yellow Perch," by Mr. Fred Mather; "The Transportation of Living Fishes," by Mr. W. P. Seal.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OLD MR. BASS (INJEANNY).

DOWN in ther medder green grass er growin';
Leaves on er oak tree big ez squirrel-ear;
Perty soon the v'let flowers they'll be a-blowin';
Run er suckers in ther crick er clur-a-past yere.
Medder lark er "pinky-pank-in" 'long ther bottom lane;
Woodpecker workin' on ther ole rotten rail;
Warter in ther crick er a-gittin' clean an' plain,
En ole Mr. Bass he 'ginter wiggle hes tail!
'Long on ther riffs ther minnies er a-swarmin',
Frog in ther ma'sh er-tunin' perty high,
Sky gittin' cl'arer an' 'days er a-warmin',
En ole Mr. Bass er a-cookin' up hes eye.
Climb ther ole shed an' git yer pole down, Sammy,
Reckon we 'ont need no coats in this soryer air,
Pack yer dinner pail an' bait, an' say good-bye to mammy,
Ole Mr. Bass he kaint give us no dare!

B. HOUGH.

CHICAGO, ILL., April.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—III.

[Continued from Page 303.]

WHEN the rain had ceased breakfast was prepared and partaken of, and then we started for another raid for the coveted fish. We each got a rise at the boulders after a few casts and unfortunately missed, and then Jupiter again opened the flood gates, which necessitated a retreat to the tents. The rain continued without intermission till 3 o'clock in the afternoon and then it ceased. Once more we take to the boat and on reaching the rocks about half a mile from camp we caught six, four falling to my rod, my first trophies, of which there was one double catch, and of the remainder one each to Ned and Joe. Rain coming on again another retreat was made. It had now been raining for two days and nights with but little cessation and it looked as if we were in for another night of it. Supper had to be prepared amid the shower and served in the tent. After the meal there was a slight discontinuance of the rain, and as the camp-fire looked exceedingly inviting we gathered around it, endeavoring to look serene and happy. To make the situation more cheerful Ned got off, in capital style, "The Arkansas Traveler," giving both music and dialogue, to the infinite delight of the half-breeds. Occasionally the rain would again commence and cause us to beat a retreat to shelter, there to remain till it had ceased. We kept thus marching to and from the tent to fire till 9 o'clock and then retired. No sooner were we wrapped in our blankets than the pitiless rain commenced beating a tattoo upon the tent and then by way of sarcasm I recited:

"Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain."

"Please omit the remainder of the stanza, as any reference to 'patter of rain' is just now sadly out of place and a terrible bore."

"I will cheerfully comply, but you know, Ned, that poetry is the music of the soul, and above all of great and feeling souls."

"Then give us 'The Beautiful Snow' and forever after hold your peace, as I desire to slumber, and brood no longer o'er this elemental strife of thunder, lightning and rain."

"Good night, then."

"Ta ta."

And then amid "the patter of the rain" we fell into an "inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness."

The morning opened cool and foggy, with a sky anything but flattering for clear weather. Cloud after cloud of a wintry mixture was scudding along in wild pursuit, while the waves were beating a solemn anthem on the ragged rocks. Ned discovered on arising that he had been badly bitten during the night by some insect he thought more ferocious than a sand fly or a mosquito. The afflicted part of his body which he exhibited was a pitiful sight, marvelously resembling a miniature ridge of purple mountains. He freely laved it with some Pond's Extract, which soon allayed the pain and the inflammation.

Immediately after breakfast Joe went to work and finished making the pair of oars, upon which he had been engaged during spare hours ever since we had been in camp. He was a good mechanic and had made an excellent job of them.

Ned proposed after the completion of the oars that we go to Maple Island and the main shore opposite for our morning's sport. It certainly did not seem prudent to go out in such threatening weather; but as we could soon sound a retreat in case of necessity, I acquiesced, and we all got in the boat and started with as cheerful hearts as if the elements were of a roscate character. We were soon on good grounds, and then the strife for the quarry commenced in earnest. Ned sent his pet creature into every choice spot that presented, and it was not long before he had a glorious rise, but unfortunately he missed it. It was but a moment or two before my end of the boat was opposite the spot where Ned woke up the freckled beauty, and then circling through the air went my silver-doctor and brown-hackle in search of the hungry trout. He or another of the haughty and handsome tribe rose to the delusive doctor and then repented of his rash action by trying to run away, but the tempered steel held him secure, while the reel was discoursing music most sweet and the rod bending in unison. He struggled like a gallant warrior for some time and then died like all his tribe with his defiant eye to his wily adversary. He was a three-pounder of exceeding grace and symmetry and a ravishing beauty in his cloak of spotted carmine. We whipped the waters after this capture for some time before getting another rise and that came to Ned, who was more fortunate this time, for he skillfully succeeded in bringing the daintily painted darling to net.

Being now at the north entrance of the bay we crossed over to lovely Maple Island, a noted rendezvous for the tribe of *fontinalis*. Here I caught two more of indiffer-

ent size, and Joe, who was now using Ned's rod, killed another, and then the elements showing such a bold front for a wild storm of rain, if not of wind, we up sail and beat a hasty retreat. A handsome breeze sent us racing o'er the ruffled waters, with the white foam spraying quite lively from the sharp prow of the graceful craft. To windward ragged clouds were looming up like blocks of blackness, such as a poet "might dream of in picturing the hellish walls and battlements of a beleaguered city of demons," upon which there was a play and crackle of lightning, but no moan of thunder yet.

As we struck the beach at our camping quarters, a slight sprinkle of rain commenced, which increased to such an extent that we had to take to our tents for comfort. The boatmen were already in theirs, enjoying themselves over a game of cards, leaving our trout in the boat uncared for. Ned, angered at this display of carelessness, roused them out of their snug quarters to give the attention the fish desired. They, however, went about quite pleasantly, much to my surprise, as an Indian dislikes to be told of his neglected duties. They had been feasting so royally and having so much idle time, owing to the rain, that they thought it best to obey instructions in a cheerful manner. John was naturally a well-behaved half-breed, but Joe had a streak of ugliness in him that I was sure would flash out ere the trip was over.

The remainder of the day, which continued rainy, we passed in playing cribbage and reading. Ned had started in with a perusal of that lovely creation of Mr. Blackmore's vivid imagination, "Lorna Doone," while I had fallen under the fascination of Balzac's "Two Brothers," a work of absorbing interest, holding one as spell-bound as the mariner held the wedding guest with his glittering eye.

On stepping from our tent the next morning we were greeted with a dense fog that covered both land and lake. By 9 o'clock the fog disappeared, and we again made battle on the radiant beauties just below the camp, catching ten by 11 o'clock. The largest of these was 4lbs, while the remainder ran much smaller than usual, several of them not being even half a pound. They were the most diminutive trout we had ever caught on the North Shore, and we were much surprised at it. Rain threatening, we headed for camp, but before reaching it were caught in the down pour. Our rubber coats and "southwesters," however, gave us ample protection, but the half-breeds got a good soaking.

After dinner Ned's penchant for overhauling tackle possessed him, and in a twinkling the table was strewn with as varied an assortment of stock of angling goods as you would see in a sporting-goods store. Having lost in the morning, owing to an imperfection in the gut, his pet creation, mention of which I forgot to make in the proper place, he set about to construct a similar one, being satisfied that that model was the most tempting that could be made from fur, tinsel and feather, and that in it "Nature would live again in art," and "the speckled trout the curious snare approve."

Matters are looking dismal around camp, though the spirits of the campers are not the least bit o'ershadowed by the damp state of affairs, it now being the fifth day of rain, with no sign of clearing weather, and to make matters worse, Joe averred that morning he had seen it rain here every day for a month or more. About 4 o'clock, as if by magic, the rain ceased, the misty clouds sailed away and a bright sunshine appeared in the west, tingling with bands of gold the little clouds as they sprang into existence.

This cheerful change of the elements inspired us with new life, and word was at once given to again attempt a decimation of the proud princelings of the watery realm that in wait lie for floating prey. The pursuit was along a serrated and wood-crowned shore, that unfolded a grand panorama of lovely scenery, encircled with all the colors of the opal and amethyst from the now glowing sun. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who had the gift of living out into the free and open universe, has caught the identity of such scenery and solitude in the poem entitled "The Sea Limits," where he connects both with the life of men:

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee.
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,
Still the one voice of wave and tree.
Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

After much artful persuasion we finally succeeded in capturing two lovely specimens of the speckled brigade, one being a three-pounder and the other a pound less. This satisfying our craving for possession of the jeweled beauties, we returned to camp, with Ned making the woods and waters echo with his melodious notes. Having now more trout than would satisfy our wants for a few days, we concluded to slightly salt the surplus, which was to be held as a reserve when stormy weather prevented an indulgence in the sport.

The sun not sinking in a clear sky that evening satisfied us that we were to be kept in doubt as to settled weather. Ned, defining the evening as gray, said the mariner's rhyme, as to guide for weather, would, under such conditions, hold good:

"An evening red and morning gray,
Will set the traveler on his way;
But an evening gray and a morning red,
Will pour down rain on a traveler's head."

Not to be o'ershadowed in weather prognostication, I stated that the old rhyme informs us:

"If the cock crows going to bed,
He will rise with a watery head;
When the peacock loudly bawls,
We shall soon have rain and squalls."

"That's all O. K.," says Ned, "but a lamentable future is predicted for that crowing cock in the old couplet."

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Will never come to a good end."

"I don't exactly see the unison between a crowing hen and a crowing cock."

"Some persons can't."

Retreating under a sublime simile, I was perfectly willing to let Ned remain master of the cap and bells, and then the weather talk was settled, about the only elemental thing we could at that time settle.

The boys gave us a fine spread for our supper that evening, and though it was not

"Of syllabubs and jellies and mince pies,
And other such ladylike luxuries,"

it excelled that of the Hidalgo's meal, which was simply "very little meat and a great deal of table cloth." Neither walnuts nor wine had we, but a bountiful supply of broiled trout, ham and eggs, fried potatoes, hot cakes with maple syrup, raspberries, peaches, and the inevitable tea, to all of which we brought the hungry edge of appetite.

After the repast, Ned indulged in a luminous smoke, and I in Balzac's fiction, till darkness compelled me to relinquish the volume. Speculation as to prospective weather was again reopened, and then, the trip for the morning being laid out, we sought our tents now redolent with balsam, which was a foot deep throughout, and was as inviting a place for slumber as mansion grand. We were not long in our blankets before the balsamic air wooed us to gentle and healthful sleep.

There was some promise in the new morn of clearing weather, as the fog which then prevailed was fast retreating to the hills, where it hung in great clouds, remorselessly shutting out the sylvan scenes with which we were envired.

Immediately after breakfast we got ready for a trip along the shore on the opposite side of the bay, and as we were to go about six miles, and not expecting to return before night, we took lunch with us. Ned discovered that morning the first shad fly that we had seen since leaving the "Soo." It was an omen of good luck, for with their appearance the trout rise more freely to the fly. The first place we fished was the large reef in our immediate front, from which we took two fine trout, weighing respectively 3 and 4lbs. After this we crossed to the coast, where we whipped the waters for over a mile or more without receiving a single rise, owing, doubtless, to the mirrored surface which prevailed. In a short time the sun came out in all its glory, changing the panorama of dismal dreariness, which had encompassed us for the past six days, to prospects more bright and beautiful. Being desirous of drying everything in camp we returned, and exposed mattresses, blankets, pillows, etc., to the bright, warm rays of the sun. This completed, we set the boys to gathering some fresh balsam boughs for the tent, and then Ned and I had a lively rubber of crib, in which I routed him "horse, foot and dragons."

After the game, the forest looked so inviting in golden hues and grateful shade, that we strolled through it some distance, picking here and there as we proceeded the luscious raspberries, which grow in great abundance on all sides. At every step, now that there was warmth in the bright rays of the sun, we came across moths and butterflies and delicate insects with gossamer-like wings, that rose from the green tangle under foot. Here we saw our first forest bird of the trip, a gold-crest. Soon after a blackcap, from the cool shadows of the underbrush, lit upon a cedar bough and fairly split his little throat in rounding the rich bars of an aria, the exquisite melody of which seemed just in keeping with the sylvan scene. The woods being yet a little damp from the late rains, we thought it prudent to bring our enjoyable ramble to an end, and so we reluctantly returned to camp.

For six hours the sun shone brightly, and then the damp and chilly fog appeared and again enveloped everything in its misty folds; while sullen clouds, chasing each other across the sky, interposed their gray masses as a bar to the rays of the sun. No light, no warmth, nothing but a cold, clammy feeling in the air, that makes you wish you might change places with some dweller in the tropics. It is unendurable and decidedly uncomfortable.

About 4 o'clock that evening, despite the fog and bleak air, we ventured to the reef again, where after an hour's earnest casting I rose a monster to the lure, which I hooked, but after his first dash, sad to relate, he kissed me a hurried farewell as he flopped his broad tail in my disappointed face. I was evidently vexed at the loss, but gave birth to no impiety over it. We fished on till 6 o'clock without exciting the inquisitiveness of another mottled darling and then returned to camp. This is the same place where Ned caught his six-pounder last season, of which exciting struggle he still has delightful remembrance. In the evening about 8 o'clock the tent in which our boatmen slept and where our provisions were kept took fire through the sheer carelessness of John, who had placed a lighted candle near the canvas and then went hurriedly away. At the first alarm we ran swiftly to the tent and worked in good earnest to quench the growing flames. Fortunately a bucket of water near by was quickly secured and thrown on the blazing tent, which somewhat checked the fire for a moment, and then the canvas was rapidly stripped from the ridge pole and smothered by rolling it together. The boys soon improvised another tent with the sails and remnants, and next morning Joe took the fire-despoiled tent to his home in Goalias Bay and had the damage repaired. We were soon again in good form in camp and all going well. These little incidents add to the exciting interest of the trip, at least the boys thought so, as they were quite merry over this one after the occurrence.

We started the next morning for Bachewananing Bay, with the air soft and balmy, the lake a quivering, sparkling sheet of silver, and the hills all purple and pink and faint crimson. It was a pure delight, this slipping o'er the plain of twinkling waters under bright skies, that charmingly mellowed all things in the landscapes so beautifully spread before us. Our troubadour, catching the inspiration of the radical change, tuned his lute-like voice and sang in notes melodious:

"The night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of heaven smiled
As they wandered up the sky."

In a few hours we rounded into the east side of Bachewananing Bay and then sailed into a little cove, landed, and made camp in a most lovely place. The half-breeds soon had the boat unloaded, the tents in position, and then fitting up a temporary kitchen, turned their attention to making a convenient landing for the boat. This was done by taking a long timber about 13in. square, that they found stranded, and anchored it with heavy stones at right

angles from the shore. It was found to be a great accommodation, as we could always have the boat on the lee side, thus doing away with the pulling of the boat upon the shore when we landed. Joe was quite clever in these matters, and always had the camp in systematic order.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

ANTOINE BISSETTE'S LETTERS.—VIII.

M'sieu Beeg Sebattis Mitchell.

Ah 'll was glad for gat you lett' me, an' have it you called me "sab." Dese Yankee ant gat rispeck for mans dat was so hol for hees gran'pere an' was faght on de Pappineau war, an' was gat so gray as geeses on top hees head of it wid sprimble of gre' deal of snow in winter. Dey was call me "hol' Antwine," sometam "Onc Antwine," de polite of it do, but dat kan ant many of de Yankee, an' de young Frenchmans dat t'ink he was Yankee cause he was preffume hees hairs wid hen ile, an' part it of de middlin' of hees head and rode in taup buggy wid hol' hoss mos' can' draw it, he jist as wuss. He called me "hol man Bissette."

Ah 'll lak for be called "Sab," me, or Bonhomme Bissette. Tank you for you polite.

Wal, Ah do' know but Ah 'll was moch oblige for you information baout dat nem of bird, probly. Probly log-cock was de nem in Maines, probly hwoodcock was de nem in Vairmont. It ant gat no defference for de bird.

Ah 'll know some Frenchmans has gat hees nem in Canada Pierre La Roche, an' w'en he come here he was Peter Stone, but he was jes' de sem Frenchmans an' smell jis' lak his grandpere Jacques La Roche, of onion an' pea soup.

Ah 'll ant hear dat log everywhere ant mek of hwood, ant it? What Ah 'll said was dat it was better nem for bird dat paoun' hees head of a tree all de tam, be hwoodcock, as for bird dat all de tam steek hees nose in de mud an' you can' mek it lit of tree, hein?

An b'lieved Ah 'll mek sleep of mah pen w'en Ah 'll wrote pill-eatin' hwoodpeckit. M'sieu Mumsin say it was pill-he eat-it hwoodpeckit.

He read me all Mees Hardy wrote it. Ah 'll lak it very moch all she 'll said for dis-crite her trav'lin' in de hwood.

It brought back of me grea' many t'ing Ah 'll see long of mah hol' frien' Sam Lovet w'en we be feeshin an' trap.

But Ah 'll ant lak so moch dat Airish fellers Stockin' Heels an' todder ones she 'll tol' of it.

Ah do' know 'f she won't bus' de Maine law. Bah gosh, Ah don' care 'f she was. It was pooty dry law, an' Ah b'lieve dat sportsmans t'ink all de feesh an' game was mek for heem an' de law for todder feller.

Ah 'll was very hones' man mahsef, an' ant broked law more as Ah 'll was oblige. Ah 'll ant never took not'ing Ah 'll ant want.

Give mah riggard of Mees Hardy an' yousef an' wrote some more. Your truly,

ANTOINE BISSETTE.
Scripps.—Dereck Mr. Antoine Bissette, Danvit, Vairmont, care FORES STRIM

IN MEMORY OF "NESSMUK."

ON his grave but one winter's snows have fallen and melted, yet his voice and his presence are almost forgotten. Though the hemlocks that whispered to him of last spring's returning are as green in perpetual verdure as when last he heard them, and with voices unchanged are whispering the often-told story; though the birds and first blossoms that with his last breath he welcomed, with blooming and song, tell but the next spring's returning, he is almost forgotten.

In the clamor of voices, his voice has grown silent; out of the thronged hands that are uplifted for things which are unattainable, his strong hand has fallen forever. In the turbulent whirl of the world he is almost forgotten; his memory faded like the wake of his boat from the breast of the river, where it pulsed for a breath, then throbbed out in the swirl of the current.

Yet some will remember him, him who was never alone with nature, who caught and repeated her secrets to ears that she never vouchsafed them.

To them is his ghostly hand pointing the dimmer traced paths of the woodland; still they hear his quaint runes of the forest; his stories of camp and adventure; lessons of woodcraft and canoeing, and unseen he presides at their camp-fires.

While his hemlocks shall sigh in the springtime, repeating the sigh of the streams, reawakened, while the thrush's bell chimes in the aisles of the forest; the wood-drake preens his plumes in the pride of his wooing; the voice of the whippoorwill throbs through the twilight; while the paddle shall tread in the path of the rivers, and the camp-fire shall quicken the morris of shadows; while a nook of the world is untamed and wilding—for all he has told us of these, as never was told by another, the name of our "Nessmuk" shall not be forgotten.

AWAHSSOUE.

APRIL 30, 1891.

Natural History.

THE TRUTH IN NATURE.

LESS than a century ago, in the time when men had not penetrated so deeply into the study of nature, there was a great deal of poetry and romance connected with animal life that had been slowly but surely driven out as the study advanced.

Travelers, returning from unexplored regions, told strange and incredible stories about the wonderful wild animals they had encountered; but investigation has rent asunder these fanciful tales, and left only cold facts in their places.

I am the owner of a natural history written by one Riley and published about the year 1789. It is a quaint old book and its yellow leaves and odd type furnish the reader with a number of strange accounts. Among others may be found something like the following: "The digestive apparatus of the ostrich is said to be very strong indeed, that bird not only being able to digest such things as stones, bits of glass and iron; but it is even said that it makes a good meal of a bed of live coals."

We laugh at such a statement, but no doubt at the time of publication it was stated for a fact.

What right have we to laugh? It is not long since almost every one firmly believed the porcupine capable of shooting its quills like arrows, and regarded it an animal well able to defend itself against almost any foe, instead of the quiet inoffensive little creature that curls itself in a ball at the first approach of an enemy, trusting solely to its spine-covered skin for protection.

Men who lived only a short time before us did not question but what the pretty, graceful swallows that skimmed so lightly o'er the blue waters in summer, buried themselves in the mud at the bottoms of our rivers and ponds, when the season was over, to await the return of spring.

It has been but a short time since investigation has shown that the supposed happy family made up of the prairie dog, the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake is not only not a happy family; but does not exist at all. Our first idea was that these three animals of such different habits, lived in perfect harmony, liked the so-called happy families of the modern circus; but our faith in this belief is somewhat shaken by the following which may be found in Wood's Natural History: "According to popular belief, these three creatures live very harmoniously together; but observation has shown that the snake and owl are interlopers, living in the burrow because the poor owner cannot turn them out and finding an easy subsistence off the young prairie dogs." We were satisfied with this for a time but judge the astonishment created when Elliott Coues in one of his latest writings makes the following statement in speaking of the burrowing owl: "I have found colonies in Kansas and other States, in all cases occupying the deserted burrows of the quadrupeds, not living in common with them as usually supposed."

Naturalists are now telling us that the opossum does not play possum; but is merely paralyzed with fear for the time being, articles are published every day in our ornithological papers and magazines which go to prove that owls can see equally as well by day as by night. It is still an undecided question whether snakes "charm" their prey or not. In the western backwoods these old stories are still believed in, the ignorant classes cling with fondness to them and will not learn anything different, and down in our own hearts do we not all of us cling to them, more or less? Do we not hate to give them up, and is it not with a little regret that we are forced to acknowledge that the porcupine does not shoot his quills, that the bird of paradise really has feet and legs, and that our national bird, the white-headed eagle, is far from the noble bird we once thought him to be.

LOTOR.

THE DRUMMING OF THE GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience as to why the grouse drums is not in full accord with that given by your correspondent "Dorp."

I find that the grouse drums for the same reason that birds sing. First to celebrate the mating season, second to teach the art to the young.

In Maine, my native State, the grouse usually drums from an old moss-grown log, but in Cape Ann there are no logs so the bird resorts to a boulder. There are two such boulders near my cabin. I can easily hear the drumming by day or night, particularly by night, as I sleep in a hammock, in the open air, from the middle of April to the middle of November.

Early in the season the male drums while the female is on the nest laying, and but seldom at other times until the female begins to sit. While she is sitting he drums through the day for the first week, after which he continues the drumming into the night, and often drums all night just before the chicks are out.

Late in the season the old bird drums at long intervals, as a lesson to the young. I often hear the feeble attempts of the young males to produce the sound and I have followed them through all the stages up to the time when they are become perfect.

HERMIT.

NEW AND LITTLE KNOWN MAMMALS.—We have received from the American Museum of Natural History three interesting papers extracted from Volume III. of the Bulletin of the Museum, and comprising pages 195 to 198 inclusive and 203 to 228 inclusive. These papers give the results of the studies of Dr. J. A. Allen on certain mammals collected in the Southwest and in Central America. One of the most interesting discoveries announced is that of the capture in southern California of a new species of big-eared bat of the South American genus *Histiotis*. It is not so very long ago that Dr. Merriam described, from the same region, an interesting new bat of the genus *Molossus*, allied to *M. perotis* of Brazil, and this capture of a second South American bat here is very interesting. It is only within a short time that naturalists have begun to learn anything about the fauna of southern California, and the unexpected forms of life which have already been discovered there lead us to look for still other remarkable finds as the region is more thoroughly explored. "Notes on a Collection of Mammals from Costa Rica" occupies 16 pages of the Bulletin and mentions 38 species, of which four are now first described, a *Blarina* and three mice of the genus *Hesperomys*. A collection of mammals gathered by Mr. George B. Sennett, the well-known ornithologist, and his collection in southern Texas and northern Mexico is the material described in the third paper under consideration. This represents 31 species, of which two, a mole and a jumping mouse (*Dipodops*), are new.

QUEER FREAK OF A RABBIT.—When I was a boy I took my brother's old shotgun and feeling myself to be a veritable nimrod went in quest of rabbits, which to the eye of a young novice seem as big in the bushes as a mule in the barnyard. I had not gone more than 300 yds. from the house when my keen eye caught sight of bunny just behind a few slender twigs. I was sure of him. Bang went the blunderbuss, the rabbit never stirred but sat perfectly still. I had taken but one load and I thought what should I do. Like the old farmer in the spelling book, I would see what virtue there was in stones. I drew near and "let drive." Away he went, and I watched him until he ran up a pile of rocks upon which he stopped and, strange to say, remained until I went home, reloaded, returned and shot him. I will add that the rocks upon which he sat were full of crevices in which he could have safely hid himself. Verily the actions of game are often puzzling as well as interesting to the hunter and naturalist.—N. D. E.

SNAKE BITTEN.—Greensburg, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: On last Wednesday night I went out to our large greenhouse to adjust the heating furnace, and while kneeling close to some loose bricks and other rubbish was bitten on the left knee by a snake which I take to be what we commonly term a house snake, but as it was quite dark I could not see it plainly, and it got

away. Several of these snakes have been seen by different members of the family this spring. I did not pay much attention to the matter until the next morning when the wound and part of the leg was badly swollen and discolored. Not having anything else handy I plastered it with a salve of zinc ointment and soda, bound on with prepared antiseptic corrosive sublimate gauze and painted around, the discolored unhealthy skin with tincture of iodine. Since then the wound has emitted considerable discolored matter, the swelling has decreased and it is now healing toward the center from the edges. At first I experienced both sharp and aching pains all over my body, but this has also decreased, and while I cannot use my limb I know that it is improving under this treatment. I use whisky when pained at the heart, and it seems to give relief. I write this because time hangs heavily on my hands and some one else may profit by using this treatment. Trout are fairly plentiful, and most local anglers are getting after them during this fine weather. No very large fish or big hauls have been made yet, so if the snakes just leave me alone I may get a few of them yet.—DEACON. [The rattlesnake and copperhead are the only venomous snakes known in your section. It is unfortunate that the reptile was not identified. You were fortunate to escape so easily as you seem to have done.]

AN ALBINO LOBSTER.—G. M. Long & Co., of New London, Conn., recently caught an albino lobster in Fisher's Island Sound. The entire shell is white, even to the ends of the claws. The eyes are pink. This is supposed to be the first lobster of the kind that has been taken. Blue lobsters are occasionally caught in Fisher's Island Sound, and more rarely in Maine.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

BOB WHITE VS. PA'TRIDGE.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.—I read the letter of your Kentucky correspondent, in which he enters his protest against the false nomenclature which is so persistently adopted in certain sections of the country, and by which our well-known gallinaceous bird is called a quail. You wrote to me, several years ago, that it was useless to combat the error, for it had become so firmly established that it could not be uprooted. I know that there is always great labor attending the removal of false impressions, and that falsehood, when deeply imbedded in the human mind, is a formidable opponent. But I have heard that truth was mighty and would at last prevail. My little bird is allied to the quail of Europe in that it is gallinaceous. So are the partridge, the pheasant, the blackcock, and all the varieties of grouse. A duck is allied to a goose and a brant and a coot and a loon. But that does not make a duck a goose. The quail is a migratory bird, breeds in southern France or Spain, and in search of food flies over the kingdom or the republic or the empire of France, and when he reaches the British Channel he is able to cross it, whether from Calais to Dover, or where it is many miles wider. To do this he must have long wings, so as to maintain an extended flight. Did any one ever hear of Bob White flying so much as a mile? Does he migrate for hundreds of miles? As a general thing, does he not die within a half mile of where he was hatched? He does change his locality when food demands require it—but he does not leave the neighborhood.

I am sustained in my views by the best ornithological authorities. I shall content myself, at present, by quoting from "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary": "Quail—A gallinaceous bird closely allied to the partridge of Europe. In the United States this name is loosely applied to the *Ortyx virginianus*, or Bob White."

I do not claim that the Southern nomenclature is correct. Our bird is not the partridge, but more closely resembles it than it does the quail, both in plumage and habits. The ruffed grouse is not the pheasant, nor is it the partridge, as falsely called in Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas on the one side, and New York on the other. Our little field bird should, by common consent, be called Bob White, and thus put a stop to an unpardonable absurdity.

For the best of reasons, I did but little hunting during the past season, and I do not think I bagged over forty birds. During November, December and January, I was confined to my home and physically unable to enter the field. My dogs seem to be sorry for it, and when unblocked would go off on a hunt by themselves. I felt sorry for them, but nothing like so much as I did for myself. My friend Sully, of Richmond, Va., who gave me both of them, and I took several small jaunts. My powers of locomotion have been so poor that I let him do most of the walking, while I took "high cuts" or sat down on a stump or a stone and waited for him to come round. What little shooting I did satisfied me that my "right hand had not lost its cunning." But, alas! my hunting days are nearly over, and all my joys in that respect must be pleasant memories of the bygone.

We have a large stock of birds for breeding purposes—more than usual. If the nesting and rearing season is propitious, when the fall comes the fields will be full of them. Then I hope that our sportsmen will go in quest of them with small-bored light guns. For such game the 10-bore is a nuisance. It is "uplifting the club of Hercules, for what? To crush a butterfly or to brain a gnat."

What is the real value of bench shows? The form and muscle and hair constitute the standard of excellence. Would a sportsman prefer a dog with all the physical recommendations who had no keenness of smell, nor stanchness, nor energy, nor sense? Would a man choose a lawyer because he was a splendid specimen of physical manhood? Give me a good serviceable dog which will hunt, which knows how to hunt, which can stand hunting, which is stanch and has a good nose, and I care very little about the shape of his head, of his legs or his body. The reports of such meetings often amuse me—but I suppose the owners, especially those who come out ahead, find some fun in it.

WELLS,

NORTH CAROLINA.

DUCKING AT LONG POINT MARSH, VA.

It had long been a matter of contemplation on the part of myself and friend Walter Bass that we take together a trip after ducks. It made but little difference to either of us whether we should journey to the waters of Currituck Sound, the Chesapeake or Back Bay, Virginia. At each place we had friends who had extended to us cordial invitations to visit them. After due thought my friend Bass decided that we accept the invitation of some Jersey friends who owned a piece of marsh on Back Bay. The plan originally arranged was to leave New York in November and pass two weeks upon the ground selected. In November came the flurry in the stock market. Mr. Bass is a member. That semi-panic altered all our plans. Customers were in too nervous a state to be left; so my friend Bass had to remain to look after the interests of his firm. As I could not go without him, our trip was indefinitely postponed. "All things come to him who waits." So one Saturday evening in February found us at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in this city. Taking that road to Cape Charles, we next morning arrived at Norfolk, Va. The evening we left New York the weather was the worst imaginable. There was a cold northeast storm in progress, accompanied by a deluge of rain, snow and sleet, and the streets were completely flooded. Leaving as we did on Saturday our Sunday was passed in Norfolk. Never was a greater change in weather conditions. That Sunday morning the sun shone brightly from unclouded skies and the air was as balmy as in September. Our stay in Norfolk will be long remembered for the many pleasant surprises we met while there. We were fortunate enough to fall in with two old friends of Bass's, Sewell Tappen and E. L. Lenthion, old members of the New York Stock Exchange, the former now largely interested in Norfolk real estate, the latter connected with the Dupont Powder Company. In addition to these old friends of Bass's, we became acquainted with Richard Corbin Byrd, Jr., and W. T. Campbell, members of the Virginia Club of Norfolk. Through the kind offices of the latter-named gentleman we were introduced to the club and had extended to us all privileges during our stay. We were most hospitably entertained at the club, and our great regret was that our stay in Norfolk was all too short, so hearty and lavish were the courtesies extended us.

Monday morning found us up at an early hour, for we had to leave Norfolk at 7 o'clock. We were bound for Long Point Marsh. The little side-wheel steamer Bonito was the mode, and Pungo Ferry, some thirty miles southward, our destination. Going through the South Elizabeth River, then the Albemarle and Chesapeake canal, and then the North River to our stopping place, which is at the head of Currituck Sound. Even then our journey was not at an end. At the ferry we were met by Haywood Bower, who had come down with two Virginia carts. Well, I won't attempt a description of them, one of them was for the baggage, the other for Bass and myself. Unfortunately for us our trunk had failed to connect with the Bonito at Norfolk, and so far as clothing was concerned we were, outside of the suit we had on, traveling on faith. To add to our discomfort it came on to rain, and no umbrellas at that. In spite of every discomfort the thing was all so new it was enjoyed thoroughly, especially by Bass, as he endeavored to dump me in the road at every opportunity. After the five-mile drive was over we reached Morse's Point. Here we were met by Will Pontin and Uncle Jake Borden, who conducted us to the landing on Back Bay, where their yawl was awaiting us. We were soon under way, and the two miles' sail to Long Point Marsh—our last stopping place—was quickly done, and springing ashore we were met by Capt. Will Borden, who gave us a hearty welcome. Here we found a new cabin, some 40x30ft. in dimensions. Its inside was one large room, the arrangements of the room being of the simplest character, but admirably suited for sportsmen. For sleeping accommodations we had the best of mattresses and the best of pillows—wild geese feathers filled each tick to the fullest. The marsh is one of the best and we find ourselves in the best of camps as far as ducking clubs are concerned.

To the southward in Currituck Sound are the Swan Island and Currituck clubs, north of us in Back Bay we find Cedar Island, the Ragged Island and Long Island clubs. Opposite, between us and the ocean, is Knotts Island. The marsh is one of the best shooting grounds in the bay. It comprises some 1,700 acres, is some three miles long, by possibly a third of a mile wide, the extreme southwestern point nearly touching the North Carolina line. The boys have cut a canal across the narrowest part so that the different points can be reached without making the long journey around the marsh.

Our other associates during our stay were Peter Corpory and George Carroway, who are employed as gunners. Peter Diggs was our chef, and for one I can vouch for the savory character of our marsh cuisine, whether it be duck, goose, quail, snipe, or bass or perch fresh from the waters of the bay. Peter always had a tempting meal ready, and I never once was found wanting in appetite.

So far as our shooting was concerned, our trip was not what it would have been had we been able to leave in November as we expected. The weather was quite warm and the season at the marsh about over. While it lasted, which was until the food had become scarce, the sport had been excellent. The boys had killed and shipped North hundreds of fowl. These were canvasbacks, red-heads, black duck, mallards, wildgeon and geese. A few swan had also been killed. My friend Bass's great desire was to kill a swan, but they were wild and wary, and his desire was not gratified. My partner during our stay was Uncle Jake Borden. Over 60 years of age, of medium height, with slightly stooping shoulders, he proved one of the best of shooting companions, and what he does not know about oars and boats isn't worth the learning. Captain Will, a tall fine-looking man physically, quiet and pleasant in manner, did his shooting single-handed. Will Pontin, our other host, a nephew to the brothers Borden, took charge of Bass. During the evening the usual swapping of stories was indulged in. They told of many of the tricks of the bay men, among them the following: When a canvasback is shot and found poor in flesh, it was an ordinary thing to cut off its head, and picking out a good fat redhead, decapitate that also. Then the head of the canvas was deftly sewn on the body of the redhead, and a merchantable high-priced bird was the result.

We remained nearly two weeks. We had any number of decoys, and our shooting was entirely point shooting.

The birds did not decoy well in the daytime, and so we had to get out before daybreak in the morning, and then locate ourselves again before sundown in the evening. By adopting this plan we got fairly good shooting. We were not out for slaughter and the result of each day's work was entirely satisfactory. The first Wednesday of our stay we sailed over to Morse's Point and had sport on quail. To our surprise we found on the low bottoms some English snipe, and between both we had rare sport. We hunted over Will Pontin's dog Frank, the product of a cross of setter and pointer bloods. In looks and color Frank showed only the blood of his pointer mother. As a worker the dog was as good as the best. Not alone was he good on snipe and quail, but he was a magnificent retriever both on land or water, or as the natives put it, he would both "tote and fetch." He would bring a duck or goose from the water in a style that could not be surpassed by the best of bay dogs. On Thursday our party went for snipe to Cason's Marsh, but found none. Not to be disappointed in our shooting we went further inland on the point and made a good bag on quail. Sunday, of course, no shooting was done, and church was out of the question. Thrown upon our own resources, we asked what we should do? Well, Pontin suggested a row to the beach and the yawl was gotten ready. Uncle Jake and Will Pontin did the rowing, while Bass and myself did the appreciative part of the work. A row of some six miles around Knott's Island brought us to the United States Life-Saving Station known as No. 6. Surfman Etheridge was in charge, and we passed a couple of very pleasant hours in his company. He insisted with true Southern hospitality upon our remaining to dinner with him. Naturally, the contents of the larder were not on an extensive scale, still I do not know but that the dinner of "salt horse," greens and sweet potato pie was as much enjoyed as was ever a dinner at Sam Robbins's.

The one great subject of conversation was the faulty game laws of Virginia regarding the shooting of ducks. Wednesdays and Thursdays are known as lay days and no shooting is allowed. It is claimed it would be far better to have Saturday a close day. On Wednesdays and Thursdays the fishermen keep the ducks fully as much on the move as is done by the gunners on open days. It is claimed, and very reasonably too, that Saturday being a day upon which no fish can be shipped North, consequently but little fishing is done. That the ducks would be far less disturbed on their feeding grounds than they now are under the present law. It is hoped that the change can be made during the present session of the Legislature of the State.

When the time came for us to return we seemed to be leaving old friends. Indeed, there was another bond between us, for the boys are old-time Jerseymen, having been watermen at Little Silver, New Jersey, the summer home of my friend Bass for many years. Another season we will endeavor to get away earlier, when we hope to be able to accept the kind invitation of our friends and pay another visit to Long Point Marsh, or, as Uncle Jake christened it, the Little Silver Club. TEE KAY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, May 6.—I saw some shooters at the depot yesterday, and they had 90 snipe, about half jacks and the balance sand snipe, with a few plover. They had been out with San Gibault, a French market-hunter and "guide" of Momenie. They got their birds north of Momenie and back in the country, away from the marshes. They said if they had had plover decoys they could have gotten 500 shots at plover. I doubt whether they could do that now. Early in the week the plover seemed to get up and move north very rapidly. Charlie Burton says he and Fred Donald were out there and got 31 birds before noon, near Gilman, and then the birds hit the trail for British Columbia.

At Mak-saw-ba a few days ago John Watson bagged 31 plover and Joe Kinney 42. These were mostly yellow-legs.

Jo. Card has also been down to Mak-saw-ba, the same time as his friend John Watson. Jo. got 35 snipe, which he tried to palm off as jacksnipe. When questioned closely he admitted that "their bills may be a little short, but they're blamed good snipe, ain't they, John?" Mr. Card also caught some bullheads, likewise 13 bass, as described by himself. Pressed also about their weight, he remarked, "They were just as big as rock bass ever get, wasn't they, John?" All this transpired up at Billy Mussey's, and Billy tells the story. By the way, Billy is putting in a set of cases of nicely-mounted game birds of all our sorts about here, the taxidermist work being done by Dick Turtle. These birds will go very well in a place so much headquarters for the sportsmen of this city and the West.

Mr. Fred Kimble, of the Peoria Target C., was in town yesterday, departing in the evening for Cleveland, where he is going to mingle with the Blue Rock and Standard Target people a while, I believe. Mr. Kimble says that when this cruel war is over he is going up to Duluth or somewhere and have a fishing trip.

May 7.—There will be a spring meeting of the Possum Club and a fish dinner at Werner's Stock Exchange restaurant, Thursday, May 21, two weeks from to-day. Some of the legislators who have worked in the sportsmen's interests at Springfield will be invited to attend. Among other important business there will be brought up the organization of the Kankakee Fish and Game Protective Society, of which matter mention was made in these columns in the issue of April 30. Plans are already laid for that to some extent by the leading men of the clubs interested and it is very probable that a successful organization will be made and kept up.

We need such work and plenty of it. I have direct, eye-witness proof that Jack Wilburn, at Summit station, on the Des Plaines River, has had a net stretched clear across the river through most of the entire run of the pickerel and bass, and has been taking as high as a hundred in a day, mostly of pickerel nearly ready to spawn. What is the fish warden at Riverside doing? Can't Wilburn be stopped? I know Wilburn and have stopped at his place. He ought to be ashamed of himself, for he picks up many a dollar from Chicago sportsmen. Will Commissioner Bartlett drop a line to his warden and have Wilburn's nets pulled?

Down at Crown Point three men now lie in jail, under a \$50 fine each for seining in Cedar Lake. A simple, innocent book agent came among them in that country, and won their confidence by his artless ways. He got

his evidence, and then appeared as a fish warden with the result above noted. He was a good book agent.

It seems our friend Rolla Heikes came out ahead in his race against time, he had to break 450 targets in 90 minutes, three known angles, or forfeit \$100 in the interest of sport. Rolla was trotting easy, and the harness didn't touch him from first to last. He broke his 450 birds, standard keystones, in 52 minutes and 58 seconds, shooting at 523 birds to do it. He used 3 drams of wood powder, 14oz. of No. 8, and shot two Lefevres, 12-gauge. Col. A. G. Courtney handled the guns, and is now complaining that he is sore all over, and had to work harder than Rolla did. There was much trouble from sticking shells, and Rolla's friends think he could lower the above record materially under favorable circumstances. He won his race and his \$100 easily, and again showed how hard a man to beat he is at his game of targets.

Replying for Mr. Geo. T. Farmer to the query of Mr. J. J. Meyrick, of England, as to the description of gun issued by the Hudson Bay Co. to their men, Mr. Farmer says these guns were 16-gauge, the barrels being from 86 to 40in. long.

A painful accident befell Ike Watson out at the Burnside Park this week. He had left his gun lying loaded upon a table, and on picking it up it was discharged, the top lever being driven by the recoil back into young Watson's hand between the thumb and fingers. It was very hard to detach the hand from the gun. Ike didn't think it was loaded, having a recollection of putting two shells in his pocket, which, however, proved to be empty shells.

Mr. J. A. Ruble, late of Beloit, Wis., is now living in Chicago, and will doubtless soon be a member of some one of our Chicago shooting clubs. E. HOUGH.

"FOREST AND STREAM" GUN TESTS.

SOME time ago a test was made of a Greener gun, and as yet no report has been made upon it. The weapon was the same Greener upon which report has already appeared in these pages. Mr. Such, the owner, was desirous of having a trial made with a different size of shot than the No. 8 and No. 1 shot used in the previous tests. The gun fully sustained its previous record of being one of the finest samples of that popular make of arm. With the black powder at 40yds. the selected circles show a shade under 70 per cent. of the shot accounted for, and at the same distance with the Schultz powder the right barrel climbed to over 80 per cent. The record is an interesting one in the variation between the two barrels at the two distances. The records show:

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Greener. Cost, \$350. No. of gun, 35,937. Weight, 9½lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke. Weather—Clear. Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Climax.
Powder, Brand—Black Dupont Ducking No. 2.
Powder, Quantity—4¾ drs.
(Make—Tatham.
Shot—Quantity—1½ oz.
Size—No. 3 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

Loading.	BOTH BARRELS.		Shot.
	Powder.		
Card over shot; card	1... 141 grs.	663 grs.	164 pellets.
and two B. E. wads	2... 144 grs.	662 grs.	164 pellets.
over powder.	3... 141 grs.	662 grs.	164 pellets.
Average 142 grs.		662 grs.	164 pellets.

TEST AT 40 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 113 pellets.	34 sheets.	1. 110 pellets.	40 sheets.
2. 100 pellets.	36 sheets.	2. 102 pellets.	35 sheets.
3. 110 pellets.	37 sheets.	3. 99 pellets.	38 sheets.
4. 101 pellets.	38 sheets.	4. 98 pellets.	41 sheets.
5. 108 pellets.	40 sheets.	5. 107 pellets.	36 sheets.
Av. 106 pellets.		Av. 103 pellets.	38 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1..... 120 pellets.		1..... 115 pellets.	
2..... 114 pellets.		2..... 110 pellets.	
3..... 118 pellets.		3..... 112 pellets.	
Average 117 pellets.		Average 112 pellets.	

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 59 pellets.	17 sheets.	1. 50 pellets.	24 sheets.
2. 48 pellets.	19 sheets.	2. 56 pellets.	22 sheets.
3. 53 pellets.	18 sheets.	3. 41 pellets.	18 sheets.
4. 43 pellets.	20 sheets.	4. 32 pellets.	20 sheets.
5. 64 pellets.	21 sheets.	5. 29 pellets.	16 sheets.
Av. 53 pellets.		Av. 41 pellets.	20 sheets.

Three Shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1..... 66 pellets.		1..... 51 pellets.	
2..... 57 pellets.		2..... 59 pellets.	
3..... 65 pellets.		3..... 52 pellets.	
Average 62 pellets.		Average 54 pellets.	

TEST MADE AT FOREST AND STREAM GUN-TESTING SCREEN.

Gun—Greener. Cost, \$350. No. of gun, 35,937. Weight, 9½lbs. Length of barrels, 32in. Gauge, 10. Right barrel, full choke. Left barrel, full choke. Weather—Clear. Charge, as given by holder of gun:

BOTH BARRELS.

Shell—U. S. Climax.
Powder, Brand—Schultz.
Powder, Quantity—4¾ drs.
(Make—Tatham.
Shot—Quantity—1½ oz.
Size—No. 3 Chilled.

CARTRIDGE ANALYSIS.

Three Cartridges Taken at Random.

BOTH BARRELS.		Shot.	
Loading.	Powder.		
Card over shot; two (1... 57 grs.	663 grs.	164 pellets.	
card, three B. E. 2... 56 grs.	601 grs.	164 pellets.	
wads over powder. (3... 57 grs.	661 grs.	164 pellets.	
Average 57 grs.		663 grs.	164 pellets.

TEST AT 400 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch circle.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 125 pellets.	30 sheets.	1. 32 pellets.	41 sheets.
2. 116 pellets.	41 sheets.	2. 72 pellets.	37 sheets.
3. 127 pellets.	38 sheets.	3. 82 pellets.	43 sheets.
4. 116 pellets.	35 sheets.	4. 93 pellets.	39 sheets.
5. 117 pellets.	37 sheets.	5. 104 pellets.	40 sheets.
Av. 120 pellets.	38 sheets.	Av. 88 pellets.	40 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1..... 134 pellets.		1..... 101 pellets.	
2..... 137 pellets.		2..... 96 pellets.	
3..... 128 pellets.		3..... 109 pellets.	
Average 133 pellets.		Average 102 pellets.	

TEST AT 60 YARDS.

Five Shots per Barrel from rest at fixed 30-inch Circle.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1. 40 pellets.	18 sheets.	1. 39 pellets.	21 sheets.
2. 34 pellets.	20 sheets.	2. 53 pellets.	.. sheets.
3. 38 pellets.	22 sheets.	3. 55 pellets.	24 sheets.
4. 39 pellets.	.. sheets.	4. 49 pellets.	18 sheets.
5. 35 pellets.	20 sheets.	5. 47 pellets.	21 sheets.
Av. 37 pellets.	20 sheets.	Av. 48 pellets.	21 sheets.

Three shots at 4-foot square; 30-inch Circle selected from best pattern.

RIGHT BARREL.		LEFT BARREL.	
Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.	Pattern.	Penetration, 3 pellets.
1..... 50 pellets.		1..... 58 pellets.	
2..... 44 pellets.		2..... 63 pellets.	
3..... 43 pellets.		3..... 61 pellets.	
Average 46 pellets.		Average 61 pellets.	

GUNS OF SMALL BORE.

MATOACA, Va.—In the issue of April 30, I read the article by J. J. Meyrick, an ably written piece. As I have told the FOREST AND STREAM in years gone by I have owned many guns, and used them too, of bores from 10 to 20, barrels from 26in. to 42in. I have tested all at target, but more on game, with the result of ending with a 20-bore, which I have used a good deal, and consider it for my use as good a shotgun as I wish. It is a double barrel and a breechloader, with all the improvements of nearly three years ago, straight grip stock, drop of stock $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., length of same $14\frac{1}{2}$. Length of barrels 39in., 20 bore cylinder, $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight, uses a shell $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, swivels and sling strap, with bullet mould for solid round ball to use with linen patch; barrels of finest quality stub twist, made to order, cost \$47. As to rifles I have adopted a single shot Winchester, 9lbs., .40-82 260.

I always reload my own shells, both shot and rifle. Only twice in two years did I use ball in the shotgun. The first time it brought down a bull moose; and eight months after a she-bear and cub, one ball each.

Taking all in all I believe a small bore will kill as far and as many times as a large one, and that long barrels for a shotgun are best for long ranges; of course I exclude wing-shooting at short range. Before me is a single barrel, muzzleloading, flint lock shotgun that I saw do good service in the hands of an Indian, (cook for our party), and which I bought as a relic. Has 39in. barrels. For shooting it holds its own with coarse shot. The first time I shot it, I missed, as it went off so slow, that at the flash in the pan I lowered the muzzle.

BRYAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

MARTIN'S POINT GUN CLUB.

THIS is one of the new clubs in Currituck Sound, having been formed by some of Norfolk's best citizens, with some of their friends in the North, about one year ago. The club house at present is not as large and comfortable as we would like, so the club has decided to increase its membership. A certain portion—\$3,000—from the sale of shares, which will be only \$5 each, goes to build a new club house. With our present outfit and privileges, we will then have the best club in Currituck Sound, which, considering the price of shares in the different clubs—\$25 to \$35 each—is very reasonable.

The club owns its shooting grounds, club house, boats, decoys, etc., and will be about two hours from Norfolk when the new railroad, now talked of, is completed. The steamer, running to the Sound three times each week, stops in two miles of our club house; or it is a pleasant drive of two and a half hours from the Princess Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, Va.

I will give the names of some of its charter members, so that any gentlemen desiring to join a club of this sort may know who they are associating themselves with: Judge Theo. S. Garnett, Captain E. V. White, Mr. M. L. T. Davis, Mr. Luther Sheldon, Captain Geo. W. Taylor, Norfolk, Va.; Mr. T. J. Hayward, Mr. E. L. Bartlett, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. O. H. Wilbur, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Edward Bradley, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Captain H. G. H. Tarr, New York.

I also give some bags of birds made by members when I happened to be along, which I know have not been beaten in the United States for many years:

April 23, 1890—Captain Geo. W. Taylor, Wm. Camp, R. C. Byrd and J. B. White, all of Norfolk, shot 270 winter yellowlegs and graybacks (or dowitchers) in one day over decoys.

Aug. 4, 1890—Messrs. T. J. Hayward, E. L. Bartlett, H. P. Lucas of Baltimore; Wm. Pannill, J. B. White, Geo. W. Taylor, Norfolk, shot 840 yellowlegs, graybacks and plover in one day.

Mr. A. B. Simmons, 49 Wall street, New York, shot 1,500 of the same kind of birds in 13 days—Sept. 2 to 15, 1890.

Sept. 21, 1890—Messrs. T. J. Hayward, E. L. Bartlett and H. P. Lucas, Baltimore; T. S. Garnett, Worthy Smith

and J. B. White, Norfolk, shot 1,460 yellowlegs, graybacks, plover and English snipe in one and a half days' shooting.

Oct. 20, 1890—Lieut. W. T. Burwell, Dr. Rodgers, John R. Todd and J. B. White, of Norfolk, bagged 450 of the same kind of birds in less than a half-day's shooting.

March 2, 1891—The keeper, who was ordered to exercise our live decoys, killed 24 geese, 8 canvasbacks, 7 widigeon, 8 sprigtails and 1 swan.

March 16, 1891—Lieut. W. T. Burwell, Capt. Geo. W. Taylor and J. B. White bagged 21 swans, 12 geese, 18 ducks and 20 bay snipe.

We have good shooting at birds in season eleven months in the year. Any further information desired may be had by addressing Mr. Wm. Camp, secretary, Martin's Point Gun Club, Virginia Club, Norfolk, Va., or J. B. WHITE, Norfolk, Va.

A HAIL FROM THE FRONTIER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The past winter has been the mildest known in this country for many years. Game of all kinds has wintered finely, and the customary butchery of the deer in mid-winter was rendered impossible during the past winter by the lack of snow. All this is very encouraging after the terrible slaughter of two years ago, which for a time bid fair to annihilate all the deer in our hills.

When the time comes for the true sportsmen of the East to visit our mountain region they will find a rich harvest awaiting them. Deer of two kinds, grouse of three kinds, while hares and the predatory "varmints," together with a small world of brook and lake trout, offer sport to those who truly love the wilderness, not to be despised.

The true sportsman is always welcome on the frontier. The game butcher and the would-be aristocrat we have no use for. For my own part, as age is creeping on, and I find myself less and less inclined or able to climb far above my cabin, I feel like sharing more liberally these splendid opportunities with true men from further east, to whom such sport would be a godsend. It is amusing to us people here to read of the continuous fight between the sportsmen in the Adirondacks and in Maine, and the mosquitoes and black flies. While we, of course, have some few mosquitoes in the mountains, black flies I have never seen, nor have I seen or heard of any preparation in the shape of ointment or salve to ward off the attacks of insects ever used in this country.

It is the very finest country for the summer and fall camper I have ever found. Cyclones and the terrible thunder storms common to the Eastern States are here unknown.

Together with all other true sportsmen, we here on the frontier rejoice over the practical extension of the great Yellowstone National Park, and feel like commending heartily, each and every one (the editor of our own loved FOREST AND STREAM not neglected in the list), who has labored for its preservation. May success the most complete attend their efforts to preserve it from vandal hands.

ORIN BELKNAP.

CHEWELAH, Washington.

IN THE FORTIES.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., May 1.—Reading an article which was copied from your paper, of one solitary goose in Illinois, carries my mind back to my boyhood days. I lived on a farm sixteen miles west of Chicago, in Du Page county, during the 40s. The wild ducks were so plentiful that they used to come and feed with our tame ducks in our barnyard, and many are the times that I killed them there.

Geese were very numerous in the fall of the year, so much so that we had to drive them out of the cornfields.

The prairie chickens were so plentiful that I could take an old United States musket that had done service at New Orleans and go out any forenoon and kill all I could carry home. In two hours' time, by going up and down the creek, I could kill all the ducks that I could carry home. It was a perfect paradise for the hunter.

I left Illinois in 1850, and so, of course, have lost the run of hunting grounds; but our country is still a good country for sport. In fact, on our large wheat farms we have to hire men in the fall of the year to protect the wheat. The farmer furnishes the hunter with the latest repeating rifle, ammunition and horse, and pays him \$50 a month and his board, just to scare the geese away. Along the banks of rivers and the edges of our tule lands, in the fall and winter, the farmers hang out lanterns all over their fields to keep the ducks from destroying the grain.

California is still a hunter's paradise, but as the country is more thickly settled it naturally will drive the game out.

A FARMER BOY OF THE 40s.

OREGON ASSOCIATION.

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: There was lately organized in this city the Oregon Fish and Game Protective Association, the present officers of which are: Pres., S. H. Greene; Vice Pres., C. E. Hughes; Sec'y, J. R. Bowles; Treas., E. House; Game Warden, T. D. Honeyman; Council, Wm. T. Muir; Cor. Sec'y, T. G. Farrell. Although social intercourse among its members and the promotion of sportsmanship will be objects of the organization, the protection of our game fish, animals, and birds will be its chief aim. Correspondence will be maintained with sportsmen throughout the Northwest, and when cases of game law violation are reported to our secretary he will write to the offender informing him that his actions are known and requesting that he desist from such practices. Should he fail to heed the letter of warning, correspondence will be opened between the association and the prosecuting attorney, and sheriff of the county in which the offense was committed, with the object of securing the arrest and conviction of the guilty party. Trap-shooting will be a feature of the organization and we already have a good team of saucer smashers. We think that in many instances we will be able to put a stop to the open violation of our good game laws.

THOS. G. FARRELL.

KANSAS.—Ottawa, Kansas, May 7.—The hunting season in this part of the country is now over, and the sportsmen of this vicinity are putting in a good deal of their spare time in fishing for croppies. A considerable

number of these fish and some black bass have been caught in this river, but the streams have been kept high and muddy by the frequent storms, and this delays the season a great deal. Our last storm was the worst hailstorm we have had for a long time, and I am afraid it was disastrous to the quail. The hailstones were not extraordinarily large, but a great quantity of them fell, breaking window glass and killing young chickens, so I infer they would destroy birds' eggs and young. However, as the nesting season has not far advanced, we may have a good number of quail next fall after all. Plover are thick here now, and there are some ducks too, but I do not hear of any being killed. A great many were slaughtered at this time last year, but the weather has interfered in their favor this time.—F. B.

CURRITUCK BAY BIRDS.—Norfolk, Va., May 4.—We have not done as much bay bird shooting this spring as usual, and I hope we shall soon see the day when there will not be a gun fired at them on their way to the nesting ground. As we have written you before, our shooting in July, August, September, October and November is no doubt the very best in the United States. The birds are young, tender and very fat then, and feeding as they do in fresh-water ponds the flavor is delicious. In the spring they come from oyster beds in the South and are strong, and the large birds, such as curlew and willets, are fishy.—J. B. WHITE.

POSSESSION OF VENISON IN CLOSE SEASON.—Judge Desnoyers rendered his decision yesterday in the case of the Fish and Game Club vs. the Hon. George Drummond, for having had in his possession three deer carcasses during the prohibited season. Mr. D. T. Irish, of the Canadian Express Company, was also charged with having transported the game to Montreal. As it was proved that the deer had been killed during the open season both were discharged and the society was ordered to pay the costs.—Montreal Gazette.

SABBATH—DUCKS—DUCKERS.—To-day is the Sabbath. Without entering into the ethics of the Sunday question we may remark that there are probably two hunters afield along the Mississippi to-day to every duck.—Davenport (Ia.) Sunday Democrat.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

CAPTAIN P. and Charlie C. have a valued friend, who, though passionately fond of outdoor life and sports, has not so many opportunities of indulging this passion as they; but good fellows that they are, they will occasionally plan a deer hunt, a duck shoot or a shoot of some kind for his particular pleasure and benefit. This time it was a partridge shoot in the vicinity of Pike Lake, but unfortunately the weather had turned hot and partridge (grouse if you will) would not be treed even by a dog; so that although both the "good fellows" had a little show of game the "valued friend" had to take his buggy for home with an empty bag. It happened, however, as they were jogging along homeward, that they treed a partridge, and that partridge-like it sat stock-still, dumbfounded no doubt at the good nature of the party under such humiliating circumstances. Now, all saw the bird except the "valued friend," and both the "good fellows" swore that he and he alone should shoot it. So they hustled him out of his buggy with his gun, and pointing to the tree, said: "There he is; there!" "Where?" said the friend, "I can't see him!" "There!" said Charlie C., "don't you see?" "No, I don't see," said the friend, and offering the gun to Charlie, "You shoot." "No I won't; you shall shoot him, there!" pointing again. "Well, Charlie," said the friend, after looking all around the bird without being able to spot him, "won't you take aim and let me pull the trigger?" BERLIN.

"Say, boys, did you ever hear the story they tell on W.?" "No. What is it?"

"Well, two years ago three gunners were after ducks at G. It was late in the season, and ducks were flying so high that it was almost impossible to get enough to keep the table supplied. One day W. proposed a bet that he would kill on the following day more ducks than M. and S. together. He was promptly taken up. Now, W. had procured a supply of buckshot cartridges, and after filling his belt with them he retired, trusting to luck and buckshot to win his bet. As soon as M. and S. were sure he was asleep they proceeded to remove the shot from all the aforesaid shells, fill them up with bread, wad them, and replace them in the belt.

"The next day W. took a stand in some tall grass a few yards from a big slough, on the opposite side of which M. and S. were already concealed. Soon a small flock of redheads came sailing along over W.'s head, away out of range, but that made no difference to him, he was out to win that bet, so he blazed away with both barrels at the specks in the sky, while M. and S. on the other side rolled around in the grass and moaned. But great was their surprise, when they sat up to shake hands over their bet-your-life-sure-wager, to see the whole flock dropping in the grass around W., and he thrashing around as if he had seen snakes. As it was too near dark for M. and S. to go around the slough to where W. was, to see what was the matter, they went to camp to await his return. Pretty soon along he came loaded down with ducks and easily won his bet."

"Yes, that is all right about the bet, but why don't you tell us how he got those ducks?"

"Oh, that is easily enough explained. When W. would fire a couple of shots at the ducks they would come down after the bread and he would knock them over with the butt of his gun."

G. W.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.

THE Quackenbush air gun, advertised in another column, is a valuable and handy little weapon. It is made in a half dozen different styles to shoot darts, slugs or shot. One style is a combination fire arm and air gun in one, shooting either a .22 cartridge or darts or slugs. Another style is a magazine shot air gun, holding twenty shot. These guns have been made for a number of years by H. M. Quackenbush at Herkimer, N. Y., from whom circulars with full information can be obtained.—Advt.

A NEAR-BY CLUB PROPERTY.—Thirty miles from New York. Good trout fishing; excellent quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting. Club house built and furnished. A few vacancies only. Address C. E. Sargeant, Treasurer, 241 Broadway, N. Y.—Advt.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE MASTIGOUCHE WATERS.

MONTREAL, May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Mastigouche Fish and Game Club of this city at their annual meeting elected Henry W. Atwater, President; E. H. Botterell, Vice-Pres.; W. T. Costigan, Treasurer; Albert D. Nelson, Secretary; and Messrs. I. H. Stearns, George A. Greene, Wm. S. Paterson, James Slessor, and Benj. Tooke, Directors. The annual report showed the club to be in a prosperous condition, with a substantial balance in the bank, and no indebtedness. Several new members from the United States were admitted during the year, and the club house was patronized to a much larger extent than during any previous season. The club has been incorporated, under a charter from the Provincial Government of Quebec, slightly altering the name from "Fishing Club" to "Fish and Game Club."

A reference to the record, furnished annually to the Government of Quebec, of the number and weight of trout caught in the Mastigouche waters, as required by the lease, shows that the average weight of all the trout caught during the past five years, is slightly over one-third of a pound each. The fishing is fully as good to-day as when the club first obtained the property. The numerous lakes and streams running into, and connecting with each other, covering an area of from 25 to 50 miles square, forms such a vast breeding ground, that it will be impossible with ordinary legitimate fishing, to exhaust or appreciably diminish the supply of trout.

In speaking as I often do of our club waters and the fine fishing to be had in them, I find that the impression prevails to a considerable extent, that no one can enjoy the privilege of fishing in these waters without being a member of the club. I wish therefore to state that this is not the case. All the lakes and streams in the Mastigouche territory, with the exception of a very small portion reserved for the club members, and which is situated some three miles from the Mastigouche House, are open to the public, and any one can go there and fish, just as they can to Paul Smith's or any other resort. The number of sportsmen from the United States, who visit these waters, is increasing annually, as the place becomes better known, and some of them who know a good thing when they find one, now come from eight hundred to a thousand miles regularly twice a year to enjoy the sport.

I might say that any brother angler from your side of the line will be made heartily welcome and no question regarding the "Modus Vivendi" need trouble him, as that is a fishy subject that is totally ignored in our territory.

SALVE LINUS.

FISHING IN SULLIVAN COUNTY, N. Y.

WE had planned to go to Canada, Henry and I, but our plans did not materialize, so we decided to go to Bradley's at Eldred. Many of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* probably know the house. The nearest station to Eldred is Shohola, six miles distant. An excursion train leaves every Wednesday during the summer from the Erie depot at Jersey City direct for Shohola Glen.

On July 10, before 9 o'clock, I was seated in the northern train. I had the luck to find myself in a seat with a gentleman who had seen a good deal of shooting and fishing in the West. His stories of salmon fishing, bear shooting, etc., made the time fly as fast as one could wish, and I was sorry when we had to part as the train stopped at Shohola. I soon found Mr. Bradley and everything was ready after the rods had gone to the bottom of the wagon. We crossed the Delaware River soon after leaving the station, and then were in the Empire State and in the wilds of Sullivan county. The bass fishing is not very good at this point, though occasionally some are caught. The road was picturesque, and we passed several very pretty brooks before we reached the post office at Eldred. The tackle I had ordered was already awaiting me, and if the fish were only doing the same all would go well. I was introduced to Mr. N. when we reached the house, and he kindly offered to take me up Beaver Brook the next day. He has fished Beaver a great deal and knows it thoroughly. We were to have an early breakfast so as to get off in good time. The thoughts of fishing awakened me at an early hour.

I went down to breakfast and found Mr. N. ready. Breakfast never takes much time when you are going fishing, and we were off before the other boarders came down. Mr. N., though he now has a good many gray hairs, is as active as ever and makes many a young man shake himself to keep up with him.

After thirty minutes we reached the stream, which was quite different from the New Hampshire streams. The trees grew close to the water's edge and one had to keep the tip of the rod very near the water to avoid entanglement with the branches. As there is no room for casting and as there are long, deep runs, the line is put out by drawing off a foot or two from the reel, and then suddenly raising the rod, thus causing it to go through the guides. We found lots of fine places, but most of the trout had already been taken. We fished some distance before we had the least sign that trout were in the stream, when I landed a small one. As the stream was wide we fished side by side. The trout evidently were not plentiful, though we took a few when we got further down stream. I threw into a promising pool, the branches allowing it, and nothing followed. I repeated the cast, when it was taken after the hook had sunk below the surface. I fastened the fish, and found to my disgust on landing him that I had caught a pickerel, which got into the stream from a pond several miles above. We fished the best places with great care, but got small return for the trouble. Out of one deep pool near the roots of a tree where a plank had floated we each took two nice trout. The trout showed very little spirit and took the hook on most occasions more like a catfish than a member of the salmon family. We several times caught one by taking plenty of time at a promising place, leaving the line some time in the water. Of the few we took I only remember one of these coming to the hook in shape. He came full length out of the water when he took the bait. We lunched under some of the trees and rested near one of the pools where we had lost a good one.

As Mr. N. believes strongly in the qualities of the sneak-bend hook he induced me to try one, as I had been unfortunate in losing several fish. He keeps his hooks in a tin box, each being wrapped separately in a small piece of paper, the number of each hook being placed on the wrapper. Though I lost no more I am not convinced of the superiority of the sneak over the spout.

The baskets were not very heavy when we stopped fishing, Mr. N. having ten to my eight. The stream does better for the angler early in the season, and it is not worth while to fish it later. I decided to try Washington Lake and leave the few trout in Beaver Brook to the tender mercies of those who wished to fish for them. Washington Lake is about three-fourths of a mile from the house, accessible by a nice shady walk through the woods. The way the fishermen at our house secured their minnows, catching them in the lake, was one of the best cheap methods I have seen. They use a contrivance consisting of a rectangular block of wood with four auger holes through it. Into these are put four sticks, whose ends are attached to the corner of a mosquito netting. The square-sided block is of ash or oak and is 8 in. long and 2½ in. in thickness. Auger holes that you can put your index finger in are bored through the block at such an angle that when the sticks, which are cut from the woods, are put in, they will be in such a position that the ends of the poles will form a square if connected by straight lines. To these ends was fastened a net containing four square yards. A pole is fastened to the top of the block and the net bent down into an opening between the pickerel weeds. By baiting with bread, potato, cracked corn, etc., we took on the most successful occasion enough in two draws to fill a large pail.

The third morning, as the bass had not been taking the minnow and as there was a nice ripple for trolling, I put on a double-twisted leader and a light Hill spoon. This is a very nice spoon for rod trolling, being a good spinner and having strong hooks, and generally takes bass. But this morning, as I had no strike the first time around the lake with a 13oz. split bamboo rod between my legs and 60ft. out, I changed a hammered Spalding spoon of larger size for the Hill. As most anglers do, I use a hook swivel; so this can be done easily. The left side of the lake is the best, in my opinion, and when I had got half way up I was opposite a long stretch of lily pads. I had a splendid strike and almost immediately a fine bass came into the air 80ft. from the boat. He made two splendid leaps before he was landed, and was evidently feeling very lively, as he gave me all I wanted to do to get him in. He weighed on an English spring balance a little less than 4lbs. two hours after being taken, and proved to be the best bass taken out of the water this season.

We had poor success in Washington Lake the rest of the week, taking perch and a few pickerel, but no bass. So Dr. E. and I decided to go over to Sand Pond. We secured a good variety of bait, such as minnows, crawfish, frogs, grasshoppers, beetles, bugs, etc. We were anxious to get bass, and as Sand Pond by report was the best bass grounds within five miles, we went there.

The pond has a sandy bottom, as the name implies, and in many places rocky. This can be plainly seen through the clear water. Some trout were put in this lake, but of course were never heard of more, as the bass and pickerel would not or could not tell what had become of them.

We anchored in 9ft. of water, and caught several bass, but as they ran small we thought best to move. Before starting I put on a Hill double No. 1½, and had a strike as we passed over the flats. The pickerel, for the fish proved to be such, came out of the water making a couple of leaps like a bass. The pickerel of this lake are gamy and of good flavor, due to the purity of the water. He doubled the rod, but did not succeed in getting any slack by coming toward the boat, as he tried to do. After a short time he was landed, and weighed on the spot 2½lbs. We took several small bass trolling, but all under a pound. Coming down I had another good strike. The fish, though not leaping, showed himself at the surface, it took some time to get him near the boat, and then he made several strong runs that made it necessary to let him go on. I lifted him in with my hand, as we had no net; he weighed exactly 2lbs. These two were as gamy pickerel as I have taken. Sand and Long Ponds are the best in this section; the latter we visited only twice, as it is eight miles away.

WM. TOM.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

THE CASTALIA STREAM.—II.

THE "LOWER CLUB."

IT was a blustering day in early April when Mr. C. W. Sadler, of Sandusky, and the writer undertook to engineer a vehicle over the ugly road which at that season lay between that city and the grounds of the "Lower Club." We will call it by that name, for so it is commonly distinguished, though the real name of the incorporation is the Castalia Sporting Club. There had been a heavy snowstorm on the night before our visit and the ill-timed covering of white held its own fairly well with the bottomless muck of the fields and roads. Only a part of our way lay along the pike, for we were to go by way of Venice, a hamlet situated on the bay, directly at the mouth of the Castalia stream. This part of Ohio looks as if it had been shot with a load of small towns, and they are scattered all over, between Toledo and Cleveland, with a fairly good pattern. None of the towns is bigger than about 4x9, and they happen about every four miles, thus affording great facilities for grief, groceries and gossip. Venice goes over in the morning and asks Castalia for a cup of sugar and enough butter for breakfast, and if Castalia hasn't got it probably Huron has, or, at least, Berlin Heights, or maybe Ceylon: and in the afternoon Castalia may want to borrow a handsaw and a garden rake of Venice. It all even up, and leaves more room for lawns in front of the houses and more yellow paint for the go-cart of each local village magnate. I would like to be a burgomeister in one of these small cities. I should like to be great and to know it.

Mr. Sadler said we should take the Venice road, so that we could follow up the stream from that point, and thus see something of how it lay upon the ground. At Venice, about five miles from Sandusky, we crossed the stream, a wide and pretty water, just at the railway bridge which spans it as it enters the bay. A few rods to the left of the wagon bridge stands the Venice mill, and we paused a moment to look at the white water washing through the sluice and broadening out into a magnificent pool.

"This pool is really open water," said Mr. Sadler, "and the club can not well protect it. There have been a number of 3lbs. trout taken out of here on worms. You see, the trout drop down stream and get over this lower dam. The club doesn't dare put in a fishway, for that would let up pickerel, perch and all sorts of things. I don't doubt that thousands of pounds of trout have come down over this dam and gone out into the bay. The net fishermen often find trout in their pounds, well out in the bay, and they have been seen in the evenings jumping all over this part of the bay. It is impossible to tell what proportion of the escaped trout thrive in the warmer lake water, but they certainly live there for a while at least."

We now turned the corner of the mill and headed up stream. To our left we saw some great pools or ponds in a half marshy country. Before us we could see the winding way of the natural stream, and away off to the left my friend pointed out the course of the "old mill race," which flows by the ruins of the "old brick mill," long since burned down.

"This big water below here is called 'Dreer's Pond' or 'Dreer's,'" said Mr. Sadler, "and here is unquestionably the lurking grounds of the largest trout. Most of the heavy baskets have been made along here this spring. Mr. Fayette Brown made his fine catch here last week. M. Julian Yale always gets some of his heaviest fish here. Just now the big fish are probably lying in this water, or a great many of them. These pools are very deep, and as you see hard to get at and quite too wide to fish across. The trout can certainly protect themselves here."

I had had no idea that there was such a volume of water in the stream until I saw these lower reaches. It is almost a young river.

Before us now lay the Castalia Valley, not wide, not long, apparently only an open farming land, pleasant and pretty. The sharp pitch which gives the stream its remarkable swiftness is impossible of discernment through an open eye's glance over the landscape. The little valley seems quite flat. Houses, hedges, scattered groves, a wood to the right, the bay at back and along at the left this once mysterious, now imperious stream. A wonderful pleasing, quiet nook of the world, and perhaps hard to surpass in the totality of its charm. I have never seen the Long Island streams, or indeed any of the Eastern trout preserves, but I doubt if they are pleasanter than this rural, simple, quiet, dreamy little valley by the bay.

"The stream is full of trout," said Mr. Sadler, "and they grow very rapidly, because the conditions are simply perfect. The feed in the stream is much superior to that in the Caledonia stream of New York. This peculiar moss is scattered along the stream from one end to the other, and it is simply full of feed. If you will take out a rakeful you can see dozens and hundreds of crawfish, fresh-water shrimp, miller's thumbs, minnows and the like. The entire stream is full of feed, and I do not believe the like exists anywhere in the country. This is not in the least artificial. Nature did it all, and just made this stream a natural heaven for trout. The moss not only feeds but protects the fish. They are lying down in there, covered up out of sight, thousands and thousands of them. 2 and 3-pounders. It is simply a sight to see the spawning beds, further up the stream, in season. You will see a perfect mass of large trout, such trout as you wouldn't dream were in the stream. Then they disappear, and where they go nobody knows, even in a stream studied as thoroughly as this. The biggest trout are not seen at all in the fishing season. They lie deep in the moss, under the banks, or in these deep pools. All the fish you will catch are broad, lusty fellows, and very brilliant. Their shellfish diet gives them their flaming colors, I suppose."

We were working slowly toward the club house as we talked. Pulling laboriously along a terribly muddy cross lane, we passed through a bit of sparse timber, where the natural stream ran close by and spilled out into some wide pools. All this was elegant fishing water, my informant said, and so it seemed. In spite of the snow and mud all about, the stream was bright and clear. It has no surface water, the banks being so arranged that the drainage flows back in ditches. The banks of the old mill race are like levees.

Miller's farmhouse was presently reached, a comfortable structure, well surrounded with barns and buildings. This is in effect the club hotel. The club house proper lies across the way, directly upon the bank of the rapid, sparkling stream. A few sturdy willows and cottonwoods stand about. If you look closely in the meadow below, you can see the traces of the old creek bed. The club house is situated on the last curve of the old natural stream. Just below the straight line of the race leads out, over a mile as straight as a die. Half way, say, to the ruined brick mill where the race ends, there is a gate which lets out a boiling torrent of natural champagne into the natural bed, and here the stream wanders between the bush-clad banks for over two miles at its own sweet will, coming by the road where we saw it in the morning. At the old brick mill there is a tremendous dam and a great drop in the water. Three miles or more of water below this shute, and a union in the big pools above Venice. Above the club house the stream winds in its own natural channel through a pretty meadow, open and lovely for casting, a regular English, Isaak Walton trout stream, till it reaches the big trees and the fence which marks the division line between the two clubs. From this line to the bay is six miles. Add to this the two miles of the old stream below, and the total is eight miles of water, every inch of which has trout in it. It is a magnificent property.

At first the Castalia Sporting Club had eighteen members. Then the limit was placed at twenty-five, and is now full. It would be very difficult to secure a membership there now. The stock is not transferred to any extent; \$1500 would not touch a single share, and I imagine there isn't money enough to buy out the stock of some of those men. No wonder, I am sure, for so far as my travels have informed me, I would not trade a share of this stock for one in any club in the country. This is trout fishing convenient, accessible, infallible, with all the comforts of home, after wild fish, big fish and plenty of them. The men of this club cannot better themselves very much, certainly. They do not remember their \$40,000 or \$50,000 investment, or think of their annual assessment of \$75 or \$100 a year.

I have at one time or another met a number of the men who belong to this club, and I don't believe there is a

dude in the lot, and they average mighty high-grade as successful trout fishers. Among so hearty a lot of men, therefore, you would expect in the club house about what you would find, a roomy, comfortable pleasant sporting domicile, with no dudery visible. The building is two stories, with ample room for everybody. The main room below has a mammoth fireplace which is useful as well as cheerful, for the club opens its season March 15. The walls of this assembly room are decorated with trout designs in colors and black and white. Some artist, in playful allusion to Mr. Harvey Brown's partiality to a big Parmachene belle, has presented the club with a painting of that fly in colossal proportions. There are life-size drawings of numbers of the notable trout, including one showing a trout with the tail of a mouse sticking out of its mouth, just as it was when the fish was caught. It is a very comfortable place. The locality is so quiet and peaceful, too, I should think one could stay a month there, or may be a year, and not get tired at all.

Explaining to Miller's family our mission from Mr. McBride, Mr. Sadler and I started out in the afternoon to explore the stream. We found the fish not rising well and only brought in half a dozen; all, of course, were the club standard of 8in. The rules of the club are very simple. No fish less than 8in. must be kept, and not over 15lbs. a day. No lure but the artificial fly can be used.

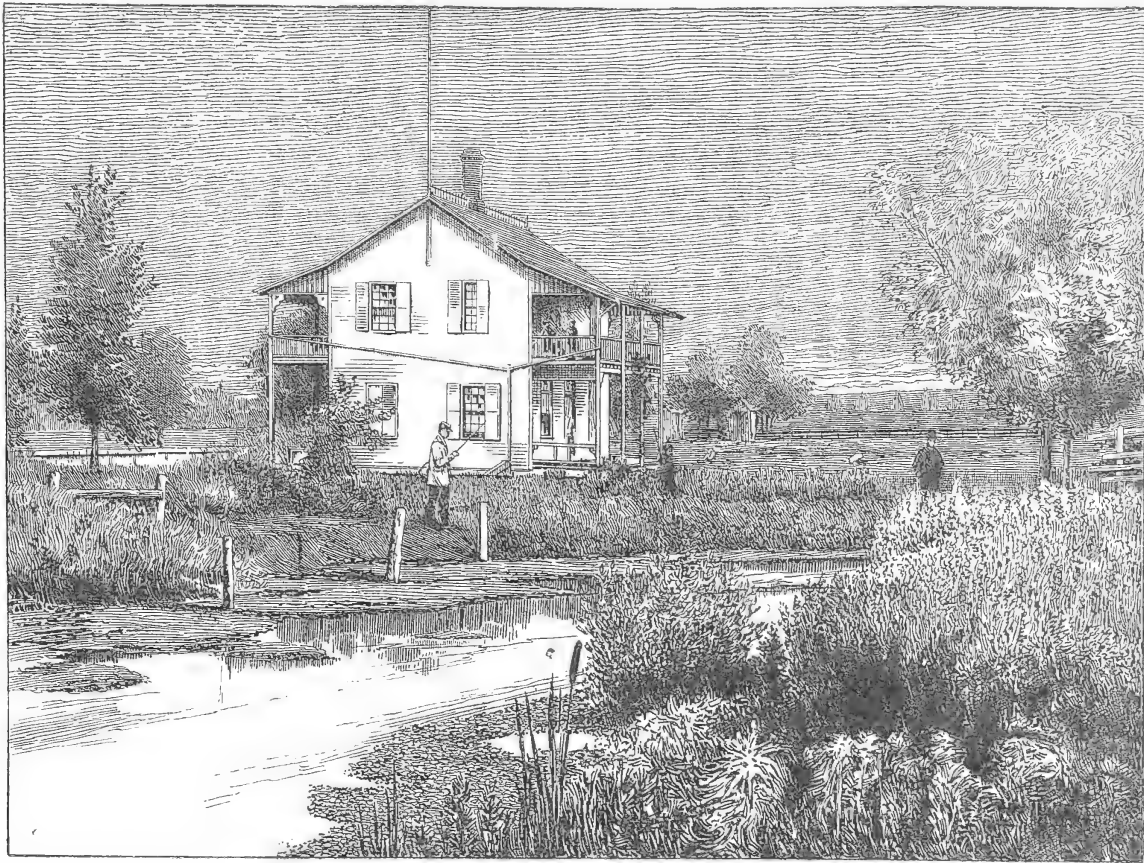
recent accession to the club ranks, having taken a share left vacant by the death of a member. Mr. Van Vleck I found very comfortable and pleasant, and something of a fly-fisher withal. Between him and Miller I learned that evening some of the facts which have been presented.

We hauled out the club records that night, and looked for big fish. One thing was at once apparent. The fisher for count abides not here. The main thing sought is to have the greatest weight in the least number of fish. The heaviest fish ever taken on Castalia Stream, it seems, was found in the fishway at the old brick mill, when the water was shut off on the first trial of the shute. This fish was a brook trout, and weighed 5½lbs. We prowled along the pages in search of big fish taken on the rod, and found something like this, only a few instances being given, picked up half at random: Julian Yale, one trout, 3½lbs.; Fayette Brown, 1, 3lbs. 3oz.; Julian Yale, March 30, 1885, 26 trout, 15lbs. 2oz.; Fayette Brown, March 28, 24 trout, 18lbs., largest 1lb. 2oz.; Julian Yale, 1888, 1 trout, 2lbs. 3oz., and twice a catch of 4 trout, 4lbs. 4oz.; Julian Yale, May 29, 1887, 1 trout 19in. long., weight 3lbs. 3oz., and 3 trout, total 5lbs. 7oz. It seems that Mr. Yale and Mr. Sheffield in 1887 caught trout on the fly when the thermometer stood 6° below zero, and the lines froze stiff. The stream never freezes. Mr. Yale's

great quantities. It would seem that the experimental stage had gone about far enough along the Castalia Stream. If they will leave nature and the brook trout alone there, they can have any quantity of sport assured for the future, and beyond that nothing better lies or can be gained by experiment. The basis of all this is the wonderful stream itself. It falls 27ft. in 2½ miles, including one dam, 45ft. in 5½ to 6 miles, dams and all. Its current would appear at least six miles an hour. Artificial barriers, floats, bridges, etc., have been provided in abundance, and all in all, the little river is simply lovely.

I must have a little more to say about the "Upper Club" next time, and about the great springs which make the head of Castalia Stream. Much more could easily be written here about the pleasant stay at the Lower Club. The gentlemen comprising these 25 immortals are as follows:

Mr. Fayette Brown, president, Cleveland, O.; Mr. Lee McBride, secretary and treasurer, also of Cleveland. Messrs. J. H. McBride, E. T. Scovill, James Pickards, H. H. Brown, Prescott Ely, Amos Townsend, S. W. Sessions, C. J. Sheffield, R. W. Hickox, H. C. Gaylord, E. P. Williams, H. A. Sherwin, Hon. Wm. Bingham and Judge S. E. Williamson, all of Cleveland. Messrs. George H. Van Vleck and W. T. Carrington, of Toledo. Messrs. A. C. Ely, Robert Forsythe, W. L. Brown, Jay C. Morse and



THE LOWER CASTALIA CLUB HOUSE.

Any man using bait would be promptly expelled from the club. But I ought not to put it that way. No man of this club would think of using bait, and I should say rather that the club would not admit any candidate whom they had not known to be above any sort of crookedness in any walk of life. It is a club of friends and gentlemen and no abuse of privileges was ever heard of. For instance, there was once a rule regulating the number of guests a member might bring during a season, but this rule is now obsolete, and no restriction is asked, because no one ever abuses his position or his privileges. There are trout enough for the purposes of this club, which are simply pure sport and some fun a-fishing. I don't know where there is a nicer little club.

But a nice club, a pretty stream and pleasant surroundings may be one thing, and really good trout fishing quite another. How about the actual supply of trout? There is no question about that. The stream is simply full of trout. We saw them by hundreds, all active, strong, brilliant fish, not stalf fed, but endowed with all the vigor, shyness and cunning of the wild trout, untamed and incomparable. We saw any number of great fellows, over 1½lbs. or probably over 2lbs. The fish were very shy, and I soon learned that curiosity and fishing didn't go well together, for when I stopped casting from a distance and stepped up to the bank to count the trout they scampered off, and not only refused to be counted but declined to rise. The water of this stream is something to rave over. It is very swift and pure as pearl. It has a sort of bluish cast, a steel color, taken from the reflection of the sand in places, but it is as transparent as air. Needless to say, it takes fine tackle and fine fishing to take trout here. The best flies for early spring are dark, black-gnat, brown-hen and the like being much used. You will see fine gear used by the Castalia anglers.

Miller, the club keeper, was not at home when we arrived, and did not return that day. During the afternoon I had the misfortune to step on a sharp nail, which pierced the rubber boot and inflicted an ugly hurt, so as Mr. Sadler was returning to the city I went with him. On the following day I returned, in order to have some talk with Miller, and then I met one of the members, Mr. George H. Van Vleck, of Toledo, who had come on alone for a little fishing. Mr. Van Vleck is the most

total catch for 1887 was 45 trout, total weight 32lbs. 14oz. In 1887 Fayette Brown caught 142 trout, 61lbs. 10oz.; Harvey Brown, 1887, 133 trout, 51lbs. 10oz. In July, 1890, Mr. J. H. McBride took 26 trout, 12lbs. 3oz.; Mr. Fayette Brown, April 5, 20 trout, 13lbs.; Mr. McBride again, 35 trout, 18lbs.; Mr. Prescott Ely, April 14, 1890, made the remarkable catch of 31 trout, weighing 15lbs., and 33 jacksnipe! Mr. Fayette Brown, June 13, 1889, caught 25 fish, 12lbs., and on May 9, 29 fish, 13lbs. On some days, said Miller, a man could catch 75lbs.; he could catch a bushel basket full. I have caught 10lbs. in two hours in a heavy snowstorm, said Mr. Van Vleck. Mr. Sadler said he had often caught his basket full before breakfast and gone back to Sandusky. Mr. Jay C. Morse, May 25, 1888, caught 14 trout, 10lbs., one fish 16in. long and weighing 2½lbs. On May 23, 1888, Julian Yale, 18 fish, 10lbs., and Mr. Fayette Brown, 18 fish, 9½lbs. Mr. Yale in 1880 caught 6 trout that weighed 6lbs., coming to the club at 6:30 one evening and going back in the morning at 8 o'clock. Mr. Lee McBride, June 1, 1880, took 18 fish, 7½lbs. In 1890, Mr. W. T. Carrington caught a fish that weighed 2½lbs. 3oz. The same year Mr. J. H. McBride took at one fishing 26 trout, 9lbs., and Mr. Prescott Ely 22 trout, 8lbs. March 15 and the day after, 1890, Messrs. A. C. Ely and W. H. Comstock, of Chicago, took 50 fish, 21lbs., during a heavy snow. Mr. Lee McBride, 35 fish, 18lbs.

I could fill the paper with records like the above, but enough have been given to show the quality alike of the fish and the fishermen. The Castalia is above all things a fishing stream. It is stocked, full stocked, and has no fear whatever of diminution. There are some European brown trout in the stream, and also some rainbow trout. They are not often met. Miller, the keeper, bemoans the fact that anything but brook trout was ever put in the stream. He believes in letting well enough alone, and he is just exactly right about it, too. There were some grayling planted six years ago, but since then Miller has only caught two of them, and I heard of no others. Not long ago some one in the upper club planted a lot of water-cress, and this beastly and tenacious plant has spread all through the stream, to the great detriment of the fish and fishing. The lower club has spent about a thousand dollars in trying to get rid of this cress. It is raked out in

Julian Yale, all of Chicago. Mr. J. Merrill, Jr., of Newark, N. J.; Mr. Chas. H. Hubbard, of Hartford City, Ind. 175 MONROE ST., Chicago, Ill. E. HOUGH.

[Since writing the above I have met Mr. A. C. Ely, of this city, just returned from a successful visit to Castalia. He informed me that a few days previous the artesian well which was being sunk by the Lower Club, some distance above the club house, struck a great subterranean stream, which could not be controlled in any way, and which when Mr. Ely left was flowing a volume apparently half as large at least as the old natural stream below the club house, or pretty near half the volume of the whole stream. This was being led off through the meadow below the club house, into the old channel. The first night of the flow, the big "Blue Hole" spring of the Upper Club sunk a foot or more, but in the morning it rose again to the old level. The Lower Club was afraid that the late artificial meandering of the stream by the Upper Club would make the water too warm in the lower stream, and so it sunk for water. It got it, just as cold and of the same quality, as that of the main stream. There is unquestionably a strong subterranean stream flowing to the Bay beneath this valley. I suppose one more point of mystery and of interest may thus be added to the history of this peculiar little river. As I understand it, the artesian well is about a mile and a half or two miles below the "Blue Hole" whose waters temporarily sunk. I hope to hear more about this new "spring" later.—E. H.]

ST. LOUIS, May 5.—I note that our neighboring city of Hannibal has a new club, that was organized last week under the name of the Sny Carte Hunting and Fishing Club. The club has been incorporated, and has for its object the propagation of fish and game and the enforcement of the fish and game laws of the State of Illinois. Leases have been secured for the waters of the Sny Slough for a distance of nearly 3 miles. A club house will be erected at once for the accommodation of the 150 members. The officers of the club are as follows: Pres., Dr. D. H. Shields; Vice-Pres., Mr. Geo. A. Mahan; Sec'y, John J. Brown. The recent heavy rains have made the water so high in the fishing resorts near this city that there is but little angling being done, and there will not be any until after the waters are clear again.—ABERDEEN.

THE SEASON IN CANADA.

THE icy fetters that for five or six months past have bound the waters of Canada's northern lakes and rivers have at length been shaken off, and native anglers are busy assorting their fishing tackle, going through their carelessly laid-away fly books and making notes of the missing favorites, or of those damaged during the course of last season's campaign. It will be a few days yet before these will be called into requisition, but this by no means indicates that the finny inhabitants of Canadian waters are remaining free from allurements of the fisherman. All varieties of deep-water bait known to early spring anglers are eagerly seized by Canadian trout as soon as the spring floods partially subside in the rivers and the ice disappears from the surface of the lakes. Good catches of trout have already been made this month in Lake Beauport, and also in Lake St. Joseph, on the line of the Lake St. John Railway. The fish in the former average between 4oz. and 1½ lbs., and in the latter run frequently up to 3 and 4 lbs. each. Messrs. Brewer, Coates, and other members of the Springfield Fishing Club, had excellent sport upon the lakes that form part of their Metabetchouan preserve as early as the month of March. They spent ten to fifteen days in the woods, took through the ice a large quantity of very fine red trout, and saw several caribou.

Lake Edward, or Lac des Grandes Isles, has already yielded a few fine fish this spring, but will reach the full height of its season about the 15th inst. Thereafter we may look for reports of ample takes of very large fish, some of the handsomest trout taken along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway having come from this lake, which, it will be remembered, is also the headquarters of Kit Clarke's Paradise Fin and Feather Club, of which Judge Gildersleeve, of New York, is president, and Grover Cleveland an honorary member.

The ice left Lake St. John, the home of the far-famed ouananiche, early in April. The landlocked salmon of this inland sea will not leave it for the Grande Discharge for two or three weeks to come. During the month of May they are principally taken in the lake itself, and especially along the Roberval shore, opposite the Roberval Hotel and the present terminus of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. The large influx of American anglers last year into the country of the ouananiche, and the consequent crowding in the height of the season of the local hotels, have induced the proprietors of the Roberval Hotel to so enlarge their house during the past winter that its size is now quadrupled and accommodation provided for three hundred guests, while upon an island in the Grande Discharge another house has been erected, capable of accommodating a hundred guests.

Lake St. John is thirty miles across from Roberval to the Grande Discharge, and the crossing will be made by two boats daily during the present summer, one of which is a powerful new steamer with accommodations for 400 passengers. These steamers also make occasional trips up the Peribonca, the Mistassini and other huge rivers flowing into Lake St. John, of which some are over a mile wide at their mouths. But few white men have sailed up these mighty streams, which are navigable for steamboats in the spring time for twenty to thirty miles, and in whose waters are to be taken at any time during the season large catches of both pike and ouananiche. Prof. Julian C. Jones, of Hartford, was the first American to ascend the Mistassini to the Falls, a wondrous cataract, 21 miles from the mouth of the stream. Here, in 1888, he made a marvelous catch of ouananiche. The month of June will be found the most favorable period for the ascent of these rivers before the fall of their waters.

I will endeavor to keep you posted from time to time as to the names and doings of American anglers who may be visitors to Canada's great fish preserve, which stretches away northward from Quebec for a distance of 200 miles.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 6.

THE MAINE ICE IS OUT.

THE fever is on. Green trees and apple blossoms have intensified it. Running brooks may cool its ardor, but they must do it by direct contact only. The broad lake, with the boat and the fly-rod for an accompaniment, may bring a panacea, but it will come only after a season of days on the surface and nights in camp. The gamy trout must be brought to the creel, or at least the endeavor must be made, before the fishing-fevered patient is well again. It comes once a year, and the spring of 1891 has witnessed one of the strongest attacks about here on the records of angling. The ice has been tardy about leaving the great trout waters, and the waiting has only intensified the peculiar mania. But the sellers of fishing tackle have reaped a harvest from the waiting. Guides and hotel people have desired the ice to leave early, but the more astute of the tackle people have been ready to bet that the lakes would be slow about clearing. The bet was inspired by the wish, and they have had their reward. Days about fitting out and waiting for the ice have sold thousands of dollars worth of tackle that would have waited in the stores, possibly till another year, had the ice departed by the first of May. And by the departing of the ice I mean that in the great trout lakes of Maine and New Hampshire; for where else does the angler go? After all, even the guides and hotel people and camp keepers will be the better off for the tardy movement of the season. Before these lines are read by the anxious sportsman the ice will doubtless have departed and larger parties will be the result of the waiting, the talking, the getting ready; the excitement is too much for the would-be stay-at-homes and they are off.

But the anglers have been impatient to intensity, as well as the guides and camp-keepers. In several instances their impatience has got the better of their judgment, or at least their impatience has formed a judgment for them, in some cases very misleading. They have reasoned: "The ice must be out by Wednesday, or by Thursday. We will start to-day and get there just in time." Such reasoning has been the cause of nearly a week's waiting at the dismal little hotel at the border town, with the ice still in the lake as firm as January. Mr. C. P. Stevens, one of the Camp Vive Vale party, has been one of the impatient waiters. But in his impatience there was a method after all. His friend, Mr. Hayes, superintendent of the Boston Rubber Shoe Co.'s works at Malden, has only a couple of weeks at his disposal, and that time was so mapped out that he must be away by the 5th of May,

and they started. They met ice in the lakes, with snowdrifts in the Lake road, and freezing nights, with very few fish. These were taken after a good deal of trouble in the swollen brooks.

The Clough party of Lynn was also among the impatient, and Thursday a week ago carried them off. They met snow and ice, with a little poor fishing in the borders of the lake, with frost and rather poor success. Warmer weather and the ice out will bring them better results.

Mr. B. P. Kelley, the well-known builder of Catholic churches, with his friend, C. J. Bateman, a celebrated architect, will go to his old haunt, the Upper Dam, about the first of June. Mr. Kelley is one of the greatest lovers of angling in the whole list. He was a fast friend of the lamented Fr. O'Brien, of Cambridge. They were anglers together for many years. They annually visited the Upper Dam in company, and two more genial and wholesouled anglers were seldom met there. To hear Mr. Kelley tell how he "gave that trout the butt of the rod" would amuse a gathering of anglers around the camp-fire for a whole evening. Mr. Kelley is a lover of fly-casting, and his account of his tactics, his maneuvers, is as unique as it is interesting. He earnestly desires a rod and reel association in Boston, and will give the support that a gentleman of his wealth can afford to do. Where are the other members? In life Fr. O'Brien once expressed the wish that when he came to die, he might be buried near the trout lake he so much loved. But the incident affords a striking illustration of the great affection even the learned, the professional, the religious have for the woods and the waters, the reel and the rod.

LATER.

A dispatch from Andover, Me., on the 10th announced that the ice was out of Richardson Lake. This was something of a surprise to the sportsmen, since that lake is usually the last of the Androscoggin chain to clear. But the sportsmen are off. They are all the more enthusiastic for the long waiting.

Mr. Bayard Thayer, with Mr. H. C. Leeds, will go at once to Mr. Thayer's Birch Lodge, at the head of Richardson Lake. Messrs. N. S. Simpkins, John Simpkins and J. Otis Wetherbee, will follow to the same camp a little later. Mr. Henry Hobart, of Bridgewater, Mass., will early make a trip to the Rangeleys. Mr. N. N. Thayer and wife are to go to the same lakes. Mrs. Thayer is an angler not excelled by her masculine friends, neither in point of enthusiasm nor of expertness. Mr. E. E. Ryder is an angler only 80 years of age, and yet he will make the angling season at the Rangeleys. It will be his 19th season there. He claims that he will not be done fishing till he is 90 years of age. May he be right in that score, as he always is in his trouting record.

J. W. Rogers and wife are annual visitors to the Rangeleys, and they will doubtless again catch their big trout there. L. Coes, the famous wrench manufacturer, of Worcester, Mass., will make his annual visit to the Rangeley waters. B. D. Sweet, of Boston, will also go there. Fletcher Abbot, a son of Judge Abbot, is getting ready. Mr. Frank Potter, junior member of the boot and shoe manufacturing house of Potter, White & Bayley, is getting his flies ready. He will go later for fly-fishing.

C. D. Sias, of the coffee firm of Chase & Sanborn, with Mrs. Sias, will make a pilgrimage to Grand Lake Stream for landlocked salmon. Right here it may be mentioned that Mr. L. Dana Chapman, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, got away to the Sebago at the last moment, with some of his friends, though his party was a little broken up. He had a very fine show of landlocked salmon in the store window of the firm he is with on Tuesday morning. Mr. H. C. Litchfield, also in the tackle trade, reports a remarkably good trade this spring. He has no window for showing trout, for his store is in the second story, but he has had several offered already by his friends.

Salmon fishing is a little better at Bangor since warmer weather, but no big catches are yet reported. SPECIAL.

VERMONT TROUT.

RUTLAND, Vt., May 4.—The opening of the trout season in Vermont May 1 was very auspicious. The day was a perfect one, and the catches so far as reported were good. Since the enforcement of the 6in. law larger trout are taken. The trout have more opportunity to grow and the sportsmen confine themselves to the larger streams. I inclose a copy of an advertisement which the Vermont Fish and Game League have inserted in the weekly papers in various parts of the State.

A St. Albans fisherman brought in a string of 60 trout on the first. Rutland anglers were as a rule well rewarded. T. H. Clifford came home from the Chittenden Meadows with a handsome lot, the largest measuring 14½ in. and weighing 1½ lbs. This fish had been hooked by a companion, escaped with hook and leader and was taken again, with the first hook still in his mouth.

Chief of Police Woodward coaxed a fine basketful from the Castleton. Rev. G. W. Phillips showed twenty from Whipple's Hollow and George Tower was cloyed over a fine lot of trophies from East Creek. Timothy Wheeler, E. Northrup, E. W. Liddell, Dr. E. H. Armstrong, T. S. Sherman and others were out for the first day and all had something nice to show for their skill.

VERMONT.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H., May 8.—The weather has been cold, rough and raw, so the fish have not been biting well, only a few trout and salmon having been taken. The largest salmon that I hear of is one caught by Frank Sanborn, of this place, that weighed 10½ lbs. Trout (*namaycush*) have been taken larger than that. Many fish are seen rising and whirling at the top of the water, but evidently they are not feeding. Col. Hodge is going up to-morrow to see about distributing fry from the Newfound Lake hatchery. He is likely to have a busy summer of it, as he has to build several new hatchling houses in different parts of the State. The lumbermen have destroyed my old camp in the Adirondack Woods; they will soon make us all say, "Good-bye, Adirondacks."—W. A.

A FISHING DOG.—The Klamath (Cal.) *Star* has an account of a dog belonging to D. W. Anderson, of Lost River Gap, that catches suckers. The dog seizes the sucker with his teeth "and with a rapid flirt of the head flings the wriggling victim high and dry on the beach." An oil of some value is expressed from these suckers, and each fish yields nearly a pint. This may seem a large quantity, but California suckers grow to an enormous size.

KELLUP'S TROUT.

"Oh, Caleb, why don't you stop wishing and worrying, but just take a day and go fishing. It would do you good," said Susan.

So Kellup got out the map and picked out a nice, lone spot in South county, and opened negotiations with a young man down there. Jake wrote back: "Will meet you 8:30 train Thursday morning."

He did. They shook hands.

"Well, how'd you know me, Jake?"

"Oh, I knew ye by the rig. Them rubber boots ain't high enough. Where's your creel?"

"Well, I forgot it. Tell the truth though, Jake, I think my pockets 'll be big enough. Vest pockets maybe."

They struck across the lots by a path toward the house.

"There's a brook over yonder but it's pretty well fished. We'll go back a few miles. You go and set on the piazza with the Old Man while I hitch up."

The Old Man, small, spare, amiable, was getting faded, getting bent—a man to stay near the house now and do the bidding of the women. Glad of the company beside him on the edge of the piazza, he pointed with his pipe: "See that bird there, down on the lawn? Down by the bushes!"

"Where, where?" said Kellup. "Oh yes, a bluejay."

"No it ain't no bluejay. It's a pigeon woodpecker. Purliest bird they is."

"Well, well, well. Well how many a one I've shot, how many a one I've shot at and always thought it was a woodpecker, a bluejay I would say. How do you tell?"

"How? By the white. There 'e goes. See 'im fly! See the white? See the white?"

By and by Kellup says, "I see you had the ice storm here last winter," pointing to a great oak tree down by the gate.

"Yes, had to saw them two big limbs. Hed a good mind to chawp'er all down, but they's a good many men, good many old men, some on 'em that—well, they used to be a schoolhouse 'cross the road 'n' they played round under that oak when they was boys, 'n' now they're all growed up they 'low that oak better not be cut down. Never played there 'mself."

"Jake digging bait?"

"No. All dog. Soap box full in the cellar; dug last fall. There he comes," and he got up to pluck a straw from the chestnut's foretop.

The rods were in, the lunch was in, the old coats and things were in, and Jake was in, so Kellup clambered up something loath.

There was a good wholesome aroma about the old man. He seemed to know things, too. It seemed to Kellup at that moment a good thing to know the difference between a woodpecker and a bluejay; better than all the short tables in interest. And then the fact that bait would live all winter in a box of earth with a little meal on top.

After supper that night when Susan had got done twitting him about the color of his nose, but never thinking to mention fish, Kellup went to the inside pocket of his game coat hanging up and produced first a handful of damp moss and then laid tenderly on a platter a 10in. trout. It couldn't have been more beautiful. And every night for a week after that he would run on to Susan about that country road that wound through woods desolate but delightful with undergrowth of rhododendron and beds of arbutus, and rocks with fantastic designs of lichen, and bars you took down and put back, and old sheep and young lambs and a deserted farmhouse. And then he took breath and went on about the many delightful pools in Sunderland Brook, where he dropped a bait with the conviction that here of all places would he reside if he were a trout, and the trees that caught his hooks high up, and the log that he played up from the depths and the waterfall made by the brook running into his boots "And, Susan, the trout I caught!"

JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

MRS. STAGG'S 205LB. TARPON.

FORT MYERS, Fla., May 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg, of Frankfort, Kentucky, reports the *Press*, are here in their naphtha launch fishing for tarpon. On Saturday forenoon, May 2, Mrs. Stagg looked a tarpon and after a hard and gallant fight of one hour and twenty-five minutes, brought to gaff and secured a 205-pound tarpon, the largest silver king ever caught with rod and reel, or in any other manner for that matter. When the news was first known our citizens hardly believed it, and in this town, among our citizens where tarpon have ceased to be a novelty, crowds were going and coming all day to view the king. Its length was 7ft. 3in., and it girthed 4ft. 3in. Mrs. Stagg is justly proud of her achievement, and declares she will try and break her own record. She may, from the fact that at this time of year the tarpon are in better flesh than earlier in the season. This monster tarpon has been mounted in fine style by our local taxidermists, Messrs. Wm. J. Jeffcott and Geo. S. Boyd.

The largest tarpon caught with rod and reel heretofore known weighed 184 lbs. and was caught in 1888 by John G. Hecksher, at St. James City.

The Fort Myers tarpon record from April 26 is as follows, making note only of those caught with rod and reel. The score is kept by the *Press*:

	Pt. In.	Lbs.
April 26, J. V. Fitzgerald.....	5 3	104
24, Mrs. G. T. Stagg.....	7 1½	175½
29, Geo. T. Stagg.....	5 10½	96
30, H. J. H. Platt.....	6 6	171½
May 1, Mrs. G. T. Stagg.....	6 2½	116
2, Mrs. G. T. Stagg.....	7 3	205
2, Geo. T. Stagg.....	5	55
2, Geo. T. Stagg.....	6 3	124
2, J. V. Fitzgerald.....	6 3	166
3, H. J. H. Platt.....	6 6	175½
5, Mrs. G. T. Stagg.....	6 7	125
3, A. B. Curtis.....	6 6	140
5, H. J. H. Platt, seven tarpon, averaging		105

Previously reported, 113; total, 133 to date.

Angel and jew fish are getting plentiful in our water. Many have been seen at the head of the wharves.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.—Do you contemplate visiting Duquesne, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, or any point in the Northwest, the Puget Sound region, the Halcyon South or Southwest, or the busy East? The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway will furnish you transportation enabling you to safely, quickly and comfortably reach your destination. Its splendid equipment and excellent management have made it a popular favorite. F. H. Lorp, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

THE PIKE FAMILY.—III.

[Concluded from Page 333.]

THE series of brief sketches of the pikes will be closed with a statement of an easy way of distinguishing between the important groups of the family and a short account of the muscalonge (*Esox nobilior*). I am aware that some of my ichthyological associates are now writing the name *Esox masquinongy*, but as Mitchell's description of the masquinongy or maskinonge, is inaccessible to me, and there is good reason to doubt its pertinence to the muscalonge, I prefer not to change a name so well identified with the species as Thompson's name *Esox nobilior*. This paper does not include a discussion of the common name of the fish for the very good reason that I am not satisfied as to its original orthography and would rather take up the subject when my information is more nearly complete. While on this topic I will say that Mr. H. W. Henshaw, ethnologist of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C., has written me the following note: "The word maskinonge appears to be an Ojibwa or Cree word, both of them being Algonkian tribes. It is derived from the word *mask*, meaning ugly or disfigured, and *kinongé*, meaning fish." FOREST AND STREAM has held to the name muscalonge, which, I am inclined to believe, will eventually be considered a corruption of the original Indian name of the species; but until we know the correct spelling of the Algonkian term we will gain nothing by substituting one doubtful appellation for another.

A matter of probably greater importance to him who goes a fishing is some clue to the way of distinguishing the various species of the pike family at sight, and herewith follows a short description of the muscalonge and a concise key to the main groups of the *Esoxidae*, of which it is a conspicuous and famous member.

The muscalonge (Fig. 1) is a stout-bodied fish with a large head, the head equalling more than one-quarter of the length without the tail, and the depth about one sixth. It is stated to reach a length of 8 ft.

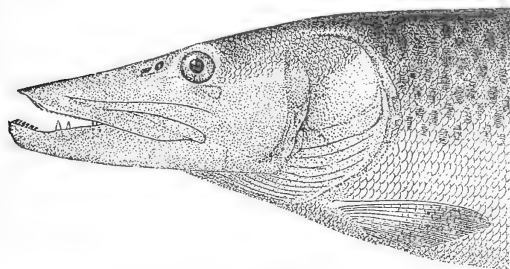


FIG. 2. HEAD OF MUSCALONGE.
(Lower half of cheeks and opercles naked.)

The dorsal has 17 rays, the anal 15, and there are about 150 scales in the lateral line. The scales on the cheeks and opercles are large—much larger in proportion than in any other member of the pike family. By reference to the illustration (Fig. 2), it will be seen that the lower

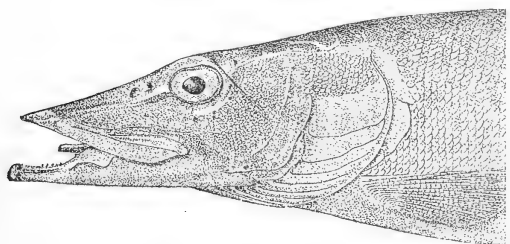


FIG. 3. HEAD OF PIKE.
(Cheeks scaly. Lower half of opercles naked.)

parts of the cheeks and opercles have no scales. This is one of the best distinguishing marks between the muscalonge and all other fishes of its family.

The color of the muscalonge is usually dark gray, sometimes without spots, as in the variety *immaculatus* de-

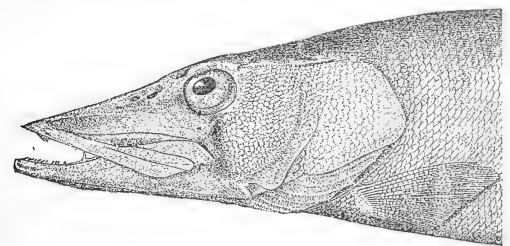


FIG. 4. HEAD OF PICKEREL.
(Cheeks and opercles completely scaled.)

scribed by General Garrard, but generally with roundish, distinct or confluent dark spots about the size of buckshot. The color of the sides is often bluish gray, as in the variety above mentioned. The fins are black-spotted, the lower parts of the body pale. The eye of the muscalonge is comparatively small, only one-fourth to one-fifth as long as the snout.

The pike (Fig. 3) has the cheeks fully scaled and the lower half of the opercles naked. It may be still further

distinguished from the muscalonge by its coloration, the spots being paler than the ground color of the body. The sides are gray or dusky and with numerous oblong or roundish white spots. The dorsal, anal and caudal fins are black-spotted. In the young the white spots are more or less confluent, forming oblique streaks or bars.

The pickerel (Fig. 4) has both the cheeks and the opercles fully scaled. In the largest of the species, *reticulatus*, the sides are usually greenish and covered with a network of narrow dark lines. Sometimes the reticulations are wanting in this pickerel, giving the fish a unique appearance. The two smaller species mentioned in the preceding papers (*vermiculatus* and *americanus*) are different in coloration from the *reticulatus*, or common pickerel, but agree with this in having the cheeks and opercles entirely scaled.

THE MUSCALONGE (Fig. 1).

Distribution.—The muscalonge inhabits the Great Lake region and northwest, its northern limit not being definitely fixed. It occurs occasionally in the Ohio Valley, and Professor Cope records a specimen taken in Con-

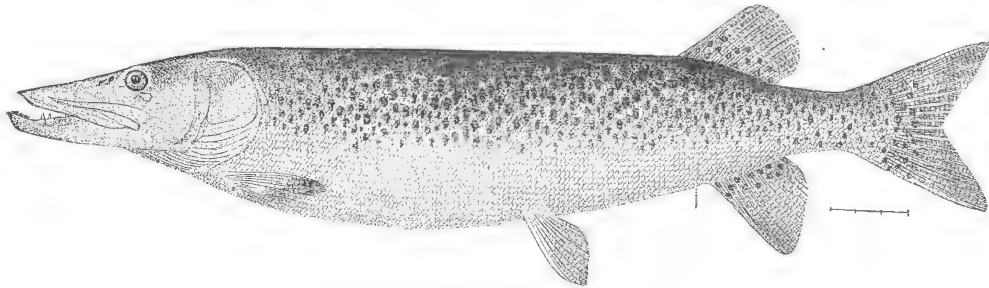


FIG. 1. THE MUSCALONGE (*Esox nobilior*).
(All the figures are from "Fishery Industries, U. S.")

neaut Lake, Crawford county, Pa., measuring 17 in. in circumference behind the eyes. In Lake Erie among the favorable localities for muscalonge are Dunkirk and Barcelona, New York, Erie, Pa., and Mill's Grove, Ohio. In Sandusky Bay and at Kelly's Island some large examples have been taken. The species is comparatively scarce in this lake. In Lake Ontario Cape Vincent is one of the noted places for this fish. Clayton, N. Y., furnished good fishing last summer, and Theresa, on Indian River, was a good locality. At the southern end of Green Bay the muscalonge was reported common by Mr. Kumlien nearly ten years ago. In winter the species is found in Lake Michigan in the vicinity of Racine, Wis. Coolidge, Wis., has furnished excellent fishing in July. In the southeastern part of Lake Michigan only large individuals are reported to occur. It is said to be rare throughout the Straits of Mackinaw, but common at Les Cheneaux Islands. The Missisquoi River, at Highgate, Vt., has yielded some fine muscalonge. From the evidence before us the muscalonge is not remarkably abundant in any part of the Great Lake region. It seems to be not gregarious, but occurs for the most part in pairs. It has the reputation of being the largest game fish in the fresh waters of the United States. This statement, however, takes no account of several anadromous species which spend a considerable portion of their time in the fresh waters. Among the large examples recorded are the following: In 1864 Mr. Fred Alvord announced his capture of a specimen in Maumee Bay which weighed 85 lbs., and in 1865 Mr. Schultz claimed to have seized a muscalonge in the old harbor at Milwaukee weighing 100 lbs. The species reaches a length of 8 ft., and individuals weighing 50 lbs. are moderately common. Mitchell described a specimen 47 in. long, which weighed 30 lbs. The average length of the species is about 3 ft.

Habits.—Like the other members of the pike family the muscalonge preys upon smaller fishes, and its surpassing size and strength, as well as its voracious disposition, combine to make it one of the tyrants of the fresh waters. We have already alluded to its occurrence commonly in pairs. Richardson states that in the spawning season in small rivers falling into Lake Simcoe it feeds upon small fishes and upon small gelatinous green balls which grow on the sides of banks under the water. He was informed that spawning takes place in the spring. In Chautauque Lake, New York, Mr. Monroe Green, superintendent of the Caledonia hatchery, obtained the eggs of this species in April and May. On the 19th of April, 1890, a large female furnished 60,000 eggs. At this time the temperature of the water ranged from 40 to 46°, and very few of the eggs were hatched. In May of the same year 44 females were taken in the same lake and 103,000 eggs were secured, from which 75,000 fry were deposited May 27. The temperature of the water ranged from 46 to 60°. On account of the large size and great strength of the fish the collecting of the eggs was attended with great difficulty. In hatching the eggs of the muscalonge Mr. Jonathan Mason, who was in charge of the work, placed them in a box about 4 ft. from the bottom of the lake, in a place where the water was 18 ft. deep, and in this way he succeeded better than by his former experiment of hatching them in jars or trays.

Parker Gilmore, in a recent issue of *Land and Water*, gives a description of muscalonge fishing in which he mentions his success with spoon bait and with a unique lure consisting of the tail of a young brown calf. The shank of the hook was passed up through the center of the tail and secured to a swivel, to which a foot of strong gimp was attached. He mentions the use of the musk from the muskrat by one of his Indian guides to increase the attractiveness of this singular fish lure.

In the Missisquoi River, at Highgate, Vt., a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM killed several fine muscalonge on a light salmon rod. One of them, weighing 19 lbs., broke water like a salmon and cost a half hour's work to bring him to boat. For a full and graphic account of fishing for muscalonge the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will refer to E. Hough's interesting articles, published July 3, 10 and 17, 1890. T. H. BEAN.

GAMÉ PROTECTOR BRADLEY, of the Eighth District, was reinstated by the New York Fish Commissioners at their meeting last Tuesday.

ANGLING NOTES.

LAST Friday and Saturday several parties started for the Adirondacks, having received word from their guide that the ice was out. This is remarkably early, and as there has been but little rain, the chances are in favor of their having excellent fishing. One of the greatest drawbacks to the early fishing generally is the high water, but it looks as if everything was favorable this spring.

Mr. Harry Green reports the fishing on the Bushkill very good this season. He says he saw five deer cross the stream while he was fishing one day last week. So there are still a few deer left in Pike county. Last season it was reported that they had been pretty well exterminated in that section.

There are a good many members now visiting Blooming Grove Park, and they are having great sport with the big speckled trout that were turned into Lake Giles last winter. The executive committee very wisely passed a rule prohibiting any member from killing more than five in any one day, so as to give every one a chance at them. The club has purchased two miles more of the Shehola, thus securing an excellent stretch of fly-fishing water.

There were quite a number of small striped bass taken last week in Coney Island Creek and one of over 18 lbs. was shown that was caught near the mouth of Shrewsbury River. One fisherman, I believe it was the same gentleman that caught the 20 lb. striped bass at Tarrytown, had his line, etc., carried off by a large

bass; as they have taken them in nets this spring upward of 40 lbs. in weight it shows that they are there, but, of course, people who fish in the Hudson are not rigged for bass of that size.

Large weakfish have appeared on the stands in market, they were, of course, netted—probably near Fire Island. Bluefish are plenty off the Delaware coast.

Frozen fish have had their day. The best restaurants and hotels have about made up their minds not to purchase them, as their guests do not like them. I wonder that people eat them at all, for of all tasteless trash frozen fish is the worst, except perhaps frozen game, which is not tasteless by any means; it would be better if it were.

C. Fuller sends word that good-sized blackfish are plentiful in Broad Channel.

The reports from the Beaverkill and Neversink rivers are very conflicting. The majority of anglers complain that they had practically no fishing, while two or three others report excellent sport. There is no question if anglers would only wait until settled warm weather, they would enjoy better fishing. May 15th to the 20th is early enough for the mountain streams, and those who go before that are disappointed nine times out of ten.

SCARLET-IBIS.

DIDN'T WANT THE TROUT.

BEFORE the close of the trout season last year one of our enthusiastic anglers went out on Beaver Creek to make a few farewell casts. He gathered in a few specimens, and in his wanderings ran across a shallow pool of a spring brook that made into the creek—he doesn't reveal the exact locality of the spot—in which could be seen a large number of big trout, that would run from 1 lb. to 1½ lbs. On accidentally making this breath-taking discovery he dropped down out of sight and held a council of war with himself preparatory to a regular siege. He first went into action with an angleworm which wriggled temptingly on the treacherous hook. He cast repeatedly across the pool, and let the worm float down the rift into the pool, all to no purpose. Then the fly-book came out and a tempting cast was put on. These fluttered down upon the surface of the water, but there was no responsive tug or splash. These lords of the crystal element would come up and give the bait a playful cuff with their tails, as much as to say, "Do you take me for a sucker?" Angleworms, flies, grasshoppers, every available lure, was spurned by those aristocrats. Then it was that our exasperated sportsman pulled off his coat and shoes and prepared for a hand-to-hand encounter; but the pool, though it seemed of insignificant proportions, was just large enough to prevent his cornering them. "Thou art so near and yet so far." So thought our fisherman as he desperately splashed around in the water over the slippery stones. After a siege of three hours he started for home philosophizing that it would be decidedly unsportsmanlike to take a lot of trout off their spawning beds.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

A HANDSOME CATALOGUE.—We have received from Mr. W. J. Cummins, Bishop Auckland, England, a copy of the tenth edition of his catalogue entitled "Fishing and Fishing Tackle," with which is a supplementary price list, dated April, 1891. This catalogue is a very handsome publication, and while the greater part of the 112 pages which it contains is devoted to descriptions of various angling appliances, it contains also a considerable amount of information on angling, especially in England and Norway. One scarcely realizes without looking over a catalogue of this kind all the various articles that are included in a complete outfit of an angler of the present day. Rods, reels, lines, hooks and flies are, of course, understood, but, besides these, there are half a hundred articles and utensils, each one of which must appear an absolute necessity to the enthusiastic fisherman. Mr. Cummins is an old advertiser of FOREST AND STREAM and it gives us pleasure to call attention to his handsome catalogue.

STRIPED BASS IN ALABAMA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishermen are taking hundreds of fish in nets in Alabama River at this point. I wish to know the species of same. They are called by the fishermen "rock fish." They weigh from 10 to 30 lbs., striped and of a silvery hue, large mouth; they run up river every spring, but none were every taken here with rod. Can you tell me what bait to use or do you think they will take the fly? Please describe the striped bass.—E. R. [The occurrence of the striped bass in Alabama River has been known for some years. A very fine specimen was sent to the Smithsonian Institution on April 7, 1883, by the late Thomas S. Doran, of Montgomery. It was described in the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum, Aug. 20, 1884. In the same paper a specimen of this fish from the Tangipahoa River, Mississippi, is also described. A full account of the striped bass and of the methods of fishing for it will be found in our special Florida Number of FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 9, 1890. A figure of the species accompanies this paper. You can readily recognize the species by the dark stripes along its sides. There is no other fish of equal size in the Alabama River which has the same markings. The yellow bass of the Mississippi Valley is a much smaller species and its body is thinner and much deeper comparatively than in the striped bass. The yellow bass seldom exceeds a weight of 4 lbs. Salted eel tail is a favorite bait for this bass in fresh water and a spoon or spinner is often successfully used. Live minnows, however, are preferable to all other baits. It is practically useless to fish for striped bass with hook and line in your river except when the water is clear. Sometimes this fish will rise to a gaudy fly.]

CASTING THE FLY BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A few years ago while on the U. S. Fish Commission steamer Albacross at the station at Wood's Holl, Mass., we had the submarine electric light over evenings for the purpose of collecting free swimming worms, or other things curious, which might be attracted. Noticing numerous fish striking where the water was illuminated, I selected a small fly with red body and black wings, rather resembling the worm in looks, and almost every cast was rewarded by a strike, often two or three fish making a rush at the same time. Unfortunately they were not trout or salmon, but only big-eyed scad, of which quite a number were taken, together with several yellow mackerel. The novelty of the thing, however, more than made up for the lack of game in the fish.—WILLARD NYE, JR. (New Bedford, Mass.) [It may not be generally known that the big-eyed scad (*Trachurus crumenophthalmus*) is a delicious fish for the table. A figure of the species will be found on plate 100, "Fishery Industries," where it is called the goggler or goggle-eye. There are few fishes along our coast that are superior to this one in flavor, and it is a pity we have it only as an occasional summer visitor from tropical seas.]

A HAUL FROM CLITHERALL.—The Battle Lake (Mich.) Review gives a picture of a cart load of fish with this report: "George W. Powell, of St. Louis, Mo., and T. B. Trezevant, of Memphis, Tenn., were in this village last summer, and on Thursday, June 12, in company with Capt. John Corser, oarsman, they drove out to Clitherall Lake, two miles southeast of here, intent on having a few hours sport with rod and reel. They arrived at the lake at 10 o'clock, and were soon ready for business. The fish, black bass and pike, were on the war path that day, and the gentlemen were kept busy from the start, and at 2 o'clock they rowed ashore and ordered their team, having made up their minds it was time to quit. When the party arrived in the village they stopped in front of Chester Retailer's gallery, the fish were taken from the boat and hung along the side of the hay rack, and a photograph was then taken. There were 201 fish, weight 469 lbs."

SPAWNING OF STRIPED BASS.—The Commissioner of Fisheries, Hon. Marshall McDonald, has received a note from Dr. W. R. Capehart, stating that a striped bass weighing 53 lbs., and in full spawning condition, was caught by him at Avoca, N. C., April 22. In North Carolina waters the fish usually spawns early in May. The eggs are smaller than those of the shad and, after fertilization, they increase greatly in size and become light green in color. They hatch in from one to five days, according to the temperature of the water.

VIRGINIA BLUEFISH.—Norfolk, Va., May 4.—Catching large bluefish from the beach has been good sport for the past three weeks. Thousands have been caught with rod and reel from our beach, the fisherman standing on the shore; and tens of thousands have been taken in boats just outside the breakers. Of course we have all other kinds of salt-water fish, but the bluefish make the best sport. Our black bass fishing has not been thought of on account of the abundance of blue.—J. B. WHITE.

KEPT STANDING.—The following item will be kept standing in this office during the trout season: "—brought home last night the finest lot of speckled beauties ever caught in — Creek. He started to whip the stream at 7 A. M., and by 9:30 had landed —, the smallest measuring fully — inches."—*Wilkes-Barre Record.*

CHICAGO.—May 8.—Reports come of good bass fishing about La Porte, Ind. I don't know anything about that country, but hear it is lake fishing. A nice lot of trout were brought down this week by a gentleman fishing on the Iron River, Michigan, some over 2 lbs.—E. HUGHES.

FISHING EXHIBIT AT CHICAGO.—As noted on our editorial page, Dr. Jas. A. Henshall has been appointed special agent for the Government in charge of the Fishery exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD.—The superbly built, magnificently equipped, double track, steel trunk line to and from the West. Three fast express trains daily in each direction. Wagner palace sleeping cars and buffet sleeping cars attached. The only all-rail route to the Catskill mountains; with dining room and buffet smoking cars run through without change between Philadelphia, Jersey City, New York and Catskill Mountains. Saratoga Limited express trains during the summer season. Special trains for the accommodation of travel to and from Lakes Mohonk and Minerva. Shawangunk Mountains and all points in the Catskill Valley. Connection in Jersey City station with Pennsylvania R. R., avoiding the long transfers through New York. Ticket, via West Shore at all ticket offices of all competing lines. For time tables and full information address C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent, 5 Vanderbilt Avenue, N. Y. City.—Advt.

Fishculture.

COD AND LOBSTER HATCHING IN CANADA.—Encouraged by the successful experiments in the hatching of cod and lobsters by the Government of Newfoundland, the Canadian Government now propose to begin similar work on a very large scale. The Superintendent of Canadian Fishculture, Mr. Samuel Wilmot, visited Newfoundland to see the practical workings and results of Superintendent Nielsen's methods. The Dominion Government intends to protect these fisheries as well as to improve them by artificial cultivation. Injurious methods of fishing will be prevented and the rig of fishing apparatus established by law. At the Newfoundland hatching establishment in Placentia Bay 17,000,000 young cod were planted in the waters of the bay, representing more than 50 per cent. of the whole number of eggs taken. Over 400,000,000 of young lobsters were planted in Newfoundland waters, of which all but 15,000,000 were credited to the floating incubators invented by Mr. Adolph Nielsen.

SHAD WORK ON THE DELAWARE.—We learn from Col. John Gay, of the U. S. Fish Commission, that the first shad eggs were taken on the evening of April 30, the same date as the first take of last year. The station is in good running order. So far the run of shad is very good, both as to number and size of fish, and the prospects are that a great many will be caught in the Delaware this year.

CALIFORNIA COMMISSION.—San Francisco, May 5.—We beg to advise you of the present status of the Board of Fish Commissioners of the State of California. It is as follows: J. D. Redding, President, San Francisco; Ramon E. Wilson, Secretary, San Francisco; Joseph Morizio, Treasurer, San Francisco.—RAMON E. WILSON, Secretary (No. 419 California street, San Francisco).

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. St. ve, Sec'y and Subt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

THE ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB TRIALS.

THESE field trials came off on April 28 and 29. Owing to the limited number of entries the trials were run through in less time than expected, on the estate of Mr. S. E. Shirley, president of the Kennel Club, at Elington Park. The judges appointed were Mr. J. H. Salter, Rev. W. Serjeantson and Mr. W. Arkwright, but the latter was unable to officiate. From *Stock-Keeper's* excellent report we learn that the greater part of the country round is a strong and fertile arable soil, and the corn especially afforded much better cover than could be expected from the late backward spring; game at first was far from plentiful, and some of the earlier trials were prolonged in consequence, but after the first two hours matters in this respect greatly improved, and try were able to run off a succession of good working trials, though fur was never plentiful, in fact did not trouble the dogs more than two or three times, though even then it made sad havoc with one of them.

In the Pointer Derby there were only five entries, Mr. D. Moriarty's Glenbeigh sustaining the reputation he made at the National trials the week before by winning again; Mr. Nicholson's Bertha second and Mr. Beck's Busy Ben third. The stake was run through by 12:30.

In the Setter Derby there were eight entries. Among them the Rev. O'Callaghan had two entries of his famous "reds," Coleraine and Finglass. The former showed once more that she is a good one by disposing of all her opponents and winning this stake also. Mr. Barr's Young Minnie, second, and Mr. Lander's Sweep's Delight, third. The heat for absolute winner between Glenbeigh and Coleraine resulted the same as the similar heat last week, the pointer being declared absolute winner. This is a description of the running: "Mr. Moriarty's pointer Glenbeigh and the Rev. R. O'Callaghan's setter Coleraine, worked by Lanan, were put down on the same moro amid considerable excitement. Both ranged freely; Glenbeigh stood well to birds which Coleraine rushed into and flushed, after chasing a hare, and lost as decidedly as she did at Aqualate. The day's work finished at 4:55 P. M. the quickest first day's finish in the record of the club, and the judges' awards throughout were universally indorsed."

The All-Aged Stakes for pointers and setters created no little excitement, there being fifteen entries, as follows: The All-Aged Stakes for pointers and setters, a sweepstakes of £6 10s. each—*bona fide* the property of the person entering.

Mr. Lowe's pointer bitch Belle des Bordes (Young Bang-Polly), and Mr. Elias Bishop's setter bitch Devonshire Daisy (Prince Rupert II.—Devonshire Fan).

Mr. Moriarty's pointer dog puppy Glenbeigh (Grouse-Rita), and Mr. Wade's setter dog Tutsham Trip (Baron-Nora).

Mr. Alexander's setter dog Sir Wallace (sire unknown—Brampton Maud), and Mr. Lowe's pointer dog Ben of Kippen (Rocket R.—Laura of Kippen).

Mr. Norris's pointer dog Sandford Lark, and Dr. Wood's setter dog Fred (Prince—Moll IV.).

Mr. Cooper's Irish setter dog Wrestler (Musskerry—Glass), and Mr. Ellis's Irish setter dog Dartrey (Rossmore—Mac's Little Nell).

Mr. James Bishop's setter dog Earl of Moira (Jock—Little Bess), and Rev. W. Shield's pointer dog Beau of the Border (Saddleback—Molton Broom).

Mr. Thorp Hink's setter bitch Dove Rose (Cobalt—Dove Doll), and Rev. O'Callaghan's Irish setter bitch Coleraine (Frigate III.—Aveline).

Mr. James Bishop's setter Sweep the Green (Monk of Furness—Kate Auburo), a bye.

The running may be summed up in the following extract: These included a marvelous array of clever dogs, and when after the first round the number had been reduced to nine, scarcely one was included but what had been a winner at field trials at one place or other. These, again, were reduced

to six, and when the awards were given in, their quality is evidenced by no less than five out of the six receiving substantial acknowledgment of their approbation.

There was some little sensation when the pointer Glenbeigh, the double champion at Aqualate and Stratford, went down in the first round; but there is this to be said for him, that at the time it was blowing a little gale of wind, and free-ranging dogs might readily make a mistake. The Irish setter puppy Coleraine, well deserves a word of mention, for it is no little thing for an Irish setter at two meetings, both of which labored under unfavorable climatic conditions, as relates to scent, to hold her own in a third all-aged stake, and at last to run into a winning place. The setter Fred, a red-ticked dog, suggesting a dash of Irish blood co-mingled with the Laverack, ran consistent and reliable throughout, and bar one mistake could have no fault found with him, while Mr. Lowe's dogs, notably Ben of Kippen, who ran a greatly improved succession of trials, and Mr. James Bishop's brace evidenced the careful training and the working powers, we should expect to find in the hand of such experienced breeders.

The second round resulted in these dogs being left in: Rev. Shield's Beau of the Border and Rev. O'Callaghan's Coleraine.

Mr. G. Bishop's Devonshire Lady and Mr. J. Bishop's Sweep the Green.

Dr. Wood's Fred and Mr. J. Bishop's Earl Moira.

Mr. Lowe's Belle des Bordes and Mr. Wade's Tutsham Trip.

Mr. Lowe's Ben of Kippen a bye.

At 4:35 P. M. on Wednesday, the second day, Dr. Wood's Fred was declared the winner, Mr. J. Bishop's Earl Moira second, Rev. O'Callaghan's Coleraine third and Mr. Lowe's Belle des Bordes and Ben of Kippen equal fourth. After a vote of thanks to the judges and to Mr. Shirley for the use of the grounds, and for his efforts to further the objects of the meet, this pleasant meeting ended with three cheers for Mrs. Shirley, who was an interested spectator of the running.

SAN FRANCISCO SHOW.

THIS show came to a successful conclusion with a parade of the prize winners. Duke of Vernon won the medal for the best dog in show of any breed. Our critical report has not yet made its appearance, and must now lay over till next week. The following are the awards:

PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, G. McNoble's Ingleside Crown Prince; 2d, J. D. Dal's Keuro; 3d, Charles N. Norris's Harold. Bitches: J. B. Martin's Bess.

GREAT DANES.—Dogs: 1st, J. Livingstone's Malock; 2d, Joseph Calcar's Noble; 3d, Albert Johnson's Hector. Bitches: 1st, John H. Adkins's Minka; 2d, F. W. Jaeger's Dada; 3d, Jonsson and Creyer's Nora.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, Nanquott Kennels' R-pubbcan; 2d, E. She's Judge; 3d, Frank H. Allen's Duke of Wellington. Bitches: 1st, Dr. A. T. Rezensburger's Gertie. Puppies: 1st, George B. Sperry's William '06; 2d, John Bourdett's Napoleon; 3d, T. H. Allen's Tomah.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, Charles Friedschold's Lion; no second awarded. Bitches: 1st, T. H. Stevenson's Joan.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st withheld; 2d, G. W. Simpson's Jack.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Charles S. Wieland's Freestone; 2d, S. A. Cummings' D-xfer; 3d, T. J. Cronin's Depend-on-me. Bitches: 1st, R. D. Nolan's Valley Queen; 2d, H. McCracken's Bess; 3d, S. S. Wilder's Emma.

DEERHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, Chris Kemple's Cerous; 2d, Dr. R. A. Ferguson's Lulu.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. W. H. Staniels' Ston; 2d, A. M. Doyle's Fox; 3d, John W. B. and Co.'s Ika. Bitches: 1st, W. H. Staniels' Judy; 2d, John W. Bourdett's Princess. Puppies: 1st, W. H. Staniels' Julie.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—1st, J. L. Sanderson's Paddy. Puppies: 1st and 2d, A. B. Anderson's Yorks and Sweep.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Henry Huber's Duke of Vernon. OPEN—55 lbs. and over: 1st, J. Martin Barnes's Tom Finch; 2d, H. A. Bassford's Bismarck; 3d, James E. Higgins' Major H. Some of the other competitors received commended cards. Bitches (55 lbs. and over): 1st, Harry Golder's Vera; 2d, P. P. Pagan's Rose; 3d, J. Martin Barnes's Lady Finch. CHALLENGE. Bitches (under 55 lbs.): 1st, A. B. Truman's Patric Coxeter's Opex—Dogs (under 55 lbs.): 1st, E. K. Benchley's Kar-Koo; 2d, H. Spencer's Climax; 3d, A. B. Truman's Donald T. Bitches (under 55 lbs.): 1st, J. B. Lewis' Gipsy; 2d, W. F. Gunn's Meg Merriliss; 3d, E. K. Benchley's Kloti. PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st and 2d, A. B. Truman's Donald T. and Croxeth T.; 3d, Mrs. L. Olney's Rap. Bitches: 1st, Horace Y. Evans' Tippet; 2d, Howard Vernon's Sappho; 3d, H. L. Miller's Romp M.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, James B. Barber's Pilot; 2d, Thomas Huges' Rover H.; 3d, Geo. Muller's Carlo. Bitches: 1st, John Kerrigan's Bess; 2d, George Muller's Ophelia; 3d, John F. Bourdett's Dido.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Felix Delean's Sho; 2d, E. W. Spencer's Adonis; 3d, J. W. Bourdett's Pedro. Bitches: 1st, W. F. Sah ck's Hazel.

WORLD SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, G. B. Sperry's Eric; 2d, W. Reay's Jack. Bitches: 1st, John McChell's Nuni; 2d, Robert Liddle's Fannie; 3d, J. W. Edwards's Lady Clara Jane.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—Dogs: 1st, A. B. Truman's Mike T. Bitches: 1st, A. B. Truman's Lady Elcho T.—PES—Dogs: 1st, M. W. Stackpole's Lord Clare; 2d, Chas. J. Althorpe's Brace; 3d, Geo. Martin's Dash T. Bitches: 1st, J. W. England's Nora Mayvourne; 2d, C. F. A. Tylbot's Kate T.; 3d, Mrs. L. L. Campbell's Lady Josie.—PUPPIES—Dogs: 1st, Capt. Banning's Mac B.; 2d, E. J. Roy's Red Rapparee; 3d, H. F. Mann's Flash. Bitches: 1st, A. B. Anderson's Lightning; 2d, E. J. Roy's Red Colleen.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, W. Hendrickson's Pansy.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—Mrs. H. P. Rennie's Woodstock Belle.—OPEN—Dogs: 1st, A. C. Davenport's Brenta. Bitches: 1st, J. H. Varley's Jessie V. Puppies: 1st and 2d, California Spaniel Kennels' Master Spot, Master Shiny; 3d, A. C. Davenport's Reo. Bitches: 1st, J. B. McVay's Mellicie M.

RETRIEVERS.—1st, E. C. Klein's Dnde.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, R. L. McKnight's Laddie. Puppies: 1st, Thomas Huges' Bess.

COLLIES.—Dogs: 1st, A. B. Aderson's Laddie; 2d, Mrs. S. W. Deane's Scottie; 3d, Adeline Suito's Dan. Bitches: 1st, O. J. Albee's Laughing Girl. Puppies: 1st, O. J. Albee's Rosi, n. Jr.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, E. D. Boylard's Dameo; 2d, Beylard's Joricks.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Premier Kennels' Premier IV.

BULLDOGS.—1st, Charles A. Huggs' Boxer.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Clarence A. Barnes's Little Nell.—Dogs: 1st, J. P. Drillon's Jack Napoleon; 2d, Charles A. Huggs' Polo; 3d, H. Lewis's Little Nick. Bitches: 1st, John Sparrow's Olivette; 2d, James J. Tooby's Peggy. Puppies: 1st, J. A. McNamara's Jennie II.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—Dogs: 1st, J. B. Martin's Belmont Shiner; 2d, John A. Logan's Le Logos; 3d, A. L. Langerman's Tramp. Very high com. A. C. Sumner's Bleuton Vesuvian and J. E. Hax's Dixie. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. Clara Liddle's Nellie; 2d, A. B. Anderson's Golden Patch; 3d, George Pettis's Jess; others were given commended cards. Puppies: 1st, G. W. Debenham's Tidy; 2d, Thos. S. Casey's Frisky Viola; 3d, Mrs. George Debenham's Nailer.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, David Elsemann's Dixie. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. A. B. Truman's Bessie. Puppies: 1st, A. J. Martin's Rosy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, Robert Bruce's Beauty.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. W. Sierp's Mash; 2d, D. H. Everett's Mash; Jr. Bitches: 1st, A. J. Martin's Jessie.

TOY TERRIERS.—UNDER 7 LBS.—1st, Mrs. Berlie Tuttle's Bessie Tuttle.

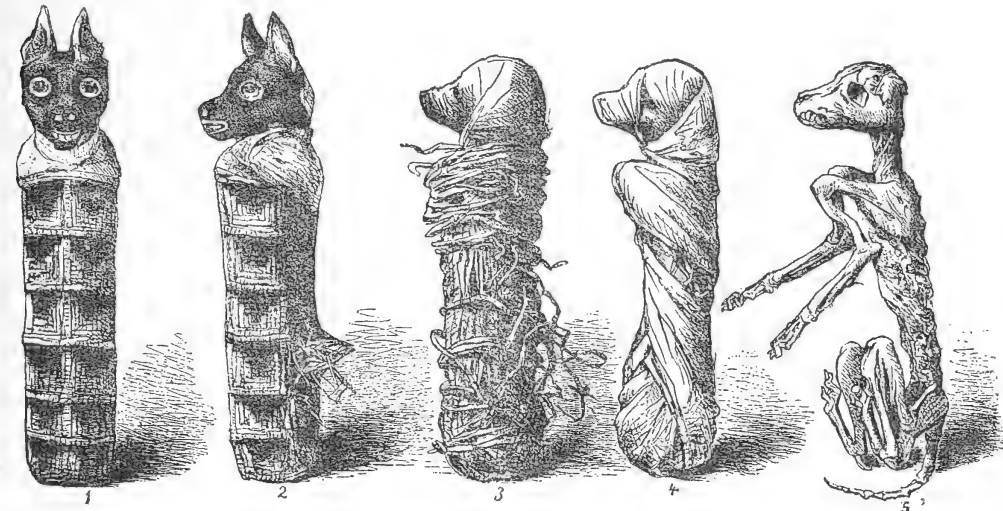
TOY SPANIELS.—1st, Miss Isabel Woodward's Fanny.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, William B. Wiltshire's Yum Yum; 2d, Mrs. Eden's Chest; 3d, Miss H. B. Tay's Komo. PUPS—1st, Mrs. H. L. Miller's Ben Butler; 2d, J. P. Jackson's Butts; 3d, Frederick Fowler's Tob; and others highly commended. Puppies: 1st, Mrs. D. L. Miller's Puss-in-Boots; 2d, 3d, Mrs. Miller's Ben Butler and Jim Dandy.

POODLES—WHITE—*Bitches*: 1st, Miss N. Gerichten's Belle. *BLACK*—*Dogs*: 1st, W. H. Coleman's Faro; 2d and 3d, Mrs. E. A. Fish's Nox and Leo. *Bitches*: 1st, Mrs. C. Gerichten's Gipsy. **POMERANIANS**—1st, J. M. Horne's Snowflake; 2d, Mrs. Horne's Fanny. The miscellaneous classes did not appear for inspection.

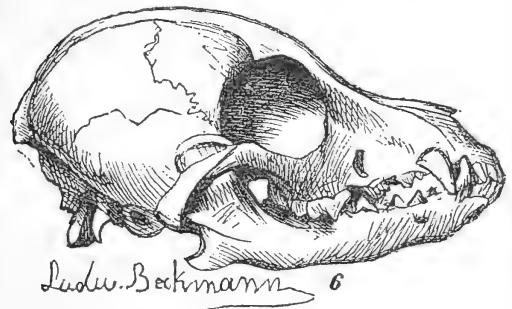
EGYPTIAN MUMMY OF A DOG.

FOR the following interesting account we are indebted to the *Stock-Keeper*, which in turn translated it from an article by Ludwig Beckmann in the *Illustrirte Zeitung*: "In December, 1890, the author of these lines received from a friend at Cairo the mummy of an animal which had been found near Thebes, and was described as the 'mummy of a cat'; when, however, closely examined it turned out to be the mummy of a dog, which must have been the size of a small greyhound. Dog mummies are much scarcer than those of cats, which are often found in large quantities, and as they differ from the latter in many material points, a description of the before mentioned specimen will be of interest. No. 1 is an illustration of the front view of the mummy in the



state in which it was found. The colors as they appear are a dingy yellowish white and a deep asphalt brown, but probably the lips and eyes were formerly painted a different color. The outer cover consists of a fine but dense material, something between silk and linen. Besides this the front of the body is covered with a fine network, made of strips of the same delicate material in the shape of a bib. The head with the prick ears is formed artificially of some material by pasting it on the real head, and where the head joins the body a piece of linen is wound around like a shawl. It is curious that on the whole cover no seam or any trace of having been tied with string can be detected. The edges of the different pieces of cloth are carefully turned in, and apparently pressed down with a heavy object, probably a flat iron. The bib in front, and the bordering round the eyes and lips, is formed in the same way. Besides the asphalt some colorless glue seems to have been used for the white cloth to stick it together.

Fig. 2 shows a side view of the mummy, and Fig. 3 represents the same without its outer covers, the rump is wound



round and round with a long reed-band, consisting of many single reeds, which are tied together by peculiar knots. After unwinding this band, the whole front side of the body was found to be covered with layers of straight reeds, cut off in different lengths to fill up the cavities of the body.

Fig. 4 shows the mummy in its last, or rather first covering. This consists of several crossed bands of a coarse material, and under these is a still coarser stuff (like sackcloth), which has been so impregnated with asphalt, that it forms with the skin and the hair one thick black indissoluble crust. The dog's real ears, which were pressed forward against the head, have also partially amalgamated with this mass.

Fig. 5 represents the body freed from all its coverings, the fleshy parts have become in time a fine powderlike dust which is heaped up in the cavities of the chest and abdomen. The skeleton is mainly kept together by the dried and shrivelled skin; all sinews and nerves have disappeared. The bones, however, are very well preserved; the skull, Fig. 6, can hardly be distinguished from one lately prepared, but many teeth show a tendency to split lengthways. To judge from the appearance of the teeth the dog was about one year and a half old. One fore-leg is somewhat crippled in consequence of a badly-healed fracture.

The proportions of the skeleton and the shape of the skull, as well as the long and fine tail, lead to the conclusion that it is the mummy of a small greyhound or a large black and tan terrier. The illustration of the skull is reduced to six-tenths of the natural size."

DEATH OF MOLLY GLENDYNE.—Bristol, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Another good dog gone to the happy hunting grounds. My Irish setter bitch Molly Glendyne died May 8 of inflammation of the bowels. Molly was an excellent bitch, grand color and very typical, having won on the bench both in the States and in Canada. She won second at Lynn this spring, when heavy in whelp, as she whelped nine dogs after. She was my favorite dog in the field, and no bird ever got away from Molly; when he dropped, he was in thicket or stone wall, Molly would locate him and fetch him out. She was all that a man could desire for a shooting dog, and I shall miss her very much. First my shooting companion was laid at rest, and now it is my favorite dog.—M. FLYNN, JR.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

FROM the *Canine World* we learn that these trials were run on the Aquilale Estate of Sir Thomas Boughey, near Newport, Salop, when Captain the Hon. H. Moynaux, Rev. W. Sergeantson, and Mr. Elias Bishop judged. On Tuesday morning, April 21, a start was made at the Coley Farm, and a very fine meet it was, although many had stayed away, thinking there would be but little sport, because of the scarcity of cover, the spring being backward. This proved to be true, for the wheat afforded no shelter for game, and an adjournment was made to the low-lying meadows. Sir Thomas Boughey, who acted as guide, philosopher and friend to the party, soon showed some game, and the pointer puppies were put down. They went at it with a will, and on a glaring fault being made the brace was at once called up; and so much game did they find in these heavily grassed moors that the card had been run through before noon. Whatever the "ground game act" has done to lessen the number of hares in other parts of this country, it seemingly has not affected the lands owned by Sir Thomas. Hares positively swarm here, and it was nothing to see half a score in one small field, which is exceptional in the present day.

Birds were also plentiful, and a good many pheasants and a couple of ducks were seen. Sir Thomas's estate is, indeed, stocked with everything, from deer to pike, and it must be a glorious spot when the sporting season is on, albeit an eyesore on his broadlands is the quantity of barbed wire fencing. It seems that contrary to expectation Mr. Heywood Lonsdale had some dogs ready after all, though Mr. Brailford had, unfortunately, met with an accident, and was unable to handle his dogs. He had a fall recently in getting out of his dogcart, and has kept to his bed ever since. Cameron, however, was on the spot, and gave a very good show.

Mr. Fred Lowe, without whom no field trial company is complete, got off very easily so far as work is concerned, and his first trials in both the Pointer and Setter Puppies' stakes were over in a few minutes. It will be seen he got into the money in the setter division with Di of Kippen, who is spoken of as a nailing little bitch. Glenbeigh, handled by Nicholson, made a very good show, and carried away the pointer prize to Ireland, besides winning the special for best of either breed. The dog worked splendidly, and Mr. Moriarty's brother was greatly congratulated in getting their dog through to the top of a very good lot of dogs. Sir Thomas Boughey's handler showed some good work with Comrade and Carmine, but it must be said that he had exceptional opportunities to break his dogs. After the card had been finished on Tuesday a match was run off. The competitors were Glenbeigh, who won, and Comrade, who was placed third by the judges in the Pointer Puppy Stake. They had a long trial, and it was generally conceded that Comrade had the better of it.

In the Pointer Puppy Stakes there were 20 entries, ranging from Mr. Lonsdale's entry at 10 to others at 15 months old. The heats were of short duration, as game was so plentiful, some of them not being more than four minutes duration, a sort of running that with the memory of the long tramps over the hills round Lexington one can hardly realize. The winners in this stake were: First—D. M. Moriarty's liver and white dog Glenbeigh, by Grouse V.—Rita, 15 months old. Second—C. H. Beck's liver and white Bony Ben, by Rapid Ben—Bony, 12 months old. Third and fourth—Sir Thomas Boughey's liver and white Comrade, by Carlo—Bess, 14 months, and liver and white Carmine, by Carlisle—Blush, 13 months old.

The Setter Puppy Stakes had 14 entries and was run off the second day, and was especially notable for the fact that the only Irish setter in the stakes won the prize, doing some excellent work. This must be very gratifying to Irish setter men and will certainly do a great deal toward encouraging our "Irishmen" to persevere. The winners were: First—Rev. R. O'Callaghan's Irish setter Coleraine, by Fingal III.—Aveline, 12 months old. Second—Col. C. T. Cotes's liver and white English setter Dodger, by Dexter—Kate, 13 months old. Third—Fred C. Lowe's blue belton Di of Kippen, by Rhoderick of Kippen—Dido, 14 months old.

On the third day, Thursday, the trial to decide the absolute winner of the above stakes was run off between.

GLENBEIGH (Pointer) AND COLERAINE (Irish Setter).

These puppies were put down in a large grass meadow close to the road. Both ranged freely, Coleraine quartering her ground the more closely. Coleraine made a false point and Glenbeigh backed. Then they kept pointing and drawing on to where both partridge and pheasants had risen from. In another grass field, with lots of cover, they worked nicely, and Glenbeigh pointed close to the hedge, but nothing came of it. He afterward drew on a hare which moved. Another hare passed in front of them, to which Coleraine dropped, and then she seemed to tire. Glenbeigh pointed a bird, and Coleraine, refusing to back, took the point from her. They were immediately called up, the pointer, of course, winning.

The Acton Reynauld Stakes were then run off, for all-aged pointers and setters. Each breed separate. In the Pointer Stake there were four braces, drawn as follows:

C. H. Beck's liver and white Yum Yum, by Pordix—Quits' Baby, 5 yrs.,

Sir Humphrey de Trafford's liver and white Barton Pearl, by Teign—Dagmar, 2 yrs. 10 mos.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white Ightfield Deuce, by Wynnstay—Dainty, 5 yrs.,

R. J. Lloyd-Price's liver and white Welsh Crab, by Crab-Joy, 2 yrs.

J. L. Bulled's liver and white Devonshire Lady, by Molton Baron—The Village Star, 3 yrs. 3 mos.,

J. H. Stock's liver and white Vixen, by Let—Minx, 5 yrs.

F. C. Lowe's liver and white Belle des Bordes, by Young Bang—Polly, 1 yrs. 1 mo.

Col. C. J. Cote's lemon and white Polly Jones, by Carlo—Jenny Jones, 2 yrs.

In this stake Ightfield Deuce, who it will be remembered won the Pointer All-Aged Stake at the Central Trials last fall, was in the final heat running against Belle des Bordes, and after a four-minute heat the latter won, with Vixen reserve. In the Setter Stake, the dogs were drawn as follows: J. F. Hatfield Harter's black and white Marrow Bones, by Master Sam—Blue Maud of Cranfield, 2 yrs. 2 mos.,

J. Bishop's black, white and tan Earl of Moira, by Jock—Little Bess, 2 yrs. 2 mos.

R. Ll. Purcell Llewellyn's lemon, white and tan Jewel, by Ben—Minna, 1 yr. 8 mos.,

F. Warde's liver and white Tutsham Trip, by Baron Doveridge—Nora, 5 yrs.

Dr. Wood's lemon belton Fred, by Prince—Moll IV., 4 yrs.,

W. H. Cooper's Wrestler, by Muskerry—Floss, 4 yrs.

The result of the running was in favor of Fred, with Wrestler declared second best of either breed. Belle des Bordes and Fred then ran off to decide the absolute winner. After 16 minutes' work, neither having much advantage, Fred was declared the winner.

The Cloverley Stakes were then run. This was for braces. Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield's Rosa and Ian, the latter winner of the Setter Derby at Lexington, N. C., last year, were entered in this stake, as also were his Ightfield Deuce and Eaton. In their work in the first heat they evidently pursued the same tactics that they were guilty of when over here, as *Stock-Keeper* says:

"Dr. Heywood Lonsdale's setters Ightfield Rosa and Ightfield Ian put down on the Coley Moors, where we started on Tuesday. Both running close together, ran into birds and then got several false points, Rosa being most at fault; another flush and more false pointing, and then Rosa stood birds, Ian backing. Rosa false pointed again, and the next brace were called for.

"Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Deuce and Ightfield Eaton, liver ticked pointers, worked by Hallam, were put down in the adjoining grass. Deuce pointed and then false pointed, and Eaton refused to back, but found a hare, which stood looking him in the face for almost a minute. Deuce moved on and stood the birds she was first drawing on. Both ranged freely, Eaton going rather wide. Deuce again pointed and Eaton backed, but nothing came of it. Then Deuce flushed badly, and a pair got up which both had passed. Deuce pointed again, and Eaton deliberately passed close by without backing, the latter seeming to have a great preference for the hedgerows. Another bird got up which both had passed. A move was then made to the moors, on which we had such good trials on the Tuesday and Thursday. Birds could be seen from the road running about in all directions. Eaton false pointed, and Deuce backed, then both false pointed. In the next moor Deuce found another false point, and Eaton backed, Deuce found birds, and Eaton, who was evidently out of sorts, backed, and the next brace was called for."

As we have not space to spare, and our readers being naturally only interested in the dogs they know of, we can not give the account of the other heats. Mr. Llewellyn Price's brace, Coquet B., by Dashing Bondu—Duchess Primrose, and Bell Bondu, by Dashing Bondu—Duchess Placid, eventually won the stake and were said to have been very skillfully handled by their owner. Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's brace, Ightfield Deuce and Eaton, securing second prize, and Mr. Lowe's brace, Belle des Bordes and Ben of Kippen, third.

The breaker's prize was awarded to Hallam, Mr. Lonsdale's breaker, though the judges said that had the prize been open to all Mr. Llewellyn Price would have been entitled to it for the magnificent manner in which he worked the winning brace.

DOG CHAT.

THE large number of grand field dogs which are this season being added to the California kennel interests, says the *Breeder and Sportsman*, is arousing new interest and life in sporting circles. Mr. Henry Huber, the owner of that grand acquisition, Duke of Vernon, has commissioned Dr. Buzzard [no doubt this is intended for Dr. Glover, who negotiated the sale of Duke] to purchase the grandest pointer bitch that money can procure. Such action is commendable in the highest degree, and his example will no doubt lead other sportsmen to look for the best. Californians have one pointer, at least, of which they may well be proud, for there are many frequenters of bench shows here in the East who think Duke of Vernon the best all-round pointer in America to-day.

We do not, of course, know who "Alain" is who writes for the *Breeder and Sportsman*, but he evidently cannot speak from personal experience. He says "there is one grievous fault to find at most shows, and that is the careless, slipshod way most of the veterinarians have of attending to their duties. Dogs showing strong and conclusive symptoms of contagious and infectious diseases are allowed to be benched to the great detriment of the show and the needless loss of valuable dogs. When will this be stopped?" This may have and has been the case in past seasons, but we are quite sure that during this spring circuit of shows a cleaner or healthier lot of dogs could not have been shown. The agitation in the kennel press a year or two since did good work, and with very few, if any, exceptions the "vets" this year have been lynx-eyed enough for all practical purposes. Unwarranted assertions of this sort are apt to do a great deal of harm in giving the outside public an idea that dog shows are hotbeds of disease.

The new dog law for Pittsburgh, Pa., should have gone into effect on April 20, and this provides that \$1 be levied on all dogs and \$2 on each bitch; but as there was not enough money in the treasury for the purpose of buying license tags and blank forms, the time was extended till May 15, when the municipal law will go into force. Every dog found without a license will entail a fine of \$5 on the owner of said wanderer. A dog pound has been arranged with fifty kennels in a stable, and in addition to this 100 dry goods boxes have been purchased to accommodate the transients. Dogs not claimed in two days will be killed. This plan is a great improvement on the one in vogue in that city some time since, when the police were empowered to shoot unlicensed dogs on sight, and several uncalled-for and cruel deeds were committed by the men in blue.

The idea of holding a grand specialist show is agitating the minds of English exhibitors just now. As there are some forty clubs devoted to different breeds, it will be easily seen that if the clubs can be brought together and all jealousy eliminated, a show on a gigantic scale never before attempted could be the result. Some such idea was mooted over here last summer, and we still think that in the fall,

if our specialty clubs would combine, a good show could be held with the venue in Brooklyn, which city ought to be able to support a high-class exhibition. Since writing the above we hear that a movement is on foot to have a show at Madison Square Garden, Thanksgiving week.

The New Jersey Kennel Club held their adjourned annual meeting at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, at 7:30 P. M., March 12. The meeting was a full one, only two members of the club being absent, and the occasion an exciting one as the officers for the ensuing year had to be elected. The result of the voting is as follows: President, C. J. Peshall; Vice-President, Dr. W. Arrowsmith; Secretary, Geo. L. Wilms; Treasurer, J. A. Thomas; Board of Governors: Max Wenzel, Rowland P. Keasby, John Hetherington, Wm. Hepstey, E. M. Oldham, Geo. McNeil, J. D. Shotwell, A. Clinton Wilmerding, Louis Livesey, John Lewis, Dr. G. J. Hornung, and the officers of the club. Delegate to the A. K. C.—Chas. J. Peshall, who secured a large majority of the votes. This is a very significant election, and the result will be watched with great interest by those who are interested in kennel matters. After the meeting all the above members, together with K. E. Hopf and your representative, made a move for the dining room, and the social part of the evening began. This was a dinner in honor of Mr. Hopf, the retiring vice-president, who leaves for California this week. The affair was a very pleasant one, and what with speeches, songs and the excellent repast served by host Revere, the parting came all too soon. President Peshall made a happy speech in proposing the guest's health and future success, remarking that whether he went to the wilds of California or even the Fiji Islands, they would still count him a member of the New Jersey Kennel Club. Parting time came, and the company rose and forming a ring round the retiring guest, they joined hands, and with "Auld Lang Syne" made the rafters ring again, to show Mr. Hopf the estimation in which he was held.

We find it impossible to find space for the Los Angeles show report, but as it is so long since the show was held, and as the same report appeared in *Breeder and Sportsman*, there is no use in reprinting it.

Mr. Leslie Bruce has also brought suit against Mr. A. P. Vredenburg for libel in writing to the papers that he "aided and abetted" Mr. Peshall in something he was afterwards found not guilty of.

One of the most important sales in colliedom has just been completed. The Seminole Kennels, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., have purchased from Mr. Harrison about the cream of his grand kennel of this breed. Among them are the noted dogs champion The Squire, champion Roslyn Wilkes, who has a monopoly on the "best American-bred" specials, and the promising young dog Roslyn Conway, together with the bitches Metchley Surprise, with three of her puppies by The Squire; the well-known Cora II., in whelp to Wellesbourne Charlie; Jakyr Deane, who has also done a lot of winning, and also Trusty, in whelp to the late champion Scottilla. These, together with their Roslyn Dandy, Sir Kelpie, and some good brood bitches put them just about at the top of the tree, and we trust that their enterprise may go hand in hand with good judgment in mating, so that they may themselves breed a dolly or a Roslyn Wilkes. Referring to our advertising columns we find that the above dogs, together with the pug champion Treasure and the Irish setters Seminole and Eleo, are placed in the stud, making a choice of stud dogs that few kennels can boast of.

Mr. C. A. Stone writes us that at the coming bench show of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at Toronto Sept. 14-18, the judges that have so far accepted are Miss A. H. Whitney, of Lancaster; Mr. C. H. Mason, of New York; Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., who will judge the sporting classes, and Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, of New York, who has very kindly consented to judge the spaniel classes. We know that it was only after earnest communion with himself that the latter accepted the position, and then only on a guarantee that he would be fully protected during his stay.

We have not had the space to spare to publish all of Mr. Peshall's summing up speech, but this strikes us as being a masterly effort: "There is not one line in all my writings that will show a word said against the American Kennel Club, not one line. I have insisted again and again that it is a necessity in this country if you want to encourage and improve the breeding of dogs, and that is what the club was organized for, and not for the purpose to which it has descended at this day. It was organized by those who loved the dog, not for the dollar they could get out of the dog, but for the dog himself. It was organized by men who recognized the dog, the animal, gentlemen, above others; and if a man will study him he will find this state of affairs to exist: That when a man has descended from the highest pedestal that he could occupy, when he has gone down, down, until he is found lying in the gutter in filth and in slime, when every action, when every good motive has left the body, and he is lying there: the old father comes and looks upon him from the sidewalk down into the gutter, the old father with his hair silvered over with years; he sees his son there; he looks upon him, and while the breast beats and the eyes are filled with tears, he turns his back and walks away. Again, another may come, the sister, who played with him in their childhood days, when they weaved garlands together; she comes and from that sidewalk looks in the gutter and sees her brother. She weeps, her heart weeps; but she will turn her back and walk away. And then again, another comes, the brother that has played with him, that has roamed the hills and the mountains and the country, and fished the stream, and will look over and see this party there in his filth, descended almost as low in my estimation as the Rodomanti of this club; he will turn his back and leave him. And then another comes, perhaps the sweetheart, the one that he had plighted his troth to, the one whose breath smelt sweeter than any other, the one who gave him joy; she comes and looks at him, and she will turn her back and leave him. And then another comes; it is one who comes, tottering with her age, and broken down, thinking of her troubles, and throwing herself upon this prostrate form, will come perchance to smooth his locks; it is the mother. Again, and then another loving being will come, the canine one, the one who has chosen his master for his god, no matter how low he may be, he will come, scenting the air for fragrance of something that is sweeter to him than the Rose of Sharon, and the moment he gets it he will throw himself upon that body without for one moment seeing that his master, the one that he has chosen for his god, is degraded. When every man has left the man, when all are gone, there will be found two beings sticking to man, the mother that bore him and the dog that chose him for his god."

We are not at present at liberty to give particulars, but an Irish setter will shortly be imported by a well-known breeder from the kennel of another well-known breeder that is as good, if not better, than any "red" yet imported to this country.

On the evening of May 4 the Mascoutah Kennel Club held its annual meeting. Messrs. S. C. Payson, N. G. Gunn, N. F. Fox, H. G. Nichols, R. Foot, W. Borden, R. Fay, and Drs. Lewis and Chamberlin were elected as directors in place of those whose term of office had expired on the old board. For the ensuing year the following officers were

elected by the directors: President, G. H. Goodrich; 1st Vice-President, N. J. Bryson; 2d Vice-President, N. F. Fox; Treasurer, William Borden; Secretary, John L. Lincoln, Jr. Mr. G. H. Goodrich was appointed the delegate to the A. K. C., and will attend the meeting on the 21st. Their next show will be held Feb. 9 to 12, and this will make it come the week before New York. During the meeting a resolution was passed in favor of a grand dog show to be held during the World's Fair in 1893, and a committee was appointed to confer with the other clubs in this country and Canada with a view to co-operation. The club will this summer put up a club house on its grounds. Messrs. John Munson, J. A. Long and Charles M. Nelles were tendered a vote of thanks for their gratuitous services as judges at the late show. The club is in an excellent financial condition, and a satisfactory profit was realized from the last show.

Mr. Chas. J. Peshall has commenced his threatened civil suits against different members of the A. K. C. for libel in the publishing of his disqualification, etc., in the *Kennel Gazette*. A Supreme Court summons, dated May 11, has been served on Messrs. August Belmont, A. P. Vredenburg, J. L. Anthony, T. H. Terry, A. Clinton Wilmerding, J. D. Shotwell and William C. Rogers. Answer to be given in twenty days. The trial is desired in the county of New York. Messrs. J. D. Shotwell and James L. Anthony will have a separate little affair with Mr. Peshall in New Jersey, he suing them for \$10,000 each for some unguarded utterances they have made in relation to the latter. Other members of the A. K. C. are in process of being sued for sundry amounts in different cities where the *Kennel Gazette* has been distributed. We are not quite clear as to the separate amounts, but, anyhow, the sum total which Mr. Peshall is suing for is \$920,000. With the interest attached to the several suits and the interest on the money there will be little difficulty in making up a cool million, depending on the verdict of the juries. The dog days are evidently coming with a rush. An advisory committee meeting of the A. K. C. was held on Monday, but we were unable to learn the particulars from Mr. Vredenburg, as they are to be reserved for the consideration of the executive meeting which is to be held May 21.

"Do you know why a logical inference is like a dog's tail?" "No, unless it may be a natural conclusion."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Mr. Sears called on Mr. Angell, of the M. S. P. C. A., the other day, and told him that he would in the near future put Sir Bedivere on exhibition at a small fee, the proceeds to be given to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. From this it would seem that the crack is getting into his normal condition again, and we are glad to hear it.

Mr. James Mortimer has sold his fox-terrier Suffolk Coronet to Mr. J. W. Morden, of Hamilton, Ont. This dog is by champion Result and out of Diadem, and ought to be a valuable acquisition to Canadian breeders on account of his excellent breeding.

The Toronto Kennel Club will hold their initial members' show this evening. The judges are Messrs. T. G. Davey and J. F. Kirk. There will be about twenty classes provided, including the principal breeds. Ladies are specially invited, and the affair is sure to be an interesting event and likely to help the good cause along.

We have heard very favorable accounts of the disinfectant "Cynoline," both as a kennel purifier and as a wash for mange and other cutaneous diseases. We therefore have confidence in calling the attention of our readers, especially those who have large kennels, to the offer in our advertising columns this week. Kennel men may rest assured there is no uncombed where the manufacturers are willing to take such risks.

It is said in *Canine World* that Mr. "Leeds" Smith has given \$5,000 for Young Bute to Mr. Shillecock, owner of his sire Lord Bute. The latter gentleman straightaway purchased Young Bute's brother, Sir Hereward, who has been spoken of before in these columns, having won five firsts and cups, only times shown. If the above price is not a misprint—and we hope it is, for the sake of some poor future American buyer, for the price will, of course, be doubled by the time he is ready to point his head "Yaukeeward"—it would seem as if Sir Bedivere's \$6,500 has set a pace that even the Englishmen find they must keep up with.

Mr. Megson, the English collie breeder, purchased recently the promising young collie Lagan Oscar. Mr. W. E. Mason then purchased him from Mr. Megson as soon as he arrived at the latter's kennels at a very long figure. Speaking of collies it would seem as if Mr. Stretch's troubles do not come singly, for news comes now of the death of his noted brood bitch Sweet Model. Coming so soon after the death of his Black Diamond, this is enough to try the stoutest fancier's nerve. He gave \$500 for her in 1887 and she has, no doubt, paid for herself many times over.

If Ireland cannot secure Home Rule she can certainly take some consolation from the fact that her dogs have beaten the English ones on their own ground in the late field trials held in England. The pointer Gleubeigh is owned by an Irishman, Mr. D. Moriarty, and trained by him in Ireland, and is a younger brother of Chetwynd, who won at the Irish Field Trials in 1890. Coleraine, the bitch that has upheld the honor of her race so well and consistently, is Irish all through, an Irish reed, and owned by the Rev. O'Callaghan. To be able to run a heat in four minutes and decide on the merits of the dogs under judgment, seems like rushing matters a little too quickly, unless game was extremely abundant, and many of the heats were of less than ten minutes' duration at these trials.

Three hundred and twenty collies benched at once is a sight worth seeing for those who are fond of this handsome and useful breed. This is the entry secured by the Northern and Midland Sheepdog Club show, held May 5, at Manchester, England.

Speaking of the sale of Scottish Prince, the St. Bernard, *Canine World* says, "His skull is phenomenal in its massiveness, and he has remarkable depth and squareness of muzzle. His color, markings and shadings are of the best, and altogether he is a dog that English breeders can ill spare, although they fortunately have his sire."

Mr. Heddy Chapman, who sold Hepsey to Mr. Diefenderfer, is to follow her shortly, having arranged for a long vacation, part of which will be spent in this country, so we may see Princess Florence in New York after all.

The noted pug, Lord Salisbury, was found dead in his box on arrival at the Ayr show. Too many dogs in one box was the cause, and this led to a fracas during the journey, when of course the pick of the basket paid the penalty of the owner's economy and want of foresight.

We gave exclusively, some time since, the news of Mr. F. E. Lamb, of Baltimore purchasing the St. Bernard bitch Marguerite. She has been bred to the Scotch dog Polypheus, the one-eyed dog, and sailed for this country on the Queensmore, April 29. She must be a good brood bitch, as

she is the dam of Marquis and Marchioness of Bute; the latter has already won two firsts and medal at Kilmarnock and recently four firsts and two gold medals at the Ayr show, Marquis winning first and special in his class.

Sir Richard Sutton, who was an enthusiastic field sportsman as well as a noted yachtsman, died recently, and now his setters are on the market. Mr. Purcell Llewellyn has purchased several of them.

The Canadian Pointer Kennels have purchased from Mr. John Bull the pointer dog Devonshire Nero. This dog is quite a good one, having earned winning brackets at the field trials and also on the bench, winning at Birmingham and at Cruft's great show a month or two since.

Five hundred dollars was recently paid to Mr. Fred Lowe by a lady in London, for the Barzoi Roussalka, winner in the bitch class at the Kennel Club show.

All the bulldog men on the other side are now enjoying themselves at the club show held this week. Extraordinary efforts have been made to make it the specialty show of the year. A grand dinner will be given during the show to which our friends Frank Dole and Walter J. Comstock have been specially invited. By the way, these two gentlemen seem to have jumped right into popular favor, as they seem to be made much of and are having a fine time generally. They will take in the Brussels show on the 16th, so we may expect to see some choice Schipperkes soon at the Park Kennels. Frank has purchased the bulldog H. M. Stanley, from Mr. H. Layton. He is by German Monarch out of Princess Brindle, and is said to be a capital bodied dog, but faulty in head properties. He will be shown for the Ellis-Woodiwiss £10 cup at the Bulldog show.

Another and more important bulldog importation is that of Cardinal Wolsey, which has by this time reached New York, and is the property of Mr. E. D. Morgan who it will be remembered owned and showed some of the best bull-terriers a year or two since. His advent into the bulldog ranks will be a welcome one. Cardinal Wolsey was purchased from Mr. Alfred George.

"They Say," in *Canine World* has it this week "That dear little Willie Wade, of Hulton, is laid up with the gripe." "That he will have hatched a fine old egg for some one by the time he gets out."

Mr. L. Upcott Gill has published the "Collie Stud Book and Show Record," containing the full pedigrees and bench show winnings of dogs exhibited in 1889 and 1890 up to February. This will be a reference book of great value to collie breeders.

The English Collie Club will hold their show at Birmingham, May 23. Mr. Wheeler will judge. A veteran class is made for dogs over five years old, that have not been exhibited since Dec. 31, 1888, and this is sure to prove an interesting exhibit and an opportunity to view some of the old cracks not often vouchsafed. We understand that Roslyn Dolly, the crack young bitch that the Chestnut Hill Kennels has shown this spring, sailed for England last Saturday and, no doubt, she will appear at the above show, when it will be interesting to know what our English cousins think of her.

Mrs. Smythe's St. Bernard bitch Castlereagh, mention of whose purchase by Mr. Watson was made some time since in these columns, has sailed on the Mississippi for Philadelphia. She is by Puritan out of Ravine and has been bred to Lord Bute. She comes from Mr. Shillecock's kennels.

Irish terriers are bringing big prices in England, two of them having been sold to the Earl of Shannon for \$600. They were winners both at Birmingham and Cruft's show.

A special meeting of the St. Bernard Club was held at the Hoffman House, New York city last Monday evening. Those present were W. H. Joeckel, Jr., President, in the chair; J. O. Thurston, B. P. Johnson, Col. Rupert, W. A. Wells, Daniel Mann and K. E. Hopf. During the meeting the secretary in behalf of the board of governors and for the club, presented the retiring president, Mr. Hopf, with a magnificent gold watch and chain as a testimonial of their appreciation of his untiring efforts in behalf of the club. The watch is a very handsome hunter. On the inside is engraved: "Presented to K. E. Hopf by the St. Bernard Club of America, May 11th, 1891." On the back is handsomely chased the monogram K. E. H. Mr. Hopf appropriately thanked his friends and the meeting adjourned.

We draw the attention of our readers to the list of our new kennel advertisements this week. They include Dr. H. T. Foote's black and tan terriers for sale, Irish setters by Max Wenzel and George Talcott; Illinois St. Bernard Kennels; the Anglo-American Terrier Kennels; Irish terriers by Mr. P. Sterling; St. Bernards by P. J. Laugier; Pointers by Geo. H. Giblin and G. W. Amory; and cockers by the Brunswick Kennels. In the stud, Seminole Kennels' collies, Irish setters and pugs, and A. M. Murray's St. Bernard.

It would seem as if the St. Bernards themselves were determined to keep up the prices at all risks. Now it is, we regret to say, Mr. E. B. Sears's turn to taste some of the biters of a breeder's experience. We hear that his grand St. Bernard dog, champion Hesper, died Tuesday morning last. This is a loss both to St. Bernard breeders and to Mr. Sears, that will be hard to replace, as Hesper's services were in great demand and he proved himself an excellent stock getter. Hesper was whelped May 3, 1885 and was by Sailor out of Bolla. A dog of large size and excellent coloring, he was always a great attraction at the shows, at which he has won over thirty prizes and specials. He was imported by Mr. Sears in December, 1889, and can claim an unbeaten record in this country. Mr. Sears has our sincere sympathy in his loss.

Mr. Alfred Sewell, in an article shortly to be published in "The Fanciers' Year Book," entitled "How Distemper is Contracted," says: "No doubt the greatest source of all for spreading the disease are dog shows, and I am sure that so long as there are shows, so will distemper rage to a more or less extent. This, in most cases, is put down to the benching, feeding utensils, etc., used at shows, as being the medium of spreading the infection; but it is my opinion, as well as experience, that they play but a small part in spreading the disorder compared with the dogs themselves, some of which may have come from kennels where distemper is present; others may, and often are, suffering from the disease in its early stages, when it is impossible for anyone to detect it, and which often during a show develops, when, of course, it is the duty of the acting veterinary surgeon to order the animal's removal. With respect to the benching, feeding utensils, etc., it is my opinion, and this I have come to after many experiments, that the germs of distemper will live but a very short time on painted wood, iron work, and enameled troughs that are used at shows for feeding purposes, and for supplying dogs with water; and I believe that the germs of distemper may be removed from these articles by carefully and thoroughly washing them. Another point to show that the benches have not so much to do with the spreading of the disease, is the fact that a large number of puppies have suffered from distemper after being exhibited at shows where the benching, etc., has been entirely new, as at Ayr and Southport."

regular monthly shoot. The day was perfect for trap-shooting and some fair scores were made. 25 bluerocks for 3 traps: Zimmerman 12, Schabert 15, Scofield 20, G. Seawood 10, H. Seawood 15, Murray 10, and Madore 19.

ALGONA EVENTS.

ALGONA, Iowa, May 5.—The tournament of the Algona Gun Club opened this morning with a fair attendance. The weather was all that could be wished for and the management first class. The targets were shot from 3 traps, rapid-firing system, and about 6,000 were thrown. But one live-bird event was shot, owing to scarcity of birds. Among the shooters present were J. H. Block, St. Paul, J. L. Wayman, R. Woods, Price, G. Carlton, Eagle Grove, Wilson, of Emmetsburg, G. E. Hughes, Fondra; Chas. Grion, Clear Lake; and Budd, of De Moines. All went home feeling they had enjoyed themselves in the best possible manner, and will all be ready to attend the next tournament given by the Algona Gun Club. A number of the shooters leave to-night to attend the Ackley, Iowa, tournament, May 7 and 8. All ties div. unless noted.

May 5.—First event, 9 singles, \$1.50 entrance:

Grion10111111-7	Steinburg11111111-9
Budd11111111-8	Sundstrum11111111-9
J. Smith10111111-5	McHale10111111-8
Sessions11111111-8	West10111111-8
Campbell11111111-7	Ward10111111-7
Hughes11111111-8		

No. 2, entrance \$2, 12 singles:

Grion10111111-10	Sundstrum11111111-11
Budd11111111-12	Ward10111111-8
McHale10111111-12	Steinburg10111111-12
Smith11111111-11	Durant11111111-10
Hughes10111111-11	West11111111-12
Campbell00011111-5	Sessions01001111-7

No. 3, entrance \$1.50, 5 pairs:

Budd11 11 11 10-9	Steinburg10 10 00 01-3
Grion11 11 10 10-8	Sundstrum11 10 10 10-6
Smith11 11 10 10-7	West10 11 10 11-9
Hughes11 11 10 11-9	Durant11 01 11 11-9
McHale11 11 11 10-9	Sessions10 01 10 11-5
Ward00 00 10 10-3		

No. 4, entrance \$2, 15 singles:

Grion01111111-14	Mr. Hale11111111-14
Budd10111111-13	Sundstrum10111111-10
Smith11111111-13	West10111111-11
Hughes10111111-13	Ward11111111-12
Steinburg11111111-14	Durant10111111-12

No. 5, 9 singles, entrance \$1:

Grion11111111-9	Steinburg11011010-6
Budd11111111-8	West11111111-7
Hughes11111111-8	Durant11111111-7
Campbell00001100-3	Joslyn00101000-2
Sundstrum11111111-8	Branson01101100-5
Word10111111-9	Parish11111111-8
McHale11111111-9	Chandler00001100-2

No. 6, 12 singles, entrance \$2:

Grion01111111-12	Johnson10101101-11
Budd01111111-11	E. Trotter10101101-9
Hughes11111111-10	McHale11101111-11
Smith11111111-10	Carlton01101101-11
West11111111-10	Steinburg01111111-11
Ward11111111-11	Wilson11111111-11
Wyman10111111-9	Sundstrum11111111-11
Price00001100-3	H. Trotter01000110-4
Cram11111111-9	H. Trotter11111111-12
Slocum01111111-9	Wood11111111-10

No. 7, 7 live birds, entrance \$4:

Grion11111111-7	H. Trotter11101010-4
Hughes11111111-7	Edington010111-5
Budd01111111-6	Steinburg00000000-0
Cram111011-6	Sundstrum111011-5
Smith111011-5	Wood011011-4
McHale011011-4	Wilson111111-6
Johnson001100-7	Wyman100111-5
E. Trotter011011-4		
Slocum000101-3		
Allen101011-5		

No. 8, 9 singles and 3 pairs, entrance \$2:

Grion11111111 11 11-14	Wood11011111 11 11-14
Budd11111111 11 01-10	Smith11111111 11 11-15
Cram11111111 10 11-14	Wyman11111111 11 11-12
Slocum11011111 11 11-12	Sundstrum11111111 01 11-13
Hughes11111111 01 11-10	Wilson00111110 03 10-17
McHale11111111 01 10-12	Ward11011111 00 11-01
Edington11011111 11 10-08	Steinburg01111111 11 01-11
Johnson11111111 11 10-11	H. Trotter11111111 11 01-11

No. 9, at 9 straightaway, 24 yds., entrance \$1.50:

Grion01111111-8	Wood11011111-8
Budd10101111-7	Slocum11111111-7
Smith10101111-7	Johnson01001100-4
Mr. Hale01101111-7	H. Trotter01100111-7
Wilson11001100-5	West01111111-7
Hughes11111111-9	Allen11100001-5
Edington10101111-7	Price00110100-3
Cram10111111-8	Sundstrum10111111-6
E. Trotter00000110-2	Carlton10111111-6
Wyman11101111-8	Steinburg11111111-9

No. 10, at 9 single targets, entrance \$2:

Grion11111111-9	West11111111-8
Budd11111111-9	Wilson10111111-7
Smith01011111-7	Sessions10111111-7
McHale11011011-6	Wilson11011011-6
Hughes11111111-9	Steinburg10101111-6
Cram01111111-8	Wood11111111-7
Johnson01111111-8	Sundstrum11111111-9
Edington11111111-8	Slocum01111111-5
H. Trotter11101111-9	E. Trotter00111111-4

May 6.—No. 1, 9 singles, entrance \$1:

Grion11111111-9	Tyler00111111-6
Budd11111111-8	Hyman10111111-6
West11111111-9	E. Trotter01101111-5
Slocum11111111-9	Durant00111111-7
Edington00111111-7	Budd10111111-8
H. Trotter11111111-9	McHale10111111-7
Sundstrum11111111-8	Smith10111111-8
Steinburg11111111-9	Sessions10111111-8
Hughes11111111-9		

No. 2, 5 pairs, entrance \$2:

Smith11 01 09 10-6	Wood11 01 10 10-5
Grion10 11 11 10-8	Sundstrum11 11 11 11-8
Hughes01 11 11 10-8	Hyman10 10 11 11-8
Budd01 11 11 10-8	West11 00 11 11-8
Durant11 11 10 11-9	Steinburg10 10 10 10-7
McHale11 10 10 11-8	Sessions01 01 10 10-7

No. 3, 15 singles, \$2:

Grion11101010000111-13	Steinburg110110111110-12
Edington11101010000111-12	Ward111011111110-14
Budd011111111110-12	E. Trotter101011010100-6
Slocum110111111110-11	West101111111111-13
McHale111111111110-14	Durant111011111110-10
Hughes111111111110-14	Parish111111111111-15
H. Trotter000111111110-15	Sundstrum111111111111-14
Smith111111111110-15		

No. 4, 10 singles, entrance \$1.50:

Budd10111111-9	West01111111-9
Grion10111111-8	Parish11101111-8
Hughes11111111-8	Tyler11111111-7
McHale11111111-10	Wood11111111-8
Smith11111111-10	Sundstrum11111111-10
Slocum11111111-10	Steinburg11111111-10
Edington11111111-7	H. Trotter11111111-7
Durant11111111-7	Sessions11111111-7

No. 5, 4 singles and 3 pair, entrance \$1.50:

Grion1111 11 11-10	Slocum1111 10 11-8
Hughes1101 11 11-9	Smith1111 11 11-10
McHale0111 11 11-8	Sessions1111 11 11-9
West1111 11 11-9	West1111 11 11-9
Durant0110 11 11-7	Sundstrum1110 11 11-7
Wood1110 11 11-7	Steinburg0010 01 01-4
Edington1101 01 11-8	Wyman1111 10 10-6

No. 7, 9 targets, entrance \$1:

Budd11111111-9	West11111111-9
Grion11111111-9	Durant11111111-9
McHale11111111-9	Tyler01101111-9
Steinburg11101011-6	Sundstrum10111111-8
H. Trotter10011101-5	Gaithright00111111-8
Hughes11111111-8	Smith01010111-8
Slocum11101111-8	E. Trotter00011111-4
Edington01010111-4		

Event 8, 21 singles, entrance \$3:

Budd1111111111111111-20	Edington1111111111111111-20
Grion1111111111111111-20	Sundstrum1111111111111111-19
McHale1111111111111111-21	West1111111111111111-19
Smith1111111111111111-19	H. Trotter1111111111111111-18
Wood1111111111111111-15	Steinburg1111111111111111-16
Sundstrum1111111111111111-17	Parish1111111111111111-16

No. 9, 9 singles, walking match, entrance \$1:

Budd11111111-8	Edington11111111-7
Grion11111111-7	McHale10111111-7
Wood11111111-6	Parish11101011-6
Price11001110-5	Gaithright10111111-7
Smith01101111-5	Steinburg10111010-5
West11111111-8	Sessions01010001-3
Sundstrum01111111-8	E. Trotter01110111-7
Slocum01101110-6		

Extra No. 1, 9 singles, entrance \$1: Grim 9, Hughes 8, McHale 9, Steinburg 7, Wood 9, Edington 8, Slocum 6, Budd 9, E. Trotter 5, Sessions 7, Durant 9, Smith 9, Sundstrum 9, H. Trotter 7.

Six pairs, entrance \$2: Grim 9, Budd 8, Smith 11, Wilson 7, Wood 9, Hughes 9, Cram 8, West 9, Wyman 8, McHale 10, Slocum 8, Edington 5, Sundstrum 11, Steinburg 10.

Fifteen singles, entrance \$2: Budd 15, Grim 15, Smith 12, Wood 13, Gaithright 10, McHale 14, Slocum 12, Parish 12, Cram 12, Wilson 12, Edington 12, Hughes 12, W. Smith 12, Wyman 12, H. Trotter 9, Steinburg 11, Sundstrum 14.

Nine singles and 3 pairs, entrance \$2: Grim 14, Smith 12, Budd 14, Hughes 12, Wood 13, Wyman 9, Gaithright 8.

Six singles and 2 pair, entrance \$2: Grim 10, Smith 7, Budd 7, Sessions 6, E. Trotter 7, Wood 8, Durant 9, Edington 9, Price 9, Day 4, Buckner 6, Townsley 9.

Nine singles, entrance \$1: McHale 9, Wilson 7, Steinberg 7, Smith 9, Word 6, W. Smith 5, Budd 9, Parish 9, Cram 9, Edington 9, Slocum 8, Grim 8, Wood 7, Hughes 8, Price 5, Carlton 4, West 8, H. Trotter 6, Sundstrum 8, Wyman 9, Durant 7.

Ten singles, entrance \$1.50: Budd 10, Smith 8, Grim 8, H. Trotter 7, Durant 9, E. Trotter 6, Wood 9, Gaithright 6, Price 8, Chandler 5, Buckner 7, Day 4.

Ten singles and 5 pair, entrance \$2: Grim 17, Smith 18, Budd 18, Sundstrum 19, Wood 15, West 14, Edington 15, Slocum 13.

A GOOD TIME AT ACKLEY.

ACKLEY, May 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: The tournament of the Ackley Gun Club was fairly attended. Everything passed off pleasantly, and the management did all that could be expected to make it pleasant for the shooters. The last day a citizens' purse of \$50 was raised in a few minutes and given to the management to put in one contest of 25 single targets, which was highly appreciated by visiting sportsmen. Inclosed please find scores. Ties div. unless noted.

May 7.—No. 1, 10 single targets, entrance \$2:

Grion11111111-10	Nix00010110-4
Hughes11111111-10		
Budd10111111-7		

No. 2, 7 live birds, entrance \$4:

Grion010111-5	Wilhelm011111-6
Hughes111111-5	Kenefick001111-3
Nix111111-5	Budd011111-6

No. 3, 5 singles and 4 pairs, entrance \$2.50:

Hughes111111 01 11 11-14	Nix011110 00 11 00-7
Budd111111 10 11 11-13	Eiler010101 00 00 01-5
Grion111111 10 10 01-11	Wilhelm101110 10 11 00-10

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance \$3:

Budd0111111111111111-19	Vanden1111111111111111-17
Grion1111111111111111-18	Wilhelm1111111111111111-16
Hughes1111111111111111-20	Hudson1111111111111111-14
Waters1111111111111111-17	Higgins0010110101010101-10
Cannon1111110001110111-15	Palmer1111111111110110-17
Farrell1111111111110111-14	Kenefick0010110101010101-10
Nichols011111011111000111-12	Cole111111011101011111-13

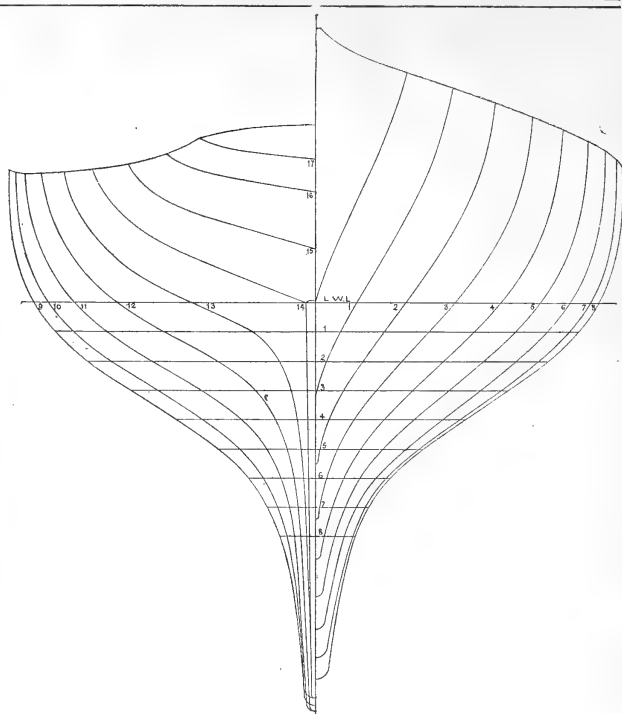
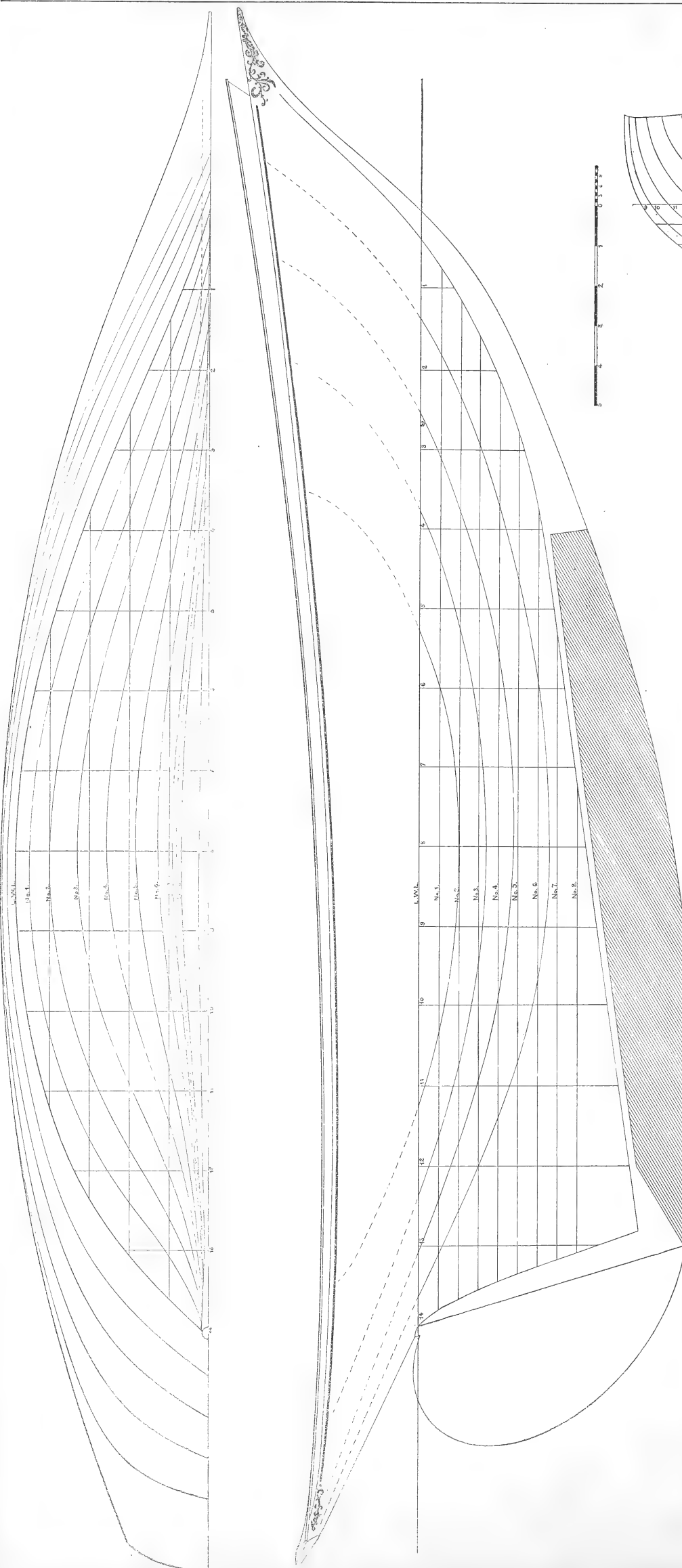
No. 5, 10 live birds, entrance \$5:

Grion11111111-8	Cannon11111111-8
Hughes11111111-8	Proctor00111111-5
Budd11111111-9	Wilhelm11111111-9
Kenefick00110010-3	Palmer000101011-4
Cole10111110-7		

No. 6, 10 singles and 5 pair, entrance \$3:

Wilhelm100101111-7	Farrell0001111111-8
Grim111111111-10	Nichols000101111-6
Extra No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance \$4:			
Grim1111111-7	Budd1111110-6
Hughes1110111-6	With-Im1001001-3
Cannon0101101-4	Kenefick010111-5

is winter quarters in Boston, and the club houses on Rowe's Wharf and at Dorchester are now open.



BODY PLAN CUTTER "MARJORIE."

MARJORIE.

THE accompanying drawings show the cutter Marjorie, originally Marguerite, designed by J. Borden, of the Boston Yacht Agency, for C. A. Taylor, Jr., and now owned by F. L. St. John, Atlantic Y. C. Her sail plan and details will appear next week.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—A special meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was held on May 11, at which the following important changes in the rules were made. The classes were changed to boats measuring 21ft. to 25ft. l.w.l., 18ft. and under 21ft. l.w.l., 15ft. and under 18ft. l.w.l., under 15ft. l.w.l. Boats exceeding 25ft. l.w.l. but not exceeding 28ft. corrected length shall be admitted to the 21-25ft. class in any regatta of this association. The latter proviso is intended to meet the case of several of the new class which exceed 25ft. l.w.l. but are under 25ft. corrected length. For the two larger classes the Seawanhaka rule with the Larchmont allowance tables was adopted, the measurement remaining unchanged in boats under 18ft. The following rule was also adopted: Boats over 18ft. long entered for a regatta shall carry not more than 3 persons, and 2 persons for boats under 18ft. In all regattas each yacht must be steered by the owner or other amateur. The fleet will give a special prize for a race of the 25-footers, the first race sailed by this new class, on May 30, at Larchmont. Races will also be given for all classes on June 20, July 25 and Aug. 22.

BOUNCER.—Mr. Thos. Clapham has lately shipped two open racing boats of the Bouncer type to members of the Minnetonka Y. C. of Minneapolis, Minn. One is 23ft. over all, 16ft. l.w.l., and 7ft. beam, the other is 26ft. over all, 19ft. 6in l.w.l., and 8ft. beam. Mr. Clapham has received a number of orders for these boats, and in order to meet them he will enlarge his shop, putting in water power and new machinery. One now building for a member of the Ohio Y. C. is 27ft. over all, 20ft. l.w.l. and 10ft. beam; while another, the largest yet, is 33ft. over all, 28ft. l.w.l., and 11ft. beam, with a cabin house. She is for a member of the Corinthian Navy, and will race in the new 25ft. c.l. class.

BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.—The Bay of Quinte Y. C., after having been in a moribund condition for two years, was revived at a meeting held on April 16 with a good list of members of the right class. The following officers were elected: Com., W. H. Biggar; Vice-Com., Alex. Forbes; Capt., R. J. Bell; Sec'y-Treas., Geo. N. Leavenworth. It was decided to send two delegates to the Lake Y. R. A. meeting, at Oswego. The delegates appointed were Messrs. W. H. Biggar, A. Forbes and J. V. Jenkins. The old club has my best wishes for its success.—PORT TACK.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—At the annual meeting on April 25 the following officers were elected: Com., A. R. Roswell; Vice-Com., T. G. Blackstock; Rear-Com., C. A. B. Brown; Hon.-Sec'y, S. Bruce Harman. Committee—E. Jarvis, N. B. Dick, J. E. Robertson, R. F. Stupart, W. H. Parsons, J. W. Morse, J. Mitchinson, G. E. Evans, G. D. Boulton, A. A. Gooderham. Lord Stanley has recently notified the club that the Queen will offer a challenge cup of the value of £100 to be raced for by Canadian yachts on the lakes. It will be raced for this year at Toronto.

MONTGOMERY SAILING C.—Second regatta, May 3, Morris-town to Indian Creek and return, 5m. Weather cool and cloudy, wind very strong northwesterly:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Playford, Grisdale Bros.....	15.00	1 40 00	2 51 22	1 11 22
Gracie, E. A. Leopold.....	12.00	1 30 00	3 20 20	1 40 20
Pennsylvania, J. Adamson.....	16.00	1 40 00	3 20 21	1 40 21
Lever, J. S. Lever.....	15.00	1 40 00	Withdrew.	
Sadie, Geo. W. Ritter.....	16.00	1 30 00	Cap sized.	

It was a beat to Indian Creek and a run home.

DETROIT Y. C.—Officers, 1891: Com., C. J. Lichtenberg; Vice-Com., W. B. Morley; Rear Com., R. Z. Rousseau; Sec., Charles Frazer; Treas., H. J. Reeves; Meas., W. H. Morley; Harbor Master, E. F. Bates; Auditing Committee—Nicholas Woods, J. K. Moore; Regatta Committee—M. A. Kramer, Ed. Bidigare, Geo. Newberry, Dr. Geo. E. Clark, Louis Hilsendegen; Directors—C. P. Collins, F. J. Dingeman; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Geo. E. Clark. Three pennant races will be held this year, instead of five.

CAPT. PITTLUCK.—We hear from *Land and Water* that Capt. George Pittluck, who has commanded Bedouin since she was launched in 1852, has sailed from England to take command of an American yacht. At the same time the *Field* states that Capt. Joseph Angier, formerly of Melita, schr., has been engaged for Bedouin, and will bring a crew of Brightlings—a men with him.

NEW YORK Y. C. DINNER.—On May 7 the members and guests of the New York Y. C. to the number of 100, sat down to dinner in the model room of the club house. The house and dining-room were handsomely decorated by Supt. Olsen, a very fine display of plate, consisting of many old prizes, being a feature of the occasion. Com. Gerry presided. Lieut. Henn was present, responding to the toast to the America's Cup.

SPHINX, steam yacht, built by John Roach for Henry Taylor in 1881, has lately been sold to Honduras parties, being cut in two for shipment to Ampala.

REPOSO, steam yacht, Mr. McGregor, was at Beaufort, S. C., from Southport on May 8, sailing for New York on the same day.

A. P. E., the fast Cape cat, has been purchased by Mr. Simmons, of the Atlantic Y. C.

CRUSADER, schr., has been sold by J. D. Cheever to J. R. Roosevelt.

HULL Y. C.—The new house of the Hull Y. C. was opened on May 9.

GENESTA, cutter, has been recently altered to a yawl.

It is an old saying "that what everybody says must be true," and on that principle the Miller specialties are second to none of the day, for every horseman, stable keeper or hostler who has used them pronounce in their favor. For many years Frank Miller's harness dressing has been the favorite in our stables, because it is not only a preservative but a beautifier of the leather. This dressing gives the harness an excellent finish that does not peel, crack, smut or harden the leather, and so assert all who have used it.—*Adv.*

28-FT. CUTTER "MARJORIE," DESIGNED BY MR. J. BORDEN.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and of report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: RALPH F. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. Gage, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. Mackendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.
CENTRAL DIVISION. OFFICERS, 1890-91.
VICE-COM: C. V. Wynn, Albany, N. Y.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
PUSHER: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
EX-COM: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.
NORTHERN DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
REAR-COM: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
PUSHER: C. E. L. Porteous, Kingston.
EX-COM: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gibson.
EASTERN DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM: J. W. Carnwright, Jr.
REAR-COM: T. P. Gaddis, Hartford.
PUSHER: R. Apollonio, Winchester.
EX-COM: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.
ATLANTIC DIVISION. OFFICERS:
VICE-COM: L. V. Dorland, Arlington.
REAR-COM: J. E. D. Anderson, Trenton.
PUSHER: Rich'd Hobart, Newark N. J.
EX-COM: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for the year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Sec'y-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper Division. Persons residing in any Division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A. will be furnished with printed forms of application by address the Purer.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

COMMODORE: D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
VICE-COMMODORE: N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
REAR-COMMODORE: O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
SECRETARY-TREASURER: J. H. Ware, 130 Kialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications for membership must be made to the Sec'y-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

- MAY. 30-31. Springfield Meet, Calla Shasta.
JUNE. 6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. New York, Sandy Hook Race Brooklyn. 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Beach.
6. Yonkers, Annual, Yonkers. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
13. New York, Annual, S. I. 27. Rochester, Spring Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.
JULY. 9. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, 23. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, Irondequoit Bay.
11-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
AUGUST. 6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain. 27. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, Irondequoit Bay.
SEPTEMBER. 5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River. 10. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.
7. Ianthe, Annual, Woodside.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SAILS.

THE Field comments on the great sail question as follows: but fact that the balance lug has merely gone out of fashion. This sail was very thoroughly tested by several good sailors before they abandoned it for other forms of hoisting rigs, nor were their conclusions in the least altered by the very handsome suit of sails on Nautilus in 1886, or those of Pearl and Charm in that year and '88. We believe that the most desirable rig for a canoe, no matter what the shape of the sails may be, is that formerly in use, a mainsail and mizzen, the latter from a third to a half the size of the former; but it is very doubtful whether this rig is quite as fast as the new fashion, with a very large mizzen, and no doubt at all that the English rig as on Charm, a large mainsail and a mere rag of a mizzen, cannot compete with either of the others.

The Field says: Those who are posted up to date in all that takes place in canoeing, not only in England, but also in America, are at present inquiring for enlightenment in regard to the peculiar difference of opinion manifested in America and England as to "rig." In America, where the canoes number hundreds to our units, the balance lug has disappeared from the racing course, and almost so from the cruising fleet, whereas in England, in both racing and cruising, there is hardly a rig other than the balance lug to be found. Of course, men, numbers, such as the hundreds of American canoes, may mean nothing particular as to merit or demerit of a rig or model, for the reason that where one expert racer carries and is successful with a particular form of sail or model, away run the hundred novices and a few beaten experts in his wake and copy him as nearly as possible. The balance lug has never had a really good show in America, so far as we know. In 1886—the date when the English rig came out—a large number of American canoes appeared at the A. C. A. meet rigged with more or less balance lugs, but none of these, nor of those since, are of the perfect cut, sit and rig which is now becoming general among the English racing canoeists. The reason probably is that the standing sail, all abait the mast, and permanently laced thereto and spread out by the wind in beams, having won the prize, the leaders of fashion, that is to say the expert racers, ran off in that direction to obtain what they term "fast sails," and dropped the balance lug before they had really tried it. The result is, that all the American racers sail with abait-the-mast sails; some laced standing, others lowerable, and some reefable.

In England, on the other hand, things have been done in John Bull style, and slowly each kind of rig has been tried and varied and retired. Nautilus, since 1886, when she returned from her American race,

ing, has—that is to say, her yearly replacing sisters have—tried and raced under four distinct breeds or types of abait-the-mast sails, and three suits differently fitted and cut balance lugs. Atlanta and Birdie, Severn (now the Stella) and several others have been fitted with "baiters" of various cuts and fittings. Others, such as Charm, Vanessa, Whiz and Stella (all prize winners), meantime sticking to balance lugs. Rightly or wrongly, the verdict in England, thus far, is decidedly in favor of balance lug mainsails.

Another curious point about American sail plans is the steady growth of size of mizzen. From the old type of some 15ft. area they have grown to equal size with mainsail, and the latest development is that the mizen has ousted the mainsail and usurped its name, and changed the forward sail into "fore sail." In more than one canoe last year the larger sail was the after one, and apparently with such good result that new canoes are being built to be thus rigged, and old ones altered. For many and good reasons it is safe to say that such a sail plan would, as far as our experience goes, be dangerous, unhandy, and unsuccessful in English winds and English racing. This plan was exhaustively tried on the Nautilus in 1879, that canoe having a peculiar deep drift aft. This rig was discarded in 1879, but was again tried in improved form in 1888. In this Nautilus, which had bilge drop keels right at mid-length and therefore needed a lot of after sail, the mainsail was stepped about 1ft. forward of mid-length, whereas a balance lug of 84ft. was set. Right forward at the stem a small mast carried a "latteen" of 25ft. area, setting and looking very much as a jib would look, but more effective and easier to manage. Speed under this rig no doubt was improved, but it was inherent difficulty to handle and danger in puffing strong breezes was such that, though it remained for some time more testing and refitting, it was condemned for English canoe sailing.

One word more, however, re "baiters," as we now call abait-the-mast rigs, compared with balance lugs; there is no doubt the latter rig is very handy, and makes an excellent cruising rig, has less gear, and gives less rigging and stowing work than balance lugs, and is a safer rig in squally weather.

WHO ARE THEY?—"Rumor is again about that three American racing men intend to visit England with their canoes this season. We have heard this before, but sincerely hope it may at last be true, and that we may this season see racing between the American type and the English—the former to be sailed by Americans. The American type of canoe we have, and have had, but possibly not sailed in American 'get-there' style. The new Atlanta is decidedly American in type, but owing to club restrictions forbidding sliding-out deck seats and unlimited call, she cannot be sailed at present in the cup match in such fashion. Nevertheless there are good judges who believe that in our English weather the American flyer would not 'get there' first nor even second."—Field. We have heard of no American canoeists who are likely to visit England; in fact, all of the crack sailors are preparing for a specially lively season at home.

NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.—The meet of the Northern Division will be held on Jacob's Island, Pigeon Lake, county of Peterboro, from July 15 to 27. The proposed cruising meet on Georgian Bay has been abandoned.

RED DRAGON C. C.—The Red Dragon C. C., after being twice burned out at Camden, is now building a club house at Bridesburg, on the Philadelphia side of the Delaware, half a dozen miles above the city.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Frank Hempstead, Norwich, Conn. Northern Division: J. D. Holbrook, Ottawa, W. A. Davis, Bobcaygeon. Atlantic Division: John J. Bockee, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

H. B.—For the desired revolver ammunition write to the manufacturers direct.
E. C., Quebec.—An advertisement in our columns would not doubt bring you the required answer. We do not know of one.

F. H. F., Boston.—The conditions for the revolver preliminary competition are set forth on the targets, which we send to all applicants free. The .22cal. revolver will be allowed.

H. O. R., Lynn.—The .32-100-20 will not do the execution of the .38-180-40; and for bear hunting you should choose the latter. If most of your shooting is to be on smaller game, the .32 will do equally as well.

D. M. H., New York City.—Can you tell me a good trainer for a Chesapeake Bay dog or water spaniel? I want him to have a good education in that kind of shooting. Ans. We do not know of one, but perhaps Mr. Harry Malcolm, of Baltimore, Md., could tell you.
P. D., Long Branch, N. J.—Kindly give through your columns the breeding and registry number of Bronze, English setter dog, imported by Pierre Lorillard. Ans. We can find no record of such a dog. He was not registered. Write to Percy C. Ohl, 50 Broadway, New York city.

S. J. L., Bessemer, Mich.—Please inform me whether a person will be allowed to shoot with a Stevens gallery pistol in the revolver contest. What is the most popular rifle for 200yds. target shooting? What caliber revolver would you recommend for 20yds. target shooting? Ans. 1. No, the competition is limited to revolvers. 2. Caliber .44 or .45. 3. The .44 is much used by experts.

O. R. W., Louisiana.—Will it result in an injury to a heavily choked shotgun to shoot buckshot that chamber in the shell but are badly battered in coming from the muzzle? Ans. Yes, the buckshot should be chambered for the choke. This is done by inserting a wad at the point of constriction and laying the shot on it to determine the proper number for each layer.

L. W., New York.—Would you tell me through your answers to correspondents or otherwise: 1. What size line and how much of it should be used for black bass bait fishing; also, 2. What size and make of hooks should be used for same. 3. Which is the best rod, a six or an eight-strip split-bamboo, made as directed by Dr. Henshall? Ans. 1. Size E, double tapered, waterproof braided silk line, 40 or 50yds. 2. 0-4 splot. 3. The six-strip.

C. S. McC., Bottineau, N. D.—Would you kindly publish in your paper something about the rapidity of flight of some of our game birds, such as geese, brant, the different varieties of ducks, etc.? Ans. Nothing is definitely known on this subject, though many estimates have been made. These are to the effect that the swiftest ducks fly from 90 to 100 miles an hour, and the canvasback is said to be about the fastest of the ducks. As we say, however, nothing is definitely known about it.

B. A. B., New York City.—I have in my possession an Irish setter dog, out of a bitch of unknown pedigree, by Shot, said to be registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book, and owned by J. Scannell, New York city. Would you kindly inform me if such dog is registered in that book? Also, if I can register my dog Bush Boy when the pedigree of the dam is unknown, and the particulars for registering in the A. K. C. Stud Book? Ans. Write to Mr. A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York city.

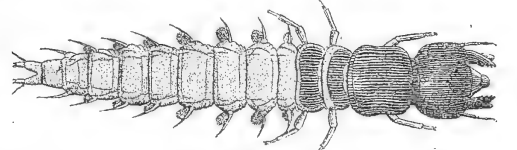
W. R. H., Calvert, Tex.—1. Will you please tell me which is the best book on bait and fly-casting for bass that you know of, not to cost over \$1.50? I want an illustrated book. 2. Also, who makes the best bait-casting rod? Ans. 1. Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" is the best work on the subject; the price is \$3, which is beyond your limit, but we know of nothing so good cheaper. 2. That is something nobody knows. Any one of the makers who advertise in the FOREST AND STREAM will fit you out with a rod so good that you will believe it to be "the best;" and it is a matter of opinion after all.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. I want a new gun, about 7 1/2 lbs. 12-gauge, for field shooting. I want the right barrel to shoot pretty open and the left to shoot close. About what target should I order for same, No. 8 shot 14oz., 30 to 40yds.? 2. I want to get a good practical book on bird dog training; should like if I could have it a book that has also a good treatise of sick dogs—caring and general management of a breeding kennel, etc. Ans. 1. For right barrel about 55 or 60 per cent. of shot and for the left 70 per cent. of shot. Count a charge of the shot you use and get the exact figures. 2. Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" and Ashmont's "Dog in Health and Disease" are the two books for you. We can supply them.

R. R. M., New York city.—I would like to learn the pedigree of a pointer dog Rex, said to have been sold by the Westminster Kennel Club or at their show in 1882, '83 or '84, to a Mr. Lynch. I understand there are three Rexs in; the stud book, Nos 1254, 2637 and 4099. Should judge this dog to have been a New England dog, as bitches were bred to him in the neighborhood of Bridgeport and New London, Conn. If you can aid me in locating this dog and giving his number and pedigree, you will confer a favor on one of your regular readers. Ans. The only Rex that we can find that is likely to answer your description is Rex (1254, Vol. I), registered as owned by P. Howes, Jr., Princeton, N. J. Breder, Dr. W. S. Webb, of the Westminster Kennel Club, Whipped November, 1875, black and white, by Jim out of Whiskey; Jim by Grouse out of Die; Whiskey by Flash out of Juno. He won first in puppy class at Springfield, Conn., in 1876.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Providence, R. I.—The following question has been a great subject of discussion among lawyers in Providence. Will you kindly give your opinion and state on what authority you quote from legally? If quail are killed in Wisconsin or out of the State of Rhode Island and shipped to this State, can they be sold legally in this State out of season? Ans. Your law provides that "every person who shall take or kill, sell, buy or offer for sale or have in his possession . . . any quail from the first day of January to the first day of October . . . shall be fined twenty dollars for each of said birds," etc. There being no specific exception as to game killed out of the State, our opinion is that the law forbids possession or sale of quail in Rhode Island, without regard to where the game was killed. Let your legal friends look up the cases of Phelps vs. Racey, decided in this State in 1874, and People vs. Wagner in Illinois, in 1880 or 1881. These and numerous other decisions affirm that game laws like your own control game killed outside of the State limits.

J. F. N., Steelton, Pa.—Will you kindly give us through the columns of your valuable paper a description in full of the helgramite, or dobsen bait, from its origin to its end. Ans. A full account was given in our Black Bass Number, July 24, 1890: "The helgramite fly (*Corydalis cornutus*) is the largest of our nerve-winged insects. The eggs are deposited in early summer on leaves of various trees and vines overhanging running streams. They are covered with a white, albuminous secretion in a mass nearly an inch in length and containing from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs. The egg is about one-nineteenth of an inch long and one-third as wide. The young crawl from under the mass and leave the envelope intact; the hatch simultaneously in the night. The young larvae crawl readily upon dry surfaces and live for a week or more out of the water. The species is supposed to live three years in the larval condition. Most aquatic larvae transform to the pupa state within the water; but this larva quits the water when full fed and crawls about for days seeking a place wherein to transform. It has two rows of nine breathing holes placed along the sides of the body, which enable it to breathe out of water, and two sets of gills for breathing in water. It feeds on other aquatic insects, such as the larvae of May flies and shad flies. It abounds in rapid flowing streams with rocky bottom, upon which it moves slowly about. After leaving the water, about the beginning of June, it travels in the night, sometimes to distances of 100ft. from its former habitat. At this season, also, it is used as fish bait. In preparing for the pupa state the larva burrows into the earth, where it forms a oval cell, or hides under a stone, piece of wood or other substance. Here, in about two weeks, it casts its tough larval integument and assumes a curved form and position in its cell, with the head, wing-pads and legs flexed on the breast. The color is yellow with traces of brown mottling of the larva. The breathing holes are more conspicuous and the upper jaws stronger and olive green. The pupa state lasts for days and the perfect insect issues during the month of July. It is nocturnal in habit and hides for the most part in obscure places during the day. At this time it is sluggish and if approached will drop sooner than fly, or raise its head and abdomen, and open its jaws threateningly.



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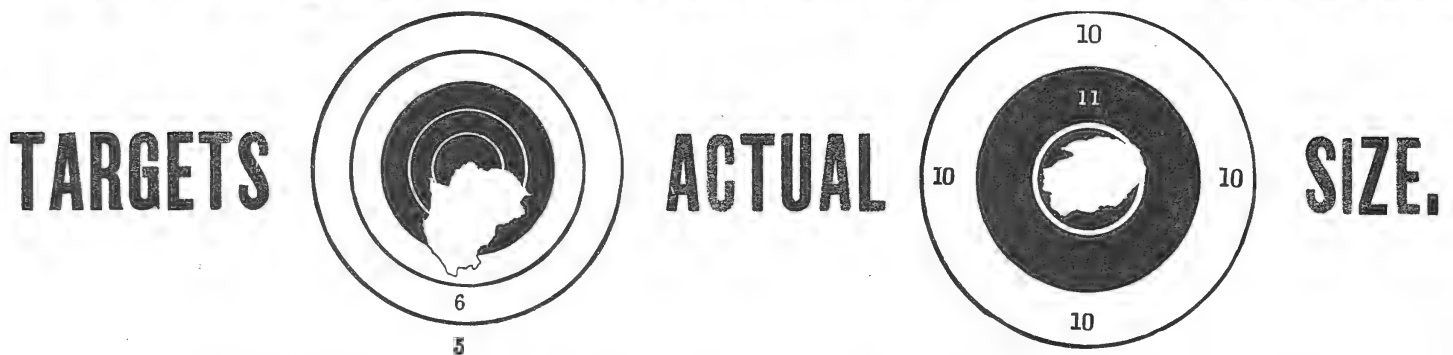
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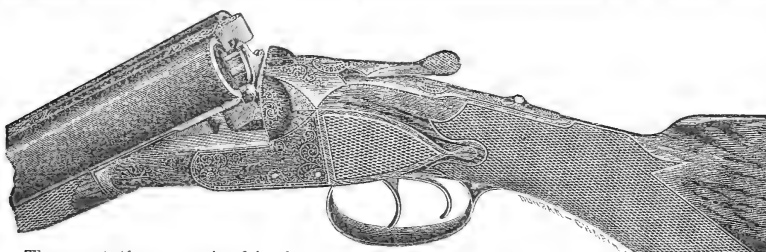
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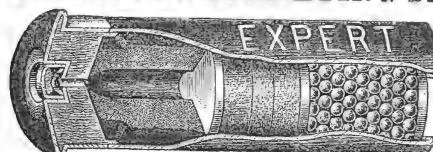
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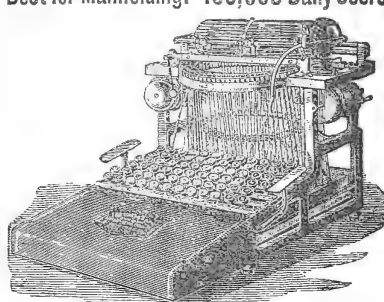
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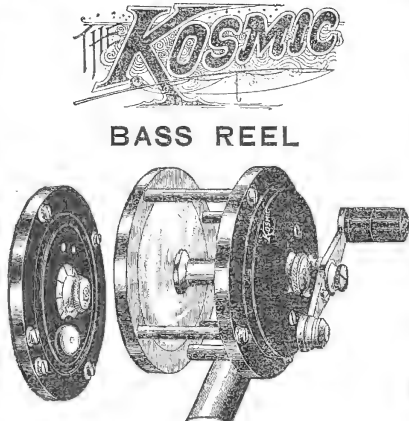
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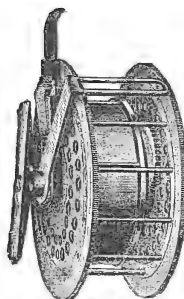
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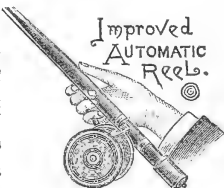
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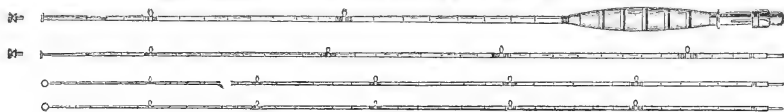
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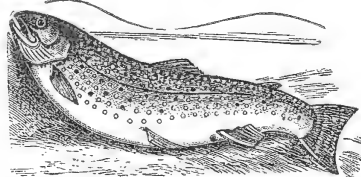
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NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1891.

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 18.
{ No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE AMATEUR REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

WITH the general distribution of the targets prepared for the preliminary trials and practice shoots, the interest in the match for the amateur revolver championship of this country is on a sharp increase. There is a good deal of powder burning already under way on account of it, and the prospect is that the record will be set at a very high notch of expertness.

Just what degree of skill may be required can be judged by looking over a series of English targets, where the distance shot over is similar to that set for the championship match here.

Take for instance the targets made by Mr. Walter Winans, the donor of the trophy. A rough estimate made by him, when asked what he thought the winning score would be in string measurement, was fourteen inches for the eighteen shots and three inches for the best string of six shots. A review of some of the targets made by Mr. Winans shows that he was liberal in his figures, judged by his own efforts. In the fall of 1889, at the South London Rifles contest in competition at twenty yards, with a Colt .45-caliber, 4½ pounds trigger pull and using English Government ammunition, shooting in the open air, altogether a combination not calculated for the finest work, the record stood 4 inches, 4 inches, and 3½ inches respectively for three strings of six shots each making a total of 11½ inches for the eighteen shots. This target was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14, 1889, and with such a guide as this for his judgment it is safe to say that Mr. Winans would amend his estimate to 9 inches for the eighteen shots and possibly 2 inches for a string of six.

Take again a silver dollar. It is 1½ in. across or ¾ in.

from center to edge. Now 18 shots, measured by circumferential distance from the absolute center of target to the breaking edge of the shot, and each one clipping a dollar, would make a total string of 13½ in. Now, just put up a disk struck from a dollar, stand 60ft. off, and when you clip that disk every time you are making a score of not worse than 13½ in.

THE HELEN KELLER FUND.

AS recorded last week, the money which had been sent to the FOREST AND STREAM for this purpose was sent to Helen Keller; and with it went a list of the names of contributors. In return we have received the following touching acknowledgment written by Helen herself:

PERKINS INSTITUTE AND
MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND,
South Boston, May 19, 1891.

To the Editor of Forest and Stream:

Will you please thank the kind gentlemen who sent me the money for little Tommy, and tell them that they have helped make two children very happy? It seems beautiful to me to think that the death of my brave, loving Lioness should be the means of bringing so much happiness into the life of our dear little Tommy. I feel very grateful to the friends, far over the seas, who are taking an interest in baby Tom's education. Some day I hope I shall see each one of the dear friends whose names you sent me, and then I shall thank them myself. Thanking you, dear editor, for your kindness, I am your loving little friend,

HELEN KELLER.

SNAP SHOTS.

IF you cannot go away five hundred miles on a big fishing trip, take a day off and fish the brook in the hollow. Make the most of what you have. This is a solid chunk of what the Hon. Horace Chilton, of Georgia, would call "good old cornfield common sense."

Our esteemed contemporary, the New York Mail and Express, is taking up a collection to buy reindeer for the starving Esquimaux of Northern Alaska, in response to Dr. Sheldon Jackson's recent proposal that these deer should be introduced and the natives taught to herd them. The Mail and Express says that every \$10 will supply one reindeer; and the subscription now foots up more than \$400.

We have been told of summer visitors who kill Maine's big game and leave it to rot, and of residents who slaughter it in winter snows; and now comes a story that the Passamaquoddy Indians have found in the State Papers at Boston evidence sustaining their claim that treaties between their tribe and Massachusetts (to which Maine belonged) in the last century gave them a perpetual privilege to hunt and fish regardless of any game and fish laws.

There are so many fish in the Central Park reservoirs in this city, that they would afford capital fun, if only a fly-fisherman could get at them. Gunners are employed to kill vagrant dogs and cats and to reduce the squirrel supply in the park; why should not the authorities let out the contract of taking some of the big fish to give the little ones a chance? There is a lawyer around in Nassau street who would do the fishing gratuitously and for pure public spirit.

What has become of all the State associations for the protection of fish and game which used to meet in annual convention in all parts of the country? There is left today not one of them whose assembling means anything for the cause. The target shooters are stronger than ever before, but the game and fish protective efforts have died out. In some States, to be sure, the authorities have taken up the work and voluntary effort has been supplanted by regularly organized official systems; but in most cases there is still abundant need of concerted action.

Tarpon fishing has taken a firm hold, and every indication is that the sport will prove to be not an ephemeral fad but a branch of angling whose participants will find in the sport increased fascination and satisfaction in proportion to their experience and skill. An enthusiastic correspondent writes: "My interest in tarpon fishing has not varied; in fact, although I thought I knew it all, I learned something new the present spring and I believe that I have not yet reached complete knowledge of the fish. I have spent six years with him and have not found that custom states his infinite variety. In fact, I found that I felt no interest this year in 'small fish,' as

the guides call all other than tarpon; and did not drop a line for them at all, leaving to others, or to chance, the supply of the table."

Mr. Charles Hallock read before the Cosmos Club the other evening a paper on the "Distribution of Fishes by Underground Watercourses." The essay will appear in the June number of Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

We wish to communicate with those readers of FOREST AND STREAM who were specially interested in "Nessmuk's" contributions to the paper, and who would like to share in a projected memorial of him. Will such persons kindly send us their names?

Apropos of Marshal MacMahon's proposed introduction of American jack rabbits into France, our esteemed contemporary La Chasse Illustrée suggests, "We shall shortly have an opportunity in France to determine if in their stories of the incredible speed of this creature the Americans have not for once stretched the truth."

Since his appointment to the command of the U. S. receiving ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, our contributor "Piseco," Capt. L. A. Beardslee, of the Navy, has had little opportunity for whipping the trout brooks; but that he is acquiring honors is attested by his election as Senior Vice-Commander of the New York State Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

It is all very well to talk of communing with nature and studying the ways of the gentle wood-folk; but there is such a thing as starting in on it at too tender and susceptible an age. Two girls and a boy, in the backwoods of Sullivan county, N. Y., not long ago communed with a wildcat, and the interview drove them stark mad, and they have just emerged from an insane asylum.

Trap-shooting is having its boom. There has never been anything like it. The target companies are turning out millions of "inanimates" and the cartridge manufacturers are keeping pace with loaded shells, for each target means the burning of powder. The new Inter-State Association under the direction of Manager Penrose is proving to have been planned on lines of efficiency; and all the meetings have been successful.

A small boy and a poodle dog on a raft in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean might appear to be in a worse strait than a best man at a New Jersey wedding; but recent events have demonstrated that the chances are in favor of the boy and the dog and against the best man. It has actually happened that the shipwrecked waifs were picked up and brought into port, while the best man was shot and instantly killed by a festive idiot among the guests who pulled out his revolver and blazed away with it purely as an expression of joy at the nuptials.

Mr. Alex. Starbuck's happy relation of trouting days on the North Shore has been winning commendatory notices by the editors of the West, who have been or want to go fishing themselves. Mr. Starbuck, by the way, dips his pen in iridescent ink, and his narrative glows with color. Note some of his sparkling appellations: Golden fin—rainbow beauties—darling of the spotted jacket—freckled beauty—the haughty and handsome tribe—the tribe of fontinalis—radiant beauties—proud princelings of the watery realm—two lovely specimens of the speckled brigade—the jeweled beauties—a monster—mottled darling—a brook beauty—the autocrat of the lake—sparkling beauty.

It is reported that at a meeting of the Cabinet, held on Tuesday last, the question of protecting the fur seals of Bering Sea from extinction was under discussion for some time, but that no decision was reached in the matter. It is singular that with the inevitable extermination of this valuable mammal before them there should be this delay. The season for killing is near at hand, and unless Great Britain's proposition is accepted and a close season ordered, the close of the season of 1891 will see such hopeless injury done to our interests in Alaska that they can never hope to recover from it. It is a mortifying and humiliating fact that this important interest is receiving its deadliest attack in the very Cabinet of our Government.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMPING AND DE-CAMPING.

VACATION fever is a dangerous disorder. All authorities agree that there is but one remedy—a vacation. My friend George Ellis had infected me by mail. His glowing accounts of experience in Muskoka, Can., and finally an invitation to join him there made the case so desperate that gun and rod in old school doses became my only hope.

In the midst of preparation, as visions of pine woods, lakes and mountains flitted through my brain, I thought of the benefit these things would do a malarious, sickly nephew. "Just the thing for Harvey Graham and not a bad lad to carry a string of trout," I reflected.

The New York Central to Lewiston, on the lower Niagara, the steamer to Toronto and the Canadian Northern toward the great lumber region of the upper Ottawa was our route. Into the wilderness we sped and late in the afternoon found ourselves at Gravenhurst, the terminus of the road and of civilization in that direction. Muskoka, a region twice as large as the Adirondacks, stretching from the French River and Lake Nipissing on the northeast to Georgian Bay, Lake Huron and the Severn River on the west and south, sprinkled with rivers and lakes in almost infinite profusion, a section many parts of which are yet unsurveyed; the waters teeming with fish and the woods alive with large game, lay before us, inviting exploration.

Our destination was Baysville, on Trading Lake, sixteen miles through the forest in a northeasterly direction. Our progress thither was by stage. Road apparently there was none, its substitute being what resembled the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Over rocks, across gullies and down washouts the vehicle swayed and lurched, keeping us in momentary expectation of a capsize or the loss of a wheel.

We passed through miles of burned land, where hardly a trace of green could be discerned. Charred, blackened stumps and trunks, sable monuments of former vegetable life and beauty, littered the ground or pointed mottled to the sky, that now smiled upon them unavailingly.

Baysville, when at last reached, did not add to the slightness of the landscape. A hamlet consisting of an equal number of log and frame buildings, it forlornly squatted in the middle of a tract from which every tree and shrub had been carefully removed. Evidently these people proposed to secure their homes against forest fires.

We immediately inquired for Ellis, only to be informed that he had been called home a few days previous by news of dangerous illness in his family. Though in quest of adventure, here at the very outset was more than we desired. Ellis had spent months, at various times, in this section, and was the veteran on whom we relied. To add to my anxiety Harvey became sick.

To get out of the stuffy attic room into which we had been thrust and to leave Baysville to its heat and dust were our only desires. A guide with a canoe large enough to contain three was secured only after extreme difficulty.

Salmon was our man's name. In physical make up a magnificent, broad-shouldered specimen, he had a furtive, uneasy expression, at first so markedly avoiding a direct glance as to lead one to suppose that he was either laboring under painful embarrassment or that he had some dark chapters in his life. Never were we more deceived. Once under way, he thawed out completely, surprising us not only by his fluency and elegance of speech, but freely telling us his history.

Born in India, the son of a colonel in the British army, he had been carefully educated in England, graduating at Christ College, Oxford. Naturally of a roving disposition, he took passage in a vessel of a relative and circumnavigated the globe. What led him finally to locate in the wilds of the Georgian Bay region can best be told in his own language:

"My father had many friends among business men in London, and through his influence I might readily have obtained a situation in a mercantile house. But I could not be weaned from the adventurous life I had been leading. When I saw white-faced, puny clerks, robbed of sunlight and air, painfully bending in cramped positions over big ledgers, I contrasted such a fate with an active, manly existence under the blue sky, and chose the latter. Thirteen years ago I buried myself, as most people would call it, in these woods. I have never for a day regretted the step. With the slight income that I receive from home, together with what I make in winter as superintendent of a lumber camp, and in the summer as guide, I am accounted rich in this frugal section. I do not lack good society. Many of our Scotch and English settlers are well educated. I married a girl of this class about a year ago, and am not less happy than if my lot were cast among brick walls."

While conversing we had been moving out on to the broad lake, and the scenery now burst upon us in all its wild beauty. Headlands and islands, hills near and remote, were all alike hidden in untorn draperies of leafy green. The shores were not mountainous; and the close-crowded giant trees, untouched by the axe, concealed the rocky soil, presenting to the eye soft folds of rustling foliage that apparently ended never.

Each bay and landmark elicited its story from our guide. Here we were told a deer had been overtaken in the water, while at this or that point a bear had been shot. Later in the afternoon, the water becoming rough, we ran in behind a long promontory, making a portage at its base, to get into a more protected arm of the lake. It was here we learned that much of Muskoka game could be killed by a slap of the hand—that is when it lit on the accessible parts of one's anatomy.

On account of the mosquitoes a spot exposed to the wind was selected for our camp. Salmon's practiced hands soon had our bed made up in backwoods fashion. This was done by lavishly piling balsam boughs on the floor of the tent, forming a soft, health-exhaling couch which no true sportsman would exchange for hair mattresses and artificial appointments.

Though the canvas walls shook in the chill night breeze, the guide dropped off with the most business-like precision, and, as Harvey seemed to be cosily composing himself for his first night in the woods, I, too, was soon slumbering. A rough hand shook my shoulder, and I awoke with a start. A bright light shone through the open flap

and illuminated the tent. Sleep-befogged I groped my way out toward the camp-fire. There shivering before it, while Salmon stirred the embers and piled on more wood, was our young comrade. With chattering teeth and bent, muffled form, he was enjoying a regular "Jersey shake" 2,000ft. above sea level.

The remainder of the night was spent around the fire attending to the invalid. Salmon attempted consolation with some personal incidents of outdoor life. "Early last May," he said, "a Boston gentleman came up here for trout fishing. We traveled way back into the woods; and it rained so that while one of us paddled the other had to bail constantly. The thickest rubber coats were of no account; and night after night, with all our clothes completely soaked and no chance of building a fire, we lay down just as we were. The weather was cold then, too," he added.

"Well," responded the plucky lad, "I'm not making this excitement for fun. If I wasn't chock full of malaria, you would not hear from me this way."

As we talked, toasting ourselves before the blazing logs, the faint, gray suspicion of early dawn ripened into the rosy certainty of approaching morning, till finally the sun, thus announced, bespoke the presence of another day. Breakfast eaten, we held a council. The sense of the meeting was that we must risk no more with our hospital annex. The Ox Tongue River entered the lake near by. It was decided that we should ascend this a number of miles, and thence take a short portage to a vacant lumber camp known to the guide, from which, as headquarters, we could make excursions with rifle and rod.

To stem the swift current in our heavily laden craft cost vigorous effort. The careful selection of each eddy, a quick upward swing when we pushed out past the projecting point, the rapid, united dip of our paddles as we breasted the down-pouring flood, or the steady shove as we prodded the bottom of the stream in availing ourselves of favoring shallows, this arduous programme, oft repeated, made our arrival at the carry welcome. But here our work was no easier, though of a different nature. We stood at the bottom of a steep bank, thickly timbered and without a visible path. Strapping together two meal sacks containing goods weighing not less than a hundred pounds, Salmon placed one over either shoulder with the band across his chest. Not satisfied with this, he picked up the eighty pound canoe, and, balancing it on his neck, scrambled lightly upward through the underbrush. We, almost empty-handed, laboriously followed, guided by occasional gleams of the wet surface of the upturned canoe as it rapidly disappeared among the impeding branches. Our party pantingly emerged into the small clearing that surrounded the long, low, shed-like lumberman's cabin. The mosquitoes, blackflies and other sanguinary insects too numerous to classify had all this time not been idle. Now, realizing that they had plenty of room in which to operate, they burst upon us from the encircling woods with a wild shriek and claimed us for their own. We hastily beat a retreat to the baronial hall before us. The interior walls supported a double row of bunks extending around the entire shanty. These were stuffed full of rubbish. A horse left in the woods to die had appropriated the place for a stable, and the stove, upon examination, proved to be the fragrant sepulcher of a colony of rats. The guide had seen such places before, and despite the hovering insects, proceeded to arrange our effects as if for a permanent location. Our united protests finally led him to consent to an exodus.

He pertinently inquired: "Where are you going now?" Being unable to decide he informed us that he lived on Trading Lake, only ten miles from where we then were. "It's a little better house than this," he said, "and has the advantage of being clean. If you have a mind to camp out in my shanty we will go there now."

We at once took up our march. To shorten the carry we put in at the head of the rapid, at the foot of which we had landed. We were too much weighted down to steer easily. Our guide had not made the run since high water of the previous spring. Plunging down the incline, rising from one foam-crested wave to dive into another, narrowly missing numerous rocks that jutted above the surface, as we turned a sharp bend, there directly in the channel lay a huge tree which the freshets had toppled across the stream. No escape presented—to paddle back up the river was out of the question. Slowing our progress as much as possible we luckily, just in the nick of time, discovered a small partially concealed opening between the limbs of the prostrate tree and the further bank. After this was passed we had no more trouble.

In our descent we were constantly on the alert for game. We dropped down stream silently. The tall palm-like pines, the density of the forest, the dancing on-flowing river and the consciousness of our utter isolation, a feeling which dominated all others, made the journey impressive. But this was not all which made the afternoon memorable. As we were about to emerge into the lake I caught sight of some furry animal on the bank. Without ado I "pulled loose" with my revolver. The terrible creature at once acknowledged the attention with a manifestation much more to be dreaded than my bullets. A shot from Salmon's rifle put an end to the animal, which was not a bear, but for several days our nostrils reminded us of the success of our hunt. Strong, very strong reasons prevented taking our game home.

At sundown, as the boat danced out on to a landlocked bay of the lake, Salmon's house and well-cultivated garden, surrounded by a compact wall of virgin forest, was suddenly revealed. A comely, pleasant-faced, intelligent young woman, whom the guide introduced as his wife, stood on the shore to bid us welcome. The situation was explained to her; and we were ushered up to the curious, nondescript, two-story frame dwelling and made comfortable.

Salmon had prepared this place for his bride, the daughter of his nearest neighbor, living some five miles distant. He felled the trees for the clearing, and laboriously, after many successive journeys, towed from Baysville, over twelve miles away, all the sawed timber that entered into his house. The only help he had received was in erecting the framework. The product was essentially a home-made home. The second story was reached by a ladder from without, and was entered through a hole in the side of the house, an opening which was neither door nor window. Up this ladder, frequently in pouring rains, Harvey and I climbed to the narrow single bed which had to do for us both. But how we did sleep!

Twelve hours at night, and a long nap in the afternoon in the woods or on some island, was not uncommon.

Our week's stay here was all too short. The canoe was put at our disposal, and we could paddle off across the water or wander through the forest at our own sweet will. Many were the efforts on the part of our entertainers to contribute to our enjoyment. Salmon led us to the best trout streams, showing us where and how to spear fish by the jacklight, and ran the dogs after deer for our benefit. But the time came for our return. We bid farewell to our hostess one morning, and a few hours afterward were landed by Salmon at Baysville from his canoe.

Reaching Toronto we learned that the regular daily boat for the Thousand Islands, our objective point, was laid up for repairs. However, an excursion steamer for the Hanlan-Ross race at Ogdensburg was just ready to start. Our baggage was a gun and two pairs of heavy blankets done up in a meal sack. As we hurried on to the wharf with these the gang plank was being drawn aboard. The mob afloat immediately set up a wild howl for the "gun and the bag." Amid their acclamations we half jumped and were half pulled to where they stood enjoying the situation.

We now looked around to see where and with whom we were. The large steamer was filled with a company of "shooting gentlemen." A more precious collection of "toughs" I never encountered before nor since. All lower Canada seemed to have assembled the worst representatives of its worst element here where they would be under no restraint. Truly, for us, it was a pleasant prospect. But we were not molested. No sooner had the boat left the harbor than assorted fluids absorbed and were absorbed to the exclusion of less important matters. In addition to the inevitable bottle of "tonic" every other man had some arrangement, either cards, wheel of fortune, dice or what not, to facilitate the exchange of commodities. When at about 6 o'clock in the evening we stopped at Port Hope, several professionals, who fully corresponded to the ante-bellum Mississippi River steamboat sharper so often described, got aboard. One in particular, evidently well known to the fraternity already afloat, was conspicuous by his clerical garb and his clean cut, impassive features.

The fun soon became intensely interesting, not only to the participants alone but to us as spectators. Both decks were crowded with tables stocked with generous piles of coin and bills. Hard, cold faces, void of emotion; flushed, eager ones, inflamed with excitement; the gambler of years and the rapid youth transferred their rolls of greenbacks to each other with business-like celerity. Not the slightest notice was taken of us as we wandered about. All was preoccupation. If toward midnight a storm had not arisen few would have slept that night. At first no one paid attention to the roaring of the wind. Soon the seas increased; the vessel rose and fell heavily; and occasionally, as the play progressed, a gamester here and there would grow white, lose his interest, and at last fall out overcome by sickness. The strong breeze now became a gale; the decks assumed abrupt angles; and the timbers of the boat, which was really a sorry enough old craft, creaked ominously. Those of the crowd that were neither intoxicated nor equally helpless from nausea began to realize, after a few heavy seas had washed clear across the lower deck, that the situation was serious.

One by one the men lay down on the floor of the cabin, hoping for the storm to abate or trying to sleep. We brought out our now useful blankets and made ourselves comfortable in a corner as far removed as possible from the drunken revelers who were still celebrating. Mingled with the blasts of the tempest were blasts of profanity. Amid such surroundings we uneasily awaited the morning. The wind continued to blow in gusts, but as we had run to windward of Prince Edward's Island all danger of foundering was now past. At daybreak we entered the St. Lawrence. We rose to view the fairland of the beautiful cottage-adorned Thousand Islands. Contrasting with this attractive panorama were the besotted creatures that littered the benches and chairs and strewn the decks in every imaginable attitude of drunken stupor.

Ogdensburg reached and the custom house passed we repaired to the nearest restaurant. Here I discovered that my pocketbook had passed into the possession of some one whose fingers were as light as his conscience. I was unlucky enough to furnish myself with this bit of news before breakfast. As I carried the funds for the party, we walked to the telegraph office on the recollection of our yesterday's dinner. After six hours of rigid application of the mind cure for hunger, the Western Union and a good credit came to our relief, just as I was calculating the probable cash value of my watch. The next morning was inaugurated a telegraph strike which extended all over the country and lasted for weeks, thus scoring us another narrow escape. Harvey often refers to our trip. He is of the opinion, that if our camping was not a success our de-camping had all the elements of victory.

RALPH K. WING.

TEN DAYS AT RUSHMORE.

AS George was in the country all summer, I agreed to take my wife and the rest of the family up to the camp for a vacation. Said rest consisted of Mabel, aged ten; Belle, eight; Sam, two and a half; and Jr., eight months old. The Mrs. had her doubts about taking the baby, and our family doctor was in the same state of mind; but I agreed to assume the responsibility, knowing we could always keep warm and dry in the little house, and thinking that the pure resinous air and woody smell would benefit him. And I think it did! It was quite a trip to make with the youngsters, but by stopping off over night on our way up we eased it some and arrived at a nice hour, 11 A. M.

They were all pleased to find such a comfortable house, for Rushmore, with only its one room, has nice bunks and mattresses, folding chairs, extension table, glassware and crockery, a good cook stove, and a liberal supply of granite-ware cooking utensils.

Sam, however, took us all down by saying, "Well, this is a nice little barn, where's the house?" Then he proceeded to investigate the stove, and succeeded in blacking himself up in great style; but what fun he had there digging in the gravel or trying to throw all the loose rock on Long Point into the lake. I have him started right, and expect in a few years he will be a genuine sportsman. At the age of one year he would hug a gun and smile with delight whenever it came out of the case; at two he

could aim it; and now with the slight encouragement I give him he promises to be one of us.

I promised to do most of the work that my wife might rest some, but the care of a baby did not give me any great chance for that; still in a few days she was carrying wood like a native. What little fishing I did was in the morning before the rest were up, and consisted mostly of getting a mess of bullheads for breakfast, or trolling for pickerel. I tried some for bass but had no luck—could not seem to find them. I do not think bass fishing as good here as it is from Burlington north. After a few days Mabel would get up and join me on my early trips, and she caught most of the fish while I took them off and baited the hooks.

One morning I got a 5-lb. bowfin on my light rod, and he made plenty of fun before I could get him into the landing net. It is not a particularly quick fish, but very strong and hard to tire. The little girl scamped him like a veteran, but after he got into the boat, both girls being with me, became badly demoralized until I ran my hunting knife down through his spine. The next day Mabel caught one weighing 5½ lbs., but as he was on a short stiff pole I soon got him into the boat, though for a few minutes he pulled her little arms pretty hard.

They kept me rather busy between the cooking and clearing away; then there was wood and ice to get and milk once a day; even these tasks had their pleasures. How often would I look across Lake Champlain at the Adirondacks, then up and down the lake and admire the blue line of the mountains, at times covered with clouds, so that only the base and peaks of the higher ones would be visible. Then the many points jutting out into the lake, edged with cedars, and an occasional green meadow showing through an opening in the trees.

One day while after ice I spied a mink in the rocks and tried to hit him with a stone, but the minute my hand went up his head went down, and if I tried to finesse by crawling around to get behind him when he came up, keeping him down in the meantime by throwing stones, he always bobbed up serenely with his face to the enemy. Had George been there he would have devoted a week to trapping him, as he likes that about as well as trout fishing.

We began to get tired of fish and pork and hints were thrown out that chicken would be agreeable, but as the first of September was at hand I promised ducks for a change. It was a change, that is, the ducks changed position when I fired and went up to Hinesburg pond. I had often heard of the opening of the duck season, and now at last was to engage in the fray. A party was tenting across the road from us and we agreed to get up at three and be up in the marsh before daylight; the Mrs. said we had better stay up all night.

Ding, ding, ding, went the alarm, and hastily getting up and dressing I found my friend down on the shore pushing off his boat. Getting into mine we rowed away up the creek, followed at a short distance by another party the swash of whose oars sounded plainly in the still morning air. Before we had got half way up the marsh we passed two figures standing grim and silent in their boat, and a little further up two more; finally we secured a position and waited patiently for daylight. Soon it came and boom! boom! went two shots down at Big Otter marsh; then boom! boom! boom! went three more shots in Goose Creek, and straining my eyes in that direction I saw three woodducks coming like a streak. Waiting until they were opposite I blazed away and never touched a feather; as they passed along the marsh one could hear a regular fusillade. After a time, no more coming my way, I moved down near to Goose Creek and saw one party there drop a black duck and a woodduck, and then miss three blacks which came my way, but flew right in the face of the sun. I fired, and how the feathers did fly! in fact, they were still flying the last I saw of them, headed direct for Hinesburg pond.

By noon the firing had been so continuous that all the ducks were driven inland, but toward evening we saw some come back, to feed on the wild oats. Never in my life have I heard such shooting and do not believe over one shot in ten brought a duck; many were knocked down and would get away in the grass and oats, as the water was very high, which made it impossible to walk on any part of the marsh, and wounded birds could escape by diving.

The next morning we tried again, but no birds coming along, rowed down stream and fished for bullheads. While thus engaged I saw a black duck come in and go to feeding. After getting enough fish for breakfast I rowed over and put her up. She quivered when I shot, but flew a short distance and then dropped down in the grass, only to get away, as I searched for her in vain. When I returned again without any ducks they told me I was a great hunter never to kill anything. Nothing succeeds like success, and perhaps I can make a good bag of lakies before long and then I will be in favor again. But for lots of excitement with little bloodshed give me opening day on Otter marshes.

Well, we stayed our ten days out, and such fun as those youngsters had! They carried wood, gathered birch bark, swung in the hammock, ate, slept, rowed, fished, hauled bait, paddled in their bare feet, and had such a good time generally that when the time came for me to leave they decided to stay longer, the farmer's two daughters coming down by them nights, and I managed to run back a couple of times to stay over night. When I came to survey the wood they gathered and was told Mama carried those big sticks it was proof that some one was being benefitted by the trip. Outdoor air and no stairs to climb was what did it.

Never have I gone on a trip and done so little fishing or hunting, still I enjoyed this best of all. It did me good to see them eat my muffins and slappacks, and to hear Sam cry "more fish" until he had eaten four and once five bullheads or perch.

One day we had a cooking bee and the Mrs. baked a cake and fried crullers. We all stood there and ate them as fast as done until we had eaten three or four, and myself six of them. Dyspepsia? Not a bit of it; one could digest anything there that didn't require a gizzard.

I saw a nice bunch of bluebills and a few coots fly by Sunday noon, so at night went down to the camp, taking enough bread, pork and eggs for my breakfast, got up Monday morning and put out my decoys; but no birds flew in. so I pulled up, closed the house, and thus end my days at Rushmore for 1890; but I hope to take my whole family next year, and with George along to help we expect great times.

DEXTER.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Natural History.

MARINE RESERVATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with deep interest your account of the proposed reservations for the walrus and sea lions, as well as the hearty indorsement of the plan by yourself, Doctors Allen and Dall and Mr. Elliott. The importance of the movement can scarcely be overestimated. The destruction of many of our large land and water animals either for profit or from mere wanton love of killing, has long been a source of regret to lovers of nature. It has been accomplished in some cases through want of legislation and sometimes in defiance of law. The question of jurisdiction has occasionally complicated the problem, and many noble animals have been practically exterminated before our eyes before protective legislation took shape. It will probably be impossible to prevent the killing of walrus at sea, and it is not desirable to restrict the right of the Esquimaux to capture as many as they need to supply them with food and clothing. The whalers have already nearly exterminated the walrus in the Arctic, and it is believed that the species is now more numerous in Bristol Bay than further north. The reservation of Amak Island as a refuge for this species will in all probability result in its slow but certain increase. The walrus is heavy and unwieldy, harmless except when its young is attacked or its life threatened. It brings forth usually one young, and never more than two. The period of gestation is long. The species is valuable and has many enemies besides man; its chances of survival, therefore, unless aided and sheltered, are extremely small. To the Esquimaux the value of the walrus is so great that we cannot leave it out of the consideration. He is largely dependent upon it for food, light, clothing, materials for tents and boats and for trading purposes. A sad illustration of this dependence upon the walrus was furnished on St. Lawrence Island some years ago, when ice prevented the animal from hauling out as usual and caused the death from starvation of nearly 300 men, women and children. The extermination of the walrus and the salmon will involve the extermination of the Esquimaux. At the present time citizens of the United States are engaged on Government reservations in Alaska taking salmon and other animals upon which the natives depend mainly for their subsistence. There is no restriction by Government—there is even no regulation, for the existing laws are not enforced. The result of this want of policy will be swift and disastrous, and the responsibility of the Government cannot be evaded.

T. H. BEAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DOWNY WOODPECKER OR SAPSUCKER

THE sapsucker, which I aver is properly so named, is a woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*), but it does not follow that all woodpeckers are sapsuckers. It is as reasonable to call this bird a sapsucker as a woodpecker, for in sucking the sweet sap and eating the sweet cambium layer of various trees in the spring it acts as a woodpecker, and its habit of doing both these nefarious acts and so injuring the trees cannot be truly denied. Farmers are improperly charged very often with having crude and ignorant beliefs upon some points of natural history. But I have lived and moved among farmers enough to know that sometimes they are right when scientific men are all wrong. They have had various beliefs which have been denied by scientists, but on investigation some of these have been quite frequently accepted and others are in abeyance. I remember well when Darwin, in the preparation of his last work, wrote to a friend of mine, the late Dr. Geo. Thurber, one of the first botanists in the world, and then editor of the *American Agriculturist*, to make inquiries among farmers as to the habits of snakes to swallow their young when threatened with danger. A great many letters were received in response, and the evidence so gathered was considered wholly satisfactory by that excellent naturalist, and he so stated in his great work. This was regarded as the farmers' foolishness. So in regard to the carnivorous habits of the mole, as considered especially by the French naturalists, and so firmly as to ridicule any contrary belief as absurd. But farmers do nevertheless believe that moles devour the seeds of sweet corn and peas and the roots in their gardens, and I have good reason to know they are correct in their beliefs. For I have examined the stomachs of a good many moles under a microscope and have found some of them to contain nothing but sweet corn, of which the starch grains and cellular tissue were plainly to be recognized. Now, if a mole's stomach contains starch it must have been eating vegetable matter. Only last fall I caught a mole in my garden in a bed of carrots; the carrots were being eaten by something, and I captured a mole. On examining the stomach the yellow substance of the carrots was easily recognized, and nothing else was found contained in the stomach but this when the contents were put under the microscope.

For six years past I have been annoyed with the sapsuckers. They have girdled and killed outright some young apple trees, and made a special prey of a young white pine which is growing within twenty feet of the window where I have my desk. It is the downy woodpecker only, a cunning fellow who dodges around the tree, showing only his head, and so evades the gun. I have shot several, and on examining the stomachs have found no insects at the sap-flowing season, but only sap and the soft pulp of the inner bark and cambium of the tree. The cells of this pulpy matter can be easily recognized, and in two birds I have shot and examined within two weeks past these cells formed the only solid matter in the stomachs.

At this season the sap and cambium layer of the pine and other trees are quite sweet, and doubtless the sapsucker has discovered this and taken a fancy to the food.

In the woods, the hickories are frequently girdled all around by this bird, and less frequently the white oaks. The result upon the hickories is destructive, a thick callus grows above and below the ring of holes and a deep groove is formed. The constriction gradually kills the tree, which breaks off at the injured part in high winds. It is common to find hickories thus girdled in several places a few feet apart, but touched nowhere else. I have tied paper around my small trees as a protection and find it acts perfectly.

Now, is this business of this bird followed for food or as a means of killing the trees that they may become attacked by borers and so furnish future feeding grounds, or both? That the birds fill their stomachs with the sap and cambium layers is as certain as that I am writing these lines. But is it that the birds desire a change of food or in pursuit of insects have found out the sweetness of the sap and have thus become instinctively fond of the newly discovered food as an acquired taste?

Col. Goss evidently has never tasted the inner bark of the white pine and discovered its sweetness nor the sweetness of the sap at this season, or he would not have referred to its resinous character nor have said that it is not pretended that this bird feeds upon these pines. On the contrary, the rascals seem to choose my favorite pine before any other tree, and have returned to it with their saucy note which is indescribable within a few minutes of their disturbance and while I have been waiting to watch their operations. It is never safe to take anything for granted in regard to the habits of animals, and it is always safe to investigate thoroughly before determining any matter, even if it is believed by the farmers.

HENRY STEWART.

NORTH CAROLINA.

CAN TURKEYS COUNT?

Editor Forest and Stream:

An event which occurred this week in my poultry yard was considered by me so odd that I told the story to quite a number, all of whom expressed considerable surprise, and one last evening said: "Why don't you write it to FOREST AND STREAM? I hope that some one of a gathering-up-statistics frame of mind will, accepting this mite and one or two others which have been contributed by 'Piseco,' collate from your columns the many anecdotes therein enshrined, going to show that in many beasts, birds and fishes there appears at times evidence of mental faculties beyond those of simple instinct."

I have two turkeys, one of which at least (perhaps both) seems able to count up to ten. A few days ago I discovered among weeds a nest containing thirteen turkey eggs. My turkeys are from South Carolina, and were sold to me as the result of wild turkey eggs, put under a domestic turkey; and I was warned that they would "steal their nests." The next day there were fifteen eggs, then on subsequent days seventeen and nineteen, showing that both hens were laying. On the evening of the 9th there were just twenty eggs, all in one nest. The next morning I visited the spot and found the two hens setting within about a foot of each other, one with her head to the northwest, the other to the southeast, so they could thus watch in all directions. As I approached they left the nests, and I found that the twenty eggs had been exactly divided by them, the two nests with ten eggs each being about 10 in. apart. Of course this may have been an accidental exact division, but if it were not, I own a pair of arithmetical turkeys, and natural history is enriched by this item.

Perhaps I should have premised how it is that popularly supposed to be a sailor alone "Piseco" is raising turkeys. About two years ago two things happened to me. I was ordered to the command of this rendezvous; and a friend in St. Domingo presented me with some very choice game fowl. As they began to increase and multiply my wife developed a strong desire for fresh eggs. Brooklyn's market having failed to satisfy this demand, she looked with longing eyes on my increasing basket of "choice eggs for setting."

So to save a possible complication I procured a few choice Plymouth Rocks that cost quite a sum. Our venture was a success, and there have been few days during the two years that we have been entirely minus fresh eggs, to say nothing of choice broilers and patriarchs well adapted and devoted to chicken potpie and gumbo soup.

My games have become in a small way famous, and all surplus stags are easily disposed of, their only fault being that as I make pets of them and punish them for fighting (in which, while they are young, the parent cock—now three years old—lends me a hand, rushing into every tussle and giving each combatant a sharp rebuke), they are most of them too tame and peaceable until trained; then I hear (for I never fight them myself or allow it) they do good work.

So many have given items to show the gain or loss in amateur farming of all kinds that I will give you a bit of my results: Starting with a dozen common and three games two years ago, to which I have added by exchange of eggs Pekin ducks, Muscovy ducks and various fancy breeds of fowl, such as Hamburg, Dorking and Cochins, I have now nearly a hundred grown fowl of all the above descriptions; have tabled about two dozen Pekin ducks, and have over a hundred young ducks and chickens; and during the 150 days from Dec. 1 to April 30 my egg book shows receipt of over 2,300 hens' eggs, nearly 300 ducks' eggs and the two settings of turkey eggs which have started this year. I have not kept exact account, but am sure that my stock on hand are worth much more than my expenses have been.

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

PISECO.

RUDDY DUCK.—Memphis, Tenn.—About March 10 last Mr. Seth Martin and I killed two redback ducks about size of blue-winged teal out of a flock of about forty, using near some 200 canvasbacks, on Wapanocka Lake, Arkansas, near Memphis, Tenn. Another one of same redback ducks was winged by Mr. Geo. Mitchell, and proved they were the greatest divers we ever saw, and they are deep-water ducks and will not go in cover. From above remarks and following please tell me what duck this is: Back is a dark red, tail is small, stiff, black, six feathers; upper part of back of neck and back of head nearly black; feet and legs very dark and large webs; eyes small, rather high, deep set and dark; bill is rather broad and a bright pale blue; breast mottled gray and red, under part of neck dark red; cheeks white; shape of bird's body and much of its color is greatly like a cock quail; breast very glossy. What is it?—W. A. WHEATLEY. [This is the ruddy duck (*Eristrura rubida*), and the plumage you describe is that of the male bird. This is a duck of many names, of which the following are a few: bluebill, hard-headed broadbill, dipper, dopper, dapper, booby, creek coot, batter scoot, sleepy head, fool duck, deaf duck, bull neck, tough head, hard head, and many more, for which and a picture of the bird see Mr. Trumbull's excellent work "Names and Portraits of Birds Interesting to Gunners," p. 1078.]

Game Bag and Gun.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FORESTRY COMMISSION.—The New Hampshire Forestry Commission wishes to obtain information and suggestions relating to subjects: 1. Fires in forests and woodlands. 2. New roads needed in mountain regions. 3. New foot and bridle paths. 4. New places or objects of interest not yet accessible, lakes, mountain passes, ravines, cascades, or any views of remarkable beauty or attractiveness. 5. Information respecting the effects of denudation upon the volume of water in the streams of the State, thus far observed. 6. Information and opinions from all sources regarding the value of timber lands as investments. 7. Information of all new or special manufactures or uses of timber and forest products, such as canes, umbrella sticks, wooden plates for decoration or use, handles and small wares of every kind. 8. Opinions and suggestions as to what should be done by the State through legislation, by owners of timber lands, hotel proprietors and other citizens through individual or associated action, and by the Forestry Commission for the care and preservation of our mountain forests, water sources and scenery. 9. The Commission invites the co-operation of the journalists of the State, of lumbermen, owners of timber lands, farmers and hotel proprietors, of our educational institutions, teachers, clergymen and public spirited citizens in general, in promoting and extending the discussion of these subjects. I shall be glad to answer all inquiries so far as it is in my power to do so. All information and correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary of the Commission, J. B. HARRISON, Franklin Falls, N. H.

LAND MAMMALS OF CALIFORNIA.—In a recent number of *Zoe* Mr. Walter E. Bryant, of San Francisco, publishes a Provisional List of the Land Mammals of California, in which 109 species are represented. Among these are one marsupial, an opossum, the occurrence of which in California has not been authenticated, three species of deer, the antelope and mountain sheep (*Ovis*), twenty-one species of squirrels, one each of beaver and haplodon, sixteen of mice, three of gophers, twelve of pouched rats, one each of the jumping mice and pikas, seven hares, fifteen different bats, two or three shrews and moles, two bears, one raccoon and ring-tailed cat, nine of the weasel family, five wolves and foxes and three cats. We are somewhat surprised to find the white goat (*Mazama montana*) omitted from this list, which we fancy should also include another species of deer.

A CONNECTICUT RATTLESNAKE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having had occasion to go up into the north-eastern part of Connecticut during the early part of last April, I learned while there that last fall a rattlesnake was killed near a ledge of rocks about 200yds. from my old home, which at the time created no little local excitement, since a reptile of that species was never seen or heard of nearer the place than in a broken section of country about twelve miles distant. The specimen alluded to was some 2ft. in length, yellow and brown mottled, with two well developed fangs, and a button, but no rattles, thus denoting it to be a young one and probably bred near the place where it was killed. Now are rattlers apt to go far from the place where they are bred, and if so, would they probably stray off at so long a distance?—A. L. L.

NEW HARE FROM MEXICO.—At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences Mr. Walter E. Bryant gave a preliminary description of a new hare collected by him at Espirito Santo Island, in the Gulf of California, in November, 1890. The species is described as black on the upper surfaces and pale purplish cinnamon below. The ears are gray, black-tipped, the chin and orbital region grayish white and the cheeks gray. It is about the size of *Lepus californicus*. A more detailed description, with measurements, cranial characteristics, etc., will follow.

A WHITE MUSKRAT.—A singular freak of nature is on exhibition at Jones's gun store, Sing Sing. It is nothing less than a perfectly white muskrat (*Fiber zibethicus*). This curious animal was caught by R. K. Fox, of Hammond Station, N. Y. & N. R.R. The writer of this note has seen a good many muskrats, first and last, in his life, but never recollects of seeing a perfectly white one before. Have the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*?—A. H. G.

A SPARROW-KILLING CROW.—Sandusky, O.—Mr. Chas. Neilson, of this city, has a pet crow which is proving himself a terror to English sparrows. His mode of attack is to get on some eminence, a house or barn, and then jump on them bodily. He has killed as many as 13 in a day.—W. H.

"ALMOST A TRAGEDY."

IN the heart of the swamp lies a deep, still pool,
Hemmed in by thickets of briar and vine,
And nodding alders whose berries shine,
When nipped by the frost, like ruby wine!
'Tis a charming spot, and the frogs at night hold carnival there.

But oh! the sport when the moon sails high, flooding the pool
with silver light,
Then the air fairly rings with bacchanal glee
As they splash, croak, whistle in wild orgie,
Till a big brown owl, in a neighboring tree,
Hears the din, leaves his perch, and on silent wing flies direct to the swamp.

On reaching the scene of the carnival games, he hovers a moment,
And with big bright eyes endeavors to pierce the shadows that rest
'Mid the chill, damp coverts, whilst the frogs with zest
Continue their sports, unaware that a pest,
In the shape of an owl, has stolen nigh in search of a victim.

Squatting close on the crest of a sodden stump sits a sentinel frog;
He catches a glimpse of hovering wings. With a warning croak he sounds alarm!
And a sudden silence spreads its calm
O'er pool and thicket, where secure from harm,
The frogs have bidden! * * * Thro' the moon's bright rays the disgusted owl
Sails back to his tree, a supperless fowl.

WILMOT.

MALLARD SHOOTING AT SHOALWATER

PORTLAND, Oregon.—The pinnated grouse or prairie hen is not found west of the Cascade Range to my knowledge. But in eastern Oregon and Washington they are plentiful, reminding one of the old prairie chicken days of Iowa and Nebraska. Eastern and western Oregon are no more alike than Minnesota and Florida. Eastern Oregon is a bleak, level, prairie country, hot in summer and cold in winter, while western Oregon is a mountainous, heavily-timbered country with a remarkably equable climate.

However, the pheasant, the quail and the blue grouse are plentiful all through western Oregon, but grouse hunting in this country differs so little from the same sport in other parts of the United States, and has been written about so much that I will not tax your valuable space to enter into particulars. For me there is more real pleasure and downright enjoyment in hunting the wild goose and the duck than in any other sport except fishing with the fly. What sport is more fascinating than shooting wild waterfowl, unless it be seeking speckled beauties in the mountain streams?

A personal experience of ten years added to information gathered from men that have lived here forty years, more or less, convinces me that this country has been and is second to none other on earth for waterfowl. We have nearly every variety of nearly every species, from the Canada goose to the teal, from the sandhill crane to the sand snipe, and as I have heretofore tried to inform you of the exquisite preparation nature has made for their accommodation and the long season for hunting them, with which we sportsmen are blessed, I will now confine myself to personal experiences and observations in the practical hunting of them. Now, one of the privileges universally accorded to all hunters and anglers is to tell the truth. So the writer's reputation for truth and veracity must not be allowed to suffer by reason of any statements herein contained, and as to matters of hearsay:

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

I would like to read a book made up of the experience that might be gathered up by taking notes around H. T. Hudson's and Capt. Riley's gun stores, as related by such old reliables as Jack Knott, "Boss" Schenck, Joe Paquet, Jim Caraher, Judge Whalley, Harry Beal, George Dehardy, George Van Derbeck, Bob Jennings, and others equally talented Oregon duck hunters. Compared with such a book "The Arabian Nights" and "Baron Munchausen" would be dry and insipid reading. I have sometimes thought that in years to come these experiences will, by slight variations and continued repetition, resolve themselves into blood-curdling, hair raising traditions similar to the Icelandic *sagas* and the mythical legends of the dark ages.

Two years ago a friend and myself went to Shoalwater Bay for ducks. We took our tent and camp equipage for a two weeks' stay. Arriving at Astoria we took the tug Gen. Canby across Baker's Bay to Ilwaco. An oyster wagon hauled our luggage across the seven-mile isthmus and we found ourselves at the bay, which seemed to be a mass of feathered life. We had no way of getting our game out, and so took it easy. There is a large, heavily-timbered island out in the bay, which is peopled with bear, wildcat and coon. It is bluff on the east side, but at one place a cove or recess sets back into the islands for perhaps a hundred rods, inclosing with high precipitous walls a perfect garden of Eden for mallards. It was full of springs and salt marshes. The mallard does not dive deep for food, but delights to paddle around in shallow, secluded places, half swimming, half wading and feeding upon almost any thing, animal or vegetable, that he can get without much effort.

Well, this particular spot was just the kind of place a mallard would spend his life in if left unmolested, and all the mallards in the country seemed to have heard of it. But there was only one avenue of ingress and egress. The ducks must come out where they went in. All we had to do was to station ourselves at the entrance of this *cul-de-sac* and fire a shot. This was the signal for the whole army of mallards (a thousand or more) to pass a hasty and hot review. My companion had a Winchester repeating shotgun which had theretofore been the subject of many a jest, but at this particular time and place it seemed to be the only satisfactory shotgun made, for rapid firing was the essence of the transaction. For about fifteen seconds of each morning and evening during our stay these mallards subjected themselves to this ordeal. One would think that they would soon get educated. They did get to expecting us, but in their greater hurry to get out only bunched a little better. Then one of us would generally remain an hour or so to catch stragglers. Hunting at this spot was hardly sportsmanlike, as the birds had no show.

An incident occurred one evening that impressed me with an idea of the loneliness of the place. I am now impressed with a definite idea of the grotesque figure I must have cut standing there alone on a little bog surrounded by high tide, trying to look brave and hold my ground. To tell the truth I had to "hold my ground," for a step either way would land me in salt mud up to my ears. My companion had left me there and gone away to a distant part of the island, and human beings were decidedly scarce around Shoalwater. The sun was sinking behind the island; I had lit my pipe and was mentally congratulating myself upon the advantages I possessed over the boys at home when a grunt or some slight noise caused me to look hastily over my shoulder. There came an old bear, floundering along through the mud, not a hundred yards away, hunting for dog salmon.

Now, I don't believe that I am a natural born coward, but manifesting the bear was more at home than I was, and although there was probably no imminent danger for either of us, I insist that I felt lonely, or rather weary and fatigued, for retirement was what I desired, and I didn't care which retired. But time went on and so did the bear. He was coming straight at me, but entirely unconscious of my presence, and I had a good opportunity of estimating his size and probable strength.

To the best of my recollection he looked somewhat larger than Barnum's late lamented Jumbo, and very wild and woolly at that. As I said before, I remained

unmoved (for obvious reasons), but with the bear only 75yds. away.

I knew that sooner or later, unless the bear changed his course, I must break the news of my presence to his sensitive nature, and yet I hesitated with the bear only 50yds. away.

It is true that I was armed with the best Parker and plenty of shells loaded with duckshot, but some way I found myself wishing that he knew that I was only just a plain duck hunter and neither looking nor loaded for "bar." My location was well ventilated, and yet things seemed close and oppressive.

While I was deliberating whether the bear would regard it as a breach of etiquette for me to inquire if his wife knew he was out, or whether his youngest had cut any teeth, or some other pertinent friendly inquiry, he discovered me. Probably the bear felt about as silly as I looked simple, and was about as anxious to cut acquaintance as I was for him to go; but he was so close to me that he hated to let on for fear I would know he was a coward and jump him. He didn't know me. There we stood "both bored to death and both afraid to go," making faces at each other and testing each other's staying qualities. Force of circumstances gave me the advantage of him, for he could get away and I couldn't, and I even stayed a while after he left. Notwithstanding this fact Jeff accused me of cowardice for not shooting, and I have had occasion since then to regret that I ever told anybody about that bear.

At low tide the ducks gather on the sandbars and mud flats out of danger; but as the tide returns they resort to such places as the one above mentioned. A friend of mine informs me that at low tide once upon a time, he buried himself in the mud of one of these flats at Shoalwater, and after patiently awaiting the return of the tide, which drove the ducks within easy range, potted fifty-seven at one shot.

I must tell you of a good, or rather lucky, shot that I made last fall. I was shooting on Smith's Lake, near Columbia Slough, about seven miles from Portland. I had out a good stool of decoys, but the ducks, for some reason, all pitched into the other end of the lake. At last I thought I would try an experiment. My old setter Mike had observed the exasperating conduct of the ducks and willingly lent himself to the scheme. I sent him to the upper end of the lake, probably half a mile away, and coming in behind the ducks like a mad alligator, he started them. They got up, but settled again. Mike kept up his racket until finally the ducks became alarmed and struck out for my end of the lake. Just as they got opposite my blind they espied the decoys and quartered in nicely, affording me as fine an opportunity as heart could wish, and I gave them both barrels. The old dog got back in time for the funeral and quickly retrieved the winged birds. I bagged seventeen ducks at that shot, and it wasn't a very good day for ducks either; but how was that for a wing-shot?

Snow geese are not very plentiful, but a neat little incident transpired the same day in which they played a conspicuous part. A flock of nine of them were feeding on the prairie about 500yds. from my blind, off toward the slough. Billy Taylor happened along, and being full of expedients, as usual, suggested that he would send them in to me. Billy got behind them and gave them a start, but instead of coming to me they went straight to Bob Hutchinson, half a mile below me. Bob got a double, and the other geese got rattled, and turning in their flight came straight at me, and I made a double. That day's shoot netted us about 75 trash ducks, 4 snow geese and 5 "honkers." In this country all ducks are "trash" except canvas.

The most pleasant little shoot of my life was on the 23d day of last December. At noon of Saturday the 23d, glancing out of my office window, I observed that the weather was inclined to be spiteful, and the general tone of the sky indicated storm. The little steamer Alarm would leave Portland at 2 P. M., bound down the river, and I suggested to Van Derbeck that we strike out for the Greene Lake. But Van is disposed to procrastinate when the weather is bad. So I jumped into my boots and made for the boat alone. There I met another hunting chum, Mr. Harbaugh, and so the time passed merrily. We arrived at the lake about 4 o'clock and spent the remainder of the short afternoon overhauling boats and decoys. Then we went up to Mr. Knapp's house, had a good supper, a good smoke, a little chat and off to bed. The morning dawn found us in our respective blinds with about forty decoys dancing around each of us. The weather was boisterous and we saw that we had struck a good "canvas day." The wings began to whistle and the bold birds' wanted their breakfasts. Only those of your readers that have shot canvas over decoys can appreciate our feelings and sensations that morning. Oh how the kingly birds did sweep the lake and dash at the decoys.

Monday morning one of Knapp's men took the ducks to the landing on a sled. It is true that there was no snow, the ox team was not fast and the sled was not particularly a thing of beauty; but in all my life I never saw a sled load that looked so pretty as that of 101 canvasbacks. I will add that Van spent Monday afternoon kicking himself around the office.

S. H. GREENE.

MICHIGAN, New Lothrop.—Quail, rabbits and partridges are quite plentiful, the two former especially. The winter was mild and game wintered well. Within eighty rods of my yards are more than a dozen nests occupied by the gamy little birds, and the merry whistle of Bob White is to be heard from the time the rosy flush of dawn illuminates the eastern sky till darkness compels him to retire. Last season I know of six coveys left on less than a half section, and these six coveys contained from twelve to twenty-five birds each. The weather has been the best that could be desired for hatching, and if the present dry weather continues for a fortnight most of the young ones will be beyond much harm.—SHA WASSE.

MICHIGAN'S SPRING FLIGHT.—Holland, Mich., May 15. We have had more snipe here this spring than for a number of years past. My spaniel has frequently flushed from 40 to 50 in a couple of hours' tramp. One man bagged 13 in a short time one morning near the last of the season. Plover are plentiful too, and even now I can hear the notes of the kilder as he passes over the city. Ducks, mostly bluebills, have been with us in large numbers this spring, and several good bags have been made. Chas. Bertsch got 14 out of a sudden flight after 3 o'clock one rainy day.—A. G. B.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

VI.—POISONING.

WE have a law regulating the sale and distribution of poisons. It has remained on the statute since 1857 without substantial change and without repeal at any time. The latter part reads: "If any person for the purpose of killing wolves, foxes, dogs or other animals, and not for the destruction of insects or vermin, in a building, leaves or deposits any such poisons within two hundred rods of a highway, pasture, field or other improved land, he shall be punished by a fine not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars; or by imprisonment not less than thirty nor more than sixty days."

It is my object to show that this law has been recklessly violated; that this violation has been charged to wardens; that the breaking of this law and the suspicion that wardens did it have caused much of the feeling that exists in the eastern part of the State against the game laws and their administration—these three things only; but I shall probably show that the feeling and the suspicion are not altogether unreasonable. If I dwell more on the belief of people here than on an elaborate setting forth of the facts involved, it is because the collective loss which these facts represent is small relatively to the effect it had upon public opinion, because also this is purposely left as a matter of circumstantial evidence; and because my object is not to do more than to explain and account for the state of feeling which should not longer be disregarded. So far as the testimony here given needs any guarantee it may be said that it comes from men believed to be truthful, who do not live near each other, who belong to different classes and occupations, who cannot have had any means of knowing what has been told me by any one but themselves. I have received nothing contradictory to what is given here, and I do not publish all that would confirm these statements.

I. Poison has been laid out contrary to law and domestic animals have been killed by it.

Previous to the Graves murder, in 1886, I heard of a number of cases in which animals were killed by strychnine, and among them some which are quoted below. This shows that these claims are not of recent manufacture. Although I then had no reason for remembering or noting the incidents given, I recollect that the reports came from a number of different towns, and that Passadumkeag was one of the principal places which suffered. This winter I asked a man whom I remembered as having spoken of the matter, whether he knew definitely what happened there. His reply was substantially as follows:

"Know? Yes, I was there at the time it was done. There was poison left in doughnuts and biscuits—strychnine enough to kill anything, and they left it close to the railroad station and all around town. Yes, it did do damage. I know of some cases. A man at Gould's Ridge had a dog killed, and found a piece of poisoned biscuit in his yard. A Passadumkeag man lost two horses: one was a farm horse and one was a colt worth \$200. The horses had been in the door yard all night, and in the morning they were dead, with a piece of poisoned bread near them. But there was worse than that. — had a child die that same day, and they thought it was poisoned. It was a little child, out playing with the dog, and they found a piece of doughnut somewhere. The child brought it into the house and very soon the dog died. The child died that same day. They thought it was poisoned. No, we did not know who did it, but it was laid to the wardens; it is all guess work who did it."

This is almost a literal transcript of notes taken during the narration. Names were given which I have omitted for obvious reasons, and it is possible that there may be some minor errors in taking down the facts; but the veracity of my informant is beyond question and all that is claimed by me is that he believed poison had been laid out in more than one instance. However, a letter subsequent to this shows more. "You wanted to know about Passadumkeag," he writes. "I was in town when the child was sick but went home before it died that night, and all I know is what they told me; and for the horses I saw them."

This proves conclusively that two horses were poisoned and that the same day this was done a rumor of a more serious nature was started. I wish, however, to disclaim any belief in the latter. I have spent some time in trying to investigate it and have been unable to disprove it, but also unable and certainly not desirous to prove it. It is an odd matter and those who might have denied it have not chosen to do so; had they done so it would not have been mentioned here although it had its influence. It should be said that I have found no proof that any warden laid out poison in Passadumkeag, but a strong and somewhat pointed suspicion to the effect that it was done either by a warden or some one in his employ.

So far we have proof of two horses killed by poison. From another source the poisoning of dogs at Gould's Ridge and in the town is confirmed, with a repetition of the rumor that it was done by wardens. Still another, repeating substantially the same story told by the first about the child, makes the more definite, but perhaps not more correct statement that it was "the same night that — [a warden] poisoned all the dogs and cats in town." Another from a town near by writes that he never has heard the child's death ascribed to this cause, but knows "that strychnine has been left in our highways by being put into doughnuts, etc., and that one cow was poisoned that was hitched near the house in the field (—'s of Olamton). Some four years ago — [the warden mentioned by the last correspondent] went through this section and immediately after he passed dogs and other animals dropped dead." A man from still another town tells of poisoned biscuit being brought into the house by children, but gives no particulars. He also speaks of a house dog and turkey being poisoned in the dooryard. Another says that his daughter's pet cats died with evident signs of strychnine poisoning, and that he supposed poison had been laid out by a warden—whom he named—for dogs. These are a few instances out of many, but they are definite, not general, statements, and illustrate the variety of the casualties that have occurred here. It is certain that the law prohibiting laying out poison within 200 rods—five-eighths of a mile—has been grossly violated.

As it may explain other matters, I wish to state why I do not undertake to prove more here. I could not well do it without the use of names. Matter of importance has been put into my hands with the understanding that it was to be published if desired, but without any limita-

tion or caution as to its use or the use of names. I have therefore preferred to err on the side of caution and have adhered to my plan to give names only when the point was one of public record or notoriety, or else supposed to be a matter of personal indifference.

II.—This poisoning of domestic animals has been generally charged to wardens.

People living in four different towns on Penobscot waters have given me accounts of what has been done in their own towns, and these and others have told of cases in towns where they were not resident. All seem agreed that persons unknown were guilty, and most are of the opinion that these men were wardens. The names of two wardens are frequently mentioned, but no third except a man, sometimes called a warden and sometimes not, who was known to accompany one of them on a trip and a man believed to be employed by a warden. There is also an entire agreement as to the methods used west of the Narraguagus, and as to the odd fact that bread and other cooked food was frequently the bait employed.

Is there a possibility that any number of the animals that died were killed in some other way? Not the slightest. The signs of strychnine poisoning are unmistakable, besides, the poison was found in a number of places.

Could they not have been killed by malicious people who wished to cast reproach on the wardens? To a very limited degree this might have been done, but not to this extent. The work was carried on for three falls, '84, '85, and '86, and in parts of three different counties, Penobscot, Hancock and Washington. I have reports from Penobscot, Union River, Machias and St. Croix waters, showing that it was done on all these within three years. It was not done to kill foxes or wild animals. The season of the year was too early, the places and bait both unsuitable. None but domestic animals or men would be likely to find the bait, and few other creatures would be attracted by it. The reports that bread, biscuit and doughnuts were frequently used show that it was done by the wholesale by some person or persons who wished to carry bait in bulk and must have a kind easy to procure and convey. Whoever did this work made a business of it.

There were men who were suspected of doing this, as I have said. They were watched and followed, unknown to themselves. One of them was seen repeatedly, and wherever he went poison or dead animals were found. He made two trips with different companions, and both times the same results attended him. There certainly was some reason for suspicion of this man, if not of his companions.

There is a printed statement also, which never having been denied may be taken, in connection with some other matters as authoritative, "Special" made in the FOREST AND STREAM for Jan. 8, 1885. It shows that elsewhere at this time wardens were engaged in poisoning. He says:

"The deer hounders, or rather their poor dogs, have fared hard this year. The Maine game law not only forbids hounding, but provides for the destruction of the dogs. By the game wardens a war to the death has been waged. A great number of poor dogs—or perhaps good dogs with unworthy masters—have been destroyed. If one apothecary would tell his story, pounds of poison would be accounted for. Repeating rifles have also been employed by the wardens."

In support of this statement, I am at liberty to say that about the time this was published Mr. Stilwell asked my father to listen to a letter which he had received from some one residing on Machias territory. He did not read either signature or superscription, but the writer gave a detailed account of a trip taken by some warden, the amount of poison which he had distributed, and the report that he had killed every dog on the route except one belonging to Shaw Brothers, which was kept at a camp where the warden could not get at him. A Bangor man who was on Machias about this time reported finding five pieces of poison laid out in the road between Mouth Lake Machias and Lower Dobys, a distance of about one and a quarter miles. While it is possible that none of this was put within five-eighths of a mile of Shaw's house at the end of the carry, and that none of the rest which was laid out elsewhere on Machias was distributed within the legal limit, the practice could do no good to the cause. In this district the law about poisoning was not scrupulously regarded, as has been shown; and I have deposited in the editor's hand proof that would justify popular suspicions as to who did the mischief. This, however, I consider too confidential to be published. There is an incident which is strong circumstantial evidence of the same that I am at liberty to give.

A year ago last fall the man who went as guide for us told us of a narrow escape his cousin, his uncle and four other men had from being poisoned by wardens a few years ago. They left camp for a short time, and in their absence wardens put poisoned bread on the table. Returning, they made a bean soup, and were on the point of thickening it with the bread from the table when one of them said that it was too dry and gave it to the dog, which died immediately.

This winter I asked one of the men who was of the party—a very well known and much respected guide—for the facts. He gave them in great detail, every point that was essential, and I wrote down the more important. I understood him to give permission to use his name also, but as there is the possibility of an error here and as I cannot now send manuscript for his correction, if any is needed, I will not make him responsible. My notes say that on Jan. 27, 1891, he told me that a party of six, including himself, his uncle, another guide and three sportsmen from New Haven, Conn., all of whose names he gave, were camping in a lumber camp at Brandy Pond on the West Branch of Union River. They had with them two dogs—one three-fourths foxhound, which belonged to him; the other, as I understood, not a hound. They were hunting deer, but I do not know whether these dogs were or could be used to run deer.

While they were there the warden whose name has been left blank several times, with a companion, who is variously reported as a warden and as not being one, came to the camp and tried to induce them to put the dogs out after deer. They left the camp for two or three days while this warden and his companion were still in the country on, as every one reported, a poisoning tour. On their return they made a bean soup and were about to thicken it with a piece of bread which one of them saw lying on the table, when it was said by some one that the bread was too dry. Instead of using it for themselves it was given to the dog owned by the narrator, and the dog died on the spot. They could prove only the fact of the poisoning, not who did it. When they left the place

the warden and his companion had been near; when they returned both were gone. Whoever may have been the guilty man, some one was narrowly delivered from the crime of killing six men who had done him no injury, against whom he could plead neither injustice, personal danger, nor a violent and overmastering provocation.

Comparatively few of the wardens in this State were engaged in this wretched poisoning, but the few were diligent. For their misdeeds some who were innocent were suspected, and under the cover of them men who were not wardens at all may have used their opportunity to do evil. It was a practice which could do no good, which might do, and did do, much harm, which would disparage the cause in whose service it was carried on, and alienate rather than attract the support of those without whose hearty co-operation game laws must be a failure. Nothing can more certainly react against an object to render it unpopular than the attempt to push its claims by overriding greater ones. In the eyes of the people it was more important that their property should be safe than that deer should not be dogged. Both were desirable, but the former was the greater. The latter could not be enforced at the expense of the former. If there was reason to suspect that officers of the law in enforcing one statute broke a law much more important, they lost the support which was needed to make their cause good. It does not matter if they did not all engage in it, or if they did not do all of which they were accused. One murder grew out of this, and there is danger yet.

Of the warden who has been principally accused so far, it may be said that the charge does not greatly injure his reputation. He has been guilty of about all the petty sins on the catalogue; he attempted blackmail, illegal seizure, breaking and entering a locked storehouse, is an habitual drunkard—of which the editor holds proof—but he is still a warden.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

DUCK HUNTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE stormy winds of March had spent their wrath and the driving snow had changed to rain. Warm, balmy winds from the south murmured among leafless branches, and kissed the last vestiges of icy winter from the barren fields. The early birds of spring flitted here and there, in search of food, and the wild geese and ducks still journeyed toward the lakes of Canada, as if eager to reach that chilly clime before the first breath of spring.

From the railroad men who passed through the valley every day, I learned that hundreds of wild ducks frequented the sequestered parts of the river. This was news to me indeed. I could scarce wait till morning to go after these ducks. I remained up late that night loading shells. After getting my hunting clothes ready I went to bed. I may have slept one or two hours, but after that could not rest. It seemed a year till the first faint signs of approaching day appeared at my east window. Then I arose, prepared a warm breakfast, unloosed Dick, my black setter, from his chain, and after eating, started on foot for the "big bottoms."

The sky was overcast with heavy clouds, and daylight brought a light drizzling rain. I kept the railroad for the first three miles and then struck off through a muddy lane that led to the river and the ponds.

Just as I reached the edge of the first thicket there was a whirring of wings and a flock of fine mallards rose and were out of range before I could cover any of them. This incident induced me to be more careful and I approached the next thicket with great caution. All of these thickets concealed sloughs or ponds, which afforded a secure resting place for wildfowl. There was one pond of large size shaped like a crescent and concealed by a heavy fringe of black alder, where I felt sure I would find ducks. On the north side of this pond the overflow from the river had piled up an immense amount of driftwood, and by keeping behind this it was possible to advance to the very edge of the pond without being at any time exposed to the watchful eyes of any wildfowl which might be on the water. I approached this pond with great care, keeping behind the pile of drift. Dick was aware of the necessity of caution and a cat could not have followed me more noiselessly than he did. Reaching the barricade of drift I slowly raised my head and peered over a large rotten tree trunk. I was rewarded for the care I had used by a sight such as but few men, I think, ever beheld in that valley before. The pond was literally covered with ducks of all colors and kinds, from the big mallard with his gorgeous plumage to the white-headed and white-winged fish duck and the black and blue-winged teal. I was not more than 30 yds. from a bunch of fine mallards but was so shaky that I remained fully half a minute behind the log trying to compose myself. Then I grasped my heavy Parker which contained two shells loaded with No. 4 shot and 5 drams of powder. Rising suddenly to my feet I covered the mallards and gave them the right. They were somewhat scattered and I killed only two, but my left barrel brought down another from above the lower branches of the trees. I sent two more loads after a cloud of teal but failed to stop any of them.

I can never forget the tremendous confusion my first shot caused in that pond. There must have been at least two hundred ducks in a space not over 60 by 90 yds., and they got up with a rush and whirling roar of wings such as I never heard before.

Dick retrieved the three big mallards, the finest I have ever bagged. Placing them in the pockets of my coat I continued my hunt, but found not another duck on the river or ponds.

I noticed many flocks of wild geese and ducks flying up stream, but all far out of range. Knowing that they would see me long before they got over me, and rise out of reach of shot, I resolved to hide and wait for a flock, low enough to shoot at with some chance of success. I found a patch of high timber, mostly composed of sycamore and maple trees, growing close to the river bank, and ending in a wide open wheatfield to the north. I selected a spot on the edge of the timber, where I was concealed by a pile of drift, and could see the ducks and geese as they came over the tops of the trees, without being seen by them.

I had several shells loaded with No. 1 shot and 5 drs. of powder, and resolved to try them at any flock within reasonable distance. After waiting about an hour I grew restless, and was about to leave when I was suddenly startled by the well-known cry of wild geese coming from no great distance.

Instantly I was on the alert. *Honk! honk! honk!* They were just above the tops of the trees a little to the right, and coming on a line that would bring them directly over me.

Just as they left the last line of trees and got over the wheatfield I aimed at the center of the flock and let go both barrels. Although full 60yds. high the heavy shot took effect and two fine birds came tumbling down. One of them had only got a shot through the wing, and it led me a lively chase through the field and into the wood till I stopped him with a charge of No. 4 shot.

I waited about two hours longer in that place for more geese or ducks, but none came near enough for a shot. As the rain had increased and I felt chilly, I gathered up my game, started for the railroad and reached the station in time to take the train for home. That was the most successful day's shooting at ducks and geese I have ever had east of the Mississippi.

T. E. M.

THE WISCONSIN FLIGHT.

MILWAUKEE, May 11.—There has been a tremendous flight of migratory ducks this spring—the heaviest in fact for many years. The mild weather of the past two weeks, however, has thinned them out so that but few are left, even the “third issue,” as Dr. Yorke in his articles on duck shooting would say, has taken its way northward. An observant shooter upon any of our principal lakes this spring would have noted a wonderful display of firearms and blinds. From the city sportsman clad in corduroys and armed with a Diamond Daly Ejector down to the gaunt denim-covered rustic with his old rusty queensarm all were there.

Two weeks ago one morning at sunrise I was on board of a swift speeding vestibuled St. Paul train, and as the road wound along close to the shores of one of our most popular duck shooting resorts it was quite a sight to see the blinds scattered broadcast through every bay on each individual point, and even some little distance back in the marshes. One hunter's idea was evidently to construct a blind which the callow bluebill would mistake for a small island and to this end he had carried out oak boughs with the leaves clinging to them in sufficient quantities to have concealed a good-sized schooner. A little further on and we passed a flock of decoys in position, close to which in his blind sat a shooter clad in shooting coat, but wearing upon his head a black derby. Why will people never learn to use common sense when they go out to shoot ducks?

Jacksnipe and plover have not paid us their respects this spring as yet, and we can hardly look for them now, as the water has fallen away, leaving the marshes nearly dry.

Doves are very abundant, and yesterday I was very agreeably surprised to run against a wild pigeon. The bird was so tame, and moreover being a male, I conjectured a second bird might be found in the vicinity; but although I looked carefully through the thick grove of poplars I was unable to find any nest.

GREENHEAD.

A MAINE GAME REGION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* “G. H. E.” in the current issue inquires for best moose and deer shooting in Maine. I recommend headwaters of the Aroostook. A party from Boston was there one month last summer and saw 27 moose and over 70 deer. Of course one cannot expect game so plentiful in open season, but it is a pointer. Wm. Atkins has lately built camps at Third Munsungan Lake for entertainment of sportsmen. I do not know his address, but presume it is Ox Bow Plantation, as that is the nearest post office. This region has always been the slaughter pen of skin-hunters, lumbermen and settlers, and the amount of game still there proves it is a natural moose preserve.—HUNTER.

THE MARTIN'S POINT CLUB SHARES.—*Norfolk, Va., May 16.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thank you for the mention of the Martin's Point Club in your valuable paper, but I see your people failed to correct the mistake made in the copy of the circular as to price of shares. I shall thank you very much to say in your next issue that the shares of the club are \$500, instead of \$5.—J. B. WHITE.

INDIANS AND UTAH GAME.—*Panguitch, Utah, May 5.*—I have carefully looked up the matter of the destruction of deer by Indians and find that matters are just as bad as I stated in my communication to *FOREST AND STREAM*, and in some cases worse. I have the testimony of all the settlers for miles about this point.—SHOSHONE.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

SOME MORE TARPON RECORDS.

LAST week we recorded the capture of a 205lb. tarpon by Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg, of Frankfort, Ky. Another fair angler who has coped successfully with this big game is Mrs. Chas. G. Cox, of Milwaukee, Wis. In a recent issue of the *Sentinel* of that city we find a report by Mr. Cox of his very successful fishing trip to Florida. Tarpon fishing, he says, “is a somewhat monotonous business, for it may take months before you ever have a rise or a bite, as we call it here, and much less a fish. The mullet is used for bait, which is cast as in bass fishing, and then allowed to drop to the ground and rest there. The lower jaw of the tarpon projects, and he is therefore compelled to stand on his head if he wants to take the bait. The cold winter this year accounts for the small number of tarpons which were taken out of the water. Even in April we had cold ‘norther’s’ which so chilled the water that the fish would not come into Charlotte Harbor. All this we knew while we were at St. James. Of Wisconsin people there we met Senator Vilas, and Col. Knight, of Ashland. No indeed, we didn't talk politics, but we managed to swap fish lies. Col. Knight is just as good in this line as Bert Smith, for instance, or Louis Auer. We stopped at the St. James Hotel, which is conducted by Northern people. It is well conducted and reasonable prices are charged for very good accommodations. While there we heard that at Fort Myers they were taking

some tarpon and we went there. The fort is on the Caloosahatchee River, and is the only remnant of the Seminole war, during which it was built. We arrived there April 13, and started fishing at once. That date I shall always consider a red-letter day in my fishing experience.

“The river is nearly two miles wide, and affords plenty of room to play the fish, and being a landlocked bay, it is the safest fishing ground, there being no danger from sudden squalls. There were about ten boats there, all anchored safely. In some of them were ladies, accompanied by their friends and guides. Shortly after our arrival a school of tarpon came in and the music began in earnest. Mrs. Cox was at first very nervous and excited, but before long she proved herself a fisherman of no small proportions. When we began the chumming—the throwing out of small pieces of bait around the boat so as to attract the attention of the fish—quantities of catfish and sharks made their appearance. One of the latter species took the bait at her hook and then her nervousness began to assert itself. The shark weighed about sixty pounds and fought hard, but she landed him safely. From that moment her nervousness was gone, and I may tell you, confidentially, of course, that I was very proud of my by far better half.

“These preliminaries over, we had a ‘go’ at the fish for whose sake we had traveled all the way to Florida. Inside of twenty minutes we had three rises in our boat. My line was spun out, when I suddenly felt the fish at it. The rod we held between our knees, the right thumb on the line on the reel, and with the left we supported the rod above the reel. The line slackened up again, but suddenly a huge fish jumped out of the water, shook his head, whipped the water with his tail, and then coolly spit my bait out. A moment later I saw my wife steady herself for a fight with a fish on her line, but the same thing occurred. The tarpon jumped out of the water and dropped the mullet. Nothing daunted we tried again, and I soon felt another bite. This time the monster was so exasperated that when he came to the surface he leaped so high that my line parted at the first jerk, although my tackle was exceedingly strong. When my line was run out again I immediately hooked another tarpon, and this time he stayed. Then the battle began. Capt. Randall, our guide, pulled up the anchor and grasped the oars, so as to be ready for any emergency. The fight lasted nearly an hour. Every now and anon the fish would jump out of the water, or rush at our boat and then fly away again. We had to use the oars repeatedly to keep up with him, and he towed us around for more than three miles. The performance was watched with greedy eyes by those in the other boats, none of whom were so lucky as to have a rise. Most of them used very strong poles which would hardly bend, while ours were the usual ones which we have here for bass fishing. We were fishing for pleasure only, and the other gentlemen more for the sake of a record. Thus I gave my fish all the time and space he wanted. When we finally landed him he lay flat on his side and never moved. Other tarpon have been caught in far shorter time, but they were killed by means of the big poles to which they were hooked. My fish weighed 108lbs. and measured 6ft. There was a Mr. Hempstead near us who hooked one which towed his boat for several miles, and as near as we could time him, he was about two hours at it. T. A. Snider, of catsup fame, and G. A. Cormack hooked a fish, and it was a glorious sight to observe the magnificent fish as they leaped out of the water darting hither and thither with lightning-like speed and fighting for their lives.

“The tarpon is called the silver king and he richly merits the name, for when he shoots out of his native element trying to escape from his merciless enemies he looks as though his coat was of burnished silver whenever the rays of the sun fall on it. There were nine of them caught on that day.

“The day following my wife had a strike early in the day, and after fifty-two minutes of hard work she managed to land her game unassisted. She finally pulled him alongside the boat and the guide gaffed him. He weighed 100lbs. even and measured 5ft. 6in. There was considerable interest displayed by the people in the other boats, for this was the first time this year that a lady had hooked a tarpon and handled him herself, which Mrs. Cox did in sight of the other boats. He took our boat about a mile away from the other boats before she conquered him. I was exceedingly anxious she should take him, and being afraid she would lose her strength, I offered to assist her. But you should have heard her. ‘If you do not leave me alone, Charles, I shall get a divorce from you.’ I had to let her have her own way. She never once faltered, but remained cool throughout, behaving better than many a man would have done.

“Our fishing tackle became the admiration of all the people down there. I caught my fish opposite the country residence of inventor Edison. The scenery around there is magnificent. Is there any danger connected with tarpon fishing? I think there is, at least a man must be very careful. The tarpon is wonderfully strong, and often makes straightway for the boat in which he knows his captors are. There are many instances on record where one has jumped right into a boat. I heard of an instance where one of them came to the surface right under the boat with such force as to break the bottom. Its two occupants were thrown into the water, but were rescued.

“We caught many varieties of fish. The prettiest—the fish with the most fight in him—is the Spanish mackerel. Next comes the jackfish. They furnish genuine sport. Then there is the grouper, and the mangrove snapper, which resembles our small-mouthed bass. The redfish, or channel fish, is also a beautiful creature. The most peculiar one, however, is the stingray, of which species we were fortunate enough to hook a number.”

The following is a record of the tarpon caught with rod and reel at Fort Myers during one week:

April	Ft.In.	Lbs.	April	Ft.In.	Lbs.
8. R. B. Duyesinck.....	6	127½	13. D. B. Hemstead.....	6	7 125
9. R. B. Duyesinck.....	6	130½	14. P. J. Van Cortlandt.....	6	91
9. Philip Schuyler.....	8	122	15. P. J. Van Cortlandt.....	9	96
9. R. A. Cline.....	5	4 85	16. F. Farnsworth.....	4	8 60
10. S. I. Middleton.....	5	11 102	17. T. A. Snider.....	6	4 116
10. S. I. Middleton.....	5	7 89	18. C. G. Cox.....	6	0 108
11. G. A. Cormack.....	5	9 118	19. W. H. Beemer.....	6	4 144
11. S. I. Middleton.....	5	7 138	20. Dr. Grimes.....	6	4 140
11. S. I. Middleton.....	5	2 123	21. Mrs. C. G. Cox.....	5	8 109
11. R. A. Cline.....	5	4 93	22. G. A. Cormack.....	6	8 125
12. G. A. Cormack.....	5	7 114	23. T. J. Falls.....	6	9 126
13. G. A. Cormack.....	6	6 125	24. T. J. Falls.....	6	6 115
13. G. A. Cormack.....	7	0 149	25. P. J. Van Cortlandt.....	7	95
13. W. H. Beemer.....	6	0 103			

ANGLING NOTES.

MR. DEAN SAGE, the well-known salmon fisherman of Albany, has tried the salmon with the fly in the upper Hudson, but so far without success. He thinks that under the present law respecting the pools, that is, forbidding fishing within 80 rods of the fishway, there is little chance of taking salmon on the fly, as the waters that are thus protected are about the only ones where fly-fishing is likely to prove successful. Last season a local angler got two rises to the fly but caught none. Many salmon have been taken in nets and sold in towns along the river contrary to law. At Bangor the salmon fishing has been almost a total failure. Many blame the pulp mills above Bangor, but probably the true cause is the weirs and nets which stretch from bank to bank, practically closing the river against the salmon. It seems absurd that all the efforts of the Fish Commission, and all the expenditure of money should go for naught, just because a few netters might vote the wrong way, if offended.

The announcement in the papers of the new railroad to cut through the Adirondacks seems to have brought out no comments, but to have been taken as a matter of course, no one appears to oppose it and probably it would make no difference if they did. It will bring money to the hotel keepers as well as the owners of the road, and the destruction of the woods is of no account. Great is the power of money.

The man in charge of the South Side Club Hatchery, on Long Island, caught a small eel the other night that had 42 trout fry inside of it. This proves how small a chance trout fry have in unprotected waters. A fine specimen of the rainbow salmon was taken at the club a few days ago weighing 3lbs. 4oz.

Reports from the various trout streams are now much more encouraging and some fine baskets of fish have been taken lately. A little rain will help matters very much and those fortunate anglers who can get away during the next two weeks will be well repaid, particularly if they reach the ground after a little wet weather.

The first weakfish of the season so far as we have heard, were taken on May 10 and 11 by Mr. Ned Sheldon.

The New York Association have given Murello and the Hotel Brunswick until May 20 to settle the suits brought against them by the Association, after which the matter will be taken into court. The offer to compromise was refused. The State warden, Dr. Kidd, has commenced a suit also against the first named restaurant for serving quail out of season.

Is not the dobson a new bait for trout to take? A gentleman reported that on cleaning some trout recently he found two dobsons in the stomach of one of them.

SCARLET-IBIS.

OFF TO MAINE.

STILL the fishermen are on the wing. One of the nicest parties of the season left the Hub Saturday morning for the Rangeleys. It was really two parties. The Clapp party was one, and composed of Messrs. Eugene H. Clapp, Geo. W. Wadsworth, C. E. Haskins and Mr. Paine. With this party was united another of Boston merchants. The two parties were united for the sake of chartering a special directors' car to take them from Boston to Farmington, Me. The latter party was made up of F. H. Bowles, L. E. Pierce, Stearns R. Ellis, M. J. Conant, E. D. Shumway, James C. Davis, a Mr. Smith and two others. This party is to be quartered with Billy Soule, in Camp Johnson, on Lake Cupsuptic. Last year they went to Moosehead, but concluded to try the Rangeleys this year. The Clapp party will be quartered at the Mooselucmagantic House, at Haines's Landing, on the Mooselucmagantic.

Other parties are moving, as well as single individuals. The number going a-fishing is very large. The Walton party—unfortunately I have not the names—has already started for Richardson Lake. This party goes every year. If they get any big trout, as they are almost sure to, the *FOREST AND STREAM* shall know about it.

The camp Stewart party will leave Boston on Friday, the 22d. Six will probably make up the number this spring. Three ladies will be in the party, with Charles and Willie Cutting, of Andover, as guides. The ladies names are Mrs. F. H. Mudge, Mrs. E. B. Cramme and Mrs. W. K. Moody. The three gentlemen of the party are Geo. T. Freeman, his friend Mr. Dodge and W. K. Moody. Oscar W. Cutting will again officiate in the capacity of cook. Oscar has a reputation for biscuit. The ladies go into camp only on condition that he is cook.

Senator W. P. Frye was to go into camp on the Mooselucmagantic on the 15th but was delayed a few days. He has quite a party with him. He visits his camps every season and is an enthusiastic angling expert.

Up to the present writing the water in the Maine lakes has been very cold and trout have not been caught. It is just as it always is. The trout do not bite, even at bait and minnows, till the water begins to get warmer than ice water. Such is the temperature of the water in those lakes, so long as the woods are full of snow and the streams are running high. Indeed, the Rangeleys were not clear of ice till the 14th, and the same day the ice entirely went out of Moosehead. Still the ice was out of Richardson Lake on the 11th, so that the steamers went up the lake, and the ice had begun to break up in Moosehead three days before it finally went out. The spring is a late one, and the early fishermen are disappointed. Mr. Clough, of Lynn, of the Clough party, already noted in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, has been obliged to return on account of sickness in his family. This party was one of the first to be off. Up to the day Mr. Clough came out scarcely a trout had been taken, though one of the party had secured a 6-lb. landlocked salmon. The fact is slowly being demonstrated that the landlocked salmon take the bait sooner in the Rangeleys than the trout. Several have already been caught this year.

Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Camp Vive Vale, already mentioned as one of the first to be off, writes his nephew in Boston that up to Friday, the 15th, not a trout had been taken. The weather was cold and the woods full of snow. All of the brooks were then engaged in running little rivers of snow-water down into the lakes. Mr.

Hayes, of Malden, the friend of Mr. Stevens, was obliged to come out of camp on Friday, his time being up. He got no trout of any consequence. Mr. E. J. Shattuck, also of the same camp, did not get away till Saturday, the 16th, and, under the conditions found by the rest of the party, he was glad of it. Mr. Smart, of the same party, cannot get away to go a-fishing this spring.

At Weld Pond the landlocked salmon fishermen are having good luck. Judge Wm. Wirt Virgin, of the Maine Supreme Bench, is doing that lake with a good deal of success. He has devoted some seven hours a day to the sport. He has taken a salmon weighing 10lbs., so report says. On the 14th, inst. Albert Rawlins caught a salmon from that lake weighing 7½lbs., Samuel Vose, of Madison, one weighing 5lbs., and John Schofield one weighing 5lbs. Several business men of Livermore Falls have been to the same lake, and have taken a good many trout and salmon, the largest weighing 6½lbs. The party got six salmon in all.

A landlocked salmon weighing 11lbs. has been taken from Green Lake, Hancock county, Me. F. W. Ayer, of Bangor, has taken the largest salmon of the season thus far from the celebrated pool there. It weighed 29½lbs. The fishing has not yet been good. A few salmon are taken daily, when the weather is suitable. It is hoped that the recent rain will bring better fishing there. Landlocked salmon fishing in the Sebago has been fairly good this season, but the weather was unusually cold. One needed a winter overcoat every day for the first week of the fishing. There is a report of another salmon being taken from Green Lake, Hancock county, with a fly, the Mitchell. This is almost the first instance of a landlocked salmon rising to a fly in that lake so early in the season, if indeed they rise at all.

Later comes the true sport of fly-fishing. Then the trees will be green. Snow and ice will have done, and overcoats will not be needed. It is not surprising that the sportsmen who spend most of the summer at their camps on the Maine waters should "up and away" as soon as the telegraph announces that the ice has gone, but how one who has but a few days for fishing at his command can wish to start so early is past finding out.

The Hall Brothers have just got back from their Nova Scotia trout excursion. They left Boston on Tuesday, the 11th, via steamer, for Yarmouth, and then went inland a number of miles by team, to their trout river. They found the water down to about the right pitch, and the trout rose to the fly in splendid style for so early in the season. They found the people very hospitable—they desired to take the fishermen home to tea. The party was made up of J. E. Hall, with Rice, Kendall & Co.; James E. Hall, of Milford, and Irving G. Hall, of Boston. They took 15 trout weighing an average of 1½lbs. and one of 2lbs. They had about all the trout they desired of a smaller size. Mr. Waldron Bates, of Boston, was fishing the river just below them for salmon, and has succeeded in landing one of 11lbs. They also came so near to getting one themselves that they came along the stream just after a guide not employed by them had taken a fine one out of a pool.

SPECIAL.

Another correspondent writes: The first trout caught at Middle Dam this season were taken by Mr. Corson of Andover, Me. One weighed 5lbs., another 2½lbs. The Anglers' Retreat was open for business Monday, May 11. Several guests are now stopping there. A party of twelve fishermen leave Lowell for Middle Dam on Wednesday, May 20, for a two weeks' stay. The ice is now out of all the Androscoggin Lakes, and the different steamers and stages throughout the region are running on regular time. Excursion tickets have been placed on sale in Boston, and may be obtained at the usual places.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT SEASON.

NASHUA, N. H., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My usual Friday pleasure has just ended (that of reading *FOREST AND STREAM* from cover to cover, "ads." and all), and while the contents are fresh in my mind I beg leave to make a few comments on the article on "The New Hampshire Trout Season," signed by "Angler," in the number just read. The streams of our State are visited by a constantly increasing army of anglers each season, and any changes, however slight, in our existing laws are sure to excite wide interest.

For the purposes of this article I may be allowed to divide this army of anglers into two classes: (1) Those who come among us each season from other States to spend their vacations with us, and in whose coming all residents are more or less interested; (2) a much larger class of our own citizens who are finding out each year that the grand resources of our own State can afford them health and sport at their own doors. Speaking as a member of the second class, as an angler of some twenty years experience, and as one who has made the habits of trout something of a study, I desire to take exception to some of the sweeping statements in the communication by "Angler" before referred to.

He says "the change was uncalled for, unwarrantable, and unjustifiable." Let us see. "Uncalled for." In the southern half of our State especially there has been a strong feeling for some years that the trout season opening on May 1 was too late; and in conversation with sportsmen from various portions of the southern half of the State, I have yet to find a single man who opposed an earlier opening. Most anglers suggested April 1. That date being thought too early, the 15th was adopted as a compromise measure. Our older anglers as a rule prefer to wait for the better fishing later in the season; but all that I have seen are heartily in favor of the change, and these are a few of the reasons: Trout being well past the spawning season are in good condition (comparatively) and the supply of breeding fish can be in no way affected by an earlier opening date. Then the month of April is sometimes quite warm; in this case one of two things happens (and both bear hard on law-abiding sportsmen), either some worthless fellows will begin fishing a few days before May 1, or else (still worse in my opinion) the month being warm, the trout run well and the first day of May finds a brook filled with trout which is literally skinned out the first few days of open season, leaving but poor reward for later anglers. From the standpoint of stricter protection it seems to me that the months of August and September might be made close months, but as those months are necessary to the fly-fishing interests of the northern part of the State, I would not advocate this change. The effect of opening

April 15 will, it seems to me, be beneficial in more ways than one. If the month of April is cold no fishing is done; but if the month is warm a few anglers venture out from time to time, meeting generally with poor success. By the time the good fishing arrives quite a large percentage of the early anglers are over the "fever" and sometimes disgusted with the results, and I firmly believe that if there is any difference in number of trout caught during a season, fewer will be caught with an opening day April 15 than when the season opens on May 1.

I have not seen the text of the new law, but if I am correctly informed it contains one glaring defect; it does not prohibit taking brook trout through the ice. In view of the fact that ponds in the northern part of the State are covered with ice to April 15 this seems to be a serious mistake; and yet I am informed by members of the Legislature that the Fish Commissioners are in a large measure responsible for the omission in this way. By their bitter opposition to the change in time they aroused the ire of members who were naturally in favor of the change, and these members in their eagerness to change the time rushed the bill through without amendment. In short, the Commissioners by attempting to kill the whole change (which fairly represented public opinion in the southern portion of the State) missed the most vital part of the bill—an amendment prohibiting taking trout through the ice at any time. This omission is to be regretted by all sportsmen.

With this amendment I believe the change to be a good one—doing away with much illegal fishing and at the same time protecting the trout.

Do not let me be understood as saying there is a clash of interests between the northern and southern portions of our State. We of the southern portion—cheerfully—although against our better judgment, as far as our own interests are concerned—allow the months of August and September to be made open months and in favor of the fly-fishing interests of the north, all that we ask is that we be granted an open season that in its opening will violate neither a rule of nature nor an honest effort to preserve our trout.

In my opinion the "youngsters" of Manchester have done well, and with the amendment before suggested their efforts will meet the approval of the majority of the sportsmen of the State. Certain it is that May 1 will never be adopted again as an opening day with the help of

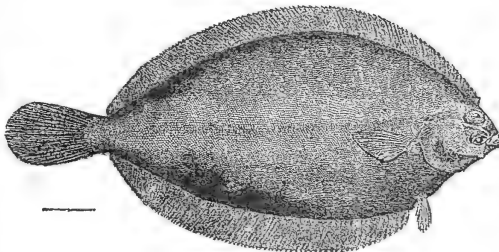
Editor Forest and Stream:

As to the trout season, of which I wrote you, luckily the clerk of the weather has taken a hand in the game, and frost and ice have prevented any fishing for a week; but it is moderating to-day, and should we have a warm pleasant Sunday the brooks will be pretty well skinned. That's where the hoodlums get the advantage of quiet, law-abiding citizens, and the Lord seems to favor Sunday fishermen in weather.

ANGLER.

THE LEMON SOLE.

THE lemon sole is apparently destined to become an important and well-known member of the flounder family. Its existence in our waters has been known since its discovery by the U. S. Fish Commission. The late Professor Baird called attention to this valuable food fish in 1877, and some of the renowned caterers of New York and Boston placed it before a discriminating public in very attractive style. The serious difficulty, however, to the rapid introduction of this fish was found in its extremely small mouth, which made its capture by means of hook and line next to impossible. It was not until March of the present year that Capt. Alfred Bradford, of Gloucester, Mass., demonstrated at once the practicability of taking this sole by means of the beam trawl, and the suitability of the bottom from latitude 41° 45' N. to the Cape of Virginia for the operation of this new apparatus. Capt. Bradford towed his trawl over 140 miles of fishing ground without a single accident, except once fouling an anchor, in that long distance. The lemon sole was found



to be extremely abundant and easy of capture. In three hauls it was estimated that fully 200 tons of fish were surrounded, but their weight was too great to be lifted, and fully 10 tons of these fish were liberated after a single haul.

This species has been previously described in these columns under the name of craig flounder or pole flounder. In shape it is not unlike the common sole of Europe, but it grows much larger and is not a very near relative of the sole. The eyed side of the body is light brown in color. The fins are sometimes lemon colored, and one of the common names is said to be derived from this circumstance. The head is small and the mouth diminutive. It is a deep-water species and occurs on both sides of the north Atlantic. It was always one of the characteristic and most abundant species taken in the explorations by the vessels of the U. S. Fish Commission. First discovered in the deepest part of Massachusetts Bay, it has since been obtained as far south as the entrance to Delaware Bay and as far north as Halifax. Its range extends nearly to Greenland, and on the coast of Norway it reaches latitude 65°.

This flounder is particularly adapted to deep sea life, having been trawled in depths as great as several hundred fathoms. It breeds in the summer, and the young have been taken by the Fish Commission from July to October.

The lemon sole, or pole flounder, grows to a length of 2ft., and has proved to be one of the best food fishes of its family, bearing a strong resemblance in flavor to the celebrated English sole. Its general introduction cannot fail to give the greatest satisfaction.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—IV.

[Continued from Page 327.]

EVERY thing being in ship-shape in our new quarters, dinner was prepared and served, and then we took boat and started for the home of the radiant trout. The shore southeast from the camp disclosed splendid haunts for this fish, there being a rocky bottom generously creviced and fissured part of the way, and then gravel and innumerable boulders; just the place for a brook beauty to poise and lie in wait for prey, or fall a victim to the seductive fly.

We commenced casting the minute we left the shore, and had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before Ned had a magnificent rise, and then an infuriated trout rapidly taking the braided thread from his silver spool. Away, away, he speeds like a gleaming arrow, until the skillful angler puts a slight pressure on the reel, and then with desperate frenzy he reaches the surface and makes a tarpon-like plunge from the water, showing the lovely glitter of the rainbow dye and shaking the crystal drops from his quivering fins. Again in his realm he starts with lightning speed, and with frenzied energy born of despair bravely tries to shake in his rapid flight the tempered steel from his trembling jaws. Another strain on the line, and then to the top he flashes, and with another desperate dash indulges in graceful curvature, and as quick as thought turns and makes for the boat, with evident intent of a trick.

Bravo, I called, brave fellow,
Neat trick that in its way,
Perhaps ere long you'll find, though,
We trick for trick can play.

The little spool rapidly gathers the slack as he frantically races, and thus discomfited, he starts wildly on another run, with rod bending and reel singing; and now bewildered and much weakened, he makes a desperate effort in plunging downward with savage shake, in hopes of escape from the treble line. It was his last rush for freedom, and well nigh successful. A dash or two more, and the gallant fighter shows signs of surrender, and then inch by inch the reel recovers line, and soon the angler has him within the confines of the net. The scales register him as a five-pounder, and we record him as handsome a *fontinalis* as ever wore the colors of a rainbow on a spangled jacket.

I was delighted to see the skillful angler successful, and praised him highly for the masterly manner in which he handled the autocrat of the lake. It was an artistic piece of work, of which any knight of the rod would have been proud.

We are in good grounds, and carefully cover every inch as we proceed. A foolish trout, that could not tell the counterfeit, sprang upon my fly as it daintily lit upon the water, and admirably succeeded in impaling himself upon the cruel hook, and in a few moments thereafter was in the bottom of the boat repenting of his hasty actions. He was a poor companion for Ned's beauty, as he was only about half the size. Again on the move, we approach some large rocks, o'er which the water is gently breaking, and where I am confident a trout or two lurks. Ned is the first, being in the bow, to send his line near the ragged edge of the rock. It met with a response, but the angler met with a miss.

"You strike too quick," says Joe.

"Too slow, you mean," came the reply.

I took issue with Joe as to the time, satisfied that one can never strike too quickly when a trout rises. Joe never responded instantly, and the season's fishing exemplified that he lost infinitely more strikes than Ned or I. He said he never gave a twitch, simply keeping his line taut by trailing o'er the water. If the theory holds good that seven out of every ten trout hook themselves on a taut line, then it is evident that all the trout we caught hung themselves. I always gave a twitch of the wrist the moment I observed a rise, and when I was a little slow about it, I generally missed. Ned operated on the same basis.

Having an opportunity to send my flies where Ned's failed, I was lucky enough to hook and boat a 2-pounder.

This being all we could capture here, we glide along, sending our lures into every tempting place, particularly the dark streaks o'er fissured rocks. Ned was the next to capture a beauty, and then I came in for a prize. After this we moved nearly half a mile before we got a rise, and then I roused a tiger-like trout from his watery lair, which I hung and killed in a short time. He was a good 3-pounder and a game fighter. A moment later I picked up "a pounder," and elevated my nose when I saw him fairly in the boat. I was after larger fish.

But a rod or two ahead was a splendid fall, so Joe stated, and I now recollected the spot as the place where we had made some fine catches last season. Word was given to push ahead for the promised land, and as we proceeded a kingfisher, just ahead, was noted in the bright sunshine sitting complacently on the top limb of a dead tree, in all the splendor of brilliant green and blue, and shining with metallic lustre. "It's the same place," says Joe, "where we saw one last year," and without doubt this was the same bird that then watched us as we robbed his preserve. This keen-eyed bird is evidently a dainty epicure, and is always to be found on trout streams, or wherever the sparkling beauty thrives.

Reaching the desired locality we commenced sending as airily as possible the feathered lures in search of the golden fins, and infinitely successful were we in our endeavors, for in the course of an hour we had added six more lovely trophies to our previous captures. It was an hour of unalloyed sport, ever pleasant to dwell upon. Having now more trout than we needed for immediate use we headed our prow for the camp with a rapidly declining sun confronting us and a sky luxuriant in pearly clouds. We soon reached camp and sat down to a good supper.

We were surprised when we awoke next morning and found it raining, as the indications before retiring were for pleasant weather, as the sky was clear and bright in twinkling stars. The best of weather prophecies and all the time-honored predictions frequently fail here. Joe was as good a barometer as we needed, for he always complained of aching limbs before a rain, being rheumatically inclined.

"Rain soon," would come from him at times when the sun was shining brightly, and generally he was correct. An authority on the subject says when gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the sun it indicates fine weather, but if they retire under the shadow of the boughs at evening rain may be expected. Snails and

slugs appear in greater numbers during damp weather, and frogs are more lively and clamorous in the ponds and marshes. Swallows fly low before rain, because the insects which they chase and capture on the wing approach nearer the earth at that time. If bats fly long and late in the twilight it may be taken as indicative of a fine day on the morrow; and they do so because in calm and settled weather the insects on which they feed remain long on the wing in the evening. Fish are eager in biting at flies on the surface of the water before a coming spell of rain, the lowness of flight of insects giving the fish an opportunity of which they are not slow to avail themselves. All these are good weather signs, but cannot always be relied upon around this great reservoir of icy water.

The clouds persistently retained their leaden hues, and the rain pattered and pattered, until we almost lost heart. I sighed for a rub on the lamp of Aladdin, that a transformation might ensue, which would lift us out of this abyss of despair, but it was in vain, for the hooded clouds continued to

Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers.

At last there was a cessation, and like an unfortunate catching at straws, we entered the boat and crossed to the opposite side, and commenced casting for the "finny heroes;" but no sooner were our flies dancing on the water than rain came pouring down. Shelter was immediately sought under a cluster of trees, which soon began to drip the moistened beads upon us. Once more the clouds lighted up and the rain ceased, and again we took to the boat. And so it continued to rain and clear about every twenty minutes, giving us an opportunity, between the showers, to catch three trout, with which we departed for camp, satisfied that it was no use to trifle further with the showering Jupiter.

On our return Ned made a raid on his little bags of tackle, and busied himself improving, as he thought, some of his fine flies. He would take the most cunningly devised lure and so cover it with deep red feathers, as to entirely destroy its original shape. As soon as he had completed one he handed it to me for inspection, if not laudation, but I was a cruel critic, and always ridiculed his changes. He was evidently an iconoclast, and took exceptional pleasure in originality. I advised him to use the tail of a red squirrel, as that was about akin to some of his bushy lures. He stuck to his feathery idols and I to my perfect flies, and the result was that I discounted him as to the number of rises received. When I was in fine luck one day he said:

"That fly of yours brings 'em."

"And that fly of yours frightens them," I replied.

He was chagrined at the answer and kept quietly sending his carmined feathers on all sides, with no response whatever. I could see that he was somewhat disappointed at his want of success, particularly when I was bringing in trout after trout. Desiring to make the generous-hearted sportsman happy, I tendered him one of my best silver-doctors and requested him to try it. He cheerfully acquiesced and the very first cast he made resulted in a capture.

"Why that's a capital fly," says he, after he had landed the exhausted trout.

"None better, and don't you forget it."

On another occasion I changed my silver-doctor for a dun-colored fly, which as it skimmed o'er the water looked as much like a grasshopper as it possibly could. It was an eminent success and Ned was high in its praise. Wishing to place him on an equality and cure him of his cranky ideas I insisted on his trying one. He did so and caught trout for trout with me. His red-headed and red-tailed originals were now fast departing to that bourne in the far distant.

There are, of course, times and conditions of water that almost anything in the shape of a fly will succeed, but in the long run it's the artistic fly, artistically handled, that captures the largest number of trophies, not in trout fishing alone but every other. I could give hundreds of instances of this if time and space would only permit.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the rain ceased, the dark draperies of the sky floated away, the sun shone forth in splendid radiance, while the waters rippled with a gentle cadence. It was to boat again, and along the now sapphire shore to tempt the rainbow beauties to the feast of flies. We only succeeded in coaxing three of them to abide with us, owing to the lake's tendency to a mirrored surface. We however had a pleasant outing, and Ned, as usual, charmed with his minstrelsy as we homeward moved by the walls of woodland and granite cliffs, tinged with the violet of departing day. This was the time to enjoy the sunset pictures, so brilliantly spread before us in their fanciful shadows of rock and tree, and in their flashing hues upon the breathing waters. It renewed our poetic fervor and made us enjoy more thoroughly the description of such an hour and such a view, with which Percival has enriched the pages of American literature:

Far to the south

Those slumbering waters floated, one long sheet
Of burnished gold, between thy nearer shores
Softly embraced, and melting distantly
Into a yellow haze, embosomed low
Mid shadowy hills and misty mountains, all
Covered with showery light, as with a veil
Of airy gauze. Beautiful were thy shores
And manifold their outlines, here up-swelling
In bossy green—there hung in slaty cliffs,
Black as if hewn from jet, and overtopped
With the dark cedar's tufts, or new-leaved birch,
Bright as the wave below. How glassy clear
The far expanse! Beneath it all the sky
Swelled downward, and its fleecy clouds were gay
With all their rainbow fringes, and the trees
And cliffs and grassy knolls were all repeated
Along the uncertain shores, so clearly seen
Beneath the invisible transparency
That land and water mingled, and the one
Seemed melting in the other. O, how soft
Yon mountain's heavenly blue, and all o'erlaid
With a pale tint of rose! Deep between
The ever-narrowing lake, just faintly marked
By its reflected light, and further on,
Buried in vapory foam, as if a surf
Heaved on its utmost shore. How deep the silence!
Only the rustling boughs, the broken ripple,
The cricket and the tree frog, with the tinkle
Of bells in fold and pasture, or a voice

Heard from a distant farm, or hollow bay
Of home-returning hound—a virgin land
Just rescued from the wilderness, still showing
Wrecks of the giant forest. * * * *

We were in hopes that the morrow's dawn would realize the now cheering prospects of settled weather. The sun had gone down in a bank of snowy clouds, but gave us a peep at her fair face just before she dipped into the lake.

Our desires were not realized, for long before we arose in the morning we heard the steady patter of rain on the tent. Ned at once began to calculate on another deluge, and after having completed the elemental problem, turned over in his blanket and was soon in deep sleep, and I hoped, pleasant dreams. The rain continued at intervals all day, and to brighten matters, Ned and I had a number of games of "crib;" tiring of that he sought the fascinating pages of "Lorna Doone," and I wandered into Balzac's absorbing story—"The Two Brothers." John, the helper, was somewhat musically inclined, and having brought a "fiddle" with him, went persistently to work and saved out a number of thread-bare dance tunes, much to Ned's disgust.

"Great heavens!" said he, "are we to be hereafter bored with those discordant notes?"

And then he began to study up some plan to put an end to the unmusical scraping. I advised him to purchase the "fiddle" and make a bonfire of it. This was not all, for Joe, who had picked up an air or two on the catgut, succeeded John in the musical olio, and seemed to never grow weary of his performance. It was a sort of a picnic to me, as my ears had been somewhat accustomed to such discordance by taking in the various opera companies organized in the East the past season. I was confident some accident would happen to that "fiddle" if Ned ever got a chance to step on it. They took good care of it, I assure you, for Ned's hoof never got within striking distance of it.

We were kept the entire day in camp, and consequently were growing quite restless. The weather the next morning had not improved a bit, for we were again greeted with the moan of thunder and the rain drops' showery dance and rhythmic beat. We intended to have crossed the bay that morning, but the unpropitious weather prevented. The boatmen again took turns scraping the "fiddle," which came near paralyzing poor Ned, and we took to cribbage and our books.

This is our tenth day in camp, and notwithstanding the damp state of affairs we manifest no discontent nor desire to return to the civilized world. We were eager for an outing that morning, as the cloudy condition which prevailed was very favorable for fly-fishing; but that persistent rain, which vexed sailors' curse, and for which poor shepherds pray, would not let up long enough to permit. About every half hour observations were taken, but not a ray of hope could we obtain from them. It was decidedly a wet sky, with not an inch of blue in it.

There is nothing consoling in camp on a rainy day. You take to cards and soon they tire; then the book is brought out and after a few pages is put away; a cigar or two solaces you for a while; then you run out to the fire by way of change and run back again; then you overhaul your stock of tackle and the sight of an artistic fly makes you think of the scarlet-robed beauties down in their watery lair, and you are then more discontented than ever. Your tent has sprung a leak and that necessitates the care of bedding, etc. All this time a chilly dampness is making you very uncomfortable, and just when you think the rain is diminishing it takes a fresh start and begins to fall with a steady determination—a sort of soak, soak, soak. To add to this aggregation, the wind begins to rise and moan and then you are compelled to close the tent, and there you are "cabined, cribbed and confined." Your misery is now complete, and by way of making yourself believe you are happy under such a condition of depressing weather, you indulge in sarcastic laughter at the absurdity of the situation and endeavor to warble some free-hearted song as if you were under Italian skies. This free life in the forest is glorious indeed, provided always that it don't rain more than six consecutive days.

The rain, with heavy thunder and vivid lightning, continued the entire day, much to our disgust, and we only hoped, when we sought our beds that night, that the morn would be ushered in with bright skies and gentle breezes. ALEX. STARBUCK.

ST. LOUIS, May 16.—Dealers in fishing tackle in this city report a largely increased sale of fine tackle. In this regard, however, St. Louis is far in the rear. If the manufacturers of fine tackle would send out a few thousands of such a paper as FOREST AND STREAM it would immensely increase the sale of their goods. Any angler who is a regular reader of a sporting paper would soon discard his old reed pole and cotton line and procure for himself some modern tackle. I note that a stock company is being formed by sportsmen in Springfield, Ill., and neighboring towns to purchase the title to some 15,000 acres of hunting and fishing grounds near Pekin, on the Illinois River. A meeting will be held on May 21 to definitely determine what shall be done. Fishing is good at Murdock Lake. Charles Smith, secretary of the Murdock Lake Club, has just returned from the lake and reports a catch of 65 bass and croppie in a day and a half. The new club house of the Gilead Slough Hunting and Fishing Association will soon be completed and the opening will be made a grand success. A steamer will be chartered to carry up the members and their families.—ABERDEEN.

SUNAPEE FISH.—New London, N. H., May 16.—I am just in from Lake Sunapee and find that the native trout are being taken in large numbers, and landlocked salmon are rising to the fly. Fish Commissioner Hodge was at the lake visiting the hatchery and pronounced the spring hatch at Sunapee prime. I captured six elegant spotted trout to-day, pencilings of the two best I inclose. Wish I could hand you the original and tempt your palate. The six weighed 11lbs. 6½oz.—BYRON.

A CATSKILL CATCH.—Catskill, N. Y., May 7.—E. F. Tibbals, in a fishing stream in the town of Jewett, this county, yesterday afternoon caught twelve trout that weighed nine pounds eight ounces. The largest one was nineteen inches long and weighed plump three pounds. He used flies and a four-ounce rod.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAYLING.—Salt Lake City, Utah, April 21.—Since my first letter some friends of mine sent me two "grayling," so called. They were caught near Melrose, on the Union Pacific R. R. system, in the Big Hole River, Montana, with bait—a white grub worm found in decayed railroad ties. These were caught April 13. Later in the season they are said to bite readily at the fly, and are quite plentiful. The fish were about 10 or 11 in. long and weighed about 10oz. each. The sides were said to have been spotted, but the high wine 188° proof seems to have been too strong and the spots are not present. The spots on the back fin and the shape seem to be as in the grayling, except that they seem larger. I intend to fish these waters in June and will be able to procure perfect specimens. I shall take pleasure in forwarding you one later on. I had located the fish in Idaho in my former letter, but my recent ones came from Montana. The Beaver Head, Blackfoot and Jefferson rivers in Montana are said to abound with these "grayling." I would like to know how to preserve specimens of fish.—T. J. A. [There is no better fish preservative than pure alcohol diluted with about one-third its volume of water. Take two quarts of alcohol and one quart of water; mix them and the mixture will keep fish long enough to ship them almost any distance. Take the precaution to make a few small incisions into the belly, so that the liquid may go freely into the abdominal cavity, which is the most difficult part to preserve. The loss of color may be prevented to some extent by adding glycerine to the alcohol and water. Some persons use equal parts of alcohol, glycerine and water. Always be sure the preservative enters the abdomen. If the fish is not to be kept permanently it can be shipped safely in salt by removing the insides and filling the cavity with salt and then packing the specimen completely in the same preservative. The first method is preferred.]

TROUT FISHING "JUST OVER THERE."—You all know him, or at least have heard of—this talkative, confiding fellow, who we hear is everlastingly having big catches of trout of amazing size and beauty. Well, last summer two of us, while in the mountains of New Mexico and near Cimarron, a small town, were told by a near relative of this fellow, whom we will call Jake, who had such phenomenal luck trout fishing "just over there," that there was fine trout fishing up on the American Creek, some twenty miles from here. He said this stream contained some of the most beautifully mottled trout of amazing size and ravishing beauty, "just over there." Not thinking he was a relative of Jake, we hastened over to the American Creek. After fishing for several miles up and down the creek we had the good luck to catch 25 little trout the size of American sardines. Good fishing, most beautifully mottled, of amazing size, etc. We finally came to the conclusion he had caught them all. After this, when any of this kind of anglers told us of a certain stream being full of trout, we always remembered the ones "just over there." At one place where we stopped fishing was prime and in all is glory. We fished along this stream three days. In some places we found the trout a little wild and hard to catch; they were mostly of a size, averaging about 1½ lbs., and for once we got all the fish we could eat. The scenery along this mountain stream was simply grand and filled the angler's eyes with delight. This stream is very narrow, so that one could step across almost anywhere. As we spent several weeks last summer in the mountains of New Mexico, you may hear from this neck of woods again as to fishing and hunting.—G. B. L.

ANOTHER FISHING DOG.—I have reason to believe the account of a dog catching suckers in California, mention of which is made in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 14. I distinctly remember a similar instance which frequently came under my observation in my boyhood on the coast of Maine. A neighbor had a very intelligent large dog that quite regularly visited "the bar," which uncovered at low tide, for the purpose of killing catfish (*Anarrhichus lupus*). I do not know whether the dog had been trained to this or did it instinctively. However, he seemed to have a decided antipathy against the catfish, which, as is well known, is one of the most pugnacious fishes of northern seas. It often happened that one or more catfish would be left by the ebbing tide in some shallow depression where there was hardly room for him to move about. The dog seemed to take especial delight in watching for fish placed in such a predicament, and would immediately attack them. His method of attack was to catch them by the head, or just back of it, and drag them out of the water, where, of course, they soon became helpless. Occasionally he would attack one where the water was a little deeper than common and where the fish could fight with less disadvantage. In some instances of this kind which I recall the battle was a very vigorous one. The fish would make vicious snaps at his enemy and lash the water into foam, but, with rare exceptions, would be overcome by the superior skill and intelligence of the dog. As these contests occurred frequently and almost directly in front of my house, I had an opportunity to note their varying phases.—J. W. COLLINS.

THOSE AT HOME.—The fact that this class of nature's true lovers have not had, and will probably not have, an outing in this glorious springtime, does not in the least abate their ador nor cool their enthusiasm. On the contrary, the deprivation, though truly hard, sharpens their anticipations for a time when fate may be less hard, and when they, too, may share in the joys of forest and stream with their luckier brothers. Should "hope long deferred" ever begin to despair, the perusal of FOREST AND STREAM's pages would easily cheer her again to her wonted condition. This is one of the great pleasures we stay-at-homes enjoy; and I doubt not but that we appreciate the many sketches of life in field and forest, on lake and stream, with a keener zest than those who are privileged to taste the reality. Brothers, you who toil steadily in storeroom or warehouse, counting room or shop, do not despair; for if, in your whole life, it is not given you to secure even one outing nor one chance for communion with the nature you love, your life will still be the richer and better for cherishing that passion.—ONYJTUTA.

THE BIGGEST CONNECTICUT TROUT.—A trout 17 in. long, 13 in. in girth and weighing 4 lbs. 1 oz. is reported to have been caught by Fred Messenger in Cranberry Pond, North Granby, Conn., about the middle of May.

GONE—THE ROMANTIC AGE OF TROUTING.

THE romance of it has all gone from trouting in these latter days of the angler's art. The fascination of the woods in summer, the sweet influence of the scented fields, the varied music of the brook, the song of birds, the hum of insect life, the fantastic play of fleecy clouds in the sky above and their imagery in fitting shadows on the earth below—none of these do you hear your regulation angler of to-day make tender reference when, with fine livery scarcely soiled, he returns from his day upon the stream. The work he did with his black-gnat, the killing qualities of his grizzly-king, the wonder of his casts, the skill with which he handled this, that and the other trout, the feeling of abhorrence that overcame him to find a rustic on the stream with chestnut switch, horse hair line and wriggling worm—these will be the burden of the now accepted angler's reminiscences of his outing among the trout. He certainly can have no memories of that rare and golden time—the romantic age of trouting. Then we went a-fishing! The season opened when the weather and the water were right for it. They were never ready before the trout were, and they never will be, no matter what day the law may select for that consummation. We gauged our opening day by nature's condition, not by the law's opportunity. If the snow lingered along the streams while it was yet April, as it often did, does yet, and always will, we knew that neither trout nor water could be right for pleasurable fishing, and we kept on with our work and waited. When the time was ripe we went a-fishing.

But, nowadays, to be an angler of the reigning school—a "genuine sportsman"—one must seek the brook on the very first day the law gives him the privilege, although the snow may be a foot deep, and ice still fringes the water. He shakes and shivers and freezes to the marrow. To wade the stream would be pneumonia. Everything is bare and chill and desolate. If any trout are caught they will be lank and half-starved, unless they are the liver-fed darlings of the Long Island brooks and ponds, and they will show nearly as much gaminess as the suckers the more sensible boy is catching at the mouth of the brook, where the river eddies. But they will be trout. And it is opening day. And the angler feels that he is doing his duty as a genuine split-bamboo—twenty-four-dollar-reel-knickerbocker-breeches sportsman, able to make a cast of 90ft. He may not succeed in catching fish, but he can put his fly 90ft., and that's the main thing.

I remember some old time mornings in June. The sun gets up early in June, but we were up before him, when we went a-fishing—yes, were a long way toward our destination by the time he peeked above the hills and washed his face in the dew. A four-mile walk to some favorite stream was nothing in those days—not that we had to go as far as that, even, from our little town—a quaint and pretty village among the Pennsylvania hills, full of the romance of trouting once, but spoiled now through contact with the new order of things, and consequently famous—for we could have fished for half a mile in either of two rare trout streams without leaving the confines of the village. But we sought communion with the woods and cataracts and isolated meadow stretches, where the ripples tossed and glinted, far from the haunts of men, when we went fishing, and so put the town creeks behind us on those June mornings. June mornings are just the same now as they were then, and if you should resurrect the flexible old chestnut pole—not rod, but pole—the reliable horse-hair line, fill the old tin box with fresh-dug worms and take once more an old-time jaunt toward that favorite stream, the same road will lead you to it. As you pass along, the brown thrush will greet you with his flood of matin melody from his covert by the roadside, just as he used to; the fussy catbird will scatter the dew from the bushes in silvery showers, as she flutters and fumes from bough to bough; the red squirrel will chatter and scold from his perch in the crotch of the old chestnut tree; the crow from the top of the tall dead pine will caw his contempt for you, knowing you have no gun; tree and shrub and flower bathed in dew and moisture, fresh, unsoiled and full fed, will partake of the early morning joy and health you feel, and every flying, running, creeping thing be refreshed and satisfied, just as it used to be. And you will come in sight of the same farmer, letting down the bars for his sweet-breathed cows to pass into the roadside pasture, just as he used to be doing as you passed that way. Instantly you remember the hearty greeting he always gave you.

"Good mornin' to ye!" he used to say. "Goin' fishin', hay? 'Feard y' won't hev much luck to-day; the wind's a le-e-e-tle too easterly. If I was you, though, I'd cut right across my medder yender, 'n strike in at the ol' alder-hole. My boy John ketched a powerful nice mess right along there yisterdy. It's good fishin' all along through my medders. If y' hain't got yer worms dug John'll go 'n dig y' some. I'm 'feared the wind's a le-e-e-tle too easterly fer y' to-day, though. But good luck to y'!"

You remember well that cheery greeting, and you are glad to see the farmer. He will give you some of the old time tips of course. Yes, he waits for you.

"Goin' fishin', fum the looks o' ye!" says he, and his look is anything but amiable. "Well, I want to tell y' fore y' go any furdher th't y'd better keep offen my premises, if y' hain't got two dollars' long with y'! It'll cost y' jist two dollars to fish on me, 'n if y' don't want to pay that, keep offen my premises!"

That isn't the same as it used to be. And you will find as you proceed that nothing about your trouting is as it used to be except the early morning walk in June. That would be changed, too, but the angler of the new school cares nothing for it, and it has escaped his touch.

And if you have the heart to cling to the stream you will meet frequent brothers of the new-time angle. They will affect horror at your homely tackle. They will jeer at your chestnut pole, your horse-hair line and your tin bait box. Yet with the going out of the chestnut pole, the horse-hair line and the bait box went the romantic age of trouting, and the age of the warning signboard and the toll on streams came in with the school of anglers who mock at everything that is not split bamboo and feathers fashioned to counterfeit nothing that ever lived in air, on earth or in water. It is this school of anglers that has made of the farmers of the trout regions a race of greedy, grasping landowners; first, by preempting sections of streams for their own selfish ends, and then sug-

gesting and fostering the system of tolls all along the line, simply to prevent the native fisherman from enjoying the waters that had been as free as the air to him from the remotest generations. Even deep in the forests, where the only life you might expect to see would be some bounding buck or slouching bear, you find yourself face to face with policemen who may haul you before the nearest magistrate to be punished for your obstruction on the forest solitude, which has also been mortgaged to some clique of "genuine sportsmen."—Ed. Mott in Truth.

A PARASITE OF THE ROCK COD.—In our issue of April 23 we published a note from Dr. Henderson and Mr. Picken, of Whatcom, Wash., concerning a tapeworm in rock cod. This parasite was sent to Prof. Edwin Linton, of Washington and Jefferson College, Pa., and we now have the pleasure of presenting his letter upon the subject: "Editor Forest and Stream: The worm from a species of *Sebastes* is near *Dibothrium angustatum* Rudolphi, from *Scorpaena scrofa* (a Mediterranean species). There were two fragments 31 and 19 centimeters in length respectively, which had been removed from the intestine by the collectors, and a third fragment, 11½ centimeters, in the upper part of the intestine with the scolex or head; the latter was attached in one of the pyloric caeca. There is a related worm (*D. rugosum*) which infests the common cod, that has a similar habit of burying the head in the pyloric caeca. The two loose fragments evidently belong to the same strobile; in other words, have broken from the part which bears the head."—EDWARD LINTON."

A MISSOURI FISH AND GAME CLUB.—Hannibal, Mo., May 6.—We have recently organized to improve the game fishing in Deep Lake, a fine body of water containing about 15 acres, which is already pretty well stocked with large bass, crappie, pike, salmon, etc. It is deep and cool, being fed from springs, and during the spring floods is connected with the Mississippi River. It is excellently adapted by nature for this purpose, and we propose to make it the model game-fishing spot in this section. Last week one of my friends caught in our lake on a spoon hook a pike weighing 9½ lbs.—the largest that has been taken on hook and line here for many years. A number of our prominent citizens are associating for preserving the Saye Crite, a large stream near our lake. I have been an ardent fisherman in the Mississippi River and its tributaries for 30 years and shall be glad to drop you a line occasionally if you wish me to do so.—S. E. WORRELL, Sec'y D. L. F. & G. Club.

WISCONSIN BASS.—Milwaukee, May 11.—Pickerel are gradually working their way into deep water as the spawning season is over. This year our bass will be protected and at a time when they most need it, as the law only permits of their being taken after June 15. Now there is no doubt but that many this will seem like postponing the taking of bass a good while, but there is much to be said on each side of the question and it is much better to lose a couple of weeks sport than to butcher the fish while they are busy on the beds.—GREEN-HEAD.

MICHIGAN.—Holland, May 14.—Black bass are biting nicely now, although most of them caught are only of fair size. My largest this spring weighed 2½ lbs. A few muskallonge of from 6 to 15 lbs. have been taken, also a number of pickerel. If it were not for the netting we would have excellent fishing here. As it is the fish caught are getting fewer in numbers and smaller in size every year. Netting and spearing will deplete our waters if not soon stopped.—A. G. B.

MR. ALEX. STARBUCK will go again to the north shore of Lake Superior for the excellent fishing to be had there. In view of the enticing sport described by Mr. Starbuck in his papers now printing it is a mystery to us why more trout fishermen do not visit that country. The Dayton (O.) Journal notes: "Alex. Starbuck, of Cincinnati, is writing a series of charming trout sketches to FOREST AND STREAM. He casts a fine literary fly and lands his game brilliantly."

THE BRONX RIVER, which forms the upper boundary of New York city, has been infested this spring with gangs of Italians who have destroyed great quantities of fish with dynamite. The new game constable, Alex. D. Golyer, of Mount Vernon, reports that he has undertaken a campaign against the dynamiters.

HEARD ON THE CARS.—"How'd he know it was a bass?" "How did he know it? Well, he is forty-nine years old, and he's fished for bass every spring and fall since he was twenty; and if he don't know a bass strike nobody does."

THE KINGFISHERS.—We learn that the "Kingfishers" will "pull themselves together" for an exploration of the bass supply in some inland lake of Michigan this summer.

BLACK DRUM are taking the hook at Anglesea, New Jersey. A 76-pounder was caught the other day. Weakfish are coming on.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, May 14. In the absence of Pres. Samuels, Vice-Pres. Geo. W. Wiggin presided, 45 members being present. The following gentlemen were elected members: Dr. Geo. C. Ainsworth, Chas. D. Ricker, John E. Miller, J. T. Butler, John C. Kerrison, Waldo A. Rich, Ernest Mienstet, Geo. B. Hilliard, Frank G. Farwell, Fredk. B. K. Marter, Wm. A. Carrie, Theo. P. Lovell, Henry R. Page, Edw. E. Babb, Guy C. Channell, Geo. P. Merrill, Harry R. Prindle, Wm. Walker, L. H. Burlen, Walter C. Brooks, John E. Cotter, John A. Fogg, Forrest S. Smith, Fredk. M. Bond, Frank L. Marshall, E. M. Stoddard, Joshua N. Temple, Wm. N. McQuinn, T. D. Barretto, T. D. Drape.

The applications for membership were referred to the committee. A committee consisting of Messrs. C. J. H. Woodbury, Danl. T. Curtis and H. H. Kimball, appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Mr. Chas. G. Davis, of Boston, presented the following, which it was voted to spread upon the records: REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS ON THE LATE CHAS. G. DAVIS.

While on a foreign trip for the benefit of his health, Chas. G. Davis lost his life at the sinking of the *Utopia* in collision with a British man-of-war in the Straits of Gibraltar. The two other cabin passengers, the one a lady and the other an invalid, were

both saved. It is supposed that Mr. Davis, relying on his ability as a swimmer, devoted himself to the succor of others, and not jumping from the vessel until too late, was drawn down into the vortex of seething waters.

Mr. Davis was connected with the Suffolk Bank earlier in life, but for the past fifteen years has been both paying and receiving teller of the Columbian National Bank, his clear and systematic methods of business enabling him to fulfil the duties of both positions. He was a man of absolute fidelity to trusts, which he served with rare intelligence, commanding a confidence that was widely established through his genial courtesy to all he met in the course of business.

He was of fine presence. His athletic physique seemed to appreciate in highest degree the opportunity to visit the Adirondacks each year, where he spent his vacation in the forests. Although for many years known to be a skilled and enthusiastic fisherman, his connection with the association was of recent date, yet his rich acquaintance in business circles extended largely into our membership.

The robust body sustaining a vigorous mind endowing his possessor with a vast capacity for continuous work, yielded to the pressure of a sorrow caused by bereavement; and at the instance of the Directors of the Columbian Bank he accepted an extended leave of absence and also a most generous testimonial to provide for a trip which was expected to bring rest and recuperation.

Your committee beg to offer the following resolution: Be it Resolved, That by the decease of Chas. G. Davis the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has sustained the loss of a member consistently devoted to the principles of this organization; his gentlemanly demeanor, business capacity, and high sterling principles render his life an example to others; and because of his many virtues his friends shall ever garland his memory with pleasant recollections.

Respectfully submitted, C. J. H. WOODBURY, } Committee.
D. T. CURTIS, }
H. H. KIMBALL, }

BOSTON, MAY 14.
Mr. John E. Boutwell spoke of the emptying of large quantities of poisonous chemicals into Richardson's Mill Pond, Woburn, by the chemical works, thereby destroying a great many trout, 15,000 of which were planted there last year. Mr. Boutwell thought the chemical works should be prohibited from emptying their refuse into the lake. On motion it was referred to the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commissioners. RICHARD O. HARDING, Sec.

Fishculture.

INDIANA FISHCULTURE.

WE have the report of Col. Wm. T. Dennis, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Indiana, for the years 1889 and 1890. The State appropriation for each of these years was \$700.

Indiana does not undertake the artificial propagation of fishes to any great extent, but devotes her energies to their protection and to the transplanting of indigenous fish. Five hundred thousand fry of the wall-eyed pike have been obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission and placed in a reservoir on the grounds of the Baker hatchery at Rome City, to be kept one year before their final distribution. Col. Dennis expects to deposit these fish early in the coming spring. Ten thousand landlocked salmon were received from the same source and hatched by the Baker Bros. Trout fry have been extensively liberated in the vicinity of Indianapolis and Shelbyville and in the Tippecanoe River. The lake trout which were planted in former years by the U. S. Fish Commission in the lakes of Steuben county have been moderately successful. Specimens weighing from 2½ lbs. to 6 lbs. have been taken with hook and line. One thousand lake trout fry which were placed in the Thistlethwaite Pond, near Richmond, are now about one year old and some of them measure 5 or 6 in.

The Commissioner is a firm believer in rigid and thorough protection as the surest and quickest means of repopulating the lakes and streams. Through his instrumentality, State convention was called of all those who favor the protection of fish and game, and the enforcement of the laws. A State association was formed and meetings were held at the county seats of several counties. Auxiliary societies were established, a large number of arrests and convictions were made with the help of private detectives (fully 100 convictions for violations of the fish laws were secured), and unlawful fishing has in a great measure been suppressed. The results of this protection are already apparent. The needed protection of fish in Indiana involves the prevention of water pollution, the introduction of fish ladders to allow the ascent of fishes to their spawning grounds, and the restriction of the capture to hook and line only.

Commissioner Dennis has reprinted, by permission of the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM, the account of the "Basses and Their Allies," which we published July 24, 1890. Through an unfortunate mistake, the names of some of the fish have been transposed, and we find the large-mouth black bass labeled the small-mouth, the warmouth is labeled blue sunfish, and the calico bass is called the warmouth, while the blue sunfish appears as the calico bass. The figure labeled large-mouth black bass we suppose is introduced to make a pleasing contrast with the rest of the cuts.

The proceedings of the State Fish and Game Convention, held at Indianapolis, Dec. 19, 1889, and Dec. 18, 1890, are given in full and contain much information of interest to anglers and fishculturists. This association has auxiliary branches in various counties of the State that is destined to play an important part in the future of the interests involved. The constitution and by-laws of the county branches are set forth on page 96 of this report. The fish and game laws are also republished in this document. On page 103 there is a very useful table showing the open season for game in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

LOW EXCURSION RATES TO SULLIVAN CO. TROUT STREAMS.—On Friday and Saturday, May 29 and 30, the New York, Ontario & Western Railway will sell ex-cursion tickets from New York city to all their stations in Orange, Sullivan and Ulster counties, N. Y., at the fare only for the round trip. This affords those unfamiliar with one of the healthiest and most beautiful regions in this vicinity an opportunity, during a holiday, to select a desirable summer boarding place 1,500ft. above the sea, absolutely free from malaria and mosquitoes, with time enough to enjoy a day's fishing among the famous trout streams with which it abounds. The tickets are good returning up to and including Monday, June 1, and are on sale at 323 Broadway, and Ferry Offices foot of Jay and Forty-second streets.—Add.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.—Do you contemplate visiting Dubuque, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Marshalltown, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas City, or any point in the Northwest, the Puget Sound region, the balmy South or Southwest, or the busy East? The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway will furnish you transportation enabling you to safely, quickly and comfortably reach your destination. Its splendid equipment and excellent management have made it a popular favorite. F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—Add.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Latham's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be sent free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sylvan" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a full account of the life and customs of the Pawnee Indians. Add.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

THE SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.

THE second show of the California Kennel Club was a surprise to many; and the club deserves great credit for their pluck, hard work and good management. Every show held here the past five years has been a financial failure. A portion of the defunct Pacific Kennel Club has fought against this club tooth and nail, but in spite of all opposition the recent show contained 202 entries of the best quality ever benched on this coast. Barring the few bitches that occur in every dog show where ignorant men show their pets for the first time, the show ran along as smoothly as those of the older clubs of the East. Mr. John Davidson judged all classes. His judgment of the sporting classes I can find no fault with, but in some of the non-sporting classes I cannot agree with him at all. Financially the show was a success, the club pocketing at least \$1,000.

MASTIFFS.

The mastiff dog class was a good one. Ingleside Crown Prince, by Ilford Chancellor ex Madge Minting, is one of the best I ever saw in England or America: his skull measures 23in., muzzle 16½, and at one year he weighs 164lbs. Amado, second, is another good-skulled one, but his muzzle is not in proportion to his skull, otherwise he is good. Mastiff bitches, one moderate specimen secured third, first and second withheld.

GREAT DANES.

In Great Danes the quality of a few could not be excelled at New York. Malock, the winner, is a magnificent animal, grandly built throughout. Noble, second, is very close to the winner, the only harlequin I ever saw to compare with him is the Earl of Warwick. Hector, third, is an excellent Dane, but fairly beaten by the winners. Great Dane bitches were far below the dogs in quality, Minka, first, being much the best.

ST. BERNARDS.

In rough-coated dogs Republican was an easy winner, his superior girth of skull, height, length and bone placing him ahead. Judge, second, is a very good small one, of considerable character, excellent coat and color, straight on his limbs, with good markings and shadings, he loses to the winner only in girth of skull, muzzle and size. Duke of Wellington, third, a Ben Lomond pup, is a badly-reared one, larger than the winner but totally lacking in character, crooked in front (from a sprained ankle) and weak behind. His skull and muzzle measurements are fair but his head is marred by lack of shadings, coat woolly, and is a poor mover, he was rightly placed third. The winner in bitches, Gertie, is a good-coated one but wretchedly plain in head. In rough puppies, William Tell is only fair, will never have any size or head quality; Napoleon, second, should have had not more than a c. card, he is totally lacking in character, has a curly coat and lacks markings. Tomah, third, I would have placed first; she has better coat and color, but will never be right in head, though properly marked.

The winner in smooth dogs, Lion, is a mongrel, half bred mastiff. In bitches Joan, first, is a well-bred one out of champion Lady Superior, washed out in color, light in head and lacking shadings.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Only one specimen, that secured second, all that it was worth.

GREYHOUNDS.

There was a very small class, considering the great number of them on this coast, but those shown were excellent in quality. Freestone, first, is a large black covering a great deal of ground, he beats Dexter, second, only in being better muscled in neck, shoulders and back; Dexter would stand up well with the best in the East; Depend on Me, third, is another well-made hound, but was fairly beaten. In bitches Valley Queen had it all her own way, afterward winning special for best greyhound in the show and rubbing Duke of Vernon very close for best dog of any breed in the show. She is, barring a rather poor tail, the best greyhound the writer ever saw. I cannot find a fault in her.

DEERHOUNDS.

No dogs. In bitches only one entry, Lufra, she is a fair deerhound but not nearly large enough for her age. Cerous, first in puppies, is much better in every way and beat her for the special.

FOXHOUNDS.

The American foxhounds were not a good lot, well built enough, good strong, active dogs but lacking in foxhound character. The English foxhound Yoicks is an excellent hound, but sour in expression and shown too fat. Sweep, to our notion, is better than the dog, barring an excessively crooked tail.

POINTERS.

Pointers numbered fifty entries, and many Eastern shows would have to hustle to find fifty better ones. In the heavy weight challenge class, Duke of Vernon, the winner, is too well known to need description; he simply smothered the lot in head, neck and shoulders; he occasionally knuckles over in forelegs, but at other times stands as straight as any. He won several specials and was certainly entitled to them. Mr. Davidson soon selected Tom Finch as the best of the open class heavy weights, and followed that type throughout his judging, and as the Croxteth dogs are of the heavier, thicker type, they were not in it. Tom Finch might be improved in neck, too short, and his head lacks quality when compared with Duke of Vernon, though he was much the best in his class; Bismarck, second, is a bit long in ear and might be better bent in stifles, otherwise good. Major H., third, is a little too thick in skull; King Croxteth is the same. In heavy weight bitches Vera, first, won on her merits, she is more stylish and shows more character and quality; Queen Croxteth F., second, is an excellent bitch, but like all of that stock, a bit thick in head, otherwise excellent; Lady Finch, third, has not the general make up of those placed over her. In light weight dogs, Bang, the winner, has an excellent skull, muzzle a little snipy, ribs well

sprung; he is excellent in front and moves grandly; has the best of legs and feet. He has lost a piece of his tail. Climax, second, is a fair headed one, ears set on too high, but otherwise good; Donald F., third, is too thick in skull and heavy in shoulders. Gypsy Queen, the winner in light weight bitches shows the most quality and was rightly placed. Meg Merrilies, second, and Kioto, third, were rightly placed. Kioto loses to Meg Merrilies in head quality. In challenge bitches Pattie Croxteth T. had a walkover. She is a very good one barring heaviness in head and shoulders. In puppies, Donald T. is the best of the three winners, all of one litter.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

This breed, though fair, did not compare with the pointers in quality. Pilot, the winner in open dog class, is a racy-built one of considerable quality; had Rover H., second, been in equal condition I would have preferred him for the position; Carlo, third, is too thick in skull, otherwise good. Beasy, first in open bitch class, is the best of the breed in the show, her quality and character being far in advance of the balance. Ophelia, second, and Dido, third, are both coarse.

GORDON SETTERS.

Eric, first, is a very fair specimen, much too light in tan; Jack, second, might have been satisfied with third, is thick in skull, very deep in stop and lacking character. Nun, first in bitch class, is one of the best Gordons I have seen for many a day, she has a good head, well-hung ears, well-sprung ribs, excellent body and loin, very good feet, and is a very good mover. The judge that gave her vhc. last year at Los Angeles could not certainly have seen a good Gordon since his boyhood; Fannie, second, is a well built bitch, and rightly placed, and Lady Clara Jasse, third, is short in head.

IRISH SETTERS.

In the challenge classes Mike F. and Lady Elcho T. had a walkover. Lady Elcho T. is much the best of the two, her head shows great quality; she afterward won the special for best Irish setter in the show. In the open dog class Lord Clare, first, and Brace, second, are not far apart, and Dash T. was rightly placed. In open bitches Nora Mavourneen shows the most quality in the class, and was rightly placed first. She is very good in head, fair in front, with excellent back and loin, and good color; Kate F., second, lacks the quality of the winner; Lady Josie, third, I like full as well for the position, is lacking in coat but full of quality.

SPANIELS.

In field spaniels a nondescript spaniel was transferred from the cocker class and got a second—lucky dog. In cocker spaniels Woodstock Belle, the winner in challenge bitches, is well known. She holds her age well, is a bit long in body, but a thorough spaniel, and rightly won special for best cocker in the show. Brontia had a walkover in the open dog class. He is a good black. Mand E., first in open bitch class, is a good liver of the proper type. Bettie, second, is a pretty liver and white ticked. Jessie V., third, is also good. Cocker puppies were too young to judge, but all promise well.

CHEMPEAKE BAY DOGS.

Laddie, first in dog class, had a walkover; he is a very good specimen of the otter-coated Chesapeake, well made and well coated, with the proper head and character. Bess, first in bitches, is still a puppy, but promises to make a good one, has excellent coat and type. One fair specimen of the wavy-coated retriever was shown.

COLLIES.

Laddie, the winner in dogs, is a good-boned, excellent-coated dog, a bit thick in skull, with poorly hung ears; he won also at Los Angeles. Scottie, Jr., second, has a very coarse muzzle, ears badly carried, otherwise fair. In bitches Laughing Girl, first, is rather small, but the best collie in the show in character, expression and coat. Roslyn, Jr., in puppies is entirely out of coat.

DACHSHUNDE.

Two good specimens were shown. Dameo won well, but Gorrocks, second, is deformed in back ribs. Both are too short in couplings.

BLOODHOUNDS.

One entry. Premier IV., by Premier III. out of Duchess of Ripple is a very fair hound, lacking in substance and wrinkle, too leggy, but otherwise good.

BULLDOGS.

One entry, Boxer, and one of the best in America, by Tom Sayers out of Rose. He is very good in skull, ears fairly well carried, he might have a trifle more layback, but his muzzle is of good width, not at all pinched, good chest and fore limbs, his elbows are fairly well out and in all other respects he is very typical.

BULL-TERRIERS.

Little Nell, first in challenge bitches, is full of quality, clean cut in head and jaw; a very superior light weight. Jack Napoleon, first in dogs, is a heavy weight pit bull-terrier, too coarse all through to ever be a winner on the bench. Palo, second, is a much better type of show terrier, but has been clipped from end to end. Little Nick, third, should have been out of it; he is brindle and white and too coarse. Olivette, first in open bitches, is too short and thick in head.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Thirteen entries in open dog class. Blemton Shiner was shown in bad condition; he has the best head in the lot, but is a bit wide in front and a trifle heavy in shoulder, but is a terrier all through. Le Logos, second, should have been third or fourth. Blemton Vesuvian, vhc., I much prefer for the position; he is a good terrier, shown in excellent condition as hard as nails; he is short in face, ears hang well, body, back and loin excellent, with excellent legs and feet. The winner beats him only in head. Le Logos is too light in bone, too long in leg and weak in jaw. Tramp, third, is too thick in skull. Nellie, first in bitches, is a very fair bitch, rightly placed. Golden Patch, second, is short in face, her ears are a little heavy in tips, though carried well. Jess, third, got all she deserved. In puppies Mr. Davidson reversed his decision at Los Angeles by placing Tidy first over Frisky Viola, both are promising puppies. Tidy has filled out and materially improved. Nailer, third, is still too light in substance. In wire-hair fox-terriers Jack, the only entry, would be a good one were he several pounds less in weight.

SKYE TERRIERS.

One good one, Beauty, of the proper type; balance will not be Skyes until the Yorkshire is bred out of them.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

Mash, first, is a very good one, Mash, Jr., second, is not as good as his sire. Jessie, first in bitches, does not compare with the dogs in quality.

TOY SPANIELS.

One black King Charles, and not a good one.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

The winner in dogs is a toy. The winner in bitches was a medium-weight. The winner in puppies was much the best of the lot.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.

Three good ones. Yum Yum, first, is much the best size. Chesi, second, should have been third; he is too coarse. Komo, third, white and tan, is much the better specimen.

PUGS.

Ben Butler, first, is a very fair pug, showing much

the best wrinkle; his ears are not well carried, otherwise he is very good. Butsie, second, has not enough muzzle in proportion to his skull and is much too large. Toby, third, shows good wrinkle, but is too long cast. In bitches, Puss in Boots beats Toodles in quality of head and general character. Toodles is bad in pasterns and feet. In puppies Puss in Boots beat Ben Butler, who is rather large for his age.

NAMQUITT.

TORONTO KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW.

THE new club held its first quarterly members' dog show May 14, in the Richmond Hall, Toronto, and was a great success in every way. Many of the dogs are known on the regular bench, for Toronto can send out dogs which can hold their own in any competition. The attendance is said to have exceeded all expectation. The cockers were the best classes shown, with fox-terriers not far behind. Messrs. J. F. Kirk and T. G. Davey did the judging, giving great satisfaction. The prizes were ribbons and diplomas. The list of awards is as follows:

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Massey's Minting Minor. Bitches: 1st, Bedford Kennels' Greenwood Juno.
ST. BERNARDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. S. Williams's Monk; 2d and 3d, N. B. Dick's Sultan and Grey Friar.
GREAT DANES.—1st, J. G. Mitchener's Valdimir.
FOXHOUNDS.—1st, J. F. Scholes's Major; 2d, F. Habart's Banjo; 3d, R. E. S. Campion's Row.
HARRIERS.—1st, Simpson Bros.' Juno.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, J. Smilie's Roscoe; 2d, S. J. Cornell's Hunter; 3d, C. Campion's Bugler. Bitches: 1st, J. Smilie's Periwinkle; 2d, Vasey's Judy; 3d, J. Gedge's Lulu.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, Seaton Kennels' Jolly Ranger. Bitches: 1st, Seaton Kennels' White Wings; 2d, T. J. Fitzsimmons' White Not.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, J. G. Mitchener's Dono. Bitches: 1st and 2d, G. Bell's I Say and I Guess; 3d, P. J. Keating's Jenny. Very high com., J. G. Mitchener's Uno. Puppies: 1st and 2d, G. Bell's I Say and I Guess; 3d, P. J. Keating's Jenny.
FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, W. Davidson's Sport; 2d, Simpson Bros.' Paddy.

FRENCH POODLES.—1st and 2d, F. H. Elmore's Pretty and Flossie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, H. F. Fope's Pickle; 2d, H. H. Thompson's Coronet, Jr.; 3d, J. O. Bennett's Pepper. Very high com., H. H. Thompson's Zig-Zag. Bitches: 1st, J. G. Mitchener's Carlton Vic; 2d, H. H. Thompson's Elora Talters.—WIRE-HAIRED.—1st and 2d, P. J. Smyth's Sly Boots.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st and 2d, Forshaw & York's Royal Prince and Romeo. Bitches: 1st, 2d, and 3d, Forshaw & York's Ruby, Topsy and Royal Rose.

PUGS.—1st, R. F. Forshaw's Topsy.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, R. W. Boyle's Brittanica; 2d, and 3d, S. Stewart's Duke of Devonshire and Sir Kenneth. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Stone's Forest Glades; 2d, R. W. Boyle's Olive Branch.

IRISH SETTERS.—1st, C. Campion's Belle; 2d, J. G. Mitchener's Mrs. O'Shea.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, F. J. Smith's Brickbat. Bitches: 1st, P. J. Smith's Peggy.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, R. Wright's Rochelle Scot.

TOY SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Dr. Hall's Tessa; 2d, C. Draper's Nip. Bitches: 1st, Dr. Hall's Louise; 2d, C. Draper's Floss.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, J. F. Schole's Emperor William II.; 2d, J. Smilie's Klummann.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Simpson Bros.' Baby and Dandy.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, R. Wright's Marvel; 2d, —, Vasey's Jupiter.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, R. Wright's Don.

VIC.

CLUMBER SPANIELS OF TO-DAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much pleased to read in the English papers that the Duchess of Newcastle intends for the future to devote her attention to the breeding of Clumbers as well as Barzois. Their re-adoption by the family to whom the breed owes its name, and in the person of so illustrious a champion, cannot fail to awaken popular interest in the beautiful Clumber.

It may not be denied that the Clumber has in the last few decades greatly fallen from his pristine high estate, and through no fault of the dog. Clumbers were known and valued long ere many of the breeds of the modern show bench were in existence. Like every other dog and thing he had his day and was forced in the passage of time to make way for newer favorites. The sawdust ring saw them seldom, and then only specimens owned and shown generally by persons who did not understand the attributes of the breed. On the estates, where they were of course still made use of, the matings were intrusted to some ignorant keeper, so necessarily the characteristics soon began to disappear. For this carelessness we suffer to-day, not only in America, but in England as well. Where are the Clumbers to be seen from exhibition kennels with typical heads outside that of my friend, Mr. Henry H. Holmes, of Lancaster? When he does not exhibit read the moans in the show reports of the English kennel papers for the typical heads of the past. The only Clumber dogs on the other side that I should really care to buy are his Hotpot, the well-known winner, whose recent defeat of his splendid sire, the now dying Tower, at the Birmingham show, placed him in the proud position of being the best Clumber spaniel in the old country, and a young dog, and an unknown one at that, named Holmes's Hermit. Anxious as I am to import a new dog, I have been advised to wait, as there is no Clumber dog in England besides these two that will be entirely satisfactory. It was hard lines that Honesty, a brother of Hotpot's, and very nearly as good a specimen, should have died just as I had secured him to come to America.

But like many doggy enthusiasts I wander from my text. In a letter received to-day from a large Clumber breeder in the States he informs me that a friend of his, who has just gone the rounds of the large English shows, writes to him as follows: "To prevent the possibility of others falling into the same error this letter is written: 'Clumbers are becoming desirable as regards a bench show point of view by their nearness in approaching to setters in appearance. Long dogs are no longer wanted, but short-coupled ones; not short legs, not short noses, big heads and drooping eyes. Short coats now seem to have the call altogether on the show bench in England.' Now this is an entirely erroneous conclusion. These dogs win simply because none of the proper type are shown and for no other reason. Where would our old setter-headed champion Boss III. have been under a judge against old Nabob? A Clumber's head counts 20 points, and old Boss's sterling qualities behind the head could not have averted defeat. Yet ever since '85 he has won prizes at the best shows in England and defeated all the best dogs of his time, including old Psycho, whose typical head made such an award a farce in judging Clumber spaniels. Boss's marked successes serve to show how run down the Clumbers of England are. And yet there are judges, save the mark, who have placed the dog over champion Bromine and Snow. At the last New York show there were men who professed themselves judges that declared their preference for Bromine and Snow. This serves to show what we Clumber lovers have to contend against, not to mention reporters who declare Snow to be good in color, while she has not a mark on her body, and others that do not even know enough to tell t'other from which and criticize accordingly.

A few years' earnest effort will remedy all this. If an

advance can be made in other breeds why not in this? As I was unable to purchase Hotpot or Hermit I did the next best thing, sending two good and suitable bitches to be served by them. I trust the experiment will prove successful, and that next year I may be enabled to exhibit the produce.

It is a general supposition that there are no longer any Clumber spaniels at the Duke of Newcastle's estate—Clumber; but this is erroneous. While they are not kept there in anything like the numbers they once were, nor is the quality of the stock what it was, there are still quite a number of the beautiful lemon and whites in the ducal kennels. Owing to an epidemic about twenty years ago, which decimated the inmates of the ducal kennels, the old strain, that is, the immediate and distinct Clumber House strain, has been pretty well lost; though of course it is an easy matter to restock from the pure-blooded dogs kept on so many of the estates, and which naturally emanated originally from Clumber. Indeed, I know of instances where members of the Pelham-Clinton family purchased stock from outside kennels the produce of which they sold as the direct Clumber House strain. There is such a demand for these spaniels, and at paying prices, too, that it has often surprised me that they were not bred largely at Clumber for the market, as of course the very name of the breeder would throw an additional halo over dogs bred there. If the Duchess will make up her mind to exhibit her dogs at the leading shows, it will not be long before the interest in the breed is reawakened in England. This will mean that the breed will also meet with favor here.

Intending breeders and exhibitors should set most cautiously to work in making their selections, and bear in mind that a prize winner in England is not necessarily a perfect type of the breed. Let them either select a trustworthy agent or else study the criticisms of the dogs shown in the *Stock-Keeper* or the *Canine World*, and so discover the attributes of the various dogs before the public. They can then make their purchases intelligently and with some hope of getting what they want—a good Clumber. CLUMBER.

OTTAWA, Canada.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN BLOODHOUND.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A correspondent of *FOREST AND STREAM* inquires in the issue of April 23 about the South American bloodhound.

I once lived for a year in the city of Santa Marta, United States of Columbia, where these dogs were not uncommon.

When full grown the Spanish bloodhound stands from 28 to 30 in. high at the shoulder, and weighs from 70 to 80 lbs. It is usually of a tawny yellow color, with a black muzzle and fierce red eyes, hair short, with a slightly bushy tail and short ears. In form, more like the modern English foxhound than any other dog I know, but much larger and heavier, a cross perhaps, originally, between a foxhound and a mastiff, or probably some large and savage breed.

I lived for some months in a house where one of these dogs was kept as a watchdog, and so savage was he that no one of the family except the servant who fed the dog dared to leave their rooms in the morning until he was chained up. It is the only dog that I have failed to make friends with—he was like a wild beast. In the city of Manila, a Spanish colony in the East Indies, I found these bloodhounds. The American merchant there, who lived in an exposed situation in the suburbs, kept eight or ten of these dogs chained up about his premises. I passed some weeks with him, and no one except the man who took care of them dared to approach them. Some of them were tawny in color, others light brown or brindle, and they were even larger and heavier than those in South America.

I think these dogs must be of the same breed with those that the Spaniards took with them to Cuba and Mexico to hunt the natives with. They would make sad havoc among half naked Indians. My host in Manila gave a puppy of this breed to the captain of the ship of which I was supercargo, it was about three months old, gentle and playful, but before we got home, some five or six months afterward, the beast had become savage and treacherous, and had bitten several of the crew. Our first officer, who took care of the dog, had to knock him down with a handspike more than once to save himself from injury.

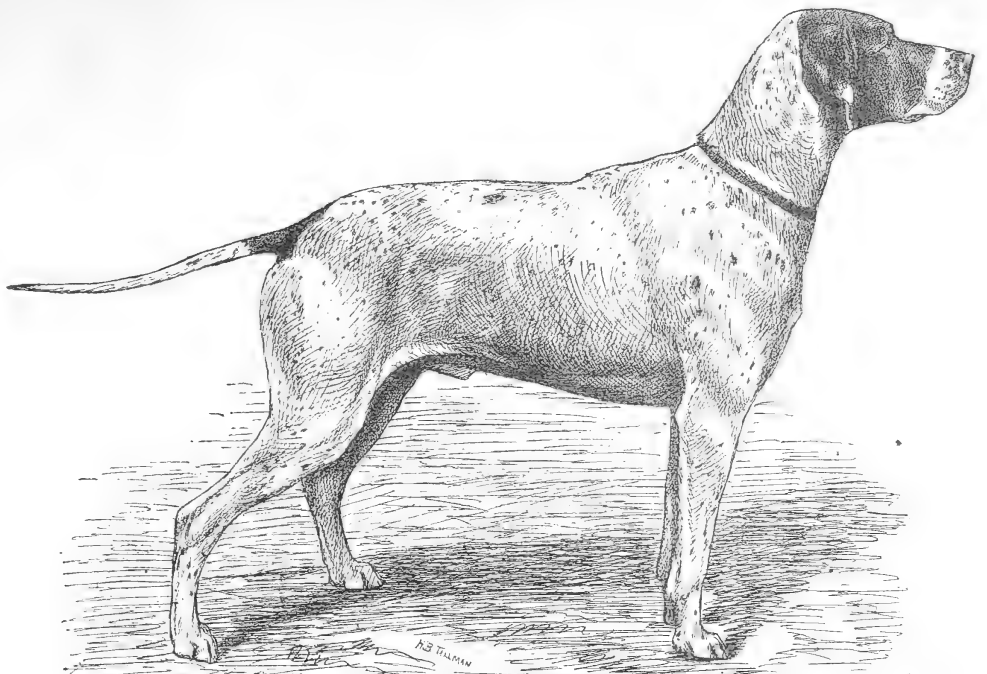
When we reached Boston and the mate took the dog ashore, it was observed that ferocious as he was to mankind, he was a coward with other dogs. On the whole a very unsatisfactory kind of dog to have about. S. C. C.

TOO MUCH WHISTLING AT FIELD TRIALS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I was much pleased to note that the Eastern Field Trials Club have eliminated retrieving from their rules, also the forty-five minute rule. I need not discuss the arguments that have been advanced pro and con on the subject. I merely desire to put myself on record as being heartily in accord with the change. What now prompts me to write you is a suggestion of further changes, or rather to suggest that instructions should be given to judges to place a different interpretation on a certain class of work of the dogs than obtained at the last trials. It was a new experience to me to see two handlers with whistles in their mouths, cast off their dogs and keep up a continual trot, reminding one of a couple of boys marching down the street during the bazoo craze. I, in my surprise and innocence, noting the dogs took no more notice of what to me meant "Come to heel," than if two donkeys were braying, asked, "What in thunder are they whistling for?" when I was informed by one of my confreres that that was the American mode of training dogs to keep out at their work and so the dogs would know the direction the handlers were going. This may be an excellent idea, but I should say, if field trials are meant to show high class natural ability, that did I own a brute that required whistling at to make him interested in his work, well, to put it mildly, he would be out of place in a field trial of the reputation of the Eastern Field Trials Club. If this mode of working dogs when out shooting was the one universally practiced no great harm would ensue, but I venture the assertion that not one man in a hundred works his setter or pointer in this manner. The consequence is, that if a handler, who works his dogs on the orthodox sportsman's way and who has a high class, obedient dog, meets a handler who has a plug-hunting, courageous creature that requires continually whistling at "to keep him out at his work," the obedient dog must naturally suffer. Then again, if the club will instruct their judges to penalize this style of handling and working dogs, it will do away with the suspicion that was openly asserted at the late trials, that certain handlers kept whistles of every known tone and used them to rattle an opponent's dog.

Another idea prevailed and was insisted on as the rule of the club—which I think should be changed—is that requiring a dog to remain pointing until the handler has flushed the bird. My idea is, and the only one I ever saw practiced, for a dog to remain at "point" until his handler comes up, then at command the dog to move with the gun and locate his game, for, as Mr. Brailsford tersely put it, "Which knows best where the game is, the dog with his powers of scent or the man who has none?" The style of work I advocate, shows to my mind the only true way to test a dog in a manner field trials are intended for, viz.: to show his accuracy on birds. If the manner of judging first mentioned prevailed in the district in which our local trials are held, the handler would find while he was aimlessly tramping around to prove his point that Mr. Prairie Chicken had run, probably a quarter of a mile, whereas a good chicken dog



THE POINTER DOG "OSSINING."

Owned by Mr. W. H. Hyland, North Tarrytown, New York.

would never permit the bird to get away any further than he could scent it. The style of dog required by the Eastern Field Trials Club, and the class of work they desire, viz.: a bold, dashing, game-finding animal, is thoroughly in accord with my own ideas of what a setter or pointer should be. I think and hope the club will take my suggestions in the spirit in which they are given. We are agreed and both aiming at how best to improve the setter and pointer for high-class work, and endeavoring to make rules whereby the best dog must win. THOS. JOHNSON.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, April 26.

VAL JEAN.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Of the many interesting stories and bits of news found in your paper, nothing warms my heart so much toward my fellow sportsmen as an obituary of a faithful dog. Perhaps that kind of reading is not generally popular, but it always makes me feel that there are many kind and true men in the world after all, and that they have large hearts and are honest fellows, who feel the loss of their dog. Can I not picture to you a day in June, 1876, a village blacksmith shop in Massachusetts, an ox-cart a little to one side of the large door and a few gnarled oak trees near by. Under the cart an Irish water spaniel with a lot of brown woolly puppies playing about her. One of these dogs came into my possession in August of that year and was named Val Jean. His sire was an English spaniel of imported stock. I have had many dogs around me since that time, but none that could be taught as easily as Val, as we very soon called him, and none that possessed nearly as much of my affection. He was shown in the first New York dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, but not having been put in his stall was not judged. The following year I was there to attend to him, and he easily secured second prize in the retrieving spaniels. He was easily trained for hunting and soon found a way of his own to dodge the brakeman and scurry under the first vacant seat in a passenger car of a railroad train. He was fond of travel and visited many of the States. Always ready for work and willing to do anything asked of him, he was a great favorite, and was always included with us in an invitation to dine out when in the West. He was good on all kinds of game and as a retriever none could beat him. Many stories I could tell of his exploits in that line, from getting a winged jacksnipe in a marsh, where he sank to his body in mud, to retrieving a redhead in icy water. Jumping over a cliff a few years ago, and dropping about twenty feet below into a meadow, he broke one of his legs, and since then was of little account for work. As a house dog and for useful work he was almost human. Val Jean was born in May, 1876, and died March 18, 1891. Poor old man! If your master and friends live as good a life and try as hard to do what is right as you did, their reward is certain when they are called. Your place can never be filled in my affection. C. T. P.

DEATH OF CHARLES DAVIS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Early on Monday morning I had the great misfortune to lose my greyhound Charles Davis. He was killed while fighting through the wire partition which separated him and his mate Maud Torrington from the deerhounds. The wire is of about 4 in. mesh, and while snapping at the dogs on the other side he must have been caught by one of them and had his head pulled through. Being unable to extract it, the deerhounds soon put an end to one of the best greyhounds in this country, and one who I am sure had a grand career before him as a coursing dog. At the last meet of the Eastern Coursing Club he won the best course of the day, beating his competitor at the rate of 47 to 1 and making more points than the judge could follow. Naturally high hopes were entertained of what he might do at the coming meeting at Great Bend, at which he would have been slipped. His loss would seem less severe had he left behind him some of his blood, but unfortunately I refrained from breeding him to Maud Torrington last January, as I wished to show her through the circuit. Charles Davis was bred by Mr. Cleare, of Burnham, England. He was born in January, 1885. He was sired by Royal Stag out of Clyde. In England he had a record of eighteen firsts and specials, and on this side two first and four seconds, being beaten each time by Gem of the Season.

Notwithstanding this bad luck, I expect to introduce to the greyhound world, before long, something to take the place of poor Charlie which will make some of the old breeders hustle, so to speak. ALBION L. PAGE.

DUNROBIN KENNELS, Stanley, N. J., May 12.

Mr. G. W. Linchell lost his English setter bitch Dell Gladstone by death last week. She won third at the last Toronto show.

OSSINING.

THE subject of our illustration this week is the lightweight pointer dog Ossining, owned by Mr. Wm. H. Hyland, of North Tarrytown, N. Y. This dog was whelped March 20, 1888, and his breeder was Mr. J. O'Hara Denny, of Pittsburgh, Pa. His sire is champion Robert le Diable, dam, Countess Nellie D., and she is the dam of Prince, who divided second with Bang Bang at the Eastern field trials of 1885. Ossining is thoroughly broken on all game and has great speed and endurance in the field. His show record in good company also shows him well able to hold his own on the bench as well, having won third, New York; second, Boston; second, Wilmington, and first, Danbury, 1890; first, Lynn; second, Boston, and first, Cleveland, 1891. Mr. Hyland will shortly place him in the stud.

A STRAIGHTFORWARD CHALLENGE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Mr. Laidlaw declines my challenge and refuses to make good his own boast. He said in an open letter to *FOREST AND STREAM*: (1) That in my comments of the Chicago show, written for your paper, I criticised his dog Oban maliciously, and extolled my own bitch Amazement unfairly. (2) That your reporter was more competent to judge dogs than I was. (3) That he would back his dog against my bitch for fun, money or marbles.

I forthwith sent to you New York draft for \$100 to settle the dog question, and you headed my communication "A Straightforward Challenge," but it has brought no response. It was fun or marbles Mr. Laidlaw wanted, not money; it was a bluff, not business, that he was writing for. The defaulter, as proved by his silence, is driven to admit the superiority of Amazement over Oban, the unfairness of Mr. Nelles in his awards at Cleveland, and finally the weakness of his own judgment. GEO. BELL.

[We have returned Mr. Bell's draft for \$100 according to his request.]

THE CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS' COLLIES.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Referring to the article in your issue of the present week in regard to the large sale made by us to the Seminole Kennels, I beg to say that, while we have parted with a number of our best dogs, we have still on hand an assortment which no other collie kennel can boast of in this country, barring the Seminole. The latter kennels, we believe, do not intend to dispose of their best stock, at any rate for the present, whereas we are still offering for sale everything except the two Flurries. We have determined to dispose of our dogs for two reasons: In the first place, competition has been so much narrowed the last two years that we thought it best, for the interest of the collies, that the winning dogs, which have been largely controlled by us lately, should be separated among different kennels. Again, as it would have been a heavy expense to have kept our large kennels together, having determined not to exhibit except for specials before the fall of 1891, we for this reason also decided to reduce them. We have still three stud dogs, whose services we offer to the public at reduced rates. Wellsbourne Charlie, whom many people consider the best collie in the world; Maney Trefoil and Roslyn Regent, the son of The Squire, shown in New York and Chicago; beaten at the former place, but winning well at the latter. For the information of breeders who are looking for new stock, we would call their attention to the fact that we still have on hand a selection of the best collie bitches that can be obtained in this country, some in whelp and some will be shortly ready to breed, among them several by Christopher.—THE CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS (Mitchell Harrison, Proprietor).

CALIFORNIA NOTES.—Mr. W. H. Richardson, of this city, has purchased of Mr. George Raper, the well-known English judge, the fox-terrier bitch Richmond Jessamine. She was whelped May, 1890, and is by Spinner (Vesuvian—Preston Tiney) out of Lady Scarboro (Raby Trick—Mouseheld Zoe). She will be bred to Raby Dominie before leaving the old country for her long journey. . . . "Honest John" visited two coursing matches while in San Francisco, at the Ocean View Park. I trust he will not gauge California coursing by that at Ocean View. The hares seldom run well there, and it cannot be compared with Merced coursing in any sense. I still predict that the very best Eastern dogs will have their pace cut out for them by the Merced hares, and whatever they win from the dogs on this coast they will earn. Human nature is the same the world over. When Mr. Davidson picked out Valley Queen as the best greyhound in the recent bench show and afterward compared her with Duke of Vernon for the best dog in the show, I confess to a thrill of pleasure. I had predicted that such would be the case months ago, and I cannot conceive of a stronger incentive to greyhound men to show their dogs, for Valley Queen has won every course she ever competed for and turns as if on a pivot.—NANTUCKET.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The holding of beagle field trials this fall is an assured fact, and why not? Has it not the backing of one of the strongest specialty clubs in existence? A club that has never made a failure of anything it has undertaken, and rest assured this will be no exception to the general rule. Since field trials will be given, would it not be well to discuss, through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the best method of training dogs for the event? There must be many trainers who could give us unsophisticated amateurs a good deal of useful information in regard to the best methods of accomplishing the end desired. Should a beagle be under control? The field trials say, Yes, and so do I. Some one says: "I don't want a beagle that won't go out and hunt alone." Neither do I. Another says: "I want a dog that I can sit on a fence and let him do the hunting, not one that I have to keep telling to hunt here and there and so on." As far as the question goes this is all very well, and the above is true to life. If he is one of the sit-down kind, let me advise him to keep away from the trials, or he will be liable to have a few kinks in his knees before he leaves for home. But a dog that you can order to hunt "here and there and so on" is a mighty good one to have I think. Supposing from your lofty perch on the fence you should see a rabbit start up, if your dog was not under some control, ten to one by his not coming when you called, you would lose the rabbit. I might mention a hundred instances where a dog under good control would have the advantage of one not so trained. I will, however, refrain and give others a chance.

Should a beagle stop at or give tongue at a hole when the quarry has run in? This is a question upon which I am greatly in doubt what to answer. If I should say that he should stop at a hole, some one will say, "He is a ferret hunter;" but if no is the answer, another one says, "How does he know when his dog has lost or holed?" Being too young to bear the load of responsibility, I leave the question open.

Should a beagle hunt like a setter or pointer: *i. e.* quarter his ground and hunt systematically, or range indifferently, going at his own sweet will? I should say, by all means the former; that is, hunt like a pointer or setter. Does not a setter work to the best advantage by quartering when game is sought? Is not game finding the object of hunting with a beagle? Some say no, but that trailing is the primary object. Perhaps it is, but you must find the game before it is trailed, must you not? This is also an open question and one on which I would like to hear different opinions passed. I could speak of many other things, but perhaps the patient reader, who has waded so far, will be looking for a club or gun to shoot the writer; but as the *FOREST AND STREAM* can only print a limited amount from each writer, so that all may have a show, perhaps I had better stop, though this subject has not by any means been exhausted, and many an abler pen than mine can think of much more and put it in much better language. Let us hear from "Uncle Dick," "Bannerman," "Pious Jeems," and a host of others, telling us kids "how to train a beagle in the way he should go," or else, after we have adopted a plan of our own contrary to theirs, let them forever hold their peace and not grumble when they find the trials are run contrary to their ideas. QUESTER.

BOSTON, MASS.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

With your kind permission in accordance with a vote of the executive committee of the National Beagle Club, I would like to correspond with the beagle men of America, and any others who may be interested in the advancement of the beagle, through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* regarding a place for holding our second annual field trials. The following are some of the qualifications that a place must necessarily have to be suitable for our purpose. First, it must be located so as to be easily accessible from the railroad; second, there must be good accommodations for visitors and dogs; third, the character of the ground must be such as to admit of ready trailing, the less sand and rocks the better; fourth, the country must be such that the dogs can be easily followed on foot and kept well in view; fifth, there must be an abundance of either rabbits or hares. Any one knowing of a place with any or all of these advantages will confer a lasting favor on the National Beagle Club, and I believe, through the club, on the beagle fraternity in general, by giving a brief description in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, also stating any other points of interest or advantage he may deem important. I will say in conclusion that the National Beagle Club desires that their second field trials shall be even more of a successful event, both for the club and for its exhibitors, than that of last year, and believe that by the co-operation of the entire beagle loving public such will be the case. In conclusion I hope that the efforts of the club to make another brilliant success of this important event will meet with the hearty aid it deserves.

F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y N. B. C.

BOSTON, MASS., May 16.

DOG CHAT.

WE are often asked the question if there is any way to obtain a litter from a shy breeder or barren bitch, therefore the following interesting account by Vero Shaw in his "Fragments of Fancy" is worthy of attention: "An event occurred on Good Friday which may possibly prove interesting to dog breeders, and which I will, therefore, allude to for their benefit. It was only the appearance in the world of another litter of greyhound whelps. The circumstance at first sight may appear of no especial moment, but certain facts in connection with it may be worth relating. The dam had run a great puppy, and was tried good enough for Waterloo, when she split her pastern and became useless for coursing purposes. She is now seven years old and has been served by many different dogs, but without result until this winter. In consequence of her infirmity she has frequently changed hands, and at last came into the possession of her present owner for a sovereign. Her pedigree is first rate, and a supreme effort to obtain a litter from this barren bitch was determined upon. She was got into low condition, and the advice given to me by Dr. Walsh was acted upon, with the happiest results. This was to bleed the bitch heavily the very moment before she went to the dog, and all I can say on the subject is that the experiment was fully carried out in my presence, and that the bitch threw six whelps on Friday morning. Whether it is a case of cause and effect I do not profess to say; all I know is that 'Stonehenge' recommended the practice, and that a 'barren' bitch has belied her reputation after having been subjected to a copious blood letting. Nor do I undertake to advise anybody on the matter, and doubtless hundreds of the readers of the *Stock-Keeper* know and have practiced the operation. At the same time, many others may not have heard of the idea before, and may, therefore, feel disposed to try their luck if they have a presumably sterile bitch. I may suggest, however, that it would be as well to enlist the assistance of a veterinary surgeon, or some person versed in the mysteries of checking a flow of blood, or the experimentalists may discover that they are assisting at a funeral." If any of our readers should feel tempted to try the experiment we would be pleased if they would write us an account of it if successful.

Mr. Geo. Bell, of Toronto, Can., has sold his young cocker spaniel bitch I guess for a very long figure to Mr. Herbert

P. Mullens, of Abbey Wells, Newbury, England, a member of the committee of the English Spaniel Club. Mr. Mullens was delighted with Mr. Bell's kennel, and considered Amazeant a wonderful bitch, remarking that she would hold her own with any of the English dogs. I guess goes into a strong kennel, Mr. Mullens being the owner of some of the best spaniels in England. I guess was served by Mr. J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. on May 4. We wish Mr. Mullens every success with his new purchase and trust her family will bring credit in England to Canadian breeding.

An important meeting of the Spaniel Club was held at the office of Mr. R. P. Keasbey, New York city, May 18, at 4 P. M. The mail vote for judges was opened, and it was found that the 25 members cast their votes as follows: A. Clinton Wilmerding, 23; J. F. Kirk, 22; C. H. Mason, 22; J. P. Willey, 21; E. M. Oldham, 18; Jas. Watson, 18; Andrew Laidlaw, 16; J. O. Fellows, 13; Wm. West, 13, and Geo. Bell, 12. Several other men obtained votes, but not sufficient to carry them into the first ten. Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland scored one vote each, the latter no doubt on the strength of Mrs. Cleveland having just purchased a Dog pup from Mr. Wilmerding. Mr. E. M. Oldham was elected delegate to the A. K. C. A committee was formed to confer with the Pet Dog Club in reference to holding a show next fall. A committee, consisting of the executive committee and Messrs. Kirk, Mason, Willey and Laidlaw, was appointed to confer with a similar committee of the English Spaniel Club, with regard to a uniformity of standard for all the spaniels. The new members elected were Messrs. W. B. Palmer and J. L. Little.

"Hello, Central!" exclaimed A. D. Lewis, as we entered the A. K. C. room to-day. "Any news?" was our answer. "Yes; we've got just the litter of the century, by Duke of Hessen out of Woolton Game, all winners, twenty-five litters already asking for pups." On mildly congratulating Friend Lewis we inquired their age. "Two weeks," unblushingly answered the secretary of the Hempstead Farm Co. One puppy has been sold to Mr. Hitchcock and another to Mr. Dexter.

We learn that the Associated Fanciers have brought suit against Mr. Frank Hope, 464 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia, for libel, he having spoken in uncompromising terms of their business methods. The latter gentleman is now on the lookout for evidence.

Another libel suit has been brought by Mr. Peshall in the Supreme Court, this time against Washington E. Connor, Sidney Dillon Ripley, Louis de Jonze, Jr., F. R. Hitchcock, H. F. Schellhass, Louis C. Clark, August Belmont, Eugene W. Durkee, W. C. Rogers, A. P. Vredenburg, Jas. L. Anthony, Laubar Sherwood, Howard Willett and John S. Hoey on account of the publication of the first issue of the *Kennel Gazette* containing Mr. Peshall's name among those disqualified. Mr. Peshall desires \$100,000 on this one. The summonses are dated May 15.

The American Pet Dog Club held a meeting at the house of the president, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Hempstead, L. I., on Thursday last. It was decided to take steps toward holding a show, in conjunction with other specialty clubs, Nov. 25 to 27, at the Madison Square Garden, New York city. A committee was formed to confer with the other clubs, and as we believe money was guaranteed at the meeting toward the expenses of a show, there is little doubt but that one will be held.

We draw the attention of our readers to the new kennel advertisements this week. Mr. Geo. Bell has a number of cockers for sale; Alexander Johnson and David Rowat have foxhound puppies. F. E. Atkins a pointer bitch; W. F. Burdell some fine English setter puppies; Connemara Kennels Irish setter puppies and Rochelle Kennels black and tan terriers; and there are also some St. Bernard puppies. In the stud, Mr. Moore has the great Philimmon and Lord Melrose; John Keegan has Sogarth and Patrol. Mr. Leslie puts his boarding kennels on the market.

The Midland Fox-terrier Club's show opened May 13 with 689 entries. The Bulldog Club secured for their show a grand total of 198 dogs.

We regret to hear that Mr. Chas. E. Connell, of Philadelphia, Pa., has lost his pointer bitch Fan Fan, which won several prizes during the past circuit of shows. She had four puppies by Duke of Hessen, which will be raised by the bottle, if possible.

The Swiss Mountain Kennels' new importation, the St. Bernard bitch Lady Castlereagh, arrived safely in Philadelphia May 9. Mrs. Smythe has had her full quota of hard luck, but we hope it will take a turn for the better in this instance.

The poison fiend has been at work on two of Mr. Heath's young pointers that were in charge of the trainer, W. T. Mitchell. One was a litter sister to Graph and the other a bitch by Graphic out of old Bloome.

If any one has had his full share of heart-breaking luck, Mercer, of Ottawa, is the man. He writes us now that his Lady Lancaster and seven puppies by Hotpot, the crack English dog, have gone to the eternal bow-wows. However, "Clumber" has evidently the right fancier's blood in him, for he has written to buy her sister. He is determined to have some young Hotpots, and his Lady Belle, who sailed for the other side a week or two since, will have a chance to see what she can do.

Mr. Eberhart is making strenuous efforts to get together a team of pugs that will bring some of the fall kennel prizes to the "Square Deal" Kennels. He has just purchased Fannie K. (11,820), which he says is a small good one, and is also importing from England a brood bitch that is a winner over there as well. "Bradford Ruby's all right."

"See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?" "Are you sure it was my dog?" "Yes." "Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a dog, do you?"—*Rochester Talisman*.

Mr. John E. Thayer writes us that he has purchased from Mr. John A. Logan, Jr., the fox-terriers Pitcher and Dona. The former's great record as a stud dog makes his services much sought after, and will no doubt be a valuable addition to the Hillside Kennels. Dona's record this past season stamps her as a good one, having won at every show almost. She is by Dominic out of Avon May, so as a brood bitch alone she should earn her "oats" many times over. Pitcher has been placed at stud at the moderate fee of \$25. We are glad to see that Mr. Thayer still supports the breed with such persistency.

Mr. Jarrett writes us that they are having a great run on their collies, and that they will soon have nothing left but the two Flurrys. Wellesbourne Charlie will remain at Chestnut Hill at stud till the fall, when he will return to his native land. Breeders should take advantage of this dog's services while they have the chance. Mr. Jarrett has just

heard from Mr. Charles, who manages the English branch of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, and he says that Christopher is in better shape than ever and had an easy win at Islington and also at Coventry shows, where he won the special for best in the show, and with an eight-months-old daughter the special for best bruc. Their Roslyn Dolly should leave Philadelphia on the 20th, but will not be shown till fall as she is out of coat. She will be bred to Gladdie. Friend Jarrett says they have a youngster by Scotilla that they expect will make a better one than Roslyn Wilkes.

A dispatch from London, England, states that the Bulldog Club's show opened May 15 in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. All the well-known exhibitors, including Lady DeClifford, sent dogs which duly received a great deal of admiration. The sensation of the morning was the defeat of Mr. Samuel Woodwiss's famous champion British Monarch, in the heavy-weight challenge class. This brindled dog has been the winner of the Bulldog Club's fifty guinea challenge cup eleven times, and has taken in addition innumerable other first prizes. The judge, however, awarded the palm to Mr. Phillip Beresford Hope's Bedbury Lion, which is a white dog not yet three years old, and has won the fifty guinea challenge cup four times. British Monarch took second honors, and Mr. Ellis's Pathfinder received the third prize. To know whether Frank Dole won the American cup or not with H. M. Stanley, we must wait till the regular kennel papers arrive.

The Chestnut Hill Kennels have purchased the St. Bernard Donna Silva, by Duke of Wellington—Calypso, from the Swiss Mountain Kennels. She was shipped to Mr. Moore's Kennel, May 14, to be bred to the great Philimmon. Donna Silva has won first at Brussels and third at Brighton, and is counted a pretty good bitch.

A picture of champion Buckle (late Gipping Sam), the field spaniel, appears in this week's *Canine World*. In that paper's "They Say" a note appears to the effect "That 'Uncle Dick' will be in print in less than forty-eight hours after he has seen the black spaniel champion Buckle."

At the Northern and Midland Collie show, just held in Manchester, a good improvement was seen in the method of posting the awards. At large shows there is always more or less confusion when a dog is entered in several classes, winning mention in each. The new plan is now to put the number of the class before the award, for instance, VI. First. At this show another innovation was seen. Instead of the old plan of having the benches open at the top, a wire screen ran along the top of the wire division, thus preventing dogs from getting at each other and tasting the sweets of a scrimmage. For the collie benches this will be found very useful. At this show Mr. L. P. Brearley claimed the bitch puppy winner, Moorland Belle, owned by Mr. Thompson, at the catalogue price, \$500. Mr. Anseugh also bought in his puppy Parbold Pilot at the same figure.

"Cheerful Horn" tells us that Mr. Sam Woodwiss contemplates a visit to this country with his world-renowned team of bulldogs. This will be interesting news for our Bulldog Club men, and though all our best bulldogs hailed originally from the same country, still they are Americans now, and for the honor of the country we must give him a warm reception when he does come. We ought to try and encourage these friendly competitions, for if one sets the example others will soon follow.

It will be remembered that some time since we noted the purchase by Mr. John H. Francis, Jr., of Peoria, Ill., of the St. Bernard bitch Keepsake (Keeper—Lady Miles) from Mr. F. E. Lamb, of Baltimore. Mr. Francis has now had an experience with an express company that will make him chary of running any such risks in the future. The bitch was bought with the understanding that she should be bred to Philimmon, Jr. She was in due season sent to the Wyoming Kennels, April 18. On the 24th Mr. Green, the manager, shipped her per American Express Co. to Peoria, and notified Mr. Lamb of the fact, who in turn wired Mr. Francis to be on the lookout for her. After "looking out" for about a week, expecting her daily, he wired Mr. Green. Green telegraphed him he knew nothing of her. Mr. Francis then wired the Express Co. in Chicago, and they replied that there was no dog there nor had there been any for Mr. Francis, although the Melrose agent had his receipts from the agent at Chicago. Upon going to the Express Co.'s headquarters it was learned that the bitch had arrived at Chicago all right, and they said then that she got out of her crate at night and ran away when the door was opened in the morning. This is quite a yarn, for she was in a good strong crate, a new one made of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lumber. They certainly should have sent Mr. Francis some word instead of trying to deceive him as they evidently did do. Mr. Francis is now going to sue the company for the price of the bitch, \$500, and having employed able counsel intends pushing the matter through.

M. Lamb's new bitch Margharita arrived all safe on the Queensmore, May 14. He thinks her a good one with excellent markings. Her measurements are as follows: Skull $24\frac{1}{2}$ in., muzzle $16\frac{1}{2}$ in., arm at elbow $12\frac{1}{2}$ in., leg $10\frac{1}{2}$ in., height at shoulder good $31\frac{1}{2}$ in., girth of chest $41\frac{1}{2}$ in., loin $38\frac{1}{2}$ in. The person from whom he bought her did not follow his instructions in sending her over, and sent her two weeks later than he ordered, with the result that she whelped a fine litter of 9 puppies on board ship, of which only one was saved. Fortunately she is in fine condition and as lively as a terrier. He is now negotiating for another to be bred to Lord Bute before she comes over.

A new judges' slate has been made for the Ottawa show. The judges now will be Messrs. W. Allan Hill, of Ottawa, for Clumbers; W. B. Palmer, of Woodstock, for other spaniels, and John Davidson all other classes. Our correspondent informs us that the prize list will be an extra good one, and the size of the building will be doubled. The latter improvement at any rate was very much needed, as the dogs last year had to be benched one over the other in many of the aisles.

Mr. C. A. Stone writes us that at a meeting of the bench show committee of the Industrial Exhibition Association, held on Friday afternoon, the following classes were allotted to the different judges at the coming show, Sept. 14-18: Miss A. H. Whitney, St. Bernards, great Danes and pirs; A. Clinton Wilmerding, the spaniel classes; C. H. Mason, mastiffs, bloodhounds, Newfoundlanders, deerhounds, Barzoi, poodles, terriers, bulldogs and miscellaneous breeds; John Davidson, greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers, setters, collies, dachshunde and beagles.

Mr. Sears writes us that champion Hesper died of lymphangitis after ten days' illness.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Lady Ruby, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pug bitch, whelped Sept. 27, 1890, by Bradford Ruby (L. out of Pearl,

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Melville-Roscoe. F. W. Moulton's (Washington, D. C.) bull-terrier bitch Lady Melville (champion Trentham Dutch-Old Lill) to his Roscoe (Bendigo-champion Starlight), May 16.

Libertas-Roscoe. R. N. Sweet's (Rochester, Minn.) bull-terrier bitch Libertas (Rocky-Nell Bright) to F. W. Moulton's Roscoe (Bendigo-champion Starlight), April 9.

Lady Snow-Johnny or Boss Lily. Mercer & Middleton's (Ottawa, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Lady Snow (champion John o' Gaunt-Faxley Beauty) to their champion Johnny or champion Boss Lily, April 29.

Lady Bromine-Johnny. Mercer & Middleton's (Ottawa, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch champion Lady Bromine (champion Tower-Leads) to their champion Johnny, April 29.

Mina-Johnny Junior. A. Watts, Jr.'s (Brantford, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Mina (Shell-Lucy II) to Mercer & Middleton's Johnny Junior, May 11.

Theodora-Bran. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Theodora to their champion Bran, April 12.

Hillside Romola-Bran. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Hillside Romola to their champion Bran, April 25.

Oiga-Clansman. G. S. Page's (New York) deerhound bitch champion Oiga to Hillside Kennels' champion Clansman, March 22.

Silver Queen-Chieftain. N. Q. Pope's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) deerhound bitch Silver Queen (Bran-Countess Zina) to Hillside Kennels' Chieftain, April 25.

Lady Coleus-Ilford Chancellor. Flour City Kennels' (Rochester, N. Y.) mastiff bitch champion Lady Coleus (champion Beaufort-Vistula) to their champion Ilford Chancellor (champion Ilford Caution-Brenda Secunda), May 8.

Fondo-Ilford Chancellor. W. C. Farrar's (London, O.) mastiff bitch Fondo (champion Moses-Dell) to Flour City Kennels' champion Ilford Chancellor (champion Ilford Caution-Brenda Secunda), May 11.

Minna Minting-Ilford Chancellor. Flour City Kennels' (Rochester, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Minna Minting (champion Minting-Minna) to their champion Ilford Chancellor (champion Ilford Caution-Brenda Secunda), May 4.

Arch Duchess-Ben Ormonde. Swiss Mountain Kennels' (Germantown, Pa.) rough st. Bernard bitch Arch Duchess (Arch Duke-Madam Barry) to Fairhill Kennels' Ben Ormonde (Marquis of Stafford-Helga), May 1.

Lady Dixie-Belthus. Alfred Boote's English setter bitch Lady Dixie (Prize of Dixie-Fairy Belle) to R. H. Albert, Jr.'s, Belthus (champion Rock-Cockerton's Meg), March 25.

Fannie K-Eberhart's Cashier. Eberhart's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Fannie K. (champion Kash-Flossie II) to their Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash-Lady Thora), May 12.

Richmond Dazzle-Russley Joke. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch champion Richmond Dazzle to their Russley Joke, April 9.

Pluck-Russley Joke. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Pluck to their Russley Joke, April 20.

Lyra-Suffolk Risk. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lyra to their Suffolk Risk, April 9.

Lady Mixture-Suffolk Risk. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Mixture to their Suffolk Risk, April 22.

Shame-Suffolk Risk. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Shame to their Suffolk Risk, April 29.

Meersbrook Nan-Russley Joke. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Meersbrook Nan to their Russley Joke, April 29.

Lady Reckon-Suffolk Risk. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Reckon to their Suffolk Risk, April 29.

Rosa Canina-Suffolk Risk. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Rosa Canina to their Suffolk Risk, April 11.

Hillside Ruth-Reckoner. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Ruth to their Reckoner, April 27.

Hillside Linden-Russley Joke. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Linden to their Russley Joke, April 27.

Hillside Freda-Suffolk Risk. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Freda to their Suffolk Risk, March 20.

Hillside Sapphire-Pitcher. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Sapphire to their Pitcher, April 23.

Hillside Brilliant-Reckoner. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Brilliant to their Reckoner, April 27.

Hillside Syren-Reckoner. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Syren to their Reckoner, April 21.

Hillside Vivid-Ruby Mixer. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Vivid to their Ruby Mixer, April 28.

Warren Lady-Russley Joke. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Warren Lady to their Russley Joke, May 8.

Warren Cachet-Russley Joke. Mr. Rutherford's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Warren Cachet to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joke, March 12.

Reckoner. Louis Biddle's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Reckoner, May 2.

Ruby Mixer. Louis A. Biddle's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer, April 2.

Dominica-Russley Joke. J. A. Longan's (Youngstown, O.) fox-terrier bitch Dominica (Dominie-Daphnia) to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joke, April 11.

Moonshine-Russley Joke. Clarence Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Moonshine to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joke, April 10.

Warren Comely-Ruby Mixer. Mr. Rutherford's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Warren Comely to Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer, April 10.

Russley Joke. R. S. Ryan's (Baltimore, Md.) fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joke, April 16.

Russley Joke. Louis Biddle's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Russley Joke, April 18.

Ruby Mixer. Mr. Lyrrillard's (Jersey City, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch — to Hillside Kennels' Ruby Mixer, May 4.

WHEELS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lorna Secunda. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna Secunda, April 23, three (one dog), by their champion Bran.

Topsy S. O. J. Sykes's (Alexandria Bay, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Topsy S. (Snap-Walkill Bess), May 7, eight (five dogs), by J. Hook's champion Red Rover (champion Ool-H-Woodstock Dinah).

Richmond Olive. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch champion Richmond Olive, March 23, three (two dogs), by their Hillside Regent.

Freya. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Freya, May 5, five (two dogs), by their Russley Joke.

Hillside Spinster. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Spinster, March 28, four (one dog), by their Reckoner.

Hillside Leda. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Hillside Leda, April 26, three (two dogs), by Mr. Rutherford's Warren Dandy (Warren Jim-Warren Sparkle).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Druidess. Black and white English setter bitch, by Belthus out of Wonna Gladstone, by R. H. Alberts, Jr., Hoboken, N. J., to W. G. Douglass, Bristol, Pa.

Alma. White, tan and lemon English setter bitch, by Belthus out of Wonna Gladstone, by R. H. Alberts, Jr., Hoboken, N. J., to W. G. Douglass, Bristol, Pa.

Beau. Lemon, white and tan English setter bitch, by Belthus out of Wonna Gladstone, by R. H. Alberts, Jr., Hoboken, N. J., to W. G. Douglass, Bristol, Pa.

Rural Ned. White, lemon and tan English setter bitch, by Pride of Dixie out of Fairy Belle, by W. G. Douglass, Bristol, Pa., to R. H. Alberts, Jr., Hoboken, N. J.

Dogs: Their Management and Treatment in Disease. By Ashmont. Price \$2. **Kennel Record and Account Book.** Price \$3. **Training vs. Breaking.** By S. T. Hammond. Price \$1. **First Lessons in Dog Training, with Points of all Breeds.** Price 50 cents.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

May 26-28.—Wm. H. Wolstencroft's Second Annual Tournament, at Facony Driving Park, Philadelphia, Pa. Address Wm. H. Wolstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

May 28-30.—Newark (N. J.) Tournament. Three days targets, two days live birds. Target shooting events under management of Mr. H. A. Penrose; live bird contests under control of Mr. Jacob Peutz.

May 30.—Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club Tournament. T. C. Pegnum, Sec'y.

May 30.—Spring Tournament Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club. Open to all. Program sent by W. Brown, Pres. Maplewood, N. J.

June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000, club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.

June 2-5.—Rocky Mountain Sportsman's Association Tournament, at Denver, Col. C. M. Hampson, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—Regular Annual Tournament of the Illinois State Sportsman's Association. J. W. Shaw, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.

June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.

June 23-25.—Atlantic City Gun Club's Tournament, at Atlantic City, N. J. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Manager, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., or R. C. Griscom, Secretary, Atlantic City, N. J.

July 1.—First week.—Boston; Wellington Gun Club, three days' tournament, under auspices of Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

July 2-4.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

MISSOURI STATE ANNUAL.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 12.—There is dignity in a large name, perhaps, and that may be the reason that leading organizations of sportsmen from various good able-bodied titles. The State organization of Missouri is called, whenever one has time, the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. It is much like other State leagues in general plans, but is among the best of them. The Missouri trap-shooters have always been partial to live-bird shooting, and the big tournaments of this Association have contributed in the past some of the most considerable live-bird shooting events, with and time in the history of the sport in the West. This year the State meet, as everybody knows, is at St. Joseph, "St. Jo." as that city is universally known. This is the fourteenth annual tournament, and to it are accredited the following clubs, many of which are present by representatives: Gate City Gun Club, Kansas City; Compton Hill Gun Club, St. Louis; St. Joseph's Sportsman's Club, St. Joseph; Macon Gun Club, Macon, Mo.; Louis Gun Club, St. Louis; Butler Gun Club, Butler, Mo.; Cameron Gun Club, Cameron, Mo.; Sedalia Sporting and Shooting Club, Sedalia; Booneville Hunting and Fishing Club, Booneville; Memphis Gun Club, Memphis; Carondelet Gun Club, Carondelet; Charleston Shooting Club, Charleston; Mexico Gun Club, Mexico; Belt Line Gun Club, Kansas City; Keystone Gun Club, Cameron; Palmyra Sportsman's Club, Palmyra; O. K. Gun Club, Kansas City; Carthage Gun Club, Carthage; Missouri Gun Club, St. Louis; Dardene Shooting Club, Dardene; Kansas City Gun Club, Kansas City; Jefferson Hunting and Fishing Club, Jefferson City; Hiell man Hunting Club, Hannibal; Capitol City Gun Club, Jefferson City; St. Louis Game and Fish Preserve Association, St. Louis; Palmyra Gun Club, Palmyra; St. Louis Central Hunting Club, St. Louis; Independence Rod and Gun Club, Independence; Osprey Gun Club, Osprey; Moberly Gun Club, Moberly; Excelsior Gun Club, St. Louis; Moberly Gun Club, Moberly; Independent Gun Club, Kansas City; Sixteen Gauge Gun Club, Kansas City.

St. Jo. lies on the Missouri River. St. Jo. is far superior to ancient Rome, or any other city which only had seven hills. There are seven hundred hills in St. Jo., and all of them bigger than yellow and red clay. The hills are the hills of the city of ancient Rome. Rome never had a Missouri State tournament, either, and even if she had, it is a safe wager that the croppies fishing in the yellow river would not be in it with that of Lake Country, on whose green banks, them, beneath bold, rugged firs, them, within the inclosure of a pretty driving park, the meeting has progressed today. There are many ways in which St. Jo. is a good city. One can go to the Union depot, and take the street car to the Union depot, then takes the Santa Fe five miles down to the lake, and then takes supper at the road house by the grounds. The landlady said it took two barrels of bass and croppies and nearly as many frogs to feed the shooting populace to-day, from which it may be argued that quite a crowd was present. Such a crowd it was, and it was a crowd, and quite a hungry crowd. The target entry ran nearly forty, and that is pretty good. Weather simply lovely. A very pleasant place and time for a good shoot.

Men are here to-day from Kansas City, Cameron, Hannibal, Sedalia, Independence, Carthage, Butler, Maryville and Atchison, Troy, Hiawatha and other points in Kansas. The Kansas City delegation, the strongest and widest fair, to walk off with some funds. After all, we have never had a live-bird tournament in any of our Western country, her record of 60,000 birds last year being indubitable the best in mind for either West or East, and the fame of her shooters, individual or collective, being known throughout the land. Jimmy Elliott everybody knows as a live-bird shot, but I don't know whether they are all "on" him as a target shot. If his work to-day is any criterion, he is a good man to let alone in a race at innamit's too. He was smashing 'em pretty easy. Carl Guinnote, Jo Underwood, J. H. McGee, Lew Vories, Walter Halliwell, W. G. Fads, Fred Meagle, Ed. Hickman, Lee Porter, Ed. Choteau and nearly a dozen others of the K. C. notables are in this evening also. Dr. Lusk, of Seneca, Kas., Fred J. Close and Dr. Dinsmore, of Troy, Kas., D. V. Edwards, of Lawrence, Kas., and others of importance, here from across the river, Charlie Willard and a few lines of Colts, and Rolla Heikes, of Standard-Keystone connection, are both in from Chicago and both earning a little something toward shoes for the baby. Col. A. G. Courtney carries the Lefevre eagles forinst the muddy Missouri, and Charlie Budd, late from Ackly at A. D. Algonquin, is today present and accounted for. Charlie made about \$300 here to-day, mingling with the innamits. I don't know that a really good shooter nowadays cares to have much said about his gun income, but I wonder, just from a news standpoint, how many know what a good shooter's income is or may be in a year? Well, to-day I heard, not from Charlie, but from good authority, that Charlie Budd's income last year, from shooting alone, was over \$2,700, clear above all expenses. "The dang little cuss!" said my informant; but added a moment later, what most of us would indorse, "but I'd rather see him win it than anybody." In common with the above, I am glad to hear that Charlie is buying more and more property in his pretty city of Des Moines, and laying up something for the rainy day when the sporting press has knocked the professional shooter into a cold and clammy cocked hat.

Much to the general regret, that burly and genial St. Jo. shooter, Paul Francke, was absent by reason of sickness in his family. Mr. J. V. Battcheller was first and chief among the hustlers to-day. It is much to be regretted that his backing has not been of the best. I do not like to be rude in criticism of so generous a kindly aid of men as these Missouri shooters, nor to pass too hasty judgment on this event, but it is only just to say that to-day's work does not show this to be a great success as a State tournament, and that the more especially as a State live bird tournament. As a matter of fact the shooting to-day was nearly altogether confined to targets (the bluebirds being in use). Only one live bird event was pulled off, and the entrances had to be returned in the evening, and the target birds were nearly empty at the start, and the expected supply from the party who contracted to furnish them did not arrive. All this should have been attended to long before this late day for preparation, and thus should have been prevented the complaints so audible and common among the shooters to-night. As a pleasant, indeed delightful assemblage the meet to-day is a success. As a big state tournament, it is a failure. As a live bird tournament, it is so designate it. It is quite a business undertaking to run a big tournament. One or two men cannot do it. It takes an organized body of intelligent workers, patient, persistent and united in their efforts. We do not see that here to-day; why I should not care to ask or say, the fact only being of news interest, though I should prefer not to record that.

The rules adopted for the meeting are printed in the programme as follows: "American Association rules to govern except in the following instances: The boundary shall be a radius of a circle of furlongs, from point 10 days, in advance of center trap. Any bird shot after crossing the dead line (at shooter's score) shall be lost

bird. 14oz. of shot shall be the limit for either 10 or 12-gauge gun at 14oz. shot for any other size or bore of gun. The gun must be below the target until the shooter calls "pull," otherwise the referee shall call "no bird." Any shooter who may get into any tie for money may draw his proportion of the same, provided he can save his entrance money, otherwise he shall be compelled to shoot down the ties until he can save his entrance—unless otherwise agreed upon by all of those concerned. Any bird called "no bird" shall be at the expense of the shooter, provided it shall appear to the satisfaction of the referee to be the shooter's own fault.

Rapid-firing system, 5 traps, on targets.

Following are the scores:

Shoot No. 1, 10 bluebirds, \$2, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent:

H S Dinsmore.....	0110111110-7	Kist.....	0111111110-11
A G Courtney.....	0111001001-8	Seaville.....	0111111010-8
L W Edwards.....	0100011001-6	Stevens.....	0111010010-6
J A Elliott.....	0111111110-10	Seward.....	0111010010-6
A Fulton.....	0111101010-6	Cecil.....	0111010010-6
R P Jones.....	0110111100-6	Everbart.....	0111010010-7
J W Battcheller.....	0111111110-9	Smith.....	0111111110-10
R Dawe.....	0100011110-7	Close.....	0111110101-7
Vetter.....	0101010101-5	Budd.....	0111110101-11
Hallett.....	0101010101-5	Dinsmore.....	0111010101-11
Long Jack.....	0111111110-11	Claybourne.....	0111110101-10
Rosin.....	0100000000-2	Vreeland.....	0100010101-5

Elliott and Smith div. first, J. V. Battcheller second, "Lone Jack," Budd, Claybourne and Seaville div. third, Daws, Dinsmore, Close and Everbart div. fourth.

Shoot No. 2, 15 bluebirds, \$2:

Edwards.....	0100111010-11	Keene.....	010101100101-10
Battcheller.....	0100111111-12	Fulton.....	010001100110-10
Courtney.....	010001111101-10	Seaville.....	011101111010-12
Dinsmore.....	011111011010-12	Crabill.....	011101110101-13
Stevens.....	010011111101-11	Cecil.....	01000100010010-7
Dawe.....	0101010101101-10	Smith.....	011111111110-14
Hammett.....	011111111111-15	Close.....	01111100010111-11
Long Jack.....	0101010101-6	Everbart.....	011101101101-11
Kist.....	0101010101-6	Low.....	0101010101-6
Vetter.....	0101101010101-9	Scott.....	0100010100101-11
Budd.....	011111111010-13	Elliott.....	011111010101-13

Seward first, Smith second, Elliott and Budd div. third, Seaville, Crabill, Battcheller and Dinsmore div. fourth.

Shoot No. 3, 10 bluebirds, \$2, unknown angles, 5 traps:

Seaville.....	0101011010-11	Rickner.....	0111010100-6
Seward.....	0101011010-11	Yeoman.....	0101010010-6
Elliott.....	0111111111-9	Edwards.....	0101010101-6
F Crabill.....	0111110101-12	Courtney.....	0101010101-6
Vetter.....	0111111101-8	Keene.....	0101010101-6
Smith.....	0101010101-10	Dinsmore.....	0101010101-5
Everhart.....	0100100101-4	Fulton.....	0101010101-5
Long Jack.....	0101010101-6	Budd.....	0111111111-10
Cosby.....	0101010101-5	Battcheller.....	0111010101-7
Gordon.....	0101010101-5	Kist.....	0101010101-4
Smith.....	0101010101-5	Stevens.....	0111010101-4
Brown.....	0101010101-5	Heikes.....	0101010101-5
Halliwell.....	0111110101-9	Stevens.....	0111010101-5
Heikes.....	0111010101-5	Keene.....	0101010101-5
Woodward.....	0101010101-5	Kurke.....	0101010101-7
Scott.....	0101010101-5	Stevens.....	0101010101-5
Holmes.....	0101010101-4	Hamlet.....	0101010101-5

Bud first, Elliott, Crabill and Heikes shot out and Heikes won, Halliwell, Seaville and Vetter div. third, Smith, Seward, Rickner, Battcheller and Kneke slot out and Battcheller won fourth.

Shoot No. 4, 5 pairs bluebirds, \$3:

Kist.....	0110101010-5	Seward.....	0101010101-10-4
Hamlet.....	0110101010-5	Edwards.....	0110101010-11
Battcheller.....	0110101010-5	Cosby.....	0110101010-11
Heikes.....	0110101010-5	Dinsmore.....	0110101010-11
Sep Myers.....	0110101010-5	Dawe.....	0110101010-11
Edwards.....	0110101010-5	M F Myers.....	0110101010-11
Stevens.....	0110101010-5	Fulton.....	0110101010-11
Cosby.....	0110101010-5	Battcheller.....	0110101010-11

Shelhamer..... 0101010101-11-11 S P Myers..... 0101010101-11-11

Seward..... 0101010101-11-11 Jones..... 0101010101-11-11

Stevens..... 0101010101-11-11 Cheney..... 0101010101-11-11

Knocke..... 0111111111-15 Cosby..... 0111111111-13

Gordon..... 0111111111-17 Battcheller..... 0111111111-11

Dawe..... 0111111111-17 Smith..... 0111111111-15

Kist..... 0110101010-11-8 Seaville..... 0111010101-11

Nichols..... 0110101010-11-6 Smith..... 0111010101-11

Steiger..... 0110101010-11-11 Dinsmore..... 0111111111-13

Butler..... 0110101010-11-11 Keene..... 0111010101-11

Courtney..... 0110101010-11-12 Fulton..... 0111010101-11

Girdle..... 0111010101-11-11 Edwards..... 0110101010-11

Reckmeir..... 0111010101-13 Meyer..... 0111010101-11

Halliwell..... 0110101010-11-11 F Crabill..... 0111010101-12

Budd..... 0111010101-11-14

Knocke and Heikes div. first, Budd won second, Cosby, Dinsmore, Reckmeir, Crabill and Daws div. third, Courtney won fourth.

Shoot No. 5, 10 singles and 5 pairs targets, \$3.50:

Cosby.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-10-5-13
Heikes.....	0111111111-11	0110101010-11-11
S P Myers.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-11-11
Budd.....	0111111111-11	0110101010-11-11
Battcheller.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-11-11
Dinsmore.....	0111111111-11	0110101010-11-11
Fulton.....	0111111111-11	0110101010-11-11
Dawe.....	0111111111-11	0110101010-11-11
Reckmeir.....	0111111111-11	0110101010-11-11
Kist.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-11-11
Courtney.....	0111111111-11	0110101010-11-11
Nichols.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-11-11
Keene.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-11-11
Gordon.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-11-11
Budd.....	0111010101-11	0110101010-11-11

Budd first, Reckmeir second, Heikes and Dinsmore div. third, Keene, Daws and Courtney div. fourth.

Shoot No. 7, 15 singles, unknown angles, 3 traps, \$3:

Seaville.....	0111110101101-13	Courtney.....	0101010111111-11
Stevens.....	0111010110101-12	Knocke.....	010101010101-9
Battcheller.....	010111111111-14	Dawe.....	01

No. 7, entrance \$3.60, experts:	
Lindsey.....111011011011011-12	
Crosby.....011011011011011-14	
Amateurs:	
Rupel.....1110110110110110-13	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-12	
Sullivan.....1110110110110110-15	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-16	
Lefever.....1110110110110110-18	
Quimby.....1110110110110110-15	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-15	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-13	
Park.....1110110110110110-17	

No. 8, entrance \$2.30, experts:	
W Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-7	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-6	
Amateurs:	
Stackhouse.....1110110110110110-5	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-5	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-5	
Sullivan.....1110110110110110-5	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-5	
Lefever.....1110110110110110-6	
Jameson.....1110110110110110-5	
Mason.....1110110110110110-5	
Spencer.....1110110110110110-5	
Brelsford.....1110110110110110-6	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-7	

No. 9, entrance \$2.95, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-11	
Crosby.....1110110110110110-12	
Amateurs:	
Levee.....1110110110110110-11	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-9	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-13	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-9	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-10	
Sullivan.....1110110110110110-13	
Nutt.....1110110110110110-11	
Dustin.....1110110110110110-11	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-13	

No. 10, 10 singles, entrance \$2.30, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-11	
W Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-5	
Amateurs:	
Stackhouse.....1110110110110110-5	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-5	
Mason.....1110110110110110-5	
Lefever.....1110110110110110-5	
Sullivan.....1110110110110110-5	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-5	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-6	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-6	
Nutt.....1110110110110110-6	
Spencer.....1110110110110110-6	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-9	

Extra No. 1, entrance \$1:	
P. Breso.....1110110110110110-4	
H. Hill.....1110110110110110-6	
W Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-9	
W Fieles.....1110110110110110-9	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-9	
Dustin.....1110110110110110-2	
S. Peck.....1110110110110110-5	
M. Matz.....1110110110110110-5	
W Crosby.....1110110110110110-5	

Extra No. 2, entrance \$1:	
Hall.....1110110110110110-10	
Harfield.....1110110110110110-3	
Quimby.....1110110110110110-3	
Rupel.....1110110110110110-8	
Dustin.....1110110110110110-9	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-9	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-10	
W Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-11	
Parker.....1110110110110110-9	
Kinsler.....1110110110110110-5	

Extra No. 3, entrance \$1:	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-9	
Clark.....1110110110110110-9	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-6	
Nutt.....1110110110110110-6	
Pen.....1110110110110110-9	
Hall.....1110110110110110-9	
Rupel.....1110110110110110-10	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-10	

Extra No. 4, entrance \$1:	
Nutt.....1110110110110110-6	
Penn.....1110110110110110-6	
Hall.....1110110110110110-9	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-9	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-10	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-10	

May 15.—Total amount of surplus for to-day was \$42.50. In expert class W. Crosby won first average, 76.3 per cent., and received \$8.50, and M. Lindsey, second, 62.7 per cent., \$4.25. In amateur class Mechling won first average, 67.2 per cent., \$8.50, and A. C. Krueger won second, 63.6 per cent., \$4.25.

Match No. 1, open to all:	
King.....1110110110110110-4	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-4	
Quimby.....1110110110110110-8	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-8	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-7	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-7	
Fulford.....1110110110110110-5	
Matz.....1110110110110110-5	
Stackhouse.....1110110110110110-5	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-5	

Match No. 2, entrance \$2.30, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-13	
W Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-1	
Amateurs:	
J Wolstencroft.....1110110110110110-7	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-7	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-6	
Stackhouse.....1110110110110110-6	
Mason.....1110110110110110-6	
Spencer.....1110110110110110-6	
Sullivan.....1110110110110110-6	

No. 3, entrance \$1.95, experts:	
Crosby.....1110110110110110-13	
Amateurs:	
Lefever.....1110110110110110-11	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-11	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-11	
Rupel.....1110110110110110-10	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-10	
Clark.....1110110110110110-9	
Nutt.....1110110110110110-13	

No. 4, entrance \$9.00, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-13	
Crosby.....1110110110110110-13	
Amateurs:	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-14	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-16	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-16	
Sheesley.....1110110110110110-14	
Lefever.....1110110110110110-14	
Fulford.....1110110110110110-16	
Quimby.....1110110110110110-17	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-17	
Corcoran.....1110110110110110-12	

No. 5, entrance \$1.85, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-7	
Amateurs:	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-6	
Spencer.....1110110110110110-11	
Mason.....1110110110110110-5	
Corcoran.....1110110110110110-7	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-8	
Parker.....1110110110110110-8	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-11	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-8	
Doc.....1110110110110110-7	
Kiger.....1110110110110110-7	

No. 6, entrance \$2.95, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-18	

Amateurs:	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-12	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-12	
Rupel.....1110110110110110-12	
Clark, W. G.....1110110110110110-10	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-7	
Corcoran.....1110110110110110-8	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-9	
Sheesley.....1110110110110110-10	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-13	
Quimby.....1110110110110110-10	
Matz.....1110110110110110-6	

No. 7, entrance \$1.30, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-7	
Amateurs:	
Krueger.....1110110110110110-9	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-9	
Lefever.....1110110110110110-7	
Fulford.....1110110110110110-5	
Doc.....1110110110110110-5	
Clark.....1110110110110110-6	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-6	
Dustin.....1110110110110110-7	

Lindsey, entrance \$2.30, experts:	
Amateurs:	
Blackbird.....1110110110110110-9	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-8	
Fieles.....1110110110110110-7	
Stackhouse.....1110110110110110-10	
Quimby.....1110110110110110-9	
Krueger.....1110110110110110-9	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-6	
W. G. Clark.....1110110110110110-4	

Extra No. 1, entrance \$1.50:	
Fulford.....1110110110110110-12	
Penn.....1110110110110110-12	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-12	
Clark.....1110110110110110-14	
Corcoran.....1110110110110110-13	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-13	
Thurman.....1110110110110110-12	
Mechling.....1110110110110110-11	

Extra No. 2, entrance \$1.50:	
Penn.....1110110110110110-5	
Fuller.....1110110110110110-10	
Parker.....1110110110110110-14	
Crosby.....1110110110110110-13	
Dustin.....1110110110110110-13	
Duke.....1110110110110110-8	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-12	
Extra No. 3, entrance \$1.50:	
Penn.....1110110110110110-11	
Crosby.....1110110110110110-15	
Lindsey.....1110110110110110-15	
Clark.....1110110110110110-11	
Rupel.....1110110110110110-10	
Riger.....1110110110110110-12	

May 15.—The fourth day of the Harrisburg tournament opened on live birds. The weather was cloudy, threatening and rainy in the morning, but clearing away by noon. The birds did not fly well in the morning, but after dinner every bird flew well and afforded good sport. Herewith are the scores. All ties were divided, except second money in fourth event which was shot out. The tournament was a success all the way through and everybody was well pleased, thanks to the courtesy of the members of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, which did all in their power to entertain the visiting shooters. All matches this day were at live birds.

Match at 5 birds, \$5 entrance, 40 and 40 per cent., ties div.:	
F. W. Quimby.....1111-5	Rob Welsh.....1112-5
C. Rinehart.....2121-5	W. J. Rupel.....1201-4
W. Hill.....3121-5	J. Parker.....3011-4
E. D. Fulford.....2111-5	H. A. Penrose.....1111-5
G. V. Hill.....3121-5	C. V. T. Chetel.....1112-5
Dustin.....1112-4	W. Crosby.....1112-5

Match at 7 birds, \$7 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., ties div.:	
Quimby.....11121-7	Rupel.....10211-6
Rinehart.....11111-7	Parker.....21110-6
Hollis.....21111-7	Penrose.....11211-7
Fulford.....11111-7	Crosby.....11111-7
Hill.....11111-7	Dustin.....11110-6
Welsh.....12111-7	

Match at 10 birds, \$10 entry, 40, 30 and 10 per cent.:	
Quimby.....112121-9	Parker.....1111112-10
Rinehart.....121021-8	Penrose.....1111111-10
Hollis.....1111110-7	Crosby.....112121-10
Fulford.....1111110-7	Rupel.....2102121-8
Hill.....1111110-7	Dustin.....111111-9
Welsh.....112222-9	

Tie for second:	
Fulford.....6	Penrose.....5
Hill.....1	Lefever.....0
Dustin.....4	
Match at 6 birds, entrance \$6, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:	
Quimby.....11111-6	Penrose.....11101-5
Rinehart.....11111-6	Penrose.....11122-5
Hollis.....11111-6	Lefever.....11111-5
Fulford.....11111-5	Clark.....11101-5
Hill.....12101-5	Taylor.....11100-5
Welsh.....20120-4	Dustin.....21120-5
Parker.....11111-6	Rupel.....11121-6

Match at 5 birds, entrance \$5, 60 and 40 per cent.:	
Quimby.....11121-5	Yorden.....10122-5
Fulford.....11121-5	Dustin.....11111-5
Crosby.....11121-4	Harfield.....10102-5
Parker.....11121-4	Rupel.....12203-5
Nutt.....11121-4	Lefever.....10000-1
Indian.....1020-2	

Same conditions:	
Quimby.....11211-5	Worden.....11221-5
Parker.....11211-5	Rupel.....11212-5
Crosby.....11211-5	Hoffman.....10000-1
Fulford.....11211-5	Indian.....11000-2
Dustin.....11211-5	Bach.....11221-5

Same conditions:	
Quimby.....22220-4	Rupel.....22112-5
Parker.....11211-5	Rupel.....22112-5
Fulford.....11211-5	Welsh.....22112-5
Worden.....11211-5	Penrose.....10010-3
Dustin.....11211-5	

Same conditions:	
Penrose.....22120-4	Dustin.....22101-4
Crosby.....11212-5	Worden.....10020-2
Fulford.....11211-5	Welsh.....11000-2

ST. LOUIS, May 16.—The St. Louis Gun Club held its annual meeting this week and elected the following officers: John M. Gates, President; W. H. Horner, Vice-President; and John Coles, Sec.-Treas. The club has just issued its shooting schedule for 1891. There is shooting for every Saturday, live and artificial birds alternately. On Wednesdays of each week they are both live and artificial-bird shooting. The club is now in a very flourishing condition, and numbers among its members many of the crack shots of this city. —ABERDEEN.

IRONDEQUOIT, N. Y., May 14.—Lake Ontario Gun Club, shoot for club badge, kingbirds, 3 Keystone traps, 18yds. rise: A. Morris.....11101111111111111111-21
W. M. Stewart.....11101111111111111111-24
J. Morris.....11101111111111111111-24
D. Foreman.....11101111111111111111-14
F. Knebel.....11101111111111111111-22
A. Erved.....11101111111111111111-21
J. C. Anan.....11101111111111111111-28

Ties for second at 10: Walker 9, La Forge 8.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 16.—Rochester Gun Club shot in a gale of wind a match at 30 blue rocks, 18yds. rise: Stewart.....11101111111111111111-21
McVean.....11101111111111111111-16
Williams.....11101111111111111111-12
Babcock.....11101111111111111111-17
L. M. Smith.....11101111111111111111-23
Butler.....11101111111111111111-17
Mann.....11101111111111111111-14

ATLANTIC CITY.—The Gun Club's tournament will be held June 23, 24 and 25. See fixtures.

MORE PIECES OF PIE.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The experience of the Johnstown Gun Club at its recent eighth annual tournament showed that a more extended division of the prize money works to the common advantage of all concerned, especially by the shooters who are not classed as experts. The scheme of division was concocted by Harry M. Levenson, Jr., of Saratoga. The boys took to it. The following scores will show how the plan worked. Just reckon up the winnings under the old way; that is where there would have been but three moneys, and you will see that many a shooter came in for a piece of pie, who under the other mode would have been left altogether. Some of them pretty small bites, though:

No. 3, 15 kingbirds, entrance \$1.45, divided 24, 22, 20, 18 and 16 per cent.:	
Peters.....1111111111111111-15	Walrath.....1111111111111111-11
Ramsdill.....1111111111111111-14	Carl.....1111111111111111-11
Rockworth.....1111111111111111-14	Geisel.....1111111111111111-10
Fulton.....1111111111111111-14	Pierson.....1111111111111111-10
Buck.....1111111111111111-13	Timmons.....1111111111111111-10
Weeks.....1111111111111111-13	Maxson.....1111111111111111-9
Pegmim.....1111111111111111-12	Partiss.....1111111111111111-8
Adam.....1111111111111111-12	Banta.....1111111111111111-8
Bierboer.....1111111111111111-12	George.....1111111111111111-8
Levenson.....1111111111111111-11	Kennedy.....1111111111111111-7
Northrup.....1111111111111111-11	Scharff.....1111111111111111-6
Fraser.....1111111111111111-11	Newham.....1111111111111111-6

Peters first, Ramsdill, Rockworth and Fulton div. second, Buck and Weeks div. third, Pegmim, Adams and Bierboer div. fourth, Levenson, Northrup, Fraser and Walrath div. fifth.

No. 4, condition same as No. 3:	
Rockworth.....1111111111111111-11	Kennedy.....110011111110011-11
Levenson.....1111111111111111-11	Adams.....111101011001011-11
Ramsdell.....1111111101111111-14	George.....011001111001011-10
Peters.....1111111111111111-13	Wheeler.....000011111001001-8
Buck.....0111011111111111-13	Pegnitz.....110010110011011-9
Weeks.....1011110111111111-13	Fraser.....101011001010101-9
Bierbroer.....1011101111101111-12	Pierston.....101011100111100-9
Winn.....1111111111111111-12	Belser.....1101111101001-8
Newnham.....0111011111111111-12	Partiss.....000011001001111-6

AMATEUR REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP

For Walter Winans' Trophy.

Under auspices of "Forest and Stream."

No. 318 Broadway, New York.

CONDITIONS.

Open to any citizen or permanent resident of the United States. Any revolver, maximum length of bore, including cylinder, ten inches.

Any trigger pull. Any sight, both sights to be on the barrel or forward of the grip of the pistol hand.

Any fixed ammunition. Cleaning allowed only between scores of six shots. Distance, 20 yds.

Position standing, free from any artificial support, the revolver held in one hand only with the arm free from the body and unsupported in any way. The rear sight shall not be nearer to the eye than twelve inches.

Target—Ready measurement disks, one shot on each disk and the measurement to be taken by mechanical Vernier scale from center of disk to the center of the shot hole.

Scores—Aggregate of best three in five scores, each score to consist of six consecutive rounds. The five scores to be fired consecutively.

Amateur Standing—The standing of a contestant as amateur and professional to be determined in each individual case by FOREST AND STREAM rules.

Where not in conflict with conditions herein, the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association for revolver competitions to hold. The decision of FOREST AND STREAM to be final on all points.

Places of holding the competitions will be fixed, with consideration to the convenience of contestants, and one month's notice will be given of exact time and place. It has been already determined to have competitions at New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. These finals open to all comers, and will be in charge of the shooting editor of FOREST AND STREAM or his representative.

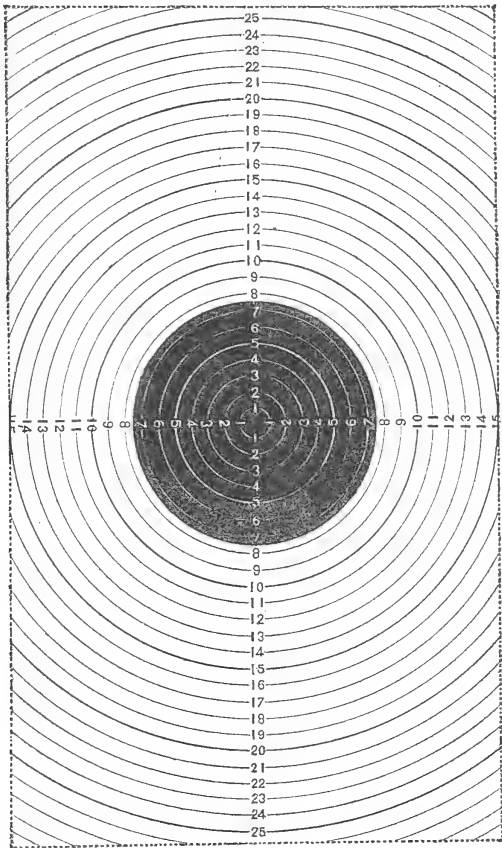
Preliminary to the final shoots for the championship, which will be held several months from date, and in order to develop shooting ability, FOREST AND STREAM will on a season of trial shooting. The targets for this test may be had free of cost on application to the office of FOREST AND STREAM. By their use the revolver shot may fix his progress, and the ready measure-

ment feature in them enables a quick determination of the total number of inches in the six shots.

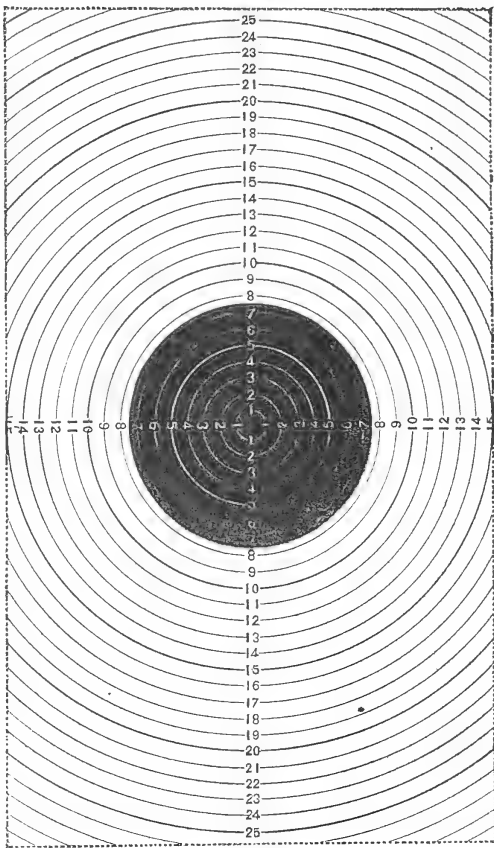
The targets here given are for preliminary practice. In using the targets fire one shot each in order at the targets from 1 to 6. This will make just one round, and by keeping each shot separate there will be no possible dispute as to the cutting out of one shot hole by a subsequent shot. In this way, too, it will be possible to do more accurate scoring than by a confused mass of shots on one paper.

These target sheets have been prepared in quantity, and may be had on application either personally or by mail to this office. A good drill for any one intending to make a record in this match, or for any revolver shooter for that matter, would be to use old postal cards or bits of card board clipped to that size. When shot after shot can be placed at 20 yds. on the card, then the man and his arm are in good condition for fine scoring. Until that degree of proficiency is reached there is need of improvement, either in holding or perhaps the arm is not capable of meeting the demands made upon it. In either case it is well to know just where the trouble lies, in order to correct the evil.

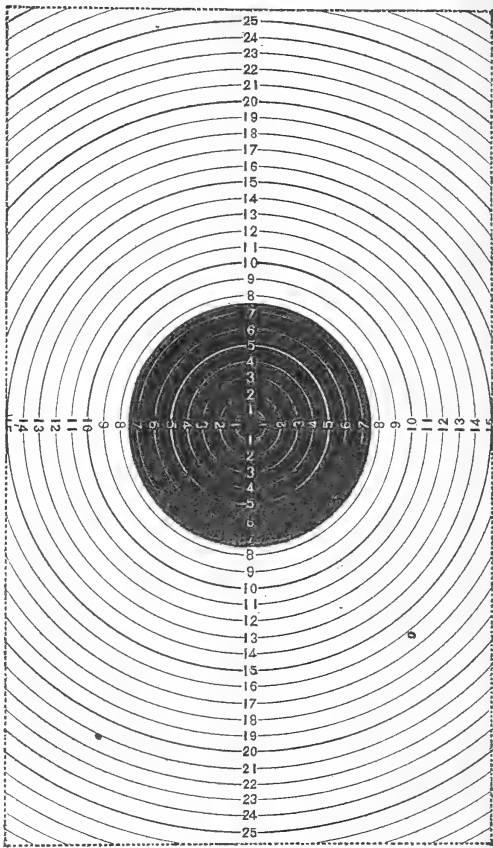
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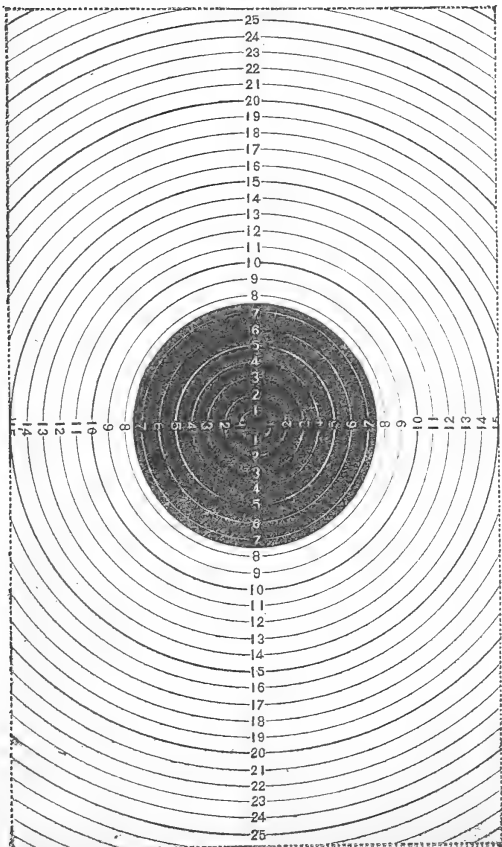
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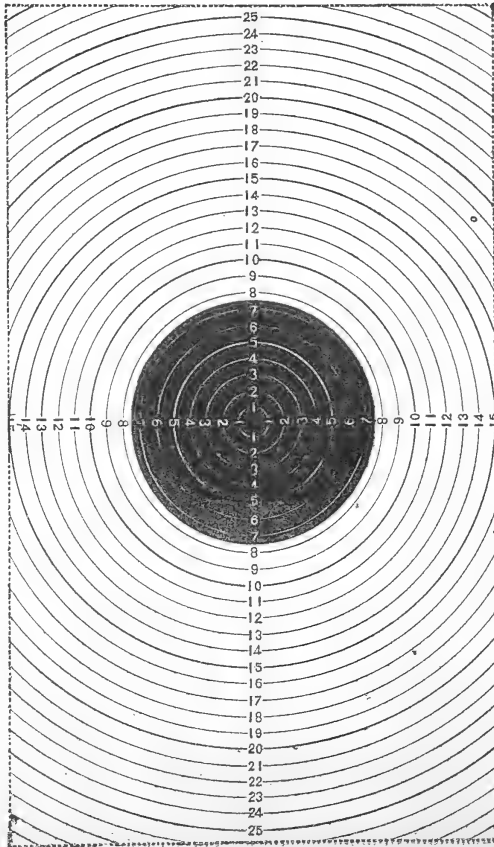
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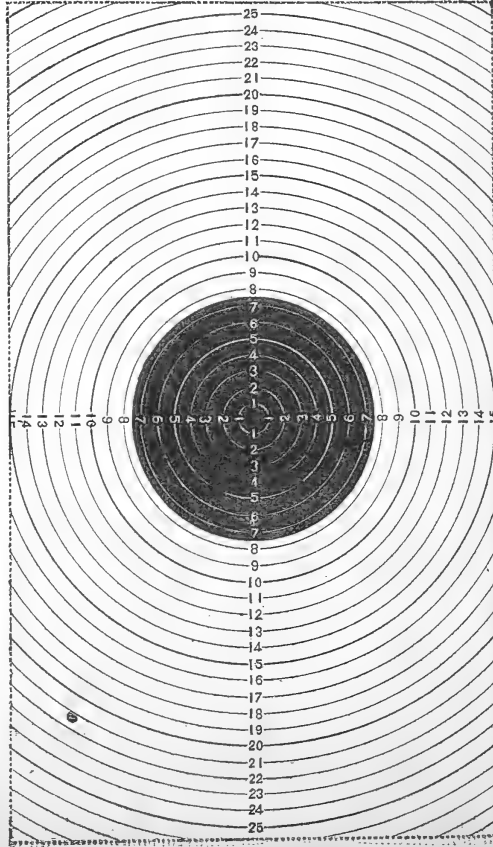
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5



6





AMATEUR REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.
PRESENTED BY MR. WALTER WINANS.

THE TROPHY.

"BAIL UP." SILVERED BRONZE STATUETTE, DESIGNED AND MODELLED BY WALTER WINANS.

THE subject, which is made on the scale of 1/4 in. to the inch—that is to say, all the measurements are 1/4 of life size—represents a Texas cowboy, who has been "painting the town red," and consequently has got into a dispute with some one and is pointing his frontier Colt at him (represented by the spectator), while he calls out, "Bail up!"

By the angle at which he points the Colt is shown that the man he is "bailing up" is on foot, his hold of the revolver is that adopted by the late Chevalier Ira Paine and taught by him to Mr. Walter Winans.

The cowboy is sitting with the typical cowboy seat, straight legs and one hand resting on the pommel of his Moseman's frontier saddle in the favorite cowboy style. The old broncho pony he is riding is also a typical cowboy pony, narrow, big-headed, sleepy-looking, and yet looking in hard condition.

The armlets above the cowboy's elbows and the ornamental bridle shows that he has lived among Indians. The cards and dice on the ground show that there has been gambling, and the bottles and glass, drinking; the derringer and flowers lying near, that the "trouble" is about a woman.

The base, of blackened wood (not shown in cut), has its ornaments made of parts of frontier .44cal. revolver cartridges, the bullets lying in the fluting, and the heads of the cartridges forming a border near the bottom; the top beading of rope pattern represents the lariat.

THE REVOLVER CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE TARGETS.

WITH this number of FOREST AND STREAM is given the full diagram of targets just as they are sent out to those wishing to make practice scores in the preparation now in progress for the final competitions. On the sheet the conditions are given in full with space left for the record of each string as made. In shooting, fire one shot at each bullseye in the order of the numbers and then enter up the score, taking in each case the number of the innermost ring cut by the bullet hole. The addition gives at once the total score in inches and tenths of an inch. By this

method there will be no confusion by one bullet cutting away the edges of the orifice made by a preceding bullet, and the measurements are surely and accurately made. By sending to this office, copies of the targets may be had by those wishing to do some preparatory shooting. When scores are made, marksmen would oblige FOREST AND STREAM by sending the targets to this office that they may be reproduced in fac-simile and published as illustrations.

THE HARLEM CLUB SHOOT.

MAY 13.—The first important rifle shoot of the season was begun Monday at Union Hill, the Harlem Rifle Club having put \$750 in prizes on the ring and bullseye targets for competition among all marksmen who handle the rifle. Shooting began at 9 A.M., and as the light was good, then M. Dorrier, of the Zettler Rifle Club, succeeded in making a red flag and winning the first morning's premium. Later on members of the Newark Shooting Society, the Marion Rifle Club, the Hudson Rifle Club, the Empire Rifle Club, the Williamsburg Shooting Society and a goodly contingent of the Zettler sharpshooters, besides the majority of the Harlem Rifle Club, arrived at the Schuetzen Park and the competition became very lively.

About noon the light became hazy and the powder smoke began to hang, this and the heat explaining the comparatively low scores. W. Rosenbaum, of the Zettler Rifle Club, scored the last red flag and received the premium.

In the three days shoot the members of the Newark Shooting Society succeeded in winning the lion's share of the prizes, and of the aggregate of \$750 offered they captured \$275. On the ring target Harris won first prize with 72, 72 and 71 and also got the first premium for the best 5 tickets with 354 out of 375. Second prize went to J. A. Boyken with 72, 71 and 70, and he also took third premium with 351 points. Coppersmith took tenth prize on 69, 68, 68; Campbell twenty-first on 66, 66, 68; Weigman twenty-second on 67, 65, 65; Townsend twenty-sixth on 69, 63, 61. On the bullseye target Harris took first prize for the best bullseye and a premium for the fifth most flags. Boyken got the second best, Campbell sixth, Coppersmith twelfth and Weigman sixteenth. Copper smith won first premium for the most flags. Among the shooters were S. J. Lyons, of Collinsville, Conn.; H. M. Pone, Hartford, Conn.; Z. C. Talbot, Springfield, Mass.; E. T. Stephens, Springfield, Mass.

At the shoot on Tuesday Harris missed the 12in. bullseye but once in 181 shots. He made 34 1/2 in. bullseyes in 100 shots.

But seven members of the Newark Shooting Society took part in the trophy match to-day, although the weather was all that could be desired. J. A. Boyken won the medal with a total of 213 points. In the expert match Boyken won a bronze medal on scores of 126, 124, 133, 131, 130. Harris made a silver medal score of 129. The next trophy match will take place on May 28.

BOSTON, May 16.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day. The conditions were changeable and unfavorable for high scores. The trap shooters of the association will hold a special tournament at Walnut Hill, Wednesday, May 27, for team and individual shooting, with special prizes and sweeps. Following are the best scores, distance 200 yds., standard American target, re-entries allowed:

All-Comers' Off-hand Match.			
A Maynard.....	78	M T Day.....	70
D N Winn.....	74	A S Hunt.....	68
A G Howe.....	73	D Martin.....	66
I B Thomas.....	71	J Ryan.....	65
All-Comers' Rest Match.			
F Daniels.....	112	W Conway.....	96
M T Day.....	107	R H Wood.....	95
T Warren.....	109	J W French.....	93
W P.....	101	A S Hunt.....	90
A H Ballard.....	99	D Martin.....	85

Pistol Match, 50 Yds.			
H Severance.....	88	M T Day.....	73
G L Hosmer.....	82	H L Greene.....	73
S C Sydney.....	74	A Wesson.....	72
C F Gray.....			
A S Hunt.....			

The Massachusetts Rifle Association has signed the contract for their new shooting house to be erected at Walnut Hill, and work on it will begin at once. The building is to be 60ft. long by 20ft. wide, and the two story part is to be 60x20ft.

CREEDMOOR, May 11.—Rifle practice on the State rifle range at Creedmoor was opened to-day by a detachment of the Eighth Regiment under command of Major Chaucey. It was a fine day for practice, with little wind. The entire force of men employed as markers, helpers and workmen on the targets on the State range at Creedmoor struck yesterday morning, and positively refused to go to work. This was a continuation of Saturday's strike, when the men demanded \$2 a day and eight hours' work. A sufficient number of men to man the targets were persuaded to return to work on Saturday, and rifle practice proceeded uninterruptedly. To-day, however, they all went out to a man. Gen. Robbins endeavored to persuade them to return to work, without effect. The pay and duties of the workmen are regulated by the State, and Gen. Robbins was unable to negotiate terms, so he ordered them all from the grounds. New men were found to take their places.

NEWARK, N. J., May 14.—The shooting committee of the Newark Shooting Society met this evening and decided upon a programme for the prize festival to be held in the shooting park on Friday and Saturday, July 3 and 4.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

FUN AT FINDLAY.

FINDLAY, O., May 16.—The meet of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League has been a great success, being the best ever given by the League.

The Cleveland Target Co. introduced their unknown angles, which changes the angles of the traps. This unknown angles is the greatest advancement in trap-shooting made for many years. It received the indorsement of every shooter present.

The dinner served on the grounds would be a credit to the best hotel in the country. To the liberality of the Cleveland Target Co. is due the great success of this shoot.

F. C. Damm, president of the Findlay Gun Club, who had entire charge of the affair, deserves a great deal of credit for the pleasant manner in which everything passed off. The tournament was well advertised, and the attendance was the largest ever known in the history of the League.

Second Day.—Weather capital, with no wind. First match at 10 singles, rapid firing system, entrance \$1.50:

Carter	11111111	10	J. Webber	11111111	9
Osborn	11111111	10	Mallard	11111111	9
North	11111111	10	Miller	11111111	8
Dick Smith	11111111	10	Latham	11111111	8
McDonald	11111111	10	Sanford	11111111	7
Walters	11111111	10	Shultz	11111111	7
Holt	11111111	10	Edwards	11111111	7
Geyer	11111111	10	Buckeye	11111111	7
Falkner	11111111	10	Sneath	11111111	7
Amrose	11111111	10	Shorty	11111111	7
Dick W.	11111111	10	Nasby	11111111	7
Perry	11111111	10	Spross	11111111	7
D. Joy	11111111	10	Andrews	11111111	7
Chubb	11111111	10	Conrad	11111111	7

No. 2, league, 10 single bluebirds, unknown angles, entrance \$1.50:

Falkner	11111111	10	Chubb	11111111	7
Sneath	11111111	10	Barkhamer	11111111	7
Webber	11111111	10	D. Smith	11111111	7
Mallard	11111111	10	Young	11111111	7
Miller	11111111	10	North	11111111	7
Buckeye	11111111	10	Conrad	11111111	7
Dr. Carter	11111111	10	Perry	11111111	7
McDonald	11111111	10	Monroe	11111111	7
John Bitter	11111111	10	Holt	11111111	7
Geyer	11111111	10	Delow	11111111	7
Shorty	11111111	10	Edwards	11111111	7
Sanford	11111111	10	D. Joy	11111111	7
Pierson	11111111	10	Hubey	11111111	7
Duffy	11111111	10	Hamilton	11111111	7
Nasby	11111111	10	Dougherty	11111111	7
Dickie	11111111	10	Louden	11111111	7
Fink	11111111	10	Rushmore	11111111	7
Dr. Walters	11111111	10	Andrews	11111111	7
Spross	11111111	10	Conrad	11111111	7
Maynard	11111111	10	Zarbaugh	11111111	7
Taylor	11111111	10	Latham	11111111	7

No. 3, open to all, 9 champion clay birds, entrance \$1.50:

Smith	11111111	10	Webber	11111111	7
Taylor	11111111	10	Amrose	11111111	7
Osborn	11111111	10	Fink	11111111	7
Holt	11111111	10	Perry	11111111	7
Sanford	11111111	10	Mallard	11111111	7
Latham	11111111	10	McDonald	11111111	7
Chubb	11111111	10	Dick W.	11111111	7
Carter	11111111	10	Edwards	11111111	7
Young	11111111	10	Spross	11111111	7
Carter	11111111	10	Buckeye	11111111	7
Monroe	11111111	10	Nasby	11111111	7
Joy	11111111	10	Shorty	11111111	7
Miller	11111111	10				
North	11111111	10				

No. 4, 15 bluebirds, rapid-firing system, entrance \$2:

Dick Smith	11111111	13	Spross	11111111	13
Carter	11111111	13	J. Webber	11111111	13
Miller	11111111	13	John Ritter	11111111	13
Osborn	11111111	13	Falkner	11111111	13
North	11111111	13	Shultz	11111111	13
Holt	11111111	13	Monroe	11111111	13
Edwards	11111111	13	Sneath	11111111	13
Chubb	11111111	13	Duffy	11111111	13
McDonald	11111111	13	Shorty	11111111	13
Conrad	11111111	13	Doherty	11111111	13
Buckeye	11111111	13	Karg	11111111	13
D. Joy	11111111	13	Marlin	11111111	13
Walters	11111111	13	Young	11111111	13
Nasby	11111111	13	Seyer	11111111	13
Fink	11111111	13	Cook	11111111	13
Howard	11111111	13	Sanford	11111111	13
McDonald	11111111	13	Sanford	11111111	13
Mallard	11111111	13	Sanford	11111111	13
Perry	11111111	13	Sanford	11111111	13
Rushmore	11111111	13	Sanford	11111111	13

No. 5, 15 single bluebirds, from 5 traps, unknown angles, angles of traps changed for each contestant, entrance \$2:

Dick Smith	11111111	14	Nasby	11111111	14
Dr. Carter	11111111	14	Landen	11111111	14
Mallard	11111111	14	J. Joy	11111111	14
Rushmore	11111111	14	Latham	11111111	14
Osborn	11111111	14	Young	11111111	14
Miller	11111111	14	Sneath	11111111	14
Amrose	11111111	14	Sanford	11111111	14
Howard	11111111	14	Falkner	11111111	14
McDonald	11111111	14	Dick W.	11111111	14
Chubb	11111111	14	Shorty	11111111	14
North	11111111	14	Hamilton	11111111	14
Spross	11111111	14	Zarbaugh	11111111	14
Edwards	11111111	14	Cook	11111111	14
Andrews	11111111	14	J. Webber	11111111	14
Perry	11111111	14	Buckeye	11111111	14
Duffy	11111111	14				

No. 6, league, 10 American clay birds, unknown angles, entrance \$1.50:

Dick Smith	11111111	10	McDonald	11111111	7
Osborn	11111111	10	Fink	11111111	7
Taylor	11111111	10	Duffy	11111111	7
Buckeye	11111111	10	J. H. Carter	11111111	7
Maynard	11111111	10	Evans	11111111	7
Miller	11111111	10	Perry	11111111	7
Carter	11111111	10	Geyer	11111111	7
Chubb	11111111	10	Rushmore	11111111	7
W. Dick	11111111	10	Webber	11111111	7
Sanford	11111111	10	Young	11111111	7
Joe	11111111	10	Andrews	11111111	7
Spross	11111111	10	Dougherty	11111111	7
Holt	11111111	10	Ham	11111111	7
Latham	11111111	10	Shorty	11111111	7

No. 7, 20 single bluebirds, unknown angles, entrance \$1:

Dick Smith	11111111	14	North	11111111	14
Mallard	11111111	14	Andrews	11111111	14
Miller	11111111	14	Maynard	11111111	14
Holt	11111111	14	Rushmore	11111111	14
Chubb	11111111	14	Shorty	11111111	14
Edwards	11111111	14	Hamilton	11111111	14
Jay	11111111	14	Young	11111111	14
Murphy	11111111	14	Evans	11111111	14
Dr. Carter	11111111	14	Hatcher	11111111	14
Amrose	11111111	14	Dougherty	11111111	14
Osborn	11111111	14	Perry	11111111	14
McDonald	11111111	14	Duffy	11111111	14
Langdon	11111111	14	King	11111111	14
Barkhamer	11111111	14	Sanford	11111111	14
Monroe	11111111	14	Ritter	11111111	14
Nasby	11111111	14	Shultz	11111111	14
Pierson	11111111	14	Taylor	11111111	14
Latham	11111111	14	Dick W.	11111111	14
Buckeye	11111111	14	Sanford	11111111	14
Spross	11111111	14				

No. 8, 20 single bluebirds, rapid firing system, entrance \$2.50:

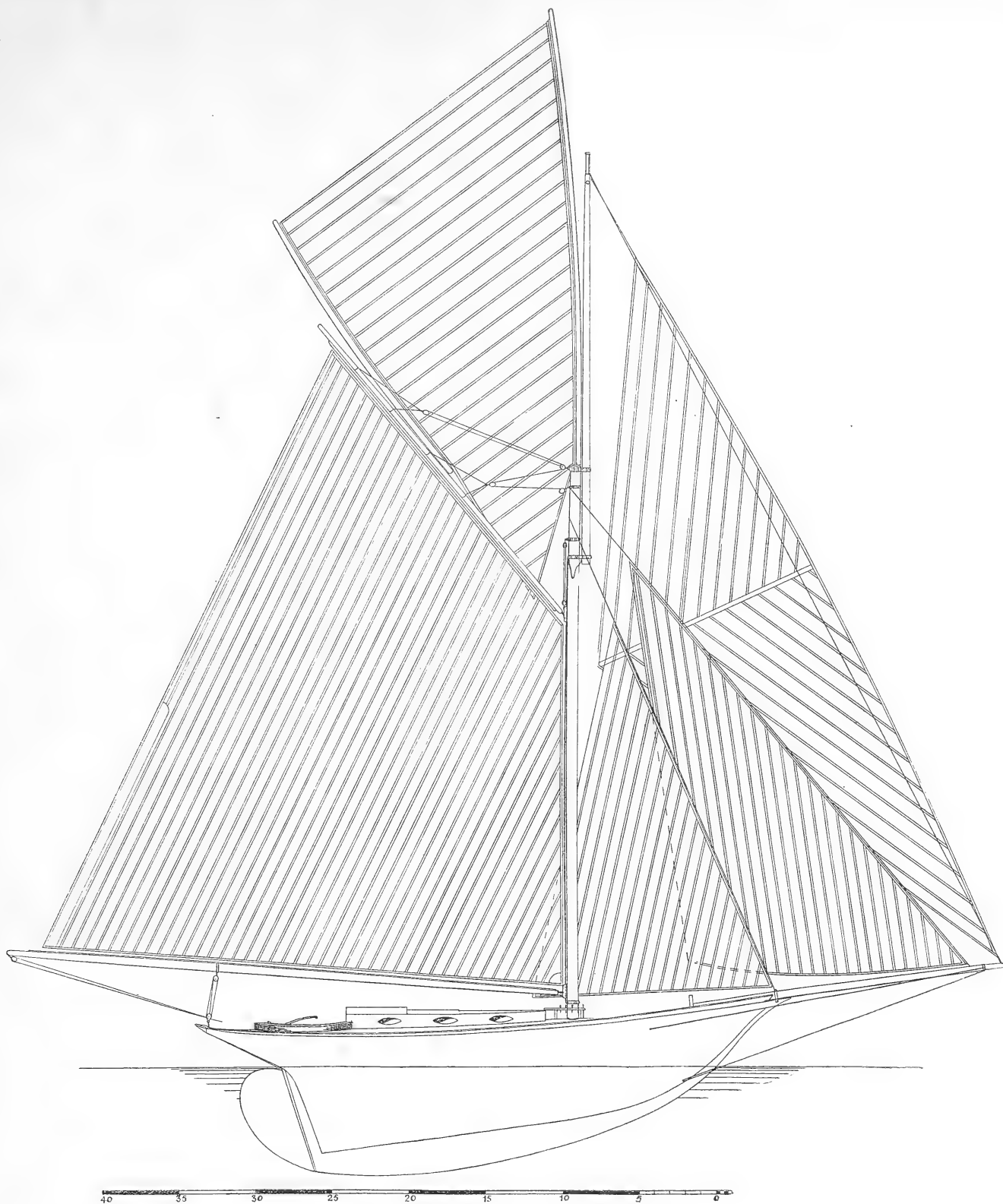
D. Smith	11111111	14	Edwards	11111111	14
Osborn	11111111	14	Monroe	11111111	14
Holt	11111111	14	Hamilton	11111111	14
Taylor	11111111	14	Daugherty	11111111	14
Dr. Carter	11111111	14	Sneath	11111111	14
McDonald	11111111	14	Falkner	11111111	14
Buckeye	11111111	14	Howard	11111111	14
D. Joy	11111111	14	Latham	11111111	14
Dick W.	11111111	14	Perry	11111111	14
North	11111111	14	Geyer	11111111	14
Chubb	11111111	14	Sanford	11111111	14
Spross	11111111	14	Shorty	11111111	14
Miller	11111111	14	Duffy	11111111	14
Mallard	11111111	14	Tipp	11111111	14
Young	11111111	14				

There were a number of extra events contested for, the most important being 5 double birds, which resulted in the following score:

Carter	11 11 11 11	7	Young	10 11 11 11	7
Edwards	11 11 11 11	7	D. Joy	00 00 01 10	6
Osborn	10 10 11 11	8	Duffy	10 10 01 10	6
Miller	10 11 11 10	7	Tipp	10 11 10 11	6
McDonald	10 10 10 11	6	Sanford	00 11 10 10	6
Holt	10 10 11 10	6	Shorty	10 10 11 11	7
Dick W.	00 10 10 10	3	Mallard	00 10 10 10	4
Latham	11 10 10 10	6	Dick Smith	10 10 11 10	6
Perry	01 10 10 10	6	Spross	10 11 01 10	6
Amrose	11 10 10 10	6	Hutson	01 10 10 00	4
Hamilton	10 10 10 10	6	North	00 10 11 01	5
Buckeye	11 10 11 10	5				

Third Day.—Match at 15 singles, open to all:

Holt	1110011111	12	Hamilton	011111011010	10
McDonald	1110011111	12	Shorty	111111010111	12
Dr. Carter	1110111111	14	Dick W.	1001010011011	12
Dick Smith	1110101111	11	J Webber	0011001111010	9
Mallard	1110101111	11	D J	011111110110	12
Osborn	1110111111	14	Sanford	1111110001101	12
Spross	1110111111	14	Jaeger	101110010110	10
Buckeye	1110110111	11	Perry	1111110011100	11
Latham	1110110111	11	Karg	1111110111101	13
Miller	1110111111	13	Young	1111111111111	15
Amrose	1110101111	13	Schardt	1111111111111	15
Orth	111011101011	11	Clark	111101001011	11



SAIL PLAN OF 28-FT. CUTTER "MARJORIE."

THE CHANGES IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE dredging which has been going on in the Lower Bay for some years has necessitated changes of marks and buoys at times, on two occasions the lighthouse known as the West Beacon on the point of Sandy Hook having been bodily moved to adjust it to new ranges. During the past week, however, still greater changes have been made, the entire system of marks and buoys being remodeled. Not only have the two familiar marks long known to yachtsmen, the red buoy and the red perch and ball that marked the turn at the Southwest Spit been discontinued, but the two lightships themselves have been moved. It will be some little time before the changes are all made and charted, but the official notice of the changes, as given in the "Notice to Mariners," is as follows:

SANDY HOOK LIGHT VESSEL will be moved about $\frac{2}{3}$ miles N. E. by N. from its present position, and moored on the prolongation of the axis of Godney's Channel, the entrance buoy bearing W. N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Approximate latitude, $40^{\circ} 28' (15')$, N. Approximate longitude, $73^{\circ} 50' (08')$, W. Bearings and distances of prominent objects are: Highlands of Navesink lights, S. W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Centennial Tower, Coney Island, N. W. by N., $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Sandy Hook Light, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

WRECK OF THE SCOTLAND LIGHT VESSEL will be moved about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. from its present position, and moored on the prolongation of the axis of the South and Swash channels (Swash Channel Range), and distant $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the axis of the Main Channel (Main Channel Range). Approximate latitude, $40^{\circ} 26' (48')$, N. Approximate longitude, $73^{\circ} 55' (17')$, W. Bearings and distances of prominent objects are: Highlands of Navesink lights, S. W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Centennial Tower, Coney Island, N. $\frac{3}{4}$ W., 8 miles. Sandy Hook Light, W. N. W., $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The following changes are to be made in the buoyage on the same date:

MAIN CHANNEL AND UP THE BAY.—No. 6, red nun buoy, will be discontinued. No. 6, red nun buoy, will be established just south of 18ft. spot, Flynn's Knoll: Hook Beacon Light (Sandy Hook), S. by W. Romer Shoal Light, N. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. No. 10, red nun buoy, will be established just south of 14ft. spot, Flynn's Knoll: Hook Beacon Light (Sandy Hook), S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Romer Shoal Light, N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Sandy Hook Light, S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. No. 8, South-west Spit, with perch and ball, will be discontinued. No. 12, red nun, will be established just south of 23ft. spot, Southwest Spit: Hook Beacon Light (Sandy Hook), S. E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. Romer Shoal Light, N. N. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. Sandy Hook Light, S. E. No. 10 (turning buoy), W. of Southwest Spit, will be discontinued, and No. 14 red nun, surmounted by perch and ball, will be established on the 23ft. spot just to eastward of the present No. 10, No. 7 (West

Bank) will be discontinued as a channel buoy and changed to a white spar buoy for demarkation of harbor limits only. No. 15, spar buoy (West Bank, N. E. edge) will be discontinued. West Bank bell-buoy, No. 15, will be known as Fort Tompkins bell-buoy, and the number discontinued. The following numbers on buoys will be changed: No. 12 (East Knoll) to No. 8. No. 9 (West Bank, south) to No. 7. No. 14 (north end of Romer) to No. 10. No. 13 (West Bank, E. end) to No. 9. No. 16 (East Bank, N. W. end) to No. 12. No. 15 (West Bank, N. E. edge) to No. 11. No. 19 (Gowanus Flats, S. W. end) to No. 14. No. 20 (Gowanus Flats, W. side) to No. 16. No. 19 (Oyster Island Flats) to No. 13.

SWASH CHANNEL.—Junction Buoy, at junction of upper end of Swash Channel with Main Ship Channel, will be an H. S. nun surmounted by perch and square. Romer Shoal (N. W. edge) bell-buoy, No. 8, will be known as Swash Channel bell-buoy, and the number discontinued. The following numbers on buoys will be changed: No. 4 (Romer, S. edge) to No. 2. No. 6 (Dry Romer Shoal, S. E. end) to No. 4. No. 3 (East Knolls, E. side) to No. 1. No. 5 (East Knolls, N. E. end) to No. 3.

EAST CHANNEL.—No. 2, red spar buoy, will be established on N. side of channel: Centennial Tower, Coney Island, N. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. Romer Shoal Light, W. $\frac{3}{4}$ S. Hook Beacon Light (Sandy Hook), S. S. W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. No. 5, black spar buoy, will be established on S. W. side of channel: Centennial Tower, Coney Island, N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Romer Shoal Light, S. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. The following numbers on buoys will be changed: No. 2 (East Bank) to No. 4. No. 4 (East Bank) to No. 6.

EAST RIVER.—No. 2, red spar buoy, will be established just to the southward of Hunt's Point, to mark the end of sunken dock: Hunt's Point, N. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. College Point, S. E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. An H. S. spar buoy will be established on the 17ft. rocky spot between Rikers Island and Barretto's Point: North Brother Island Light, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Rikers Island post-light, S. W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. Sanford's Point, S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. The following numbers on buoys will be changed: No. 2 (Sunken Meadow) to No. 4. No. 1 (Blackwell's Island, S. end) to No. 11. No. 2 (Shell Reef) to No. 6. No. 3 (Governor's Island, South Shoal, Buttermilk Channel) to No. 1. (L. H. Board N. to M. Nos. 28 and 29 of 1891.) This affects Charts 369, 369A, 369, 370, 116, 120, 52, 8a, and A.

HELVETIA.—The new steam yacht designed by Mr. Burgess and built by Lawley for Mr. C. d'O. Iselin, was launched on May 13. She is built for speed, with fine lines and a quadruple expansion engine, a good part of the space being devoted to the machinery.

FLOSS.—We call attention to this little steam yacht advertised in another column, an excellent boat for cruising inland.

MEASUREMENT AND CLASSIFICATION.

IT is gratifying to all who have labored long in the interests of length and sail area as opposed to length alone as a basis of measurement to find that yachtsmen are no longer disposed to neglect the question as of little practical importance, but that a lively interest is apparent in all localities in the kindred subjects of measurement, classification and time allowance. The day has gone by when a yachtsman considered it beneath him to understand anything more than simple addition, and the men who cannot follow out the operations of measuring a yacht and calculating her corrected length, are no longer boasting over the fact. It is no longer left to the few larger clubs to know all that is to be learned in the matter of yacht measurement, but the younger and smaller clubs throughout the country are thinking and deciding these questions for themselves. The following excellent report of the Riverside Y. C. is interesting less from the conclusions arrived at, sound and progressive as they are, than from the evidence which it gives of a careful and thorough consideration of the whole subject. The adoption of the Seawanhaka rule is a step that no club need now be afraid to take; and the classification by corrected length is no less certain to follow in a season or two. The recommendations of the committee, if adopted, will place the Riverside Y. C. on a par with the most progressive clubs in the matter of rules. The report reads as follows:

Your committee appointed at the last meeting of the club to ascertain what action had been taken or was likely to be taken by the larger clubs on the questions of measurement, classification and time allowance, and to report what changes they would consider advisable to be made in the present sailing rules of the club, beg to report as follows:

1. Measurement.—The rule of measurement known as the Seawanhaka rule, the formula of which is $L.W.L. + \sqrt{S.A.} \div 2$, is now almost universally used by the larger clubs for the purposes of measuring cabin yachts for time allowance. It seems to be the opinion of the majority of the designers that this is the best rule that has yet been formulated, and we can see no objection to, and many advantages to be gained by its adoption by the club, and we therefore recommend that our rules be so amended that our cabin yachts be measured under the Seawanhaka formula.

2. Classification.—It is the opinion of your committee that the tendency in the yachting world is towards classification on sailing length instead of l.w.l. length, and we believe this mode of classification to be desirable. Leaving out the question of the advantages to be gained in allowing greater latitude to the designer and the encouragement of the building of moderate vessels, it seems inconsistent for a vessel to have two measurements, one for

classification and the other for time allowance. A yacht can only be correctly measured in one way, and on that measurement should be classed and sailed.

It should be simply a matter of deciding what is the correct rule of measurement. We find that the special committees appointed by the N. Y. C. C. and Seawanhaka C. Y. C. some time since reported in favor of classification on sailing length, and that the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, the Larchmont Y. C., the Lake Y. C. A. and many of the other clubs have adopted rules classifying on sailing length, and we strongly recommend that the club adopt a rule classifying our yachts on this basis.

Your committee have specified class limits in the amendments to sailing rules which accompany this report, which we think will be acceptable. We have carefully considered the vested interests in the yachts of our own and of other clubs, and think that no existing boat will suffer by being classified under the limits recommended. It may be considered desirable to subdivide the C. Y. C. and perhaps the 50ft. classes as proposed, creating a 55ft. class, which would take in the present 46ft. L. W. I. class, and a 45ft. class to take in some of the yachts of our own fleet on the new system of measurement. We would not, however, recommend the creation of three classes at this time as there would seem to be an objection to too great a number of classes, or in fact, any more than are absolutely necessary, and these class limits can be created later as special classes if it is thought necessary.

3. Time Allowance.—The table of time allowance in use by the N. Y. C. C., the S. C. Y. C. and the Atlantic Y. C. is based on 50 per cent. of the estimated speed figured on the square root of length. Some of the other clubs have a greater percentage, some a less, but it would seem advisable for the sake of uniformity at least to adopt a table on the 50 per cent. basis.

In the accompanying recommended amendments your committee has tried to formulate a set of rules that are as nearly uniform with the leading clubs as is consistent with what we think for this club's best interests. There may be some dissatisfaction temporarily in the past, but some, but we are confident that a few months' trial the new rules will prove satisfactory to all, and we feel assured that the best interests of our yacht owners will be served by their adoption. Respectfully submitted, C. T. Pierce, Fred Belz, L. A. Lockwood and F. B. Jones.

Classes recommended: Over 80ft. corrected length, 80 to 90ft., 70 to 80ft., 60 to 70ft., 50 to 60ft., 40 to 50ft., 30 to 40ft., 20 to 30ft., 10 to 20ft., under 10ft.

Any yacht in any class launched before the season of 1891 and which does not exceed the class limit by more than a fraction of a foot shall be included in the class at the discretion of the regatta committee.

LAWLEY'S YARD.

THERE is little in the present yard of the Lawleys, father and son, at South Boston, to suggest the little establishment of a few years ago on the other side of the Point, the change has been as great as that in yachting which called it forth. The past winter has seen still greater advance from previous years in the establishment of a plant for working steel in addition to wood, a very important matter in the present stage of yacht construction. The most interesting feature of the steel plant is the heating oven for bending the angle frames and similar pieces, which, with its accompanying bending floor, is located in the center of the large lot nearly midway between the street and the beach. In place of the ordinary fuel this one is arranged to burn oil, which is forced into it at different points in its length and on each side, the oil coming from a large steel iron reservoir some distance away. An intense heat is generated in a very short time, while the fire is entirely under control, being quickly lighted or extinguished. The first work done on the new floor was the frames for the new 40ft. Mineloa and 30ft. Oweenee, but just now the new frames for Volunteer are being bent.

Near the beach, where much of the high gravel bluff has been dug away, are two new buildings, the sawing and planing mill with joiner shop above, built a year since, and a still newer and larger building of two stories, the lower being the punch shed, well fitted up with rolls, several large drills, plate planer, shears and puncher for the shears, and a large lathe. The upper part is arranged, and the building is quite close to the water and ship house. In the second story is a large mould loft, on which are now laid down the lines of Mineloa, Beatrice, Oweenee, Sayonara, Alborak, Fancy, Helvetia and Melissa. The new Volunteer is also on the floor, the fore body being lengthened between 3 and 4ft., showing a clean full bow, but without the slightest indication of the fullness in the topsides which was such a feature in Puritan.

The lead casting plant has also been arranged to use oil, so that the large cauldron can be quickly heated up without smoke, the great nuisance of the usual wood fire. The cauldron is located on the edge of the hill, so that the melted lead can be run by troughs directly into a mould, saving the labor and time of ladling. In the bottom of the cauldron are two holes about 1in. in diameter, each stopped with an iron bar, through which the molten lead is drawn off. The old building shed is still used, though affording very inadequate facilities for rapid work. With the greater part of the bluff leveled off, giving room for a railway and storage yard in winter, and with a larger and better lighted house, the yard will be equal to any in the country.

Just now there is a rush and bustle everywhere; in the basin a number of yachts are fitting out, Wayward, Thetis, Baboon, Gosson, Xara, Troubadour, Alert, Gundred, Rosalind, Clytie and others. One Vanderbilt boat, Ilderim, is launched and laid up in the basin, while the 30-footer Gladys is still on the beach. One cause of delay in the Paine and Fife boats was the great difficulty of securing a plank for the keel, several pieces were procured from various localities proved rotten or otherwise defective when put over the saw, and after trying Maine and Virginia it was after much delay that keels were found in Ohio.

In construction the new racers do not differ much from the usual build of the Burgess forties, except that the sawn frames of the latter, with their accompanying deck beams, have been replaced by angle steel 2 1/2 x 3/4 in.; these frames, eleven in number, being spaced 3ft. 6in. apart. Between them are the usual steamed oak frames, two in each space, making the spacing 14in. These steel frames and deck beams, with their floors, gussets and a plate of 3/16 in. steel about 2ft. 6in. square laid on the deck beams at the partners and backed with an angle ring about the mast, include all the steel in the boat. The wooden portion is somewhat lightened in the deadwood and other bulky parts, but the general disposition of the scantling is much the same as in the 40ft. fleet. All the new boats, however, have channels, with two struts to a side, the channels being of steel plate 3ft. long and 1ft. wide. Inside the boat, where the chainplates do not come on a frame, a wide but short timberhead is used, running down to the upper bilge clamp, to carry the chainplate bolts. In the Paine boat the deck and sides are connected by two braces of 3/16 in. round iron on each side, running from the steel deck beams at the partners down to the steel frames. All of the boats are finished with solid bulwarks bolted to the deck.

In looking from the Boston boats to the Fife craft, the conclusion is unavoidable that somebody is wrong; either the Burgess and Paine boats are the wrong way, or the Fife is the right way into a construction that is both expensive and unnecessary. The difference between the two constructions is most marked about the main chainplates and the runners, the Fife boat being provided with a series of steel diagonal straps, 6 on each side, which is missing in the others. The frames are steel and wood in alternation, spaced 16in.; the steel being 2 x 2 1/2 x 3/16 in., and the wood 8in. sided and but 2in. thick. The bottom of the boat is strengthened below the channels, which are about twice as long as in the other boats, by a plate of steel 1 1/2 in. wide and extending over 6 frame spaces, between the frames and planking, the latter being fitted over it. To this plate, through which the chainplate bolts pass, are rivetted no less than 4 steel straps, 2 1/2 x 3/16 in., running diagonally across the frames and down to the keel, where they are fastened into the keel by a bolt. The steel plate, 1 1/2 in. on each side, one running forward and one aft. At the partners is a plate of 3/16 in. steel 3 x 2ft., to which are rivetted 4 steel straps, 2 1/2 x 3/16 in., crossing the deck beams and running from each corner of the plate. The oak shelf is 5 x 5 in., the steel gussets being forged with a lug through which are two lag screws into the shelf. The butts of the planking are between the frames, each having a 5/16 in. steel bolt, but screwing into the steel plate. The plank ends being bolted to the strap with two screw bolts. The plank sheer and bulwarks are of mahogany, teak not being obtainable. In the Burgess boats the plank sheer is of oak, and in the Paine boat of white pine. The interior of the Fife boat is not unlike the plan published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 9, 1889, by Mr. Fife.

The Oweenee has a very neat housing for the heel of the bowsprit, hardly to be called bits, as there is no place to make fast a line or chain; in fact, it is a problem with these boats as to what they are to ride to. The heel of the bowsprit is covered by a piece of 3/16 in. steel plate, 18in. long, bent into a semi-circular form on top, the sides of the plates being rivetted to angles, which in turn are bolted to the deck. The fid hole is cut through the opposite sides of this tunnel, in which the heel of the bowsprit fits neatly. Below the deck are two oak braces, 2 1/2 x 3/4, bolted up on the under side of the beams and running from the first steel frame forward

to a plate beneath the bits, where they meet. In the Fife boat the deck beams are of oak, sided 2 1/2 in., and are divided into 12 spaces with steel angles on each steel frame. The wood beams are spaced about 3ft. apart, and between them are oak battens, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 in., screwed to the deck. All of the boats are planked with yellow pine, the bottom of the Fife boat, however, being oak. The spars are made in the yard, spruce sawn in two and hollowed, after which the parts are dowelled together and the joint made with common glue. Nearly all the boats, including the Paine craft, will steer with tillers.

MUSTERED OUT.

THE wreck that meets the eye of the visitor to Lawley's yard is about as thorough and complete as can be imagined, and the first impression is that a fire, a cyclone, or some force of nature has been at work, and that it is not the deliberate and premeditated labor of man. What was but a few weeks since a handsome and graceful vessel the most famous yacht that has ever spread canvas, is now hardly less a wreck in reality and appearance than the battered old hookers whose bare bones lie bleaching along Cape Cod. The ground beneath the ways is covered with broken joiner work, good only for kindling wood, and with scraps and fragments of plates, angle bars and rivets, while above this sombre foreground projects the long bare keel and garboards which have been raised the fore portion of the centerboard trunk. Above the keel the midship section of the yacht stands out in relief, where the break has been made, while the gaping interior shows broken bulkheads and doors opening nowhere. All of this portion above the sheer strake, including bulwarks, rail and plank sheer, is gone, leaving only the frames and plating and the accompanying joiner work, from a portion of the keel the midship section of the hull, including the overhang. This latter has been shorn of its peculiar upper part, to be replaced, it is to be hoped, by something rather more in keeping with a yacht.

The passing of Volunteer, her mustering out, is something without parallel in yachting; it is no unusual thing for a yacht to be materially changed, in hull and in name, nor is it uncommon for one to be sold to the Y. C. A. List the name of the yacht, and through being sold into trade; but it is a new thing for a yacht still in the height of her fame, a yacht whose record is unbroken, to be deliberately obliterated from the fleet. Though two of her classmates have already preceded her to the ranks of the schooner fleet, the cases were very different. Atlantic was changed merely in rig, the old name being retained, with no alterations in name. Puritan, when converted into a schooner, was materially altered about the keel, her name at the same time being changed to Elma, but the identity of the hull was still retained. In the case of Volunteer, however, there can be nothing in common between the old ship and the new one that is soon to rise on her keel, and it seems as though everything possible had been done to separate the two; to rid the reputation of Volunteer, with a hardy defeat on her record, and to endow the new boat with a distinct identity of her own. Should she prove a success or a failure it must be as the Phoenix, or by whatever name she may in the future be known, and not as the famous Volunteer, the nearest approach that has yet been seen, or is soon likely to be, to that nebulous creation, a 90ft. sloop.

Princess, the last Volunteer yacht, has won the hearts of the people of America; her name is a familiar word in localities where white sails and broad waters are mere indefinite conceptions, and her victories have been hailed with delight by thousands who know nothing of yachting and who care even less for sport. Not many, perhaps, have realized it, but she, even more than her sisters before her, was the embodiment of America's supremacy on the high seas, and at a time when there was nothing for America to boast of in either the Navy or the commercial marine; and it is in a measure from this standpoint that she appealed to many who have no interest in yachting. Coming just when they did, the victories of her and her sisters served a far broader and higher purpose than that of mere sport in waking up the whole country, the Mississippi Valley, the great West, and the Pacific Coast, to the fact that America must prepare to defend herself on the seas, that the waters which bore out a friendly challenger might some day serve to float a hostile fleet.

The thought that the old Volunteer has passed away will bring a pang to many who have never seen her, but who have followed her victorious career with pride and pleasure, and to those who have known her as she sailed on the Bay on America must prepare to defend herself on the seas, that the waters which bore out a friendly challenger might some day serve to float a hostile fleet. The thought that the old Volunteer has passed away will bring a pang to many who have never seen her, but who have followed her victorious career with pride and pleasure, and to those who have known her as she sailed on the Bay on America must prepare to defend herself on the seas, that the waters which bore out a friendly challenger might some day serve to float a hostile fleet.

PHILADELPHIA Y. C.—The regatta committee announces the following very complete programme for the season of 1891, under date of May 15: May 30, opening day; particulars in future orders; June 6, first championship race, for all classes; second prize in each class if two or more start, \$10; June 15, annual regatta for all classes; June 20, sweepstakes race. The entrance fee in each class will be \$10, and in each class where four or more start the club will add \$50. In each class where four or less start the stakes and prizes will be 75 per cent. to the first yacht and 25 per cent. to the second. Where more than four start they will be divided—70 per cent. to the first yacht, 20 per cent. to the second and 10 per cent. to the third. Entries, including check to be made to Mr. A. F. Bancroft, before June 19, at 12 M. June 27, ladies' day, race and informal hop at club house, for yachts in cruising trim. In order to be entered in previous races, yachts must follow the following schedule: first and second class sloops, three and not over five; third, fourth and fifth classes, two and not over three. Suitable prizes will be awarded to the winners in each class. July 3 to 8, club cruise, particulars to be announced; July 18, championship race, second prize in each class if two or more start \$10; July 25, sweepstakes race: Aug. 1, ladies' day; annual cruise, date to be announced; Sept. 12, club cruise. All races and club cruises, open only to winners in one of the previous championship races. Special outside race for first and third classes date and particulars to be announced. Special programmes for each race will be issued in due course. The committee will be glad to arrange additional races should prizes be offered. The committee reserves the right to invite visiting yachts to enter any of the races, and with the exception of opening day, annual regatta, and club cruises, to change order of races and dates by giving due notice. In order to encourage Corinthian sailing, a special prize will be awarded to the winning yacht in each class, if sailed under the Corinthian rule. This rule applies only to yachts of 40ft. racing length and under. The attention of owners intending to enter their yachts for the races is particularly called to Sec. 1, Art. V. of the racing rules as revised, which requires all yachts to be measured before they can be entered for any race. Addison F. Bancroft (chairman), Francis Green, John A. Lehman, Regatta committee, P. Y. C.

EASTERN Y. C.—The handicaps race of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed on May 30, the start being made at 10 45 A. M. The handicap will be fixed by the regatta committee, and will be declared at the clubhouse on the evening of May 29. Entries must be received by Edward Burgess, Sears Building, before 2 P. M. Thursday, May 28, and must specify whether the yacht be in racing or cruising trim. The following prizes are offered: First, \$100; second, \$50; third, \$25; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$5. The race will be sailed on May 30, the start being made at 10 45 A. M. The handicap will be fixed by the regatta committee, and will be declared at the clubhouse on the evening of May 29. Entries must be received by Edward Burgess, Sears Building, before 2 P. M. Thursday, May 28, and must specify whether the yacht be in racing or cruising trim. The following prizes are offered: First, \$100; second, \$50; third, \$25; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$5. 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Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

- MAY. 30-31. Springfield Meet, Calla Shasta.
- JUNE. 6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. New York, Sandy Hook Race Brooklyn. 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath Beach. 6. Yonkers, Annual, Yonkers. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge. 12. New York, Annual, S. I. 27. Rochester, Spring Regatta, 27. Ianthe, Spring, Passaic River. 18. Rochester, Spring Regatta, 27. Ianthe, Spring, Passaic River. 18. Rochester, Spring Regatta, 27. Ianthe, Spring, Passaic River.
- JULY. 9. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, 15-20. Northern Division Meet, Irondequoit Bay. 11-20. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast 23. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, Irondequoit Bay.
- AUGUST. 6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain. 27. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, Irondequoit Bay.
- SEPTEMBER. 5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River. 10. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay. 7. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River. 7. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River. 7. Ianthe, Ann., Passaic River.

A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME, 1891.

REGATTA EVENTS.

- No. 1. Paddling and Sailing Combined.—One-half mile alternately, 3 miles.
- No. 2. Paddling.—Half mile straightaway.
- No. 3. Sailing.—Four and a half miles, same rig and ballast as in Race No. 1. (These three races to constitute the record races.)
- No. 4. Trophy Paddling.—One mile straightaway. Exempt from one-man-one-canoe rule.
- No. 5. Unlimited Sailing Race.—No limit to rig or ballast. Time limit, two hours and a half; 6 miles. Starters in the trophy race to be selected from this race. See Rule 5.
- No. 6. Trophy Sailing.—No limit to rig or ballast. Time limit, three and a half hours; 9 miles. Starters to be selected as by Rule 5.
- No. 7. Novice Race.—No limit to rig or ballast; distance, 3 miles; open only to men who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1890.
- No. 8. Sailing, "The Prowse Cup."—Four and a half miles; no limit to rig or ballast. Winner of trophy barred.
- No. 9. Sailing, Club Race.—To be sailed on an L course, one leg a mile and the other leg half a mile, to sail twice over the course; distance, 3 miles. First three members of any one club to count; no club can be represented unless it enters at least three men; to be called early in the meet.
- No. 10. Cruising Race.—Open only to "General Purpose Canoes;" distance, 6 miles. Details to be posted. To be held early in the meet.
- OTHER EVENTS.
- No. 11. Paddling War Canoe Race.—For crews of not less than ten; half mile straightaway.
- No. 12. Paddling Tandem.—Half mile straightaway.
- No. 13. Paddling Club Four.—Half mile straightaway.
- No. 14. Sailing Upset and Maneuvering.—Open only to "General Purpose Canoes." No special appliances to sails, no limit to ballast; at signal, the crew to tuck over and recover paddle; second signal, canoe to be tipped over until the foremast touches the water. Canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail.
- No. 15. Paddling Upset.—Usual conditions.
- No. 16. Hury Scurry.
- No. 17. Gymnastics.

THE A. C. A. RACING RULES.

RULE I.—A canoe, to compete in any race of the A. C. A., must be sharp at both ends with no counter stern or transom, and capable of being sailed by one man, and must come within the prescribed limits as follows: Maximum length, 16ft., and for that length a maximum beam of 30in., minimum beam, 28in. Beam may be increased 1/4in. for each full inch of length decreased. No canoe shall have a draft of more than 10in., except the unclassified boats, to which class the limits of length and breadth only shall apply.

The keel outside of the garboard shall not exceed 1 1/2in. in depth, including a metal keel band of not less than 1/4in. deep. The centerboard must not drop more than 18in. below the garboard, and when hauled up must not project below the keel. Canoes without centerboards may carry keels not over 3in. deep below garboard, and not weighing more than 30lbs. Leeboards may be carried by canoes not having centerboards.

Measurement.—The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and the aft side of the beam at the widest part, not including the heading, which shall not exceed 1 1/2in. in depth. If deeper it shall be included in the beam. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the waterline shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale.

The "general purpose" canoe shall be one which conforms to the above conditions, and, in addition, has a well not less than 16in. wide for a length of 3ft. 6in., with a sleeping space of 6ft., of which at least 5ft. shall be clear. There must be no projecting centerboard when housed. The sliding seat shall not be longer than the beam of the boat, and no standing sail shall be used. The regatta committee may, in any case, if in their opinion does not conform to the spirit of these regulations.

The foregoing rules of measurement shall not be interpreted to disqualify any canoe built prior to Jan. 1, 1890, which conforms to the rules prior to that date.

RULE II.—None but members of the American Canoe Association, unless upon the invitation of the regatta committee, shall be permitted to enter its races, and no canoe shall enter that is not enrolled on the secretary's books, and no member who is in arrears to the Association shall compete in any race or claim any prize while such arrears remain unpaid.

No canoe shall be entered at any one meet by more than one man. The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary. Members must make and sail their own canoes.

A canoe which is not owned or used for racing by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to camp. In double canoe races the owner may associate any other member with himself.

RULE III.—All entries must be in writing, on the blanks provided, and must be entered in to the regatta committee within such time as they may direct.

RULE IV.—Every canoe entering, except for an upset race, must have her entry number conspicuously placed on canoe or man when paddling, and on both sides of mainsail while sailing. The clerk of the course will provide each man, when he makes his entry, with three prints of his number on cloth.

RULE V.—Flags shall be given as prizes as follows: A first prize in each race, and a second in each race where more than two finish.

The winners of the paddling trophy, the sailing trophy and the first record men shall be given large practical bunting flags, with the year and race plainly marked thereon, and the five best flags at the disposal of the regatta committee shall be given to the first three record men in any record race. For special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the regatta committee. No prizes of money shall be raced for.

Races.—There shall be three record races. No. 1, paddling and sailing combined; No. 2, paddling; No. 3, sailing. To obtain a place on record, a contestant must enter and finish in all three record races. None but men who have entered for the record will be allowed to enter in any record race. Only such contestants as finish in all three races will receive a credit number according to position, relative to each other in each race. The highest number given in each race being equal to the number of the contestants, the next one less, and so on; the three numbers given added together give the credit amount on the record.

In case of an unavoidable accident which prevents a man from finishing in any one race, the regatta committee may, at its discretion, permit such canoe to enter the other two races, and marks to be counted for the record, but he shall receive zero for the race which he does not finish.

The contestant obtaining the highest aggregation of points becomes the leading honor man for the year.

The shall be a race for the sailing trophy. The total number of contestants shall be unlimited.

There shall be a race for the A. C. A. sailing trophy. Conditions as follows: Sailing canoe, A. C. A. rules, no limit to rig or ballast, time limit 3 1/2 hours, distance 9 miles. Accredited representatives of foreign clubs, not exceeding five in number, shall be eligible, in case of more than five foreign entries, the

first five received shall be eligible to start. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifty, and the ten or more vacancies (after deducting the foreign entries) shall be made up by competitors in the special "unlimited race," as follows: The regatta committee shall nominate two, and the balance (after deducting foreign entries) shall be taken from the leading men at the finish in their order.

RULE VI.—The mode of turning stakeboats, and all directions for each race, shall be announced in the programme of the regatta committee, or posted on the bulletin board one hour before the race is called; and any competitor not knowing the course, or mistaking it, or not following these rules, does so at his own risk. Stakeboats and buoys will be left on the port hand when not stated distinctly to the contrary. The committee shall have the power to change the direction of the race at any time before the first signal and shall indicate the same by the flags, according to Rule 5.

RULE VII.—No pilotage or direction from any boat or from the shore will be allowed, and any one accepting such assistance may be disqualified.

RULE VIII.—A canoe touching a buoy or other canoe, unless wrongfully compelled to do so by another canoe, shall be disqualified. In case of a foul, the non-fouling canoe must go over the buoy, or past the foul, before the one hour before the race is called, in order to claim the race. Every canoe must stand by its own accidents. If a canoe, in consequence of the violation of the rules, shall foul another canoe, or compel another canoe to foul any canoe, buoy or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified.

RULE IX.—Should the owner of any canoe, duly entered for a race, consider that he has fair ground of complaint against another, he must give notice of same before leaving his boat on the finish of the race, to the judge, and must present the same in writing to the regatta committee within one hour of the judge's decision, if appealed from said decision.

The sum of one dollar shall be deposited with each appeal, to be forfeited to the Association should the appeal not be sustained. The regatta committee shall, after hearing such evidence as they may deem necessary, decide the appeal, and the decision, if appealed from, shall be final. If not sustained, a decision may be made to the executive committee, whose decision shall be final.

No member of either committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is interested. In all cases where a protest is lodged on the ground of fouling, evidence of actual contact shall be necessary to substantiate the protest. The regatta committee, in the event of a protest, shall determine which, to their knowledge, has committed a breach of the rules.

PADDLING RULES.

RULE X.—Paddling races shall be started by the starter asking, "Are you ready?" On receiving no answer he shall say "Go." If he considers the start unfair he may recall the boats, and any canoe refusing to start again shall be disqualified.

The combined paddling and sailing race shall be started in the same manner, the word "Go" being immediately followed by a gun.

RULE XI.—A canoe's own water is the straight course from the station assigned it at starting. Any canoe leaving its own water shall do so at its peril; but if the stern of one canoe is a canoe's leeward ahead of the bow of the other, the latter may take the water of the latter, which then becomes its own water, and it shall only leave it at its peril.

SAILING RULES.

RULE XII.—The paddle shall not be used in sailing races, except for steering when the rudder is disal, or for shoving off when aground, at foul of anything, or in extreme danger, as from a passing steamer or from a squall.

RULE XIII.—Five minutes before the start a signal will be given and a blue flag hoisted, and four minutes later a second signal will be given and a red flag hoisted, and one minute later a third signal will be given to start and an A. C. A. flag hoisted and left up.

Any canoe which crosses to the course side of the starting line prior to the third signal, must return above the line and recross it, keeping out of the way of all competing canoes, using the paddle if necessary; but after the third signal the start shall be considered as made, and all canoes on either side of the line shall be deemed to be sailing. Canoes may take any position for starting, and, prior to the third signal, may be sailed and worked in any manner (outside aid not allowed). A green flag displayed signifies that buoys are to be left to starboard, a red flag means to port. The regatta committee may vary the manner of starting at their discretion, but all sailing races should be started to windward when practicable.

RULE XIV.—All shiftable ballast, except centerboards, shall be carried within the canoe, and no fixed ballast shall be carried below the keelband. Ballast may be shifted, but no ballast shall be taken in or thrown out during a race.

RULE XV.—A canoe overtaking another shall keep out of the way of the latter; but when rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark the course, the overtaking canoe is not liable to either when the leading canoe is close to, and is altering her helm to round the mark, the outside canoe must give the other room to pass clear of the mark, which ever canoe is in danger of fouling. No canoe shall be considered clear of another unless so much ahead as to give free choice to the other on which side she will pass. An overtaking canoe shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish a leeboard over the other, and thus force a passage between the leading canoe and the mark after the latter has altered her helm for rounding.

RULE XVI.—Canoes closehauled on the port tack shall give way to those on the starboard tack. In the event of a collision being imminent, owing to the canoe on the port tack not giving way, the canoe on the starboard tack shall luff and go about, but shall nevertheless bear away, and the canoe on the port tack shall be compelled to clear the starboard tack thus to give way, forfeits all claim to the prize.

RULE XVII.—Canoes going free shall always give way to those closehauled on either tack.

RULE XVIII.—When canoes closehauled are approaching a shoal, buoy, or other obstruction, and are so close that the leewardmost cannot tack clear of the obstruction, the windward boat, if by her, and by standing on would be in danger of fouling the obstruction, the canoe to windward shall, on being requested, go about, and the canoe requesting her to do so shall also tack at once.

RULE XIX.—Should two or more canoes be approaching a shoal, buoy, or other obstruction with the wind free, and be so close to each other that the weather boat cannot tack clear of the one to the leeward of her, and by standing on would be in danger of running aground or of fouling the obstruction, then the canoe that is to leeward shall, on being requested, at once bear away until sufficient room is allowed for the weathermost canoe to clear the obstruction.

Any canoe may, if she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her, to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap has been established. An overlap is established when an overtaking canoe has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward canoe by luffing, or the weather canoe by bearing away, is in danger of fouling. A canoe must never bear away out of her course to prevent another from passing her to leeward, and it is to be considered that on which the leading canoe, the one carries her mainboom. The overtaking canoe, if to leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the canoe she has overtaken.

RULE XXI.—A canoe may anchor during a race, provided the anchor is attached or weighed on board the canoe during the remainder of the race.

RULE XXII.—A change in these rules desired by any member of the Association shall be presented by the regatta committee, with their approval or disapproval, to the executive committee for final action, notice of such change having been given in the official organs at least two weeks before the meeting of the executive committee, at which they are to be acted upon.

RULE XXIII.—In case of temporary vacancies in the regatta committee the other members shall appoint substitutes.

BROOKLYN C. C.—On May 9 the Brooklyn C. C. opened its racing season with two races, a sailing race for the club cup and a paddling race for the Rudd trophy, the results being:			
Sailing:			Pinch.
Eclipse.....	3 31 20	3 55 15	21 07
Seabright.....	3 32 20	3 56 07	24 07
Unqua.....	3 31 40	3 59 48	23 08
Guano.....	3 31 43	3 59 40	23 10
The course was 800yds. straightaway.			
Paddling:			Pinch.
Unqua.....	Robert J. Wilkin.....	4 55 37	
Eclipse.....	F. W. Dunnell.....	4 55 45	
Seabright.....	W. W. Wintingham.....	4 56 20	

NEW CANOES.—Mr. Geo. L. Douglas has named his new canoe, designed and built by himself, Tempest; while Mr. F. C. Moore will race the Tornado, a new Ruggles canoe.

RACING RULES AND REGATTA PROGRAMME.

WE publish this week the programme of races for the coming meet of the American Canoe Association at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain, as drawn up by the regatta committee, Messrs. J. Arthur Gage, L. B. Palmer and W. G. MacKendrick; and also the draft of the racing rules, in which are embodied the changes decided on at the meeting of the executive committee held on the 14th inst., and the meeting of the regatta committee held on the 15th inst. This latter has still to receive the formal approval of the executive committee, but no changes are likely to be made in it. The most important changes in the racing rules are in Rule I. and Rule XII., the former including a definition of a "General Purpose" canoe, and the latter making it imperative that all proposals for a change of the rules shall come through the regatta committee, and with at least two weeks' notice in the official organs of the Association of the proposed change. Although this is in no way different from the practice hitherto followed, the language is sufficiently definite and emphatic as to be understood by all, and will prevent any hurried or secret changing of the rules without the knowledge of the members at large. The need of some such restriction has been only too well demonstrated by recent experience.

The definition of the "General Purpose" canoe is very good to begin with, and even though as it should prove as useless as some have predicted, it can do no possible harm. The limit of depth suggested last fall by the regatta committee, not over 15in. from the lowest point of sheer to bottom of keel, has been abandoned, and a limit of 10in. extreme draft substituted, a change that is hardly to be improved upon. The original suggestion. The establishment of a special racing class, as moved by Messrs. Butler and Gage, with no limits save 16ft. length and 30in. beam, is indicated in Rule I., but not clearly stated, the canoes being mentioned as "unclassified boats," a term already in common use as applied to canoe yaws, sneakboxes, etc. The intention was to offer one race for canoes not exceeding 16x30, but with no limit to drop of heel, draft or water, sail or seat.

The details of the record races and prize flags have been put in better shape than before.

In the programme the most important changes are the lengthening of the courses and the limiting of the record sailing race to the rig used in the combined race, thus shutting out the standing sail from the record. At the same time an unlimited race is added, leaving open for four sailing races still open to the standing sail. This new unlimited race has been made 6 miles, the old one being 4 1/2, while the trophy sailing has been made 9 miles by another round, making 9 in place of 7 1/2 miles. The novice race also has been made 3 miles in place of 1 1/2 miles; while the club race has been made 3 miles in place of 2. This lengthening of the courses is hardly apt to be an improvement and will add to the difficulty of getting off the long programme promptly. A race is also set down for war canoes, not less than 10 men in a crew.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

CANOE rigging is of two kinds, a little good and a great deal very bad, nor is this latter confined entirely to the cruisers and poor sailors; not a few of the cranks here by no means too proud to use a two-legged tack, a bit of rope yarn, a shawl lace, or a lath nail, without regard to appearances so long as the thing holds together for one race. There are some rigs in the racing fleet which are models of careful workmanship, the neat-st of splices and whippings, carefully made blocks, and elaborate brasswork, but the classes of work is that after spending a considerable amount of money and time in perfecting it, the first few trials aloft are apt to show a dozen things which must be changed, a spar too heavy or too timber, a block in the wrong place, or a line that will not run freely. A change must be made, usually in a hurry, and the work of hours must be quickly cut away, often to be replaced by any sort of a makeshift; and this necessity for constant changes is responsible for much of the slovenly and clumsy rigging that is so common on the fleet.

It is to Mr. Paul Butler, the inventor of so many clever fittings for canoes, that canoeists are indebted for a style of rigging that is always neat and shipshape and yet capable of being quickly and easily changed. In his later rigs Mr. Butler has employed leather everywhere, using it in place both of special brass fittings and of lath nails. When used about a canoe, as it was to a certain extent at one time, leather was a very good makeshift, the boom being joined to the mast by a strap lashed to each in the earlier R. B. Boys, and rough leather cleats being employed for the tiny sheaves. As now used by Mr. Butler, the result is neat and shipshape, and while not so elaborate as lashings it is in every way more serviceable and convenient. The boom fastenings are plain leather, made with two logs, through which and the end of the boom is a brass eye, the end of the boom and of all spars are furnished with cartridge shells, or rather the partly drawn blanks from which shells are made. At the head of the mast the two blocks for the halliards are each riveted to the ends of a piece of stout leather, a screw-eye through the center of the strap into the top of the mast serving to hold it in place and to carry the weight of the pulley. At the foot of the mast, just above the boom, the fastenings are a piece of leather about 2in. wide, to which are rivetted the necessary blocks for halliards and other lines, the leather being held to the mast by a lacing similar to that of a shoe. The two blocks for the halliard on the yard are similarly fitted, being rivetted to a strap encircling the yard and fastened by a lacing, so that it may be loosened and made fast in a new place in a few moments. The reef blocks on the boom are fastened in the same way, and the principle may be further extended in practice.

Another very useful device lately invented by Mr. Butler is a common cotter or split pin, of brass, the end of which is threaded for a nut and lock nut, the pin being about 1in. long and 3/16in. diameter. A hole is bored through the ferruled end of the boom or yard, the split pin is sprung open, and passed through the grommet in the sail and then closed and passed through the eye of the nut screwed up, thus holding the sail to the spar in place of a lashing. It can instantly be cast off or put on, and is always strong and neat. The same pin may be used to carry a block, or for other fastenings. With this arrangement and the leather fittings a spar can be changed in a few minutes, while the loose fittings and lipping of the common wire lashings are entirely avoided. Mr. Butler is now fitting up a new rig for his latest canoe, built last fall, a mainsail of 80ft. and a main of 60, each with two battens and the sprit, as in the usual Lowell sail.

WIRE ROPE FOR CANOES.—Editor Forest and Stream: While making a purchase recently my attention was attracted to some coils of flexible copper rope which I learned was chiefly used as sash cord where the size of the work demanded extra strength. Recognizing its peculiar fitness for steering gear purposes I purchased a sufficient quantity to give it a trial, the result of which I will briefly state. It is a six strand rope with seven wires to each strand, the strands being of soft cord. I worked eye splices in the ends, and I would say in doing this it was very much easier to splice than ordinary rope as the strands being very much "stay put" and do not straggle about like cotton or manilla. After completing the splices, I worked some thin copper into them for tumbles which gave them a very shipshape appearance. Now if one does not use a sprocket gear I would earnestly recommend a trial of copper rope as feel confident that he will like it. After using common rope, which I rejected because it was so easily and stretched badly, wire because it would not so compactly when unshipped, and safety chain which was not to be depended on, because it chafed through so quickly, I can at last say that in copper rope I have found a material that is open to none of the above objections, and for steering gears and boom brides I do not see how it can be bettered. If the above be no novelty to some of your readers there are very many who do not know of it, and it is them I wish to reach.—SQUAWMAN.

NEWBURGH CANOE REGATTA.—New York, May 15.—The Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association will hold their spring regatta on June 27 next. There will be a race for 40 ft. loops and cutters, open to all yacht clubs; a race for catboats 26ft. and under and under oared on the Hudson between Yonkers and Albany; a race for single-handed cruisers, canoe yaws, St. Lawrence skills, etc., open to canoe clubs, Corinthian Navy and Corinthian Mollies; a race for canoe clubs, single and tandem paddling, open to all canoe clubs; and a race for the regatta committee are Messrs. C. L. Waring, Gardner Van Nostrand, Robert Johnston, Fred C. Balfe and Charles S. Williams. Entries and communications are requested to be sent to Charles S. Williams, Chairman Regatta Committee, Newburgh, N. Y. Entries to close June 22. Handsome prizes will be given in each class. The 40-footers Chocaw, Moccasin and Clara are now owned by members of this association.—CHAS. S. WILLIAMS, Chairman Regatta Committee.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Morton C. Cobb, Newton, Mass. Central Division: W. A. Green, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Victor E. Montague, Traverse City, Mich.; Edward Van Duyn, Syracuse, N. Y.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—The season was formally opened for the last time at the old grounds at Port Morris on May 16. The club will soon move over to College Point.

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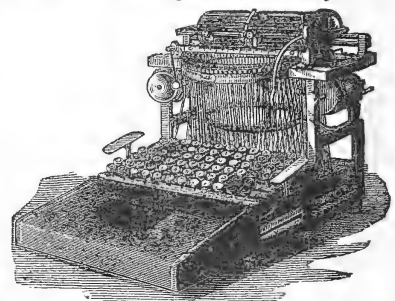


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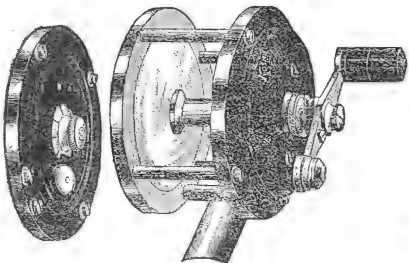
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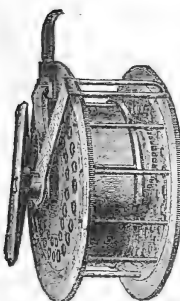
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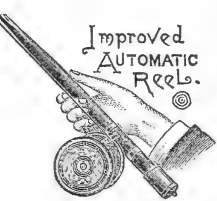
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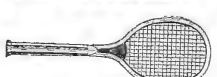
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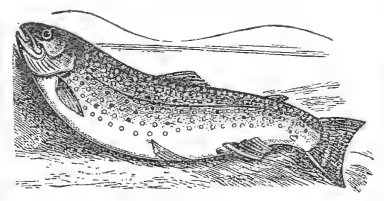
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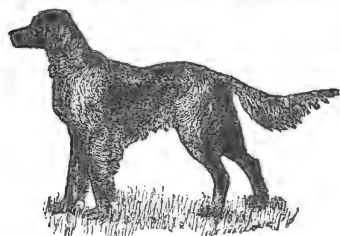
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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FATHERS AND SONS.
WITHIN a few weeks past an unusual number of deaths have been reported from accidents to persons engaged in outdoor recreation. Several cases have occurred of young men being shot by companions, who took them for wild animals, while deaths by drowning while out sailing have furnished texts more than once for newspaper sermons. It is well understood that accidents such as these do not commonly happen to persons of intelligence and experience; but, on the other hand, no one can begin his career as a sportsman knowing all, or indeed any considerable part of, what he ought to know. It is by hard knocks and by himself seeing things done, and done well, that the heedless, ignorant boy becomes the intelligent and competent sportsman. The lesson which such accidents as these teach is not that the use of guns and boats should be abandoned, but that the young should learn how to use them under competent instruction.
The boy is an imitative animal and looks with respect upon his elders, who are familiar with matters about which he knows little or nothing. If he goes into the field with a thorough sportsman, the boy will unconsciously imitate him and will act as he acts. He will soon by intuition take care not to point his gun at dogs or men, not to shoot toward his companion in thick cover, not to fire at a bird that belongs to another. His manners and habits in the field will be formed on those of the elder friend, whose skill he admires and whose knowledge he respects.
On the other hand, if he goes out alone or with some one whose only thought is to get all the birds possible; who is careless with his weapon; is willing to risk his companion's eyes, or perhaps his life, by shooting toward him; who races toward the fallen bird in order to get to it before his ill-trained dog has eaten it up, or at least reduced it to a mass of pulp, the boy may very likely become a careless, noisy field rowdy.
What is true of the gun is also true of the boat and the

canoe. No power on earth can keep the boy from loving and indulging in outdoor recreation. He will sail and paddle if his surroundings admit of this form of sport, and to make it safe for him, see to it that his first excursions are taken under the charge of some older friend or relative, who is competent and careful.
Good habits, in sport as in other things, are easily instilled into the youthful mind, and once adopted are not easily forgotten or abandoned. The boy will shoot, will sail, will ride. It is the duty of parents to see that he is so taught to do these things that he shall do them well. His pleasure will be vastly increased, and the uneasiness and anxiety so often felt by the anxious parent will be no longer experienced.

THE FUR SEALS.
PERSONS who are interested in the preservation of the fur seals from extinction seem to feel very little hope that anything will be done by the Government in time to be of benefit this year. The season for killing is about to open, a large number of Canadian vessels—forty-nine—have left British Columbia ports to engage in pelagic sealing, and still the Government officials are silent and no reply is given to England's proposition to make a close time until a more definite knowledge shall be had of the conditions which prevail on the seal islands.
The excuse is given, by those who wish to get the skins, that before a close season can be ordered a report must be had from the agents recently appointed to look after the interests of the Government. This is a flimsy pretext and means nothing. These newly appointed agents know nothing about the fur seal, nor can they acquire any knowledge of the animal or its habits until they have devoted a season or two to studying it. If the killing is allowed to continue while they are carrying on this course of study, their observations will have a certain historical interest, but will not affect the preservation of this interesting and useful mammal, for by the time their reports have been printed the work of extermination will be practically complete.
As things stand at this writing, the North American Commercial Company has the right to slaughter 60,000 young male seals on the Pribylov Islands; in other words, to destroy the whole stock of male seals on which the crop for ten years to come depends. It is difficult to understand how intelligent men can contemplate such action as this. It might be supposed that even the Commercial Company would realize that this action will destroy their future business, will wipe out any profits in the years to come. This is on the hypothesis that the management of this company have taken the lease of the seal islands as a matter of legitimate business. Of course, if it is a mere piece of stock jobbing, if these managers are nothing more than "promoters," if they wish to declare a large dividend one year, hoping on the strength of that dividend to peddle out their stock in the company at a great price to a gullible public, then their action is natural enough. But, if this is the case, it seems a thousand pities that the United States Government should lend its aid to any such scheme.

JACK-HUNTING DEER.
COLUMNS and columns of discussion have been printed for and against the practice of hunting deer in the Adirondacks by floating for them at night with a jack-light. Opponents of this mode of hunting have repeatedly urged the Legislature to forbid it; but the existing law permits jacking.
The Adirondack League Club is an association which has control of a large territory in the Jock's Lake district, and in addition to the State game laws there are rules of the club regulating the taking of game and fish by its members. These forbid the taking by any member of more than fifteen pounds of speckled trout or ten in number of lake trout in one day, and the same limitation is put on fish carried from the preserve. Another rule reads: "Jacking or floating for deer is absolutely prohibited." This regulation was adopted, we are told, because the members were convinced that jack-hunting resulted in the wounding and maiming of more deer than were killed, and in the lingering deaths of more deer than were "reduced to possession."
The adoption of such a rule by the Adirondack League Association is significant and worthy of note, because the attitude of the State toward its game at large should be in no respect different from that of such a private organization toward the game in its preserves.

SNAP SHOTS.
DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, who has in charge the preparation of the angling exhibit of the World's Fair, has been visiting some of the tackle makers, and reports a growing interest in the subject. With the co-operation of dealers and anglers, it is hoped that the Chicago display will far surpass anything ever done in this line. The scheme is comprehensive and is gradually being elaborated in detail. The exhibition will include all forms of tackle and angling appliances, and an extensive aquarium of living specimens. This will be under the charge of Mr. Wm. P. Seal, of the Fish Commission, and well known to our readers as the author of valuable studies of water life. The exhibition will adjoin the Government exhibit, and will be contained in a building of spacious dimensions. Dr. Henshall will gladly receive suggestions from all who are interested. We hope to give a detailed plan of the exhibit in an early issue.

The Cranberry Lake waters of the Adirondacks have yielded another large trout. Mr. Frank Paddock, of Watertown, scored a fish in the inlet the other day weighing 4½ lbs. It was here that Mr. A. Ames Howlett, of Syracuse, in July of 1888, captured the trout of 5 lbs. 14 oz. whose birch-bark outline still adorns the office of the FOREST AND STREAM. The fish was mounted and is now in the museum of Syracuse University. Mr. Howlett's fish was only second to an Adirondack trout taken by Mr. Walter Aiken, of Franklin Falls, N. H.; who in 1884 caught a trout of 6 lbs. 2 oz. This was at Spring Pond, near the Second Pond of the Chain of Ponds. The best of this incident was that the big fish was one of a number which when smaller had been transferred by Mr. Aiken from other waters and planted here to grow big enough to make a record on.

We have received for the Helen Keller Fund, since last Thursday, the following:

Dr. J. Frank Perry, Boston.....	\$5.00
"Big Reel," Morristown, N. J.....	2.00
A Friend (through Mr. W. Wade).....	1.00
	\$8.00
Amount sent to Helen Keller.....	118.25
Total to date.....	\$126.25

The Winans Revolver Trophy is now on exhibition in the window of Messrs. Hartley & Graham, No. 315 Broadway, where it is exciting much admiration. The handsome base, received by us subsequently to Mr. Lacy's drawing published last week, adds decidedly to the effect of the piece. The trophy is an artistic bit of realism, whose truthfulness is at once recognized.

John Morton, who died in this city last week, was in his old age fond of telling how he used to stand in the doorway of his house on Canal street and shoot quail on the opposite side of the canal. The spot is within a Bob White's whistle of the FOREST AND STREAM office.

HEARD IN BOSTON: "Hello! Been fishing?" "No. Had the grippe; in the house two weeks; lost twenty pounds, and my spring fishing." "Well, my young friend, you'll get back your twenty pounds all right, but not your spring fishing."

Flash-light photography enables the angler, returning home late at night, to photograph his fish before they have shrunk. We have seen some excellent examples of such work. It leaves no allowance for shrinkage over night.

The New York Times announces in display headlines "Fish puzzle the anglers. They are full of unaccountable freaks this year." Did the fish man of the Times ever know a year when fish were not full of freaks?

Salmon are reported in good supply in the Penobscot at Bangor. Hudson salmon are occasionally taken in nets. Two were captured at Hudson last week, and released. The largest was estimated at 18 lbs.

A St. Augustine correspondent writes that Florida promises to have an efficient game law if the bill now under consideration shall pass in its present shape.

An Idaho law prohibits the killing of moose for six years,

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—V.

(Continued from Page 352.)

THE dawn opened without rain, though the sky disclosed ugly wings of vapor, with patches and fragments of leaden clouds, with here and there a streak of light against the blue of the sky. It was not satisfying, yet so eager were we to cast a fly that we ordered the boat and went down the bay, where we succeeded in catching two trout of about 2 lbs. each. After this we started to cross the bay once more, to fish some choice grounds where great wedges of granite were heaped in pell-mell confusion in the water, and where the *fontinalis* are known to lurk and grow golden.

We had not sailed more than half-way across before we struck a gale of wind, which soon set the lake shaking its snowy plumes. We were necessarily compelled to return to camp, with the prospect of passing the remainder of the day in enforced idleness. Our boatmen were instructed to overhaul the provisions and ascertain their condition. Everything was found all right, with the exception of a few onions that were in a high state of demoralization. They then busied themselves in repairing "the dock," which a sudden rise in the lake had tumbled over. This time they made it quite secure, Joe declaring that it would now stand a very heavy sea. After the dock work was accomplished dinner was prepared, to which we sat down with a wolfish appetite, and though

"No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd."

we had a *cuisine* from our chef that tickled our palates as daintily as if it had been prepared by old Lucullus himself.

To add to the variety of the weather for the day a heavy fog came up, creating a decidedly chilly condition of the atmosphere, which made us all cluster around the camp-fire for comfort. Toward evening we had some visitors in camp, they being a party of half-breeds living on the east side of Bachewananing Bay. They had started for Point aux Pins for the purpose of gathering huckleberries, but the "northwester" and the fog which drove us in also compelled them to put in near our camp. Joe gave them some mildewed rye bread, the discarded onions and quite a number of our slightly-salted trout. They were a very intelligent looking set, and one of them had a physiognomy akin to that of the lamented humorist Artemus Ward. Joe said he was a Baptist, and the only one in the party, the others all being devout Catholics, the faith-germs of the teaching of Father Marquette.

After quite a chat with our boys, with whom they were well acquainted, they left, kindly thanking us for the damaged provisions.

In looking around the camp after their departure I found a tiny spear, its points being made of two pins. It is used for the especial purpose of spearing coeduces, which the Indians use as a bait for trout, and a taking bait it proves. It is a small fish about an inch and a half long, closely resembling a tadpole, and in color as black as ink.

At sunset the fog disappeared; the wind fell, the west flushed with red; a few stars trembled in the airy dimness of the evening blue; in the south was the young moon, with just enough radiance to touch the lake in silver and throw a gleam over the ragged rocks and on the foliaged forest. It was favorable for the birth of a glorious day, and to our great delight the morning opened with a bright sun and gentle breeze. Snowy clouds, lovely with prismatic glitterings on their puffed-up edges, sailed from the sun, while the joyous sweep of the wind dimpled the lake with an emerald green.

When the boatmen arose to prepare the breakfast they discovered a rabbit in camp, leisurely taking a survey of the surroundings with an eye doubtless to a meal. A swift-flying rock from one of their hands grazed poor bunny and sent him jumping with alacrity into the bushes.

Our half-breed neighbors had not been idle as to securing game for their immediate use. They had placed some snares for rabbits, set a gill-net in the bay and went hunting in the forest, the results being four rabbits, six partridges and about fifty fish of various kinds; enough to last them a week if properly cared for. No wonder the Indian loves the wild life of forest and lake, when his wants are so easily provided for during the open seasons. It is as if his larder were at his very threshold. It is only in the dead of winter, when the ice-king has everthing in his rigid embrace, that he finds he must skirmish around with much more activity in order to keep the wolf from his door.

Immediately after breakfast we crossed over the bay to the big rocks, and here we whipped the waters in vain, for not a trout rippled the waters, owing to the sun being too bright and the surface of the lake too placid. Not at all discouraged we concluded to continue the trip to the Chippewa River, some eight miles distant, as much for a prospective trip as aught else, knowing full well that with the present condition of the weather he of the "painted fin and golden gleam" could not be persuaded to any investigation on the surface. The boatmen did not relish the long trip before them, which had then to be made by oar. Joe stated by way of a demurrer that if we went we would have to remain all night, unless a favorable breeze sprang up. He mumbled some Indian dialect to his helper, not all complimentary, I thought, to us, and then bent sullenly to the oars. We reached the mouth of the river about noon, and after partaking of lunch, which included tea, took the boat and ascended the stream for about a mile, the fallen timber that frequently spanned the river preventing us from going further. There being no trout that desired our acquaintance we returned to the mouth, where one little baby trout, under the legal limit, who had more curiosity than indifference, was quickly snatched from the quiet waters and about as quickly returned that he might grow to truthhood.

As we had a twelve-mile stretch to make to camp and but little breeze we concluded to start at once. The sails being spread to the light wind we slowly crept by a coast displaying high ranges of wooded hills, which clustered with charming picturesque irregularity. The boat rippled along with apparent indications of breathlessness in the air, while fantastic dream-like lights and shadows played in the little wrinking waves. Soon there was a dead

calm, a growl from the half-breeds, and then a lowering of the canvas and the musical splash of the oars.

The boatmen perspired freely at their work, and doubtless blessed us in other than language polite, as two old cranks who stood sadly in need of guardians. It's the hard work that robs the swarthy savage of his gentle (?) demeanor, and the idleness that indifferently satisfies. He is only good, Ned avers, when his toes are turned up to the daisies.

Reaching the big rocks where we first stopped we landed for a little rest in the grateful shade, and to gather some of the delicious raspberries so abundant here. After a half hour's halt we embarked, and in about the same time reached camp, with the long shadows stretching o'er the shimmering lake, and a sun disappearing in burning crimson. Our half-breeds, when they awoke next morning, went into the forest to look at some rabbit snares they had set the evening previous. They were greatly rejoiced to find one poor victim dangling from a limb, and exhibited it to us on their return with some degree of pride. Becoming restless, for want of a change, we concluded to break camp immediately after breakfast and go to Pancake Bay, where we expected some royal sport with the dotted beauties of the dimpled pool. We were off by 7 o'clock, and had a very pleasant sail of about two hours, but under skies that momentarily threatened rain. We landed about a mile down the bay, and on looking around for good camping quarters, were somewhat disappointed in not finding them in that locality. Joe was then sent along the shore to see if he could find a good site, and after going at least a mile further, returned with the information that he had found a place that he thought might answer. We all got in the boat and went down to the chosen spot, and on looking it over, were not exactly satisfied with it; but in view of immediate rain, accepted it as a *dernier ressort*, and with alacrity soon had our tents in position and the provisions under cover. We were none too quick with our work, for as the last box was carefully stowed away, "down rushed the rain impetuously." This persistency of the deluging elements was evidently realizing to the letter that impressive line, in the song of "The Twelfth Night"—"For the rain it raineth every day."

A close inspection of our quarters satisfied us that we would have been just as well off in an African jungle, for every side was strewn thickly with half-formed humus of rotten twigs, leaves, branches and roots, from which arose clouds of malarial vapor that all the balsam we could pile in our tent would not wholly eradicate. In addition to this, the water was trickling out of the soil in innumerable places, and even through the interstices of the rocks, ten feet above the surface of the lake, it ran in streams. This was something unlooked for on the shores of this great lake, though we got into a similar place on our trip last summer. Pancake Bay had now no charms for us, even though its waters were teeming with trout.

Joe had a disagreeable time in preparing dinner during the heavy shower, but he was always so eager for good, square meals, that we never on such occasions suggested a cold collation. He however succeeded, despite the rain, preparing and placing before us in our tent a first-class dinner, which we heartily enjoyed. About 3 o'clock the clouds began to lighten and then the downpour ceased, and soon we were en route for a trophy. The trout did not rise greedily at the flies, and the result was that we missed quite a number of the responses. At one time two broke simultaneously for my flies, and both were missed; and similar disaster befel Ned, who declared they were only playing battledore and shuttlecock with their tails. Joe looked on in wonder, fairly itching for a chance to throw a fly, and as Ned was alongside, he handed him his rod to see if he could not make a base hit on the jumping trout. He did no better than Ned, much to his disgust. The trout would frequently leap entirely out of the water when making a dash at the flies, and again rise an inch or two away from them. They were assuredly having a picnic at our expense, and the question arose as to whether there was a skillful angler in the boat. Finally I hooked one of those playful *pisces* who had become too rash and unguarded in his gymnastics, and then Joe followed suit with another, neither of which weighed over a pound. At this stage of the proceedings Ned took his rod in hand, and after one or two misses, secured one of the tumbling trout that practiced at vaulting and leaping. Our theory in regard to the singular antics of the sportive trout was, that they were not feeding, but simply skylarking. Joe was of the same opinion, as he stated that he had seen them frolicking in the same manner, and that it was almost impossible to catch one.

A return to camp was now suggested, and being provoked beyond endurance on account of our bad luck, we all acquiesced in the homeward movement.

Though we were disgusted with the dense and shadowless woodland of this particular place, we were deeply enthused with the bay. It is a lovely sheet of water six miles in width, and under the now prevailing rays of a bright sun, disclosed a highly picturesque shore, fringed with balsam, spruce, pine and sugar. As far as the eye reaches you realize those delicious "bits" such as artists love for study, or poets for themes; of jutting rock, gravelly beach, curling nook, jagged cliff, with here and there an islet in its coat of gray and purple. The fascination, however, is simply along the ragged coast. Our progress was leisurely made, for after such a dismal dripping of rain as we had had that day, we loved to linger and bathe in the warm rays that were flooding everything with golden radiance:

"I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Floats swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

Ned complained on awakening the next morning, which was quite stormy, of having been flayed alive by the sand fleas. "See," said he, showing me the afflicted parts, "it is bloody raw." He resorted to a bathing of the inflamed parts with Pond's Extract, which somewhat relieved him. He was about as disgusted as myself with the camp, and we therefore concluded to leave the place in the morning, weather permitting. My suffering, aside from a few bites, was a severe headache, which I attributed solely to the malarial vapor I had inhaled during the night.

Immediately after breakfast Ned brought out his small canvas bags which were labeled "wax and thread," fly books, "fish hooks and feathers," "tools," "compass," etc.,

and ran over them as if their contents were pearls beyond price. His reverence for tackle was so unbounded that it was a sort of monomania with him. It was his first thought in the morning and the last in the evening. I became so familiar with the contents of those little bags, from their frequent introduction, as he. His rods also received great attention. If a thread looked worn or fragile a new wrapping was at once made; or if he thought there was a weak spot in any part of the rod it would receive immediate attention. Although he ran to extremes in this, as well as in his flies, he was a very skillful angler, and could give many an important point on the subject to professionals who ranked high in the gentle art. One of this class remarked to me one day after Ned had had quite a talk with him at the "Soo" on trouting, "Why, the old gentleman is well posted." Truly Ned is well posted, and it would make a cat laugh, if such a thing were possible, to hear him tell how he discounted some of the gilt-edge craft at "Sailors' Encampment," when bass-fishing there last fall. They failed to get on to his *modus operandi* in securing the bronze-backers to little or no extent, while anchored near him, and so crestfallen were they at their want of success that they up anchor and pulled away, leaving him to his delight and his triumph.

I am digressing, as my theme is trout, not black bass, and will therefore return to the question. Time hanging heavy on our hands that afternoon, after having been compelled to remain in camp owing to the unpropitious weather, we concluded as the wind had abated considerably to take the boat and go down to the point about two miles away, and endeavor to secure a few trout. As we started the sky gave little promise of good weather, for cloud after cloud of a dark slate color raced o'er the arched dome, while the swell from the morning's blow washed with moaning violence o'er beach and against cliff. We had become accustomed to ugly weather, for such a sight as a violet sky and zephyr ripples flashing in silver were a rarity indeed. Ned predicted a storm soon, in which the prophetic Joe acquiesced, from the fact that his rheumatic bones were acutely aching. The weather, however, was splendid for trouting, as was evinced by Ned securing a "spotted beauty" on his second cast. I was not long behind him, for as my flies fell by a rock o'er which the waters were rippling, a trout with a savage leap sprang for the feathery lure and was securely hooked. He went racing around in his element, making dash after dash and leap after leap, in vain attempt to escape from the cruel hook, but he fell a victim to the superior sagacity of his foe above, and was laid in state alongside Ned's peerless beauty. A huge boulder a short distance ahead, which looked as if it was the home of some trout, was our next point of attack, and here Ned fooled a dappled warrior of rosy orange that gave him infinite pleasure in battle. He was a good three-pounder and a perfect model in symmetry; I whipped all around the glassy rock, but in vain, as no other trout, if there, had any idea of being deceived by feather gay or tinsel bright.

Along we glide till we strike a cluster of shattered rocks that looked as if it might harbor some of the spotted dandies. Ned was the first, being in the bow, to send his flies in an inviting place, and no sooner had they struck the water than an investigating trout took one of them; but alas, toying with it a moment too long felt the fatal prick of the tempered steel as it went into his toughened jaw, and then, after frenzied efforts to escape, finally yielded to the artful skill of the unrelenting angler. He was a trifle smaller than the last. I was fortunate enough to here beguile another of about 2 lbs., and this was the last the waters around the debris of rocks produced. Once more on the move and we are soon at the point, having fished earnestly as we went along and without the reward of a single rise. We, however, capture three more here, all being under 3 lbs. Having now a sufficiency we return to camp, highly elated with the raid on the scaly denizens.

Ned related that evening that the beach in our immediate front was where Cameron, the veteran of the Nepigon, and a party of three others, en route to the "Soo" in a Mackinac sailboat, made a landing in a terrific gale that came near swamping the boat. They fortunately rode in on a big "comber," that sent them high up on the beach, though the men all jumped overboard at a given signal and gave timely aid in shoving her, in order to keep the set from breaking over their provisions. Here they remained three days, waiting for the wind to lull, and finally were compelled to leave in a very heavy sea that was washing the shore with frightful violence. Cameron, who was the dare-devil that insisted on leaving in the teeth of the gale, narrates the story of the adventure in a highly descriptive and eloquent manner.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[I seldom write to correct an error, knowing full well that the intelligent reader will at once "catch on" to the misprint in all ordinary mistakes. There was one, however, in your issue of May 15 which somewhat confused matters and which I would like to have you correct. It is thus: You make me say that all the trout we caught hung themselves. It should read, that all the trout he (Joe) caught hung themselves. Quite a difference.—A. S.]

NEVER.

MR. CHARLES A. SHRINER, fish and game warden of Passaic county, N. J., gives the following pronouncements, which, while not the subject of legal enactment, are recognized as binding laws of behavior by all reputable lovers of the pursuit of game and fish.

Never violate the letter or spirit of the game laws.
Never take more fish or game than you have convenient use for.
Never be insolent or impolite to a land owner who orders you off his premises.
Never fail to destroy a net or trap when you find one set.
Never shoot at a game bird except on the wing.
Never kill the last quail in a covey; leave some to breed next year.
Never forget that game laws are intended to improve and increase sport, and not to prevent or restrict it.

A Dakota farmer sold his son-in-law one half of a cow and then refused to divide the milk, claiming that he had sold the front half of the beast. He also required his son-in-law to provide all the feed the cow consumed and compelled him to carry all the water to her three times a day. Recently the cow hooked the old man and he is now suing the son-in-law for damages.—*Springfield Republican*.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adm.*

Natural History.

THE PORCUPINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will our friend "Lotor," who writes in your issue of May 14, explain what he says in regard to the much persecuted porcupine? He speaks of it as the "quiet, inoffensive little creature that curls itself into a ball at the first approach of an enemy." I have seen thousands of them in our pine woods—not so very little, but inoffensive, unless you object to their appetite for pack straps, shoes and salt pork. But whoever saw one curl itself into a ball when molested.

If you bother a porcupine he will make a few awkward attempts at a gallop toward the nearest tree, raising the quill on his back somewhat as a dog "bristles his crest" when excited. After reaching his tree he will make short work of putting himself out of reach of all weapons of shorter range than firearms.

The tradition about his rolling himself into a ball, although not so bad as the quill shooting story, is, I think, entirely wrong when attributed to the American porcupine. I think this belief comes from the books, where the habits of the English hedgehog are described. This I understand to be a much smaller animal than ours, feeding on insects and perhaps fruit.

Our porcupine has for a steady diet the bark of trees, usually maple, but around old logging camps he finds such delicacies as old boot packs, pork barrels and cook house slush; in fact, anything containing salt or fat in any form. He is an adroit thief, and if you give him a chance will steal a pack strap or a shoe from under the walls of your tent while you are dreaming on your bed of balsam or hemlock boughs.

In conclusion let me say that I have never seen a fair picture of our "porky-hog" as he is often called. I suppose that in making up the wood cuts for an encyclopedia or dictionary it is cheaper to copy some European picture than to make one that we will recognize as belonging to the animal which the book purports to describe.

BACKWOODSMAN.

HINT TO COLLECTORS.

THE experienced collector, who is passing through a region of whose birds and beasts little is known, never neglects to examine the stomachs of hawks and owls in the hope of finding in them shrews, mice or squirrels which may be new species or may have been previously unknown as occurring in this particular locality. And what is true of mammals is also true of insects. Birds devour myriads of these creatures, and those which have hard horny coverings are not at once digested. As to the truth of a story on this point which is printed in a Cincinnati paper, we express no opinion, but it is certain that it might have been true. It is as follows:

"A well-known local entomologist shot a male kingbird in this vicinity a few days ago, and on picking it up was surprised to find a strange-looking beetle crawling out of its mouth. This gave the gentleman an idea, and on skinning the bird, preparatory to mounting, he took particular pains not to injure the gizzard. On opening this he found exactly what he thought he would—a mate for the beetle. The fact that I found one beetle heretofore supposed to be a stranger to this locality led me to think that perhaps the bird had caught both the male and female, and I was right. This curious incident shows how little is known even of the fauna of our own neighborhood. Here I have been studying beetles for twenty years past, and have handled in that time more than 2,000 species, yet in this strange manner, at a time when I least expected it, a new species falls directly into my hands. This also shows the variety of food eaten by the kingbird, one of whose favorite morsels is the common honey-bee. These it devours to such an extent that it has become a nuisance to bee-keepers, who know it as the bee-bird or eagle-fighter."

A TAME PRAIRIE WOLF.—Editor Forest and Stream: Last autumn, at the hay camp of Henry Powell, on the St. Mary's River, in northwestern Montana, I saw a young, but nearly full-grown, female coyote (*Canis latrans*), which was perfectly tame and played about the camp with the dogs. It would come when called, lick the hand that caressed it, and when pleased would wag its tail like a dog. At the same time it was a little timid, would not go to a stranger and would nip at any one that took hold of it except the children. Of them it had no fear. Five of these pups were dug out of a hole about 8ft. deep the last of May, 1890. They were then very small, about 3 or 4 in. long and could barely waddle or crawl. At this time they were too young to drink. They had no long hair on the tail, had short ears and blunt, snub noses. They were covered with a coat of short mouse blue hair. For several days they were fed by Mr. Powell's son Charley, who would milk the cows into their mouths. Afterward they were put with a bitch that had pups and she permitted them to suckle. Some of these puppies were destroyed because they killed the hens, but this one had no bad habits. She often wandered off a long way on the prairie and sometimes was chased by the men when they were out hunting wolves with greyhounds. The dogs have often started her supposing her to be a wild coyote. She would run a little way, and then lie down, and as the dogs came up roll over on her back, with her paws in the air. When the dogs reached her they would smell of her and recognizing their camp companion did not attempt to injure her. She is an interesting pet.—GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL (New York, May 20.)

PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Nineteenth Annual Report of this Society was read at the annual meeting last month, and contains much that is interesting. The total number of visitors for 1890-91 shows by comparison with the previous year a decrease of 3,719, while the receipts for the same period have decreased \$4,280.24. Sunday receipts are more than three times as large as those of Saturday—the next largest day—\$13,721.29 against \$3,744.52. The number of animals in the collection at the end of February, 1891, was 1,020, of which 303 were mammals, 454 birds, 205 reptiles, 58 amphibians. The accessions during the year were 176 mammals, 210 birds, 671 reptiles and 120 amphibians. Among the more interesting mammals received during the year are two spider monkeys from South and Central America;

a pair of nyghau and three reindeer, two of which have since died. Among the birds may be mentioned a flammulated owl (*Scops flammeola*) from Arizona, sent in by Mr. Herbert Brown, and a specimen of the curious boat-billed heron (*Canceroma cochlearia*) from South America. Among the many interesting reptiles is a new snake from Florida, described by the superintendent, Mr. Brown, in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy for 1890 under the name *Stilosoma extenuata*. The report notes also the addition of a pair of lions about fifteen months old, bred in captivity in Europe, and a pair of wolverines from Minnesota. These last are extremely rare in collections and are of unusual interest. Among the animals which were bred in the garden, the advent of which has been noted from time to time in FOREST AND STREAM, may be mentioned lions, puma, prairie wolves, leopards, camels, llama, bison, Indian buffalo, American elk, deer of several species and kangaroos. The Philadelphia Zoological Gardens are far ahead of anything of the kind in this country, and their management appears to be everything that could be desired.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A PHANTOM GOBBLER.

At a period in the past, before our Legislature made an effective game law, and before public sentiment was sufficiently enlightened to demand its execution, had there been one, it was thought to be the proper thing to have a Thanksgiving dinner of roast turkey as early as the month of March, without waiting for a proclamation from the powers that be. In those days in the spring of the year the bluffs and heavily timbered bottoms near the mouth of the Illinois River were vocal with the calls of wild turkeys during the mating season, and the hunter who could listen to that music and not feel his fingers tingle, and his pulses quicken with excitement, was considered outside the craft and voted "no good no how."

It was the unwritten creed of the country that if a man met a flock of turkeys in the timber, and they attacked him, he was fully justified under the primal law of nature, "self-preservation," in shooting them in self defense, and as this prerogative had a popular and widespread application, hosts of turkeys more or less failed to show up at roll call in November following, which otherwise might have increased tenfold during the summer months, enlarging the chance for sport in the same proportion when the leaves began to fall. The custom was reprehensible to a degree and much to be condemned, but it was hard to make a "Sucker" with a gun think so, especially if he was "out o' meat."

I remember a couple of novices with more ambition than skill who had made several ineffectual attempts to bag some of the patriarchs of the flock, and were bemoaning their hard luck to an old veteran, who was then a prosperous merchant; but the passion was still strong within him, and he seldom failed to have an outing with the boys of a week or two in the spring and fall, when he was certain to carry off the honors, much to the chagrin of some of the more youthful and windy aspirants. He was native to the locality and to the manor born and bred, when droves of deer roamed over the unsettled prairies and the howling of the wolves made night hideous about his father's cabin, and as for turkeys, the woods were full of them. He had seen service and plenty of it, and if there was one kind of game more than another that he loved to hunt, it was wild turkeys. It was his delight to put his skill against their cunning; and the turkey was a sharp one that outwitted him, for he had the faculty of doing the right thing at the right time, and was seldom at a loss in an emergency. It was agreed, if we boys would meet him at sunrise the next morning at a designated spot in one of the narrow valleys leading out from the river, that he would give us some pointers in turkey hunting and post us up in the tricks necessary to success; and we were promptly on hand at the appointed time eager for the initiation to begin.

Going up the valley, which grew narrower as we advanced, to where the inclosing ridges threw out several spurs across it, interlocking each other, we came to an open glade, at the head of which was a pawpaw thicket, which we entered to look for sign, and here we found plenty of it, the ground being literally scratched over; but the old veteran said the sign was not fresh, and had been made the day previous, but the turkeys were somewhere in the neighborhood, unless they had been alarmed the day before.

Getting into an opening he took his turkey bone and gave a shrill "keowk, keowk, keowk," that awoke the slumbering echoes in the surrounding hills. That seductive call would make the average hen turkey green with envy, and had lured many a fine gobbler to his death and the dinner pot, and was still in the business. Receiving no answer the call was repeated, and away over a dividing ridge to the west, nearly a half a mile distant, came a faint answer from a gobbler; and by waiting a few minutes in silence we were able to locate him with tolerable accuracy.

The ridge between us and the gobbler was fully 200ft. high and little less than a fourth of a mile to its top from where we were standing. Between two spurs making out from the ridge ran a deep ravine, partly filled with leaves, brush and vines, the accumulation and growth of years, and up this ravine we toiled our way with as much speed as the circumstances permitted, stopping now and then to give a call or two and to wait for an answer so as to be certain to keep the gobbler coming toward us. The scheme was not to call too often nor to hurry him, but to get to the top of the ridge before he did, otherwise he would either see or hear us and we would get no shots and our trip would be in vain.

After considerable hard climbing we took a position on a rocky shelf that ran across the head of the ravine up which we had clambered. This brought our heads on a level with the main ridge that was between us and the gobbler. About forty steps directly in front of us and on top of the ridge, without a bush or twig between it and ourselves, was a large, spreading white oak, a giant among its fellows and the probable ancestor of a numerous family of saplings that surround it.

We were pretty well blown with our effort, and waited a few minutes to get our wind and steady our nerves; but we were ahead of the gobbler at all events, and that was several points in our favor. We could hear him going through his gymnastics on the other side of the ridge, and we were chuckling to ourselves how we would fool him when he came in sight. He was coming to a surprise party, and he didn't know it. Another low call from the old veteran was answered by a fierce gobble close at hand. "Get ready, boys," was whispered, and the hammers were raised without a click and every gun brought to the shoulder.

"Look out now, he's coming out from behind that big white oak," and sure enough a moment later he came from behind the tree with a Fourth of July strut and as full of vanity as a dude. He had evidently made his toilet with extreme care that morning, and had started out to make a conquest. His wattles looked like a necklace of burnished coral, and every feather glistened in the morning sun; but we were laying for that gobbler with a masked battery loaded with powder and shot and things, and instead of meeting a lady love he met the discharge of three guns loaded with BB shot.

Then what? Now jes' don't "you uns" say a word—don't stir me up. Did we corral that turkey? Did we hang him on a trophy pole and dance a war dance? Did we "tote" him home in triumph and pick his bones over a bottle of Catawba? Nary tote, nary turkey, not a feather.

Why didn't you give him the other barrels? Ah, yes, why didn't we. Would you shell the woods and not a turkey in sight?

Where did he go?

Well that is something no fellow could find out, at least we never did, and we hunted for him with both hands. Six hands, in fact, with digits extended wide, in every nook, ravine, brush heap and hollow log within a radius of half a mile without finding a trace of him.

Was it Old Nick, dressed up as a gobbler, to fool us, or a phantom turkey come back from the happy hunting grounds to draw our fire? Did the earth open and swallow him or did he climb a tree? That was the conundrum and we gave up, and it is a mystery to this day. We lost the turkey, that is certain, if a thing can be said to be lost that we never had, but a hearty laugh over the adventure recompensed us in some degree for our disappointment, and besides the experience was worth something to the boys.

It was agreed that that hunt shouldn't count, and we consoled ourselves with the thought that an old spring gobbler was dry meat at best, and that

The fowl that lived and flew away,
Might come to bag some other day.

ELSAH, III.

CAMERON.

EPH. BROWN AND THE BEAR.

AS old age creeps on and incapacitates us from active business, we are apt to dwell upon events of the past. Memory carries us back to the old log cabin, where in childhood we gathered about the hearthstone, around which clustered the happy associations and scenes of other days; and we drop the sordid cares and wearing anxieties of the present and forget for a moment the lapse of time, and how the years and years have gone by and those scenes are gone, save to memory. And so I am in mood to relate some pioneer incidents which occurred in my younger days.

Ephraim Brown came with the settlers who first broke into the heavily timbered forests not very far from the Cattaraugus Creek, in western New York, a partial description of which region was given in a former article published in FOREST AND STREAM. Brown was an active muscular man, never beaten in a foot race and the champion wrestler and chopper through all that section of country. He was hardly past middle age at the time of which I write, but by his friends and the people where he was best known, he was always mentioned as "Old Eph."

Bears were plenty and occasionally raided the farmers' pig-pens and sheep-folds, and, except by a few hunters, were considered rather a nuisance than otherwise. Now Eph had a near neighbor Shultz, who called on him one day to examine his cornfield, when he said bears or coons, or both, were pulling down the corn every night. Brown looked over the field and soon discovered by the tracks that a small bear (perhaps a yearling) was making a nightly raid on the corn. He informed Shultz that it was a bear, and offered for a small consideration that he would that night or the next drive the bear into his smoke house and shut the door. Now, the consideration might have been five or ten gallons of whisky, as that article was then and there considered a legal tender. All classes drank whisky in those days; and the words total abstinence were unknown in the pioneer vocabulary—albeit there were comparatively less drunkards in those days than at the present day. Shultz readily agreed to Brown's proposal, though rather doubting his ability to fulfill the contract. Shultz's surprise was something more than ordinary when on the following morning he found the bear cooped up in his log smoke-house with the door shut, barred and bolted.

No one had seen just how Brown had captured the bear, but his explanation was about as follows: He cut a blue beech ox-gad about the length of an ordinary fish pole, with a good switch end, and with this formidable weapon he lay in ambush near where the bear would be likely to pass in coming into the field. It was long after the full moon had risen that he discovered the bear making toward the field, and the bright moonlight enabled him to see that it was the same small bear that he expected. By this time the bear had scented danger and started back for the woods; and Brown started for the bear, which he overtook just at the moment that it was climbing the high rail fence. This gave Brown a chance to give him a smart cut over the nose, which brought the bear in a limp heap at his feet; but only for a moment, when he turned and began to show fight, but one or two clips in the face brought his nose down between his forelegs, at which, Brown said, he would whine like a whipped cur. So he started bruin for the smokehouse, as he said, by touching him on each flank, and if he went too fast he would slow him up a little by a slight tap over the nose with his long whip. In this way he succeeded in working him up to the smokehouse, where the bear was only too glad to get in out of reach of the cruel whip. It is not to be supposed that an old, full-grown bear could

be captured that way. Nevertheless, it was generally believed that Brown had accomplished a feat that could not be done by any other man in that region.

A few years prior to the time of which I write there were two brothers who were both crippled by an encounter with a bear. They were skilled hunters, six-footers, and heavily-built men. It was a sort of hand to hand combat, where the two men were badly worsted, thoroughly "chawed up," as it were, one having his thigh broken in two places, while the other had a shoulder badly lacerated and the scalp torn from his skull, so that it hung like a flap over the face. The particular circumstances which brought about such a singular episode I have neither time nor space to relate here.

By a providential circumstance they were found by a party of hunters who happened that way soon after the occurrence. Both men were helpless and were carried out of the woods on stretchers. Their recovery remained doubtful for several months; but they finally lived through. But they were both maimed and disabled for life.

GRANDVIEW, TENN.

ANTLER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 16.—About a week ago, when leaving Chicago on the evening train of the St. Paul & Kansas City road, I witnessed a little incident which interested me at the time, and which may cast some little light on the question of the speed of a flying bird. We were about forty or fifty miles out of the city, I should think, and I was at the supper table in the dining car, it being then just a little before dusk, when I saw five prairie chickens flying along parallel with the train and about a hundred yards or more distant. I believe they kept this course for more than a mile before they finally turned around a hill and disappeared. They were doubtless on their regular evening flight to their roosting grounds, and any one knows that at such a time they usually fly with great steadiness and rapidity. I lined the birds up with the edge of the window casement, and could see that they did not gain much on the train. Either the train or the birds were irregular, for first one and then the other would see-saw ahead and settle back. The train must have been going over fifty miles an hour, for it makes a fast run through there. From the way the birds followed the surface of the ground, not holding high up in the arrowy flight of the cold fall days, I should think that they were going at about three-fourths of their top speed. Our friends curious in figures might from this formulate a guess not quite so rude as one altogether unaided. It had been my impression that a prairie chicken would fly right away from a railway train, but in this long race it did not seem that way.

All through Iowa and Missouri the country was looking simply beautiful in the early spring, lying out fresh and pleasant in a succession of gentle valleys and rolling ripples of green. The crabapples were in bloom and the dandelions covered the banks, and down in Missouri the "redbud" trees were in full flower. It was very pleasant to see the quiet country life unfolded in panorama as we passed, the cattle grazing on the blue grass pastures, the farm dog dozing in the sun, and now and then a turkey strutting through the yard. For sporting purposes, however, most of this region across central and southwestern Iowa and the upper corner of Missouri has seen its day. Its beauty now is the beauty of the garden and not of the forest or prairie.

And so on to historic Leavenworth, the most beautiful city of Kansas, and indeed one beautiful enough in any company, though Kansas does not offer a very hot competition for the most part. Familiar with the arid western plains of Kansas, I had never seen this old town before, and it seemed very delightful, albeit quiet and quite done its active work apparently. This year Leavenworth has just 250 inhabitants less than it had last year. Leavenworth supplies the West with prominent citizens. They are scattered all through the mountain and plains country. Nearly everybody in Colorado lived in Leavenworth once. Provided one be done with the active conflict, I do not know a better place to settle in, and a better place for a town never was. The hills make a grand amphitheater down to the river. The country round about is a noble one. Fort Leavenworth, the military post and training school located about three miles above the city, is situated in a bit of country as lovely as ever lay out of doors. "It's nearly as pretty as the Bluegrass country," said Lieut. Hughes, one of the officers I met at the post. This, coming from a native of the bluegrass section of Tennessee, is certainly much of an admission. But Fort Leavenworth is called by the army officers one of the most beautiful posts in the United States, and they are glad to be stationed there. I believe, however, that this is largely on account of the feminine population of Leavenworth town, which is numerous and beautiful in the extreme, and therefore of a quality to appeal to the æsthetic nature of the gallant gentlemen of the army. Where the officers are gathered together, there are the ladies also, and vice versa. I don't know whether it is the officers, or the ladies, or the bluegrass country around Leavenworth which is responsible for this state of affairs, but everybody seems very happy over it.

And hey! for the glory of the army! The only trade for a man, I do think, and one kindly to its followers. The result of the physical training is so apparent. The men are all men, and not stoop-shouldered *villains*. The uniformity of the excellence of their physical carriage ought to be a shame to the average dollar hunter.

"There's the assembly," said Lieut. "Billy" Wright, as a bugle began to sing, "and if you want to see the cavalry parade, get out." Presently the troops came by, full trot, shining, resplendent, magnificent, the "Senegambian Hussars," as Lieut. "Billy" called the colored troop in front, each big negro of the lot proud of his job, and riding like a king. If you want to see superb horsemanship, go to Leavenworth. And if you want to feel your backbone quiver, listen to the trumpets.

After dinner we went out across the town, three miles in the opposite direction, to the Soldiers' Home. Here was the obverse of the medal of glory. Two thousand graybeards, hobbling, crawling, sitting, unranked, half uniformed. All waiting. No trumpets here. There may be trumpets some day sounding in *revelle* over the white headstones on the green hills yet beyond the buildings of the Home. And so we ran it down, this trail of glory, from the epauletted youngster seeking the bubble reputation, to the lean and slithered parody of that, and finally the end of it all. Funny business, this

living! If you go to the Soldiers' Home, you would much better go back to the Fort next day and hear the bugles again, and talk with Lieut. Billy, or Lieut. Wren, or Lieut. Hammond, or Lieut. Cruse, or Lieut. Perkins, or Lieut. Scott, or Lieut. Wilson, or Lieut. French, or Lieut. Evans, or Lieut. Elliott, or Lieut. Nicholson from Riley, or some of the flock of young officers you may find out there. The woods are full of them, and they are full of fun.

"Did you ever hear Col. —'s elk story?" asked one of these young gentlemen. "You know, it happened after dinner one evening. Col. — was telling how he chased a great elk which he had wounded, and which he was particularly anxious to secure on account of its magnificent antlers, which he declared measured over seven feet from tip to tip. 'I run the old fellow right up to the edge of a heavy wood,' said the Colonel, 'but there I had to stop, and I lost him. The trees stood so thick no horseman could get through. They weren't over two feet apart anywhere.'"

"How wide did you say that elk's antlers were, Colonel?" somebody asked him.

"Seven feet, sir; not an inch less, sir," said the Colonel.

"And how far apart were the trees?"

"Not an inch over two feet, sir, not an inch."

"Well, now, how in — did the elk ever get in there himself?"

"The Colonel stopped a moment, and then straightened up. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'he did just exactly as I would have done under the circumstances had I been in his place, and just as I have to do now—he had to take in his horns!'"

"Well," spoke up another officer near by, "Col. — got out of that better than Gen. — did out of his fish story. Did you ever hear of that?" No one ever had.

"You see, I don't know whether I ought to tell it or not; but if a general could tell it, I suppose a lieutenant can. It seems that Gen. — was out fishing, down in Florida. The day was warm, and the temptation to go into the water was very great. Fastening his line to a stump, he removed his clothing and went in bathing. 'I was just about to come out and resume my apparel,' said the General, 'when I noticed a terrific tug at my line and knew I had a fish of very considerable size. Loosening the line from the stump, I went to work to land the fish, when to my surprise the creature made a determined rush for the sea and I found I could not control it. In some way I became entangled in the line, and was rapidly hauled down the beach in spite of my struggles. I felt the water dash above me as I was rapidly pulled in, and I gave up all for lost. But, gentlemen, I have never yet known my presence of mind to fail me in a time of danger, and it did not now. I thrust my hand into my pocket, drew out my knife, and in a moment had cut the line and was free! Had it not been for that, you would not see me here to-night.' You ought to have seen the General's face when they asked him where the pocket came in in a story like that!"

All sorts of larking when it isn't dress parade, but when the serious part of life is on at the Post the ceremony and dignity of the military community is something very pretty.

Mr. W. W. Carney, so well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM as former owner of the ranch at Great Bend, where the annual coursing meet of the American Club is held, is now at Leavenworth, and with him and his brother, E. L. Carney, the hours fled all too quickly. In the evening we went over and called on Col. Moonlight, one of the best known figures in Kansas and Western history. Col. Moonlight was once governor of Wyoming, and has long been prominent in political circles. We got him to talking of his early Indian fighting and hunting days, and passed a great evening. A very romantic career has been Col. Moonlight's, I heard elsewhere. He ran away from Scotland when he was a mere boy, and somehow got into the army in this country and has been in all the wars, I understand, from the French and Indian war on down, including the Seminole Indian war, to say nothing of having been a Government surveyor at the time when a Winchester was more useful at that work than a transit. Sometimes nowadays the Colonel goes out on the range for a while, and as soon as he leaves the settlements he throws off his hat and goes bareheaded, sun or rain, till he comes back again. "When I go on a hunt," said the Colonel, "I never take but one cooking vessel, and that is a common tin cup. You can cook anything you want in a tin cup. I don't see what any one would want with any more dishes than that." I should like a photograph of Col. Moonlight on a hunt, hatless, and bearing a single tin cup. It seems to me that is traveling about as light as they make it.

From Leavenworth to the croppy tournament at St. Joseph, as see small bills. On Thursday evening there I met Mr. A. G. Courtney laboring up the hill to his hotel with his Lefever under his arm. "Where's Charlie Willard and Rolla Heikes?" he asked.

"Gone home this afternoon," said I.

"That's all you know about it. They haven't gone home. They missed their train, and I just left them on their way back to the lake to go fishing again. If I didn't have to go to St. Louis I'd go back to the lake myself and fish all day to-morrow." St. Joseph and the lake offer rare attractions for a trap tournament.

Here at Des Moines I find everybody looking forward to the opening of the Iowa State tournament at this place on Tuesday of next week. This should be a good event, though I believe the croppy fishing at Des Moines is not so exceptionally good.

From the West comes one more account of shocking accident from shooting carelessness. In this case a husband killed his wife. The affair happened at Colorado Springs, Col. Mr. and Mrs. Winn, of Coronado, Kas., were with two friends returning from a pleasuring trip of over a month in the mountains. Two ladies rode in one buggy, Mrs. Winn being one of these. Mr. Winn and a friend rode in a carriage directly ahead. In this vehicle were two shotguns, loaded. Mr. Winn moved one of these in some way and it was discharged, the contents striking Mrs. Winn in the neck and killing her almost at once. A fine reprimand for the man who allowed those loaded guns in the carriage; but perhaps he didn't like his wife very much, anyhow. The man who carries a loaded gun in a vehicle ought to be treated as though he expected to kill some one.

At this date the tremendous forest fires of the Michigan

lower peninsula are reported abating. Many counties have suffered terribly. No lives are reported lost, but property of the value of several million dollars has been destroyed. Grouse must have been destroyed in the egg by thousands and thousands, and perhaps many fawns also perished, though as to the season of their birth in that region I am not so certain. These great fires are public calamities and herein should lie a lesson to the careless camper. A newspaper which has gone into this matter somewhat has the following to say:

"In the great majority of cases these forest fires are caused by willful carelessness. Out of nearly 3,000 instances collated in the tenth census, 1,152 fires were started deliberately for clearing land, 628 by hunters' fires, 262 by what the returns called 'malice,' 197 by reckless efforts to improve pasturage and only 508 by locomotive sparks. In other words, more than 80 per cent. of the fires might have been prevented by the exercise of proper and sensible precautions." E. HOUGH.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

VII.—ON KILLING DOGS.

I AM going to give the tradition of the origin of the law permitting the slaughter of deer dogs, to show the consequences of the practice, the unwisdom of it, the extra-legal abuse of this doubtful privilege, the trouble certain to come from it and the fact that the Game Commissioners were fully warned of what was sure to happen. We cannot deal with compliments now, and the burden of this whole miserable business of dog-killing with its dreadful consequences, must be left to rest where it falls.

Deer dogging is not a recent practice in the eastern part of the State. As early as the forties considerable of it was done, although it was by no means general; for the people of the southeastern part of the State were a race of still-hunters. It is hardly necessary to say that at that period there were few if any deer, except stragglers, west of the Penobscot, so that both still-hunting and dogging were necessarily confined to the regions where both have flourished most ever since. Dogging was not illegal at this time, and did not become so at any season of the year previous to 1853, while it was not prohibited until a later date, some time in the sixties, I believe, though my earliest note of it is 1871.

As has been said, dogging was not at first illegal, and though most preferred still-hunting, it was practiced to some extent, especially in the latter part of the forties and during the fifties. It was then that Rod Park and his pack used to make "such gallant chiding" over the rough granite country that slopes down the Union River. It was noble music say those who heard it. Park was a Veazie lumberman, well known all over the State, an admirable marksman both at game and target, a fine still-hunter for deer, an expert at all outdoor games and employments, the most buoyant, whole-hearted, irrepressible, fun-loving and laughter-making man that ever drew violin bow and loved his friend's quarrel better than his own. His delight in good company drew him from the solitary life of the hunter; his overflowing energy attracted him to the woods, therefore he loved his dogs. He always had a pack of favorites, not blooded, perhaps, but well chosen and remembered long after the limits of their doggish lives. Hunter, and Panther, who were slain, old Jack who fell by a bullet, and old Spot, the most lamented of all, were of them. Two lawyers, Bradbury and Wiggin, were frequent companions of Park's at this time, and they hunted together in the Union River country, sometimes from canoes, but most frequently on the runways, which Park liked best. "A cry more tuneable was never holla'd to," but it was not music to the still-hunters. There were wolves in the country then and the deer being in constant alarm from these, were more frightened of the dogs than they now are, so that a pack of hounds was a serious disturbance to still-hunting. But Park was a favorite and the hunters did not wish to trouble him or his dogs, although they complained loudly of his companions. Park was a poor man like themselves, they said, but that rich men's sport should destroy their occupation was a serious grievance, and on account of it Park lost some dogs. Yet there was in this nothing that would cause recourse to law making. There was, however, another trouble to which Park always attributed the origin of the first law permitting dogs to be killed.

Park had his enemies as well as his friends. Those who have driven from Bar Harbor to Bangor on the tally-ho which ran eight years ago, before the railroad was put through, may remember just half way between Ellsworth and Bangor, on the top of a long hill, two old, blackened houses, the only ones for some miles, which stood on opposite sides of the road not far apart. They were the half-way taverns on the stage road, Johnson's on the right and Mike Mann's on the left, and the hill is still known as Mike Mann's Hill. This hill lies midway between Fitts's Pond (now Phillips's Lake) and Reed's Pond (now Green Lake)—two places at which Park and his dogs used to run deer. The tavern keepers on the hill had the bitterest enmity to each other, which Mann at least, who was small in spirit as he was large in stature, extended to all who patronized his rival. And Park always stopped at Johnson's. Whether there was any other cause for this ill will is not known, but on account of it Park was subjected to much annoyance by Mann and when he was in Mann's vicinity. At one time the road leading down to Reed's Pond was filled full of big hemlocks at a certain narrow place between ledges. Again, Parks had some birch canoes left near there maliciously destroyed. These and other troubles occurred about 1851, but the feud was continued.

In 1853, by the margin of the R. S. of 1857, a new and very remarkable game law was passed. "No person shall hunt or kill on any land not his own in this State any moose from the fifteenth day of March to the first day of October, or any deer from the fifteenth day of January to the first day of September, under a penalty of \$40 for each moose and \$20 for each deer so killed. No person not an inhabitant of this State shall, at any time, hunt or kill any moose or deer except on his own land, under the same penalties as above provided. Any person may lawfully shoot or otherwise kill any dog found hunting moose or deer within the time or with the persons herein prohibited." The aliens meant are undoubtedly Canadians, for summer travel had not then begun to any extent. But why prohibit bounding in close time only? This is covered by the prohibition to hunt at all at that season one would suppose, Park

always declared that this point was "got up by Mann on purpose to annoy him." It must have been introduced by some one living east of the Penobscot, for those living where dogs were not used would have no interest in the matter. The still-hunters of the Union River would have been little likely to propose legislation on the subject; for they would have killed the dog that troubled them without waiting to have the law passed to permit them, and this law would not have protected them in the fall when they needed it most. Park always said that Mann was at the bottom of it. Note how this might have been.

Previous to the law of 1853, the law (R. S. 1840) had been: "Any person who shall kill any moose or deer between the first day of July and the first day of November in any year shall forfeit or pay for every moose or deer so killed the sum of five dollars." That is, close time previous to 1853 was from July 1 to Nov. 1, the very period when Park was hounding deer, for no one ever kept the law then. The fine was too small to be a requisite to anybody, as only half went to the complainant, so that Mann could have done Park no harm by complaining. But to allow the killing of dogs in close time—that is from July to November—would be the most serious injury possible. If Mann could compass that he had abundant revenge. Mann was not a representative at any time—"he hadn't education enough," said Johnson, his old rival, to me this winter. Whatever he did he must do through others. Supposing, then, that he argued with some representative the need of stopping hounding in close time, the advantages of killing dogs as the means of stopping it, and impressed on the legislator the fact that close time was the period of danger. When the close time is changed from the fall months to the winter and summer months, that representative is still acting in obedience to his constituency by urging that dogs ought to be killed in the new close time, while Mann, if he were guilty, loses the opportunity which he correctly sought, though gaining the letter of his desires. That this change in the game law which he could not help even if he had known it, should take place at the same time that he did desire a change is natural enough, while only such a desire as his could explain the singular provision which allows the use of dogs part of the year, but makes their lives a forfeit at the period when they were least likely to be used. For this is not aimed at crust hunting, as may be seen from the fact that moose may be killed with dogs until the middle of March. It was an unfeathered shaft that flew aslant.

Until a better explanation of the subject is given we may assume, as Park did, that the first law permitting dogs to be killed was framed from personal malice. Even if he were wrong, the history of the law would justify such a supposition. Good it has never done, could not do. The man who loses one dog will buy two more, and will forever hate the man who killed his pet and companion. If dogging is illegal it should be stopped, but never by killing the irresponsible dog. Arrest the offender and fine him—he will submit; but any attempt to kill his dog will be resisted, and in one way or another will harm the cause in which it is done or the man who does it. The slaughter of dogs has caused deer dogging to thrive in this State. Doing it in the name of the law has merely brought the law into disrepute; for it is now and long will be considered a worse offense to kill a dog than to use him in running deer. To arrest the man brings credit to the law and little or no danger to the officer; to kill the dog has just opposite effect.

I will give three examples of the results of dog killing, selecting for obvious reasons some of long standing. In every case I could give fullest particulars and could cite other parallel instances. In the first a woodchopper, hearing a hound, stepped behind a tree and cut out her shoulder as she ran past. He escaped with his life, but it was of little value to him for some time. The dog was owned by Louis Ketchum, the well-known Indian guide, who could give full particulars although at the time he was miles away, having lent the hound to those who had her. The second occurred on Long Island in Bluehill Bay. There was a special law that no deer should be killed on the island, but an Indian named Joe Orons, whom I suppose to be dead, met there with companions to evade the law by driving deer into the water and shooting them from the canoe. He had just killed one in this way when a man, said to be named Henderson, shot his dog. The Indian instantly threw down the gun he had, thinking the range too long for the buckshot barrel, and seized a rifle lying beside him. Careless handling caused a premature discharge, which tore open his coat sleeve and burned his arm, but he once more changed guns and fired at the man before he disappeared. He then searched a house on the island to find him, and failing in this was with difficulty restrained from doing great damage to personal property. Almost any of the Oldtown guides could give further particulars. Nor must it be thought that only an Indian would do this. A white man would do fully as much. I know of one man, now deceased, a selectman of his town for many years, a man honest and trusted and with a host of friends, who declared that he himself had walked many miles and spent two days in trying to kill the man who shot his dog. Nor need reference be made to the two wardens who were killed for attempting to take a dog from its owner, in order to prove the hazard of doing it.

Not only is it dangerous to kill dogs, but of late this danger has been greatly increased because most of it has been done illegally. It is not lawful to destroy any dog not actually engaged in hunting, either on the track, or swimming after the deer, or holding it at bay. Yet most of the dogs killed here for some years have either been poisoned or taken from their owners and killed before their eyes. Need we cite the instances of three dogs taken from one canoe and killed, of four belonging to one sportsman, of one and two in many instances belonging sometimes to residents and sometimes to visitors, but in every case killed while not engaged in hunting? Nor has the least discretion been shown in the dogs selected. One well known and decidedly popular contributor to *FOREST AND STREAM* has given me his own experience. "When I was in Maine, Mr. H. and I had a narrow chance," he writes, "for the lives of two liver and white pointer dogs (which any person could tell were not hounds) notwithstanding the fact that we offered to show what they were by working them on game." "Hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, shoughs, water rugs and demi-wolves," all that in the catalogue are clept by the name of dogs, to misquote—have lost their lives or had them endangered by the law

that however it has been enforced, says only, "Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting moose, deer or caribou." Nor has the poisoning been legal. Most of it has been necessarily laid out contrary to law prohibiting its distribution within five-eighths of a mile from "any highway, pasture, field or other improved land," and any one can see that while hunting the dog would not take poison—"unless he was a very poor dog," adds one hunter slyly. True, the law does not prohibit poisoning dogs, but if they will not take it while hunting and cannot be killed when not hunting, there is barrier none the less strong for being unexpressed. If not killed in the act, the dog cannot be killed in any way, for he returns to his owner who becomes responsible according to the law which says, "Any person owning or having in possession dogs for the purpose of hunting moose, deer or caribou, forfeits not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars." "Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting moose, deer or caribou," runs the law, not a wise provision at best, but infinitely unwise as it has been administered. Consider the provocation that has been given, the illegality of methods used, the domestic animals killed and supposed to be killed by those engaged in this work, the peril to human life, that this work was kept up for three years in spite of all remonstrances, and it is not hard to see how murder grew out of it as the stalk from the seed.

Even if it had not been done by officials and under orders it would have caused trouble; but those set to protect and defend the law broke the laws, and disaster was inevitable. The Commissioners—that is Mr. Stilwell, who represents them here—had timely and frequent warnings of what would happen. It was not chance that caused the death of Hill and Niles; it was fate. By the same work we shall have more of it unless care is taken. That murder was no surprise, but we expected it nearer home. It was in this way that I heard it—for I was out of the State that year and my father wrote it me:

"12 Nov., 1886.—Dear Fannie: I send two dailies. You will see by reading, that as Meg Merriles told Dirk Hatterack, 'It is sown; it is grown; it is heckled; it is twisted.' What I have so long expected and foretold has come to pass, and in the way I predicted—by killing dogs. I went to Stilwell twice last month to talk to him about this very thing. He asked me only a short time ago [if] I really believed any man was bad enough to kill another. I told him I did not think, I knew it, and it would be done if he kept such a set of men as wardens and allowed them to do such things. I do not know any of the parties. They may all be angels for all I know. I know the place exactly, as I have slept on the very same spot."

The original of this, with other important documents published and unpublished, is in the hands of the editor. On receiving it I formed the resolution which I have held to ever since, not to stop until the time came to prevent worse evils by showing up these. Unknown to me my father had decided to do the same, had written to the editor of this paper about it and then withdrawn because the danger was not then pressing and the Commissioners needed what support could be given. The danger is here again. We have a new set of laws yet untried, and worse conditions than at first for enforcing them. In giving the results of years of study of these matters, it must again be stated that there is no personal advantage to be sought; no desire to present more than can be proved, but the necessity of saying less; no hatred to any class, for none have injured me; no wish to bring our wardens into disrepute, for some of them could not well have blacker reputations than they now wear; no wish to disparage the Commissioners, for their works are their judges; no thought to stir up trouble—for there is more abroad at present than most realize. To prevent trouble, to save respect for those broken laws before it gets too late, to diminish the danger to human life—that of these wardens and of better men than most of them—is the only possible advantage.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

KANKAKEE MARSH.—Chicago, May 20.—In a recent issue of your paper your talented but misinformed Chicago correspondent accuses the members of the Cumberland Gun Club of spearing fish on the Kankakee Marsh. I am the only member of the club that has had a spear on the marsh this spring, and my only spoils were a few dogfish. Some of the members of the club will go gunning (or spearing) for friend Hough unless he is a little more careful how he advertises them as violators of the game and fish laws.—GEO. T. FARMER.

CHICAGO, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of May 6 over signature of E. Hough you state that the members of the Cumberland Gun Club have been spearing pickerel on their marsh. On behalf of the members of the Cumberland Club I am authorized to deny this declaration, and say that not a member of the club has engaged in any such practice, and would thank you to correct the statement in your next issue.—W. L. SHEPARD, Sec'y.

TEXAS GAME LAWS A FARCE.—Beeville, Tex.—Seeing the great slaughter of game going on out of season, our club has offered a reward of \$25 for information that will convict any one of violating the deer law. An effort will be made to have the turkey law changed, as at present it is worthless to southwest Texas. In a law to apply properly to this section, the open season should come in about Aug. 15 and close April 1. I believe the State labors under another disadvantage, that is we have no game wardens. The old saying, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," applies well to this case. Nine times out of ten one neighbor will not report on another, and so it goes; and the game laws are almost daily violated. Bob White is holding his own very well, notwithstanding the pot-hunter and the law-breaker, and the fall shooting promises to be fine. The festive gobble was never more plentiful or boisterous than at this time.—T. J. S.

NEW JERSEY QUAIL.—Smithburg, N. J., April 25.—The prospect for quail shooting in this vicinity next fall is very good. A good many wintered over and can be heard whistling in all directions. There is quite a number of ruffed grouse in the pines south of this place.—B. L. W.

RAMBLERS' OUTING CLUB.—New York, May 19.—The Ramblers' Outing Club has reorganized with the following officers: Pres., F. E. Fox; Treas., W. G. McCabe; Sec'y, R. C. Russell. The club holds its weekly meetings every Monday evening.

"BORES AND SHOOTING QUALITIES."—My letter in your paper of April 30, about large and small-bore shotguns, contains so many printer's errors that I beg to draw attention to them, fearing that the meaning of some of the sentences may be misunderstood. In paragraph seven "13drs." of powder should be 2½. In paragraph eight, second line, the word "superior" should be inferior. In paragraph seventeen the charge of shot for a 20-bore is printed "½oz." instead of ¾oz. On page 289, paragraph two, the word "larger" should be longer. In paragraph five of the same page, on line fifteen, the words "with a moderate cylinder" are, I think, inserted through some oversight. The sentence should begin: "On the other hand, both the 16-bores are splendid performers with buckshot."—J. J. MEYRICK (Devonshire, Eng.)

WISCONSIN WILDFOWL.—Appleton, Wis., May 23.—I notice what your correspondent "Greenhead" has to say in last issue about Wisconsin bass, and that they are to be protected, etc. I also read what he says in another column under the head of "The Wisconsin Flight," referring to water fowl. The game laws as were in force this spring forbid killing at that time. If one section is so readily violated, where is the virtue in any of the game laws?—C. V. Y.

A SPRINGTIME HUNT.

"If I can get away I'll take the boys and go up to the Shanty for a last hunt before the first of May," so said my father not long ago. I knew that it would only be a question of life or death that would keep him at home, so concluded that it would be possible for him to "get away." A little later that same day brother Ben confided to me that "the last Saturday before the law went on, he and Harold did want to go hunting most dreadfully." Then I told him of the little scheme his good father was planning, and a happier boy could not be found. To go hunting on Saturday was fun, but to stay out of school and stay over night! Well, in a boy's estimation, what could be better. On Monday active preparations were begun. Decoys hunted up, guns put in order, shells loaded and all the numerous things done that are necessary for even a day's outing. All this was accomplished by the boys between school hours. Tuesday an uninitiated observer might have thought that the whole family were contemplating an immediate trip abroad from the confusion. Blankets and rubber coats were strapped up, boxes of ammunition, with hunting coats of various styles, adorned the chairs. Last, but not least, a table filled with good things to satisfy the inner man were waiting to be packed. We could hardly get any one to dinner, and I think the cook was ready to give up in despair. After ringing the bell repeatedly, the family were assembled. The boys went back to school as they were not to start until 4 o'clock. About 2 I took the horse and carriage and drove father up to his bathhouse and watched him set out on his sail of five miles up the river. How I did want to go and I am afraid I very often envied my brother his good times. My part of the hunting expedition generally consisted in watching that nothing was forgotten and of remembering where caps and coats were put and then seeing him off and being ready to meet them on their return. The shanty is owned by a party of gentlemen and furnished with beds, stove and dishes. While of late years the shanty has been rather poor still the business men who can only leave for a day or two hours at a time, the boys off, and if they do come back with an empty bag they have had the benefit of the rest from care and usually come home refreshed. Father packed the tiny craft with his share of the traps—extra coats and a large bottle of milk were stowed up front—the gun and shells in the middle, and putting up his sail, with paddle late years he used to get pushed off and was soon out of sight. When I returned to the house it was time to start the boys off. They were wild as Indians and such hurrying into camp suits, then the carriage was again filled with guns, etc., and we started the observed of all observers, the whole neighborhood being aware of the fact that the Glovers were going hunting. The boat, another tiny duck boat, with room for two and no more, was soon ready to start. I had many injunctions "to be careful" the boys were off and I turned old Billie homeward. The next day our hunters returned, tired, but happy, and brought 4 ducks and 8 snipe. As they sat and talked after supper I took down these few notes which I give in father's words:

"Well, I reached the shanty about 6 o'clock, having made several stops, but didn't get any ducks. I got the key to the shanty late years he used to get pushed off and was soon out of sight. When I returned to the house it was time to start the boys off. They were wild as Indians and such hurrying into camp suits, then the carriage was again filled with guns, etc., and we started the observed of all observers, the whole neighborhood being aware of the fact that the Glovers were going hunting. The boat, another tiny duck boat, with room for two and no more, was soon ready to start. I had many injunctions "to be careful" the boys were off and I turned old Billie homeward. The next day our hunters returned, tired, but happy, and brought 4 ducks and 8 snipe. As they sat and talked after supper I took down these few notes which I give in father's words:

GRAND HAVEN, Mich. ELLY H. GLOVER.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

WASHINGTON CITY NOTES.

ONE of the largest rockfish or striped bass that has been in the Washington market for some years was 4½ ft. in length, girth 35 in., exhibited by Javins & Sons; it was taken from the Potomac River at Stony Point, 30 miles below Washington City. The weight was given at 90 lbs.; but I often think that 80 lbs. would be nearer the mark. It was taken in a shad seine operated by Capt. Joseph Caywood. Last year, Mr. Neitzey tells me, their seine took four or five large rockfish each day, but this year the average has been but one a day. They seldom go over 50 lbs., but frequently weigh from 30 to 50 lbs. each. A run of large rockfish is usually followed by a slack in the run of shad, and, therefore, the seiners do not like to see them come in.

Speaking about the flavor and excellence of these large fish, I hold that they are good. A 35 or 40-pounder boiled and served with a good dressing or *garum*, is hard to beat in the fish line.

April 30 I saw the first small-mouthed black bass in market from the Potomac. Only a few of them, half a dozen, aggregating about 6 lbs. Two of these were 1½ lb. fish, and appeared to be full of eggs.

"Frank Fields hooked a 10 lb. catfish in the Anacostia this morning,"—*Star*, April 25, 1891. We hope Frank has landed it.

You have heard of the large German carp (24 lbs.) caught in the Potomac. A boy of 11 years caught another big one weighing 22 lbs. from Long Bridge last

week. The prettiest food fish of the family, introduced from Germany, is the tench. Quite a number have been caught in the Potomac.

The shad season thus far has been poor in the Potomac. White perch have been scarce in the seines, but the anglers (hook and liners mostly) have been reaping a rich harvest between Georgetown, a new addition to Washington, and the chain bridge. A fellow told me recently that he caught more than a hundred perch, and stopped fishing for want of bait. He searched for worms in a place wherein worms were not, and had to give up fishing. I asked him why he didn't use young eels, and told him where to look for them. He saw thousands of them g wriggling around the rocks, but didn't know what they were or that they make good bait for white perch.

There has been a little good black-bass fishing. On April 27 Messrs. A. Hancock and J. H. Hunter caught 37 bass at the falls. These weighed about 45lbs., and were caught with minnows. About May 1 Mr. Wm. Alvey, and one or two others, of the Woodmont Club, caught 90 bass in three days' fishing. On the 6th Messrs. Mohler, Hendrickson, Lisle and John and Arthur fished at Weverton, near Harper's Ferry, catching 6 bass and 3 sunfish. Arthur (aged 9) succeeded in taking the largest bass, a 14-pounder. The day was cold and very disagreeable. Lots of bass have been taken on that part of the river, the fishing late in April and early in May having been better than for several years. On May 20 Mr. H. C. Coburn, using live minnows for bait, caught 6 bass averaging over 2lbs. in weight. Dr. Townshend, Mr. Einstein and another gentleman had equal success. These fish were taken at the club house near Great Falls, and the bait was bought at the place for about 25 cents a bucketful. No eggs were seen in the bass opened by Mr. Coburn. Some of the bass now are on the spawning beds and little fishing is looked for until about the middle of August. From then till cold weather sets in good fishing is to be expected. During the fall months the bass is in his prime condition and contests vigorously every inch of ground.

The water in the Potomac at present is very clear and high. A good season for rockfish at the Little Falls is predicted. Rare sport is often had here, the fish ranging from 1 to 5lbs. in weight.

On May 11 a new rod and gun club was organized in Washington, which is named The Washington Rod and Gun Club. The following officers were elected: President, S. W. Stinemetz; Vice-President, Joseph H. Hunter; Secretary, A. M. McCormick; Treasurer, L. K. Devendorf; Captain, George S. Atwater. The object of this club is trap shooting, fishing and the protection of fish and game. A club house for the accommodation of the anglers is to be erected on the Potomac in the vicinity of Seneca, and grounds suitable for trap shooting will be secured.

Many things of interest have been observed in the market besides those already mentioned. The supply of Southern and East Coast fishes has been unusually good. Croakers of large size, weighing as much as 2lbs., have been in good supply; bluefish quite plentiful, and pompano also. Quite a large number of small pompano have been on the market. Red snappers are plentiful. May 14 I noticed a channel bass or red drum of good size, I should say 20lbs. weight. Weakfish or salt-water trout, both plain and spotted, common. Spanish mackerel fairly common. I noticed for the first time this spring moonfish (*Chætodipterus*) and kingfish (*Menticirrhus*), May 14. The moonfish, a pair of them, were as fine specimens as I have ever seen; at least of 6lbs. weight each. The kingfish, but three small bunches, measured from 11 to 15in. each. A few small tautogs were seen. The sea bass (*Centropristis striatus*) are plentiful and reach here in excellent condition. Porgies or scup (*Stenotomus*) are quite abundant and have been running large, but I noticed a few bunches of small ones. These were not larger than the common sunfish. Very few sheephead are seen. Flatfish and young halibut quite plentiful. One or two young drum (*Pogonias*) have found their way to our market. Pike-perch (*Stizostedion*) weighing from 1 to 6lbs. apiece have been more or less common. Eels and catfish in good supply. Sturgeon are reported as being common in the river.

The market has been well supplied with good fat snapping turtles, and by the looks of Golden's stand they can meet a good demand. These come from the Potomac.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 23.—The main fact of interest from this point is that the Kankakee Fish and Game Protective Association was organized last night. This was done at the meeting of the Possum Club, as was earlier announced to be the intention.

Nearly fifty chairs were filled at the Possum Club meeting, several gentlemen being present from outside the city, among these Mr. Geo. I. Maillet, of Crown Point, and Mr. Chas. J. Bockius, of Marion, Ind., and Col. A. W. Jones, of Virginia. Mr. Organ was in the chair, and at 7:30 seated the assembly, which had met at Werner's.

At 9:30 Mr. Organ called the meeting to order and asked for the opinion of the meeting on the subject of organization for this protective purpose. Mr. Gillespie at once moved to organize, and this carried, with some discussion by Mr. Farmer and others. The chair called for a description of the lawless condition of affairs on the lower Kankakee, and attention was drawn to the fact that the fish-ways were not in any of the dams of the Kankakee as required by law. The chair then called on Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president of the Fox River Association, present as guest and organizer by special invitation for the evening. The chair called attention to the fact that nothing succeeds like success, that the Fox River Association had succeeded, that the new association would do well to follow these established lines closely; Mr. Cole was present only under protest, not seeking any glory, but was willing to tell how and show how to organize successfully. The new association would do well to follow his advice to the letter.

Mr. Cole then made some terse remarks about the Fox River work, said he knew that success could be repeated, and at once got to work by moving for a committee of three on by-laws. The chair appointed Messrs. Cole, Mussey and Hough. These retired and in about five minutes reported back for adoption of the by-laws of the Fox River Association, properly modified in phraseology for the Kankakee. By motion of Mr. Low, these were adopted without reading. Mr. Cole explained the by-laws and their effect briefly and plainly, and said it was a very

simple thing to do all the work when it was gone about in the right manner. Mr. Gillespie testified to the thoroughness of the fishway work on the Fox. Dr. N. Rowe spoke briefly and promised all the aid in his power. Mr. Abner Price said English Lake, on the Kankakee, had always been full of gill nets, nothing practical had ever been done to remove them. He was ready, if this thing meant business. Mr. Jas. Sexton, postmaster of the city of Chicago, said he was still ready to lend a hand in anything like this. Col. Felton said he had been interested in propagating things ever since he was knee high. He was glad to see so many present, and was sorry that he could not bring in with him Mr. John Hunner, State Treasurer of Wisconsin, who he knew would be interested in all this, but whom he had been unable to find at his hotel. Mr. Low told the story of his work at Springfield, complimented Commissioner Bartlett and Mr. Cole in the highest terms, and indorsed this movement. He said he did this only on the supposition that those going into the Association would put up their money. He had heard so much of talk. Mr. Maillet, of Crown Point told about the recent yanking of three law breakers in that town, but thought the law of Indiana a trifle faulty. Mr. Bockius also spoke nicely.

On Mr. Cole's suggestion it was moved that the chair appoint a committee of three, the chair to be one of the three, for the selection of eleven directors. This committee shortly reported, and after discussion the list of directors was chosen as follows: Messrs. Geo. E. Cole, Abner Price, A. M. Fuller, J. P. Card, T. Benton Leiter, R. B. Organ, H. D. Nicholls, Fred C. Donald and E. Hough, of Chicago; Mr. Geo. I. Maillet and Dr. H. P. Swartz, of Crown Point, Ind. Some talk was had about extending the work of the association over "northern Illinois," but this was wisely opposed, the concentrated work of the Fox River Association being held up as the model. The annual membership was placed at \$2, and the life membership at \$20. This is just double the Fox River dues, and it was a wise move to make them so. The directors were advised to meet under the by-laws one week from date. A vote of thanks was carried for Mr. Cole amid a storm of applause. Mr. Low then moved that the next meeting of the Possum Club be held during the week of the Illinois State shoot, early June, so that visiting shooters could be invited, and that Dr. N. Rowe be the chairman of such meeting. The latter made a vigorous kick on plea of business, but was seated. The meeting adjourned. Those present were Messrs. Maillet, Dicks, Hamline, Farmer, Place, Cleaver, Weaver, Dr. Jones, Andrews, Von Lengerke, O'Brien, C. S. Wilcox, J. L. Wilcox, Cole, Sexton, Organ, Mussey, Kinney, Low, Gillespie, Felton, Anson, Pfeffer, Parker, Stone, Frazier, Wiggins, Bockius, Sheoban, Cox, Stephens, Fetherstone, Mitchell, Waldron, Haynes, Holder, Haskell, Turtle, Dr. Rowe, Knox, Shaw and Price.

The membership of the Possum changes one-half at every meeting. It grows well, and is already quite a factor in Chicago sportsmanship. If anything needs organizing, the first word is, "Call a meeting of the Possum Club."

This, in brief, is the first step in the progress of the Kankakee Association. It is something needed, and something which ought to succeed. It will be seen that the process of organization, as laid out by Mr. Cole, was very simple. Without such guiding plan, already devised, there must have ensued here one of those disastrous talking events which have strewn with wrecks the course of game protection time out of mind. Now, these eleven directors will meet and elect a president and a treasurer, will assign men to levy the contribution, and will appoint fish, game and legal committees. It is all in the hands of the directors. This may look like a close corporation, but that is just what it ought to be. A crowd will talk, but will not work. If out of the eleven directors six will meet for a quorum, and if out of those six three will actually and enthusiastically work, then this association will succeed. This is what the sifting down of organization does. It was three men that made the Fox River Association what it is. All this policy work, this consultation of personal motives, or club lines, or localities and the like, as is now usually done in such work, is a mistake, because it doesn't organize, and it doesn't sift out the workers from the talkers, and it doesn't get the kernel out of the chaff. Too much thanks cannot be given Mr. Cole for his purely businesslike way of going at this. It would be easy to hurrah for Mr. Cole and the young association, but that would neither please the one nor benefit the other. The time has not yet come to hurrah, but let us hope it will come, as I firmly believe it will.

The following ambiguous paragraph from a daily newspaper was handed me to-day by Mr. R. B. Organ. Does anybody know anything about it out here? It is hard to tell what the "improvements" or "purposes" may mean: "PEKIN, Ill., May 21.—A meeting of the parties who propose purchasing the tax title to 15,000 acres of hunting and fishing land, contiguous to Spring Lake, which is fourteen miles below this city on the Illinois River, was held to-day. It was decided at once to improve the land so that it may be used for the purpose in view when purchased. There are 63 stockholders." It will be remembered that Spring Lake county is one of the best hunting and fishing localities along the Illinois River.

A party of gentlemen from Cleveland, Messrs. Chas. W. Burrows, Clark T. Hasbrouck, Jas. Wood, F. H. Morris, A. L. Moses, Walter Kennard, Geo. Faulhaber and S. H. Schmuck, outfitted here this week for the muscullonge country of the Manitowish region, via Lake Shore & Western Railway. They are a jolly crowd, and will have a jolly time. Some of these names are familiar along the Castalia Stream in Ohio.

Dr. O. W. Nixon, literary editor of the Chicago *Daily Inter-Ocean*, Mr. Harry Ballard, city editor of the same paper, with Mr. Wm. Taylor and Col. John S. Cooper, are also on their way to the muscullonge lakes. Col. Cooper is an old-timer in that region, and he takes in with him this year a scheme to get away with the wary muscullonge which gets away with anything I ever saw or heard of in the way of artificial bait. The worthy Colonel has visited some toy store, and purchased a hollow rubber image, about 7x11in. in size, and alleged to be built in the semblance of a young duck. This he inflated and sealed up the hole, and then he got Billy Morgan, over at Spaldings, to wire a shark hook to it. The device is completed by a coat of paint. The whole business looks like a Chinese idol. Col. Cooper fondly dreams that if he leaves that thing floating on the bosom of the festal lakes, the

muscullonge will think it is a young wild duck, and will swallow it bodily; whereupon the arsenic in the green paint will soon cause the fish to turn belly up, or come out and lean over a log, in either of which cases the task remaining to the Colonel would be but trifling in its nature, as he could easily secure the fish. Look out now for a weird fish story when that crowd gets back. A literary editor, a city editor and a 7x11 rubber duck—if that isn't a muscullonge combination I don't know where you get them. E. HOUGH.

TONS OF FISH DRIED UP.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Why is so little attention paid by the Fish Commissioners of the several States bordering on the river to the fishes of the Upper Mississippi? I spent four months of last summer and fall on the river between Dubuque and St. Louis and I think I am drawing it mild when I say that I have seen tons of black bass and great northern pike left by the water of spring in the shallow ponds on the islands. In a month after the river gets into its banks most of these ponds are dry and the fish that are not scooped up by the natives are left to rot in the sun. At the expense of a few dollars these fish might all be saved. You have no idea how many fish are destroyed in that way every year; they seem to run into all the ponds and low places on the islands to escape the running ice during the spring break-up, and when the river falls they are left imprisoned; then it is only a question of time until they meet their fate. This makes a feast for coons, skunks and mink. I have taken pike that would weigh from 10lbs. upward with great gashes cut in them by the murderous beak of the blue crane. I wonder what he expected to do with such a fish. F. W. S.

[In 1888 two cars of the U. S. Fish Commission were lent to the Illinois Commissioners, with the men necessary to manage them, and from July 15 to Oct. 5, 26 carloads of fish were rescued and deposited in Illinois waters. This work is still continued with the help of the U. S. Commission. In 1889 two cars were used and in 1890 three cars were engaged in the work. The fish distributed were from 4 to 14in. in length. Many hundreds of thousands of valuable fishes, including bass, crappie, strawberry bass, wall-eyed pike and catfishes. In twelve days, near Rapid City, Illinois, nearly one half million of fish were transferred from drying pools to the river. The same kind of work was carried on more than ten years ago by Mr. Shaw, then Fish Commissioner of Iowa. He was followed by Dr. Bartlett, of the Illinois Commission, and in 1884 the Government took up the project and carried it forward on a gigantic scale. There is no question about the immense service rendered by such rescue of valuable food fishes, and all States subject to such mortality of fish life should take steps to save them from destruction.]

PLEASANT LAKE.

THE many beautiful lakes of New Hampshire afford superb attractions, as her thousands of summer guests annually testify, yet none will tempt thither the anglers of her neighboring States in the years to come like a cold, deep, sparkling gem which lies placidly sleeping in the valley near the base of Kearsarge Mountain in the town of New London.

This attractive sheet of water, pure as crystal, is known as Pleasant Lake, and was at one time locally famous for its trout fishing. Near its western rockbound shore is the residence of Mr. Ransom F. Sargent, the genial superintendent of the Lake Sunapee fish hatchery, and through whose influence the attention of Hon. E. B. Hodge, State Fish Commissioner, was directed to this natural trout pond.

Mr. Hodge at once perceived the advantages of stocking its waters, and, by an act of the Legislature prohibiting the taking of trout or landlocked salmon from any of its feeders for a period of five years, he felt justified in instructing Mr. Sargent to screen its outlet effectually, and place in the brooks several thousand fry of the salmon, rainbow and brook trout from the Sunapee hatchery, each year.

In the spring of 1890, 15,000 young salmon were placed in Great Brook, and late in the fall myriads of fingerlings swarming the stream proved only too well that these waters are adapted to a thrifty advancement of their growth. Wardens have been appointed to serve as keepers, and a vigilant guard will be maintained, lest unscrupulous poachers attempt to evade the law.

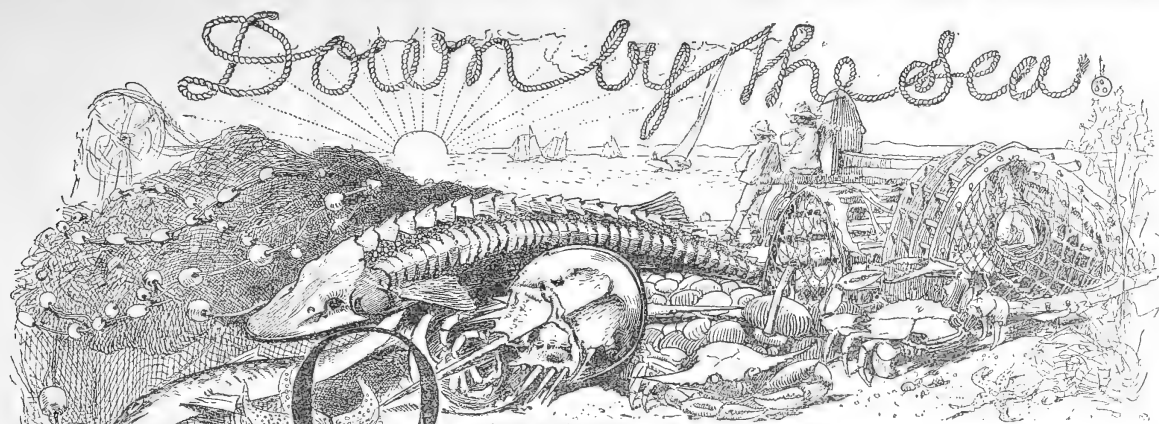
The five natural trout streams supplying the lake with its water of crystal purity, have been carefully posted in conspicuous places with copies of the legislative act, defining the penalties imposed, and with the recent addition of 45,000 more fry, no doubt exists of the future treats in store at Pleasant Lake for "knights of the rod."

BYRON.

THE SQUIRES CATALOGUE.

LIKE a tree flourishing by the waterside Mr. Squires's catalogue takes on new stateliness with the years. The edition prepared for the season of 1891 excels that of last year, and that one surpassed anything that had ever been dreamed of by the most ambitious of sportsman's catalogue makers.

In addition to the material given before Mr. Squires now presents a number of well-written and readable papers prepared for the catalogue by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. James A. Henshall and Messrs. Henry P. Wells, Charles Hallcock, C. Bowyer Vaux and others. These are illustrated—and for the most part happily—with engravings from original drawings by well known artists; and no detail of adornment of type and luxurious paper has been neglected. All are creditable and well worthy of their setting, with the single exception of the work of Bill Nye, whose humor degenerates into stable-boy coarseness of a vulgar type. Mr. Roosevelt writes of "Big Game Hunting," a subject on which he is an authority, by virtue of a long experience on the plains and in the mountains of the West. Mr. Wells has chosen the salmon as his theme, Dr. Henshall puts a vast amount of black bass lore into compact compass, and Mr. Hallcock sketches the happy days of boyhood on the shores of Long Island Sound. This paper we have selected, by Mr. Squires's permission, to reprint here, and it appears, nearly in full, with two of the four illustrations, for the delectation of many a silver-haired reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, who was himself once a boy down by the sea.



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NE learns
his salt-
water
lessons

early who is reared beside the bright waves of Long Island Sound. Given a good centerboard boat and unrestricted personal liberty in hours of boyhood, and there is no better kindergarten for the angler than its broad expanse of bosom and the errant tideways of its indented shores. In the course of fifty years I have seen it in all its moods.

It was my good fortune to spend portions of a lusty adolescence at New Haven, where my father's villa occupied the vantage ground of an overlooking bluff, whence were barely visible the blue outlines of Long Island, twenty miles off; and as the greater part of my tuition was acquired at Brooks & Thatcher's boat house, with the hopeful son of the senior partner as my inevitable companion, we two, John and I, soon learned the caprices of that changeful Mediterranean, and how to lay the Teazer's course accordingly.

Dear old boat! She was a weatherly little craft and took right hold of the water as though she meant to keep her grip; and she did, for many a time did old Captain Brooks anxiously watch her through his glass from the boat house loft at the head of the harbor as she came bowling up the channel when no other sail was in sight, except perchance some stately West India vessel in-bound with "rum, sugar and molasses" for the Trowbridges or the Armstrongs. In course of years we came to know every reef and ledge within a reach of forty miles up and down the Sound. From Bridgeport to New London is an archipelago of breezy islands and surf-worn rocks, many of them awash only at low water, among whose marine subways and thoroughfares a multitude of fish of many kinds find sumptuous nursery ground and pasture; and there was not a spar buoy, spit, or spindle, which did not indicate for us some favorable fishing ground for blackfish or sea bass, or a noted rendezvous for cunners, dogfish, sea spiders, robins, and all that disreputable ilk which betimes annoy the angler by occupying his time or stealing bait. We knew every sandbar and shoal where we could catch shrimps and sandworms, and all the tepid shallows in the estuaries where minnows swarmed, and the sedgy shores with their bands of mussels, beds of clams, and colonies of fiddler crabs.

Egad! what fun it was, and is, to catch the fiddlers away from home, or prod them out of their burrows with a stick! We used to sail over to the east side of New Haven harbor, near old Fort Hale, and fill our tins on the early flood; or we would find our quarry on the west side marshes to which West River is tributary. A colony of these comical crustaceans reminds me of a prairie dog town in Kansas or Dakota. It is a sort of seashore analogue. Each little settler who does not happen to be foraging or visiting his neighbor is always sitting at the door of his dugout, with his big claw swinging menacingly over his shoulder, and whenever a person approaches he bobs down out of view. All the vagrants hustle incontinently, and in half a moment the village seems untenanted, with nothing but empty holes in sight. A few minutes later, however, if all is quiet the community gets alive again, and an expert catcher can fill a two quart can in half an hour.

In midsummer, when the ebb served, we calculated to run down the harbor under a northwesterly breeze from off the land, and so reached the fishing ground as early as possible on the young flood, returning with the wind fair from the northward in the afternoon. Usually, we were contented to try the "Cow and Calf" rocks off Branford, or the "Monument" near Stony Point, a matter of a dozen miles or so, but the cruise was often extended to the Thimble Islands to the eastward, or to Charles Island, Black Rock, and the Middle Ground, off Bridgeport, to the westward—all favorite places for old fishermen at the present time. On occasion we ventured to Faulkner's Island and beyond, though the latter was seldom attempted in a single day. Trips like these involved the use of a 28ft. jib and mainsail boat called the Eagle, for which we always took the Teazer along as tender; and great were the times we had, sometimes stopping overnight with the light-keeper, or going ashore to dinner at Malachi Krig's at Branford Point,

or at Double Beach, or at Double Point, Guilford, or Stony Point, where we often met carriage parties who drove down from New Haven to join us in a chowder or clam bake, or a feast of green corn and lobsters. Wonder if they have such fun nowadays! The old parties don't, I know, for most of them are dead; but now and then a survivor turns up unexpectedly in some remote region to talk over the reminiscences which can never be forgotten. Six quarts of provender served in wooden kids was the regulation mess at an old-time clam bake, and the individual who could not get away with that much had no appetite at all.

The climax of festivity was in the blackfish season. Odd zoos! what superlative chowder those blackfish do make! but hardly equal to sea bass though. Sometimes we caught fine sea bass when we fished for tautog, letting our big sinkers down to the rocky bottom. The blackfish occasionally ran up to ten or twelve pounds in weight, though the average was smaller by a good deal, and their humor was capricious. Sometimes, on eventful days, the boats would fill up soon, and on other occasions fishermen would get no fish at all. But John Brooks and I never were "elected." There was one infallible crack 18in. wide between two big rocks at the Thimble Island where we were sure of fish, as a last resort if we failed to find them at the regular trying places. Indeed, this crack was a clean rift from top to bottom through the very center of the island where Captain Kidd's punch bowl and ringbolt used to be pointed out to the credulous; and as the tide ebb and flowed through it, the blackfish used it as a sort of thoroughfare, and any one curious enough to peer down into the depths, where the kelp swayed gently with the motion of the current, could see the blackfish lazily sculling through. Then it was fun to drop a fiddler crab directly before the nose of one of them, and see him hook himself incontinently; then up with the line hand over hand till we had him floundering on rocks beside us. But the greatest fun was the mystery with all the other fishermen, who came in empty handed, where those blackfish came from. We kept the secret always close and none of them ever guessed. Wonder if it is that way now?

Mentioning flounders—we had great sport with them, too, in the spring off the draws of Long Wharf and the old Basin Wharf, when the rising tide flowed through. A piece of umbrella wire 8in. long, with a 6in. snood at each end baited with a clam, was the kind of rig we used to supplement a stout line and stiff cane pole. Sometimes we would catch a basketful, though it was cold work early in the season, and there were days when the fish froze stiff on the piers. Later, when the weather grew warmer, it was fun to spear them on the flats among the rushes and eel grass, just before and after dead low water, when the tide had run an hour or so. But the trick was to see the fish, for they had a knack of burying themselves out of sight in the ooze. It was only when one moved that he betrayed his whereabouts by stirring up his roil.

Still earlier in the spring was the frostfish season—frostfish then, tomcods in the fall. We used to think it sport watching for them when the harbor was frozen over in the clear space which was left between the wharves and the ice by the rise and fall of the tide. The fish would come up to breathe and look for food, and it was an easy matter to jig them with a triangle of stout hooks bent on to an umbrella wire with a wooden handle attached. In June came the weakfish, or suckermangs, when the channel became a sandbar, and the beach and old Fort Hale would often swarm with fleets of fishing boats. I remember one season when every boat caught weakfish as fast as their occupants could toss their bait over and pull in. They used crabs and shrimps, and fished with hand lines only a few yards long, taking most of the fish near the surface. The fish were fairly ravenous.

At the Quinnepiac River bridge in July was the favorite place to catch young bluefish, or snapping mackerel, about the size of one's hand. That was about the

only place and time of year when delicate tackle was in vogue in the forties, for snapper fishing was the special pastime of dilettante anglers, and drew out many who did not show up on other occasions. With float and shrimp and line as fine as gossamer thread, and hooks diminutive, they basketed hosts of these delicate fish. The tide ran through the draw by the old Bell Dock with a rush, and the water fairly sparkled with the flashing of the silvery fish as they were swept through. About the same time there was splendid sport outside the harbor on the Sound, trolling for large bluefish. Fleets of white-winged sharpies, and many larger craft, cruised off shore and on in the ever freshening breeze, and sturgeon leaped hilariously and fell again with ponderous splash. In the fall the eels and tomcods would command attention, and there and West River was the preferable fishing ground, though the wharves and the Quinnepiac were not far behind in choice. Indeed, the general

round of sport was varied and continuous, though the variety of fish life was less than on the New Jersey coast. We missed the Spanish mackerel, the sheephead, the kingfish, and the drum, although occasional representatives of some of these families would be caught in the great menhaden seines which were hauled inside the harbor. The proceeds of these hauls would disclose what kinds of fish inhabited the Sound, and it was interesting to examine them. They used to call menhaden "whitefish" in those days, and in July and August the harbors and open waters fairly swarmed with them. My father leased a seining ground at Oyster Point, where a colony of fishermen had a fish house, and capstans worked by horses, with seines which would sweep a circuit of a mile. Occasionally they would catch a million whitefish at a haul. These were chiefly utilized as fertilizers, and were spread over the fields with pitchforks and plowed in. I remember that while the menhaden were running comparatively few food fish were taken in the seine. There were a few shad, sand porgies, and flounders, with a miscellaneous assortment of crabs, eels, horsefish, starfish, jellyfish.

Here and there blue crabs make their awkward way to spawning places in the sand, swarms of shrimps skitter over the surface of the water; horseshoe crabs crawl mysteriously over the bottom, with motive power invisible, looking for all the world like spelter wash basins with handles like bayonets, serrated on the edges. Farmers gather them in for their hogs, hauling them out of the water with rakes, and when they catch one turning him upside down, with his legs all sprawling, and thrusting his tail in the sand to hold him prisoner until the wagon comes around to pick all up and haul them away to the pig pens. There is no end of jellyfish in delicate tints of pearl, lavender, mauve, and brown, most of them translucent—beautiful to look at, but apt to sting like nettles when handled. Occasionally one finds a sea urchin which has been wrenched from some distant reef and thrown up on the land wash; with here and there a shark's egg, looking like a pocket book with tendrils at the four corners, and strings of pike with water blisters on them which snap when they are pinched. It is astonishing what a variety of forms one finds down by the sea, all of them delectable baits for fish, and what a multitude more the receding tide will uncover—soft clams, skimmers, sand worms, razor clams, scollops, mussels, periwinkles, and diminutive shellfish of many kinds.

One day two dudes, fashionably equipped and rigged, rowed up the Arthur Kill, abreast of a line of boats engaged in weakfishing. It was obvious that they were new to the business, although their flannels were the correct thing. They had hardly come to an anchor when one of them caught a sand porgy. He lifted the quivering trophy inboard and held it up before him, dangling at the end of the line, himself quite bewildered and evidently in doubt what to do with it. Presently he became impressed with the necessity of removing it from the hook; but when he attempted to touch it, it wriggled and he drew his hand back nervously. Then he made a second movement. "Do you think the blasted thing will nip me?" we heard him ask his companion. The other could not say. Then he turned in his extremity and appealed to the nearest boatman. "Me boy," he said, "would you mind taking 'im off, if you'd be so kind?" The appeal was so candid and earnest that the other could not decline the favor, notwithstanding the inconvenience it subjected. When the dude had sufficiently expressed his thanks for the favor he gave a sigh of obvious relief, and turning abruptly to his comrade without regarding his benefactor any further, he asked, "Don't you think it was rather sudden, the way he took it?" Then he contemplated the dying fish with visible emotion as it lay gasping on the bottom of the skiff, and a regretful qualm came over him. Directly a new idea was born of his solicitude, and he added, "Wouldn't it be a good plan to put a little sea water on 'im? Perhaps 'e might revive?" Yea, verily! it is strange what one oftentimes discovers "Down by the Sea."



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ANGLING NOTES.

TWO speckled trout were caught in fykes last week in the Hudson River at Sing Sing. One weighed 8oz. and the other 12oz. This is the first time that trout have been taken in the lower Hudson as far as I have heard. Striped bass have been taken in large numbers much to the disgust of the Sing Sing anglers. It seems a pity that so many people should be deprived of their favorite sport by a few net fishermen. Over 1,500lbs. were taken in one haul on the flats off the mouth of the Croton River and only fetched 5 cents a pound.

The largest speckled trout taken at the South Side Sportsmen's Club this season was killed by Mr. S. W. Milbank, weight 3lbs. 2oz. One good angler, who fishes for size only, reports that he killed eight trout from 13 to 14in. long and two of 15in. They were caught on the Buskill, a famous stream for large trout.

Owing to the rapid changes in the weather, the fly-fishing has been very uncertain. I visited the Blooming Grove Park Association last week. Heavy northeasterly rains, followed by freezing weather put a stop to all fly-fishing. The night I arrived there was a magnificent show of trout running from 4lb. to 14lbs. in the ice box, taken the day before in Lake Giles, most of them on the Parmachenee belle. The Association have improved their club house very much by enlarging the dining room and adding a number of bedrooms. Everything is very comfortable and in tip top order. The hatchery makes a fine showing and the fry look well. They will turn out a number of landlocked salmon next season.

Hundreds of anglers are looking forward to Memorial Day, the opening of the black bass season. What the result will be or how the changeable weather will influence the bass, no one can tell. The probabilities are that bass will be late spawning this season and consequently not in as good condition as usual. Greenwood Lake and Hopatcong guides are making great preparations and expect a crowd from New York and adjoining cities. To secure choice of boatmen it will be well to go early the afternoon before, and when possible take bait along and have everything ready for an early start on the morning of the 30th.

The veteran angler is amazed at the reports of the catches made on some of the streams this season. He says to himself, "How much the fishing has improved this spring," and immediately starts for the promising locality, but to his disgust finds, on his arrival, that he ought to have been there the week before or next week or any other time but the present. It seems too bad that people cannot confine themselves to facts in reporting catches and not lead the confiding brother angler astray.

Mr. E. L. Mott in truth laments the fact that he cannot get something for nothing and vents his spite on the unfortunate angler who likes to fish with decent tackle instead of a bamboo pole and "worms." He has probably been trespassing on other people's property and got "fired off." But the cold hard fact remains that trout fishing is a luxury nowadays that must be paid for, either by traveling far enough to get beyond the reach of the grasping farmer who asks a small toll for the privilege of fishing or by paying dues to some good club, and the quicker he recognizes this fact the better.

SCARLET-IBIS.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT SEASON.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "B." from Nashua, writes a very good letter from "his point of view," but the trouble is that the range of his vision from that point is far too limited and only incloses a strip of land twenty miles wide on the southern edge of the State. Now, the State of New Hampshire stretches over three degrees of latitude to the north of Nashua, and, as "B." admits, the waters in the upper part of the State are covered with ice April 15. I have caught trout all over New Hampshire for more than fifty years, probably before "B" was born, and I have fished the length and the breadth of it, and I know that for the average of the State and on average seasons May 15 would be amply early to open the season.

Now and then, as last year, we have a remarkably early spring, and one of the best baskets of trout I ever caught I got on April 23, 1841, in this town. In the early '70s I have found May 23 early enough in the brooks between Manchester and Nashua.

The men who forestall the opening on the first of May will do the same thing on April 15, and the trout are not worth catching until the warm spring rains have filled the brooks and given them something to eat and some life to seize the bait.

I have been out three times with poor success so far, and the only decent catch I have heard of was taken in the warm rain of the 15th inst. Your correspondent "B." admits that the Fish Commissioners who ought to know, and do know, were bitterly opposed to the change, and I have reason to believe that it was quietly worked through the Legislature before they knew anything about it, as it was known that they would oppose such a purely local measure.

When the statutes were last revised in 1879, the sections relating to fish and game were placed in the hands of the Fish and Game Commissioners, and they went through them thoroughly, and struck out a mass of local enactments and codified the whole law, just as you have been trying to do in New York. They then at the request of some Nashua anglers fixed the opening date at April 1.

Four years' experience showed this to be ridiculous, and the Legislature changed it to May 1. Vermont has tried the same thing and changed from April 1 to May 1 last winter.

By the present law, our brooks are now open to anglers on the borders of Maine and Vermont, or three-quarters of the way round the State, two weeks earlier than they can fish at home, and we have the same trouble that Vermont has been having from "pirates" from New Hampshire.

"B." admits that the older anglers were opposed to the change, and as one of them I shall oppose it until it is revised, and this will be done next session, if the majority of the anglers of the State are kept posted on the matter.

The essential virtue in game laws is their uniformity under equal conditions, and when northern New England is fixed on May 1 and northern New York the same, it is absurd, if not criminal, to run a great wedge through the middle of it, clear up to Canada, opening the season two weeks earlier to suit the notions of a few boys on the border of Massachusetts.

VON W.

A DAY ON THE POTOMAC.

HEARING great reports of this spring's bass fishing at Weverton, Point of Rocks and neighboring points, a party of five left Washington city at 4:40 A.M. May 6, for Weverton, on the Potomac. It seems as if from the start our fishing excursion was destined to be a failure. We rode to the Metropolitan Junction in an engine so as to catch our train. It was the Treasury train and did not come into the depot, so we had to board it while getting water.

Our train would not stop at Weverton so we had to get off at Washington Junction. As the train we had left was a little late we hoped to make close connection with the next train. But in this we were disappointed, for the train was two or three hours late on account of a wreck. These circumstances were not calculated to elevate the spirits of a fisherman. Besides the weather was bitterly cold. We all had on overcoats but they did little good. Had we not gotten thus far we would not have kept on our journey. At last our train whistled, pulled into the depot and we boarded it. We arrived at our destination, sleepy, cold and in very bad spirits. The boatmen were waiting for us. We got in the boats and pushed out into the river, expecting to catch nothing but colds. We had gotten but a short distance up the river when it began to snow a little; this soon stopped but the temperature began to fall and with it our spirits. After many unsuccessful casts one of our party in boat No. 2 got a strike and landed—not a bass but a sunfish. There are many rocks in the river here. There were no more strikes for an hour or more, then a bass was reeled in. No further success till the afternoon.

About noon we went ashore, built a large fire, thawed ourselves out, and ate dinner with a relish. Boat No. 1 caught one bass, which weighed 14lbs. This was the largest we caught during the day. The evening was nearly a repetition of the morning. Boat No. 1 landed three more bass, and No. 2 one bass and two sunfish. The reward of getting up at 2 o'clock in the morning, being delayed twice by trains, catching colds and nearly freezing, was six black bass and three sunfish. We had fished from Weverton to Knoxville. At Knoxville we went ashore, then to the depot. After feasting on sardines, crackers and milk we leaned back in our chairs, talked and tried to sleep away the two or three hours we had to wait for the next train for Washington.

The bass would not notice a spoon, and all the fish were caught with live minnows.

Very many bass were caught in the river near these points during the latter part of April and the first of May. One gentleman caught 90 bass in three days about the first of the month. People living on the river say the fishing has been unusually good this year.

The scenery here repays one for his trip, but the day was such a one that man could hardly contemplate the beauty of nature.

GARLAND LISLE.

ANGLING IN CANADA.

THE fishing season in Canada has opened very auspiciously this spring. One of the most remarkable catches so far this month occurred in Lake St. Charles, fourteen miles from Quebec, on the 10th inst, when a fine specimen of the gray trout or togue, called by the French-Canadians *touladie*, was killed by Mr. L. Welch on an 8oz. rod, after a fight of an hour and a half. The monster was 35in. in length and weighed 17½lbs. Very rarely, indeed, except on certain conditions, does this sluggish giant rise to the fly. Its popular habitat in the vicinity of Quebec is Lake St. Joseph, twenty miles distant from Quebec by the Lake St. John Railway, where it is found in great abundance and grows to a very large size. Here it is often taken from 20 to 30lbs. in weight, usually by deep-water trolling. The angling for red trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) in Lake St. Joseph has been very good for the past fortnight, the average run of the fish taken being from 1 to 3lbs.

The annual spring migration northward of American anglers commenced last week, and promises now to continue in steady streams. Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, and Miss Porter arrived here on Friday and left on Saturday for the lake and river fishing in the Metabetchouan district. They will shortly be followed by several other members of the Metabetchouan Fishing and Game Club, of which United States Senator J. H. Platt is president. Mr. Warren R. Briggs, architect, of Bridgeport, writes that Senator Read and himself will be here, en route for the same preserve, in the course of a day or two, accompanied by their wives.

Two young Englishmen arrived from the old country by the last mail steamship to fish Lake St. John and its tributary waters. In the lake itself the angling is now excellent, it being as yet too early in the season to fish for ouananiche in the Grande Discharge.

Mr. B. A. Scott, of Lake St. John, has been having some rare sport taking the wall-eyed pike that swarm the Peribonca and the lake itself, and that at this season of the year are particularly voracious. During the last few days he has expressed to friends in this city several very handsome specimens of the troller's skill, weighing 12 to 20lbs. each.

Ouananiche fishing has opened this season a little later than usual, but from this time forth it will certainly improve every day. American anglers will be glad to learn that active measures have been adopted for the preservation of this beautiful game fish, Mr. H. J. Beemer, the American railway man, to whose energy the opening up of this magnificent country is mainly due, having leased from the provincial government the exclusive fishing rights of Lake St. John and its tributaries, embracing an area of over 20,000 square miles. No charge is made to anglers for fishing these waters, the protection of the fish having been undertaken by Mr. Beemer in the interests of the guests of his hotels. One of these latter, which is situated at the terminus of the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R., at Roberval, and overlooks Lake St. John from its western shore, has accommodation for 300 guests. The Island House, situated on one of the islands of the Grande Discharge, in the midst of the ouananiche fishing grounds,

has room for a hundred guests. The distance between the two, in a straight line across the lake, is 25 miles and this is covered in about an hour and a half by the new steamer Mistassini, capable of accommodating nearly 400 guests. There are also two other steamers on Lake St. John, the Peribonca and the Undine, the latter of which may be chartered by private parties of tourists or anglers. During the month of May, and the greater part of June, there is but little fishing in the Grande Discharge, however, the best sport at present being had either along the western shore of the lake, at Roberval, or in the Mistassini and Peribonca rivers, which may be reached either by steamer from Roberval or by canoes with Indian guides, which may be obtained at Roberval.

The salmon fishing season in Canadian streams will open in the course of a few days. Mr. Hogan, proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, and other salmon fishermen will leave Quebec for the rivers flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence early next month. Lord Stanley, of Preston, and family will probably again fish the Cascapedia this season.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 18.

P. S.—By an unfortunate slip of either the pen or the types, I was made to say in your issue of the 14th that the ice left Lake St. John early in April. The error must have been so apparent to those of your readers acquainted with this country, that it is scarcely necessary for me to ask them to read the word "April" as intended to be "May."—E. T. D. C.

WISCONSIN ANGLING.—Milwaukee, May 23.—Trout fishing seems to be the prevailing attraction for our local sportsmen just now. Several parties have been away north and west and all have returned with good catches, although they do not explain precisely the method employed in taking the fish. As they were provided with rods, flies innumerable and large creels, however, it is to be presumed the fish were taken from their natural haunts in a truly sportsmanlike manner. An early riser walking along the shore of the bay may see dozens of fishermen, old and young, fishing from the breakwater and pier, assiduously watching their lines for the occasional bite from herring or perch with which they are now and then rewarded. There are a number of fishing clubs formed in the Cream City, several of which own lake front property on Okauchee and Nagowicka lakes. They are making preparations for a busy season, and even now the Saturday evening trains are all loaded with men and boys with their rods and market baskets of provisions, all anxious to get out into the country for a day. Of these clubs we will write more later on. The C., M. & St. P. Ry. will commence running its Sunday trains on the 24th for the accommodation of tourists and fishermen who cannot leave on Saturday. Oconomowoc, Giffords, Okauchee, Nashotah, Nagowicka and Pewaukee all receive their share of visitors. Many are building summer houses for their families on the lake front sites, and a more beautiful locality than Waukesha county with its lakes innumerable and pleasant drives cannot well be imagined.—GREENHEAD.

FT. WASHINGTON, MD., May 12.—A visit to the hatchery of the U. S. Fish Commission at Fort Washington apprised us of the fact that the shad season is about closed there; only a single shad was caught during two seine hauls in a cove which has furnished as many as 300 at a single haul in the height of a good season. The output of eggs from the hatchery will be at least several millions less than last year's yield owing to the sudden and protracted spell of cold weather in the midst of the run. It is reported that there is now near the mouth of the Potomac an unusual number of shad, but whether they will reach the upper river is very doubtful. There was a poor showing all around for the seine to-day; the contents embraced only a few alewives, several shad, a couple of suckers, catfish, white perch, young striped bass, a yellow perch, a carp and a moderate number of sunfishes of two kinds. The captain of the seine, Harron, says the water is too clear for fishing. The sunfishes are beginning to glow with the brilliant hues of the spawning season, and very soon their nests may be found in the shallow water of the neighboring creeks. The sluggish snapping turtle is lurking in the marshes when not paying tribute to the Fish Commission larder.—B.

MONSON TROUT WATERS.—Monson, Me., May 18.—On May 15, F. C. Briggs, of Boston, who represents H. W. Goodwin, 114 Milk street, Boston, went to South Pond, in this town, and spent the day with a guide. He took sixty-seven spotted trout, many of them weighing upward of 1lb., and was highly elated with the trout and the fishing there. Very liberal catches have also been made at Bear, the Doughty and other ponds here since the ice went out. About seventy-five trout were taken by a party of two gentlemen at Bear Pond during one day's fishing last week.—J. F. C.

THE BOOK OF THE GAME LAWS is for sale by fishing tackle and gun dealers generally. The compilation is winning praise everywhere, and has already taken a place among standard works of reference. From Portland, Ore., comes the note that the Oregon Fish and Game Protection Association, of Portland, has made Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds, editor of the *Book of the Game Laws*, an honorary member, in recognition of the value of his services to the cause in having prepared the compendium.

EGYPT MILLS, Pa.—On the morning of May 6 cold weather accompanied by a snow storm made the outlook for fly-fishing very unpromising, but Mr. Ford and a companion took 41 fair-sized trout during the day. On the 9th the fish were rising freely in Tom's Creek, and these gentlemen got 57 trout ranging from 7 to 11in. Mr. Ford remained in Pike county until the middle of the month. No very large trout were taken, but there was uniformity of size. No fish under 7in. was basketed and the largest were 12in. The best day's fishing yielded 67 fish to three rods. The unusual dryness of the season had so lowered the streams that the fishing was not up to the usual mark.

DECORATION DAY ANGLERS from New York will be given half-fare rates on Decoration Day by the New York, Ontario & Western Railway, whose notice to that effect appears in this issue. The managers of that road are making intelligent provision for fishermen.

GREEN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.—Boston, Mass., May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly let your readers know through your angling notes that Green River, N. B., is leased to the Tobique Salmon Club, and that all persons fishing there without proper permit will be prosecuted. In the Sunday edition of the Boston Herald, May 17, there appeared an article with map of the waters in this section of New Brunswick. As sportsmen trusting to the information given in this article may plan a trip up there I wish to forewarn them that the wardens are on the river and it will be properly protected. It is a shame that such articles are printed snap shot, as many innocent people might spoil a season under such guidance.—E. B.

MICHIGAN TROUT.—Plainwell, Mich., May 16.—Our record on trout here this year has been the best for some years, and is so good that I thought it might be interesting to your readers. May 1, H. S. Stratton brought home one weighing 1lb. 7oz. May 2, George and Rudie Gelkey and Charlie Woodhams brought in one of 1lb. 10oz. May 3, Wm. Crispe one of 2lbs. 14oz. and one of 2lbs. 12oz. Then during the week J. D. Clements brought in one of 2lbs. and one of 1½lbs., and Chauncey Hoose one of 2lbs. These all came from the Abrams Creek, about two miles south of here, and are thought to be of the plant of 1879. Quite a number of trout streams in this neighborhood, but no extra large trout caught but these.—J. H. M.

THE CASTALIA STREAM.—The third paper of the series, descriptive of the "Upper Club," will be given next week.

Fishculture.

U. S. FISH COMMISSION WORK. The Fort Washington station of the Commission has closed its work with shad for the season. The number of eggs collected is 32,445,000. At Havre de Grace, Md., the yield of eggs to May 18 was 48,747,000. On the Delaware to May 14, the number was 6,479,000. From present appearances the output of fry this year will be at least equal to that of 1890, which was nearly 86 millions. The steamer Fish Hawk is at Crisfield, Md., engaged in hydrographic problems connected with the oyster and awaiting the arrival of the Spanish mackerel, which have not yet entered the Chesapeake. Cold weather and storms have greatly interfered with the shad work and the shad have run more into the small streams than usual, causing smaller catches in the great rivers.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Hicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York City.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under this heading "Quester," in an article appearing in your issue of May 21, raises some questions that I also would like to see discussed by the older members of the fraternity.

Referring to the interrogations as they occur, "Should a beagle be under control?" For my part I would answer yes. One of my beagle hounds (a bitch) is an excellent hunter and trailer; one of the kind that will do all the hunting for you while you sit on the fence and look on; but should you see a rabbit during this time it would be next to impossible to call her "on," and to say this is provoking, is putting it mild. As long as she is only a few rods distant and under my eyes, the usual whistle call meets with fairly prompt response; but when far enough off to be lost to view in the brush, all calls are of no avail. Thus, only too many instances are brought to mind where a dog under control would have greatly added to the interest of the hunt, and often to the size of the bag. This hound was not trained by me.

Again, following close upon the heels of pussy, the dogs violently giving tongue, is it not gratifying to hear them "bark up" and signify that the game has been run to earth, rather than to have an ominous silence ensue and feel the uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the quarry? More than once have I tramped across the swamp only to learn that the dog was simply for the time outwitted or nosing around a hole or stone wall. In the case of a well-trained hound this silence would have denoted, without alternative, that the game had deluded him, for were it otherwise he would give tongue or "bark up."

Certainly it is that a much harder task is before the trainer who wishes to have his dog well in hand and convey to him by action and voice the different phases in the chase, than to allow him to run at random and hunt at will. Some hounds that the writer has hunted with would keep within convenient distance of their master, occasionally ranging a little further off but keeping an eye on him; and not only would they watch when he was trying the brush heaps but would themselves give such places particular attention. When not trailing they would quickly respond to call and follow the course of his finger on the ground with their noses, because they knew from experience that game had been discovered and the hand indicated in what direction it had gone. But all this requires time and patience on the part of the trainer, and much practice on the part of the hounds, and there always will be sportsmen who will differ as to what constitutes a well-trained hound.

In that portion of Connecticut where the writer is at home, the cotton-tail abounds, but the haunts are most unfavorable for hunter and hound. The brush is very thick, difficult to get around in and affords numerous hiding places for the game. For this reason your dogs should here be close at hand, as in the course of a day's hunt it is not

unusual for a person to start quite as many rabbits as the hounds themselves; and the brush being so dense, and a good shot but infrequently to be thought of, it is desirable to have your beagles answer to call at once. However, let us hear from others on this matter. The recent bench shows have demonstrated that the little hound has many friends; no doubt many of these follow the chase, and from them a few words are solicited.

HARTFORD, Conn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Quester" asks if beagles should be trained, and wants to know how, etc. It is not at all necessary to train them to range and quarter like pointers and setters, nor can he be trained to be under much control. I have hunted with beagles for many years, generally use two and three couples. I use them exclusively for hares and rabbits. I don't allow them to run foxes, so they will not leave a rabbit track for a fox, but allow them full freedom to hunt wherever they wish. When I wish to leave one cover for some other, I blow a horn and call them in, which they will come to, without they are on track; then if I want them I have to catch them and tie them up until I get them all together. I always use the horn when I want them to come for their food, which associates something good with the sound of the horn. If they hole up a rabbit they should of course remain at the hole and give tongue until I come up, and if I have a ferret they will stand some little distance from the hole, under great excitement until the rabbit bolts, when it is great fun for them and me. It is very seldom they catch one or that I can shoot one, for my dogs are in danger; thus I often hole up the same rabbit three or four times, and then perhaps lose it. I don't go out for quantity, but for sport. I know many pot-hunters who laugh at me, as they say they can take a ferret and kill twice as many as I do without any dog, by putting the ferret into every hole they find, and when the rabbit comes out, knock it in the head with a club, and think that great sport. I do not at all mind sitting on the fence or a log waiting for them to start the rabbit, and when "Quester" gets as old as I am he will take a fence or log frequently. The northern hare gives me the best sport, as he never holes.

FT. ROWAN, Ont.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

I AM somewhat surprised, Mr. Editor, that you should have admitted the remarkable letters headed "A Straightforward Challenge," the more so as I understood you to say from the first that you declined the position of stakeholder. Surely it has passed into an axiom that of all conceivable arguments, the financial one is the most utterly weak and vain. In fact you know the opprobrious designation given it, and I held you above even countenancing it in any shape. The willingness to support one's opinions by a bet is in no sense indicative of anything as to the question at issue, as a stubborn, self-opinionated man, who cannot see anything but his own side and therefore the very man likely to be wrong, is the one readiest to adopt the "argument." It must be understood that these criticisms apply to no individual (except you, Mr. Editor), as all other parties are entirely unknown to me.

There are two perfectly legitimate ways of settling such differences of opinion as mark the case. One is to agree to meet at specified dog shows, under judges of good repute, and let that settle the question. This is evidently the "straightforward" way of meeting the question, and the only one entirely free from any objection whatever. But if circumstances do not permit the adoption of this mode, the next plan in order of propriety is for the loser to bear the expenses that naturally follow a special contest. This plan at least eliminates the "money grubbing" element from the case, although nothing can be meaner than to infer cowardice, or insincerity in expressed views, in a party declining such a contest, for while the expense may be a matter of no moment to A, it may be a most serious matter to B. To sum up, nine out of ten "challenges" are vainglorious boastings, best treated with silent contempt.

Mr. Moore's purchase of Plinlimmon is a piece of thoroughly sound judgment that all breeders of any kind of dogs would do well to pattern after. The mischief in many breeders' operations is, that the dog himself is more considered than his procreative powers, and any man, well read in dog lore, can cite many instances of great show dogs' utter failures as getters of good stock, and not a few very indifferent ones who founded families of the greatest merit. I can recall a certain dog, himself the champion of his day, and the fountain head from whom comes the present type of the breed, who was sired by a very indifferent specimen who was palsied from infancy, and two other dogs, almost on a plane with the first one I have in my mind, both of whom were sad cripples and only moderate specimens. But the vital point with all of them was that they demonstrated their ability to get stock of the very highest class, and it is most unfortunate that breeders are so prone to overlook the consideration, above all others the important one to them, what does the dog get? Here is where Mr. Moore's judgment was shown, in securing the very foremost stud dog of his breed, and whether other dogs are better show specimens, is a matter of the very least significance. Until they demonstrate that they can average as high in their produce as Plinlimmon has done, their show form or merit goes for very little. I trust that Mr. Moore will continue his display of good judgment by showing Plinlimmon very little. When a dog has so thoroughly shown his value as a stud dog and won glory enough as a show dog, it seems murder to further task him by showing, thereby risking somewhat his prospects of further value to the breed.

No man will have more sympathy in the loss of a dog, than will Mr. Page in his loss of Charles Davis, and in all the ranks of dogmen, none can be found more thoroughly deserving of sympathy, but it is well to point out that the use of wide mesh wove wire for separating dogs, is very dangerous. Accidents such as that which happened to Charles Davis are uncommon, but if meshes are even wide enough for dogs to even get a paw through they are dangerous. A dog may very readily break a wire in such a "fence" and the point of the broken wire may puncture a blood vessel, leading to most serious results. Such was once my experience, and learning from it, I immediately changed my fencing to the closest mesh I could get, with specially heavy wire. Such mesh cloth is not commonly kept in stock, but can easily be procured by specially ordering it, say from Sedgewick Bros., Richmond, Indiana.

THE ONLOOKER.

One of the pillars of pugdom has gone the way of all dog flesh. Dr. M. H. Cryer's old champion Max died April 30. He was one of the foundations of the doctor's successful kennel. Max was whelped July 6, 1882, so that he had reached a ripe old age. His sire was the old champion Rodrick, dam Dolly. His last appearance we believe was in 1889, when he had to put up with second to his son Dude. As a sire he was especially valuable, being responsible for such well known dogs as champions Dude, Myrtle, Psyche, Sallie and Tim, the sensational winner at New York in 1890, and is grandsire of champion Bob Ivy. The cause of death was supposed to have been apoplexy, as he was to all appearances quite well, though very fat, but was shortly after found dead.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY ENTRIES.

THE entries for the Eastern Field Trials Derby closed May 1, with 51 English setters and 17 pointers, making 68 in all. This shows a falling off from last year when 83 were entered, among them 6 Irish setters, of which breed there will be no representative at this year's trials. All the dogs entered were whelped in 1890.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MONK OF ELMS (Elmo Kennels'), dog, June 6, 1890 (Monk of Funness—Countess Amelia).
SANBORN (Joseph H. and John Hunter's), black and white dog, May 23, 1890 (Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter).
ROD'S RODNEY (S. F. B. Biddle's), black, white and tan dog, Aug. 11, 1890 (Rodriguez—Fannie Gladstone).
PRIMA DONNA (E. J. Myers's), blue belton bitch, Aug. 4, 1890 (Rockingham—Donna).
COUNT FEATHERSTONE (E. O. Damon's), lemon and white dog, March 3, 1890 (Count Noble—Flourace Gladstone).
JENNIE F. (E. O. Damon's), black and white bitch, April 3, 1890 (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).
LADY EVELINE (Blue Ridge Kennels'), black, white and tan bitch, May 12, 1890 (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).
ORIOLE (Blue Ridge Kennels'), black and white bitch, May 13, 1890 (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).
BOB COOPER (Blue Ridge Kennels'), chestnut, white and tan dog, Feb. 22, 1890 (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.).
COUNT ANTEO (Chas. P. Stokes's), lemon and white dog, April 1, 1890 (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).
LUCIA (Herbert Merriam's), black and white bitch, April 16, 1890 (Rodriguez—Royal Myrtle).
WUX LUNG (N. T. Harris's), black and white dog, February, 1890 (Capt. Bethel—Enid).
TORY ALICE (F. R. Hitchcock's), black, white and tan bitch, Oct. 23 (Jean Val Jean—Miss Thompson).
LUMMACK'S NOBLE (Clove Hill Kennels'), lemon and white dog, Oct. 7, 1890 (Count Noble—Flourace Gladstone).
WAGTAIL (W. O. Donner's), black, white and tan dog, Feb. 21, 1890 (Rodriguez—Belle of Piedmont).
CHARLEY KIAN (J. M. Avert & Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, February, 1890 (Rodriguez—Lucy).
MARCO (J. M. Avert & Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, March 12, 1890 (Jean Val Jean—Lucy).
ALPHONSE (J. M. Avert & Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan dog, Aug. 2, 1890 (Jean Val Jean—Haydee).
CAMMILLE (J. M. Avert & Bayard Thayer's), black, white and tan bitch, Aug. 2, 1890 (Jean Val Jean—Haydee).
SAPPHO (Royal Phelps Carroll's), black, white and tan bitch, 1890 (Rodriguez—Ollie S.).
IZA (Royal Phelps Carroll's), black, white and tan bitch, 1890 (Rodriguez—Ollie S.).
ROBESPIERRE (Royal Phelps Carroll's), black, white and tan dog, 1890 (Rodriguez—Ollie S.).
EFF JAY (F. J. O'Connell's), lemon belton dog, April 16, 1890 (Dad Wilson—Dashing Flora).
LADY ELGIN (J. I. Case, Jr.'s), black, white and tan bitch, June 26, 1890 (King Noble—Queen Vashiti).
MONNIE (J. I. Case, Jr.'s), tan and white bitch, June 26, 1890 (King Noble—Queen Vashiti).
JENNY BRAILSFORD (Thos. Johnson's), black and white bitch, April 27 (Frank Simpson—Jenny Dean).
DUCHESS OF MANITOBA (Thos. Johnson's), black and white ticked bitch, April 26 (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle).
AMY ROBERTS (Harry Northwood's), lemon and white bitch, April 16 (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).
LADY DUDLEY (Harry Northwood's), black and white ticked bitch, March 19 (Gladstone's Boy—Diamond M.).
WINNIE NOBLE (J. H. Denny's), black and white bitch, April 21 (Count Noble—Fannie).
BONNIE KATE (J. H. Denny's), black, white and tan bitch, July 19 (Gladstone Boy—Floy W.).
SIG GLADSTONE (J. H. Denny's), black, white and tan dog, March 18 (Gladstone Boy—Diamond).
BOOTH (B. Ridgway's), black, white and tan dog, March (King Noble—Queen Vashiti).
TENNYSOON (B. Ridgway's), orange and white dog, March (King Noble—Queen Vashiti).
WUX LUNG'S SISTER (S. G. McCartney's), liver, white and ticked bitch, Feb. 19 (Capt. Bethel—Enid).
HOPE'S MARK (J. M. Lasseter's), black, white and tan dog, Jan. 4 (Gath's Hope—Lady Mary).
HOPE'S GYPSY (J. M. Lasseter's), liver and white ticked bitch, March 29 (Gath's Hope—Dimple).
ARLINE (J. Shelley Hudson's), lemon and white bitch, April 16 (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).
CINCINNATUS II. (W. F. Burdell and J. D. Poston's), black, white and tan dog, May (Cincinnati—Nell S.).
LATONIA II. (W. F. Burdell and J. D. Poston's), black, white and tan bitch, January (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).
SALVATOR (N. Wallace's), black, white and tan dog, April 11 (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble).
MAYD NOBLE (N. Wallace's), black, white and tan bitch, April 11 (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble).
LORA (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), black, white and tan bitch, April 1 (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
MISS RUBY (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), white bitch, April 1 (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
VIRAGO (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), black, white and tan bitch, Feb. 3 (Rowdy—Liberty).
HILBURN (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s) lemon and white dog, Jan. 23 (Ben Hill—Belle of Stanton).
PALST (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), black, white and tan bitch, June 20 (Paul Gladstone—Miss Elsie).
NAT'S GIRL (F. S. Brown and J. B. Ellison's), black, white and tan bitch, July (Nat Goodwin—Hazel).
NAT'S BOY (F. S. Brown and J. W. Ellison's), black, white and tan bitch, July (Nat Goodwin—Hazel).
LDPHONE (J. E. Dager's), (Toledo Blade—Lizzie Gladstone).
MCMURDO (W. B. Meares's), black, white and tan dog, Feb. 6 (Roi d'Or—Mildred).

POINTERS.

BANNERMAN II. (Dr. C. E. Michel's), black and white dog, Aug. 1 (Bannerman—Main-Dell).
BAN-DELL (Dr. C. E. Michel's), liver and white bitch, Aug. 1 (Bannerman—Main-Dell).
OUTCAST (Charlottesville Kennels'), liver and white ticked dog, June 12 (King of Kent—Hops).
EXILE (Charlottesville Kennels'), black and white ticked dog, June 12 (King of Kent—Hops).
KENTISH LASS (Charlottesville Kennels'), black and white ticked bitch, June 12 (King of Kent—Hops).
MAINSTAY (Charlottesville Kennels'), black and white ticked dog, May 31 (Mainspring—Barnmaid).
BLACK WONDER (Joseph H. and John Hunter's), black dog, Jan. 31 (like—Bang Bang's Pride).
TORY SQUIRE (F. R. Hitchcock's), liver and white dog, Sept. 6 (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina).
TORY VISCOUNT (F. R. Hitchcock's), liver and white dog, Sept. 6 (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina).
TORY DUKE (F. R. Hitchcock's), liver and white dog, Sept. 6 (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina).
MISS AIKOS (Beresford Kennels'), black and white bitch, July (Aikos—Lorle).
DAUNTLESS (Beresford Kennels'), black and white bitch, July (Aikos—Lorle).
FLOCKFINDER THREE (Col. J. P. Purcell's), dog.
TALL SON OF YORK (Col. J. P. Purcell's), dog.
SCHOTTISCHE (Col. J. P. Purcell's), bitch.
REX (A. J. Latta, Jr.'s), liver and white dog, Jan. 9 (Rex—Fanny).
WESTMINSTER DICK (Westminster Kennel Club's), liver and white dog, May 10 (Naso of Kippen—Glaucal).

Mr. Shotwell—There was not a word said on the subject at the

meeting at which he was elected. The American Kennel Club was not mentioned.

The Secretary—I will also state that I presented this communication to the counsel of the club, and they have advised that we pay no attention whatever to it.

The Chairman—The chair will state that long prior to this letter the secretary of the club was instructed that the names of those persons who were disqualified should be dropped from the *American Kennel Gazette*, the only object of publishing those names during the show season being, that committees of shows would have due notice of those who were and were not disqualified, and consequently the dropping of three names was entirely voluntary on the part of the advisory committee, and long before any action or request was made on the part of Mr. Peshall.

In the matter of the appeal of Mr. Anthony against the pointer award of the Washington City Kennel Club, Mr. Child moved that the appeal be sustained, and that the action of the Washington City Kennel Club be reversed.

Motion lost on the ground, as stated by those voting in the negative, that the entry was made in the name of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel, which is located at Charlottesville, Virginia, under the rule defining the definition of one exhibitor or person, as passed at the annual meeting in February, 1891.

Major Taylor moved that the chair appoint a committee of three to report at the next meeting on a rule to govern specials given under the American Kennel Club. Motion lost.

Mr. Richards offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this club was created with profound regret of the death of Mr. E. Sheffield Porter, one of its earliest members and officers, and desires to express its sense of the loss which has been sustained.

Resolved, That Mr. Porter's memory is endeared to the members of this club as a gentleman, zealous and intelligent in kennel matters, and warm-hearted, generous and considerate in personal relations.

Resolved, That this resolution be placed on the minutes, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

Adjourned. A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

DOG CHAT.

IN view of the increased interest Irish setters are now commanding, and the fact that several importations are expected, we do not think it out of place to quote part of a letter from the foremost breeder of reds in this country. He writes us in answer to our comments, in a letter to him, on the prevalence of short, thick heads, more on the English type, of many of the Irish setters bred nowadays, and of many of those imported. An idea is abroad that English breeders have not and do not desire the long, clean, domed-shaped head with which we associate true Irish type as seen in the heads of Elcho, Jr., the late Glencho, Molly Bawn, and a few others. Our correspondent says that from correspondence with the Rev. O'Callaghan and Mr. Cecil Moore, he is convinced they want the long, lean head as much as we do. Old Rose, which Cecil Moore bred, and who exported her to this country, had it, and so had Noreen and Old Elcho; and from the breeding of Elcho to those bitches we got the heads. Mack N. was sired by Norwood, bred by Dr. Jarvis, by Elcho, Jr., out of Rose. Molly Bawn was sired by Glencho, by Elcho out of Noreen, and Elcho, Jr., was by Elcho out of Noreen, too. Dr. Jarvis's Duke Elcho has the long head to perfection, and is by Elcho, Jr., and his dam also has a strain of Elcho blood. His Edna H. also has the typical head, and she is by Elcho, Jr., out of Romaine, she by Elcho out of Rose. Old Palmerston and Elcho had it, and their blood when crossed intelligently are pretty sure to have it. Of course not every one, but in this line of blood is where you find the typical heads. To breed dogs with typical heads, good coats, color, form, legs and feet, and body combined with field merit, is very difficult. Many of them have all but the heads, still, by a persistent following of the above lines of blood success must of necessity follow in the majority of cases. This breeder goes on to say: "Importing dogs is not sure to improve the breed. I have imported a dozen since 1873; some of them had better have been left over the water, and I wish they had; some I would not breed to myself and sold for a song, in comparison with what I paid for them, and their new owners lauded them to the skies, from ignorance I hope, and one was so poor I killed her on arrival. I expect now the best I ever imported, yet I may be disappointed, if so, shall frankly say so, and not say he is the best I ever saw." So it would seem that we have just as good blood over here in this breed, and whether we can improve matters by taking what England chooses to give as is highly problematical.

This is a copy of the notice Mr. Peshall served on Mr. Vredenburg during the executive meeting of the A. K. C. last Thursday: "Sir—You will please take notice that on the 12th day of May, 1891, I was elected and duly appointed the delegate of the New Jersey Kennel Club to the American Kennel Club, and as such delegate I hereby protest against the further publication in the *American Kennel Gazette*, published by the American Kennel Club and edited by you, of what has been known as the 'Disqualified' list. And I as such delegate and on the part of said New Jersey Kennel Club, and for each and every member of the New Jersey Kennel Club, forbid the sale or circulation by you or by any person or persons, as employees of the American Kennel Club, in any manner whatever, of any copy or copies of said *American Kennel Gazette* for and from the month of December, 1889 to the month of March, 1891 inclusive, for the reason that each and every number of said *American Kennel Gazette* containeth matter and things which are libelous, unlawful and in violation of the penal code of the State of New York. Respectfully, C. J. PESHALL, Delegate New Jersey Kennel Club."

American journals must not rely too implicitly on "Cheerful Horn's" irreverent jokes when the latter remarks that at the English Kennel Club's field trials there were present four bishops, three parsons and one deacon. On this one contemporary comments: "This not only speaks well for them but for the management that draws them out for recreation needed and consequent enjoyment for such liberal-minded men, for there is nothing in field trials that should not be encouraged by them." The parsons were there all right, the Reverends Serjeantson, O'Callaghan and Shield, but the bishops and deacon were there in name only. The Bishop family is well known among field trial men on the other side, and Mr. Sam Deacon has not yet qualified for ecclesiastical honors, though his form, we are told, is "syph-like."

The case told about in the *Evening Sun* the other day of an unfortunate man who died with the symptoms of hydrophobia, is an instructive one. The dog that bit the man was not mad, yet the belief that he was mad killed the man. There may be many as weak-minded men as this, who on learning that a dog which had bitten them had gone mad would die of bogus hydrophobia. We know of only one case where a man bitten, afterward found that the dog died with every symptom of hydrophobia, still he is alive yet, and very much so, as he contributes to these columns.

The dog poisoner has been abroad in Flatbush, L. I., and several valuable dogs have succumbed. This reminds us that Mr. Van Zandt's Irish setter Darragh Pat, who ran in the Eastern Field Trials last fall, was seemingly all well and in half an hour was found dead. Poison is supposed to have been the cause.

The coming show at Toronto will be quite lively for those who like to see speedy dogs. The Indus trial exhibition intends to donate prizes for greyhound and whippet races, which will take place in the ring before the grand stand each afternoon of the second week; the dogs competing in

the races will be required to be entered in their regular classes at the bench show.

Mr. Logan's kennel of fox-terriers, to the number of thirty, are now with Mr. Harry Twyford at his kennel in Bay Ridge, L. I. Mr. Twyford will in future have full charge of the kennel. It seems Mr. Thayer paid a pretty big advance, \$500, for Pitcher, on the price Mr. Logan paid for him. Dona, we are told, cost him also \$500. One can put \$1,500 in a very small quantity of dog flesh nowadays.

Mr. Shotwell, secretary of the Collie Club, desires us to announce that the Seminole Kennels having purchased The Squire, Roslyn Wilkes and other stud dogs from the Chestnut Hill Kennels, will carry out the arrangement made by the latter of allowing a discount of 30 per cent. from their regular stud fees to members of the Collie Club.

A Mr. Day advertises for his lost dog. We trust he will succeed in finding him, for it is only fair that as every dog has his day, Mr. Day should also have his dog.—*Judge*.

The International Field Trials Club, of Canada, will hold their trials at Chatham, commencing Nov. 10.

Friend Dole has been dipping into his purse pretty deeply, for we hear that a stud bull-terrier shortly sails for this country that cost over \$500. It is also said that the great fox-terrier D'Orsay will very likely soon be among us. As he is held at \$3,000 it ought not to be very difficult to guess who is after him.

The late English owner of Harper, Mr. A. M. Hodgson, purchased at the Bulldog show the bitch Nina Fidget, said to be the best in the show.

Messrs. Dole and Comstock, after doing several English shows, are now striking out for the Continent before returning home.

The English Bulldog show was a great success as an exhibition of bulldog quality, but the attendance was poor. The club dinner seems to have been especially enjoyable. The only damper thrown on the affair was the fact that, owing to the hot weather, of seven arrivals the night before the show, three were found smothered in their crates, among them a very good one, Force, owned by Dr. Berison.

The King Charles spaniel Toodles has been sold by Mr. J. Dean to Mr. Buggs, who sends him to this country. Toodles won second at the late Cruft's show, so he ought to be a valuable addition to the toy spaniel ranks.

At the coming Leeds show \$5,000 will be offered in prizes and specials. The Queen and Prince of Wales are expected to exhibit some dogs there.

We have received from Dr. Cryer his book on the pug, for which we thank him, but as we had not time to look it over we will defer further mention till next week.

A meeting of the Irish Setter Club is called for May 30 (Decoration Day) at 2 P. M. at W. Tallman's store, 109 West Thirty-fourth street, New York city. All members are invited to be present and to submit their views on the club's affairs generally and the matter of field trials in particular.

Mr. Pritchard writes us that preparations are being made to receive some new arrivals at the Flour City Kennels, at Rochester, N. Y. A new kennel has been built some 50ft. long and 14ft. wide, with eight stalls and concrete floors, in fact everything up to the modern standard. That good bitch Lady Colens has been bred to Ilford Chancellor, and a litter out of Lady Dorothy by the same dog was expected on the 24th. If like breeds like then we may look for some good Rochester bred mastiffs another season. Another letter states that they have just heard from Dr. E. L. Kimball, of Jackson, Mich., saying that his bitch Lula Minting whelped May 14, eight pups, three dogs. This effectually disposes of the rumor that Ilford Chancellor was not as good as he should be in the stud, for on the contrary they have had excellent reports of his get.

"Billy" Tallman, who is known to every dog man in the country, has opened a store just west of Broadway on Thirty-fourth street, New York city. Mr. Tallman intends to supply anything that may be needed for a dog's welfare, from a collar to a ton of biscuit. A rendezvous up-town was very much needed, and as "Billy" has several inviting looking chairs set round his place, no doubt there will be lots of dog tales swapped from time to time. We are negotiating for a phonograph so as to catch the choice for our "Dog Chat." In any case we trust our friend will have the success in his new venture that he deserves.

We had intended to give this week a brief review of the facts in the Peshall case from the beginning, but the report of the A. K. C. meeting is of such length as to preclude devoting further space to the subject. In a later issue, however, we shall give such a review, for without the facts in mind the character of the proceedings of the club last Thursday cannot be justly estimated.

Extract from a letter: "For goodness sake take my exchange ad. out, as the countless letters I am receiving from it have long since ceased to be a virtue, and as I make a point of answering all communications, they are making my stamps disappear altogether too fast."

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we find that St. Bernards are for sale by A. H. Moore, F. E. Bacon and J. Hellen. G. W. Lovell has pointers and setters, E. W. Vine pointers and H. B. D. Bruce Clumber spaniels. In the stud is H. F. Church's bull-terrier.

A meeting of the Gordon Setter Club will be held at Dr. Meyer's office, 159 W. Thirty-fourth street, May 28. This is the adjourned meeting which should have been held at Dr. Glover's office May 14, to consider the application of Mr. Malcolm regarding the action of the club in his case.

Mr. E. C. Buckle, of the Charlottesville Kennels, Virginia, was an interested spectator at the English Kennel Club Field Trials held recently. He was a guest of Mr. Brailsford.

"THE AMERICAN BOOK OF THE DOG."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a long trip to the Southwest, and in reading the back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM was surprised to see Mr. Wade's communication under the above caption. I seriously regret that anything should have found its way into type, under Mr. Wade's signature, that is not true, or that is not satisfactory to him; and I most emphatically disclaim any intention to misrepresent either him or the facts.

When the proof of the mastiff article came from him, the corrections he had marked were made, and in this shape it was printed—not a word having been added by me. When the MSS. originally came to me from Mr. Wade it contained the statement that Messrs. Milken, Kelly and Bowditch imported mastiffs early in the eighteenth century. I certainly should not have taken the liberty of interpolating such an important statement as this in another man's mat-

ter, even if I were confident of the truth of it, which I could not have been in this case, for I have never seen this statement made elsewhere.

Of course there is a record of it somewhere, else Mr. Wade would not have said it. He does not guess at anything. It is a fact that I supplied some of the names that are given on page 577 as "breeders, owners or importers," but I wrote Mr. Wade that I had done so "subject to his approval," and that if any of them were not satisfactory to him he should cut them out. He erased but one, and his letter of Oct. 11, 1890, which is before me, says: "Proofs received, and I return them corrected as far as I think they need it, or I feel like taking the liberty of cutting your improvements."

I sent Mr. Wade proofs of several cuts that were used in illustrating his articles. That of Czar had printed under it the words, "Russian Wolfhound—Czar. Owned by Mr. Paul H. Hacke, Pittsburgh, Pa." It came back to me with Mr. Hacke's name canceled, and that of J. Sperber written under it, apparently in Mr. Wade's hand. I could have no possible motive in making such a change myself, as Mr. Wade implies, for I never heard of Mr. Sperber before or since, and have no knowledge, other than this simple correction, on the proof, that there is such a person; while I know Mr. Hacke to be a prominent fancier of this breed.

Mr. Wade has been a good friend to me, and I repeat that I would not willingly misrepresent him in any way. Neither would he, I believe, willingly misrepresent me. He has accused me wrongfully in these matters, but I believe it is owing solely to a lapse of memory. He has forgotten just what he did write, in certain instances. I hope the foregoing may serve to refresh his memory, and that he will accept these statements in the friendly spirit in which they are made.

G. O. SHIELDS.

BEAU BRUMMELL.—Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have sold that grand young Irish setter Beau Brummell to Mr. E. B. Bishop, of Cincinnati, O., who will take him to California and place him in the public stud. Beau Brummell is well known as the winner of first prizes at New York, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Washington (open class), thus entering the challenge class within twenty-two days after the first time he was ever shown at four of the largest shows held in America this year, and being passed upon by a different judge each time. As well as being so fine a bench dog, Beau Brummell is a magnificent, level-headed fielder, and Mr. Bishop will run him in the field trials that are to be held in California next fall, where I expect he will give an excellent account of himself. Beau Brummell was sired by champion Elcho, Jr. out of Red Rose; she by the famous champion Biz out of champion Lady Clare, and is a litter brother to my challenge dog Kildare. Mr. Bishop has also purchased my Irish setter bitch Belle Aurea (A.K.C.S.B. 20831), who is now in whelp to Beau Brummell. I am not at liberty to state the exact price that was paid for this pair, but will say that the amount is represented by no less than four figures. Judging from the prices that are now being given for Irish setters I think it is a fair criterion of their fast increasing popularity. I shall replace Beau Brummell with the best red dog that I can find in England or Ireland, and Joe Lewis is now on the other side looking for a dog for me that can win over anything in America. If he can find such a one you may look for him at the head of the Kildare Kennels next fall, both at the field trials and the bench shows.—W.

WASHINGTON.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope of large letter size. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Elderman. By W. Wade, Hulton, Pa., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped April 28, 1891, by Beauport out of Emma.

Hope. By H. K. Devereux, Cleveland, O., for liver, white and ticked pointer dog, whelped Feb. 1, 1891, by imported Lucas (Nimrod) out of imported Dora of Armstadt (Marquis—Hilda of Zebra).

Gale Gladstone. By H. K. Devereux, Cleveland, O., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped February, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue) out of Katie Noble (Count Noble—Queen Meg).

Ruby Blas. By F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., for English setter dog, whelped March 11, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue) out of Katie Noble.

Gale Gladstone and Ball o' Yarn. By F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter bitches, whelped March 11, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue) out of Katie Noble.

Phil Darnell. By F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., for English setter dog, whelped Feb. 14, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue) out of List Noble.

Marjolaine. By F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue) out of List Noble.

Joe Forester II. and Duchess of Brunswick. By Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H., for black, white and tan foxhound dog and bitch, whelped March 6, 1891, by Joe Forester (Bruno—Clia) out of Gypsy Blanco (Peter—Topy).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Betsy Splanger—Bacchanal. John Moorhead, Jr.'s (Pittsburgh, Pa.) fox-terrier Betsy Splanger (Warren Sampler—Warren Dangle) to Oriole Kennels' champion Bacchanal (champion The Belgravian—champion Bedlam) e. May 21.

Mary Anderson—Bo'swain. Dr. D. Maclean's (Detroit, Mich.) bull terrier Mary Anderson (Surprise—Bully) to E. A. Woodward's Bo'swain (Grabber—Susan) May 8.

Fleet—King of Kent. H. K. Devereux's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Fleet (Dash—Sport) to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent (Piam—Ken's Baby) April 7.

Rodreka—Breeze Gladstone. B. M. n's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Rodreka (Rodger—Grem) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue) April 28.

Golden Rod—Inspiration. Chas. Chipmenger's (Lansing, Mich.) pointer bitch Golden Rod (Beaufort—Zuba) to F. G. Taylor's Inspiration (Bang Bang—Tollie Doe) May 1.

Bernie—Inspiration. J. B. Ellison's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Bernie (Victor the Blue Stocking—Charlotte Corday) to F. G. Taylor's Inspiration (Bang Bang—Tollie Doe) May 7.

Marguerite II.—Brake C. J. H. Day's (Red Bank, N. J.) pointer bitch Marguerite II. (Mainspring—Marguerite) to Mr. Lovell's Brake C. (Glen Graphic—Jennie) May 3.

Hops—King of Kent. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) pointer bitch Hops to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent, April 25.

Betsy Brackett—King of Kent. F. Larkin, Jr.'s (Sing Sing, N. Y.) pointer bitch Betsy Brackett to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent, April 24.

Ralph's Queen—King of Kent. W. E. Field's (St. Louis, Mo.) pointer bitch Ralph's Queen to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent, April 14.

Clip—King of Kent. J. N. Pike's (Malden, Mass.) pointer bitch Clip to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent, April 9.

Lass of Bow—King of Kent. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Lass of Bow (Graphic—Climax) to their King of Kent, April 4.

Westminster Nan—King of Kent. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Westminster Nan (Westminster Cate—Nancy) to their King of Kent, March 29.

Kate VIII.—King of Kent. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Kate VIII. (Donald II.—Belle) to their King of Kent, March 27.

Nancy—King of Kent. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Nancy (Bang Bang—Polly) to their King of Kent, March 25.

Lass of Kent. Geo. Jarvis's (New York) pointer bitch Lass of Kent to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent, May 2.

Oriole Lilly—Lord Baltimore. Wambach & Hermann's (Baltimore, Md.) pug bitch Oriole Lilly (Roland—Dollie) to their Lord Baltimore, Jan. 29.

Dollie-Othello Boy. G. W. Wambach's (Baltimore, Md.) pug bitch Dollie (Cricket-Dot) to his Othello Boy, March 18.

WHEELS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Queen Bendigo. John Moorhead, Jr.'s (Pittsburgh, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Queen Bendigo (Bendigo-Mag), May 24, seven (five dogs), by his Mr. Dick (Young Dutch-Nettle).

Emma. W. Wade's (Hulton, Pa.) mastiff bitch Emma, April 28, two dogs, by Messrs. Taunton & Winchell's Beaufort; one since dead.

Rosa Lee. Dr. J. A. Hartman's (Lafayette, Pa.) English setter bitch Rosa Lee (Black-Nettle), April 23, six (three dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone-Sue); all black, white and tan.

Front. D. Struss's (Milwaukee, Wis.) English setter bitch Front (Drake, Jr., Daisy), May 10, thirteen (six dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone-Sue); all black, white and tan.

Donna Juanita. J. W. Wood's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) English setter bitch Donna Juanita (Black-Nettle), May 15, ten (six dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone-Sue; all white, black and tan.

Ortelle Lilly. Wambach & Hermann's (Baltimore, Md.) pug bitch Ortelle Lilly (Roland-Dollie), March 30, six (three dogs), by their Lord Baltimore; bitch since dead.

Dollie. Geo. W. Wambach's (Baltimore, Md.) pug bitch Dollie (Cricket-Dot), May 19, five (two dogs), by his Othello Boy.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Beaumont. Black and tan setter dog, age and pedigree not given, by Dr. John H. Meyer, New York, to Jas. B. Blossom, same place.

Duke. Black and tan dog, whelped May 20, 1890, by Prince out of Nanton, Jr., by Thos. Blake, Detroit, Mich., to Jas. McMillan, Jr., same place.

Mame T. Black and tan dachshund bitch, by Jerry out of Fraulein Waldeck II., by W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O., to Thomas Jones, Flint, Mich.

Jerry Jr. Black and tan dachshund dog, by Jerry out of Fraulein Waldeck II., by W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O., to J. C. Crouch, same place.

Nigger. Black and tan dachshund dog, by Jerry out of Fraulein Waldeck II., by W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O., to Jacob Zimmerman, Flint, Mich.

Dan B. Black and tan beagle and dachshund cross, by Sancio out of Eva, by W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O., to Dan Bushrod, same place.

Clare M. Black and tan beagle and dachshund cross, by Sancio out of Eva, by W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O., to C. Millard, same place.

Ball o' Yarn. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 11, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone out of Katie Noble, by F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. A. Moore, same place.

Gale Gladstone. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 18, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone out of Katie Noble, by F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. K. Devereux, Cleveland, O.

Marjolaine. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1891, by Breeze Gladstone out of List Noble, by F. G. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa., to E. H. Wakeman, San Francisco, Cal.

Stanley Bill and Stanley Bilt. White bull-terrier dog and bitch, whelped July 18, 1890, by White Wonder out of White Violet, by H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass., to Dr. Sneed, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Little Donovan. White bull-terrier dog, whelped May 26, 1890, by Duke out of Fussy, by H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass., to Dr. Sneed, Brooklyn, N. Y.

White Violet. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 19, 1887, by Charlie out of Rue, by H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass., to Dr. Sneed, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

C. R.—Your inquiry will be answered by mail if you will send us your address. The welfare of your dog should be considered by you important enough to induce you to follow the rule of giving your name when writing for advice.

J. P. M., Camden, N. J.—I have a very fine Irish setter; he is troubled with what some people call hush in the throat. The least excitement starts him coughing a dry husky cough, with continual retching, frequently raising a white froth. Can you advise me what to do? Ans. Rub the throat morning and night with camphorated oil.

GUN, Philadelphia, Pa.—Kindly advise me as to treatment of an English setter bitch 3 years old. She has pimples and sores all over her body, legs and tail, and had warts on lips and inside of ears, has three on under, close to back teats, and scratches almost continually. The skin is red. The warts in her mouth and ears have gone. I have been treating her for eczema, and have rubbed her with oil of cade 3oz., dilute acetic acid 4oz., cotton seed oil 8oz., carbolic acid 1dr., and given salt-water baths. Internally I have used flowers of sulphur and cream of tartar, equal parts. Dose, a tablespoonful once daily. Have been treating her for six weeks, but have not succeeded in curing her. She is fed once daily on stale bread and meat soup. On some parts of her body the hair is out, also on tail from root to tip on top, round the eyes and here and there on ears. Kindly advise me of a remedy in next week's issue if possible and state what the disease is. Is it contagious? Ans. It is very likely sarcoptic mange. Apply either

Potass carbonatis..... 3i
Sulphur flor..... 3ij
Glycerine..... 3vi
or the following:

Bals Peru..... aa 3ij
Spts rectified..... aa 3ij
Zinc oxid..... 3i
Glycerine..... 3x

After washing the dog thoroughly with carbolic soap and warm water. It is contagious by contact. Clean and disinfect the dog's kennel thoroughly. The warts can be touched with nitrate of silver, which will effect a cure.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

The Winans Trophy.

PRACTICE TARGETS for the Amateur Revolver Championship will be mailed free to any address from this office.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ENGLISH REVOLVER MATCHES.

The programme of the competition at Bisleys has been issued, and provides the usual generous offer of rich prizes. The prizes for revolvers are increased, and a new series is added in which \$50, divided into nineteen prizes, will be given. In this series the target will appear for twelve seconds only, and "no concession will be made for misfires or other failures of the revolver or ammunition." With respect to the backshot of revolver which may be used at the N. K. A. meeting, it is now announced that it may be either a plain open V or open half circle, or buckhorn pattern, "or some simple pattern of sufficient solidity and strength to withstand rough usage."

The several revolver events are as follows:

THE REVOLVER PRIZES.

Unlimited entries. Aggregate value, \$150, N. R. A. prize. Restricted to officers, warrant officers, petty officers and staff sergeants of H. M. land and sea forces, to gentlemen cadets of the R. M. A., Woolwich, and of the R. M. C., Sandhurst, and to members of the N. R. A. Distance, about 20yds. Weapon, revolvers. They will be subject to examination by an officer appointed for the purpose before competitors will be allowed to use them. Number of shots, 6. Position, standing. No rest of any kind, natural or artificial, will be allowed, nor will the competitor be allowed to support himself on any part of the shooting gallery or table from which the firing takes place; nor may he use more than one hand to steady his revolver.

Entrance fee, 2s 6d, for each entry. No competitor to take more than one prize in any series.

Target—A disc 12in. in diameter. Bulseye, 3in. diameter, scoring 6 points, with a central cartouche 2in. in diameter, scoring 7 points. Remainder of target divided into four rings, scoring respectively 5, 4, 3 and 2 points. No sighting shots allowed.

First Series.—At a target moving across the line of fire, at about the rate of the "quick march." One prize of £10, one of £5, one of

£4, one of £3, ten prizes of £2, eighteen prizes of £1. [Thirty-two prizes, £80.]

Second Series.—At a target disappearing and re-appearing at intervals of three seconds. One prize of £10, one prize of £5, one prize of £4, one prize of £3, ten prizes of £2, eighteen prizes of £1. Thirty-two prizes, £80.

Third Series.—At a target shown for twelve seconds only. No concession will be made for misfires or other failures of the revolver or ammunition. One prize of £5, one prize of £3, five prizes of £2, twelve prizes of £1. Nineteen prizes, £30.

In addition to the ordinary regulations for shooting governing other competitions, the following must be strictly observed:

1. The petty officer or non-commissioned officer at the firing point will load and hand to the competitor the revolver ready for use. The revolver must not be loaded until the competitor is in position.

2. On receiving the caution, "All clear," the competitor will fire his chambers without any delay. The revolver must not be raised from the table before each shot until the target appears.

3. In the event of any misfires, in the first or second series, the competitor will continue to fire the remaining chambers, and will then place his revolver on the table. The petty officer or non-commissioned officer at the firing point will then reload as many chambers as may be necessary to enable the competitor to complete his series.

4. Should there be from any cause an interruption in the shooting, the competitor must at once lay his revolver on the table and in the receptacle provided for the purpose, muzzle downward.

5. Any competitor firing or pointing his revolver elsewhere than from the gallery at the target will be disqualified under "Clause 2, Section II, Penalties" of the Regulations.

THE "FUNGST" (REVOLVER).

Unlimited entries. Given by Fungst Frères et Cie, of 23 Crutched Friars, E. C. Open only to officers of the regular and auxiliary forces. Condition of firing the same as those of the Revolver Prizes. Second series—Entrance fee 2s. 6d. for each entry. First prize, 40oz. case of Fungst Frères et Cie. champagne Carte d'Or, 1884 Vintage, extra special cuvée. Second prize, one double Magnum (equal to 4 bottles) of the same champagne.

REVOLVER POOL.

Distance about 20yds.; size of bulseye 3in. in diameter, including a 2in. ring, which alone will count for the pool. Number of shots unlimited. Entrance fee, 2s. per series of 6 shots. 1. Competitors will be allowed any number of entries on payment of the entrance fee for each entry. 2. The pools will be divided each day according to the number of series fired and bulseyes made, 25 per cent. of the purchase money of the pool tickets being deducted by the association. The values of the pool bulseyes will be posted outside the pool office on the day succeeding that upon which they were made, and the amounts paid on presentation of the bulseye tickets, between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock daily.

EPHRA'TA, Pa., May 22.—The members of the North End Rifle Club met on their range south of town this afternoon to engage in several hours' sport at target practice. The day was fair, with a little wind now and then, causing a little irregular shooting by those who used the .32 rifles. The heavier rifles were not effective, and the scores were about as usual. The following scores resulted, distance 20yds., rest shooting:

J. A. West	9	10	10	8	9	9	6	7	10—88
L. M. West	6	9	9	8	8	8	10	10—90	
C. Konigsmacher	8	9	9	7	5	10	10	6—104	
D. B. Leffer	5	7	10	10	10	5	7	10—79	
J. M. Sheaffer	7	6	8	4	5	7	6	10—72	
W. D. Winters	7	7	6	5	6	7	9	10—74	
S. L. Sharp	4	5	6	7	5	4	7	5—51	

The members who are nearly always out at the regular shoot, and who study their rifles, ammunition, etc., are somewhat divided as to using patched or grooved bullets. Patched bullets are generally used with good results, but the cleaning of rifles necessitated by using them gives more work than the boys care to do while passing the time for sport. In a short time no doubt all our members will use the patched bullet.—D. B. L.

BOSTON, May 23.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day with a good attendance of riflemen. The conditions were not the best, as a 4 o'clock fish-tail wind bothered the shooters a good deal. Mr. C. H. Eastman won the bronze membership badge. The scores, distance 20yds., Standard American targets, re-entries allowed: All-comers' Rest Match—S. Wilder 111, E. L. Blount 110, F. Daniels 103, A. H. Ballard 106, F. W. Chester 104, W. Peters 104, M. T. Day 102, A. G. Houghton 101, R. Carter 98, F. W. W. 97, A. S. Hunt 95, A. M. 93, D. N. Winn 88. All-comers' Off-hand Match—F. C. Bridge 79, A. Sharp 79, S. C. Sweeney 75, M. T. Day 75, J. B. Hobbs 73, D. Martin 71, A. G. Horne 60, Military Match—F. Carter 45, A. S. Field 48, M. T. Day 43, G. G. Bradford 39, O. Moore 38, S. B. Snow 37, C. H. Cole, Jr., 34, J. B. Hobbs 26, Revolver Match, 50yds.—H. Severance 87, S. A. Wesson 83.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

May 26-28.—Wm. H. Wolstencroft's Second Annual Tournament at Facony Driving Park, Philadelphia, Pa. Address Wm. H. Wolstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

May 26-30.—Newark (N. J.) Tournament. Three days targets, two days live birds. Target shooting events under management of Mr. H. A. Penrose; live bird contests under control of Mr. Jacob Pentz.

May 30.—Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club Tournament. T. C. Pegram, Sec'y.

May 30.—Saratoga Tournament Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club. Open to all. Programmes sent by C. W. Brown, Pres., Maplewood, N. J. June 2-5.—Saratoga Gun Club Shoot, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers and Dealers' Association. Association guarantees \$1,000 club adds \$2,000, total \$3,000.

June 2-5.—Rocky Mountain Sportsman's Association Tournament, at Denver, Col. C. M. Hampson, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—Regular Annual Tournament of the Illinois State Sportsman's Association. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.

June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Egan, Sec'y.

June 23.—Atlantic City Gun Club's Tournament, at Atlantic City, N. J. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Manager, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., or R. C. Griscom, Secretary, Atlantic City, N. J.

July, first week.—Boston; Wellington Gun Club, three days' tournament, under auspices of Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association.

July 2-4.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

July 4.—Slater, Mo. Third Annual Tournament of the Slater Gun Club. Wm. Reid, Secretary.

WASHINGTON INTER-STATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19.—The first day's shoot of the Inter-State Manufacturers and Dealers' Association in connection with the Capital City Gun Club opened here to-day with a good attendance. The gun show brightly and it was an excellent day for shooting at the trap. The surplus amounted to \$250.80. In the Expert Class W. Wolstencroft won first, average 74.4 per cent., and received \$58.16; and C. M. Lindsley won second, average 69.8 per cent., and received \$29.08. In the Amateur Class A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., won first, average 80.02 per cent., and received \$58.15; and Geo. Cochran, of Pittsburg, Pa., won second, average 77.3 per cent., and received \$29.08.

May 19.—Extra No. 1, 10 singles:
E. L. Mills.....01111111-9
Steele.....01110111-7
R. B. Bond.....01110101-7
B. Brown.....00100110-4
W. F. Summerson.....01100111-6
Rothwell, Jr.....01101111-8
Wolstencroft.....11100111-7
J. F. Smith.....00110111-6
T. F. Doyle.....01111111-9
Bondwe.....00011010-4
Stubner.....11010110-6
Rothwell, Jr.....11101111-9
Hawes.....00010101-2
Osborne.....01100111-6

No. 1, \$25 guaranteed, 10 singles, experts:
Wolstencroft.....1011011111-8
Lindsley.....0111011100-5
Amateurs:
Bond.....001101110-6
Mills.....001101110-6
Hunt.....011101110-7
Rothwell, Jr.....011101110-8
Wagner.....101101110-7
Steele.....101101110-6
Osborne.....011101110-8
Stubner.....111011110-7
Huffman.....111011110-7
Smith.....111011110-8
Summerson.....00110000-3
Townsend.....11001011-5
Patten.....10101011-5
Bondwe.....11010101-5
Brown.....10011001-5

No. 2, \$40 guaranteed, 15 singles, experts:
Lindsley.....101101110111-9
Wolstencroft.....100110110111-10

Amateurs:
Bond.....001110110111-11
Wagner.....011100011011-9
Hunt.....001011101101-11
Steele.....011101110111-13
Parry.....011101110111-12
Rothwell, Jr.....101010111110-10
Hartner.....101011101111-13
Capron.....101110111111-13
Hicks.....111011111110-12
Evans.....001100010101-7
Gastnight.....001100010101-7
Mills.....101101110111-11
Blackbird.....111011011111-12
Summerson.....100001011100-6
Huffman.....011011111111-12
Steele.....111011111111-12
No. 3, \$60 guaranteed, \$3.00 entry, 20 singles, experts:
Wolstencroft.....10111011011111-17
Lindsley.....00110111011111-13

Amateurs:
Bond.....1110111011011111-17
Brown.....0101101000011111-11
Hunt.....0111111011011011-13
Wagner.....00000111110111-14
Arnold.....11110010011111-14
Capron.....11100011111111-17
Hicks.....11111111110110-15
Evans.....00110101110110-10
Blackbird.....11101111011111-17
Stubner.....11010111011111-14
Summerson.....111011110111-14
Huffman.....111011110111-14
Steele.....111011110111-14
Farrell.....0100000000000101-3

No. 4, \$25 guaranteed, \$2.36 entrance, at 6 doubles, experts:
Bond.....10 10 11 10 11 10-6
Somerson.....00 01 10 10 11 01-6
Stubner.....10 11 10 00 01 00-5

Amateurs:
Evans.....10 00 11 10 00 10-5
Rothwell, Jr.....11 01 10 11 00 10-7
Wagner.....01 11 10 10 10 10-6
Hunt.....11 10 10 10 10 10-7
Barker.....01 10 10 10 01 00-5
Doyle.....11 10 10 10 10 10-7
Wolstencroft.....10 01 11 10 11 10-7
Osborne.....00 11 10 10 10 00-5
Huffman.....00 11 10 10 10 10-5
Jones.....10 11 10 11 10 11-8

No. 5, \$50 guaranteed, entry \$8.00, 20 singles, experts:
Wolstencroft.....1110110101110011-14
Lindsley.....11011001110101101-13

Amateurs:
Mills.....1011101110110111-15
West.....101111000011010110-11
Bowker.....001001110000011001-8
Hunt.....0101111111011011-14
Jones.....000111110000011011-10
Doyle.....11111111110111-18
Capron.....1111000100010111-12
Hicks.....001011111100001111-12
Evans.....011011110111010111-14
Brown.....1011000111011111-14
Stubner.....1011111101110110-14
Arnold.....11111111011111-14
Wolstencroft.....111011110110-12
Doyle.....11101111011011-12
Osborne.....0111011111110111-15

No. 6, \$25 guaranteed, \$2.45 entry, 15 singles, experts:
Wolstencroft.....100111110110-10
Lindsley.....10101111011111-12

Amateurs:
Brown.....101101110000-8
Jones.....101101110111-11
Bondwe.....110101110111-11
Capron.....011011101111-12
Hicks.....01101110110111-10
Evans.....010100101011-8
Patten.....111101110111-12
Parry.....111011111111-13
Hunt.....111011110111-13
Dan.....01100010110110-8
St. Germain.....001110111111-10
Woody.....0010011000011-7
Blackbird.....11101110010110-9
Arnold.....010101000111-7
Finley.....01011111100110-9
Wise.....010011100011-5
Somerson.....011011011110-10
Happer, Jr.....011011011111-12

No. 7, \$60 guaranteed, entrance \$3.00, 20 singles, experts:
Wolstencroft.....10101110111111-16
Lindsley.....1010111011011010-12

Amateurs:
Capron.....0101110111011011-14
Hicks.....0010100010110110-9
Jones.....1110110111011111-16
Bond.....1111111101011011-15
Cap Jones.....01111011011111-15
Daw.....0101111101101110-15
Wagner.....1101011000001110-9
Rothwell.....11111111011111-13
Stubner.....11101111011111-14
Barker.....0000100101101101-8
Steele.....1000110101101110-10
Hunt.....1110111011011111-10

No. 8, \$40 guaranteed, \$3 entrance, 15 singles, experts:
Wolstencroft.....10111011101111-12
Lindsley.....10111010011110-9

Amateurs:
Capron.....011010110111-11
Hicks.....10111000111111-10
Wagner.....10101110111111-10
West.....110011010000-6
Capt. Kramer.....011111010100-10
Steele.....111111110111-14
Doyle.....010001011011-5
Huffman.....010111101110-10
Evans.....011101101111-12
Summerson.....111011011010-10
Daw.....010111011011-9
Finley.....01011000101011-5
Stubner.....110111110111-13
Bond.....1101110110110111-13

No. 9, \$25 guaranteed, \$2, 10 singles, experts:
Lindsley.....01000000-3
Wolstencroft.....1110311011-7

Amateurs:
McKew.....1111111111-10
Arnold.....01010111-8
Summerson.....11111111-8
Capron.....0110011011-5
Hicks.....100011011-6
Evans.....0111111011-7
Dan.....1011111011-7
Doyle.....11010111-7
Finley.....11010111-7
Woodward.....10010101-4
Drummond.....10010101-4
Rothwell, Jr.....110111101-8
Hunt.....110111101-8
Steele.....011011101-7

May 20.—No. 1, \$25 guaranteed, 10 singles, experts:
Crosby.....3
Wolstencroft.....3
Lindsley.....7

Hicks.....10
J. Jones Jr.....10
Mills.....10
Summerson.....10
Landvoigt.....8
Wagner.....8
Hartlove.....8
Happy Jr.....7
Thurman.....6
Wat.....6
Hoffman.....6
Doyle.....6
Simpson.....6
Stout.....6

Wyman.....	9	Cochran.....	7	Hughy.....	5
End.....	9	Hapt Jones.....	7	Mattingly.....	5
Hunt.....	8	W L Bond.....	7	Atwater.....	5
Park.....	8	Rothwell.....	7	Steel.....	6
White.....	8				

No. 2, \$50 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 20 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....01100101110110-13	Wolsten-
Crosby.....111011110110110-16	croft.....1111101111101010-16

Amateurs:	
J White.....11111011111011-18	Huffman.....111110111110101-17
Mattingly.....0110010111000111-12	Mills.....1111010111111111-17
Steel.....1111101110011011-11	Summer.....1111101111111111-17
Simpson.....0100000100111110-11	son.....010101011001011110-12
Dr Brown.....0110010110001001010-10	B Bird.....111010111111101101-16
Bond.....1111101110110110-16	Boyd.....111101011011011100-15
Hicks.....010101000101001010-8	Wayman.....011101110101001011-15
Hunt.....110111101111101101-17	Harlowe.....1110111110110110-17
Hunter.....101010111011011110-15	Hughy.....010100101001011001-10
Farnsworth.....010101011010011100-9	Wagner.....1101011110111011-16
Stubner.....101010110110111011-15	Rothwell.....1001111111111110-17
A J Rust.....101011110101010111-13	Thurman.....01011111111001011-14
Cap Jones.....1010111110111111-16	Landvoigt.....1111011110110111-17
Cochran.....1101111110111011-17	Stout.....101110111011011010-14
Doyle.....1111101111101101-17	Boyd.....011011111011011011-13
J Jones.....1111101111011011-16	Hartner.....11111111000110011-13
Atwater.....000101110010110110-10	Townsend.....0101111101101111-13

No. 3, \$40 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 15 singles, Experts:	
Lindsey.....11100001011111-10	Crosby.....1011101101111-12
Wolstencroft.....111011101011-10	

Amateurs:	
J White.....11011110111011-12	Summerson.....1111100001010-10
Mattingly.....111110101011-11	Park.....11111011110110-12
Simpson.....11101011011111-11	Cochran.....1110111011011-12
West.....110101011011011-11	Happer, Jr.....1000010110111-9
Hicks.....01010100101101-9	Griscorn.....10101101101111-11
Bond.....10010111101101-9	Boyd.....11110110110111-11
Dr Brown.....1011110011111-11	J F Jones.....0001000101010-5
Hunt.....1101111011101101-17	Boyd.....11110110110111-11
Farnsworth.....1001101101101101-17	Hartner.....111011111011101-13
Doyle.....011011011011011-11	Townsend.....01011111011011-12
Stubner.....011011011011011-11	Dubray.....01100001101101-8
Huffman.....11010110111111-12	Rothwell, Jr.....01010110100100-6
Atwater.....10101010101010-7	Wagner.....01010110100100-9
Blackbird.....01010110110111-11	Ed Landvoigt.....11111001101101-12
Doyle.....11011110111111-12	Griscorn.....10101110110111-11
Cap Jones.....10101110110111-11	Wayman.....01111001010101-10
Mills.....00010111111111-13	Thurman.....00101011010111-8
Steel.....1011111110111-13	

No. 4, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 10 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110010001-5	Crosby.....011111111-9
Wolstencroft.....1101101101-8	

Amateurs:	
J White.....1101110111-8	Townsend.....0100010010-3
A J Rust.....0111110111-8	Hunter.....110101111-7
Blackbird.....111110111-9	Rothwell.....101010101-6
Cap Jones.....10101111-8	Dubray.....010110101-6
Atwater.....1010100101-8	Hartner.....010111011-7
Stubner.....111110101-7	J Jones.....011110101-7
Doyle.....110111101-7	Wayman.....011110101-7
Simpson.....0101000101-3	Summerson.....01010101-4
Hicks.....1111101101-9	S'out.....101010101-6
Parks.....111101101-8	Harlowe.....011100011-6
Huffman.....100101011-5	Ed Landvoigt.....111101101-8
Cochran.....1111101101-8	Wagner.....110100111-6
Bond.....1000111101-6	Griscorn.....1010111011-6
Mills.....01101111-9	Hughy.....0101001000-2
Madlingly.....01101011-9	Steel.....110011111-8
Farnsworth.....101010010-5	

No. 8, \$40 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 6 pairs, experts:	
Lindsey.....11101010110110-8	J White.....01101010101010-3
Wolstencroft.....11101010110110-8	A J Rust.....01101010101010-3
Crosby.....11101010110110-8	Cap Jones.....01101010101010-3

Amateurs:	
Townsend.....111010101010-3	Bond.....111010101010-3
Rothwell, Jr.....111010101010-3	Summerson.....111010101010-3
Hunter.....111010101010-3	Hartner.....111010101010-3
Boyd.....111010101010-3	Parks.....111010101010-3
Wayman.....111010101010-3	Griscorn.....111010101010-3
Bond.....111010101010-3	Boyd.....111010101010-3
Atwater.....111010101010-3	Cochran.....111010101010-3
Mills.....111010101010-3	Landvoigt.....111010101010-3
Huffman.....111010101010-3	Mills.....111010101010-3
Blackbird.....111010101010-3	Richmond.....111010101010-3
Doyle.....111010101010-3	Priestoe.....111010101010-3
Stubner.....111010101010-3	J Jones.....111010101010-3
Wagner.....111010101010-3	

No. 10, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 20 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....111001011100101111-12	Crosby.....11101111110101000-14
Wolstencroft.....0111101101101101-15	

Amateurs:	
J White.....111010111111111-17	Mattingly.....01011001100110101-10
Atwater.....00011010101101000-9	Cochran.....10101101010101011-13
Simpson.....01101101100001010-12	Huffman.....01011010111101110-13
Blackbird.....1111011011101111-18	Wagner.....0101101011101110-13
Rust.....1111101011011111-17	Dubray.....1110101011101111-14
Steel.....1111011011011111-17	Doyle.....0101011111011011-13
Cpt Jones.....1010110101010111-13	Mills.....11110101011110111-11
Hicks.....0101011011010111-12	Rothwell.....1110101101101101-15
Hunter.....1111011011101101-17	Parks.....110111011000101011-13
Doyle.....1011111011101101-17	Landvoigt.....010101010101011-11
Bond.....101011110111011101-16	Priestoe.....11011101010101011-13
Houston.....0101010101010101-8	Parker.....0101011010101011-16

No. 7, \$40 guaranteed, entrance \$2, 15 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....00010101000100-5	Crosby.....111011011101010-10
Wolstencroft.....1011101101111-13	

Amateurs:	
Parker.....11101010101011-9	Capt Kramer.....0101110111111-12
Blackbird.....11010110110110-10	Huffman.....000110101110110-8
Wayman.....10101010111111-11	Dubray.....10101010011111-11
Summerson.....01010101010101-5	Harlowe.....01101101011011-9
Boyd.....01010101101010-9	Parks.....11111111011011-13
Farnsworth.....0111010101010-8	Studner.....11010101101101-10
Atwater.....111010101110110-8	White.....01101001010111-8
West.....00110101101000-7	Rust.....11101010110111-11
Holmead.....01000010101000-4	Griscorn.....111010110101010-9
Hicks.....11101111010101-9	Thurman.....01100101110100-7
Simpson.....01000010000000-2	Hartner.....11111111011111-14
Mattingly.....11110101010100-7	Townsend.....11110101000101-9
Blackbird.....10101111101111-12	Richmond.....01010110110111-9
Hunter.....11110101101110-18	Landvoigt.....01010101010101-9
Hunt.....00111010101010-7	Thompson.....0101000010000-4
Wagner.....01010111110101-10	Cochran.....11111101010101-11
Bond.....01101101010101-10	Eristor.....11111101001010-10
J Jones, Jr.....1111101101111-14	

No. 8, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 10 singles, expert:	
Lindsey.....101011111-8	Crosby.....1111111110-9
Wolstencroft.....111101101-7	

Amateurs:	
Summerson.....0100110101-4	Wagner.....1110111111-9
Boyd.....100011111-7	Rust.....111011111-9
Wayman.....1000110111-5	Mills.....000010111-5
Atwater.....111110101-7	Hartner.....1010101101-7
Farver.....1111010111-10	Townsend.....1110101011-6
Simpson.....101010010-4	Rothwell.....1111101011-7
West.....111101010-7	Hiller.....0100101011-5
Bond.....101110111-9	Mattingly.....010001011-5
Capt Jones.....101010101-7	Cochran.....100011100-5
Hicks.....101110111-7	Hunter.....111110110-9
Dubray.....011010101-4	Stubner.....010101011-5
Holmead.....000101010-4	Farnsworth.....101010101-4
Houston.....001010101-5	Thompson.....111110101-12
J Jones, Jr.....101011011-8	Park.....110101111-8
Huffman.....111011111-8	Hall.....000000011-3
J White.....011010111-7	Thurman.....111110111-8
Rich.....110101001-4	Eristor.....010110101-4
Blackbird.....111010101-4	Richmond.....110101011-7
Doyle.....111010101-5	Stroud.....000101011-3

No. 9, \$60 guaranteed, \$3 entry, 20 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....011001010100010100-8	Crosby.....0101111111110011-16
Wolstencroft.....11101110111111-17	
Amateurs:	
Rust.....1111101101110111-17	Bacher.....0101010101010001010-7
J White.....1111101101110111-16	Thurman.....1010101011010000101-7
Doyle.....1011110111011101-17	Stubner.....1010111111111110-7
Finley.....001001010101010100-4	Mattingly.....0110111111110101-16
Bond.....0101010111011101-13	Mills.....1011100101010101-13
Steel.....0011010101110111-14	Rothwell.....1101010101111111-15
J Jones, Jr.....10111010111011-10	Harlowe.....1101011101101111-15
Farver.....1011110110101011-10	Rich.....0110101010101010-12
Hunter.....0101011101010111-13	Rich.....0110101010101010-12
Cap Jones.....111010111101000101-11	Townsend.....1101011010101010-11
Huffman.....0101011011010101010-10	Parker.....0010101111011110-15
Farnsworth.....1010101010101011-11	Eristor.....0101010101010101-11
Holmead.....001010101010101011-6	Simpson.....101010101100010101-11
	Hiller.....0101010101010101010-6

No. 10, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 10 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....1110010111-7	Crosby.....1101010111-7
Wolstencroft.....111011011-8	

Amateurs:	
Blackbird.....1111101011-8	Wagner.....0101100101-5
Hartner.....1101010101-6	Thompson.....101010101-6
J White.....1111101101-8	Thurman.....110110100-5
Rust.....1111101101-8	Huffman.....111101100-7
Hunter.....1111010101-8	Mills.....111110100-8
J Jones, Jr.....1110101110-6	Stubner.....100111011-8
Finley.....1000101010-6	Parker.....01010101-5
Cap Jones.....1111111111-10	Parker.....110010101-5
Cochran.....0101111111-8	Rothwell.....011110111-8
Bond.....0111111111-8	Mattingly.....010101111-7
Griscorn.....1110110110-8	Hartlove.....0101010101-3
Doyle.....1110101110-8	

Total amount of surplus to-day was \$27.44. W. Crosby won first average in expert class, 78 per cent, \$55.48; W. Wolstencroft second, 77.4 per cent, \$27.44. In amateur class, A. E. Kreuger won first average, 80.9 per cent, \$55.48, and Al Rust, of Philadelphia, second, 79.5 per cent, \$27.44.

May 21.—No. 1, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 10 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....111011010-7	Crosby.....110101011-6
Wolstencroft.....111010111-8	

Amateurs:	
Rothwell, Jr.....101010111-7	Arnold.....101101000-4
Bond.....101011001-7	Steele.....110110111-9
Dubray.....010101101-6	Malone.....010101010-5
Wagner.....101110101-7	Cantler.....101110101-7
Mills.....111010111-8	Hartner.....011110111-8
Hunter.....111101011-8	J Jones.....011101111-7
Cap Jones.....011011111-8	Stubner.....100101011-6
Hartner.....011011111-8	Thurman.....110101101-5
Doyle.....100111111-8	Hartlove.....110011100-5
McNew.....000110111-6	West.....001111011-7
Cochran.....101101010-6	Happer, Jr.....111101011-8
J White.....111101010-7	Richmond.....111111010-8
Rust.....111011010-7	Penn.....000110101-5
Blackbird.....011110101-7	Parker.....111101010-7

No. 2, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 10 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....011010111-7	Crosby.....001111111-8
Wolstencroft.....111010111-8	

Amateurs:	
Cap Jones.....110101111-8	West.....010101010-5
Penn.....001100101-5	J Jones.....110110111-8
Dubray.....100001011-4	Hartner.....110111111-9
Arnold.....101110010-6	Thurman.....011101111-8
White.....111101101-8	Hartlove.....111110001-7
Rust.....111101101-8	Steele.....111110111-9
Bond.....101111111-9	Stubner.....011001111-7
Huffman.....010110111-7	Cantler.....001011011-5
Doyle.....111110111-8	Rothwell, Jr.....110110110-6
Griscorn.....001101011-6	Richmond.....101101111-8
Cochran.....101010110-6	Hunter.....011110111-8
Mills.....101111111-9	Parker.....111101010-7
Wagner.....010101111-8	McNew.....111101111-9
Blackbird.....110110111-9	Happer, Jr.....111110110-9
Malone.....110100111-7	

No. 3, \$40 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 15 singles, experts:	
Lindsey.....01001111101010-10	Crosby.....1100000110111-8
Wolstencroft.....101111111101-13	

Amateurs:	
Penn.....00110011011111-10	Cochran.....011111110111-13
Arnold.....0101110101010-10	Hartner.....1001010101010-8
Doyle.....11110100110111-11	Mills.....1111000110110-11
J White.....111010101111-12	Stubner.....100101111111-14
Rust.....11111011011111-14	Hunter.....11110101010111-11
Bond.....111110111111-14	Malone.....001101010101010-7
Cap Jones.....101110101101010-10	Griscorn.....01010101010101-3
West.....101010101010111-11	Steele.....11111011011111-13
Blackbird.....10101111111111-13	Cantler.....0011011010011-8
Wagner.....111101011111-13	Darker.....0110101111-11
Huffman.....11111011011010-12	McNew.....0011101101101-10
Dubray.....00101110101010-10	Richmond.....11110101011011-11
Wagner.....11110101101111-12	Parker.....10110101010101-10
J Jones.....11110010101001-9	Happer, Jr.....01101010101111-11

No. 4, \$25 guaranteed, \$2 entrance, 5 pairs, experts:																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																										</
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No. 5, entrance \$2.50:

Sessions	11010101010-8	Bricker	10101010011-8
Hughes	11010101011-11	Kirshner	10101010011-10
J. G. Smith	11010101011-10	Carl	10100010110-7
Grim	11010101011-10	Sundstrum	11010101010-10
Parmalee	01111101111-11	Rochelle	11010101001-9
Dewlight	10101010111-10	Howard	01010101011-9
Merrill	10101010111-10	Budd	11010101011-11
Chingren	01010101111-10	Knutson	11010101010-10
Langley	11010101011-10	Christianson	11010101010-8
Dautbett	11010101011-9	J. B. Smith	11010101010-10
Porter	01110100010-7	West	10010101011-9
Leverage	11010101011-11	Balton	11010101011-8
Durant	11010101010-9	Yernshaw	11010101011-9
Sanford	10101010101-9	Milner	11010101011-10
Hicks	11010101011-11	Georgeson	11010101011-11
Clements	01000100101-6	Seagrath	11010101011-11
Crabill	11010101010-10		

Wednesday, Second Day.—The weather was all that could be asked, with a good strong wind, making the shooting quite difficult. The entries ran as high as \$2 and everything passed off very pleasantly. The new arrivals for second day were N. S. Young, of Burlington, and Chas. Strawn, of Jacksonville, Ill.

G. Smith	11110101111-11	Young	00001000101-5
Heikes	11110101111-12	Rochelle	1111010110-10
Sessions	10010101111-10	Lorenze	01110101111-11
F. W. Porter	10101010100-8	Clark	10001000101-7
Chingren	01010101111-12	Van Parish	11000010110-8
Merrill	11010101010-10	Aukney	01110101010-9
Balton	01010101010-9	Hastings	1101010111-11
Clements	11110101010-11	Milner	11010101110-10
Parmalee	11110101011-12	Farrall	10000101011-9
Strawn	01101010110-11	Peterson	10001011111-9
Howard	01010101001-8	Seagrath	10001000010-4
Christianson	11010101010-8	West	11010101011-9
Grim	11010101011-12	Ray	11010101011-9
Bricker	11010101011-11	Knutson	11000101010-8
Burger	11010101011-11	F. L. Parish	01000000101-4
Sanford	11010101011-9	Langley	11010101111-11
Martin	11010101011-10	Hoffman	01000000100-3
Perkins	11010101011-11	Dautchell	01000000000-2
Hughes	11010101011-11	Morgan	00000000000-2
Budd	11010101011-11	McLarland	10001010000-4
Crabill	10010101011-11	Dunple	11010101011-11
Hicks	11010101011-11	J. B. Smith	01110101010-10
Georgeson	11010101001-10	Read	10010101010-7
Ward	11010101010-10	Carl	11010001001-7
Slusher	01101001010-8	Redding	11010101011-9
Sundstrum	11010101011-12	Yernshaw	11010101011-10
Shoot No. 7, 20 singles, 5 mitsu cup, entrance \$5:			
Crabill	1111010101010111-18	Porter	11010110101010101-15
Grim	11110101010001011-17	Aukney	01010101011010101-15
Georgeson	11110101010101010-18	Chingren	100010101010101000-14
Hughes	11110101010101011-17	Christ's'n	11010101010101010-16
Langley	110010101010101010-15	McLarland	100010101010101010-15
Porter	11010101010101010-18	Yernshaw	1011010101001000-12
Sundstrum	11010101010101010-17	Peterson	1101010000100001011-11
Budd wins cup, ties on 18 and 17 div.			

Shoot No. 7, 20 stages, Smith cup, entrance \$5:

Crabill	1101010101111-18	Porter	1010101010101-15
Grim	1101010100001-17	Aukney	0101010101010-15
Georgeson	1101010101010-18	Chingren	1001010101010-14
Hughes	110101010101011-17	Crabill	110101010101011-16
Langley	110101010101011-15	Budd	110101010101011-20
Sanford	110101010101011-18	Yernshaw	110101010101010-12
Sundstrum	110101010101010-17	Peterson	110101010001001-11
Budd	110101010101010-17		
No. 8, 7 live birds, entrance \$5:			
J. G. Smith	11010101010-5	Slusher	11010101010-5
Bricker	11010101010-5	Clements	001002-3
Sessions	0102003-3	Morgan	020100-4
Merrill	01010101010-5	Budd	11010101010-5
Hughes	01010101010-5	Jennings	11010101010-5
Parmalee	11010101010-5	Martin	11010101010-5
Grim	01010101010-5	Strawn	11010101010-5
Dimper	2010222-6	Hastings	11010101010-5
Perkins	1002021-4	Yernshaw	11010101010-5
Chingren	10101010101-6	Parish	11010101010-5
Aukney	11010101010-5	Christianson	11010101010-5
Porter	11010101010-5	Peterson	200101-5
Heikes	11010101010-5	Young	11010101010-5
Sanford	11010101010-5	Crabill	11010101010-5
Hicks	11010101010-5	West	11010101010-5
Howard	11010101010-5	Read	11010101010-5
Langley	11010101010-5	Georgeson	0010230-4
Christianson	11010101010-5	Ellis	11010101010-5
Converse	11010101010-5	Roy	01010101010-5
Carl	11010101010-5	Tucker	11010101010-5
Krauskup	2002000-2	Ellis	01010101010-5
Montgomery	2101010-2	Clark	02001012-4
Corrie	10101010101-6	Barns	10101010101-5
Taylor	11010101010-5	Seagrath	10010101010-5
J. G. Smith	11010101010-5	Smith	11010101010-5
Balton	10101010101-6	Knutson	0221030-5

No. 9, team shoot for State entrance \$6 per team:

Algonia G. C.	101	Highland G. C., Des Moines	122
J. G. Smith	101	Ray	011
Grim	102-4	Dimple	101-4
Chingren	211	Sanford	122
Balton	111-6	Budd	112-6
Forester G. C., Davenport	111-6	Highland G. C.	112-6
Howard	112	Concave	212
Fennell	210-5	Hicks	112-6
Highland G. C., Des Moines	112	Highland G. C.	112-6
Hughes	021-4	Martin	122
Hastings	021-4	Randall G. C., Randall	122-6
Porter	001	Christianson	230
Lorenz	200-2	Georgeson	121-5
Highland G. C., Des Moines	200-2	Highland G. C., Des Moines	121-5
Concave	200	Burnett	012
Perkins	012-3	Langley	211-5
Highland G. C.	012-3	Highland G. C.	211-5
Fullerton	002	Morgan	001
Henry	021-4	Carl	100-3
Ties on 6 were:			
Sessions	211-6	Hoffman	100-3

The Algonia and Highland teams which tied for first did not shoot off, owing to lack of birds; they will take their proportion of entrance next year. The other classes div.

No. 10, 12 single entrance \$2:			
Perkins	11010101111-11	Clements	10110101011-9
Slusher	00001010111-6	Meanes	00110101011-9
Conie	11110101111-12	Jones	01101010111-10
Parmalee	11110101111-10	Young	11010101011-10
Hughes	11110101111-10	Sanford	11110101111-12
Merrill	11110101101-11	Ray	01010101011-9
Heikes	01110101111-11	More	11101010110-10
Hicks	01010101111-9	Hastings	11101010111-12
Martin	11000101110-8	Dimple	11101010111-12
Dea	11100101010-8	Burnett	11010101011-12
Cramer	01010101010-7	Milner	10101010101-7
J. B. Smith	111001011-11	Grim	11100101111-11
Burger	11110101110-11	Langley	11110101011-11
Knutson	11110101010-10	Aukney	11010101010-8
Budd	11110101111-12	Fullerton	01010101010-7
J. G. Smith	11110101111-12	Lorenz	10101010101-7
Howard	11010101010-10	Strawn	11010101011-10
Clark	11010101011-9	Brown	10010101000-5
Chingren	11010101010-8	Yernshaw	11010101011-9
Rochelle	11010101010-8	Chambers	10101010101-7
Read	11000011110-7	Brewer	11010101011-10
Burns	11110001011-10	Searight	11010101011-10
Georgeson	11010101011-9	Christianson	11010101011-8
Porter	11010101011-8	Young	0010100000-4
Bruker	01010101011-8		

About 5 o'clock a hard rain set in and the convenience of a good club house was fully appreciated. The annual meeting was held to-night at the Commercial Club Rooms, and the president's address, which is always looked forward to with much pleasure, as we always get some good advice from our president, Mr. Smith, ran as follows:

GENERALMENT OF THE STATE ASSOCIATION: Since the Iowa State Association was first organized, in my changes have taken place. Every year more interest is taken in our game and fish. Our Legislatures have seen the necessity of protection of the game and fish, and most of the States have good game and fish laws. They are not quite as well enforced as I would like to see them, but public opinion is fast tending toward the protection of our game and fish.

Last season I spent most of the month of August in trying to enforce our game laws. I went to many parts of the State, and I found that gun clubs were doing good work. I spent a great deal of time in trying to have clubs organized, because where you have a good club of sportsmen there are less violations of our game laws. During the year I secured five convictions for violating our game laws, and I am satisfied that the time is not far distant when the game and fish laws will be better observed than by any other laws. Our very ably conducted journals have done grand work. To them we owe a great deal for the work they have done in protecting our game and fish.

The Field and the FOREST AND STREAM may be found in almost

every sportsman's home in the land. And I think they have led many men to see the error of their ways. Men who at one time were continually violating the game laws, have become good men to enforce them.

Our Fish Commission is not what it should be. The last Legislature did not see fit to make any appropriation for its support. The claim was made that it was not well conducted, and that no benefit was derived from it. I can hardly see any good reason why the Legislature should not make an appropriation for the Fish Commission, when it can be made of so much benefit to every man, woman and child in the State.

Over \$500,000 are sent out of Iowa every year for fish. Why not raise the fish in Iowa and keep the money at home? Let the Legislature appropriate \$40,000 to stock our lakes and streams and Iowa need not import fish. Fish fresh from our lakes and streams are one of the best articles of food that man uses. But more than half the fish that are sent in here are not fit for human beings to eat.

The last Michigan Legislature made an appropriation of \$55,000 for their Fish Commission. They know it will be money well spent. There is not a single State that has a well conducted Fish Commission that is not satisfied that it is one of the best investments they have ever made. Ask your member of the Legislature to look after the matter. It is well worth attending to.

The sportsmen of the United States have elected a Second Vice-President Harrison for issuing his proclamation adding fifteen hundred square miles to our National Park. We can now feel that our Park is to be protected, and that we can have a place where the large game of our country can live. President Harrison knows the value of his rod and gun. He knows the pure air of heaven is essential to good health. Every man that spends a few days of his life with his rod and gun is a better man than he was before.

The spring flight of wildfowl in Iowa was greater than it has been for years, and we may look forward to good fall shooting.

The open prairies are covered with plover and snipe and the booming of the prairie chicken may be heard on every hill. I think I never saw more bird life in Iowa.

February and March were very severe on the quail and prairie chickens, but I think most of them got through the winter safely.

The finances of our association are in good condition. Before we adjourn I hope that a committee will be appointed to attend the next session of the Legislature to see if something cannot be done for the Fish Commission. I have no doubt but that if the matter is properly presented something will be done.

Then the balloting commenced for the place in which to hold the next State shoot. Atlantic and Des Moines received favorable mention, and on the ballot by clubs Atlantic received 12 and Des Moines 13.

In the election of officers for the ensuing year J. G. Smith, of Algonia, was re-elected president; P. J. Leffingwell, of Clinton, was re-elected vice-president; J. B. Howard, of Second Vice-President; Nelson Royal, Secretary; C. O. Perkins, Treasurer.

The Board of Directors will be N. S. Young, Burlington; Charles Grimm, Clear Lake; G. E. Converse, Des Moines; F. O. Davis, Davenport; C. W. Budd, Des Moines.

The law committee was W. L. Read, Des Moines; L. L. DeLano, Atlantic, and J. B. Sessions, Algonia.

Thursday, Third Day, May 21.—It rained hard all night, and it is still raining this morning, with no prospect of a let up. On reaching the shooting grounds we find quite a number of shooters willing to face the traps in a steady downpour of rain, so event No. 12 was commenced. A large canvas was put over the trappers, and with rubber coats on the shooters kept asking for just one more bird. I have attended many tournaments, but never met such a merry lot of trap shots. Everybody was in a good humor, and the day passed very quickly and pleasantly to all. Shoots No. 11 and 13 were declared off on account of scarcity of live birds. The association had added \$20 to shoot 13, and in place shot 28 single targets, entrance \$3, and added \$30. Never in our experience have I had such a large number of shooters, and our shooters would make no complaint if targets were substituted in their place in all our tournaments.

No. 14, 12 singles, entrance \$2, \$10 added:

J. G. Smith	11010101011-10	Georgeson	01010101111-8
Heikes	11010101111-10	Hicks	10010100111-7
Perkins	0011000001-5	Chingren	10101011110-9
Concave	11010101011-10	Howard	01010101011-9
Chore	1101010001-7	Stant	01010001011-5
Merrill	11010101010-10	Budd	11010101111-12
Grim	01110101011-10	Ray	11010101011-11
Converse	10000101010-7	Burger	11010100010-9
Langley	0010101111-9	Rochelle	10101010101-9
Clements	0010101010-10	Sanford	11010101011-11
No. 15, nine singles and 4 pairs, entrance \$3, 11 entries:			
Sanford	10101011 10 11 10-12	Grim	01110101 10 01 11-12
Clements	11010101 10 10 10-11	Heikes	11010101 11 10 10-13
Merrill	10101011 11 01 00-10	Hicks	10101010 10 10 10-13
Budd	11010111 11 10 10-14	Georgeson	11010111 11 10 10-13
Hughes	010111 11 11 10-12	Rochelle	11010111 10 10 10-12
Chingren	11010110 01 01 10-11	C. W. Budd	

NEW YORK STATE SHOOT.

THE Rome Gun Club has been making big efforts to make the thirty-third annual convention of the New York State Association a notable one. The programme is a very fine affair, and is indicative of the high style in which the shoot preliminaries have been carried on. In presenting the programme the club says: "In placing before you the programme of the thirty-third annual convention and tournament of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, we take pleasure in calling your attention to the large amount of cash prizes, and we feel confident that, although the arrangement differs from last year's programme, taking everything into consideration, the meeting of 1891 will be the most successful and profitable of the series."

The programme provides for \$1,800 cash prizes and \$800 in merchandise, not counting the Dean Richmond Trophy. In addition to the regular State events there will be sweepstakes each day, rapid firing system. American Shooting Association rules to govern, 12-gauge guns allowed 14oz shot. The rapid firing system will be under the personal supervision of Mr. T. H. Caldwell, of New York City. All trap shots are invited to attend the tournament and participate in the sweepstake shooting, whether member of a club or not.

The shoot grounds of the Rome Gun Club are situated on Floyd avenue, three-quarters of a mile from the city. Street cars will leave all depots on arrival of trains, and run directly to the grounds; also will run every ten minutes during the day. The grounds will be ready for practice shooting Monday, June 15, at 12 M. The headquarters of the Rome Gun Club, during the convention, will be at the Arlington Hotel.

The annual meeting of the association will be held Monday evening, June 15, at the Arlington, at 8 o'clock.

M. R. BINGHAM, Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—A meeting of the State shooting organization was held in the rooms of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, President H. A. Penrose in the chair. There were present H. M. F. Worden, W. H. Wolstencroft, H. C. W. Matz, Dr. J. K. Caldwell, F. H. Spence, J. D. Masten, J. B. Seckhouse, and J. H. Worden. J. H. Worden was chosen secretary. On motion of H. M. F. Worden, Emer E. Shaner was requested to notify the various clubs of the State to forward to James Wolstencroft, Philadelphia, \$5, the requisite fee necessary to become members of this Association, and that a meeting of the Association be held in Harrisburg not later than July 15, to determine when the first State shoot shall be held.

On motion of W. H. Wolstencroft, it was decided that each club having become a member of the Association be entitled to one vote either by sending a delegate or by proxy, said proxy to be sent sealed to the president, H. A. Penrose, not to be opened until the time of said meeting upon the call for vote to determine when the next State tournament shall be given.

J. H. WORDEN, Acting Secretary.

SLATER GUN CLUB.—Slater, Mo., May 22.—The wind was blowing very strong and it carried the birds away very fast, which accounts in great degree for the bad scores made.

Shoot No. 1, 5 bluebirds:			
Vaughan.....	0111-4	Robertson.....	00011-
Rhodes.....	10110-3	Field.....	01100-
Baker.....	10100-2	Storts.....	00001-

Shoot No. 2, 5 bluebirds:			
Vaughan	11001-3	Storts	01000-
Rhodes	11110-4	Robertson	01100-
Baker	00100-1	Field	01001-
Shoot No. 3, 3 pairs bluebirds:			

Vaughan.....	11 10 10-4	Storts.....	10 03 00-
Rhodes.....	11 11 10-5	Robertson.....	01 10 01-
Parker.....	10 11 10-4	Field.....	10 00 00-

The third annual tournament will be held July 4, targets an

The third annual tournament will be held July 4, targets and blackbirds. Address WM. REID, Sec'y.

PASSAIC VS. BOILING SPRINGS.—Rutherford, N. J., May 23.—Match between Passaic City Gun Club and Boiling Springs Gun Club, shot at Passaic, N. J., this day. Bluebirds, 3 traps fair weather:

Boiling Springs.	
Klees	111111111111011111-24
Hollister	111111110101111111-22
B. James	110011010101000011-16
Lane	10101010010010010011-14
Huck	0101010101010100011-15
Meyer	111100010001011110-19
Matzen	110100001010111110-16
Seabey	0110111101010101000-16
Burgess	01010101011111010010

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Regatta Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.
Secretary—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
Applications for membership should be made to the Sec. Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

- MAY.
30-31. Springfield Meet, Calla Shasta.
JUNE.
6. Hoisting Sail Competition, 20. New York, Sandy Hook Race
Brooklyn. 20. Marine & Field, Open, Bath
Beach.
6. Yonkers, Annual, Yonkers. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
13. New York, Annual, S. I. 27. Brooklyn, Ann., Bay Ridge.
18. Rochester, Spring Regatta, 27. Rochester, Spring, Passaic Riv.
Irondequoit Bay.
JULY.
9. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, 15-29. Northern Division Meet,
Irondequoit Bay. Pigeon Lake.
11-26. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast 23. Rochester, Sailing Trophy,
Irondequoit Bay.
AUGUST.
6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Cham- 27. Rochester, Sailing Trophy,
plain. Irondequoit Bay.
SEPTEMBER.
5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River. 10. Rochester, Fall Regatta,
7. Janthe, Ann., Passaic River. Irondequoit Bay.
7. Janthe, Annual, Woodside.

NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the division was held at Kingston last week and the matter discussed. Good feeling prevailed, and it was decided to hold the meet at Jacob's Island, Pigeon Lake, a locality well known and to the northwest of Peterboro'. The date fixed is a trifle earlier than usual, but opportune, from July 15 to 29. The meet will open on Wednesday and close two weeks later, affording ample time for the members to enjoy a good outing.

A special committee to make arrangements for the meet was named, selected from the clubs of the district. It includes Com. Col. Cotton and Purser C. E. L. Porteus of Kingston; D. B. Jacques and Dr. Powell, Toronto; A. F. D. MacGillan and J. G. Edwards, Lindsay; W. Boyd and W. J. Reid, Bobcaygeon, and Col. J. Z. Rogers and G. W. Hutton, Peterboro'. A meeting of the committee will be held on May 16, after which a trip will be taken up to Jacob's Island to view the camp and make other arrangements for the meet. A report will at once be issued to members advising as to details, route to reach camp, etc.

The committee have done well in locating the meet on Pigeon Lake. No more beautiful site for a camp is available than Jacob's Island. These shores are accessible for small craft, and on the "Narrows" side is a sheltered shore available for a safe harbor. The sloping shore, rising gradually from the water, is covered with grass, and is well adapted for the purpose of a camp, which tents can be pitched with comfort to the occupants. The only uncertainty at present is will the ground be large enough. That point will be considered by the committee on the 16th. That desire of a sailing canoe, wind, is always found on Pigeon Lake. What breeze there is moving on a hot day will fill the sails on that water when it is perfectly calm on the neighboring lakes Buckhorn and Chemung. In the neighborhood of the camp good water is at hand, and it is directly on the line of boats passing from Bridgenorth to Bobcaygeon. Supplies for table can be procured from the farms on the shores of the lake.

The site has the further advantage of being easy of access to canoeists from a distance. By way of Peterboro' canoes and canoe matter will be taken by rail to the Bridgenorth terminus of the G. T. R. and to the camp by steamer, or the canoe can take ship and sail to the camp. By way of Lindsay, Bobcaygeon is reached by steamer, and the camp is then distant only a five mile trip by canoe, a mere trifle.

The local members of the committee, Col. Rogers and Mr. G. W. Hutton, are pushing the meet in an energetic way and promise a success. They are anxious that all canoeists, especially those of the Ontario C. C., will lend a hand and by their presence at the meet and assistance make the event a big success, which it deserves to be. Those who are not members of the division can apply to Mr. Hutton, who will arrange matters handily. It is on record in canoeing annuals of the success of the big A. C. A. Stony Lake meet in 1889 and of the Northern meet at the same place in 1887. Peterboro' and the district about it is the home of canoeing, and it behooves all lovers of the sport to lend a hand on this occasion.—Peterborough Review.

CANOE YAWLS.

BETWEEN the canoe proper, the 16x30 one-man craft, and the small decked yacht of the Windward type, is a very useful class of boat to which the name canoe yawl has been very loosely and improperly applied. These craft, which range from 16x4 to 18x55ft., with a draft of 6 to 30in., according to the keel or centerboard, are fine boats for certain uses, and especially for waters too wide and open for the small canoe. Thus far they have been used in very different ways, but there is no reason why a very sharply and speedily boat should not be turned out on the usual dimensions. We have had in preparation for some time a series of articles on the boats and their rigs, giving examples of the leading types and classifying them in a way not yet tried; but other work has interfered to prevent the completion of the scheme.

In England the canoe yawl is quite numerous, and has in a measure injured the smaller canoe, so much of the water on the coast being better adapted for the larger boat. Most of these craft, however, are full in model and with fixed lead keels, in no way canoes. Two years since the Royal C. C. adopted a definition of a canoe yawl, prohibiting deep lead keels and limiting the length and sail area to 5 rating, or 166sq. ft. of sail for 18ft. l.w.l.; and a number of boats have been built to this rule, which are the direct opposite of the large and clumsy cruisers, being intended for racing only, in smooth waters, as at Oxford. The Snake and Torpedo are examples of the class. Between the two extremes but little improvement has been made, and the perfect canoe yawl is still as far distant as the perfect canoe. The following, from the *Field*, deals with one extreme of the question:

"Time is said to improve most things, especially man's brain, and the truth of this was amply demonstrated last Saturday at Hendon, when the new canoe yawl, designed by Mr. Richard De Quincey, was floated and fitted-out."

"The previous production in canoe yawls from the drawing board of this able designer was far from satisfying the yearning of such canoeists as hold a preference for something larger than a canoe, but still essentially of canoe type. The new craft holds a very large proportion of good points; but we should point out that she is essentially of what may be truly termed the 'smooth-water school,' but none the less a very fine boat of her class."

"We have before said that the vocation of a 'canoe yawl' is to supply the sea-going power and accommodation requisite for coasting and cruising, and large open water cruising—which is, and must necessarily be, lacking in a 16ft. by 30in. canoe. Failing in such qualities, a canoe yawl can hold no higher claim of popularity than a 'catboat.' If she is equally unseaworthy and dangerous, she becomes simply a trap—a trap indeed, which may be skillful handling under an expert crew be taken through moderately bad conditions of wind and sea, but none the less a trap which, in unskilled hands, is easily proved to be a 'death trap.'"

"We cannot too strongly condemn the 'skimming dish' type, when produced in any size larger than a canoe. A canoe of such type can be man-handled by her crew of one man perched on her weather deck; and little danger of fatal accident exists while such craft confines her cruising to waters usually considered as canoeable waters; but the three circumstances are changed when a 'catboat' model, but of comparatively large size, is set to do work which both she and her crew are at least novices at."

"A skimming dish is not, and never can be, an efficient sea boat. Her deficiency of freeboard renders her wet, at least, if not dangerous and swampy. Her extremely small range of stability gives her superior capsize qualities, which are dangerously increased by her great initial, and therefore at first sight apparent, stability."

"This type of canoe yawl has, unfortunately, been brought into existence in some river quarters, and, having earned a bubble reputation of being fast (which, of course, they ought to be, or they are useless), it is not surprising to find that there are men who will to a near extent follow suit."

"Our countrymen last week and previously, directed against yacht models claiming to be canoe yawls, were against a class of boat infinitely superior to these 'skimming dishes' from a sea-going point of view, but which erred on the other side in abandoning most, if not all, of the canoe features, such, for instance, as fixed heavy lead keels and permanent deep draft."

"The new canoe yawl, just launched, was built by Bathurst for Mr. Staples from Mr. De Quincey's design. She is 18ft. by 55ft. beam on deck, but her beam at the l.w.l. is very considerably less. She has a saucer-shaped midsection, showing considerable rise of floor, and a small rounded topside close to deck edge. Her draught of water is apparently very small; she at present carries no ballast beyond a center plate of some 100lbs., and she is rigged up to the limit rating of 0-5-4. c., it may be assumed, at 166 square feet."

"Owing to an extremely rounded deck her otherwise pretty side sheer is lost, and she at a short distance looked a very straight bulled boat, and added to this a peculiarly long coaming gives her almost a hogged appearance. The bow as she floats shows sharp and long, with a bit of hollow, and the after body, though looking full to a first glance is in reality fine both in lines and displacement. Her center plate is about midships, and would appear to ask for a larger center plate than the one holding her up to wind. She is very much cupped and tucked up aft; indeed the turning points of this boat might safely be solely estimated in regard to rudder and center plate, though possibly on some rare occasions water heaped on the lee bow might for a time affect her."

"This new craft was out for a trial on Hendon Lake. It was a puffy breeze, with considerable weight in the squalls. She slipped as a lively which, though not a general opinion, of those on the club staff, which 'she's a flyer' and 'she's a beauty' she went very cleanly through the smooth water. As she was laboring under the disadvantage of steering with yoke lines, her tiller gear not being ready, her performance to windward had better not be judged. On Monday next, however, there is a race for 'rawls and canoes' on Hendon Lake, when she will speak for herself or forever hold her peace."

"At the very time that the above light displacement craft comes into floating existence we hear of one in America of almost the opposite type—a craft 22ft. long by 4ft. beam and of 2ft. draft, with 240 sq. ft. of sail and a lead keel. She is designed by Mr. F. W. Martin. Her sections are practically those of a yacht intended to be kept lying afloat. (Her lines are given in *FOREST AND STREAM* of April 16.)"

CANOEING IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The growth of canoeing proper in Great Britain of late years has been very unsatisfactory, and even the establishment of a British Canoe Association on the lines of the A. C. A. has not done much toward uniting canoeists and making new recruits. This season, however, there is a prospect of a revival in racing on the Thames and in other parts of England, and an awakening of canoeists generally. One hopeful sign of the times is the increase of canoe literature, which is certain to accompany any growth of the sport. For several years the only journal dealing with canoeing was the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*, now edited in its canoe department by Mr. Geo. F. Holmes. Within the last few weeks a new yachting weekly, the *Yachtsman*, has been started, and one feature being a canoeing department, edited by Mr. Walter Stewart, so well known to American canoeists. The *London Field*, which at one time made a specialty of canoeing news, but of late years dropped this feature, has for several weeks past published a column of chatty "Notes of the Week," evidently the work of Mr. W. Baden Powell. All of these gentlemen are noted as skillful designers and canoe enthusiasts as well as crack sailors, and their friendly competition will furnish interesting reading for canoeists and a much needed stimulus to British canoeing.

IANTHE C. C.—The rainy weather of May 16 caused a postponement of the regular events of the Ianthe C. C. spring regatta, but several scrub races were held. On May 23 the regular regatta was held, the senior sailing race being won by Geo. L. Douglas in Tempest, the junior by Geo. Baxter, Mr. Meize being delayed while leading by an outside boat; two paddling races by L. P. Palmer, the upset by Geo. Douglas, and the tandem by Palmer and Douglas. Mr. Palmer's new cruiser Teaser has been rechristened Cricket.

ATLANTIC DIVISION MEET.—Dr. F. W. Kitchell, of Perth Amboy, has been appointed a member of the site committee in place of Robert H. Peebles resigned. The committee is now at work on arrangements for the meet and will soon issue a circular to be sent out with the regatta committee's programme.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Henry Kittredge Gates, George H. Stevens, Willard M. Foster, Lowell, Mass. Central Division: Edmund K. Baker, Kissville, N. Y. Northern Division: S. L. Richey, E. S. Martin, Lindsay; W. H. Hamilton, Bobcaygeon.

THE DANUBE RIVER.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Can any of your readers tell me if a canoe has ever made the whole Danube voyage from source to mouth, and if so, where I can find a record of that performance?

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

FIXTURES.

- MAY.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
30. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont.
30. American Model, Opening, Prospect Park.
30. Rochester, Open, Sodus Bay.
30. Corinthian, Annual, San Francisco.
30. Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.
JUNE.
6. Larchmont, Spring, L'chun't.
6. Noye N. S., Archibald Cup, Halifax.
8. Hudson River, Ann., N. Y.
11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte.
11. Portland, Annual.
11. Monatiquot, Opening, Weymouth.
13. Massachusetts, Spring, Dorchester.
13. Lynn, Lynn.
13. Quincy.
13. Savin Hill, First Cham.
13. Royal N. S., Chauncy Cup, Halifax.
13. St. Lawrence, 29 and 24ft. Classes, Montreal.
15. Phila., Ann., Del. River.
17. Hull, Under 21ft.
17. Massachusetts, Ann., Nahant.
17. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.
17. Beverly, 1st Sweep, Mon. Beh.
17. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Mon. Beh.
17. Bath Beach.
17. New Jersey, Annual, New York Bay.
17. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.
18. Roch., Ladies' Day, Charlotte.
20. Hull Corinthian, 1st Cham.
20. Brooklyn, Spring, Gravesend Bay.
JULY.
1. St. Lawrence, 29, 24, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Montreal.
1. Pleon, Penn., Marblehead.
3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch.
3-4. San Francisco, Cruise, San Francisco.
3. Monatiquot, Club, Weym'th.
4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck.
4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchm't.
4. Corinthian, Marblehead.
4. Sweep and Club, Marblehead.
4. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Mon. Beh.
4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchm't.
4. N.Y.Y.R.A. Cruise.
4. Royal N. S., Squadron Prizes, Halifax.
4. Sing Sing, Ann., Sing Sing.
6. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck.
— Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.
— Eastern, Cruise, Malne Coast

7. New Rochelle, Ann., New Rochelle.
11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
11. Hull, First Cham. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.
11. Lynn, Lynn.
11. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise.
11. Savin Hill, Cash.
11. Riverside, Annual.
11. St. Lawrence, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Montreal.
11-19. Larchmont, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
14. Quincy, Ladies' Day.
14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton.
AUGUST.
1. Indian Harbor, Open, Greenwich.
1. Westhampton, Westhampton.
1. Hull Corinthian, 2d Cham.
1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
3. New York, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
Beverly, 1st Cham, Marblehead.
15. Cor. Navy Meet, Riv. side.
6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
6. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
7. New York, Golet Cups, Newport.
8. San Francisco, Club.
8. Hull, S cond Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.
8. Lynn, Lynn.
8. Savin Hill, Second Cham.
8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Beh.
8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
8. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.
10. Quincy, Third Cham.
12. Massachusetts, First Cham., Dorchester Bay.
12. Pleon, 2d Cham, Marblehead.
13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
13. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.
15. Hull, Ladies' Race.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead, Mid-Summer Series, Marblehead.
5. Beverly, 2d Cham, Marblehead.

1. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
2. Pleon, Sail-off, Marblehead.
5. Monatiquot, Sail-off, Weymouth.
5. Hull Corinthian, Open.
5. Beverly, 5th Sweep, Marblehead.
5. Larchmont, Fall, Larchm't.
5. Bay View, Cruise.
7. Fall River, Club, Fall River.
7. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beh.
7. N.Y.Y.R.A. Ann., New York.
7. Corinthian, Marblehead, Handicap, Marblehead.
7. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
11. Massachusetts, Fall, Dorchester Bay.
7. Brooklyn, Fall, Gravesend Bay.
17. San Francisco, Closing Day, Bay.
15. East Bay, Long Island.
15. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.
15. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups.
19. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
19. Pleon, Club, Marblehead.
19. Fall River, Open, Fall River.
20. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
20. Massachusetts, 2d Cham., Dorchester Bay.
22. Quincy, Fall, Weymouth.
22. Corinthian, Marblehead, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
22. Monatiquot, Sweeps, Weymouth.
22. Cor. Navy, East River Squad.
22. Royal N. S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
22-23. San Francisco, Fish, Cruise.
26. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
26. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
27. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
27. Massachusetts, Third Cham., Dorchester Bay.
29. Dorchester, Long Island.
29. Hull, All Classes.
29. Savin Hill, Cash.
29. Beverly, 2d Cham, Mon. Beh.
29. Royal N. S., Capt. Russell's Cup, Halifax.
29. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.

- SEPTEMBER.
12. Beverly, 6th Sweep, Mon. Beh.
12. Lynn, Cup, Lynn.
12. Massachusetts, Open, Dorchester Bay.
12. Savin Hill, Cham. Sail-off.
12. Royal N. S., Handicap, Halifax.
19-20. San Francisco, Cruise.
19. Beverly, 3d Cham, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, 3d Cham, Mon. Beh.
20. Savin Hill, Fleet Captains.
20. Corinthian, Marblehead, Handicap, Marblehead.
20. Royal N. S., Lord Alex Russell's Cup, Halifax.
26. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.

- OCTOBER.
17. San Francisco, Closing Day, Bay.

NEW YORK Y. R. A.

A MEETING of the New York Yacht Racing Association was held, at which were present delegates from the Columbia, Harlem, Hudson River, Jersey City, Newark, New Jersey, Pavonia, Sing Sing, Staten Island, Atlantic Athletic (Yacht Department), Tappan Zee, Yonkers Corinthian, Indian Harbor and Kill von Kull yacht clubs, thirteen.

The Canarsie Y. C., of Far Rockaway, L. I., and the Brooklyn Y. C., of Brooklyn, N. Y., were elected to membership. The Brooklyn Club, after remaining out of the Association for nearly two years, has finally come back into the fold. This brings the number up to twenty clubs now in the Association. Com. F. W. Kitchell, the president, to whom was referred the matter of a cruise, submitted a report, which was unanimously adopted as read, and he was authorized to have the report printed for distribution among the clubs of the Association. The report was as follows:

N. Y. Y. R. A. ANNUAL CRUISE 1891.

The cruise of the N. Y. Y. R. A. shall take place on July 6. Yachts will rendezvous in Hart's Island Roads, off City Island, on Saturday afternoon, July 4, report to the fleet captain and remain at anchor over Sunday and sail as follows: Monday, July 6, to New York Islands, Conn., 25 miles; Tuesday, July 7, to New Haven, Conn., 41 miles; Wednesday, July 8, to Saybrook, Conn., 30 miles; Thursday, July 9, to Shelter Island, Conn., 20 miles; Friday, July 10, to Thimble Islands, Conn., 32 miles; Saturday, July 11, to Bridgeport, Conn., 39 miles, and disband.

The start will take place at 9 A. M. each day; at 8:30 a gun will be fired to prepare to start, and all yachts must remain at anchor until the starting gun is fired. The first yacht reaching the destination for the day shall have the honor of arrival, and in some convenient place, hoist an ensign and take the time of arrival of all the other yachts, all of which must pass between this yacht and the nearest shore; the record of each day's run shall be delivered to the fleet captain immediately after the arrival of the last yacht. In the event of a steam yacht accompanying the fleet, the time of arrivals will be taken by the steam yacht. Yachts desiring to leave the fleet must first obtain leave from the admiral. During the cruise the president of the association shall command the fleet and act as admiral and shall issue such orders as may be necessary. He shall appoint a fleet captain, who shall see that his orders are executed. The vice-president of the association shall act as vice-admiral during the cruise, and in the absence of the admiral shall command the fleet.

The admiral shall appoint a fleet surgeon who shall attend to all sickness or accidents to members while on the cruise.

The fleet shall be composed of a squadron from each club in the association, numbered according to date of organization, and each squadron will be commanded by the commodore of the club composing the squadron, who shall receive orders from the admiral and execute the same.

All yachts shall carry the association flag at the masthead and its club flag on the peak, but yachts may display both flags at the masthead while at anchor.

The daily runs shall be subject to change that may be made by the admiral and may deem proper during the cruise. Delegates from the various clubs present reported that so far forty owners of yachts had signified their intention of joining the cruise.

On motion, a committee of three members, who will have entire charge of the management of the race. This we think the best plan, as it will do away with the appointment of judges, and of course will prevent two different decisions, as occurred at the last regatta of this association—we refer to the decision on the Just Woke Up. The committee of three to be called an entertainment committee will also be appointed by the fleet club. This committee will have charge of the association steamer.

MEDUSA VS. M. E. STAPLES.—In October, 1889, a collision occurred in New York Bay between the cutter Medusa and the tug M. E. Staples, resulting in a suit by Mr. Center, owner of Medusa, against the owners of the tug. The tug was owned by the U. S. Inspectors, which was adverse to the yacht, was published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 6, 1890. A decree has just been rendered by which the Medusa is declared free from all blame, and a reference ordered to assess the damages to be paid by the tug. This decision, which we believe to be an eminently just one, establishes the principle that not only small commercial craft, but pleasure vessels have certain rights which must be respected by steamers and other craft. This is almost the reverse of the very peculiar decision of the U. S. Inspectors.

OWEENE.—The new Turner 46-footer, Oweene, was launched at Lawley's yard on May 22, at 10 P. M. Her Scotch crew, made up from the old crews of Clara and Minerva, arrived last Monday week.—Capt. Charles Barr will be in command and his nephew, young John, will be with him. Mr. Turner has just been elected vice-commodore of the Massachusetts Y. C.

YACHT CLUB ARGENTINO.—We have received a copy of the year book of the Yacht Club Argentino, of Buenos Ayres, established in 1884, and now numbering 62 active members and 14 boats.

MAID OF HONOR.

THE steel steam yacht shown in the accompanying plans was designed by Mr. Dixon Kemp for the Earl of Cawdor and is now building by Day & Summers & Co., of Southampton, Eng. Her dimensions are:

Length over all.....	142ft.
L.W.L.....	117ft.
Beam.....	17ft. 9in.
Draft.....	10ft. 6in.
Displacement, long tons.....	198
Boiler, steel, length.....	8ft. 9in.
diameter.....	9ft. 10in.
Furnaces, two, diameter.....	3ft.
Heating surface.....	818sq. ft.
Grate area.....	36sq. ft.
Steam space.....	153cu. ft.
Cylinders, diameter.....	15½ and 30 in.
stroke.....	12ft. 6in.
Propeller, bronze, diameter.....	8ft.
pitch.....	12ft. 6in.
surface of blades.....	17sq. ft.

The hull is built entirely of steel, under Lloyd's special survey, and will be classed 100 A1. The arrangement of the interior is clearly shown by the plans.

The question of having a boiler pressure of 160lbs. instead of 100lbs. and three cylinders (triple compound) instead of two was considered, but the advantages claimed for the higher pressure are scarcely available for steam yachts. The saving of coal is the chief advantage and this saving, as between steam of 100lbs. and 160lbs. pressure, is, as nearly as possible, 18 per cent. A steam yacht of the horse power to be developed on board the Maid of Honor will consume about 100 tons of coal in a season; the saving would therefore be only 18 tons, or say £25, while the additional cost of the boiler and machinery for working at 160lbs. would be at least £500, the interest of which alone would equal the saving in coal. Or, course, if very long voyages are contemplated, during which the yacht might steam 20,000 or more miles, the case would be altered, as the saving would be very considerable, and, moreover, for any given bunker space the coal which could be stowed would last longer.

IN THE DELAWARE TIDES.

SATURDAY, from a yachting point of view was just about right; a bright, clear day, the very dust clouds of smoke making an excuse to get out as nearly as they could to where the white caps chased each other rapidly over the old "Coffee grounds" bar. Barring the promise that the wind would go down with the sun, the day was an ideal one for sailing. Standing around with hands in pockets, secretly wishing some other fellow would come along and get his feet wet bending on that jib, the captain of the little keel boat Nance suddenly awoke to the fact that the new Burgess centerboarder was about to get under way for a trial spin. The question of a possible wetting was out of sight at once; to hustle out a crew of two, bend on the delinquent jib and clear up the disorder the carpenters had left took but a short time, and by the time the Burgess thirty had a start of half a mile, the little 20-footer was heeling down smartly to the fresh so'westerly wind and dashing through the flying spray like something alive. With all lines neatly coiled down and in place we were in trim once more and while the big boat sticks to her reefs and storm jib we are carrying whole sail with tolerable comfort, the crew strung out along the weather rail.

While the breeze kept fresh the more powerful boat keeps her lead and we get no closer. It is a straight look down the river, however, and presently under the lee of the big Quaker City warehouses and manufactories we are almost in a calum. The big fellow evidently disdains to shake out a reef for so small an opponent, so we crawl slowly up on him foot by foot, until we can easily read the big gilt initials on the handsome Burgess counter. A stiff puff between the buildings takes off her captain's hat and opens out the space of clear water between us, here we feel it. By close windward work we manage to pick the hat up and, as the wind grows lighter and lighter for the next two or three miles, we are able, when nearly opposite naughty old Gloucester, to toss it to its owner. Knowing full well the licking that awaits us should we venture down the breezy shore with our big companion, and satisfied with our impudent achievement, about we go and with lifted sheets start home ward. Lodging the forer of the stream we edge close along the Pennsylvania shore, in and out of the docks, the lessening wind barely giving us headway against the four knot tide. To our sorrow we venture over the flats below the Southwark quarters, keeping as nearly as we can judge about a foot of water under our keel. A sudden "Look out ahead," a sharp turn of the wheel hard to starboard—and we bring up with a proverbial "dull thud" that is simply sickening in its grim promise that we shall stay just where we are until the tide turns. Off comes the canvas and hard at it we go with pry and hawser, uselessly of course. The tide is leaving us fast and in twenty minutes a foot of red is showing below the waterline. Then only are we able to see what we have struck and find we have driven directly through the rotten side of a wrecked barge, long forgotten, and the receding waters leave us high and dry in the perfect cradle. Supported on an even keel by the decayed ribs of the wreck, her bow high in the air, the poor little Nance looks a most mournful sight, seeming to say to us piteously as we row off in the tender "Please let me down." Satisfied of her temporary safety and seeing nothing to do else, we hie us to Gloucester by dint of a hearty white ash breeze and regale ourselves on all we can get—planked shad and "Rochesters"—no bad diet for hungry men. We are back again with the turn of the tide, but it is eleven o'clock before it touches her, and well into the quiet of a clear Sunday morning before it lifts us softly off our unsought perch, and home we go in the dawning.

JIB HANK.

BENDING WOOD.

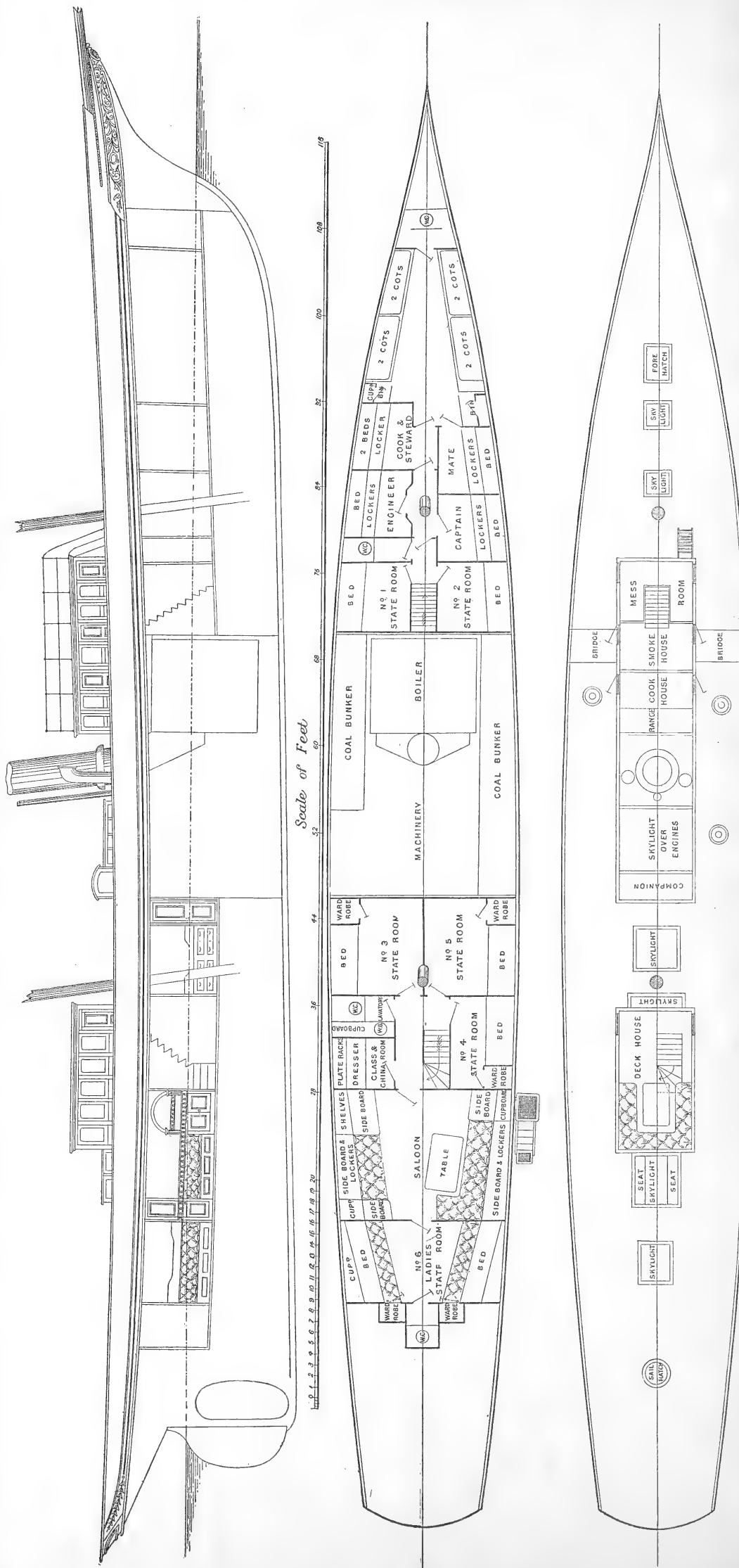
A MARKED feature of the new part steel construction that is rapidly coming into use in American yachts is the steamed and bent frame that is used between the steel frames, the common practice being two steamed frames between each pair of double ones.

The use of all double sawn frames, that was universal but a few years since, has been largely abandoned in the construction of racing yachts under 50ft., and the bending of the oak frames has become quite an important matter.

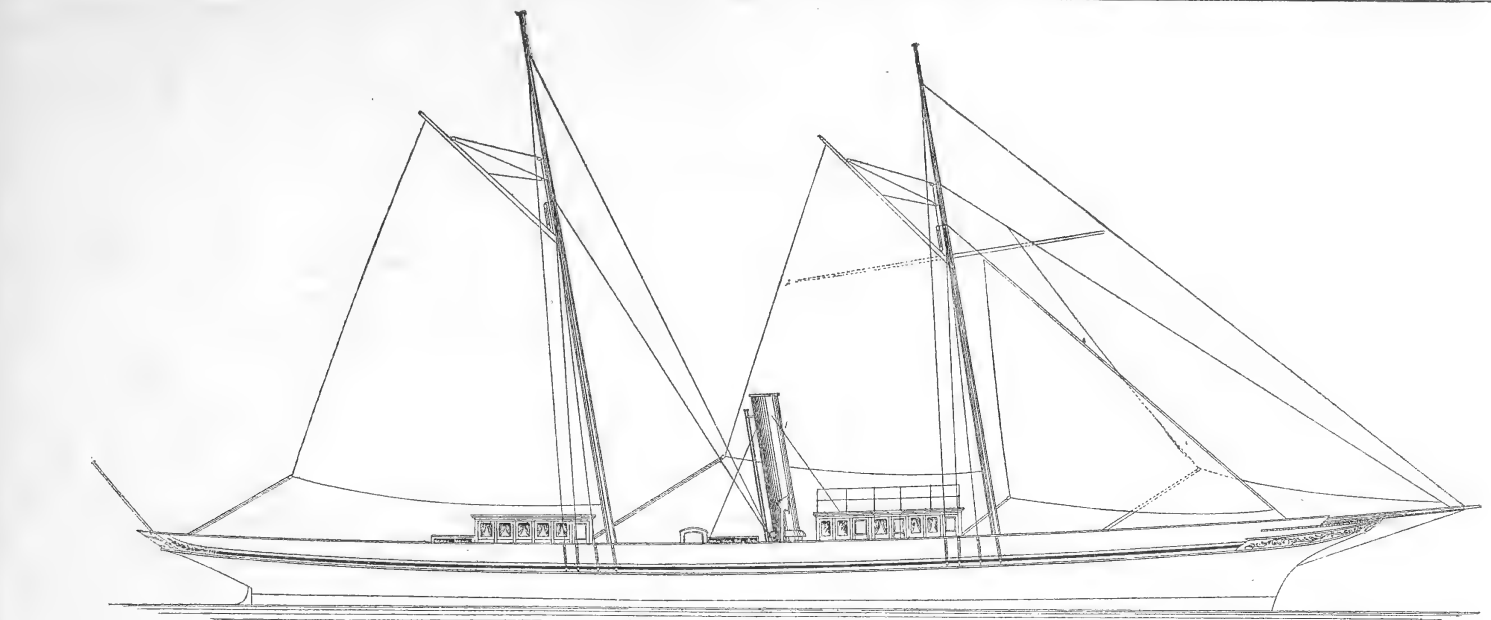
The common method is to bend the frames to shape over a timber block, the plant being of a primitive sort, and the percentage of split and damaged frames very large. The frames, after being staylathed, are set up in the same manner as sawn or steel ones and regulated by battens. In the new Fife cutter Barbara, the bent frames, of which there is one to every steel frame, are wider and thinner than in the American boats, and were steamed and put in place after the planking was fastened to the steel frames. The same method was followed, we believe, by Mr. Piepgras in Bedouin, Oriva, Ileen and Wenonah, all of which have alternate sawn and steamed frames.

The bending of oak for frames is not a difficult matter with the proper plant, but as usually carried out there are plenty of frames hidden by plank and ceiling which should never go into a boat, especially into one in which every member is expected to do its full share of the work with the least possible weight. The following letter, which we copy from the *Iron Age*, shows to what a degree of perfection the bending of wood has been brought in other branches. Of course there is a difficulty in yacht work from the fact that but few pieces of any one shape are required, but this is not insuperable, and there is room for a very great improvement over existing methods:

"Of course, bending wood is a science; the wood must be steamed just right, with the right kind of steam, or it will be brashy and soft. Nearly all kinds of wood will bend, if treated right. The writer bent a carload of black birch double not long since. The latest use to which the bent wood has been successfully adopted is for the rims or faces of wooden pulleys. It was a difficult work at first to master the rims. They had to be bent for large pulleys from great heavy plank 14ft. long, 4in. thick and 13in. wide, and for all the pulleys as wide as the lumber would run. The largest, strongest and latest improved machinery was constructed by the Menasha Wood Split Pulley Company, of Menasha, Wis., who had determined to make bent wood rims for pulleys. They have the largest bending machine in the world. It will bend a rim for a 12-inch diameter pulley one minute, and the next moment will bend a great, strong, heavy, hard wood plank for a 96-inch diameter pulley. It will bend a stack of rims as high as the highest church steeple in one day. The men who operate the steam boxes and the machine have bent stock for wagons, sleighs and plows for twenty years, and the rims are as square and true and perfect as it is possible to make any rim by any means. They think they have done badly if they break more than one single piece in a week. Now and then the steel straps used with cast iron upsets to inclose the lumber while bending will break, and the heavy plank, released from its bend, will fly off and knock the men flat down on the floor or strike them in the ribs or stomach, or they just barely escape a flying piece of iron; still, they very soon get up and at it again as if nothing had happened. These little knockdowns are their pastimes, and add the only variety to the



STEAM YACHT "MAID OF HONOR." DESIGNED BY DIXON KEMP, ESQ., 1890.



SAIL PLAN OF STEAM YACHT "MAID OF HONOR."

work. Visitors at the pulley works usually stand apart and view these machines from a distance.

"When the rims are removed from their steel bending forms they are stayed in shape with wooden straps, then laid away to air dry, after which they are kiln dried. When kiln dried they never lose their shape again, but remain exactly as left by the bending as if they had grown that way. The bent ribs are all made from hickory or other hard wood, and make the best belt surface for pulleys ever discovered; besides, they never wear out. This company manufactured 50,000 pulleys last year. They sell them all over the world, and are to-day 2,000 pulleys behind their orders. This seems to be a very fair evidence of the value of bent ribs and bent wood for nearly all purposes where it can be used."

"PUBLIUS V. LAWSON."

NAVAL RESERVE ASSOCIATION.—Commander J.W. Miller, of the first battalion of the Naval Reserve of the State of New York, has issued instructions to the various batteries for the collection and arrangement of specific information of a useful nature, as follows: "The First Battery is to ascertain the total number of tugs in these waters having a speed of over ten knots, and also those having a speed of over twelve knots, together with the size and the owners' names and addresses, as well as the names and addresses of all wrecking companies, with their capacities. The Second Battery is to obtain a full set of Government charts, tide books, aids to navigation of New York Bay and approaches, and of Long Island Sound. Inlets or rivers crossed by railroads are to be marked, and the depth of water at the railroad bridges is to be shown. The capacity of the railroads for the transportation of torpedo boats is another feature of this detail. The commanding officer of this battery is to make a report on the best methods of defending the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound in case of emergency. The detail for the Third Battery provides for obtaining a list of steamboats which have licenses for Sound and Bay passenger service, the number of passengers allowed by the inspectors, and the number of men that could be transported by them in time of emergency. Besides this the Third Battery is to obtain the speed, tonnage, draft loaded, number of state-rooms, number of berths, and cubic capacity of freight space of all these steamers, together with the names and addresses of their owners. The Fourth Battery is to confine its labors to shipbuilding and supply men. It is to obtain the names and addresses of all shipbuilders, with their capacities and plants; ship carpenters and general outfitters, such as joiners, boiler-makers, and engine builders, together with a list of anthracite and bituminous coal dealers, and the amount they can supply per day." The practical value of work of this kind needs no proof.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 21, with Com. Gerry in the chair. The most important business was the arrangement of the programme for the annual cruise, a very great change being made from the regular custom, the rendezvous being changed from New London, where it has been since 1884, to Glen Cove. It was decided to rendezvous at the latter place on Aug. 3, sailing next day for Huntington Bay and thence to Newport in time to sail the Golet Cup race on Aug. 7. A steamer will accompany the fleet, carrying the non-owners and their friends. Mr. Jenkins Van Schaick, of Glen Cove, has promised a grand clam-bake to the fleet on Aug. 3. The Oak Bluffs Club, through Dr. H. A. Tucker, has offered a cup for the 46-footers should the fleet visit Vineyard Haven. Treasurer F. W. J. Hurst announced a balance of \$41,000 in hand. Mr. W. H. Webb, the shipbuilder, presented to the club a model of the old schooner yacht Dream, built and owned about sixty years ago by J. Prescott Hall, Edward Center, N. Pendleton Hosack, and Geo. E. J. Bowdoin. The following members were elected: H. B. Wolcott, J. H. Breslin, W. C. McMillan, N. D. Lawton, J. T. Boss, A. Ingraham, C. H. W. Foster, W. F. Whitehouse, G. J. Colford, J. E. Berwind, W. H. Butler, Alex. Brown, F. A. Guild, F. H. Walker, J. S. Newberry, W. L. Van Wart, Howard Carroll, C. Hubbard, Wm. Gregory.

JAPANESE LACQUER.—Naval Constructor Mintonye has taken up the lacquer-covered plates that have been immersed in the navy yard basin for several months past, and forwarded them to Washington with his report. It is understood that an important point of this report will deal with the insulating power of the plates against galvanic action, a point in which lacquer differs from ordinary protective compounds. It is well known that if a steel plate having magnetic oxide of iron on its surface be exposed to sea water a strong galvanic couple is set up between the oxide and the steel underneath the protective covering, and pitting of the metal results. With lacquer the case is different. Lacquer has no chemical action on the magnetic oxide, and if the plate is dry when it is applied galvanic action is prevented. The exclusion of water prevents any action whatever, and the best results with the test plates were obtained on plates on which the presence of magnetic oxide was ignored. The removal of this oxide, which is ordinarily considered necessary, is therefore avoided.—*Iron Age.*

ATLANTIC Y. C.—The programme for the opening sail on Memorial Day, a fixture originating with the Atlantic Y. C., is as follows: The club flag will be hoisted at 10:30 A. M. and saluted, after which the yachts will sail down the lower bay and return. Schooners and Classes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of sloops will sail to and around Buoy 14 on the Southwest Spit, while all other classes will sail to and around the Swash Channel bell buoy and return, yachts keeping the outer marks on port hand in rounding. Yachts must pass to the westward of Fort Lafayette and the Rye Beach and to the eastward of buoys on the West Bank, going and returning.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C.—Officers, 1891: Com., W. Seward Webb, of New York; Vice-Com., W. H. Crombie, of Burlington; Pres., J. Gregory Smith, of St. Albans; First Vice-Pres., Elias Lyman, of Burlington; Second Vice-Pres., H. LeGrand Cannon, of New York; Sec'y., A. G. Winemore, of Burlington; Treas., Horatio Hickok, of Burlington; Meas., A. C. Tuttle, of Burlington; Capt., D. W. Robinson, of Burlington; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. P. Grinnell, of Burlington.

THETIS, sloop, Mr. P. V. Stevenson, has been laid up in Lawley's basin all winter. A new suit of canvas has been made for her by Mr. Wilson, of Boston, from his own plans, and the hull has been put in the neatest possible shape by Capt. Perry. She sailed last week for New York with her owner on board.

TOM BOY, cutter, Mr. Archibald Rogers, has been sold by Mr. Burgess to Mr. A. B. Smith, of Boston.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—The first race of the season will be sailed on May 30 at Larchmont, starting at 11 A. M., and open to small craft of other clubs. The classes will be 21 to 25ft. l.w.l., including yachts of 25ft. corrected length; 18 to 21ft.; 15 to 18ft.; under 15ft. A \$75 subscription cup, to be known as the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet Champion Cup for 1891, is offered for the special class; and to be sailed for on May 30, June 20, and at the fall regatta, with a sail off if required. Two boats must start in each race. Fourteen new members have lately been elected.

BRAT.—This pretty name has been given to the new 1-rater, lately built for Mr. Paul Ralli, late owner of the Yarana. A 1-rater, of which a number have been built in England this year, is an open sailing boat such as a yacht's cutter. Such limits have been laid down for the class as will produce a type of boat that may be carried at the davits of a sailing yacht, and in which good sailing may be had. Old yachtsmen like Mr. Ralli and Mr. E. T. Quilter, have taken up the class, and plenty of racing is promised.

CORINTHIAN NAVY.—The fleets of the East River Squadron and the Long Island Sound Squadron will assemble off the breakwater at Glen Cove, Long Island, on May 30, at 9 A. M., to take part in a cruise. The fleet will disband on the 31st inst. Thos. T. Taber, vice-admiral, commanding; W. S. Sainsbury, fleet captain.

NAUTILUS.—On May 20 the new 46-footer Nautilus, designed and built by Mr. H. C. Wintringham at Bay Ridge for Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, was launched. She will be ready for the races next month. Mr. Maxwell will have both Nautilus and Shamrock with the New York fleet on the cruise, and Shamrock will enter the Golet cup race.

GONE INTO TRADE.—The once famous schooner Flying Cloud, built by Inman, at Lympington, Eng., in 1852, has just been sold to a London firm, who will use her for carrying explosives. A similar fate befell the American schooner Rambler a few years since.

STELLA, sloop, built at Amsterdam from designs by Mr. A. Cary Smith last year, and which made a very good record in the racing, will have a new suit of Laphrore canvas this season.

HANNIEL, steam yacht, formerly owned by Mr. Ford and now by Mr. C. H. W. Foster, has been painted white. She will serve as a tender for her owner's new 46ft. boat Barbara.

CONQUEROR, steam yacht, Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt, is at Southampton, and will soon sail for New York. Capt. Woods, late mate of the Alva, is in command.

"THE YACHTSMAN."—A new weekly, devoted solely to sailing, has been started in London under the title of *The Yachtsman*.

GLORIANA.—The new Morgan 46-footer had a successful trial trip at Bristol on May 10, and is now at Newport.

BEATRIX, the Bryant-Prince 46-footer, was launched on May 26, at Frisbie's yard, Salem.

FANCY, Mr. C. F. Lyman's new 30-footer, was launched at Lawley's yard on May 22.

JATHNIEL, steam yacht, Mr. D. S. Ford, has been painted white.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

U. G. C., Sing Sing, N. Y.—Is there registered a bitch Starlight, No. 12,272? If so please furnish me pedigree. Ans. What breed?

SUBSCRIBER, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Please to inform me whether a cocker spaniel needs any training to tree partridges? Ans. Yes.

J. T. McG., Baltimore, Md.—Will you please send me full pedigree of Gen. Felix Agnus's collie dog Sir Loch? Ans. He is not registered.

G. W. N., Detroit.—For trout fishing go to Sault St. Marie, Mich. Write to Peter M. Moore, Deputy Fish and Game Warden there. That point. There is no game now in season in your State. The law does not protect muskrats.

F. A. P., Brunswick, Maine.—I never have shot for money, but have rowed several races in shells for money. Of course, rowing has nothing to do with shooting. I wish to know if I am eligible to enter this contest? Ans. Yes, you are eligible. The date of the competition has not yet been set.

C. L. W., Little Falls, N. Y.—Can clubs or individuals by purchasing tracts of land in the Adirondacks that the West Canada Creek runs through prohibit fishing in the creek when it has been stocked by the State? Ans. Yes. Stocking a stream with fish from the State hatcheries does not make it public.

C. O., Brooklyn.—The secretary of the South Side Club is Mr. Francis O. de Luz, 18 South William street, New York; but we doubt your getting permission to fish in the club waters. For trout near New York write to D. M. Crane, Canadianis, Pa., or to Dr. Fuller, Dingman's Ferry, Pa.

J. R. B., Auburn, Ala.—1. Who is the breeder of the pointer bitch Patsy, by Short (Old Short—Shot) out of Carrie (Lort—Lady Croxeth)? 2. Who is her present owner? Ans. 1. F. Hibbard, Athens, Ohio. 2. At the time she was registered it was the A.K.C. Book, in Part 1, Vol. V., in 1888, she was owned by T. E. Baker, Logan, Ohio.

W. G. H., Yazoo City, Miss.—1. I have an English setter puppy whose dam's grand sire is an English setter, Dan, by Count Noble out of Spark. Can I find out through you whether Dan is registered or not? 2. Is there any way by which I can get this information? Ans. 1. The Dan you mention is not registered. 2. No, unless some of our readers can give you the information you ask.

H. E., Crediton, Ont.—I have a rifle, 45-90 Winchester, 1888 model, and also the Winchester reloading tools made for large cartridges; and I find in shooting shells I reload myself that the powder bakes and the gun gets loaded so that I cannot hit a 2ft. target at 60 yds. Will you please give instructions how to reload shells and what powder should be used? Ans. Try a harder bullet, one with more tin in it, also a moister burning powder.

YOUNG SPORTSMAN, Houston, Texas.—Will you please inform me what weight, kind of bore, length of barrels, etc., a 12-gauge hammerless shotgun should be in order to obtain the best results in shooting quail, ducks, prairie chicken, and squirrels. Also say what kind of powder would be best suited for said gun for general use. Ans. Choose a 7½lbs. modified choke, 30in. barrels, and use first-class black powder to insure uniform results.

J. G. D.—Some time ago I heard a sportsman of more than ordinary intelligence, and one whom I regarded as a close and acute observer, assert that the use of mercury in gun barrels to prevent rust, etc., was injurious to the metal of the barrels. As I understand him, it changes the character of the metal, weakens it, destroys it or disintegrates it. Do you think that there is anything of it? Ans. The mercury will not affect the metal. In fact mercury is regularly stored in iron receptacles in commerce.

L. S. H., Illinois.—Can you or some of your readers tell me the cause of a close shooting gun making a patchy pattern? The gun shoots very close, making a pattern of over 400 No. 8s 14oz. 30in. circle at 40 yds. The pattern is close enough, but there are holes in it that will allow a bird to slip through. The fault seems to be in the boring, as other guns shoot the same loads without showing so many holes and thick places in the pattern. I should like to hear from you or from some of your readers who have had experience in gun boring. Ans. It may be that the fault is in the wadding. Try various styles of wadding, and see if that will not give the remedy.

P. M., Lincoln, Neb.—1. Inclosed find pedigree of my Irish setter puppy, named Cuban, which name I would like to claim. Please let me know if Mike Hughes and champion Mamie, owned by C. H. Buford, of Lincoln, Neb., are registered. 2. My puppy shows four white toes. Does that hurt his value? 3. Could I get him registered? 4. What book can I get for information for thoroughly training my dog? Ans. 1. No. 2. Not necessarily. 3. The pedigree shows three generations, and if correct your dog can be registered; write to A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York City. 4. "Hammond's Training vs. Breaking." We can supply it. Price \$1.

J. L. M., Springdale, Pa.—What is meant by the term Susquehanna salmon? Is it a salt-water fish in fresh water, or is it entirely a fresh-water fish? In our locality we have two varieties of the salmon family, one which we call a clear salmon, and which I have seen to reach 11lbs. in weight, the other a much smaller fish which rarely reaches 2lbs. in weight, which we call a jack salmon. Are those the proper names? Ans. Susquehanna salmon and jack salmon are names generally applied to the same fish belonging to the perches and not to the salmon family. The fish is better known as the pike perch or wall-eyed pike. In our issue of June 27, 1889, you will find a description of the pike perch and a long and bewildering list of its common names. The salmon has no spines in any of its fins, as you will observe by consulting our Trout Supplement, and is, consequently, very different from the spiny perches.

SUBSCRIBER, Denver, Col.—1. How would you breed to correct a faulty point, to the opposite extreme or to one having the point just right? 2. What is meant by the term "meally-faced"? 3. I have lost two valuable litters through the bitches having no milk. Can I do anything to insure a flow in another one now in whelp? 4. Is eating grass by a dog indicative of any disorder? If so what is the remedy? Ans. 1. To the one having the point just right, on the principle that like begets like. 3. One speaks of a meally-faced liver and white pointer when the liver marking on face is shot with white, not clear and distinct. 4. We do not know of any remedy. Perhaps your bitch had not enough exercise during pregnancy. Better procure a foster mother for the pups that are on the way. 4. No. Eating grass is a method the dog has of cleansing the stomach; let him eat as much as he likes. It often promotes vomiting and is popularly known as the "dog's medicine."

H. G. B., Philadelphia.—1. Will you kindly give me the ingredients of the best lotion to use as a preventive for black flies and mosquitoes? 2. What is the best preparation to use to make canvas waterproof? Ans. 1. We repeat an answer given for the other day: The black fly preventive recommended by Mr. E. A. Samuels in his "With Fly-Rod and Camera" is this: One part pure Stockholm tar to two parts sweet oil, adding a little oil of pennyroyal or peppermint. Vaseline thoroughly incorporated with this mixture gives it consistency and "wear." Too much pennyroyal will irritate the skin. "Nessmuk's" famous recipe, as given in "Woodcraft," is this: Simmer together over a slow fire 3oz. pine tar, 2oz. castor oil, 1oz. oil pennyroyal; bottle for use. Rub it in thoroughly, and renew from day to day. "Kingfisher." 2. The best preparation to use to make canvas waterproof is a mixture of lard or vaseline, 1/2oz. pennyroyal, 3 drops creosote; mix with heat and bottle for use. 2. Take 2½lbs. alum and dissolve in 10 gallons of boiling water; then in a separate vessel dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in 10 gallons of water and mix the two solutions. The cloth is now well handled in this liquid until every part of it is penetrated, then it is squeezed and dried in the air or in a warm apartment, then washed in cold water and dried again, when it is fit for use. If necessary the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The liquor appears curdled when the alum and lead solutions are mixed together. The sulphate of lead is taken up in the pores of the cloth, and it is unaffected by rains or moisture, and yet it does not render the cloth airtight. Such cloth is also partly unflammable. A solution of alum itself will render cloth, prepared as described, partially waterproof, but it is not so good as the sulphate of lead.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanite," "Dixey," "Sylvester," "Sybilene," and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

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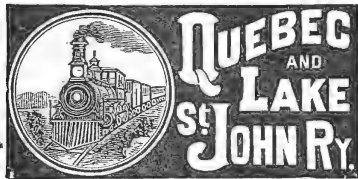
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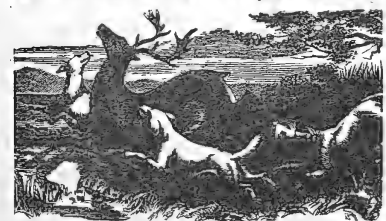
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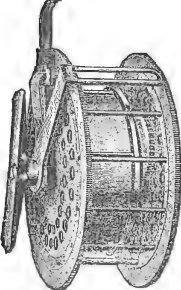
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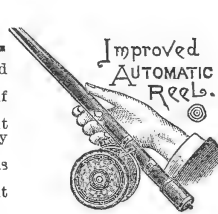
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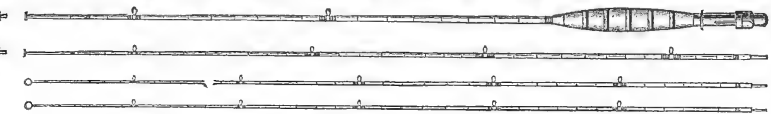
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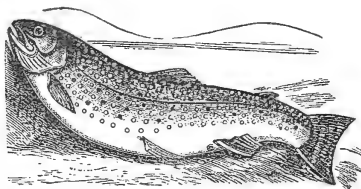
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An Adirondack Number.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of June 18 will be an Adirondack Number. It will be filled with papers relating to the different phases of life in the North Woods, and there will be such variety that all readers, whether visitors to the region or not, will find something to their tastes. Among the contents will be the following:

The Primeval Adirondacks.

An account of camp life and hunting in the Smith's Lake country. By Raymond G. Hopper.

Two Weeks at Spruce Lake.

The experiences of four young fellows under tutelage of a guide.

Paul Smith's in 1890.

A racy picture of life as it is lived at this famous North Woods hostelry. By Fannie B. Merrill.

The Blazed Trail.

A story of misadventure. By W. P. Anderson.

Three Weeks on the Raquette.

A detailed account of deer hounding. By Paul Pastnor.

A Reminiscence of '66.

Deer hunting incidents recalled by an old hunting coat. By "Senior."

THE PROSPECTS FOR THE FUR SEALS.

THE correspondence between the United States and Great Britain has been published within the last few days, and serves to give a notion of the present status of this question. It appears from this correspondence that there is a prospect that a close season may be ordered in the Bering Sea for American and English subjects, except that the North American Commercial Company—the lessees of the islands—shall be permitted to take this year 7,500 so-called food skins, which it is claimed must be taken to subsidize the natives, and to reimburse the Commercial Company for its outlay this year. A bill providing for a close season has been introduced in the British Parliament.

If an agreement such as this had been reached three months ago, and adequate preparations for its enforcement had been made, it would have received the approval of most of those who desire the protection of the fur seal. It is true that 7,500 male seals can ill be spared from the small herds now at the "rookeries" on the islands, and it is equally true that these seals are not really needed for the support of the natives; nevertheless the concession of this number to the lessees might well be made if the killing could be limited to that. As matters stand, however, there is no reason to suppose that the destruction of seal life will be so limited. In the first place, the agreement between the two governments is not yet made, and it may take sometime to arrange its details and complete it. In the meantime the Commercial Company has received permission to take 60,000 seals this year and the season for killing has already opened at the islands. If orders to limit the catch to 7,500 seals were dispatched to-day, they could hardly reach the Pribylov Islands in time to limit the catch to that number.

In the second place the Bering Sea is now swarming with pelagic sealers, who for weeks have been killing the seals in great numbers, and of these pelagic sealers, those who fly the British flag can hardly be warned to stop their work of destruction except by British authority, conveyed through a British man-of-war. Moreover, if pelagic sealers should be found there in vessels which have a German, or an Italian, or a Japanese register, these cannot be interfered with.

It will be seen that any agreement which may be made between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States must fail of wholly accomplishing its object on account of the lateness of the season. There has been delay and shilly-shallying over unimportant legal questions on the part of both Governments, and these delays can hardly fail to result in a slaughter of the seals, which in view of their greatly diminished numbers is terrible to contemplate. It is to be hoped that now the agreement may be made without delay, and orders issued at once by both Governments to stop the killing of the seals.

ANGLING RESORTS.

OUR angling columns this week contain mention of many waters where the fisherman may hope to cast his fly with profit. We repeat here a request often made before, that those who have knowledge of resorts for anglers will favor the readers of this journal with such information as may be of practical aid to them. One part of the FOREST AND STREAM's usefulness—and we consider it a very important one—is this constant supply of information for the benefit of the growing hosts of fishermen.

The tendency of the times is toward taking up and reserving all the best and most accessible waters, and shutting the public out. Hardly a week goes by that we are not asked to take a hand in the organization of a club to buy out somebody's reservation. The average holders of wilderness tracts, who cannot realize upon their possessions in any other way, appear to think that there are multitudes of fishermen and shooters eager to buy up choice sections of the backwoods and at generous prices. A comparatively small proportion of these fish and game bonanzas are ever actually unloaded, but there is no denying the fact that the most desirable tracts are rapidly passing into private control.

Under these conditions it is more difficult than ever before for the individual, who has no affiliation with a club, to find good shooting or fishing. We endeavor to do our part toward his guidance by filling our columns with such information as our friends may supply. If you have a good thing, whose value to yourself is not likely to be lessened by its sharing with others, tell us of

it. Send us some notes for publication under the fishing resort heading in our angling columns.

There is another side and a brighter side of the picture. The old resorts are one by one being taken from the public, but intelligent public enterprise in stocking the waters is constantly opening new opportunities. Michigan anglers are catching trout to-day in streams where ten years ago they would have found no reward, and where there would be none now but for the work of the Fish Commission. Pennsylvania rivers teem with bass, the result of stocking. New York lakes and brooks tell the same story. By the planting of landlocked salmon New Hampshire is converting her lakes into gold mines.

And so the record might be extended of State after State, whose angling resources are constantly enlarging. All this means that the extent of public fishing waters is widening, and if the methods that have been proved practicable are followed, who shall deny that in a few years the problem which now appears so perplexing shall not have been solved to the satisfaction of all.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE New York Herald opened the summer silly season promptly on June 1 with a sensational report of the killing by policemen of seven dogs on the previous day, which it called the "First Day of the Mad Dog Season." These seven animals, the Herald affirmed, were "mad," but not a particle of evidence was given to support such a theory. One dog, described as a cross between a mastiff and a bloodhound, bit a child who tried to play with it, while in spite of the owner's contention that this was not an evidence of madness, the creature was shot by a stupid policeman. Some years ago the Herald made up out of whole cloth a mad dog scare, interviewed a lot of fools for their views on hydrophobia, printed hysterical letters from ignorant women, and before abandoning its sensation actually caused the death of numerous victims from fright. The indications afforded by the Herald of last Monday are that metropolitan journalistic enterprise will be turned to the same field of activity this summer.

The FOREST AND STREAM grizzly bear in the Central Park menagerie, of this city, has developed pronounced sweetness of disposition and an inordinate appetite for peanuts. She thrusts a paw appealingly between the bars of the pit, children place peanuts within the tremendous claws, and she transfers them to her mouth, the whole proceeding being marked by confidence and fearlessness on the child's part and amiability and gratitude on that of the bear. The danger sign on the bars above is a mockery, and the gentle creature belies the *horribilis* of her name. It need not be added that this journal takes a vast store of pleasure and pride in such a well-behaved grizzly, for whose equal the Rockies might be hunted over in vain.

A fisherman who always catches his bait minnows by hook and line instead of by net asserts that the fish thus taken are larger and longer lived than those which are netted. In the rush for the bait, runs the theory, the big and strong fellows get there first, and the weak little chaps are crowded out; but on the other hand the big ones escape the net and the little ones are caught. The hooking does slight injury or none at all; and the fisherman who hooks his minnows will thus have the most healthy, vigorous and attractive bait.

At the meeting of the Fisheries Society at Washington last week Capt. J. W. Collins, Chief the Division of Fish and Fisheries, read a paper outlining the plan of the exhibit in this department at the World's Fair in 1893. The promise is that here for the first time the United will adequately display its fishery resources. The full text of Capt. Collins's paper will be printed in our angling columns next week.

A brief mention in these columns the other day of a proposed memorial of "Nessmuk" has elicited a number of responses, and we shall shortly announce the nature of the undertaking. Meanwhile we would be glad to have the addresses of those who may be specially interested in the matter.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"THALASSA! THALASSA!"

OF TIMES, when evening shadows fall
And song of birds is hushed in sleep,
The music sweet of other climes
Comes stealing softly through the pines;
And, muffled 'neath night's sable pall,
Chords from a mighty organ sweep:
As, in the mountain torrent's roar,
I hear the waves beat on the shore.
Oh, music wrapped in mystery—
The deep intoning of the seal!

And oft, mid heat of summer day
I sit beside the brook and dream.
The golden clouds drift slowly by;
Lost are the bounds of earth and sky;
'Mid fleecy sails the breezes play
And pearly crests on azure gleam.
Restless and restless, to and fro,
Sunlight and shadow come and go,
While with thought's white-winged argosy
I rest upon a far-off sea.

Oh, waters blue! Oh, purpling shore!
Oh, winds that kiss the trembling foam!
The light, the life, the love are thine;
The wrack and wreck alone are mine;
Yet still I dream of days of yore,
On glistening sands again I roam.
The endless throbbing of the tide,
O'er mountains high, 'cross valleys wide,
Through lapse of years, still comes to me—
Eternal, changeless, bounding sea!

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF UTAH.

SHOSHONE.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VI.

(Continued from Page 370.)

AFTER we had retired that evening a terrific rain storm, accompanied by severe thunder and vivid lightning, set in, and continued till morning. I slept through it all, perfectly unconscious of the warring elements. Ned said it was the grandest storm he ever encountered in camp. Peal after peal and flash after flash were continuous, while the rain came down as if the flood gates of heaven were open. Everything was made as bright as day, and as he looked on the lake, he saw a schooner tempest-tossed, and a steamer breasting heavily against the surging waves. The lightning grew more luminous, while the frightful roar of the thunder was so heavy as to fairly make the earth tremble. The dense forest stood outlined in the vivid flashes so clear and distinct that leaf and limb were in plain view, while the very ground seemed to be running rivers of water, all uniting to produce an elemental strife that petrified him with fear. For several hours we were enveloped in

"Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain,"

as flamed and roared in the storm that beat upon Lear. Continuing his graphic description, Ned said, "I thought of the Angel's Song in Goethe's 'Faust.'"

"And storms with rival fury heaving,
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still as they rave, a chain is weaving
Of deepest efficacy grand,
There burning desolation blazes,
Precursor of the thunder's way;
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
The milder movements of thy day."

There was much fear expressed by the boatmen at the terrible storm, Joe declaring it the wildest and most furious he ever witnessed.

"We thought the lightning hit me sure," he said in converse about it, and as for poor John, he covered his head and trembled in fear, expecting every minute that a bolt of lightning would incinerate him.

Ned couldn't understand how I could slumber amidst all the tumult, and particularly the attacks of the bloody sand-flies, which he said very nearly devoured him. Hardly a wink of sleep had he, and so woe-begone did he look that morning that I deeply sympathized with him.

"We must get out of here," he stated after breakfast, but noticing there was such a gloom in the great volume of black, jagged clouds, that were tumbling o'er each other, we thought it best to wait a while and see if the prospect would brighten. In the meantime we had the provisions carried to the beach for immediate loading, and then we sat down on a log at the edge of the lake and watched the weather as if our lives depended on it. It sprinkled a little just after the last box had been brought down, and then our hearts sank into our boots, and we sincerely wished we had the provisions back where they were so nicely sheltered.

"We are a pair of old fools," growled Ned.
"I protest, there is only one."
"Oh! I beg pardon, the other is a crank."
"Demonstrate the difference between a fool and a crank."

"One never knows when he is well off, and the other never can tell."

I acknowledged Ned's masterly ability by elevating my beaver, being satisfied after that solution that he had the head of a diplomat, and troubled him no more with enigmas.

The sprinkle soon ceased, and being somewhat desperate we waited for no further elemental developments, and ordered the provisions aboard and the tents taken down. Joe said the weather looked "dirty" and we had better wait, but there was no wait in us, and we insisted on departing at once, and for a land where the sand fly pests not, and where the atmosphere is pure and fragrant. We had had enough of the jungle and its malaria, and would repose on the flinty surface rather than again camp amid such disagreeable surroundings.

We finally got off about 9 o'clock, with a good quartering wind, that made the water sing a racing chorus at the bow. It was six miles across the bay, and four beyond that to our destination, and if the breeze held we would make it in two hours, if not less. Two miles had been made, when a heavy fog came rushing down upon us. Ned now took his compass from its receptacle, the

little bag, and placing it on the seat by Joe, told him to steer by that. He marked the four principal points of the compass on the seat, and as he did so remarked that we ought to have set the compass before the fog obliterated the land ahead. This was something new to me in navigation, but then I was a landlubber that knew nothing about boxing the compass, or even "compass cards," and was as much confused over such things as was Peter Simple when Mr. Chucks was told to "bleed all the buoys."

I noticed, however, that Joe paid little attention to the compass, because it had not been set soon enough, but that he held the boat's head well in, determined not to miss the opposite shore. The breeze was not only freshening quite rapidly but it was changing its course, which, if it continued so much longer, would give us a dead-ahead wind. We went surging along, throwing the spray on all sides, with an occasional sprinkle inside.

"I no like this," said Joe.

"Me too," said Ned.

Still we kept plunging ahead in a heavy sea that was alive with whitecaps, when all at once the fog lifted and the shore was visible. There was evidently a look of hard weather ahead and it just then appeared as if we would have to make a tack or two before we reached the shore. Joe, who had been getting somewhat restless, said we had better turn back and run into the west side of Bachewanaung Bay.

Ned jumped at the suggestion saying, "I think so, too." Joe being thus encouraged swung the boat around in the tossing billows and away she went like a greyhound, with the snowy froth curling from her prow. It was delightful sailing now. We had the wind at our heels and were skimming o'er the surges with an oily smoothness:

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea."

Just before we reached Bachewanaung Lighthouse we were again enveloped in a heavy fog, but Joe having a perfect knowledge of the shore, rounded us into the bay with the utmost precision. Again the fog lifted, thus giving us an opportunity of making a landing at the most lovely camping quarters, being a clear, glassy plain, and free from those pestiferous insects that make life a perfect misery. We were greeted by a lot of mangy curs that sniffed the provisions from afar. This compelled us to keep our eatables in an anchored boat, for so wolfish are these dogs that in a short time they will gnaw through a box or barrel. We drove them away a short distance, and there they remained ever on the alert to pounce down when a chance for food offered. On the Nepigon, at Dog Town near the mouth, so ravenously hungry are the horde of dogs there, that I have known them to steal meat as it was being prepared in the skillet. These dogs would doubtless do the same, and therefore we had to keep a constant watch upon them. The boys got the tents erected in a short time, and then prepared us an ample meal.

I was delighted with this lovely spot, for it is from this side of the bay its manifold charms appear. There are no crags, no pinnacles, no ramparts of rocks, no mountain frown nor savageness brought into contrast at any point with the general serene beauty. It's the rapturous reverse that is here exemplified. In the north of this dreamland of the icy lake the purple hills gently come upon you with shadowy impressiveness; rills and rivers, with flash and gleam, purr through the winding vales; islets and islands, in sweet repose, dot the surface in jeweled splendor; while on every side, under the magnificence of an azure sky, the prospect is not only inviting, but magnificent—

"Ever pleasing, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?"

In the afternoon the boatmen put the camp in good order, mended sails and gathered balsam, while Ned, who had been aching for a good wash, cleaned up with the Ivory soap, put on a change of linen, lit a cigar and then sat down with me to a game of cribbage, in which he got on the wrong side of the score.

My change of raiment I postponed to the morrow, being satisfied that there was not time enough for me that afternoon in which to eclipse our now dandified Ned, who looked royal in his purple and fine linen. Being in the immediate vicinity of the fishing station we paid it a visit and there made the acquaintance of Mr. Ganley, the head of the establishment. He gave us a peep into a fish car, where reposed on icy beds some magnificent specimens of brook trout. These, we presume, were either caught in gill nets or purchased from the half-breeds, who this season receive eighteen cents per pound for them. This very liberal price here induces nearly every Indian and half-breed anywhere within ten or fifteen miles of a fishing station to make a steady business during the season of capturing and disposing of these finny beauties at the above figures. They observe no law in their capture, their sole object being possession. When they can't entice them to their baited hooks or lures they use the spear, the "villainous jiggling process," "gang hooks" and gill nets. The latter they set in the immediate vicinity of the shore rocks or on the reefs and then with a long pole go pounding over the bottom in hopes of driving them into the meshes. They capture immense numbers this way. I was informed that a shipment of 2,000 lbs. was made at one time from one of these fisheries this season; and I presume that this was only a small portion of what then went to the Chicago market. This wholesale and illegal slaughter is rapidly depleting the waters of the North Shore of these lovely and delicious game fish, and even in my two years' experience on this shore I have noticed not only the depletion, but the reduction in size. It is not the matured savage alone who engages in this cruel warfare, but every boy that can paddle a canoe is out every day craftily stealing over the rocky grounds with peering eyes, and on seeing a trout poised in the clear waters down goes his hook, and up comes the struggling *futinalis*.

The Fish Commissioner at the Canadian "Soo" has had his attention time and again called to the illegal capture and traffic in these fish, but he gives no heed whatever to it. The Indian and half-breed make no attempt at concealment, though well knowing the law on the subject, but pursue their market-hunting tactics with unblushing effrontery. Ned, on one of his trips a few years ago to the North Shore, secured one of these gill nets and took it to the Fish Commissioner as evidence of the nefarious busi-

ness; but it was like pouring water on a duck's back, no attention whatever being paid to it. This is a crying evil that will soon depopulate the lake of the trout, unless the higher authorities of that government call to account the criminal negligence of their subordinates. Mr. Editor, why not vigorously twist the fishing-tail of the British Lion on this subject? Come, sharpen your pencil and make the editorial page of your paper truly warlike.

The evening prospects for good weather on the morrow were exceedingly flattering. Huge white clouds, that wise men call *cirri cumuli*, swept grandly over the blue sky, and gathered in masses as the sun went down. The air was strong and full of aroma from the healthful balsam, which surrounded us on all sides, and Ned, feeling in musical tone, enlivened us with many a delicious aria, while the half-breeds in their tents near by sawed vigorously on their "fiddle," as if they had a contract to untwist all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony. Although Ned warbled sweetly, I knew a conspiracy was hatching in his soul that would soon manifest itself in a grand attack, and probable destruction of that distracting instrument. He loved a concord of sweet sounds, but that cat-gut scraping was more than he could endure. I tried to convince him that the boys were simply interpreting the weird music of Wagner, but it did not stop the revolutionary flame that was gathering great force within him.

After the troublous times at Pancake Bay we enjoyed that night a most delightful slumber and rosy dreams:

"Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!"

The dawn gave us a sky of light, drifting clouds, ribbed in gold and orange, and a breeze just right for trout. Breakfast over we took boat with only one of the boys, John, leaving Joe to guard the provisions from the stealthy raids of the hungry canines, and shoved ahead for the lighthouse point, some two miles distant. The sun was quite warm, and John, having the entire job of rowing, and feeling the heat, proceeded leisurely along, giving us a fine opportunity for observing the landscape under the crimson tints of the sun.

A few crows, which Ned took for blackbirds, were seen sitting on the limbs of a recently fallen tree that hung o'er the declivitous bank, while the ever-present seagull, the scavenger of the lake, circled round and round the summit of a great rock just ahead, and then again soared, swaying his graceful wings, and uttering at intervals that peculiar cry, that in solitary haunts sounds so intensely mournful. A cabin in a beautiful grove, nestled charmingly on the grassy bank, with the sunshine brightening the foliage and dancing on the water that rippled on its threshold. It was the home of a half-breed, whose prattling children were playing their pranks on the rocky beach, while the mother was toiling with her household cares. It was a pleasing picture of a simple life, but it taught a lesson of contentment that you seldom see in stately halls of pompous splendor.

The lighthouse, like a watchful sentinel, bathed in rosy mist, came in view, and then a half mile along an irregular shore of ragged rocks and low cliffs, that a lover of nature would admire, and we are in the desired trout-ing waters. Our rods were soon in play, sending the feathery conceits around every rock, boulder and crevice we thought harbored the finny Adonis; but it seemed love's labor lost, for not a fin rippled the water in response. We displayed all our skill and cunning to invigilate the radiant beauties. Fly after fly of the most perfect and approved style were tried; still the waters remained unbroken. When we had about despaired of securing a trout, John called our attention to a thunder cloud that was assuming alarming proportions in the west. He advised us, if we desired to reach camp with dry jackets, that we had better head for it, and leave the daintily painted reveler of the aqueous realms to his statue-like poise. The boat throwing no curl from her outwaver under the manipulation of John, we each took an oar, and thus doubly equipped, our speed was more than doubled, and the Mackinac went gaily o'er the crinkling waves. Speculation was rife as to whether we would reach our haven before the threatened rain fell, and the pool box showed up even on the result. We stuck manfully to the oars till camp was reached, and then the storm, so menacing, passed safely over, with a moan or two of thunder and a few flashes of lightning. It broke some miles to the east of us, as we could plainly see the rain pouring down upon the distant hills. We tried our chances with the brook beauties no more that day, but sat around the quarters and idled the afternoon away in crib and a grand attack on the pages of "Lorna Doone" and Balzac's "Two Brothers."

The next day was also passed in restful luxury, as we had concluded to await the arrival of the steam tug Annie Clarke, which is employed here in the fisheries, and take tow on her to the Lizard Island.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

FROM NEW MEXICO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A ranchman who lives in the foothills of the Sacramento Mountains, about 70 miles west of this place, was in town a few days ago and gave me some interesting tips on game in his neighborhood. He reports antelope abundant on the mesas between here and his ranch, and deer, turkeys and quail by the hundred, everywhere in the foothills. He says that he can kill a deer or a turkey any day within two or three miles of his house. He also reports some elk, bear and mountain lions, 10 to 20 miles back from that place.

The Sacramentos are 8,000 to 10,000 ft. high but are open, grassy ridges, so that one can ride all over them. There are scattered oak trees all over the range and the acorns furnish good bait for deer, bears and turkeys. There are clear, cold springs everywhere, and plenty of rich grass for horses, so that it is an ideal hunting country.

Antelopes are still plentiful in this valley. Every one who rides through it between here and Roswell, which is 85 miles north, reports seeing numerous herds. As a general game country this valley and its environs takes the cake. I am not a professional guide and have no axe to grind, but if any of your readers wish to come here next fall I will put them on track of all the game they want.

H. A. LADD.

EDDY, N. M., May 28.

Natural History.

ON THE TEETH OF FISHES

AS A GUIDE TO THEIR FOOD HABITS.

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

Read at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society, at Washington, D. C., May 27, 1891.

THE food of fishes is either vegetable or animal, as in the case of all other vertebrates. When vegetable it, of course, consists of *algæ*, while the animal food may be batrachians, fishes, crustaceans, mollusks, insects and their larvæ, etc.

A fish's diet may be restricted to but one of these various articles, or it may go through the entire bill of fare like a Christian; but the general character of the food of a fish may usually be determined by the structure and position of its teeth, so that an examination of the teeth of a fish will indicate whether it is herbivorous, carnivorous or omnivorous.

The teeth of most fishes, when they exist in the mouth, may be in patches or bands of equal teeth and may be either villiform or brush-like, setiform or bristle-like, cardiform or card-like, rasp-like, or they may be of unequal size and sharp and conical, compressed or lancet-shaped, or blunt, broad or truncated, molar-like, canine, incisors, etc. The teeth may be situated on the jaws, vomer, palatines, pterygoids, tongue and gill-arches, or the mouth may be entirely toothless, and the teeth confined to the pharyngeal bones of the throat, or they may exist in the oesophagus or gullet.

Fishes with unequal, sharp, conical or canine teeth are piscivorous and feed upon small fishes which they swallow whole; and those with lancet-shaped teeth, while also piscivorous, cut or lacerate their prey before swallowing it. Fishes with pavements of molar-like teeth feed upon crustaceans and mollusks, while those with toothless jaws are herbivorous, or if carnivorous, feed upon minute animal organisms, and are in no sense, piscivorous.

Beginning with the toothless fishes, that is, with no teeth in the mouth, are the minnows (*Cyprinidae*), and suckers (*Catostomidae*); they are both herbivorous and carnivorous. All of the minnows with intestines several times larger than their bodies feed principally upon vegetable matter, and the others upon insects and their larvæ and minute crustaceans (*Entomostraca*). Minnows have a few very small pharyngeal teeth, with or without grinding surfaces. Those having teeth with grinding surfaces are herbivorous, and those without these masticatory surfaces are carnivorous. The pharyngeal teeth of the suckers are larger and more numerous than in the minnows, and may be sharp or more or less truncated. They feed upon vegetable matter and micro-organisms extracted from the mud, and some of them on thin-shelled, minute mollusks.

The larger toothless fishes, as the sturgeons, whitefish, mullet, etc., feed upon minute animal organisms, mostly crustaceans. Some of the large toothless fishes, as the shovel-nosed sturgeon, paddle-fish and sawfish, have the snout prolonged into organs for stirring up the mud or sand of the bottom in order to obtain the small animal forms upon which they feed. The paddle-fish has the gill-rakers developed into a beautiful straining apparatus for securing these minute creatures. The saw of the sawfish is not used, as has been frequently asserted, as a weapon for disabling its prey for food, though it is used as a weapon of defense. Its use in procuring food is by stirring up the mud or sand of the bottom, and its food, as in the case of the paddle-fish and shovel-nosed sturgeon, is composed of small forms. I have frequently observed schools of half-grown sawfishes feeding in shallow water by raking the bottom with their saws, which are well fitted for this purpose. Their food seemed to be principally small crustaceans and mollusks.

Fishes with small, feeble, sub-equal teeth, as the herrings (*Clupeidae*), anchovies (*Engraulidae*), silversides (*Atherinidae*), etc., as we might imagine feed upon minute or microscopic invertebrate forms, mostly crustaceans, which exist in countless myriads in fresh and salt water.

Fishes with bands or patches of villiform or brush-like teeth, as the sunfishes (*Centrarchidae*), catfishes (*Siluridae*), striped basses (*Labracinae*), etc., feed principally on crustaceans, as crawfish, crabs, shrimps, etc., insects and occasionally small fishes. The black bass is not, as popularly supposed, a piscivorous fish—indeed, not so much so as the brook trout, which has stronger, sharper, and more unequal teeth. The principal food of the black bass is crawfish, as the shrimp, squid and crab is of the striped bass, though neither fish will object to a minnow, if it can catch it, when hungry. The minnow is a good bait for the black bass, as the menhaden is for the striped bass, but it must not be surmised from this fact that they are piscivorous in their habits.

A minnow on a hook is in a disabled condition and cannot escape, and most fishes will take it under these conditions, whereas if it was free it would easily get away. Fishes have been found in the stomach of sturgeons, but that is no indication that it is piscivorous, which it could not be with its toothless jaws and sucker-like mouth entirely below the projecting snout; but finding a disabled or dead fish on the bottom, it swallows it. So, whenever the black bass, striped bass, white perch, or the catfishes, or any fish with brush-like teeth finds a disabled fish of suitable size, on a hook or otherwise, it is taken in. I have demonstrated this fact time and again by dropping a hook baited with a minnow in the midst of a school of similar fishes, when it would be singled out and seized by a larger fish which had failed to notice those that were free.

I cannot refrain from saying, in this connection, that the black bass has been greatly misrepresented and unjustly maligned and grossly abused as a piscivorous fish, and often by those who ought to have known better. It has been accused of depopulating rivers of young shad that have been planted in them, while the striped bass of the same waters have escaped such imputation. It has been charged with the destruction of brook trout in certain waters, while the catfishes have not had a word raised against them. But happily the charges have been proven false, and the black bass has been acknowledged to be not so black as it has been painted. I lately saw a statement in public print from the superintendent of a fish hatchery that the pike-perch (*Stizostedion vitreum*) was not so voracious or destructive to other fish as the black bass or masacalonge! Comment is unnecessary.

I found this prejudice existing in England, and the opposition to the introduction of the black bass into British waters was very pronounced. Mr. Marston, of the London *Fishing Gazette*, informed me that the prejudice had been imbibed from American writers and anglers, who, in order to convince British anglers of the fine game qualities of the black bass had unwittingly overdone the matter and conveyed the impression that it was a more voracious and piscivorous fish than their pike! I wish to say right here that the reason of the failure to stock certain waters in England successfully with black bass is that said waters were not suitable for the small-mouthed bass—the kind experimented with. If the large-mouthed species had been introduced I have no doubt but it would have done well. It is eminently fitted for the sluggish, grassy broads of England, and would not be so destructive to other fishes as their perch, not to mention their pike. We have in America thousands of small lakes, many of them without inlet or outlet, where the black bass has existed from time immemorial with the pike, pickerel, perch, sunfishes, suckers, ciscoes, and even brook trout without detriment to either of these species—indeed, if any species suffers it is always the black bass.

The piscivorous fishes which swallow their prey whole are those with cardiform teeth, as the pickerel, or with sharp or conical teeth, as the dogfish (*Ania calva*) of fresh waters, or with canine teeth, as the masacalonge, barracuda, pike-perch, snappers, weakfish, etc. All fishes with unequal, sharp, conical or canine teeth may with certainty be pronounced entirely piscivorous in their habits, feeding principally or entirely upon small or young fishes or which are small enough to be swallowed whole. Sometimes, however, their eyes prove to be larger than their stomachs and they perish in the attempt to swallow a fish many sizes too large for their capacity.

Fishes with lancet-shaped teeth, as the kingfish, mackerel and Spanish mackerel, or with strong compressed teeth, as the bluefish, are entirely piscivorous, but bite, cut or lacerate their prey before swallowing it. The teeth of such fishes are miniature shark teeth and they are equally as destructive to their smaller congeners.

Fishes with prolonged or produced jaws, armed with strong, sharp, unequal teeth, as the marine and freshwater garfishes, morays, etc., are also wholly piscivorous.

Fishes with incisor teeth, as the sheepshead, pinfish (*L. rhomboides*), scup, etc., have also molar-like teeth, and feed on crabs, shrimp or mollusks, and are not at all piscivorous. By the aid of its human-like incisors the sheepshead can readily remove barnacles and other mollusks from rocks, timbers, etc., and crush them with its powerful molars.

The drumfish (*P. chromis*), and the fresh-water drum (*A. grunniens*), have villiform teeth on the jaws, but a strong pavement of rounded teeth in the throat for crushing the shells of mollusks, which is their principal food—though as might be judged from their villiform teeth, they occasionally swallow small fishes and crustaceans.

Thus, by observing the character and position of the teeth of fishes we have a sure and certain indication of the character of their food, that is, of their principal and natural food. Of course there will be exceptions, but they only prove the rule. A herbivorous fish will occasionally swallow animal food, while carnivorous fish will sometimes swallow vegetable matter. A fish that lives mostly on crustaceans, may consume twenty-five per cent. of fishes, and *vice versa*. They should be judged, however, by what they feed on mostly and habitually, when situated so that they can exercise their choice in the matter, for change of environment may involve a change of diet. The horse and dog may take kindly to sweetmeats, occasionally, but the one returns to his oats and the other to its vomit, notwithstanding, and it would be foolish to magnify their vagaries into confirmed habits.

DOES THE POSSUM "SULL"?—Some time ago the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM asked about the word "sull" as applied to the action of the possum. From this it is clear that he was not "raised" in the South. Every boy that hunts possum with the darkies knows that they will "sull." The word is doubtless formed from the adjective sullen. It is quite possible that some darky originated it. But to be honest, I did not before know it was not in Webster's dictionary. What else is one to say? If a possum doesn't sull, what does he do? That reminds me that "Lotor" says the naturalists have discovered that this action is not voluntary, but that the animal is simply paralyzed with fear. I wonder if those naturalists ever saw him look out of the corner of one eye to see if the coast was clear for a scamper. I hardly think the theory will "wash." Why doesn't the Chicago Possum Club take up these weighty questions anyhow, and settle them once for all?—AZTEC.

LIVE FOXES.—Ogdensburg, N. Y., May 30.—I inclose the following clipping from the Ogdensburg *Journal*, May 9. It shows that Mrs. Reynard is a good provider: "Hon. D. Magone for some time past has been missing some of his fancy-bred fowls from his farm near this city, and Friday Messrs. John Ashwood and Napoleon Baker went out with a hound to investigate into the cause. The hound took the scent and led the hunters to the hole of a fox. When they neared the hole a large she fox emerged and was brought down by a shot by Mr. Baker. They then dug into the nest and found feathers, a Rouen duck partially eaten, a mink skin and other evidences of depredations. Eight young foxes were captured and Mr. Ashwood now has them in his possession." The young foxes are quite lively; the males inclined to be vicious, but the females quite gentle. Does anybody want them? If so they can write to Mr. Baker, who is quite a fox hunter.—NEW GUN.

A WHITE-WINGED ENGLISH SPARROW.—Kendallville, Ind., May 27.—While shooting some English sparrows to-day I shot one with perfectly white wings. I saw one a year ago like this one, but could not secure it. The one that I shot to-day was a female and the other a male. Have any of your readers secured any like these?—L. A. T.

TAME CROW.—Sandusky, O., May 27.—I notice in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM about Mr. Nielson's pet crow killing sparrows. Mr. Nielson tells me that the same pet crow sometimes follows him to the depot and always finds the way home.—A. H. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

A FATHER'S JOY.

A FARMER lived in the long ago,
I can't say just how long;
He had three sons who were his pride—
They all were stout and strong.

He wished to see their character
Well formed without a blot,
But his ambition was to make
Each boy an expert shot.

His barn, just half a mile from home,
He visited one day,
And in it saw a staring owl,
Then made quick haste away,

To tell his sons what he had seen
On high up in the shed,
And that, with rifle charged with ball,
The owl they would strike dead.

Obedient to their sire's command,
On to the barn they went,
And with unerring aim a ball
Into the owl's brain sent.

Exultant, with the bird of night
In hand, to bless their sire;
One looking back in terror cried,
"The barn is all afire!"

Back to the barn the trio ran
To quench the incipient flame;
Their efforts were of no avail,
The barn to ashes came.

Sadly went the boys to tell
The ruin they had wrought
By firing of that little gun
Their father's pride had bought.

The father looked as they drew near;
Upon his brow a scowl;
"I fear those boys won't mount to much,
For they ain't got the owl."

And ere inquiry he could make,
One boy in anguish dire
Cried out, "Don't whip us, papa dear,
We set the barn afire!"

"The barn burnt down? Why how you talk;
Well, that is pretty bad;
But that you missed the owl to me's
A matter much more sad."

"Nay, father, as the fellow sat
A-winkin' overhead,
I took dead aim and down he came,
Shot through and through the head."

"Well done, my boy!" the father cried,
As joy beamed in his eye;
"The barn is burnt, but that is nought—
You hit the owl, don't cry." N. D. ELTING.

INDIANS AND WILDFOWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that there seems to be considerable speculation among sportsmen as to the cause of the rapidly decreasing flight of water fowl. They are, indeed, becoming very scarce, as compared to former years, and I fear that even were the shooting of them entirely prohibited in the United States it would only defer their extinction for a time.

I learn from different half-breeds, who have been in the far North, some to Slave Lake and beyond, that the different tribes in that northern region, the great breeding ground for water fowl, now depend upon them in great measure for their subsistence. As soon as these birds arrive in the spring the natives resort to all sorts of means to entrap them. They also gather vast quantities of eggs. When the moulting season comes on, and the young birds are nearly ready to fly, the great catch of the season takes place. Each family then gathers ducks and geese by the hundreds and dry them for winter use; and, indeed, it is about the only food they have. While moose, caribou and the wood bison were still plenty they had no use for water fowl, of course; but now that the game has become scarce they have to live upon that, as many of the tribes receive little or no aid from the Canadian Government. I am told that in the summer of 1889 great fires destroyed the marsh grass where the water fowl breed, and as a result the Indians got very few of them, many persons dying the ensuing winter from starvation. From this it seems that in spite of all game laws we may enact for their preservation, the water fowl will soon have gone the way of the buffalo. J. W. SCHULTZ.

PIEGAN, Montana.

FOR AN EMERGENCY ON BEARS.—Kentucky, May 28.—In FOREST AND STREAM of May 21, Mr. S. H. Greene says: "It is true that I was armed with the best Parker and plenty of shells loaded with duck shot, but some way I found myself wishing that he knew that I was only just a plain duck hunter, and neither looking nor loaded for bar." Perhaps Mr. Greene and others would like to know (if they do not already know) how a duck load can be, in almost an instant, "loaded for bar." With a penknife cut the shell nearly or quite off between the two top wads which are between the powder and shot. The forced load gives a greater penetration than a chambered solid ball will give. As a test, I had some shells loaded with 3½ dr. powder, 1½ oz. No. 10 shot, one card board and two felt wads on powder and stiff card board on shot. I cut one of the shells as described above, and knocked a round hole through an inch and a half walnut plank door at 120 yds. Quite a desirable "load for bar." I do not advocate the use of the cut shells except in cases of necessity, although I do not think it injurious to even full-choked guns. The part of the shell that is cut off carries the shot all together, which are held in by the wads in each end, as far as the gun will shoot.—W. L. YATES.

COOT SHOOTING IN IPSWICH BAY.

OUR camp at Annisquam Point, a narrow strip of land running out into Ipswich Bay, is within 20yds. of where we keep our boats, and everything necessary for our gunning expeditions during the months of October and November.

The point being within easy distance of our place of business it is convenient to slip down there at night quite frequently, and provided we do not oversleep, 3 o'clock next morning finds us in our boats; and with half an hour's rowing we are out on the bay, our decoys set, guns laid handy, loaded with 1½oz. of No. 3 shot and a couple of hundred more shells in our gunning box, for the coots may come solid, and we intend to be ready for them. Here is a pair coming now! But they sheer off and set their wings to the next fellow's decoys. Out shoots a stream of fire and down comes coot No. 1—perhaps! Intent upon watching this operation we did not see the single one light near our decoys; but now we see him and he gets a charge of shot and is under water at the flash! Up he comes again and is moving off, but a straightaway shot stops him for good. He is taken in, and now business begins in earnest, for we find that this is their feeding ground, and they are coming right and left, singles, threes, fours and dozens!

Now then, look out for that black line coming in from sea. They don't appear to notice the decoys, but they see the boat and up they rise and over our heads, all scattered. We let them pass a little, for the best we can do now is to take one with each barrel, and down they tumble, spat! spat! One is on his back, but the other is only winged and so under water like a fish.

We pick up the dead one and hurry back to our decoys. By this time it is bang! bang! bang! all around us, for they are coming fast. Here are a dozen white wings flying straight along the shore. We keep down close, all ready for them, but they are coming by too far off; no, they see the decoys, turn half round and with wings set come over the decoys with a rush.

The first barrel knocks out four, but we see we have missed with the next. No! he is hit, he falters, sets his wings and falls dead. But now we have something to attend to nearer the boat. Two of our coots have their heads up and are considering whether to dive or try to fly, but a couple of charges of No. 8 across their necks settles the question; and so it goes on for an hour or two, when the cream of the fun is over, although we could have a shot now and then all day.

We count up and find we have taken 31. It is now 11 o'clock, time to go ashore and get dinner, and maybe we are not as hungry as bears.

Now these coots, although perhaps not as good eating as pie, are never by any means in danger of "going begging," when properly cooked, especially if set before a gunner just in from a morning's shooting.

What do we do with our coots? Never mind that! We have had some capital sport, and after counting up, well, we confess that about "settles it!" We furnish a tiptop wild game dinner to a few friends, perhaps sell half a dozen at 50 cents a pair and are satisfied. Later in the season we get now and then a redhead or black duck, with a few brant and geese.

L. A. WASS.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

A QUAIL SHOOT IN WEST TEXAS.

ON Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1890, Rev. Dr. H., of Dallas, Tex., Ed Harris, Bob Malone and the writer crawled into a double-seated hack drawn by two fine roadsters, and pulling the dogs in after us we sped away for Cedar Mountain, fifteen good miles south of Abilene for a two days' quail shoot.

Our hunting ground did not lie among the so-called mountains, which are only low hills rising abruptly from the dead level of the prairie, but in that peculiar strip of low scrubby brush that follows these hills within from a mile to a mile and a half paralleling them for hundreds of miles, called by the Texas folk "shineries." If you never saw a shinary let me describe one. It is a sandy ridge of varying height running parallel with all these West Texas mountains and covered with a little shrub of the oak family and growing to the height of your shins. This tiny oak grows "as thick as the hair on a dog's back" all over this sandy ridge and matures its acorn as well as its tall and stately giant brothers. Skirting these dwarf thickets are thickets of a sterner sort, thickets of the chapparral, cat-claw and prickly ash, called by the cowboys "tear blanket." In and around these shineries Bob White has his habitat, and they are here by the thousands. The shooting is not of the easiest, as frequently the tops of the chapparral and prickly ash interfere.

Arriving at the shinary at 10 o'clock, we decided to test the ground before lunching. Kate O'Moore II., the red Irish setter bitch owned by the writer; Zeke, a young pointer, the property of Ed; Fred, a wild, untutored descendant of the famous old Meteor, and the property of Bob, and Garnet, a dropper, borrowed for the occasion for the use of the eminent D. D. from Dallas, were the dependance in the way of dogs. We were busy disengaging the team from the hack when we were excited by hearing two or three quail (Bob Whites) calling in as many different directions.

We were soon among them, and the dogs were pointing on all sides. Several hits and several misses, and we are on into the shinary proper. Another covey is pointed, and as they rise eight sharp, ringing roars from the guns, and right out from a clump of chapparral bushes not fifty yards away, and in a line with the firing from the guns, a frightened and wild-looking citizen rushes toward us, crying, "My God, men, what does this mean? Don't yer see my house thar? What are you shooting right into the hind eend of my kitchen fur?"

Sure enough there, not forty yards away but completely hidden from view by the brush, was a shanty literally teeming with tow-headed children, crying and begging "mammy" to not let them be killed. Of course, we regretted the scare, but no one would ever look for a human habitation in such a jungle. On examination we found some twenty-seven or twenty-eight No. 8 pellets stuck into the clap-board sides of the shanty. This surprise somewhat "rattled" every man in the party for the next half hour, and on returning to the hack at 2:30 o'clock we found that all told we had bagged only seventeen Bob Whites.

Our sport from then till night was superb, and when

we drove up to a farmhouse at sunset our sum total was sixty-three birds.

A magnificent feast of quail, a string of good yarns around the hospitable hearth of our host, a splendid bed, with an early and royal breakfast like the supper of the evening before, and bidding our kind entertainer and his pleasant family good-bye, we are, by an hour after sunrise, popping away at the birds again. Our first covey was found within 150yds. of the house, and we were hardly ever so long as half an hour without quail to shoot at.

At 3:30 P. M. the eminent D. D. had enough and begged that a discontinuance be granted, and piling into the hack we rolled out for Abilene, 18 miles away, a cold "norther" blowing, and every one in the party perfectly satisfied with every detail of the hunt, except the many unaccountable misses, which were about equally distributed among the party, except that "ye correspondent" had as many birds as the other three altogether, and the joke on the whole party—130 birds all told constituted the bag. *Deo volente*, I will say something of the larger game of west Texas in my next. This is a sportsman's paradise, and any brother sportsman desiring a few weeks' rest and recreation can find it by coming to Abilene and stopping with the writer, whose latch-string hangs on the outside. Come and let us show our hospitality. Can give you as many shots at quail or antelope as you may desire.

TEXAS.

WABAC WARD.

"SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS."—A paper by Miss Hardy, relating to the Graves case, has been received too late for this issue, and will be given next week.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ON THE WISCONSIN BRULÉ.

ON the shores of Lake Superior the winter's mantle of snow is not withdrawn until spring is far advanced. It does not wholly disappear in the latter days of April, but lingers in great gray patches in the secluded places among the woods, beside whose margins the beautiful pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus are found coddling like baby faces against the blanched cheeks of grandpa. It is very charming then to watch and woo the tender advances of nature's sweet beneficence; and if the true lover of rustic features will but seat himself quietly beside some broad and placid river flowing lakeward, whose surface reflects the mottled sky and over-arching tree-tops, he will be sure to discover something more than the splash of a leaping trout, of which there are myriads in all the Wisconsin streams. He will observe, hear and enjoy, forsooth, themes and sensations which are vouchsafed at no other time or elsewhere. Already in this vernal month of April the listening ear detects a whisper of music in the softened air, accented by random bird notes and the peep of hylas; but only the wood nymph or dusky son of the forest can determine whether it be the whisper of the pines, the muffled tinkling of cowbells, or the premonitory tuning of the Brulé harp. Possibly it may be all three, but certain it is that the full melody of the harp is never heard until the 1st of May. Then its chords are all in sweet attune. They peal forth through the forest aisles with mellifluous eloquence. They wake the spirit of old Winneboujou, the titular divinity of the river. They call out the entire Ojibwa remnant which still lingers around the traditional haunts of their forefathers—old men, young men, and comely maidens, all together. They rouse up the mighty Mudjewis immortalized by Longfellow. Even Gitchie-Gumee, the great Manitou who holds the winds of Lake Superior, hears the dulcet strains with favor. All men or persons who have had the good fortune, by invitation or election, to listen to its cadences, never weary of extolling their soothing and restful effects. Tired lawyers, overworked merchants, worn-out doctors, professional journalists, and literary ladies from many a Western city, yea, the good Bishop of Minnesota himself, all join in the spontaneous acclaim: for do they not all go forth to the river at the summons of the harp in the blooming spring? Moreover, there are published chronicles, prepared by the cunning craft of the archivist of the Winneboujou Club, which can be produced in attestation thereof, and if other vouchers be demanded, there is the harp itself.

The Brulé River is a virgin stream of ample width and volume, with many changeable moods. Its bright waters have never yet been choked by intruding logs, except in the lower part, and the amber pebbles which shine on the bottom reflect without interruption the joyous ripple of the surface above. It winds, widens, meanders and splashes, with occasional impetuous spurts, for a distance of sixty miles, through a waste of sombre pines which have scarcely been scored by the swamper's axe. Sometimes it spreads out into lakes a quarter of a mile wide, and anon lengthens into reaches a half-mile long. One of these lakes incloses the island camp established by Frank Bowman, of St. Louis, a dozen years ago or more, at that time the only white man's habitation on the river. At the headwaters, where the watershed separates the feeders of the St. Croix, there are pretty falls. No way-side paths follow the margin except where the deer have beaten runways, and there are no settlers' cabins or clearings south of the Northern Pacific Railway crossing, except those which belong to the three clubs above, or to their Indian guides and attendants. These camps have only been located within the past four years. Above them there is open sesame to the canoe alone.

From the little sylvan station of Brulé, half hidden among the towering pines, there is a good wagon trail through the woods for about four miles, and when the visitor comes to the end of it, there is an opening and a vista, and lo! the sparkling river sweeping with majestic curve, and the bright red villa camp of the Winneboujou Club in full view by the water side, with its breezy flag waving a welcome, and broad verandahs inviting rest and refreshment. Close by are servants' quarters and an ice house, while just within the edge of the forest one Indian wigwam gives an aboriginal cast to the surroundings. Under the bluff is a landing, with a jackstaff, and a dozen green-painted Adirondack boats drawn up in line with their noses pointed inshore, looking for all the world like

a row of alligators asleep in a bayou. A rustic bridge crosses the stream at the tail of a pool a few rods further down, where there is a rapid fairly alive with 6in. trout at this season of the year; and just on the opposite side a trio of pliant birch trees bend to the water's edge to whisper confidentially where the biggest baskets can be caught in the shortest time by those who are not adepts. But Winneboujou's foster children, who are acquainted with his "medicine," can pick out 2lb. trout *ad libitum* in advantageous places where big boulders in mid-channel divide the streamy waters, or projecting points of land intercept and turn the current; and the credulous may readily conceive that the acme of sport is truly attained when the angler is permitted to fish from a boat controlled by an expert hand holding hard when there is business to attend to, and dropping down cautiously to points of vantage when occasion requires. With a dry boat and ample provender for the noon hour, contentment well may sit at ease upon the prow, with radiant face upturned toward paradise. Woodchucks may chatter as you pass and fretful porcupines fling their bristles from the bank, but the trout will never fail to come to a well-presented hook. On the Brulé there is no such word as fail.

I have heard fabulous stories of myriads of trout having been taken from the Brulé in early days by guests of the Island Camp; of hundreds of fish buried in ignoble graves when Winnebago was asleep, because they could not be eaten or otherwise disposed of. Bowman himself used to boast that he had caught 1,400 in a day, which would be at the rate of two a minute for eleven hours fishing, a feat almost as despicable as it is incredible. I do not know that his untimely death was ever charged as retribution for this offense, but it has been iterated under breath that Winnebago never fails to make exemplary reprisal for abuse of even the humblest of those who wear his mottled livery. Certain it is that he has prohibited fishing in the river this year, or in any of its tributaries, except during the month of August, and it is even intimated that he may attempt to close it altogether eventually. But of this there is small probability, for he is a professional angler himself, of whom it is officially stated that he was the inventor of the "dusky-miller," the "loyal-knight" and other captivating flies, of which no successful imitations have yet been made.

Naturally this inhibition of the river was a painful surprise to the habitués of Winneboujou Camp; so that when the harp rang out at 7:30 A. M. of the opening day to wake the slumberers it had a mournful twang. Breakfast was ushered in with a bad grace, barring the Bishop's presence; and when the plan of campaign came thereafter to be discussed and all the lawyers and counsellors and prime ministers of the party put their heads together to decide whether to forswear their allegiance to Winneboujou or to invoke the evil spirit of Skittewaboo, who is always hanging on the outskirts of Bad River Reservation, the camp was divided against itself, one-half going up the river to the watershed and over into the St. Croix, and the other remaining to warm the hearth and make their "medicine." Thereupon a miracle happened of marvelous import. All the trout in the Brulé were incontinently transformed into suckers and perch; and the most potent eye-opener which Jim, the colored steward, could compound, was unable to make visible any other kind of fish. Whether this was the magic of the good Winneboujou or of the evil-minded Skittewaboo, could not be ascertained. It has now become an interesting question whether the stream can be restored to its original occupants, the trout, by the coming August, at which time it has been rumored that ex-Secretary Vilas, of Madison, and Col. J. H. Knight, the lumber baron of Ashland, will invite the entire Wisconsin Legislature to their Brulé Camp for a trout supper, with the stipulation, however, that none of them shall fish. These two gentlemen have a new and pretentious camp on a bend of the river a half mile above the Winneboujou. Between the two is the Gitchie-Gumee Camp of Milwaukee. Both are conspicuous to the brigades of boats and canoes which are constantly passing up and down when the Brulé harp is in full attune and the colors are flying from the masthead at headquarters.

The Brulé region is full of game. There are swales and muskegs which harbor deer in large numbers, as well as bears, and there is a large variety of rodents and fur animals which range along the creeks and bottoms and burrow into the sandy soil of the pine country. Of these there are stuffed specimens at the Winneboujou camp, including some fine antlered heads of deer, and full forms of lynx, badger, fox, mink, otter, martin, ermine, squirrel, porcupine, woodchuck, fisher and skunk, all shot in the immediate vicinity. Indeed, the whole northern part of Wisconsin, excepting along the Lake Superior shore, is a dense timbered wilderness. Moose are not uncommon, and moose meat and venison are always abundant. Lakes and streams are distributed throughout, some of them stocked with great masacalonge, pickerel, bass and pike, and others with lake and brook trout.

The Lake Shore & Western Railroad in eastern Wisconsin, leads into the most remarkable collection of masacalonge waters known anywhere, of which the Gogebic, Eagle and Tomahawk are already famous. The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha traverses the western and central parts of the State, with termini at Superior City and Ashland, and undoubtedly reaches a greater number of choice fishing grounds than any other road in Wisconsin. Once I went out with a party of officials in the pay car and spent a week on the road, taking my portable Osgood canvas canoe, which we put into any number of strange and familiar waters with eminent success and surfeit of sport. I know of no other method of fishing which is so independent and charming.

The whole upper tier of counties swarms with fish. Gordon, White Birch, Drummond, and scores of other places offer golden opportunities to the angler. At Ashland we find in June and July the famous "rock-fishing," so called, where an expert can pick up great 4lb. speckled trout as they cruise along the fronts of the pictured rocks and in and out of the caves and crevices opened by the work of the waves, and among the crags and boulders which have become detached from the face of the cliffs and dropped down from the heights. This is an experience never enjoyed by most anglers, and is well worth the trial. The best bait is the minnow, but flies are sometimes attractive if handled properly. There is no better hotel anywhere than the "Chequamegon," on Gitchie-Gumee Bay, and no more charming attractions than the

Apostle Islands, the old French Mission at La Pointe, the Indian Mission at Odonah, the Bad River Reservation, the extensive Zion Mines, and the accessible fishing waters within an hour's ride in all directions. June is pre-eminently the angler's month, and I am happy to be able to point out the way and the place to anxious inquirers. But I would not at present speak again of the Brulé Harp.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

MAINE WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fishing in the Maine lakes, from having been actually poor since the moving of the ice, is just beginning to be good. On Saturday, May 30, trout had just begun to come up to the fly, at Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, and the same was true of the upper lakes. But up to that time the weather had been unusually cold, with the season backward. It will doubtless surprise many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM further south to know that on that day the birches had just begun to be fairly green, while the maples on the hillsides were scarcely out of the red. On the mornings of May 24 and 26 there was ice in the bottoms of the boats of those who sought to catch the early fish at the Rangeleys. Ice formed nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ in, in thickness at Camp Stewart and Birch Lodge. Such weather was not particularly favorable for fishing for trout. Speaking of Birch Lodge, it may not be inappropriate to say that His Excellency, Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, was at that beautiful camp on the cold days in question, the guest of Messrs. Bayard and John Thayer, the owners of the Lodge. Mr. John Thayer is a member of the Governor's staff. The Governor went a-fishing with the rest of the boys, and caught as many as any of them. One day was spent at B Pond with good success. The Governor is accredited with an 8lbs. trout. The other members of the Birch Lodge party were John Simpkins, F. Peabody, Jr., and Dr. Haven, all of Boston. On the return of the party from B Pond, on the little steamer, the lodge was illuminated with red and blue fire and Chinese lanterns, with salutes from camps adjoining. The Governor thoroughly enjoys the sport of trout fishing, and is as genial as a boy.

One of the best little parties of the season, at Richardson Lake, has been that of Mr. Eugene E. Pakridge, vice-president of the North American Insurance Co., of 59 Kilby street, Boston, with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Ackerman, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Ackerman is also of the insurance guild, and is of the firm of Ackerman, Deyo & Hillard, of 41 and 43 Pine street, New York. It was truly a pleasure to meet these genial people, and it is also certain that friends will vouch for their kindness, when considering how their trout were distributed on Monday and Tuesday. Mrs. Ackerman was high line, having caught a landlocked salmon, after the fish had once escaped from the rod of her husband. These three people are getting to be "old-timers" at the Upper Dam, having been there several years in succession, and being fully persuaded that they shall be there again next year. Mr. Pakridge's only mishap was the loss of his lunch basket on one of his trips out fishing. It went on a lark up to Camp Stewart, and just how it got back to the Upper Dam was somewhat of a mystery, till the fact came out they were really among friends, though some way into the wilds of Maine. That basket went down by a fellow fisherman, just as every lost basket will be sure to go, if the owner only takes the precaution to put his name to it. Mr. Pakridge's trout are not generally weighed—"estimated" is more practical. In this connection he has a conundrum that is original: Why is a trout not like a man? Give it up! Well, the man weighs more when he is dressed, and the trout does not.

Lately the salmon fishing has been better at Bangor. F. W. Ayer has landed a 27-pound fish, and others have been doing well, ten having been landed in one day. At Weld Pond the fishing has also been good, one boat having taken twenty landlocked salmon in a single day. Trout fishing at Swan Lake, six miles from Belfast, Me., has been excellent of late. It seems that Fish Commissioner Stanley was the first to discover this fishing, he having trolled there recently with such success in taking large trout as to surprise "the oldest inhabitant." He took two 4-pounders. The pretty little steamer, the Wawa, owned by S. Betton, T. McKane and Mr. Boree, of Richardson Lake, was burned to the water's edge on Thursday night last at the South Arm. The hull immediately sunk in deep water. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, of Boston, has had his usual good luck at The Narrows, Richardson Lake, this season. He is just out of the woods with three trout weighing 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 8lbs.—really about the best record of the season, up to the present writing.

His Honor Mayor Matthews, of Boston, also goes a-fishing. He goes by special invitation of Dr. Heber Bishop, of the Megantic Club, to the preserve of that club. He went equipped with a fine split bamboo rod. The list of the party is: His Honor Mayor Matthews, G. W. Dillingham and Alfred Hopcroft, of New York; W. H. Helsten, of New Milford, Conn.; Wm. A. Brewer, of Plainfield, N. J.; Dr. M. A. Morris, Dr. C. W. Stevens, M. F. Stevens, Charlestown; Frank Hopewell, O. F. Kendall, Dr. Heber Bishop, Dr. E. W. Branigan, P. H. Powers, of Boston; E. S. Sparrow, of Somerville; Francis B. Green, L. L. Holmes, of New Bedford; W. H. Burns, of Worcester; Geo. Duff, of Malden.

SPECIAL.

MICHIGAN TROUT.—Tawas City, Mich., May 28.—We do not usually brag of this piece of the woods, but a note from the *Au Sable Times* of May 27, written from Killmaster, is worth reproducing. The writer says: "By a recent issue of your spicy little paper I see your fish reporter from the banks of Silver Creek has been getting in his first story relative to the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trout caught in that stream. This was a pretty good trout for Silver Creek. But I write to tell you of a speckled trout caught in our pond on Saturday by Miss Cora Anthony that weighed, two hours after being taken out of the water, exactly 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and it is estimated that there were taken out that day by all comers fully 350 trout of all legitimate sizes. Our stream was planted four years ago, the same as Silver Creek, and when one thinks of a 4lb. trout the growth has been most phenomenal. We are stocking every stream in this county, which has the proper conditions, and hope to make Alcona the banner trout county in Michigan." We started to plant trout fry hereabouts 4 years ago, furnished by the Michigan Fish Commission, and you see the result.—N. C. H.

WHERE TO GO FISHING.

OUR ANGLING READERS who have knowledge of fishing waters where there is room for more fishermen, will win the gratitude of the guild by sending to the FOREST AND STREAM just such notes as these which follow.

I.—Newfound Lake, N. H.

THIS beautiful expanse of water, seven miles in length and three miles wide, is located in the towns of Bristol, Hebron and Bridgewater, N. H. It is easily accessible, Bristol, two miles from the foot of the lake, being reached by the Bristol branch of the Northern New Hampshire railroad, now leased and operated by the Boston & Maine railroad. Keaching Bristol in the P. M. a stage drive of nine miles, nearly all of it along the shore of the lake, brings one to the Grove Hill Farm, situated at the head of the lake. Mr. John W. Sanborn, the owner (address Hebron, N. H.), will meet any parties at Bristol, if he is notified in season. It was the pleasure of the writer to pass two weeks, just ended, at the Grove Hill Farm, while in pursuit of the finny monster of Newfound Lake, and he cannot say too much in its praise. The prices for board, guides and boats are reasonable, the fare of the best, and Mr. Sanborn and his excellent wife will do all in their power to make your stay pleasant and your catch of fish large. The house stands on a bluff at the head of the lake, and the view from the piazza takes in the whole lake, with the rugged mountains on the opposite shore. Mr. Sanborn owns a small steamboat with which he will take the fishermen and their boats to any part of the lake. All the fishermen, and they number about fifty, who have stopped at Mr. Sanborn's the present season, will concur fully with me in my opinion as here expressed.

The fishing season opens on the lake as soon as the ice leaves, this year the 21st of April. It was the bad fortune of the writer to be ill at that time, and he was a week late in reaching the lake. During his stay of two weeks he succeeded in landing ten fish, three landlocked salmon, weighing respectively 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 5lbs.; and seven trout weighing respectively 14 $\frac{1}{2}$, 14, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 8lbs. These fish were all taken at the head of the lake, almost within gunshot of Mr. Sanborn's.

I desire to call the attention of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to this lake, as furnishing the largest fish on an average of any lake in New England, and the ease and facility with which it can be reached (only three hours by rail from Boston) should bring it to the front as one of the best fishing resorts, and should induce more anglers to try their luck in its clear and icy waters. The State has provided at an expense of \$1,000 a hatchery, and about one million fry were hatched out this year and put into the lake. My friend, Col. E. B. Hodge, our genial and efficient Fish Commissioner, is to be heartily congratulated on the success of his efforts in stocking the lake with landlocked salmon. Any fisherman who has taken one of these gamy fish and witnessed his frantic and angry struggles, first clearing the water with a mighty spring, then with a tremendous dash running out 30, yes 50ft. of line from the reel, then into the air again with the water dripping from his gleaming sides, and with another terrible break for liberty he makes the reel sing for another 50ft. of line, and this course pursued till his spirit is wholly broken and life nearly extinct—any fisherman who has taken one of these gallant fish from the waters of this magnificent lake will be anxious to revisit the scene of his victory—and I claim for Newfound Lake, that as a fishing resort, taking into consideration the size of its fish, it has no equal in New England.

For any further information about this lake and its fishing I would refer any of your readers to that veteran angler George H. Fowler, Esq., of Bristol, N. H., who took from this lake last season 76 fish averaging over 9lbs. each. He is thoroughly familiar with the lake and will gladly answer any inquiries. Try Newfound Lake, my friends, and I do not think you will be disappointed. I was not.

P. L.

ORFORD, N. H., May 25.

II.—Round Mountain Lake, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It will doubtless be good news to many of your readers to learn that Edgar Smith, the famous guide and proprietor of the camps at Round Mountain Lake, Maine, is still the possessor of the two feet which were almost despaired of after his encounter with the horse car in Boston last winter, and that he has been able to superintend the repairs and improvements on his buckboard road from Eustis to the lake in person, and gone in for the season. His father, Kennedy Smith, whose genial face and profound knowledge of woodcraft is so well known to the older devotees of the rod and gun, has been in Boston the last week and declares that the prospect for early trouting in the old Alder Stream Pond (now Round Mountain Lake) was never so good as this season, the snow water from the surrounding mountains being nearly exhausted, and the "speckled beauties" out gunning for their early spring medicine. He proposes to make a great effort this season to explore the bottom of this famous lake, and if possible land a few of the 20-pounders which old Sylvester Fuller used to grow fat on, long before the tide of pleasure seekers turned thither. Business was very good with Edgar last season, and as every one came out without regrets the prospects for this season are extremely promising. All who enjoy landing $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish with a fly-rod should not fail to visit this beautiful spot and take a few, enjoying what to a real sportsman is a pleasure, fishing where the trout is so plentiful that all he can catch will never be missed.

Edgar Smith's P. O. address is Eustis, Maine, and he is as prompt in answering correspondents as he is at the breakfast table.

GEO. H. BARNEY.

A note from Kennedy Smith, dated May 30, says: "The trout are now just beginning to bite sharp, and parties who are now in camp are having good sport. Mr. J. Goodrich, of Connecticut, who was here twice last year, arrived the 8th. Although he is 84 years of age he enjoys catching trout as well as any of the boys. His first catch was 16 trout in 15 minutes. Quite a number of parties are expected to arrive the first week in June. Early fishing is always good."

III.—Quimby Pond, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Wednesday, May 15, at Quimby Pond, which is about ten miles from the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake, Me., Ed. Shumway, of Boston, and W. L. Mercer, S. R. Ellis, J. H. Davis and Chas. E. Pierce, of Cambridge, Mass., took 162 trout on the fly in about three hours; the sizes ran from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. This is said to be the only pond in Maine in which the trout rise to the fly as soon as the ice goes out. There was plenty of snow on the banks of the pond.

JAP.

IV.—A Day at Pico.

Nestled among the grim sentinels of the Green Mountain range are to be found many ponds and lakes possessing rare beauty and genuine attractions. In a rocky glen at the base of Killington Peak, some ten miles from the enterprising town of Rutland, lies one of nature's rare jewels, known indeed to but few yet, nevertheless appreciated by all who may have been so fortunate as to have cast a fly upon its mirrored surface.

An article by "Von W." in the issue of April 30, brought vividly to my memory the trip to Pico, its attractions, environments and the circumstances which led me to visit this natural trout pond.

When passing from Rutland across the Green Mountain Range through Mendon and Sherburne to Bridgewater, one is constantly impressed with the wild, unbroken stretch of primeval forest which, save at rare intervals, has yet escaped the ax of the lumberman. At Sherburne one first crosses the Ottaquechee River, its headwaters being upon the eastern slope in that town, thus it was that, while crossing this section of the State early in May, the remark of a fellow passenger caused me to make inquiry concerning the attractions afforded to the angler in this and adjoining towns.

The result of our conversation established between us a bond of fellowship, for I learned that for many years he had taken the speckled beauties from these streams and ponds, and, "best of them all," said he "is old Pico."

This to me was a new name, unfamiliar to but few, as I have since learned, and curious to learn more of the facts I at last engaged my *compagnon de voyage* to accompany me to the pond in question on the following week, Thursday.

True to my inclination the day set apart for the sport found me at "mine host's" cottage, about three miles from the Pond, as he persisted in calling it, and after a hearty meal, long ere the sun lit the peaks of the highest mountains around us, we set out "across lots," Wilson, the guide, with one eye skyward eagerly observing every token of a day favorable to our sport, and filling my ear with extraordinary yarns of the fishing days gone by.

After about an hour we reached the height of land immediately adjoining the waters we were in search of, and as Wilson pointed proudly down into the valley at our feet and remarked, "There is the best trout pond in New England," a remark which I took with a degree of incredulity, making proper allowance for his pride in a favorite resort, I beheld a beautiful lakelet almost completely surrounded by the virgin forest of spruce, hemlock and fir. A smart breeze ruffled its surface, and the guide's face was wreathed in smiles as I gazed at the sight in admiration and wonder; for I will venture to state that no less than one hundred elegant "breaks" were made within my range of vision in as many seconds.

Descending to the rocky shores, "neath a stately fir we found the skiff of a neighbor, that Wilson had secured for the day, and after carefully getting in casting shape we pushed out into the lake. What had been a half hour before a strong, steady breeze, just suited in fact to casting, was now but an occasional flabby gust of wind, which seemed to bode ill to our success; but while I was getting impatient, Wilson was forecasting a fine day's sport, and, indeed, true to his prediction, so it proved.

With the rising sun came a fine breeze, and when a few moments later a beauty seized my fly with the characteristic determination of the brook trout, I could but feel that here was a nook unchronicled in the sportsman's atlas. No other species of fish are found in the clear cold water of Pico. Fed by three mountain brooks, transparent and beautiful, it lies there among those mountains a gem, uncut but rare.

The result of our day's casting was 18lbs. of brook trout as handsome as ever rose to fly. Upon the sandy bottom at the inlet of these brooks were scores and scores of the "handsomest fish that swim," varying in size from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., while the brooks themselves teem with finny inhabitants.

This for the headwaters of the Ottaquechee, of which as yet but little is known. No doubt the old Green Mountain State contains many such spots, equally as tempting to the followers of Walton, but for complete satisfaction I think this day's sport was fully as gratifying as any ever spent on lake or stream.

BYRON.

FOR "FOREST AND STREAM" READERS.

WE have secured, for the private information of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, knowledge of a number of streams and lakes easily accessible from this city, where we believe that good fishing for trout and black bass may be had. The information, much of which comes from private sources, we are not at liberty to print, but we shall be glad to furnish it without charge to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM who will apply for it, either personally or by letter.

PROTECTOR CARR.—The Ithaca, N. Y., *Journal*, commenting on the work of State Game Protector Carr, says: "Mr. Carr, in a manner reputed to be fearless and conscientious, is industriously putting the scourge of the law to offenders big or little, rich or poor, influential or friendless, in his territory. Although a Republican appointee under a Democratic governor, the most strenuous advocates for his retention when his removal was sought were found among the uncompromising, hardshell Bourbon Democrats of this city. The present laws are onerous. Protector Carr is executing them relentlessly. He will either succeed in making them so obnoxious 'as to bring about their modification or repeal; or they will stand approved and fish and game once more abound."

A Constant Reader.

When I fail to take the FOREST AND STREAM you may know that I have handed in my checks.—J. G. S.

A THREE WEEKS' OUTING.

WHEN a sportsman sends an account of his trip to your valued paper he is so enamored of the fish or game he has taken that he forgets numberless things that would be of interest and profit to your readers, who are likewise sportsmen. Now, as I go hunting and fishing with my husband, I will, for novelty's sake, give your patrons a woman's view of things seen and done during the last three weeks of August, 1890.

Up the Hudson by night and over the New York Central by day brought us to Niagara in time to get a night view of the upper rapids and falls. The next morning gave us ample time so revive all former recollections of this grand scene. During the afternoon we went over to Toronto and took the boat down the St. Lawrence. The early morning found us at the beginning of the Thousand Islands, and the brilliant day showed them to the greatest advantage. We intended to stop over at Alexandria Bay for the fishing, but learned on inquiry there was little or no fishing either there or at Clayton. Either the sewage or the multitude of steam launches or something else kept the fish lower down the river. The novel experiences of the plunges down the various rapids were greatly enjoyed. There is no other place short of the Danube where a similar experience can be had. At Ogdensburg my husband caught sixteen bass weighing from 1 to 2 lbs. each in three hours. Another man by trolling caught six muscalonge, averaging 5 lbs. each, in the same time, and the middle of August, we were told, is not as good as later, frosty nights having an invigorating effect on the appetites of fish as of people.

A few interesting days were passed in Montreal—essentially an American city—where the boodle aldermen and errant bank cashiers have given the citizens the idea that Americans are made of money, and have taught them to charge those from the States about thirty-three per cent. more than Canadians. One of the boodlers—the reputed stakeholder—built, and still owns, a fine block of houses in a fashionable street, vieing in architectural beauty and solid construction with the many fine residences of the wealthy.

We took a night boat down the river to Quebec. Its beautiful situation, toboggan slide streets, its forts, battle fields, and monuments, and the Montmorency Falls were all visited and greatly enjoyed. The caleche gives oddity and the British officer gives color to the scene. The very small scarlet cap stuck on the side of his head helps the caleche in the effect produced. Quebec, Washington and St. Augustine, are said to be the three cities of America worth a journey to see. We did not enjoy so fully its high-priced first-class hotel, which in New York would have been a poor second-class.

Lured by the highly colored pictures and glowing advertisements of the large trout of Lake Edward, and the ouinانش of Lake St. John and the Grand Discharge, my husband made particular inquiries about them. A man at the hotel who claimed to be just down from Lake St. John said: "I am no fisherman, and I had no suitable tackle or flies, but I went down on the wharf, a few steps from the hotel the other morning, and caught fifteen ouinانش, weighing from 3 to 5 lbs. each, in a half hour or so." This was the place we had been looking for, and we took the train for Lake Edward next morning.

We reached there about 2 o'clock, passing on the way through a region extending for 20 or 30 miles formed of a network of streams, that were said to be alive with trout and ouinانش, but every part of it is controlled by some club. We found the hotel at Lake Edward to be a plain, even rough, wooden building, with no conveniences whatever for ladies. It was poorly kept and not at all clean. There was ouinانش, but no trout, on the table, which rather surprised us, as there are no ouinانش in Lake Edward, the advertisements said nothing but trout. After dinner my husband found there were no guides to be had and no fishing except at the foot of the lake, 13 miles distant, and then with bait only. Being a fair hand at casting a fly he detests bait-fishing. To get to the fishing ground it would be necessary to charter a steam launch. He drew the line at the launch and wasted the afternoon in catching chubs not far from the hotel.

The next morning he found a man familiar with the lake and under his guidance fished for two miles the likeliest looking places, but did not obtain a rise or see the slightest evidence of fish. Disgusted with Lake Edward, and with the Munchausen stories told of its fish, we took the afternoon train for Roberval, on Lake St. John, where five-pound ouinانش could be caught from the dock, a few yards from the hotel.

We arrived an hour before dark. The hotel is beautifully situated and fairly well managed. The broad lake stretches out like an ocean before it, with no land visible on the opposite side. With a strong wind blowing it is very much like an ocean. On inquiry we found that there was no fishing nearer than the Grand Discharge—twelve miles distant—and there never was any except in the spring when the ice was breaking up. Then large fish could be caught from the wharf with bait. This was a grievous disappointment, and if my husband had not been a very temperate man in speech, the advertisers of Lake St. John fishing would have been forcibly and graphically characterized. Later in the evening we learned that small trout could be caught in a brook that entered the lake five miles distant. He engaged a guide for next morning, anticipating a pleasant canoe trip if we got no fish.

At breakfast time next morning a team came to the door with a long wagon and a birch canoe on it, and behind another team and buckboard. On inquiry we found they were to take Madame and Monsieur to the brook. The fishing was not down the lake, but five miles inland. There was some more suppressed indignation at the deception, and then the procession started. An hour's drive brought us to a magnificent brook, almost a river—with falls and deep holes and fallen trees lying in it, running now through meadows and again through woods, an ideal place for fish. If in Maine or the Adirondacks it would have been swarming with big trout. After faithful fishing for several miles, using a great variety of the most approved flies, fifteen small trout were the result, the largest a half-pound; and we were told that we were very successful, none larger ever being caught. Another visitor went to a more distant brook and caught one. Disgust don't express the state of mind in which we walked home, to meet the teams coming for us at the edge of the village. Holding a mass meeting in our room, after dinner, we unanimously voted Canadian advertising a delusion and a snare, and Lake St. John a big fraud.

A quiet Sunday renewed somewhat our enthusiasm. And on Monday morning we determined to go to the Grand Discharge. In Canada the ordinary man don't seem to be able to tell the whole truth. There seems to be always some reserve that inures to his profit. The hotel bill was 50 cents a day more than the advertised charges. The passage to the Grand Discharge was \$1. When we got there the steamboat anchored in the middle of the rushing stream, and 25 cents each was charged to take us ashore, which could be done only in a canoe. The best fishing was said to be two miles distant at a camp. Once settled in the camp, things were pleasant enough—for a camp. Of course everything was very primitive. The scenery was grand. The water rushed by like Niagara below the falls or the rapids of the St. Lawrence. And the volume of it was immense. The charges were \$2 per day for each person and the canoe-men charged \$2 each. Two were necessary for each fisherman, owing to the very rapid current; so it costs a fisherman \$6 per day. The ouinانش seemed abundant. Their fins could be seen as they rolled over porpoise-fashion wherever the foam gathered in patches; but they were not eager for the fly. The average catch is six a day to each rod, and the largest caught last summer, according to the record of the camp, was 54 lbs. The average is 1 to 2 lbs. The water was covered with a small fly similar to the Beaverkill, with which they gorged themselves, and so were indifferent to the artificial ones.

The Saguenay is the outlet of Lake St. John, and the Grand Discharge is the beginning of it. The distance to Chicoutimi, the head of navigation, is given as 42 miles, 36 of which are rapids. Some of it very rapid, and there are several miles in which no boat could live. We determined to make the descent to Chicoutimi in a birch canoe. We had two very skillful habitants. The actual time in making the descent was five and a quarter hours, not counting a carry of four miles. The scenery is grand, and the whole effect thrilling, at times the rush almost takes your breath away. Boating in the Adirondacks is tame and flat compared to it, yet with careful men it is not at all dangerous. The birch is a very safe boat, as the passenger sits in the bottom, and it is so light it can be propelled wherever there is a heavy dew. The charge is fifteen dollars, and the expenses of the carry, for the rapids. The last six miles—which seem more like twelve—are made in a carriage, and cost six dollars additional. From Chicoutimi there is a daily steamer to Quebec, taking about eighteen hours.

We returned home by the Adirondacks; coming by small boat from the Upper Saranac to the Raquette, and thence by steamer to Blue Mountain, and then by stage, rail and river to our city home.

Reviewing the trip after six months have passed, and its small vexations have been forgotten, we conclude that pleasure costs more to the square foot in Canada than in the States; Americans are charged from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. more than Canadians at hotels, and we suspect the same in the stores. About Lake St. John everything is very dear. This is due no doubt to the Hudson's Bay Fur Co., which formerly had the only store in this region—everything was paid for in barter—and as they charged very high for the goods, farm products were rated high also, and when money came in with the railroad—three or four years ago—the same price was charged in cash that the article was reckoned to be worth in barter.

Fishing is poor, all the good streams are controlled by clubs. In brooks not connected with deep waters, the fish are probably killed by the long continued and extreme cold. The small streams are frozen solid for three or four months of the year. Any one going to Lake Edward or Lake St. John expecting good sport, except at the time of the breaking up of the ice, will be disappointed. At the Grand Discharge there are ouinانش to be caught all summer, but not in any great numbers, the average for the summer being 8 to 10 lbs. to the rod per day at an expense of six dollars, without counting the cost of getting there. It would require much enthusiasm, or a long purse, to enjoy this for any considerable time.

While at Lake St. John we visited the Hudson's Bay Fur Company's station. They employ the Cree and Montagnais Indians, tribes formerly numerous and powerful. At the time of our visit they were getting ready to depart on their annual trip to Hudson's Bay. They seemed very poor, being clothed in the cheapest kind of clothing, lodged in miserable tents, with in many cases the ground for a floor, and their food consisted of thick cakes baked on the top of the stoves, one of which was in each tent. We saw no meat or vegetables; nevertheless they seemed strong and healthy, and their families were large. The company furnishes them in advance with groceries, traps, arms and ammunition—whatever will aid them in hunting and sustain them while doing it. They leave in August and September and return during the following May and June. The returns of the winter of 1889-90 were thirteen and a half tons of pelts, varying from the most costly to the most common furs, all of which were shipped to London. The poor fellows that get them probably find very little to their credit when their accounts are settled.

C. S. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As suggested, I have carefully read the communication you referred to me with the remark, "What have you to say to that?" The communication is a series of charges against the authorities of the Quebec and Lake St. Johns railroad, the hotel keepers, the guides, and above all does it convey dark innuendoes against all fishermen who have told big or little stories of the fishing in Lakes Edward and St. John. I don't know why you pitched on me specially as the party responsible. Am I to be the scapegoat for all the big stories of Lake Edward fishing, simply because I have fished there and made some statements in regard to it? I do not remember what I said of it, but whatever it was I will stick to it, no true fisherman ever falls a fish.

On my first trip to Lake Edward I hired a boat and a guide to row me to the best fishing grounds, and I tried first the fly, then bait, then trolling with feathered spoon, with the result of one solitary trout weighing about 2 lbs. caught trolling. I returned to the hotel at night disgusted, packed my belongings, and took the first train home; but I was so charmed with the lake itself and the beautiful scenery that I determined to try it again later in the season. This time I hired a boat and went prospecting by myself, having learned that my guide on the

former occasion played upon my verdancy and did not expend his muscle in taking me where he should. He pulled me down the lake about five miles when he should have taken me ten. In the course of a few days' prospecting I discovered grounds where I had splendid success, and thereafter had no cause for complaint.

My experience on my first trip was, as I say, very similar to that of your complaining correspondent, and had I not made my second trip I should have held similar opinion. I found, as did "C. S. W.," that there was no good fly-fishing in the deep waters of the lake, but I could and did get a good many small trout by casting along shore in the shallower waters. To get satisfactory fly-fishing it was necessary to go to the outlet or discharge, called the Jeanotte River. There I found the finest fly-fishing I ever experienced, and caught more large trout than I ever had taken on any waters in a lifetime's fishing, running from 1 to 4 lbs., the latter an exceptional size, I admit, but I did get many weighing as high as 3 lbs., a true bill and no nonsense. I brought them home, and friends who ate them will indorse my assertions—if a fair and square fish story ever needs substantiating (an insult to the cloth).

Although a fly-fisherman from infancy I am not so terribly scientific as to scorn an occasional indulgence in bait-fishing, and any one going to Lake Edward not so thoroughly dyed in the wool as not to disdain that sort of fishing, if acquainted with the best grounds or having a guide that is, can land some splendid fish from a boat fishing off the points in about 25 or 30 ft. of water. The fish are the true brook trout, gamy, and the most beautifully marked I ever saw, even handsomer than the famed rainbow trout of St. Cloud River in California.

Your correspondent failed to enjoy the fly-fishing from not going to the foot of the lake and fishing in the outlet, and also deep water bait-fishing because the guide did not take the party far enough down the lake. For some reason the fishing is not good at the upper end near the station. Presumably because the water is not deep and there is bottom grass; although fine fish have been taken near the hotel early in the season.

I caught some good fish trolling from the boat in the lower lake with a small feather spoon, and also by putting a small shot on a fly, letting it sink, and reeling in smartly.

There are days when fish will not bite well in any waters; and parties should not be discouraged with the indifferent luck the first day. The next may give fine sport. They should give their minds and time to it.

Your correspondent complains of the accommodations. This I can hardly understand, as there has been a good hotel at the lake the last two years, with good rooms and a good table. The original hotel was rather a rude affair it is true, but has been relegated to the employees of the railroad for the last two or three seasons. The present hotel is good enough for any one not expecting to find a Windsor or Murray Hill in the wilderness at \$2 a day. The beds are good, the rooms neat and clean, and the terms reasonable.

So much for Lake Edward. As for Lake St. John, I am not as familiar with the fishing, as I have not exploited it.

There is a fine hotel on its banks at Roberval capable of accommodating 300 guests. I spent several days there, but at that time the steamer was undergoing repairs, and there was no means of reaching the outlet or Grand Discharge, where the best ouinانش fishing is found; but friends who have been there and fished are enthusiastic on the sport they had.

Recently a large hotel has been erected on one of the islands in the outlet, where the fishing is as it were at the doors, and there should be no difficulty in enjoying the sport without having to go far. This new hotel solves the problem of convenience and good accommodations within easy reach of this so-called ouinانش or landlocked salmon fishing. A new and larger steamer has been built, which will run from the Roberval Hotel to the Grand Discharge daily; fare one dollar, reasonable enough for such a pleasant trip.

There are several large rivers emptying into the lake that have as yet not been tried and are scarcely known, which doubtless do abound in large trout and afford fine trout fishing. This season the steamboats will carry guests to them, and will doubtless open up a new field for the fisherman. There is said to be good fishing in the lake for doré, pike and other varieties including the ouinانش, but the railroad and hotel people disclaim having made any promise that fine fishing can be had from the shore or wharf and decline to be held accountable for the yarns of irresponsible persons. It surely looks as if some one had imposed upon your correspondent in telling of the fishing from the wharf.

It is promised that every facility will be afforded tourists this season in the way of steamers on the lakes, boats, guides and camp outfits at reasonable rates and no extortion permitted. The railroad company is the lessee of lakes Edward and St. John and their tributaries and outlets except the Jeanotte River, the outlet of Lake Edward, which has been secured by a club which will make a reasonable charge for fishing in that river. All the waters under lease to the railroad and hotel company will be free to the public, the Jeanotte River Club alone making a charge. At Lake Edward the hotel people will give attention to the question of good men as guides and good boats; and will have a small steam yacht to tow boats down to the foot of the lake, which will be a great convenience, and what has been greatly needed, as it will enable parties who do not care to camp out to get down to the best fishing grounds early and back in time for dinner, giving ample opportunity for fishing—at least six hours. The charges for all these accommodations will be reasonable—hotel charges, \$2 per day, or \$10 per week, at which no one can cavil. The railroad will run drawing room cars, and more frequent trains at excursion rates.

The trip is a delightful one, the scenery fine, and as for Lake Edward it is one of the most beautiful to be found in any country in the world, with its limpid waters, bold shores wooded to the water's edge, interspersed with islands like emeralds on its placid bosom. It is well worth a visit, aside from the fishing. A sail down to the outlet twenty-two miles and back is about as delightful an excursion as any lover of scenery could ask for; and as for fishing, I will guarantee that if your complaining correspondent will follow my example and try it again, giving several days to it, she will change her opinion and become a convert to the beauties and the

fishing she will enjoy. You can't expect all the cardinal virtues for \$7 a month, as the soldier said when on trial before a court martial for drunkenness.

Now, as for the wail over exorbitant charges at Lake St. Johns. The hotel people can hardly be held responsible for what boatmen charge tourists, as heretofore the men owned their own canoes, and we all know that human nature in Canada is not very different from what we find it at all the fishing and watering places. Try Newport or Long Island and see where they will land you; try any place in the Adirondacks and you will find the same thing. The tourist that travels and fishes at a thirty-mile-the-hour gait must pay the penalty. I have done a good deal of exploring in my day and visited hundreds of places advertised as the paradise of the sportsman and found 90 per cent frauds. I have paid high for boats, guides and transportation, and had nothing to show for it; been further and fared worse than "C. S. W." did, and had I in each case gone for the authors of alluring advertisements my life would have been devoted to the pursuit of justice under difficulties. I found the people in Canada a very fair lot in comparison with our own at the resorts of tourists. Good hotel fare at \$2 a day is not high; you can hardly stay at home for that. A boat at 50 cents a day is reasonable; a guide at \$1 is less than you can hire an imported citizen for to come and clean up your back yard, occupying about an hour. Common laborers get \$2.75 a day here in New York. A one-horse vehicle to drive to the Park costs \$5, a carriage \$10. You can't equal that in Canada. We pay all these prices at home, then go abroad and complain at paying less than half those rates. It is hardly reasonable to expect luxuries at cost price. They come high, but we must have them seemingly. They are not economical adjuncts to happiness.

I have taken some pains to get posted on this season's

day, and which any one can see who is lucky enough to visit the upper reaches of this singular stream. To begin at the very beginning go to the upper pond, or "Head Pond," which lies on the far side of Castalia village from the club house. This is much like a plain pond of clear water, and is not spectacular in its effects, but it is full of feed, shrimps, crawfish, miller's thumbs, etc. It is about 5 acres in size, and is made by springs. From this upper pond an arm of the old natural stream used to cross the town above the Castalia mill, and wind through the scanty woods to the right of the railroad depot as you look up from the club house, coming across the meadow which lies at the right of the club house. This old natural stream is now abandoned, and the main volume of the water from the upper pond flows through a winding artificial bed, which in a few years has so grown up with moss and water plants that it presents only the natural characteristics of the stream. This main stream comes rushing and tumbling past the old mill site and falls with a series of pretty cascades into the great square pool known as the mill pool. This is a lovely pool indeed, deep, white and lively, the focus of four convergent, meandered or natural streams, and full enough of oxygen to intoxicate even a trout.

Just above the mill pool lies the center setting and chief gem of all this property, that magnificent natural spring known as the Blue Hole, which is the original source of the mystery and romance of the Castalia stream. This great spring is the second supply for the stream. The third supply is the "lower blue hole." As the fourth, we may add the artesian well spring struck last month by the Lower Club, mention of which was made in the issue of May 14. Thus it may be seen that a tremendous body of water must underlie all this little valley. This supposition makes possible all the artificial meandering of the stream which has been carried on by the Upper

one two-pounder to the quiet fly cast late in the evening. Just above the bridge which connects the club house to the dining hall there lies a little reach of rapid but deep water, and in this we could see the trout moving about all the time. Andy, the keeper, demonstrated ocularily the assertion that trout could be taken from the doorstep by catching one on the fly as we stood watching the fish working in the pool beneath the bridge.

Suppose we now face about and look down stream from the club house bridge, we shall see the straight water lying directly ahead, between the big cottonwoods that line the race, till it crosses the line of the club possessions. Off to the right of this, on an apparently low and level plot of ground, not sixty acres in extent, is the latest completed artificial water, and there is three miles of fishing water, all on this fifty-seven acres. It would seem impossible to wind the water around so much and still get any fall to it enough to make it lively, but the pitch of the land is far sharper than it looks. We found that throughout all this new water the flow was swift and steady. The peculiar moss which is all through the stream has already spread all through this new stream, and that there are trout there I know very well, for Mr. Zollinger, the president of the club, and myself caught some in there in the evening. The fish in the new water did not seem to be so large as those above the mill pool. All this new water has the customary number of floats, rock piles and other artificial shelters. Across the necks of the curves foot bridges are laid, so that one can pass rapidly from one part of the stream to another. The Upper Club has in all $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of made stream, averaging 22ft. in width and 4ft. in depth. On its 104 acres of property it has 6 miles of fishing water, and not a point of it all is over ten minutes walk from the club house. The 3 miles of new water below the club house was made in 1890.

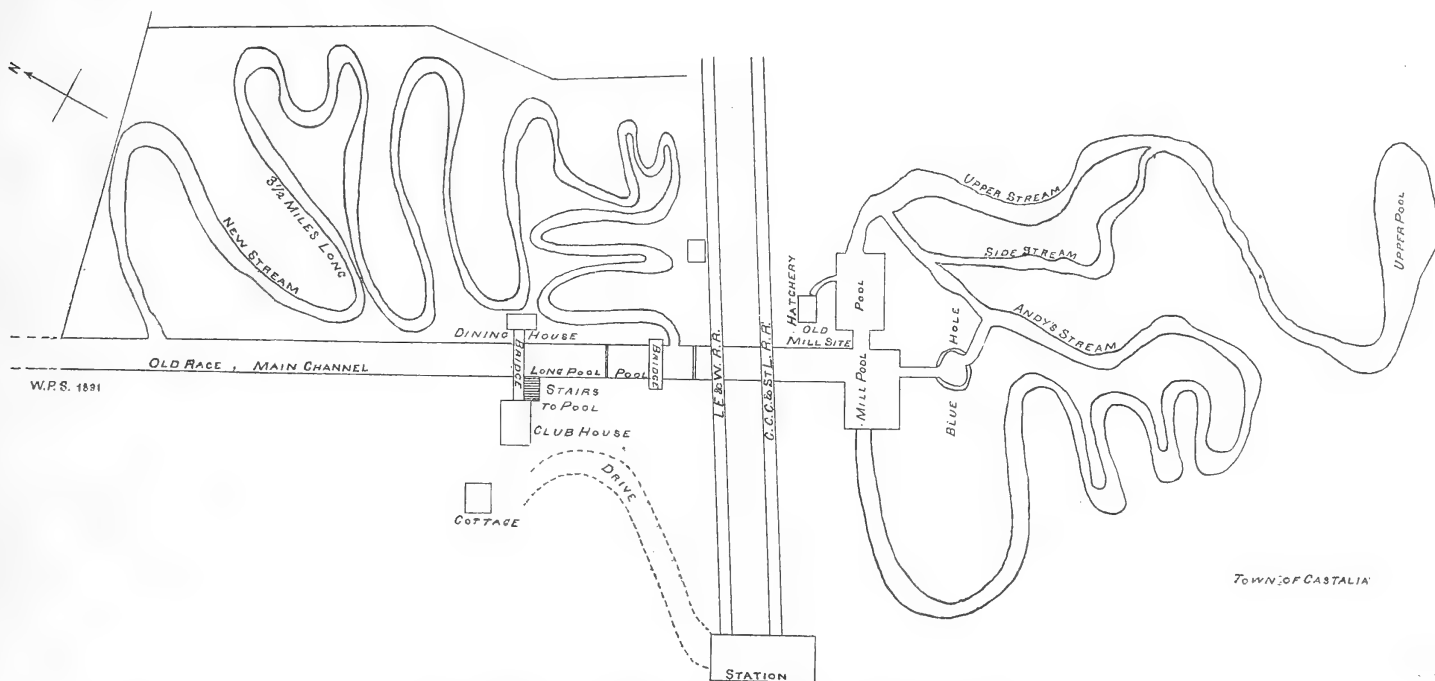


DIAGRAM OF UPPER CLUB'S STREAM AND GROUNDS.

(From original design by Andy Englert.)

prospects at Lakes Edward and St. John, and have it from the best authority that great pains will be taken this year to make everything agreeable and no extortion permitted.

If "C. S. W." will make that trip again about the middle of August I will meet her there and introduce her to some very large trout that I have in reserve, and she shall take a 5-pounder with her own fair hands, and thereby be compensated for past disappointments.

R. L. OGDEN.

THE CASTALIA STREAM.—III.

THE "UPPER CLUB."

MILLER, the keeper of the Lower Club, took me on his wagon for the short but muddy ride between the latter club and the headquarters of its neighbor, the "Upper Club," as we may most easily distinguish it. The white sides of the Castalia mill, which is a landmark on the upper stream, were easily visible all the way, and presently we could see the club house of the Upper Club, and could define the course of their streams and boundary lines. Miller pointed these out, he being familiar with them, the more especially in his work as contractor in the building of some of the "new stream." A tall pole marked the location of the lower blue hole, as Miller called it, and across the pleasant meadow the tall cottonwoods pointed out the line of the old raceway. There are two of these raceways, and each club has one, the water therein running straight as a line between the old artificial banks. The curving water connecting these races lies in the meadow, and the last of these curves, as I believe I have already said, rounds out into the lower race right at the club house of the Lower Club. All this mid-way panorama showed nicely in the bright spring morning, for now the weather had grown warmer, and the snow had disappeared.

Miller drove through the country lane up to the edge of Castalia town, turned into the club driveway at the railway depot and put me out at the door of the club house. Here a little crowd of welcoming members poured out, and FOREST AND STREAM had changed hosts.

Andy Englert, the keeper of the Upper Club, made me a diagram of the club grounds, showing the course of the streams, etc. This is of course only relative, and foreshortened out of all perspective, but in spite of its sufferings at later hands in re-drawing, if the reader will glance at it, he can get a better idea of what we saw this April

Club. The "Side Stream" and "Andy's Stream," ooth of which can be seen wandering around between the head pond and the Blue Hole. As you look up-stream, "Andy's Stream" curves off to the right of the Blue Hole and comes into the mill pool below it. This part is not yet an actual stream, but will be. When we were there the whole willow flat which used to be the bottom of Hoyt's mill pond was heaped up in long curving lines of yellow dirt and laborers were trenching as though for heavy railway work. It will take all summer, probably, to complete this stream and get the water through it right, and to level down the unsightly banks as is the intention. There will be a mile of new water on the willow flat when the work is done. At present the fishing above the mill pool is chiefly in the curving artificial stream first mentioned, which runs from the head pond to the mill pool.

And now for a look into the Blue Hole. It is a sight not to be forgotten. No wonder the simple natives of a superstitious day shivered in awe as they gazed into its weird and ghostly depths, motionless, changeless, transparent, and draped with funeral gloom along its curving sides. The sight makes one's shoulder blades creep to-day. I should think at a guess that it is 75 to 100ft. across this great spring. It is nearly a perfect circle, and tapers down, cone-shaped, or with sides curving like those of a drinking tumbler, to a depth of 43ft. Drop a nickel in, and you can see it every inch to the bottom. The green moss hangs out in great streams on the sides. The water is clear, but of a steel blue, ghostly cast. Its volume is always just about the same, and it is always just so clear and just so cold. The uniform temperature of the great spring is 50°. Below the spring the stream warms 2° per mile. At the brick mill of the Lower Club, and at Venice, two or three miles below that, the nearly uniform temperature is 71°. The trout live all through the stream in equal condition. At this early date of April there seemed to be a general working of the large trout toward the head of the stream. The average of the fish we secured out from under the floats was very heavy. I never saw such a quantity of one-pound, pound-and-a-half or two-pound trout. The stream seemed full of them.

At the foot of the mill pool all the waters are united, and from the railway down past the club house the stream lies straight in the banks of the old raceway, passing through two splendid deep pools above the club house, each of which has in its time yielded more than

That the fishing on the upper stream is good was proved within a few minutes after we had entered the club house, for several anglers had been out that morning and had brought in good creels. Mr. J. C. Zollinger, the club president, had been especially fortunate and showed a basket of magnificent fish, a number of which ran over the pound mark. He had in his catch one European brown trout of about a pound weight, one of the few which have been heard from in the stream out of the small number planted. This was a plump and shapely fish, but not more beautiful than the brook trout which lay beside it. To show alike the local plenty of feed and the natural voracity of the trout, Andy showed me the contents of the stomach of one of the trout. There were over 200 of the small so-called fresh-water shrimps, nearly a handful in all. Of this sort of feed, of crawfish, miller's thumb and stickleback minnows and the like the Castalia stream is literally full. The water is good for the feed and the feed is good for the fish. Trout conditions are about perfect in Castalia stream, and they obtain in the made streams to an extent one would hardly think possible in so short a time.

In the afternoon it came off bright and quiet, and the trout did not rise, but it was very pleasant to walk along the banks and watch the water and the trout. Such great lusty big fellows, and so many of them! They lay under the protection of the floats for the most part, but if you stamped hard upon the covering they would dart out in schools, perhaps a dozen, sometimes twenty or thirty great big fellows. It is not forbidden by the ethics of this club to fish under the floats, and many of the large trout taken are caught upon a fly under the float with the current. This is not fly-casting, and though it is fly-fishing in some sense of the word it is not high grade work, and therefore not really good enough for this club. Only "artificial bait" may be used, and I sincerely hope that this means strictly the artificial fly. That is the only lure which should be tolerated for an instant on this stream. The limit for a day's catch is 15lbs.

The club has a hatchery of its own, a little building by the side of the great mill pond, and the stream is constantly stocked. Andy has twice gone up to the Anna River, or the south shore of Lake Superior, to secure spawn, though not with any very great success. From now on the club will plant annually about 500,000 fry, and such yearlings or younger as it may be possible to obtain from the Government. The first outlay of the club

at planting was during the first year, when it spent \$100 and put in 20,000 fry. Then at different plantings it put in 2,500, 7,500, 2,000 fry, and then 35,000. Then it put in 200,000, and then 150,000, then 300,000. The Government put in 3,000 yearlings, and then 5,000 yearlings. This year 400 yearlings were put in. It is probable that the club will reconsider an action which may have been too hasty, and will hereafter put in none but the American brook trout. There were 200 fry of the European brown trout put in two years ago, and five years ago there were planted at different times 5,000, 2,000 and 10,000 rainbow trout fry. A number of these fish have been taken over 2lbs. in weight. There have been planted also 100 yearlings each of the Loch Leven trout, Von Behr trout and 100 brook trout a year and a half old. Thus the active organization shows itself fully disposed to be up and doing, and not disposed to let its property or its sport decline.

I have already said something, and perhaps nearly enough, about the early history of both these Castalia clubs, but I find some little discrepancies as to dates in the several stories I have heard from different club members. In a talk with Mr. A. C. Moss, treasurer of the club, at Sandusky, that gentleman referred to the records and gave me the following facts, which should be accurate: It is usually said that the club organized in October, 1879, but the first certificate of stock of the "Upper Club" was issued really May 15, 1873, the club being then first incorporated as the "Cold Creek Trout Club." This was on the old leasehold basis with the Castalia Milling Co., \$50 a year for 20 years. Then followed the deliberate persecutions of the latter concern, and when it was decided to buy the ground outright instead of leasing, the club changed its name to "The Cold Creek Sporting Club Company." The club then put money into it and shares were held at \$400. Then again, in 1890, the club again changed its name, this time to "The Castalia Trout Club Company," and this is the legal and actual name of the "Upper Club" to-day. Not so very many men could answer an off-hand question as to the name of either of these two clubs of the Castalia stream, but the distinction of upper and lower club will serve.

The Upper Club has a membership of 67, which would seem quite large enough. There is a smattering here of the neophyte element, always delightful, albeit innocent of the guileful ways of the wily trout, but the per cent. of old stagers is quite enough to bring up these younger gentlemen into the full skill of the angler's craft, for there are skillful trout fishermen here as you will find anywhere.

Thus far the Upper Club has wisely been putting its money into the work on the new streams, thus extending its amount of fishing as quickly as possible, so that time may at once begin the work of softening the artificial quality and rendering all as like as possible to the natural home of the trout. Indeed, the chief factor of interest in the story of this part of the stream is this artificial extension of the stream. It is work new in the angling world, this building of trout water. Doubtless many readers of this, who are used to the rough country natural to trout, will think that no hand but that of nature can make a trout stream, and will value lightly the charm and worth of this artificial water. There is no license for any one to do this, though it needs an actual visit to the grounds to understand this perfectly. It should be remembered that all this valley is level and not rough, the stream having no mountains, hills or heavy timber near it. It is not a mountain, but a meadow trout stream, and one part of the meadow is as good as another for the stream provided that the water pass over it with the swiftness and coldness of the natural stream. The clever engineering of the club has made this sure in its work, as you may see by going over the stream.

The water of the old mysterious springs carries its charm with it as it goes. The moss is even now spreading all through the new water, and the feed is following the moss all along. It is not thought that the meandering of the stream will change the temperature of the water for the Lower Club, but still there should be plenty of consideration before too much of this meandering is done. It would probably be easy for the Upper Club to sink an artesian well and tap a stream say half way down its grounds, which would keep down the temperature and increase the volume of the fishing water, but no one could foretell just what effect this would have upon conditions now existent above the half-way point of the property. The well spring of the Lower Club, just sunk, lowered the big Blue Hole a foot in one night, and scared the Upper Club half to death. A few more tapings and the big Blue Hole may go to the demeriton bow-wows, and there you are. It would seem safer and better for the Upper Club, and both the clubs, to be conservative and careful and to let well enough alone after this. There is no more audacious finger-snapping in the face of nature on record than this stocking, changing and improving of the Castalia stream, but nature is behind it all after all, and she should not be defied to the point of insult, or she may get even, as she has a baddish way of doing sometimes.

One point about the history of the subterranean stream of the Castalia Valley is of interest and will lend additional mystery to the mysterious quality of this locality, and that is the story of how this stream was located before the boring on the well was commenced. In the issue of May 14 I stated that Mr. Ely had announced the striking of the flow, but that was not really the first I had heard of this artesian well. When Miller was taking me up to the Upper Club, on this day of which I am writing here, he showed me where the well was sinking, and told why that spot was chosen. "We got it by the divining rod," said he, "one of them witch hazel sticks with a crotch in it. You know you just hold the rod loose in your hands, and when you walk over the water the fork of the rod just twists down. The rod won't turn for everybody. It won't turn for anybody who ain't a 'witch.' We had an expert down from Cleveland to locate the water, but the rod worked for me just as well as for him. We found that the stream flows under the meadow and right past the corner of my barn. The rod would twist over so strong you couldn't hold it."

Miller evidently had perfect simple faith in the truth of all this. I don't have any faith in the divining rod, though there may be "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." In this case, however, we must all be credulous and must believe the story of the water witch. The divining rod was the only thing lacking to round out the history of this enchanted

and still enchanting stream. People have always said that Castalia Stream was "bewitched," from the time of Major Rogers, 1765, till now, and who shall deny this today, after the successful event of the witch's witching?

The Upper Club has not yet a very large club house, but will soon build another larger. It has also one hotel, just across the bridge from the club house, one cottage, one tenement house, one barn, one ice house and one hatchery. And then it has Andy. It is the only club in the world that has Andy. Andy Englert comes of a family of old country game keepers. He has all the skill and gentleness of heart which one in his place should have, and all the patience and love of watching the ways of small things. The club will never part with Andy. He has more than half made the club what it is.

In the supper room we looked over the trophies on the wall, pictures, mounted fish and birds, etc. Mr. Frank N. Beebe, of Columbus, O., an angler of wide traveling experience, has presented the club with two trout from the Rockies, nicely mounted, one a magnificent trout, 11lbs., of the Coeur D'Alene Lake country (*Salmo malma*), the other a mountain trout, 3lbs., from the Coeur D'Alene River. These hang before the eyes of all and show the glory of the tribe. In the evening we looked for some glories close at home, and went through a few pages of the club record. I found that in 1887 there were caught by the Upper Club members 1,634 trout, total weight, 557lbs. In 1888, 2,270 fish, total weight, 6184lbs., one fish taken that year which weighed 2lbs. In 1889, 2,407 fish, weight, 768lbs., largest fish, 2lbs. 9oz. In 1890, 3,243 fish, weight, 1,054lbs., largest fish, 2lbs. 12oz., this was a rainbow trout. The catch of 1891 will doubtless be the heaviest yet. In the first week of the season this year there were caught 343 fish, weight 157lbs. The heaviest fish ever taken on the grounds was a pure brook trout, and weighed 3lbs. 2oz. Some days' catches I caught on the pages turned, Mr. G. W. Baker, 4 fish, 8lbs.; Mr. J. L. Seenie, 15 fish, 104lbs.; Mr. J. C. Zollinger, 15 fish, 8lbs.; Mr. Frank N. Beebe, 3 fish, 5lbs. 2oz.; Mr. Geo. W. Bills, 27 fish, 14lbs.; Mr. G. W. Oswald, 30 fish, 14lbs. 12oz.; Mr. J. S. Sweeney, 39 fish, 21lbs. 8oz., one fish 1lb. 13oz.; Mr. C. T. Hasbrouck, 17 fish, 8lbs. 8oz.; Mr. B. D. Babcock, 3 fish, 2lbs.; Mr. Frank N. Beebe, 21 fish, 9lbs., one fish, 1lb. 10 z.; Mr. Jos. Ingersoll, 28 fish, 11lbs. 8oz.; Mr. N. B. Hasbrouck, 26 fish, 14lbs. 6oz. And so forth. Moreover, Judge DeWitt, Mr. Zollinger and Andy killed 51 woodcock in one day, 79 in a day and a half. This was last year, up on the willow flat where the new stream is now building.

All the comforts of home at the Upper Club, and all the courtesies in the world. What men these sportsmen are! They put paper and writer under obligations. And so the visit ended, of a bright and clear morning, leaving unpaid the debt of courtesy to all the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. J. C. Zollinger, president, Sandusky, O.; Mr. G. W. Bills, vice-president, Toledo; Mr. A. C. Moss, treasurer, Sandusky; Mr. A. L. Moss, secretary, Sandusky; Messrs. Zollinger, Bills, Moss, F. N. Beebe, Geo. J. Johnson, J. S. Sweeney, C. T. Hasbrouck, directors; Messrs. Geo. A. Ingersoll, Richard Bacon, Calvery Morse, Burton D. Babcock, Jas. W. Fenner, Daniel Myers, Lee McBride, C. B. Beach, C. W. Scofield, Geo. F. Ely, John Huntington, A. G. Huntington, R. A. Carran, H. E. Hill, M. A. Bradley, S. H. Nicholson, M. M. Rodgers, L. C. Carran, Tom L. Johnson, Jas. B. Clyne, Jos. Ingersoll, Clark T. Hasbrouck, N. B. Hasbrouck, John C. Weideman, George J. Johnson, W. Scott Robinson, Thomas H. White, Geo. W. Baker, Henry W. White, Joseph Kilby, Rollin H. White, Geo. W. Short, Ralph Worthington, J. S. Dickle, Wm. Grief, all of Cleveland; Mrs. John Huntington, Ida R. Baker, Cleveland; Messrs. Jos. M. Spencer, J. W. Oswald, Geo. W. Bills, Chas. W. Reynolds, Clarence Brown, John A. Waite, Geo. E. Pomeroy, John B. Ketcham, all of Toledo; Mr. W. F. Smith, Paynesville; Mr. J. Sweeney, Detroit; Messrs. Theo. Rhoads, Geo. J. Atkinson and F. N. Beebe, Columbus, O.; Messrs. Jere Atwater, Thos. C. Adams and Dr. Wm. Storey, Castalia; Messrs. J. C. Zollinger, Wm. L. Melville, Augustus L. Moss, Edward S. Marsh, Paul Miller, Augustus C. Moss, Adam J. Stoll, John T. Davis, all of Sandusky. Messrs. Wm. E. Miller and Fred A. Beckwith, Elyria, O.

"You see that ruined building where the walls are falling down," said Mr. Zollinger as we walked over to the depot to take the train to Sandusky. "It burned down not long ago. The family has moved away. The parents of that family built here in Castalia in earlier days, and they were both massacred by the Indians. This was always a great Indian ground."

More history, more romance, more change and shifting and passing away of the human faces which have been mirrored in Castalia stream since first it flowed. But now, as then, the stream itself flows on, always just so full, just so clear, just so cold, smiling, mocking and mysterious, and whence it comes or whither it goes no man can yet say. And if we gaze, face between hands, down into its blue depths we cannot answer that, nor can we answer it if we gaze, face between hands, up into the blue depths of the sky above. Thus the mystery of the stream is still baffling and unknown; and of this the stream will talk to itself for ages, and ages and ages, and what new faces will look into it in those days, and what they will see therein, who knows? This is a mystery also for us. But sure it is, the stream will never turn a wheel. *Va done!* It is aristocrat, this! Put wheels on it and it will withdraw beneath the ground and tell its story to the earth gnomes, never any more answering to the water witch, witch he never so wisely. E. HUGH.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—May 30.—The Gilead Slough Hunting and Fishing Association has completed its new club house, and to-day the steamer Bald Eagle conveys the members and their friends to the opening. Some 200 members and guests will take in the opening event, and the steamer will return on Monday morning. The committee of arrangements are A. E. Winkelmeyer, Edward Bartold, J. W. Schloeman and D. Delabar. Decoration Day has become a regular angler's day in this section and large delegations have gone to the various club resorts. King's Lake, Gilead Slough and Mudcock Lake are the most patronized. Angling in the lakes and sloughs is good now, but in the rivers is poor on account of muddy water.—ABERDEEN.

The Red Letter Event of the Week.

From "Shoshone," Panguitch, Utah: "I am now receiving the FOREST AND STREAM regularly, and its arrival is the red-letter event of the week."

NOTES FROM KENTUCKY.

TAYLORSVILLE, Ky., May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry to say that the great fish pond and game preserve, whose establishment was authorized by charter, has not yet materialized. Senator Gilbert has not given it the attention required, but says he will go to work shortly. Stock in the company would pay a big interest, and the improvement would be of great value to the vicinity. Fishing in Salt River is fine. The anglers have been very lucky, and some of the finest bass caught for years have come to creel this spring. There is no shooting here at this season. No game to shoot, and the interest in club shooting seems to be at the lowest ebb.

If more of the people would read FOREST AND STREAM I am sure a great interest would be manifested in the great pistol contest, but nine-tenths of them are ignorant of the project.

The Kentucky Fish and Game Club appears to have gone to sleep. I endeavor to arouse an interest in the idea of preserving and restocking wherever I go, but single-hand work is slow, and it may be a long time before the proper sentiment is awakened.

A sucker measuring 19in. was caught lately in Clear Creek, the largest of that kind ever seen in that water. More anon.

SHEPHERDSVILLE, Ky., May 20.—The fishing season opened here about the first of this month, with rod and line and trot-line. The catch by trot-line is mostly blue cats; with rod and line the only kinds caught are croppie and small-mouth bass. Fishing should have been good, as there was a rainy winter and no ice; but expectation has been disappointed and no great amount has been caught. The only spring game are red and gray squirrels. These are plentiful, but hard to find owing to the density of undergrowth in the woods.

This county would furnish a splendid location for a game and fish preserve. The land is cheap, full of small mountains, and has a covering of young timber and undergrowth. Thousands of acres could be leased for a nominal sum, and sufficient grounds for club buildings bought very low. It is only 20 miles from Louisville, the metropolis, and no more picturesque, pleasant or healthy situation could be found. A preserve of five thousand acres would furnish cover for quail, squirrels, pheasants, grouse and wild turkey, and include several miles of good streams that could soon be filled with bass and trout. There are some turkeys and deer already in the forests. Should any of your readers desire such a preserve let them give this an examination. J. S. M.

ANGLING NOTES.

MOST of the salmon anglers left last Friday and Saturday for the Canadian waters, word having been received that the salmon had made their appearance in the rivers. All that was wanted was a little rise in the water to send them up to the best pools. Owing to the cold weather the snow has melted very slowly, and there is but little danger of a freshet.

A salmon weighing 10lbs. 9oz. was caught in the Great South Bay last Thursday, of course in a net.

There was another run of good-sized salmon in the Penobscot, but most of them fell into the hands of the owners of the great fykes and other nets that obstruct the mouth of that river.

The day before Decoration Day was rather discouraging to the many thousands who left the city on sport intent. But it turned out all right, and the fishing was all the better for it. Most of the clubs were well attended, though many of the members of the South Side Club were either salmon fishing or at Tuxedo. Two gentlemen drove over to Lake Ronkoma from the South Side Sportsmen's Club and returned in the evening with forty-two black bass, all taken on the fly. The trout in the brook at the latter named club are unusually fine this season, averaging from 6½ to 7lbs. for the twenty-four, and they are perfection on the table. The fly-fishing on their four miles of stream is simply perfection. The cold clear brook runs swiftly under the overhanging trees and bushes, fringed with ferns and wild flowers. The trout are even more brightly colored than the flowers. The ruffed grouse are heard drumming on every side and the quail call in every direction. Hardly a day passes but the angler fishing quietly down the brook sees the graceful deer as they come down to drink. Mr. C. F. Imbrie saw four at once a few days ago. No wonder that the members love their splendid brook fishing.

The Ontario & Western R. R. have planted one million of fry this season, making in all over six million of young trout turned out during the past ten years, not counting the thousands of lake trout, rainbows, etc. This road has published a charming guide book, beautifully illustrated with views taken on the Beaverkill, Neversink and other famous trout streams.

Mr. H. E. Jenkins, of this city, showed the writer, a few days ago, a magnificent specimen of "brown trout" which he had killed that morning on a wild stream in Westchester county. It weighed three pounds and some ounces, I have forgotten the exact number, and Mr. Jenkins says he made a splendid fight.

Mr. Edw. A. Watson called on me a few days ago, he was on his way to the Canadian salmon rivers; his home is Nimrod Hall, Va., a place famous for fish and game. Black bass, trout, ruffed grouse and deer abound there, and once in a while a black bear can be killed. Nimrod Hall is a great resort for English sportsmen, and is always full to overflowing with guests to delight in that wild mountain scenery. Milbro is the nearest station (seven miles) on the C. & O. R. R.

Messrs. Grant & Soule, the famous guides and owners of camps on Seven Ponds, Me., write that the fishing is excellent, and there is plenty of waters there not controlled by the Megantic Club. This place is noted as being one of the few places where trout take the fly all summer. This place is reached from Rangely via Kennebec Lake. Mr. John W. Mason, 142 Duane street, New York, vouches for the fishing, and as Mr. Mason is an excellent and well-known angler there is nothing more to be said. Prof. Mayer, of Stevens Institute, has also visited this section, and speaks in the highest terms of it. SCARLET-LEGS.

THE BUSTARD FEATHER FOR FLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will some of your readers explain through your columns why tropical birds, particularly the pheasant family, have such warm downlike under-plumage? I have at times pulled to pieces many species of tropical birds to use the feathers for tying flies, and have always wondered why nature endowed these birds with plumage fit for the coldest of climates, when they were destined to live in the tropics. About the only exception to this rule that I have noticed is that of the bustard. This bird has a thick skin composed almost entirely of fat, which takes the place of down in regard to warmth.

It has probably been a mystery to many why the original designers of the different salmon flies always seemed to pick out the rarest and most expensive feathers. I think I have discovered the "why" as to at least one feather, and I am satisfied that there was "method in their madness." The bustard feather is exceedingly hard to obtain, and yet nearly every salmon fly with a mixed wing calls for that feather. I have lately been making some experiments with these feathers which give the following result: The feather is almost absolutely waterproof and very buoyant. I placed a lot of these feathers under a powerful glass, and found they were covered with minute globules of oil that had exuded from the bird's fatty skin. It is almost impossible to make the feather sink. I weighted a feather, and placed it in a basin of water to soak, after two hours I detached the weight and the feather immediately popped up to the surface. A few shakes threw off all the water and the feather to all appearances was dry. When tied with other feathers into the wing of the salmon fly, part of this oil is undoubtedly taken up by the others, thus making the whole wing waterproof to a certain extent.

The old designers certainly knew what they were about when they selected the bustard feather, and they surely had good reasons for choosing other rare and expensive feathers. Can any one throw any more light on this subject.

ESPY-KAY.

ODD ANGLING INCIDENTS.

AN angler who was fishing for trout one day last week not far from this city, was annoyed by chubs which persistently took his fly. He kept hooking chubs and throwing them off until at last without unhooking it he cast a chub back into the water. Instantly it was taken by a fish, which proved to be a brown trout weighing 3½ lbs., one of a plant of three years ago.

The London *Fishing Gazette* records the exploit of a Mr. Turle: "Although he had fished the neighborhood of Taunton for the past forty years, this veteran angler never before caught a fish in such a peculiar manner. He cast the fly in his usual form, and a moderate-sized trout rose to it. He struck, and as he thought, hooked it. For its size it gave an unusually strong and strange pull, and when landed Mr. Turle found that the fish was not hooked at all, but his gut had formed a loop with the hook, which held the fish in the middle of the body. Having on, of course, more than one fly, the fish had evidently risen to the foremost, and in striking the end hook must have become entangled with the cast of gut so as to form a noose, which fastened round the body of the fish."

THE ANGLER IN NICARAGUA.—The student of natural history will find a rare field for exercise in the wonderful flora and fauna, while to the sportsman the country is a veritable paradise. In a previous letter I spoke of the various kinds of game to be found in the forest on the Atlantic slope. To those may be added deer, which are abundant on the Pacific slope, particularly in the vicinity of Rivas. But it is the angler who will find greatest cause to rejoice. To say nothing of the barracouta, snapper, and other fine sea fish to be had off Greytown, let me confine myself to the fish of the lake and the San Juan. The most highly-esteemed fish is the juapoti (pronounced wah-po-ti), which somewhat resembles the black bass in appearance, but is much more savory. The saballeta, a silvery fish, shaped like the striped bass, is a gamy fellow, who when hooked will leap out of the water and endeavor, often with success, to shake the hook out of his mouth. He is, however, rather bony and not highly thought of as a food fish. But the great game fish of the fresh water is the savalo-real, or tarpon, which fairly swarms in the river and lake. Wherever there is a shoal place in the river they are to be seen breaking in hundreds, and at the Toro Rapids, above Castillo, they are so numerous that they frequently jump into the boats ascending or descending. When ex-United States Minister Hall, who is the agent of the canal company at Managua, was descending the river to meet Senator Miller, five large tarpon jumped into the little steamer which carried him down the Toro Rapids. Lake Nicaragua is, so far as I know, the only body of fresh water in the world that can boast of the shark. It is full of genuine man-eaters, similar in appearance to those of the ocean, and quite as savage. It is said that at least 25 persons annually fall victims in the lake to these monsters. Of course they also travel up and down the river. A large alligator or crocodile—I should say the latter from the shape of his snout—also inhabits the river. At the Toro Rapids we saw a huge one swimming. His head alone was about 5ft. long. These "gators" have a queer way of fishing. They select a shoal place in the rapids and lie head to the current, with mouths wide open. They have been a good deal shot at since war was begun on the canal, and consequently are now extremely shy of man. The natives, however, do not seem to have ever dreaded them half as much as the sharks.—*W. E. S. in The Sun.*

DR. WILLETT KIDD, the Game and Fish Protector for the Second District of New York, has brought suit in the Supreme Court of Orange county against John Q. A. Ward, the well-known sculptor of this city, and against Josiah Wentworth for having caught trout in Ulster county in April. We know nothing of the circumstances of these cases, but their moral probably is that when fish laws are as badly confused as they are in this State even well-meaning fishermen may find themselves entangled in the meshes.

AN 11 LB. BROWN TROUT.—Caledonia, N. Y., June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was a brown trout (*Salmo fario*) taken in our stream yesterday by Mr. F. P. Brownell that weighed 11lbs. This I think is the largest

of this variety ever taken in this country. The very first plant was made 8 years ago this spring, and consisted of a very few of the fry which were hatched from eggs sent by Mr. Blackford or Fred Mather to the New York State hatchery at Caledonia. I saw the fish this morning and it was as perfect a specimen as I ever saw.—J. ANNIN, JR.

FISHING IN EXCELSIS.

IN this truly superb volume, ["With Fly-Rod and Camera"] a model of choicest topographical beauty, perfect as to "touch," and quality of paper, solidity and excellence of binding, the fly-fisher will at once recognize the hand of a consummate master of his craft. It is not in this or that, here or there, but in a completeness, not less massive than finished, that it is to be seen. "Thorough" from first page to last is everywhere writ large, and as modestly as delightfully. We shall not commit the blunder of exaggerated praise if we say that Mr. Samuels' work is worthy to take classic rank, and should be styled "America's Walton." For, like the gentle Isaac, Mr. Samuels, without attempting or laboring a style, achieves one; there is the simplicity, strength, and directness of the old master, and not a little of his fanciful turns of thought. Men totally indifferent to angling turn to Walton's pages as to an unflinching calumet for workaday worries, for the simple reason that the tranquil heart of sunny content beats the same for the calm seas. "Fly-Rod and Camera" will give similar unbounded delight. There is a vast field more than a cernis fly-fishing in this fascinating volume; no other work conveys its unique charm. There is a world of lore concerning the fish themselves, lore only to be found in Nature's library, and written in characters requiring a lifetime to decipher, and difficult to impart when deciphered. What, for instance, more difficult to describe than the color of a fish, one thing when seen through the refracting medium of water, itself reflecting the color of the sky, and another when the fish is taken out of that element, but such things as these are trifles Mr. Samuels surmounts with the ease that comes of profound knowledge of his subject, and practice that has embraced every detail of the sport he describes. The form in which the book is judiciously cast largely contributes to this min-ute elucidation. It is the narrative of the doings of a fishing party of four, on and in Canadian waters, thrown into dialogue form. The interlocutory treatment is so deftly searching that not a point is overlooked; and so naturally is each man's *metier* brought into play, that we seem to be on the spot questioning for ourselves and listening to the experiences of these work-wise specialists, each one supreme in his way. These discussions, diversions, and gossip by the camp-fire—the camp sometimes pitched at the forest edge, sometimes by river or lake—the sport, the glowing descriptions of scenery, the solitude that is not loneliness, the inexpressible out-of-door delights of that country, almost persuade us that that civilization must be criminal, and fly-fishing ordained by providence as the natural occupation of man. * * * With this extract we must close our notice of this remarkably fine and unique work, a work in which there is nothing weak, slurred, or defective, whether in literary execution or exposition of the fly-fisher's craft. We have refrained from making comment on the statistical and scientific sections—fishing figures, weight, size, and number of fish taken, etc.—although the temptation to do so has been almost irresistible. The difficulty of deciding what to present where the information is so varied, minute, wide and wise has largely operated as a deterrent in selecting. The lover of the fly-fisher will find in the book an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment, and no fisherman bent on an expedition to the glorious rivers and lakes Mr. Samuels so eloquently and graphically describes will be in possession of a complete outfit unless supplied with a copy of "Fly-Rod and Camera." He will find in it everything necessary for his guidance, from dressing a fly to building a bark tent, or in seeking comfortable quarters. Somewhere near 150 beautiful, fully executed illustrations adorn and enrich this sumptuous volume, and many of them are good enough to rank as "perfect pictures."—*Land and Water.*

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE twentieth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society was held at Washington, D. C., in the lecture room of the U. S. National Museum. The Society was called to order at 2 P. M., Wednesday, May 27, by the president, Mr. E. G. Blackford. The attendance was not so large as had been expected, but quite a number of interesting papers were presented and the meeting was altogether successful. The papers as announced were as follows: "Transplanting Fish," by J. J. Sranahan; "Breeding Habits of the Yellow Perch," Fred Mather; "The Rearing of Salmonidae in Troughs and Tanks," C. G. Arkhans; "Fish Protection and the Fisheries Society," A. N. Cheney; "Transportation of Living Fishes," Wm. P. Seal; "The Fisheries at the World's Fair," G. Brown Goode and J. W. Collins; "The Fish and Fisheries of Florida," H. H. Cary; "On the Tenth of Fishes as a Guide to their Food Habits," J. A. Henshall; "The Rearing of Yearling Trout," Frank N. Clark, and "Kernerly's Salmon," by T. H. Bean.

U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Col. Marshall McDonald, being unwell, his address of welcome was read from manuscript. Members present at the opening session were: President E. G. Blackford, Secretary E. P. Doyle, Treasurer Henry C. Ford, Dr. J. A. Henshall, Dr. H. H. Cary, Fred Mather, A. N. Cheney, Frank N. Clark, W. L. Powell, L. D. Huntington, F. J. Amsden, Dr. J. C. Parker, William A. Butler, Jr., W. L. May, G. Brown Goode, R. Rathbun, Capt. J. W. Collins, Wm. P. Seal, J. J. O'Connor, B. B. Porter and S. H. Kauffmann.

The following new members were elected at this meeting: Bashford Dean, T. D. Huntington, Peter W. Lynch, Frank J. Amsden, Chas. H. Babcock and Wm. S. Kimball, all of New York; H. H. Sherwin and Wm. R. Huntington, of Ohio; B. B. Porter, of California, and Hugh M. Smith and Wm. Brown, of the U. S. Fish Commission.

Messrs. W. L. May, A. N. Cheney and R. Rathbun were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the coming year. The following gentlemen were nominated and unanimously elected by the Society: President, James A. Henshall, Cincinnati; Vice-President, J. C. Parker, Grand Rapids; Treasurer, Henry C. Ford, Philadelphia; Recording Secretary, Edward P. Doyle, New York; Corresponding Secretary, Tarleton H. Bean, Washington, D. C. Executive Committee, S. H. Kauffmann, Washington, D. C. (chairman), and W. A. Butler, Detroit; L. D. Huntington, New York; H. H. Cary, Atlanta, Ga.; William Hudson, Hartford; B. B. Porter, San Francisco, and W. L. May, Fremont, Neb.

An important measure acted upon was the passage of a resolution urging upon Congress the importance of enacting such laws as will protect and propagate the fish of the Great Lakes, and asking Congress to take such speedy action as possible to secure uniformity in the laws of the United States and Canada, regulating the fisheries in the Great Lakes. Allied to this is the matter of enforcing salutary laws after they are passed, and the Society asks that after such uniformity shall have been secured Congress will appropriate an amount amply sufficient to enforce the laws and give the necessary protection. The resolution also asks for the passage of measures looking to the propagation of food fish in these waters.

The committee appointed to consider the feasibility of enlarging the membership of the Society and widening the scope of its work, reported favorably upon the suggestion of United States Fish Commissioner McDonald. Hereafter, then, all members of angling clubs and fish and game societies in sympathy with the American Fisheries Society will be admitted into membership, and it is thought that this will increase the usefulness of the organization and awaken an interest in the study of fishculture and fish protection.

Two interesting papers were read, one by Mr. Fred Mather upon the "Breeding Habits of the Perch," and the other on the "Transportation of Living Fish." The latter paper, by Mr. Seal, created a great deal of discussion, and the mem-

bers were evidently divided in their views as to whether it was best to carry young fish in open vessels or in those hermetically sealed. One gentleman created much amusement by stating that he had always been successful in carrying his small fish and bait in a jug with an ordinary stopper. He meant to convey the idea that it did not injure the fish to shut out the air, but the reference to the jug and "bait" drowned the force of the argument in the laughter that followed.

Another discussion arose over the attempt to find a solution for the disappearance of brook trout from certain streams. Some were inclined to believe the trouble was owing to the temperature of the water, but the majority were disposed to believe it was due entirely to the absence in the streams of the proper kind of food. Mr. Frank N. Clark spoke strongly in favor of the planting of yearlings, claiming that a thousand yearlings are worth more than a million fry.

Mr. S. H. Kauffmann, of the local committee on entertainment, extended a very cordial invitation in behalf of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, of Washington, to the member, of the Fisheries Society to attend a banquet given in their honor at Harvey's, on Wednesday evening, the 27th. This invitation was gratefully accepted and proved a very successful affair. The large public dining room at Harvey's was set apart for the exclusive use of the guests and was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers. The menu was one to suit the occasion and read as follows:

- Little Neck Clams.
- Deep Sea Culture Oysters.
- Soup.
- Clear Green Turtle, Clam Broth, Clam Chowder.
- Fish.
- Sheepshead & la Cabelain.
- Potatoes Hollandaise, Cucumber Salad.
- Entrees.
- Soft-shell Crabs au naturel.
- Tomatoes en Mayonnaise.
- Saddle of Frogs en Fricassee.
- Asparagus Tips.
- Roman Punch.
- Salads.
- Lobster, Buds of Lettuce.
- Cheese.
- Roquefort, De Brie, Bent's Crackers.
- Coffee, Cigars.

At the conclusion of this most excellent repast speeches were called for and were responded to by Judge Wilson, Dr. J. A. Henshall, President E. G. Blackford, Mr. Fred Mather and others. A number of short impromptu speeches were made and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The following members of the Woodmont Club were present at the banquet: R. B. Donaldson, J. Maury Dove, W. S. Harban, R. O. Holtzman, S. H. Kauffmann, J. W. McCartney, F. B. McGuire, Wm. C. McIntire, W. H. McKnew, Albert Ordway, J. W. Pilling, B. K. Plain, P. G. Russell, W. Kelsey Schoepf, E. J. Stellwagen, B. H. Warner, James P. Willet, Jere M. Wilson and Levi Woodbury.

At the last session, held on Thursday, Dr. Cary moved that the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club be made an honorary member of the Society and heartily thanked for its kindness and hospitality. This was unanimously agreed to. New York city was agreed upon as the next place of meeting, and the time fixed is the last Wednesday in May, 1892. Messrs. Blackford, Mather and Doyle were appointed a committee to arrange for the entertainment of the members in New York. The Society was then adjourned and the members conveyed to the U. S. Fish Commission carp ponds, where Dr. Hessel explained the methods of his work, and then to the U. S. Fish Commission headquarters to inspect the aquaria and fishcultural apparatus.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

- Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
- Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
- Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
- Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.
- Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt. 1892.
- Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

- Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.
- Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
- Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
- Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

GREYHOUNDS AT CHICAGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By your courtesy I will write a few lines about the criticism of greyhounds at the Chicago show (FOREST AND STREAM, April 16).

Healthy criticism tends to improvement. Erroneous statements, uncorrected, lead to confusion, mix the beginner, retard progress, and even make enemies of men who, but for such expressed opinions, might be on good terms.

My esteemed friend Lacy knows that I do not take up my pen for the purpose of unnecessarily finding fault with his work, very much of which redounds to his credit and to the paper's. I write to keep things straight, prevent the spreading of wrong ideas and attendant bad results. At the same time I realize the delicacy of my position. However, just as all feelings of friendship, or the reverse, must not be considered or be permitted to influence a man's judgments or criticisms so must his opinions and comments on a question of this sort be uninfluenced by his friendship and regard for the author of the work criticised. It is the report that we must consider, not Mr. Lacy, and as it is his aim, just as it is mine, to improve dogs and leave the owners to take care of themselves, I feel quite sure he is not going to feel offended at what I am about to write.

Here in America if you criticise a man's dog, in nine cases out of ten you are supposed to be criticising the owner, his wife or a distant relative, but as Mr. Lacy does not look at things that way, I guess I am on safe ground. Why, Mr. Editor, only the other day I got a note from a man, saying: "You go for Tracy hammer and tongs in your New York report. I didn't know you and he were not on speaking terms." Now, as a matter of fact, and although I am but slightly acquainted with Mr. Tracy, I hold him in high esteem and believe him incapable of intentionally doing wrong by anybody or anything. I went for the awards "hammer and tongs" simply because I believed them to be wrong. But what has that got to do with any opinion I

might have of Mr. Tracy as a man? And so I am going "hammer and tongs" for Mr. Lacy's report, which doesn't prove that my grandfather and his had a row over the appetite or the pedigree of a bull pup. The criticism I would like to have explained is as follows:

Then came the open dogs, with Lord Neverstill an easy winner over Jolly Ranger, in front, ribs, loin and bone. This dog afterward beat Gem of the Season for the special. His wonderful rib development and short loin is what is wanted, and his excellent quarters show that he is well off for the necessary propelling power, and his short back gives him a great advantage in his turns when after the wily lack. Like all of his breeding, he is a bit coarse looking in coat and not let down enough behind.

To begin with. What, may I ask, is "wonderful rib development"? This is a very misleading statement to confront a beginner. If the ribs are sprung beyond a certain point, *i. e.*, more than necessary to permit of the free working of the machinery behind them, then they are wrong. If the ribs are well sprung (which does not mean sprung to excess) then they are right; but "wonderful rib development," as I take it, has never yet been considered essential to either speed or stamina. "A short loin is what is wanted." Why, may I ask? A short loin means lack of liberty behind. What is needed is a loin of fair length and great strength, which does not mean a very wide loin, but a loin with depth as well as width. But in addition to a short loin you advocate a short back because "it gives him [Lord Neverstill] a great advantage in his turns." Now, if you have a short-backed and short-loined dog, you very clearly have a dog short between the couplings, and this formation has never yet been advocated by coursing men. To have symmetry, a dog with such a body must have legs much shorter than are and always have been seen in the greyhound, and after you have made these changes what remains? A dog perhaps, but certainly not a greyhound. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that this dog's short back "gives him a great advantage in his turns," I claim that in a course with a dog of average speed the advantages to be derived from the shortness of his back would never be seen, because this dog would never have the speed to reach the hare, let alone to take possession and keep it. He would be outclassed (outpaced) from the moment he left the slips, and quick turning would never add a point to his score. He would not be on hand to turn. But where is the evidence, written or other, to show that a short back and short loin combined will give a quick turn? Is it not far more likely that a short back and a liberty-showing loin would give such a result? Can you name a single instance of a short-backed and short-loined greyhound beating a dog of average pace? I never saw one that was worth a tinker's cuss, and, with the exception of Fullerton, I have seen many of the best public performers before and since the Bradford crack (Cock Robin) made such a bold bid for Waterloo honors. Market Day, winner, I believe, of a 168 dog stake at Plumpton and a dog with a very great turn of speed, had neither a short back nor short loin, and I can say the same of Little Coomassie, a bitch that when she once got up was without exception the most brilliant performer I have ever seen.

But you don't halt at the short back and short loin, but add that this dog Lord Neverstill is not well let down behind. And this is the greyhound (?) that beat Gem of the Season at Chicago, and the FOREST AND STREAM is on record as endorsing the award. Now, sir, I maintain that no short-backed, short-loined, badly-let-down-behind greyhound that ever lived could fairly beat Gem of the Season, beat one-half of him, or beat one corner of him, because Gem is a greyhound, whereas a dog of that formation is not a greyhound. Then again, what are we to understand from the statement that Lord Neverstill, "like all of his breeding, is not let down enough behind." This is surely a well-bred greyhound. He comes of a winning family on both sides, and methinks you will have a difficult task to prove that dogs of his breeding are "not let down enough behind." In truth, they are as well let down behind as any greyhounds in the world. Now, then, if Lord Neverstill has the defects you have enumerated (I don't see how he can), a very great wrong has been done the owner of Gem of the Season, and the Chicago judge, whoever he was, should be "roasted." If, on the other hand, the decision was correct, then Neverstill does not have these defects and his owner has been unfairly treated. No man is going to breed to a short-backed, short-loined, high-backed greyhound, because greyhounds proper are not built that way. It is pretty generally conceded that the late Mr. Walsh ("Stonehenge") was either the best or very nearly the best authority we have ever had on the greyhound. If there was one breed of dogs he knew more about than all others, it was greyhounds. He owned greyhounds, he trained them himself, he counseled them, he was essentially a greyhound man. His greyhound standard stands out boldly from the rest as a masterpiece in its line, and it is not difficult to tell by that standard which breed "Stonehenge" loved most. J. H. Walsh was not a Rousseau writing about Russian wolfhounds. He was a good and practical judge of greyhounds writing of a breed he most thoroughly understood, and, what is more, he was a genuine dog friend. In arriving at a conclusion as to the formation of back most desirable, I think you will agree with me that we need not go behind or before the "Stonehenge" standard.

Here it is: "It must be self-evident that every additional inch in length of back increases the stride by that amount exactly, and therefore if prolonged indefinitely it would be advantageous, till counterbalanced by the disadvantages inseparably connected with this form, in consequence of the diminished strength. The length of back should therefore be looked for between the neck and the last rib, rather than between the last rib and the hip bone; and this is a very important consideration too often neglected."

There is another matter pertaining to greyhounds that I would direct your attention to. You have recently stated that certain dog owners in Canada had attacked Miss Whitney and the writer in some of the daily papers. Are you aware that two of my friends, Mr. H. W. Lacy and Mr. J. Otis Fellows, are responsible for nearly all the abuse that has been hurled at me! Mr. Fellows awarded first prize to a prick-eared greyhound at Kingston and Mr. Lacy gave the same dog a prize at Ottawa. You will remember that when this dog was brought before me I fired him out of the ring in quick time, and the owner, who is a beginner and for anything I know to the contrary a well-meaning one, has been shedding tears and spilling ink ever since. Because my friends just named missed the prick ears, or had orders not to withhold prizes, and because they did award prizes to an animal, by name Elcho, they have been written up in the Canada papers as wonderful judges, whereas I, who refused to confer honors upon a little prick-eared brindle dog, am very much no good and a perfect ignoramus on dogs. It's the old racket over again. A young man, a dog, a fever, papers packed with trashy articles, a noise and a funeral. "How often, O, how often," have we been through all this, and still they come.

Mr. Lacy and Mr. Fellows may have been justified in awarding prizes to a prick-eared dog, they may have been instructed to award the prizes, "small show," "first attempt," "don't wish to displease these men," "committee decided that prizes must be given in all classes," etc., etc. But I wish to ask these gentlemen in the interest of dogs and for the benefit of uninitiated beginners, would they award high honors to prick-eared greyhounds if such dogs were shown in fairly good company? Look at the harm that may be done by such judgments unless they are qualified. The owner of this dog Elcho has already stated that he had been requested to place him in the public stud. No sane person, that has had any experience with dogs, is going to

breed to prick-eared greyhounds that have neither a fashionable pedigree nor a first-class record in the field behind the defect. But what is to become of a novice, with no friend at hand to advise him? He will breed to anything that has won a prize, anything with four legs, type is destroyed and improvement becomes an utter impossibility. So I beg of you straighten out these matters, clear the mist from the beginner's eyes, give him a chance and thus avert the possibility of unnecessary controversies in the near future.

It seems a bit hard to criticise the work of one who, while still suffering from la grippe, had the pluck to tackle a report of probably 700 dogs and get to Cleveland in time for the opening there. But neither FOREST AND STREAM nor Mr. Lacy can afford to have that report hurled at them in days to come. So I think the better plan is to correct it and do it now.

NEW YORK, May 12.

[We are not as a rule given to pleading the baby act, but in this instance we must say that our intention was to write short loin instead of back, and our copy would no doubt so have it could it at this late date be found; but unfortunately it cannot. Not having the opportunity to read the proof before insertion in FOREST AND STREAM, the mistake had to go uncorrected, and until our attention was drawn to it by the above letter we did not know it had been made. To show how easily such a mistake may be made, even Mr. Mason himself in quoting from "Stonehenge" wrote in the above letter "The length of back should, therefore, be looked for between the last rib and the hip bone." (The italics are ours.) This he corrected, when sent the proof, to the way it stands now. So, after all, we may be excused when writing our report while traveling from one show to another in letting an error slip in now and then. To prove that we did not mean that a greyhound should have a short back, it was only the week before, while judging at Boston, that we put back an otherwise good hound, Imperator, for that very fault. Now, then, as to rib development. To our mind rib development does not mean great spring of ribs, which a greyhound should not have unless he has the necessary chest development to support it. Rib development in our mind is just "that length of back between the neck and the last rib" that "Stonehenge" speaks of. And the further back that rib is placed, to a certain extent, so much the better development. The term "well-ribbed up" covers our meaning. We still maintain that the short and strong loin, comparatively speaking, is what is required, and no less an authority than Mr. Lowe holds the same opinion. A dog long between the last rib and hip cannot turn and gather his hind parts under as one of the short loined dogs can, still we are sapiently told at times that certain dogs do not stand over enough ground, too short in loin, etc., when the length of ground to be covered is obtained by the bend of the stifle or, in other words, the more "let down" a dog is, the more ground can be stand over. As to awarding Elcho the second prize at Ottawa in a class of four dogs, we did that considering the occasional elevation of his ears a much less fault than the half-inch overhanging top jaw of the dog Launcelot, which the week before Mr. Mason gave third to in a strong class of thirteen dogs at Toronto, and these reasons were fully stated in our report of the Ottawa show at the time. We do not think that a man like Dr. Mills has had anything whatever to do with the letters in the Toronto papers, for we think he would be the first to abhor any underhanded way of showing his opinion.]

"THE SHEPHERD DOG."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The work with the above title, by Mr. W. A. Wickham, of Tipton, Iowa, is really a valuable contribution to our list of doggy publications. Mr. Wickham has expended a vast amount of research on the subject, as is shown by his many quotations, from almost every author who has written on the dog. I regret to see that in a few instances he has incorporated the work of living writers in his text without giving credit for it, but it strikes me that this is more the result of defective editorship than intentional plagiarism; as for instance, the use of Mr. Cleaver's precise on training sheep dogs, the subject being afterward much more elaborated by Mr. Wickham himself. A very pleasant feature in the book is, that while Mr. Wickham is a breeder and seller of collies himself, the fact is nowhere intruded on the reader in the text, and but for a modest advertisement on a cover page, his being in the business would not be known to the reader. This is a most agreeable contrast to the books of too many breeders, who seem to have written, not to raise the breed as a whole in public estimation, but to boost their own stock, and with the result that the intelligent reader sets the whole thing down as on a plane with a patent medicine advertisement.

Mr. Wickham is entirely wrong in one statement—that the bobtail sheep dog is not suitable for a companion, the fact being that they are the most charming companions of any dogs I know. Too many affectionate dogs are too overwhelming in their demonstrations, jumping and pawing over one, a fault only eradicated by training while young, and the bobtail, while as affectionate as any dog, refrains from this and contents itself with more moderate indulgences of its affection. Many will jump up beside their master without jumping on him, and if unnoticed for what they deem too long a time, will attract attention by a pat of the paw or a thrust of the nose into one's hand. Mr. Wickham's suggestions as to protection of flocks, are an admirable feature in his book, giving it an air of practical value outside the mere doggy departments. Of course, a "tenderfoot" like myself has no opinion as to the correctness of the ideas of Mr. Wickham on these points, but the incorporation of them in the work is novel, and worthy of much commendation.

Mr. Wickham alludes to the Russian wolfhound as a protector of flocks from wolves, and in this connection there is one characteristic of the Russian dogs, mentioned only by Lieut. Tarnowski in an English contemporary, that is of enormous value and completely overlooked. It appears that these dogs have the trick of concentrating all their strength in one desperate fling at the wolf when they come within striking distance, launching themselves at him like a thunderbolt. By this trick the wolf is knocked over and deprived of a great share of his resisting or fighting ability, and thereby the dog is able to overpower it with much less chance of injury to himself. That Lieut. Tarnowski is correct in attributing this characteristic to the dogs, is proved by their mode of attacking other dogs, showing this trick.

Mr. Wickham has overlooked one piece of most exasperating stupidity, not uncommon in purchasers of a sheepdog, in expecting that the dog will off hand obey verbal orders given him, without first ascertaining exactly what form of words the dog has been taught that conveyed that particular order, and the usual result of this giving the dog orders without first determining what words to use, is that he sticks his tail between his legs and clears out for home, doubtless thinking "what does that fool mean?" Let the new owner either get a complete manual of the words the dog has learned as commands, or go to work slowly and let the dog understand by signs what is wanted, and he will soon learn to associate new words with the desired commands. It is really astonishing how blindly owners of dogs go to work with them, apparently forgetting—as "Jansen" said of the renowned "Sharleyow"—"de tog is but a tog."

W. WADE.

HOLTON, Pa., May 23.

CENTRAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB DERBY ENTRIES.

THE entries for this club's third annual Derby, which closed May 15, number 87, divided as follows: English setters 58, pointers 26, Irish setters 1 and Gordon setters 2, all whelped in 1890. The entries last year numbered 116.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

CHAS. KEAN (J. M. Aventura and Bayard Thayer's), Roderigo—Miss Lou Ellen.
MARCO (J. M. Aventura and Bayard Thayer's), Jean Val Jean—Lucy.
ALPHONSE (J. M. Aventura and Bayard Thayer's), Jean Val Jean—Haydee.
CAMILLE (J. M. Aventura and Bayard Thayer's), Jean Val Jean—Haydee.
ROD'S RODNEY (S. F. B. Biddle's), Roderigo—Fannie Gladstone.
NAT'S BOY (F. S. Brown and J. B. Ellison's), Nat Goodwin—Hazel.
NAT'S GIRL (F. S. Brown and J. B. Ellison's), Nat Goodwin—Hazel.
LATONIA (W. F. Burdell and J. D. Poston's), Paul Gladstone—Latonia.
SAPPHO (Royal Phelps Carroll and J. M. Aventura's), Roderigo—Ollie S.
JAZA (Royal Phelps Carroll and J. M. Aventura's), Roderigo—Ollie S.
ROBESPIERRE (Royal Phelps Carroll and J. M. Aventura's), Roderigo—Ollie S.
LADY ELGIN (J. I. Case's), King Noble—Queen Vashti.
MONA (J. I. Case's), King Noble—Queen Vashti.
COUNT FEATHERSTONE (E. O. Damon's), Count Noble—Florence Gladstone.
WAGTAIL (O. W. Donner's), Roi D'Or—Belle of Piedmont.
WINNIE NOBLE (F. H. and J. O'H. Denny's), Count Noble—Fannie.
BONNIE KATE (F. H. and J. O'H. Denny's), Gladstone's Boy—Floy W.
SIG. GLADSTONE (F. H. and J. O'H. Denny's), Gladstone's Boy—Diamond.
COUNT DRUID (Geo. A. Day's), Ruby's Druid—Cricketer.
DRUID'S PRIDE (Geo. A. Day's), Ruby's Druid—Cricketer.
DRUID'S LILLY (Geo. A. Day's), Ruby's Druid—Cricketer.
JENNIE F. (E. O. Damon's), Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl.
NED NOBLE (J. K. Garnett's), Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble.
MONK OF THE ELMS (Paul H. Gotzian's), Monk of Furness—Countess Aurelia.
BONDHU'S NELLIE (T. H. and F. F. Minor Gibbs's), Gus Bondhu—Nellie.
ROWDY ROD, JR. (H. B. Hollins's), Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble.
SANDBOIN (J. H. and J. A. Hunter's), Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter.
ARLINE (J. Shelley Hudson's), Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl.
MCDUFFY (L. D. Hargrave's), Roi D'Or—Nora.
WUN LUNG (H. T. Harris's), Capt. Bethel—Enid.
JENNY BRAILSFORD (Thomas Johnson's), Frank Simpson—Jenny Deans.
MANITOBA PET (Thos. Johnson's), Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle.
LORA (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.
MISS RUBY (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.
VIRAGO (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), Rowdy—Liberty.
HILLBURN (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), Ben Hill—Belle of Stanton.
PALSEY (Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s), Paul Gladstone—Miss Elsie.

HOPE'S MARK (J. M. Lasseter's), Gath's Hope—Lady May.
HOPE'S GIPSEY (J. M. Lasseter's), Gath's Hope—Dimple.
PRIMA DONNA (E. J. Myers's), Rockingham—Donna.
LUCIA (Herbert Merriam's), Roderigo—Royal Myrtle.
WUN LUNG'S SISTER (S. J. McCartney's), Capt. Bethel—Enid.
MISS PRIM (Allen Meble's), Roderigo—Queen Ella Noble.
MCARDUO (W. B. Meares, Jr.'s), Roi D'Or—Mildred.
LADY DUDLEY (Harry Northwood's), Gladstone's Boy—Diamond M.
AMT ROBERT (Harry Northwood's), Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl.
DAD'S GIRL (Blue Ridge Kennels'), Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl.
REEL (Blue Ridge Kennels'), Roderigo—Lufra.
LADY EVELINE (Blue Ridge Kennels'), Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone.
ORIGOLE (Blue Ridge Kennels'), Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone.
BOB COOPER (Blue Ridge Kennels'), Roi D'Or—Miss Nellie Y.
LAUNDRESS (Blue Ridge Kennels'), Roi D'Or—Belle of Piedmont.
EFF JAY (F. J. O'Connell's), Dad Wilson—Dashing Flora.
RANDOLPH'S ROY (Randolph Kennels'), Ned—Betts's Belle.
BOOTH (B. Ridgway's), King Noble—Queen Vashti.
TENNYSOON (B. Ridgway's), King Noble—Queen Vashti.
NONA BENE (R. W. Shaw's), Roderigo—Lufra.
TOM'S MAUD (John C. Vail's), Tom Draw—Gypsy H.

POINTERS.

MISS ARKOS (Beresford Kennels'), Arkos—Loole.
DAUNTLESS (Beresford Kennels'), Arkos—Loole.
BOB (W. G. Brokaw's), Arkos—Loole.
BETTY (W. G. Brokaw's), Arkos—Loole.
LEAO (Capt. Davis Baker's), Dan—Kate.
OUTCAST (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), King of Kent—Hops.
EXILE (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), King of Kent—Hops.
KENTISH LASS (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), King of Kent—Hops.
MAINSTAY (Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels'), Mainstay—Bar Maid.
TORY EARL (H. B. Duryea's), Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina.
PROMOTION (John R. Daniels's), Lord Graphic—Bell.
BELLE OF THE BALL (T. H. and F. F. Minor Gibbs's), Sambo—Di.
BLACK WONDER (J. H. and John A. Hunter's), Ike—Bang Bang's Pride.
TORY DUKE (F. R. Hitchcock's), Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina.
TORY VISCOUNT (F. R. Hitchcock's), Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina.
TORY SQUIRE (F. R. Hitchcock's), Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina.
MERRY MONARCH (R. M. Hutchins's), Spring—Zura.
ABESS OF KENT (F. Joy's), King of Kent—Lannie Bijon.
REX (A. F. Latta, Jr.'s), Rex—Fannie.
BANNERMAN II. (Dr. C. E. Michel's), Bannerman—Main Dell.
BAN DELL (Dr. C. E. Michel's), Bannerman—Main Dell.
PRINCE, JR. (Jas. A. Mehaffey's), Prince Black—Flirtation.
SHOT S. (W. B. Sheldon's), Springbok—Flush.
WESTMINSTER DICK (Westminster Kennel Club's), Naso of Kippen—Glaucia.
LUCKY BOB WHITE (Chas. & G. Sander Whealen's), Luck of the Goat—Meteor's Trinket.
TRINKET'S DELL (Chas. & G. Sander Whealen's), champion Brackett—Robert's Trinket.

IRISH SETTERS.

DUCHESS (Jas. B. Blossom's), Dick Swiveller—Yuba.

GORDON SETTERS.

ARGO II. (Jas. B. Blossom's), Beaumont—Venus.
ROSEMONI (C. C. M. Hunt's), Beaumont—Madge.

THE ENGLISH POINTER CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE fourth annual trials of this club, and the last of the English spring trials, were run off near Wrexham, May 5 and 6. The Duke of Portland is president of the club. The first day's running was on the estate of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. The judges were Dr. Salter and Mr. R. L. Purcell Llewellyn. *Stock-Keeper* says the entries for the Puppy Stakes were disappointing, only ten entries being on hand; the All-Aged Stake had seventeen. Mr. Brailsford, who had recovered sufficiently from his accident to be present, handled some of Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's dogs, and so did Angus Cameron. The first stake run off was the Pointer Puppy Stakes for Puppies of 1890. First prize, £35; second, £19; third, £11; fourth, £5; drawn in the following order:

Mr. Beck's Nancibel, Naso of Upton—Devonshire Judy, against Messrs. Bulled & Turner's Devonshire Magg, Devonshire Jack—Devonshire Fan.

Mr. Thorpe Hinck's Friar Raffle, Melton Solo—Ruby Friar, against Mr. Nicholson's Beau of Drayton, Beau of Kent—Moll Drayton.

Messrs. Bulled & Turner's Devonshire Baby, Molton Byssa—Devonshire Lady, against Rev. W. Shield's Major o' the Border, Perdix—King.

Mr. Beck's Busy Ben, Rapid Ben—Busy, against Mr. Lerche's Queen of the Isles, Naso of Upton—Devonshire Judy.

Mr. Thorpe Hinck's Darkie Friar, Melton Solo—Ruby Friar, against Mr. Nicholson's Bang of Ercall, Beau of Kent—Moll of Drayton.

Scent was not very good, and contrary to the experiences of the other trials, game was not at all plentiful, and that found was very wild; so that the sportsmen present had more walking than they bargained for. The result of the running proved that that consistent performer Busy Ben, owned by Mr. Beck, was awarded first prize, Mr. Nicholson's Beau of Drayton second, Mr. Beck's Nancibel third and Mr. Nicholson's Bang of Drayton fourth; the stake being run through by 3:30 P. M. Busy Ben ran a very good dog through all the three meetings, getting second at Aqualata, third at Stratford and here first. A few heats of the All-Aged Stakes were then run off, the following being the draw:

ALL-AGED STAKES.—First prize, £35; second, £20; third, £12; fourth, £5.

Mr. Brown's True Blue, Tory IV.—Melton Lady Bird, against Rev. W. Shield's Beau o' the Border, Saddleback—Melton Broom.

Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Deuce, Wynnstay—Dainty, against Rev. W. S. Richardson's Rex of Melton, Naso of Kippen—Melton Ringlet.

Mr. Lloyd Price's Welsh Crab, Crab—Joy, against Mr. H. Brown's Prime Minister, Tory IV.—Lady Bird.

Mr. J. Stark's Mars IV., Sambo II.—Fan IV., against Mr. D. Moriarty's Glenbeigh, Grouse V.—Rita.

Mr. Lowe's Ben of Kippen, Rocket R.—Laura of Kippen, against Mr. Stark's Hanworth Juno, champion Joss—Bess II.

Mr. Bulled's Devonshire Lady, Melton Baron—Village Star, against Mr. Lloyd Price's Saul.

Mr. Lowe's Belle des Bordes, Young Bang—Polly against Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's Crab, Plum—Myrtle.

Mr. Bulled's Devonshire Sall, Melton Baron—Village Star, against Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's Prawn.

Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's Beacon, Ightfield Dick—Polly Peckham, a bye.

As will be seen by the above Mr. Brailsford had three dogs in, Ightfield Deuce being well known to our field trial men. Glenbeigh, the pointer pup that scored so well in the previous trials, seemed altogether off here, as in his first heat he began by flushing a single and following it several yards; then pointed a brace of pheasants, rushed in and chased, losing of course all chances of coming out a winner in this stake. The next day, Wednesday, the meet was at Wynnstay Brickyard, and among those present was Mr. E. C. Buckle, of the Charlottesville Kennels, Virginia, and Capt. McMurdo's aide-de-camp. Game was not generally plentiful. After running several heats there was a fresh draw, and Ightfield Deuce ran against Mr. Lloyd Price's Welsh Crab. They were put down in rough pasture. Deuce went very merrily, but passed birds which she should have found. In the next Deuce false pointed, and Crab passed without backing; both ranged and quartered well and were taken up.

Another heat was:

"Mr. Brown's True Blue, worked by owner, and Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Crab, by Brailsford, were put down at the top of a steep sloping grass field. True Blue flushed and both dropped to wing. Crab pointed and drew on to the hedge but made nothing out; both ranged fairly. Crab rather fond of the hedgerows. In the next field of similar character, both feathered about some rushes, and True Blue pointed but nothing came of it, and the next brace were called for."

"Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Prawn, worked by Cameron, and Mr. Bulled's Devonshire Lady, by Turner, put down on grass. The former false pointed once or twice and the Lady backed, both ranging in good style. In the next, a rough poor field, Lady went stiff and lane, Prawn false pointed and Lady backed; then we moved on to a clover field, across which, as we reached it, an old hare went leisurely bobbing. Prawn false pointed, and again pointed and drew on without finding, but directly after nailed birds and Lady backed, and the trial was over."

"Mr. Bulled's Devonshire Sall, worked by Turner, and Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Beacon, by Cameron, were put down in nice clover root. Both dropped to hare that got up before Beacon, who directly false pointed and Sall backed. Beacon made a bad flush, while feathering round them. The next field was unproductive, but in the next both got points, a hare getting up before Beacon, who remained steady. In a large field of spring corn Sall dropped to a hare that got up before her. Put down on rough fallow, both passed a hare. Put down on grass again nothing was done, and at a quarter to two P. M. a move was made to lunch, beating the field over in which it was laid, but without finding game."

"After luncheon Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's Ightfield Deuce and Mr. Lowe's Ben of Kippen were put down on grass, former worked by Brailsford and latter by owner. Both ranged freely, but Ben flushed and did not drop, and was ordered up and same owner's Belle des Bordes was put down with Deuce. After a long tiresome tramp on a piece of bare pasture, Deuce pointed birds and Ben backed, and both pointed birds rising before Deuce, close to the hedge."

The awards were: Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's Ightfield Deuce first, Mr. Lowe's Belle des Bordes and Ben of Kippen equal second and third, Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's Prawn, fourth, and Mr. Bulled's Devonshire Lady reserve, the stake being finished at 3 P. M.

Then the heat to decide the \$50 special for the best in either stake, owned by a member of the club, was run off, and resulted, after a good deal of false pointing and flushing on both sides, in Mr. Beck's Busy Ben beating Mr. Lowe's Ben of Kippen. This brought the trials to a close with the usual vote of thanks to the judges and Sir Watkin William Wynn for the use of the estate.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The much mooted question of beagle field trials interests me very much. I have hunted with those game little dogs ever since I could carry a gun and I must say that the question of hunting beagles seems, by the correspondence that has come to my notice, to be in the hands of novices. In the first place, should beagles be under control? Some say yes. I want a dog to know one call, and that is in case you start a rabbit and want your dog; then he should come if he has not found a trail. If he has, then he should mind nothing but what he is doing. The beagle that could be called from a trail, I should put out of the way as soon as he came within range. So much for minding or being under control. My experience is, that a dog should hunt as he sees fit, and run at his own sweet will. If he is properly handled he will not go so far from his master that he will be out of call when wanted. If a beagle should run a rabbit to ground, he should stay with the game, or at the hole until the hunters come up. Should a beagle hunt like a pointer or setter? I should say no to this. The bird dog must hunt close or he would be worthless in thick cover. As I said before, the beagle should be as independent as a dog can be. He should range away for any distance that he could be heard from should he give tongue, and under no circumstances should he mind when on game, this I repeat, as I noticed that in the last field trials there was some talk, and I think judgment, on being under control. If you are going to hunt your dogs on field mice or greybobs then you might leave the beagles at home and take spaniels and terriers with you and you will have capital sport, but when it comes to foxes or hares, those dogs that mind would be useless, inasmuch as they are not built for long runs and they would be so much under control that they would get tired hunting and be looking for orders. I should like very much to have "Quester" come to Brockton in the season and get an insight into the ways of the pack of beagles I run; they are as good as there are, but they may not be up to the standard of those field trial judges who look for a dog to leave a hot trail at the beck or call of a hunter who does not know half as much about hunting as the dog he is trying to hunt. Hoping I have not tired you with my rather rambling letter I will close with this last remark. Do not expect a good beagle to know any thing but hunt when in the field.

BROCKTON, Mass., May 27.

WHITE WONDER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following articles appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Sept. 4, 1890, and Jan. 1, 1891, signed by "Namquoit":

Mr. Harris's bull-terrier formerly called White Wonder, that was protested against at the Boston show for being deaf, was deaf when born. He was bred by Mr. Pratt, of Oak Hill, Stoke-on-Trent. He is by White Sam out of White Rose. Mr. Pratt thought that the puppy was deaf when born and sold it to Mr. Hughes, a postman at Stoke, for £1. The postman soon discovered that the puppy was deaf but kept the matter as quiet as possible, but in spite of his precautions the dog finally became known throughout the section as the "postman's deaf dog." Mr. Hughes made up his mind to get even with Mr. Pratt and laid his plans very shrewdly. He wrote Mr. Heath, the former owner of Miss Gledynne, now called Attraction, Enterprise and other good ones, and got him to make a date to call and see the dog. He then goes to Mr. Pratt and tells him how wonderfully the puppy has improved and that Mr. Heath is taking of purchasing him. (Mr. Heath and Mr. Pratt were at that time trying to outdo each other.) Mr. Pratt not wishing to see his rival with the best dog in the country, and supposing the puppy must have outgrown his deafness, purchased him on the spot for £10. Of course he soon discovered that the dog was totally deaf and threatened suit, but as he had first sold the dog, he was advised to let the matter rest. This much I know to be the facts. It is furthermore stated by those who ought to know that the White Wonder was soon after reported dead and the same dog was represented as another dog under another name. I have not questioned Mr. Harris in regard to the affair, but if he paid the price stated, £30, he was badly sold, whether he knew him to be deaf or not. If Mr. Hinks sold the dog to Mr. Harris and did not say anything about the deafness, he is a swindler of the first water. Hinks & Pratt are one firm. American readers must not get this Hinks mixed up with James Thorpe Hinks, the Clumber man, at Leicester, or E. C. Hinks. It is Fred Hinks that sold White Wonder.

We said then that the above was false in every particular, in proof of which we submitted the following letter from Mr. Hinks:

BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 9.—Mr. Harris—Dear Sir: Your favor of the 19th ultimo is at hand inclosing a cutting from the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 4; and in reply I can only say that it is absolutely false from the commencement to the finish, as Mr. Pratt never owned or had in his possession White Wonder, and that he never was out of this town until he was sent to you. Moreover, he is by no means so stupid as Mr. Harris and did not say anything about the matter. This much I know to be the facts. It is furthermore stated by those who ought to know that the White Wonder was soon after reported dead and the same dog was represented as another dog under another name. I have not questioned Mr. Harris in regard to the affair, but if he paid the price stated, £30, he was badly sold, whether he knew him to be deaf or not. If Mr. Hinks sold the dog to Mr. Harris and did not say anything about the deafness, he is a swindler of the first water. Hinks & Pratt are one firm. American readers must not get this Hinks mixed up with James Thorpe Hinks, the Clumber man, at Leicester, or E. C. Hinks. It is Fred Hinks that sold White Wonder.

We then added that White Wonder is by Gully the Great out of Kit, by Ducrow out of Eclipse; Gully the Great is by Gladstone out of Florrie. Breeder, Mr. Brooks. Whelped, June, 1888.

"Namquoit's" reply to the above on Jan. 1, 1891, is as follows:

Messrs. H. A. & W. L. Harris state in a letter to FOREST AND STREAM, published Dec. 4, that my statement regarding White Wonder, in issue of Sept. 4, is false in every particular, but in their so-called "proof" they simply make an assertion without giving the first atom of proof of their statement. I repeat that White Wonder, now owned by Messrs. Harris, is by White Sam out of Rose, and that every word of my statement is true and that I can substantiate every word of it. The gentleman who wrote the article in the FOREST AND STREAM respecting White Wonder is an entire fabrication altogether. And it is a pity reporters cannot find something else to do than drag a gentleman like Mr. Pratt into a matter which he knows nothing about. Yours truly, FREDERICK HINKS.

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Referring now to "Namquoit's" (A. R. Crowell's) above letter of Jan. 1, 1891, concerning the pedigree of my bull-terrier White Wonder and the ungentlemanly attacks on Mr. Frederick Hinks, I have to say the statements therein contained are false in every particular, in proof of which I inclose the official pedigree of White Wonder, with the attested statement of Mr. Fred Hinks concerning the same:

[COPY.]

THE KENNEL CLUB PEDIGREE CERTIFICATE.

White Wonder—Sire, Gully the Great (E.S.B. 25,465) dam, Kit, by Ducrow, by Marquis out of Florence; Gully the Great, by Gladstone (17,710) out of Florrie, by Baron (13,076) out of Maggie May (10,839); Gladstone, by Dutch (13,513) out of Maggie May (10,839). Stud Book No. (if any), nil. Born, about June, 1888. Color, white. Breeder, Mr. Brooks.

I certify that the above is a true copy of the pedigree of the bull-terrier dog White Wonder as recorded in the books at the Kennel Club. Signed W. W. Aspinall, Secretary (per L. L. D.) Kennel Club, 6 Cleveland Row, St. James, London, S. W. Date, Feb. 6, 1891. Fee, one shilling.

[COPY.]

I, Frederick Hinks, of Pershore street, Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, England, bull-terrier breeder, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows: That the within pedigree of the bull-terrier White Wonder was obtained by me from the secretary of the Kennel Club, London, England, and is a correct pedigree of the bull-terrier dog White Wonder which I imported to America, to Mr. H. A. Harris, of North Wilmington, Mass., and since

registered in the American stud book as Beryl. And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the Statutory Declarations act 1835.

Declared at the City of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, this 20th day of February, 1891. Before me, JAMES HEMMANT, a commissioner to administer oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in England.

I trust this will settle the matter once for all, and I think an apology from "Namquoit" is due Mr. Hinks and myself both for his false statements in regard to White Wonder and his scurrilous and base attacks upon Mr. Frederick Hinks.

NORTH WILMINGTON, Mass., May 27.

P. S.—There is a postman's deaf dog still in England, and his pedigree is as follows: By White Sam out of Duchess III., weight over 50lbs.—H. A. H.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE MEETING.

A MEETING of the advisory committee was held Monday, May 11, 1891. Present—August Belmont, Thos. H. Terry, Dr. J. Frank Perry, James L. Anthony, John S. Wise.

The following matters were submitted by the secretary, having been referred to this committee by the executive committee of the American Kennel Club, at its meeting held Feb. 26 1891:

American Kennel Club } Re. specialty Stud Book.

National Greyhound Club. } Ordered, That the matter be referred to a committee, consisting of President Belmont, with power to act with the National Greyhound Club, the result arrived at by said committee to be final.

Henry H. Carr } Re. unsatisfied claim for stud service.

Jean Grosvenor. } Ordered, That in this case the charge of fraud is not sustained. The case dismissed.

William Purdy, Jr., } Re. unsatisfied claim for the purchase of a dog.

W. L. Washington. } Ordered, That Mr. Washington is liable under his contract for the sum of £5, for the purchase price, and £1 additional for carriage to Philadelphia, Pa. From said amount is to be deducted the sum of £5 paid by the said Washington for express charges, the balance of £1 to be paid by the said Washington in liquidation of the claim. This amount paid, W. L. Washington (in the opinion of the committee) would have recourse against said Purdy for fraud or misrepresentation in the sale of this dog.

W. W. Bradley } Re. unfair dealing in the sale of a dog.

Associated Fanciers of Philadelphia, Pa. } Ordered, That the Associated Fanciers, advertising, "City office at No. 140 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa., and kennels and poultry farm at Berlin, N. J., and reputed to be under the charge of one Howard I. Ireland as manager," be and is hereby disqualified.

The following new business was submitted and acted upon:

Thomas J. Farley, } Re. appeal for reinstatement.

Ordered, That the application of Farley be received, and that the disqualification imposed upon him May 8, 1888, be and is hereby removed.

E. H. Moore } Re. demand for solid gold medal.

American Mastiff Club. } Ordered, That the American Mastiff Club owes E. H. Moore a gold medal, and the one sent is not a discharge of its promise; that a gold medal of standard purity, worth not less than \$25 to \$50 is what was reasonably due under its public undertaking in its printed circular, section III., taken in connection with rule XXX. of the American Kennel Club.

Ordered further, That the American Mastiff Club have thirty days in which to discharge its obligation to said Moore, as above defined.

Hudspeth & Collier, } Re. request for copies of proceedings of Advisory Committee meeting July 2, '90, and Executive Committee meeting Sept. 25, '90.

Ordered, That the request of Messrs. Hudspeth & Collier be complied with, and that the secretary is hereby directed to supply said attorneys for Peshall with copies of said proceedings. (Signed) A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y A. K. C. —Kennel Gazette

OUR HUMBLE ASSOCIATES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose an extract from a striking sermon by the Rev. Dr. George Leon Walker, of this city. How many sportsmen have corrected (?) their dogs when they thought the canine had committed some blunder in the field—when he really had not? Dr. Walker is quite right in saying that a dog possesses reason and self-consciousness. The Doctor's reference in his sermon to his own little dog is here given:

"Forced to admit the existence in them of memory, affection, some degree of reason and will, they for the most part, so far as I have observed, try to draw a line of effectual separation between animals and men at the point of self-consciousness; affirming that a dog or a horse, however conscious he may be of things external to himself, is not conscious of himself as a separate entity whose own existence or condition becomes a matter of distinct realization. Against the validity of this attempted discrimination I think any one who has had the fortune to be at all intimately associated with intelligent specimens of some of the higher orders of animal life has seen manifold reason to protest. Take one example from the biography of a little friend of mine, who was for some eleven years a member of my household. This little dog knew just as well as I did when he had broken some household rule of behavior, and on such occasions he received the small chastisement allotted for disobedience with perfect recognition of its desert and with eager readiness to be reconciled. But on one occasion when he was thus lightly disciplined for a supposed offense, his behavior arrested my notice from its peculiarity and awoke the instant inquiry in my mind whether he had, perhaps, not done the thing supposed. He showed none of his customary desire to be restored to favor. He went sadly to his cushion in the corner and refused to respond to my caress. No physical hurt could explain his behavior. He could scarcely be said to have been physically hurt at all. I inquired into the matter. He had not done the thing for which the trifling discipline had been inflicted. He had been treated unjustly, and he knew it. And he made me know it also. I apologized to him, and he knew that I apologized, just as well as any man could know; but it was forty-eight hours before he would condescend to forgive the injustice. Not self-conscious! He was as self-conscious as I was. And he had the advantage of a self-consciousness of being in the right when I was in the wrong."

There is much in the above quotation to commend itself to all dog lovers.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 27.

A. C. COLLINS.

GORDON SETTER CLUB MEETING.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Gordon Setter Club of America, held May 28, 1891, at 159 West Thirty-fourth street, N. Y. city, the following business was transacted:

Minutes of meeting of the executive committee of March 27 were read and approved.

The committee on field trials reported progress, and stated their expectation of soon being able to make report of definite arrangements.

The committee on constitution and by-laws submitted their revision of the constitution, to be voted upon at the next general meeting of the club.

Dr. H. C. Glover stated his inability, from press of professional engagements, to attend properly to his duties as president of the club, and tendered his resignation of the presidency, which was accepted with regret. He was again elected a member of the executive committee.

Resolved, That a person becoming a member of this club within six months of their annual meeting shall be credited for dues for the following year.

Resolved, That the executive committee hereby empowers the president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer to elect members duly presented, without calling a meeting for that purpose.

Resolved, That the field trial committee is hereby given full power to arrange for a Gordon setter field trials this autumn.

Resolved, That, should there be a Gordon setter field trial this fall, the Gordon Setter Club will give fifty dollars to the winner of first, provided there are ten entries or seven starters; this prize to be known as the Gordon Setter Club prize.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the last called general meeting of the club did not take place on the 4th inst. owing to the unavoidable absence of the president, Dr. Glover, and in order to do justice to Mr. Malcolm, the president be requested to call a special meeting of the club to vote upon the revision of the constitution and by-laws; and that Mr. Malcolm be duly notified to appear at this meeting in his own defense. Said meeting to be held at the office of Mr. Wm. Tallman, 109 West Thirty-fourth street, N. Y. city, on July 7, 1891, at 8 P. M.

Dr. E. C. Dent was elected a member of the club. Dr. John H. Meyer was unanimously elected president of the club to fill the unexpired term of Dr. Glover.

DOG CHAT.

ACCORDING to the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the executive committee of the A. K. C., May 21, the president has appointed the following gentlemen as a committee to consult with the proper officials in New York and Brooklyn for the purpose of improving the dog license law, viz.: Messrs. J. Van Schaick, J. T. Richards, H. F. Schellhaus. The following committee is appointed to report upon the best method by which the field trials and coursing meetings could be brought under the jurisdiction of the American Kennel Club: Messrs. W. H. Child (chairman), G. W. LaRue, L. C. Whiton, T. H. Terry and Major J. M. Taylor. Dr. H. T. Foote (chairman), Dr. H. C. Glover and Mr. Jas. Watson, a committee of three, is appointed under resolution of the same meeting, to collect and report upon evidence as to the existence of the breed of dogs as described in the standard of the American Bull-Terrier Club.

Re. American bull-terriers alias round-heads, alias Boston terriers. When doctors differ, who shall decide? James Watson.

Mr. A. E. Pitts, of the Mohawk-Indianola Kennels, Columbus, Ohio, has imported the noted pug dog Bonsor, through Spratts Co. He was shipped May 16 on S. S. Europe, together with a Barzoi and a spaniel of whose destination we are not informed. Bonsor is now in New York, and will shortly be illustrated in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Pitts told us at Chicago that owing to the heavy demands on Kash's services the kennel sorely felt the need of a good second string, and Bonsor was chosen. Bonsor was whelped June 30, 1887, and bred by Mrs. Foster. He is by champion Diamond out of Maggie, and weighs 13lbs. His winnings amount to 50 prizes, among them being firsts at Glasgow and Crystal Palace 1890 and Derby, Liverpool and Crufts show this year. It will therefore be seen that in their second string this kennel has another pug that will no doubt be worthy of being termed a "crack."

As an instance corroborating the style of the Barzoi in "going for" its game, that Mr. Wade speaks of in his letter on Mr. Wickham's book, we mention the fact that one of Mr. Hacke's wolfhounds made just such a jump on a beagle at Pittsburgh, one chop being enough to make two gaping wounds several inches long in the poor little brute's neck. They are certainly very sudden in their movements, and on this account it behooves owners of these dogs when out in public to keep a good eye on them or trouble will ensue.

We learn from *Le Chénil* that a dachshund named Lips Tallian, owned by Mr. Hermann Winkelmann, of Berlin, has been sold to an "amateur Americain" for \$250.

Mr. F. F. Capers, secretary of the South Carolina Kennel Association, writes us that their second annual dog show will be held at Columbia, S. C., Jan. 13 to 16, 1892.

Among the new advertisements this week we notice that the Swiss Mountain Kennels have St. Bernards for sale; C. T. Brownell several Gordon setters; N. S. Gates, dachshunds; Moorfield Kennels, English setter puppies; York Street Farm, collie bitches; H. F. Littlefield, St. Bernards and bull-terriers; James Wrinkle, pointers, and E. Beach, Llewellyn setters.

The New York and New England Kennel and Poultry Club held their spring meeting at Albany, May 23. A large number of members were present, together with the following officers: President, John T. DeGraff, Amsterdam; Vice-President, O. H. Barber, Albany; Recording Secretary, L. H. Myers, Bethlehem Center; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. H. House, Fort Plain; and Treasurer, W. E. Churchill, Mohawk. The Hon. R. P. Flower and T. Gordon Lilico were elected new members. Messrs. Houck, Rockenstyre and Becker were appointed a committee on hall and exhibition and with power to select a judge of dogs. Clarence W. Houck, not wishing to serve as delegate to the A. K. C., of which the club is now a member, Mr. W. E. Churchill was unanimously chosen in his stead. It was decided to have a show in the Lark street rink, where former shows of the Albany Kennel Club have been held. Mr. James Mortimer was chosen as judge of dogs and will take all breeds. The above named committee was also instructed to confer with the Rensselaer Kennel Club of Troy, with a view to their joining the society and lending their help toward making the exhibition a success. The dates chosen for the show were Jan. 5 to 8, 1892.

In forming a committee to act with the English committee in regard to a uniformity of spaniel standards, every important breed of spaniel should find representation on the list. Clumber spaniels as an ancient and honorable breed certainly deserve equal care with the others, and a representative of the breed should have a say in the proposed

action. Speaking of Clumbers, Mr. Mercer writes us that their new kennels will soon be in order. They are roomy, with plenty of yard room and a canal within one minute's walk in which to swim the dogs. With a good and trustworthy kennelman this kennel should now experience better luck than heretofore. It is vexing to sell the expected litters of four or five bitches and then to have the pups afterward die on their hands, as has been their experience.

Mr. James W. Whitney, owner of the Flour City Kennels, has, we are informed, sent an order to Mr. James Hutchings, of Exeter, Devonshire, England, for a mastiff bitch that is in whelp to Exeter Noble. He has also disposed of the cocker bitch Phyllis (Obo II.—Darkie) to Mr. G. C. Cross, of Rochester, N. Y.

One of England's oldest and most respected judges of sporting dogs, Mr. William Lort, writes to the *English Field* about dogs seizing wolves. He says: "In looking over a few back numbers of the *Field* I notice the expression of considerable diversity of opinion on the powers of different breeds of dogs to run up to and to successfully tackle wolves. I also observe that your correspondent 'Lucknow' invites sportsmen to give their experiences. I have not, like Mr. F. Lowe, had the opportunity of seeing the wolf pursued in Russia by hounds bred especially for the purpose; nor have I anywhere seen the wolf coursed by pure-bred greyhounds. But with other breeds and dogs of no breed I have witnessed and joined in many a blood-warming chase of the wolf in various parts of the American continent—Florida, the Northwest and the Far West—and although these chases frequently ended with a kill, at times I observed a most unaccountable want of energy in the canine pursuers. When not cheered on they would frequently cease to hunt, even when the quarry was in view and when no great pace seemed required. On reflection I thought, seeing how keen the pursuit was at first, that the dogs ran well until their curiosity was satisfied, and that then they either disliked their game or they looked upon the sport as too much like running after something of their own sort. I came to hold the latter view more strongly when I considered the energy, perseverance and determination of the same dogs when in pursuit of deer, the fox, raccoon and other animals. Doubtless many dogs, and powerful ones, too, as suggested by one of your correspondents, are afraid of wolves so much so that they will not run up to one and seize even a wounded one. Dear old Whitecloud, chief of the Iowa tribe, with whom I have had many a lively hunt in days long since, told me that a fear of the wolf was brought about from puppies being entered before their teeth were grown, and at several wolves instead of at single ones. I can readily believe that Whitecloud was right in what he said, for I have often seen dogs, even strong old ones, after having been cut and mauled by wolves, refuse for a long time to go near one—in fact to evince an unconquerable fear of them."

A meeting of the executive committee of the Irish Setter Club was held at the store of Wm. Tallman, 109 W. 34th street, New York, President Wm. H. Child in the chair. There were present Messrs. Child, Thompson, and Davis, and Messrs. Cheney and Perry by proxy. Messrs. Blossom, Conito and Clement were also present. Mr. Wenzel, owing to sickness, was absent. On motion of Mr. Thomson it was decided to hold the trials on, or as near as possible, the grounds of the Eastern or Central Clubs. Mr. Perry dissented, favoring Indiana or Ohio. On motion a committee of two, consisting of Messrs. Child and Blossom, were appointed to wait on Col. Odell to see if any arrangement could be made to run the Irish setter trials on their grounds. The secretary was instructed to communicate with Messrs. J. Otto Donner, Luke White and Dr. Glover with a view to securing their services as judges. The vote on the adoption of constitution having been favorable for its adoption, it was duly declared as adopted, and the secretary was authorized to have blank applications for membership printed for distribution. As the expense of holding a satisfactory field trials will be large, the members are requested to secure as many new members as practical, and also as many donations to the field trials fund as possible. No prizes will be offered at bench shows at present, all the energies of the club are to be devoted to encourage the running of Irish setters in the field trials. We therefore trust that all owners of Irish reds will devote their best energies to make the inaugural trials a success. Get your dogs into the hands of the trainers as early as possible, so that there may be no excuses made on account of lack of training. Take courage from the record made by Rev. O'Callaghan's Coleraine in the late English trials. It can be done, it is in the dogs, it only needs intelligence on the part of the trainer to restrain their "Irishism" and bring out their true hunting instincts.

Mr. C. A. Sumner has been elected secretary of the Southern California Kennel Club in place of Mr. H. T. Payne.

It is time the clubs which intend giving dog shows in Canada this fall made public their intentions. Mr. A. D. Stewart, who has been elected superintendent of the coming Hamilton show, writes a sensible letter to the Canadian papers, advocating a move on the part of London and Kingston, from which cities nothing has been heard. He also makes a good suggestion that the different shows embracing the circuit should print on their premium lists the entire programme of the circuit, showing, in their order, the places and dates at which the shows will be held, names of superintendents and dates of closing of entries. This idea might be extended to our spring circuit with advantage, for it forms a handy reference when making entries and calculating on challenge wins, etc. The Hamilton Club will adopt the idea in any case.

The recent members' show of the Toronto Kennel Club has been instrumental in arousing greater interest in the club and a large number of new members have since been elected. The entrance fee, after June 5, will be \$5. We hear that the spaniel classes at the coming Industrial Exhibition show will be well worth striving for \$300 is set aside for them, and the Spaniel Club's classification No. 1, with numerous additions, will make friend Wilmerding's task no sinecure.

The boy whose leg was joined recently to that of a dog in one of the New York hospitals, complains that now his shin barks very easily.—*Ex.*

From Milwaukee we hear that another bench show is on the tapis. The Wisconsin Kennel Club has been organized with the following gentlemen as officers: G. G. Pabst, President; C. C. Hendee, Vice-President; F. Rice, Secretary; John Dickens, Treasurer. An effort will be made to hold a show this fall, and with such active members of the fancy as Messrs. Pabst, Sichel, Mariner, Oleott and others in the club, there should be little difficulty.

To show the vast number of dogs shown and men interested in dog matters generally in England, we mention the fact that although there had been five dog shows in one week, the entry at one of them, Gloucester, footed up 1,250, among which were some of the best dogs in England. An interesting feature of the show was the appearance of a Duke and a Duchess in the show ring at the same time. The Duchess of Newcastle was also an exhibitor and the way she handled her dogs in the ring, brought out their good points to the best advantage. We can imagine the score-head

notices such an event would be heralded with by the big dailies of some of our cities, but it only proves how fashionable, during the last year or two, the showing of thoroughbred dogs has become.

The Brussels, Belgium, show was, we are told, very well managed and arranged. A number of English exhibitors availed themselves of the "outing" such a trip afforded. The judges were chiefly English and a very good class of dogs were present. The Queen of the Belgians and other persons of note visited the show, and on the Sunday rat killing, fox and badger baiting contests were held in connection with the exhibition.

During the Boston show we were asked by Mr. Edward Brooks, of Boston, Mass., to advise him where and how he could procure a pair of Dandie Dinmonts to beat "all creation." As Frank Dole was sailing that week we put this commission in his hands just as the vessel was leaving her dock, and that he has fulfilled his orders is shown by his securing King of the Heather and Heather Madge for this gentleman. These are two of the best and have been doing a lot of winning, so that we fancy Mr. Brooks will be satisfied now that those he showed at Boston and which he had purchased as the best that could be bought, were only ordinary. We hear the pair cost \$800.

Last week we mentioned that Frank Dole had purchased a crack bull-terrier. It now turns out to be no less a dog than Gully the Great, one of the best stud dogs living. Such dogs as Greenhill Maggie, White Wonder, White Queen, Shrew and Northfield Pride, and other good ones, own him as sire, and Streatham Monarch as grandsire. The bitch, The Shrew, also from Mr. Hicks's kennels, will also accompany Gully the Great to this country. The name of the purchaser is not given, but we should not be surprised to hear that this dog goes Pittsburgh way.

Dr. Bennisson, a noted bulldog breeder on the other side, has put his kennel of "bulls" on the market. These include such dogs and bitches as Forceps, Fortuno, Found, Freda and Flippan. Perhaps this is a good opportunity for our fanciers of this breed to pick up something nice, with friend Dole on the other side to see that they are as good as they should be.

This is what the esteemed editor of the *English Stock-Keeper* says of the round-headed bull-terrier which seeks admission into the sacred precincts of the A. K. C.: "The latest kennel extravagance in America is an American Bull-Terrier Club, founded to foster and protect that hideous canine abortion, the round-headed bull-terrier. These hideous creatures are in high favor with our Gallic cousins, whose wolfish ignorance of all dogs except those used in the field, is sufficient excuse for any such vagary of taste, but we did not expect such an idle conceit in America. When a French dandy sallies out with his bull-terrier there is so much fancy in the man that one can afford to overlook its absence in the dog. These little animals are good enough to catch rats in a stable. It is the custom for France to put through their collar, short bits of straw, and the ends sticking out each side give the dog a most comical air. We have a water color painting of a bull-terrier and a terrier-de-Skye, by that talented animal artist, Olivier de Penne; if the breed is to become recognized as a sober fancy, we shall hang our picture where it will run the risk of being seen, though we candidly admit, clever as this work is, it less deserves hanging than the breed it depicts."

Friend Dole has also purchased from Mr. Henry Jones his dachshund bitch Janet, whose show career, though short, has been at the top of the tree. She will visit Pterodactyle before coming over. The bull bitches Maggie and Priddy Cromer are also now counted in Mr. Dole's string. Mr. Comstock buying for his own kennels only, has been more modest, having only purchased one Irish terrier bitch, Crate, surely an appropriate name for a show dog. She came out well at Manchester, but did not follow up her success at the Kennel Club show. All the same, *Stock-Keeper* says: "She is in the first flight. Her head in its length and leanness is almost too perfect; she suits the latest orders of the club in having droop ears, and she is altogether far superior to anything of either sex yet seen. We think the fancy in this country sustains a loss in letting her go." These two "Yankees" are now in Paris.

The bull bitch Zohara, that won several firsts and seven specials at the Bulldog Club show, is only eight months old, but her owner, Mr. Haydon, has refused \$650 for her. She has most excellent head properties and is just as good in body, but her detractors say she is too small, as she does not weigh more than 26lbs. The chances are she will grow out of that, weight is not a *sine qua non* in a bulldog; were they still used for bull baiting, the small, active dog could bite and hold on just as hard, and harder, than his more clumsy and heavier brother.

The prospects of a great meeting of greyhounds at Great Bend this fall are very good, writes Mr. H. C. Lowe. Several noted Californian hounds are expected to make things interesting.

Mrs. Smythe, proprietor of the Swiss Mountain Kennels, who called upon us last week, in company with her friend Mrs. Meeham, has commissioned Mr. S. W. Smith to buy a young stud dog for her fast-increasing kennel.

A representative breeder of "Uncle Dick's" abomination, the long and low-dachshund, Mr. Carl Klocke, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a pleasant call upon us on Tuesday. Mr. Klocke has some of the most typical dachshund in this country in his kennels, his dogs always being well up in the list whenever he shows. He knows what he wants, though he cannot just breed it; getting them low enough is his stumbling block. During his visit he will look round all the dachshund kennels and go on a still-hunt for Rubenstein, whose services he wishes to secure. He presented us with excellent pictures of his Fritz K. and Bessie K.

Mr. H. F. Peck, who is so favorably known to the boys on the circuits in connection with the Logan Kennels of fox-terriers, late of Youngstown, O., has been in this city for the past week. He brought all the dogs of the kennel to Mr. Twyford's place at Bay Ridge. Our thanks are due him for an excellent picture of Pitcher in quite a striking attitude.

Mr. Mercer, of Ottawa, owns a very fast greyhound bitch called Betsy, and the owner of the Toronto champion racing greyhound, Why Not, has challenged him to a match, which owing to Betsy's interesting condition cannot come off before the fall. Neither of these greyhounds has been beaten in this game, and as both are trained to leave the slips at full speed and run in a straight course, like whippets, a good race is sure to result. They will most likely come together at the Toronto show races. Betsy has visited Justinian, who is brother in blood to Fullerton, and as he, in England, won the Tenant Farmers' Stakes at Alcatraz and divided the Mullinar Stakes, "Clumber" expects something pretty good.

A three-year-old setter dog, the pet and pride of a family living on Madison avenue, has a pair of curious eccentricities. Nothing can induce him, says the *N. Y. Times*, to trot further east than Second avenue, and to become friendly with a messenger boy in uniform. If he is out walking with his

among the inanimate clay birds, with the following leaders: McNutt, Adams, Amsden, Johnson, Green, Stewart and Newcomb.

FIVE DAYS AT NEWARK.

FORWARD you scores of the five-days tournament at Newark. The affair was a pronounced success in every way, not quite so many targets thrown as might have been, but enough to satisfy the shooters. Wednesday was a rattling busy day. The live bird days, as a matter of course, were excellent, but it was no place for a poor or medium shot to get in.—J. P.

Tuesday, First Day.—No. 1, 10 singles, entry \$1:

Quimby.....	1111111111-8	Fines.....	1111111111-8
Tom Bell.....	1111111111-8	Fines.....	1111111111-8
E. M. Cooper.....	1111111111-8	Crosby.....	1111111111-10
J. Smith.....	1111111111-10	Hallett.....	1111111111-10
Blackbird.....	1111111111-8	Pentz.....	1111111111-6

No. 2, 10 singles, entry \$1:

Crosby.....	1111111111-9	Smith.....	1111111111-9
Blackbird.....	1111111111-9	Bel.....	1111111111-9
Fines.....	1111111111-9	Quimby.....	1111111111-9
Cooper.....	1111111111-9	Brentnall.....	1111111111-9
Ivins.....	1111111111-9	Pentz.....	1111111111-9

No. 3, 15 singles, entry \$1.50:

Smith.....	1111111111-13	Crosby.....	1111111111-15
Quimby.....	1111111111-13	Blackbird.....	1111111111-13
Brentnall.....	1111111111-13	Hamlin.....	1111111111-13
Cooper.....	1111111111-13	Hamlin.....	1111111111-13
Bel.....	1111111111-11	Hamlin.....	1111111111-11

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance \$1.50:

Brentnall.....	1111111111-14	Fines.....	1111111111-13
Cooper.....	1111111111-13	Blackbird.....	1111111111-13
Bel.....	1111111111-13	Hamlin.....	1111111111-13
Crosby.....	1111111111-13	Hamlin.....	1111111111-13
Smith.....	1111111111-12	Saunders.....	1111111111-12

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance \$1:

Crosby.....	1111111111-9	Quimby.....	1111111111-8
Smith.....	1111111111-9	Fines.....	1111111111-9
Brentnall.....	1111111111-9	Hamlin.....	1111111111-9
Cooper.....	1111111111-9	Blackbird.....	1111111111-9
Bel.....	1111111111-9	Ivins.....	1111111111-9

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance \$2:

Hamlin.....	1111111111-17	Collins.....	1111111111-17
Smith.....	1111111111-17	G.....	1111111111-17
Cooper.....	1111111111-17	Saunders.....	1111111111-17
Brentnall.....	1111111111-17	Blackbird.....	1111111111-17
Bel.....	1111111111-17	Ivins.....	1111111111-17

No. 7, 10 singles, entrance \$1:

Brentnall.....	1111111111-6	Hallett.....	1111111111-9
Smith.....	1111111111-6	G.....	1111111111-9
Hamlin.....	1111111111-6	Fines.....	1111111111-9
Cooper.....	1111111111-6	Saunders.....	1111111111-9
Crosby.....	1111111111-6	Blackbird.....	1111111111-9

No. 8, 15 singles, entry \$1.50:

Brentnall.....	1111111111-11	Post.....	1111111111-10
Collins.....	1111111111-12	Hallett.....	1111111111-10
Hamline.....	1111111111-11	Blackbird.....	1111111111-10
G.....	1111111111-13	Klees.....	1111111111-9
Quimby.....	1111111111-13	Bel.....	1111111111-14

No. 9, 10 singles, entry \$1:

Saunders.....	1111111111-12	Cooper.....	1111111111-10
Crosby.....	1111111111-12	Ivins.....	1111111111-11
Fines.....	1111111111-12	Gettle.....	1111111111-13
Smith.....	1111111111-12		

No. 10, 10 singles, entry \$1:

Hamline.....	1111111111-8	Hallett.....	1111111111-8
Post.....	1111111111-8	Saunders.....	1111111111-8
Collins.....	1111111111-8	Klees.....	1111111111-8
Crosby.....	1111111111-8	Ivins.....	1111111111-8
O.....	1111111111-8	Gettle.....	1111111111-8

No. 11, 10 singles, entry \$1:

Brentnall.....	1111111111-7	Crosby.....	1111111111-9
G.....	1111111111-7	Hallett.....	1111111111-9
Hamline.....	1111111111-7	Blackbird.....	1111111111-9
Collins.....	1111111111-7	Saunders.....	1111111111-9
Bel.....	1111111111-7	Bel.....	1111111111-9

No. 12, 10 singles, entry \$1:

Fines.....	1111111111-9	Cooper.....	1111111111-9
Gettle.....	1111111111-9	Quimby.....	1111111111-9
Klees.....	1111111111-9		

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 1, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 8, Blackbird 9, Ivins 7		
Extra No. 2, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	E. M. Cooper 9, Tom Bell 8		
Extra No. 3, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	E. M. Cooper 10, J. Smith 7		
Extra No. 4, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 5, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 6, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 6, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 7, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 8, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 9, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 10, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 11, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 11, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 12, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 13, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 14, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 15, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 16, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 16, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 17, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 18, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 19, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 20, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 21, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 21, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 22, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 23, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 24, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 25, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 26, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 26, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 27, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 28, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 29, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 30, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 31, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 31, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 32, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 33, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 34, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 35, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 36, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 36, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 37, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 38, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 39, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 40, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 41, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 41, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 42, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 43, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 44, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 45, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 46, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 46, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 47, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 48, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 49, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 50, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 51, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 51, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 52, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 53, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 54, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 55, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 56, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 56, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 57, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 58, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 59, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 60, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 61, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 61, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 62, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 63, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 64, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 65, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Extra No. 66, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:

Extra No. 66, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 67, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 68, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 69, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		
Extra No. 70, 10 singles, \$1 entrance:	Fines 9, Smith 8, Blackbird 10		

Blackbird.....	1111111111-8	Captain.....	1111111111-8
Jackson.....	1111111111-8	J. von Lengerke.....	1111111111-8
Brentnall.....	1111111111-8	Teple.....	1111111111-8
Simpson.....	1111111111-8		
Brentnall.....	1111111111-12	Jackson.....	1111111111-11

Crosby.....	1111111111-11	Penrose.....	1111111111-10
Post.....	1111111111-10	Blackbird.....	1111111111-15
Smith.....	1111111111-13	Van Dyke.....	1111111111-10
Warren.....	1111111111-13	Teple.....	1111111111-10
Gladwin.....	1111111111-13	Edwards.....	1111111111-12

Class.....	1111111111-14	Ziglo.....	1111111111-11
Collins.....	1111111111-14	Heritage.....	1111111111-10
Fines.....	1111111111-12	Voorhees.....	1111111111-9
Brantingham.....	1111111111-10	Pettit.....	1111111111-10
Hamlin.....	1111111111-13	Oakley.....	1111111111-9

No. 9, 15 singles, entry \$1.50:		Heritage.....	1111111111-13
Penrose.....	1111111111-10	Van Dyke.....	1111111111-14
Hamline.....	1111111111-10	Pettit.....	1111111111-10
Collins.....	1111111111-10	Edwards.....	1111111111-10
Brentnall.....	1111111111-10	Post.....	1111111111-10

Smith.....	1111111111-10	Simpson.....	1111111111-12
Brantingham.....	1111111111-14		
Blackbird.....	1111111111-10	I. Von L.....	1111111111-11
Jackson.....	1111111111-10	Hedden.....	1111111111-8
Fines.....	1111111111-13		

No. 40, 20 singles, entry \$2:		Branting- ham.....	1111111111-16
Collins.....	1111111111-16	Smith.....	1111111111-16
Simpson.....	1111111111-16	Penrose.....	1111111111-16
Heritage.....	1111111111-16	Crosby.....	1111111111-16
Brentnall.....	1111111111-16	Fines.....	1111111111-16

Post.....	1111111111-13	Blackbird.....	1111111111-16
Mr. Cap.....	1111111111-13	Heritage.....	1111111111-16
J. von L.....	1111111111-17	Edwards.....	1111111111-17
Edwards.....	1111111111-17	Collins.....	1111111111-17
No. 12, 10 singles, entrance \$1:		Collins.....	1111111111-7

Post.....	1111111111-9	Crosby.....	1111111111-7
Collins.....	1111111111-7	Fines.....	1111111111-7
Extra No. 1, 10 singles: Smith 6, Brentnall 6, Waran 6, Crosby 9, Blackbird 7, Fines 7, Erb 6, Quimby 6, Teple 6, Brantingham w., Simpson 3.			

No. 2, 15 singles, \$1.50 entrance: Blackbird 15, Fines 12, Heritage 11, Hamline 12, Mr. Cap 10, Post 10, Collins 12, Simpson 10, Van Dyke 14, Brentnall 7, Warren 9, Crosby 13, Smith 13, J. von L 11, Brantingham 12, Teple 7, Edwards 11, Zeglio 10, Voorhees 8, Kling 9.			
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No. 3, 15 singles, \$1.50 entrance: Fines 13, Hamline 15, J. von L 13, Heritage 9, Blackbird 15, Jackson 13, Collins 10, Crosby 15, Post 11, Kling 9, Smith 13, Mr. Cap 12, Pettitt 13, Oakley 9, C. Strong 3, Dr. Clark 14.			
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Extra No. 4, 10 singles, entry \$1: Smith 5, Kling 8, Post 5, Crosby 10, Collins 6, Hedden 9, Mr. Cap 4, Hamlin 6, J. von L 9, Fines 9, Blackbird 9, Jackson 7, Heritage 8, Van Dyke 9, Strong 4, Pettit 7.			
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Extra No. 5, 20 singles, entry \$2: Fines 13, Collins 18, Crosby 18, Post 13, Smith 13, Kling 10, Fines 13, Mr. Cap 10, Blackbird 14, J. von L 17, Hedden 15.			
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Extra No. 6, 15 singles, entry \$1.50: Smith 11, Post 7, Crosby 14, Blackbird 12, Jackson 9, Fines 12, Collins 15, Kling 11.			
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Extra No. 7, 10 singles, entry \$1: Blackbird 7, Collins 3, Smith 7.			
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his 125sq. ft. of sail will sustain the club's honor as a very "fast" sailor. Captain Leonard Seales brought out a very neat set of sails of his own design and will be the winner in many of the races. Comfort, room and a fast sailer is Secretary Thomas Benedict's choice. His canoe yawl Marguerite is ably handled by him, in paddling or sailing he is always with the first boat. The members who attended the opening day and cruise were: Commodore J. C. Green, Secretary Thomas Benedict, Jr., Captains Ross Burchard and Leonard Seales, Ex-Commodore F. J. Bradbury, Miner Dibble, E. M. Smith, F. H. Smith, E. J. Pope and H. S. Scott, of the Newburgh C. C.

The club's membership roll is now 18, all in good standing, with 22 boats, 1 naphtha launch, 4 yaws and 16 canoes. Ex-Commodore Bradbury has lately added to the fleet his racing yacht Gertrude.

VIETTE.

THE EASTERN DIVISION MEET.—It has not been customary to hold a division meet in the division which has the general meet for the year, but the Eastern Division has determined to repeat the experiment which proved so successful last year of a meet near Lowell, the date being June 5-7. The campsite will be located in a grove on the shores of Tyng's Pond, two miles long by one-half mile wide, situated four miles from Lowell, and reached by electric cars, running half-hourly. The grove is owned by the railroad, is fenced in, and will be devoted to the exclusive use of the canoeists during the meet, thus insuring the usual camp privacy. At a quarter mile from camp is a dining hall, where meals will be furnished at \$1.00 per day, and free transportation to and from camp will be furnished to those who desire. The lake will permit of a good mile and a half triangle being laid out, with quiet water for paddling. All boats and duffle should be sent to Lowell in care of Paul Butler, and will be transported to the camp free of charge. The camp will be divided into three divisions of B. & M., by the Old Colony, connecting with Albany at Framingham, and by the Stony Brook, connecting with Fitchburg at Ayer Junction. Members are invited to come to camp Thursday night and remain until Monday if possible. The following races will be held on Saturday: Regular events—1. Paddling half mile straightaway. 2. Combined sailing and paddling, four and one-half miles. 3. Sailing, four and one-half miles, unlimited. 4. Tandem single blade, 5. Sailing upshot. 6. Upset paddling. Other events—1. Visitors' race, four and one-half miles sailing, unlimited. (Prize to be offered by Vespers). 2. Prizes presented by Lowell & Suburban Street R. Co. 3. Sailing unlimited. A. C. A. rules to govern. Regatta Committee—J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Boston; H. W. Richards, Roston; R. P. Weber, Lawrence.

DEATH IN A CANOE.—From Tuesday morning until Friday afternoon a large canoe, with a canvas awning, was anchored in Sheephead Bay near the mouth of the Orient River, no one being seen about her. On the latter day officer Carson rowed out to inspect the boat and found lying in the well the body of a man who had been dead for several days. The canoe, on which was painted the name White Cross, was towed ashore and the body taken in charge by the coroner, being finally identified as that of Fred C. Mulford, a well-known writer. The canoe was fully fitted up for a cruise, Mr. Mulford having left New York on Monday for a cruise through Great South Bay to Sag Harbor. His death was presumably due to heart disease or apoplexy, and evidently took place on Monday night after he had anchored. Mr. Mulford was born in Sag Harbor in 1834, but had a varied life, beginning before the mast as a boy, rounding the Horn and reaching San Francisco at the end of the great journey by the vigilance committee. He spent many years in California as a journalist, and also visited Europe, while in New York he was well-known, being at one time editor of the *Graphic*. Of late he has been the editor of the *White Cross Magazine*. Some fragmentary writing in the canoe show him to have been a spiritualist, and his trip was taken partly for the sake of his solitude and isolation, as he desired to be alone when writing some work which he had promised. At one time he lived in a hut built by himself on Staten Island, and a lonely life of this kind was no new thing to him. So far as we can learn he belonged to no canoe club and was unknown to New York canoeists.

PATCHING CANVAS BOATS.—San Luis Potosi, Mexico.—Now that the commodore of the Shenandoah C. C. has finished his pleasant cruise, perhaps he or some one else skilled in canoeing could be kind enough to patch an ignominious hole in the water proof patch on a canvas canoe or boat. I have a canoe that I think a great deal of and that has done me excellent service for nearly two years. It stands knocks and scratches well, but once when overloaded grounded on a sharp stone and got a slit cut in it about 4 in. long. I sewed a patch on, but find it hard to make it water-tight. Is there any way to glue on such a piece without resorting to the needle and thread?

THE ZEREGA SAIL COMPETITION.—Mr. Zerega, the donor of the two prizes for the best hoisting and the best sail, will present at the Atlantic Basin, 50th street, Brooklyn, on Saturday at 1 P. M. with Mr. Stephens, who will act as judge. Among those who will compete are Messrs. Winttingham, Stevens, Dunnell, Douglas and Whitlock.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division: F. W. Read, W. Kennedy, J. T. Robinson, E. Botum, R. Ventress and G. A. Harris, Bohaycon, Ont., Can. Eastern Division: W. J. Collins, E. F. Lawson, C. A. Godfrey, Lowell, Mass.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.—A correspondent asks for information about the Connecticut River from Second Lake to Haverhill, and of the Merrimac from Warren to Andover.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, 52.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.	
6. Larchmont, Spring, L'chm't.	20. Cor. Navy, Del. River Squad.
6. Royal N. S. Archibald Cup, Halifax.	20. Corinthian, Marblehead, Sweep and Club, Marblehead.
8. Hudson River, Ann., N. Y.	20. St. Lawrence, 21 and 18ft.
11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte.	20. Corinthian, Montreal.
11. Portland, Annual.	20-21. San Francisco, Cruise, Martinez.
12. Monatiquot, Opening, Weymouth.	22. Pavoia, Annual, New York.
13. Massachusetts, Spring, Dorchester.	23. Atlantic, 25ft., 35ft. and 46ft. Special, New York Bay.
13. Lynn, Lynn.	25. Cor. Navy, Larchmont.
13. Quincy.	25. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
13. Savin Hill, First Cham.	25. Patapasco Navy, Ann., Baltimore.
13. Royal N. S. Chauncy Cup, Halifax.	27. Yonkers Cor., Ann., Yonkers.
13. St. Lawrence, 29 and 24ft. Classes, Montreal.	27. Hull, All Classes.
15. Phila. Ann., Del. River.	27. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
17. Hull, Under 21ft.	27. Quincy, First Championship.
17. Massachusetts, Ann., Nahant.	27. Cor. Navy, L. I. Squad, New Rochelle.
17. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.	27. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups.
17. Beverly, 1st Sweep, Mon. Beh.	27. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Marblehead.
17. Marine and Field, Annual, Bath Beach.	27. St. Lawrence, 24, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Montreal.
17. New Jersey, Annual, New York Bay.	27. Royal N. S., United Banks Cup, Halifax.
17. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.	29. Eastern, Ann., Marblehead.
18. Roch., Ladies' Day, Charlotte.	29. Massachusetts, Ladies' Race, Dorchester Bay.
20. Hull Corinthian, 1st Cham.	
20. Brooklyn, Spring, Gravesend Bay.	
JULY.	
1. St. Lawrence, 23, 24, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Montreal.	15. Pleon, 1st Cham., Marblehead.
1. Pleon, Penn., Marblehead.	—, Massachusetts, 46ft. Special.
3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch.	15. Monatiquot, 1st Cham., Weymouth.
3-4-5. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island.	16. Lake Y. R. A., R. C. Y. C., Tor.
3. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth.	17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto.
4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck.	18. American, Steam, Milton's Neck.
4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchm't.	18. Hull, First Cham., 1st and 2d classes.
4. Corinthian, Marblehead, Sweep and Club, Marblehead.	18. New York, Ann., New York.
4. Beverly, 3d Sweep, Mon. Beh.	18. Hull Corinthian, Club, Halifax.
4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchm't.	18. Beverly, 1st Cham., Mon. Beh.
4. N. Y. R. A., Cruise.	18. Cor. Navy, N. Y. Bay Squad.
4. Royal N. S., Squadron Prizes Halifax.	18. St. Lawrence, 24 and 21ft. Classes, Montreal.
4. Sing Sing, Ann., Sing Sing.	18. Royal N. S., Lansdowne Cup, Halifax.
4. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck.	18-19. San Francisco, Fish, Cruise.
—, Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.	20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester.
—, Eastern, Cruise, Maine Coast	

7. New Rochelle, Ann., New Rochelle.	20. Rochester, L. Y. R. A., Charl.
11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.	21. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Fall River.
11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.	22. Pleon, Club, Marblehead.
11. Lynn, Lynn.	23. Lake Y. R. A., Oswego, Oswego.
11. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise.	23. Royal N. S., Venonah Challenge Cup, Halifax.
11. Savin Hill, Cash.	23. L. Y. R. A., Ann., Oswego.
11. Riverside, Annual.	25. Great South Bay.
11. St. Lawrence, 23 and 18ft.	25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester.
11. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.	25. Quincy, Second Cham.
11-19. Larchmont, Cruise, L. I. Sound.	25. Corinthian, Marblehead, 1st Cham., Marblehead.
14. Quincy, Ladies' Day.	27. Pleon, Cruise, Marblehead.
14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton.	—, Corinthian, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

1. Indian Harbor, Open, Greenwich.	—, Corinthian, N. Y., Sweeps, Marblehead.
1. Westhampton, Westhampton.	1. East Bay, Long Island.
1. Hull Corinthian, 2d Cham.	15. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.
1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.	15. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups.
1. Beverly, 1st Cham., Marblehead.	15. Hull, Ladies' Day.
1-15. Cor. Navy, Meet, Riverside.	15. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
3. New York, rendezvous, Glen Cove.	15. Pleon, Club, Marblehead.
6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.	15. Fall River, Open, Fall River.
6. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.	15. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
7. New York, Golet Cup, Newport.	20. Massachusetts, 2d Cham., Dorchester Bay.
8. San Francisco, Club.	22. Quincy.
8. Lynn, S. Coast Club, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.	22. Corinthian, Marblehead, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
8. Savin Hill, Second Cham.	22. Monatiquot, Sweeps, Weymouth.
8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Beh.	22. Cor. Navy, East River Squad.
8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.	22. Royal N. S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
8. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.	22-23. San Francisco, Fish, Cruise.
10. Quincy, Third Cham.	22. Pleon, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
12. Massachusetts, First Cham., Dorchester Bay.	23. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
12. Pleon, 2d Cham., Marblehead.	23. Massachusetts, Third Cham., Dorchester Bay.
13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.	23. Hempstead, Long Island.
13. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.	23. Hull, All Classes.
15. Hull, Ladies' Race.	23. Savin Hill, Cash.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead, Mid-Summer Series, Marblehead.	23. Royal N. S., 2d Cham., Mon. Beh.
5. Beverly, 2d Cham., Marblehead.	23. Royal N. S., Capt. Russell's Cup, Halifax.
1. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.	29. Larchmont, Open, Boats, Larchmont.
2. Pleon, Sail-off, Marblehead.	
5. Monatiquot, Sail-off, Weymouth.	
5. Hull Corinthian, Open.	
5. Beverly, 5th Sweep, Marblehead.	
5. Larchmont, Fall, Larchm't.	
7. Fall River, Club, Fall River.	
7. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.	
7. N. Y. R. A., Ann., New York.	
7. Corinthian, Marblehead, Handicap, Marblehead.	
7. Lynn, Penn., Nahant.	
11. Massachusetts, Fall, Dorchester Bay.	
OCTOBER.	
7. Brooklyn, Fall, Gravesend Bay.	17. San Francisco, Closing Day.

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30.

THE national spring holiday, Memorial Day, was observed in the customary manner by yachtsmen throughout the country, nearly every club enjoying at least a regatta at the club house, or an informal sail of the yachts while many devoted the day to races or formal reviews of the fleet. About New York and Boston the weather was cool and overcast in the morning, clearing in the afternoon, the wind being light all day.

EASTERN Y. C. HANDICAP.

The first important race of the season in Eastern waters, the handicap of the Eastern Y. C., lost much of its promised interest from the absence of the 40 footers, none of the class being ready, in fact it will be another month before the Eastern fleet, Bearre, Oweene, Barbara and Alborak are at all ready. New York is likely to have a fair fleet in the June or July races, Jessica, Gloriana, Minola, Nautilus and Sayonara; but not until before the season is over will the entire fleet be on the water. The only starters on Saturday were the thirties Saladin, Hawk and Elf, the handicap from Saladin to Hawk being 5m. 15s., and to Elf 20m.

The course was from Marblehead Rock, leaving spindle on Tom Moore's Rocks, Tucker's Island, and Outer Breaker Buoy on Pig Rocks on the starboard, to the Graves Buoy, leaving it on the port, to the end of the turning buoy, leaving it on the port; to finish at Marblehead Rock, 24 miles.

The new outer mark, used for the first time, is a white spar buoy laid down by the Lighthouse Board for the Eastern Y. C. The start was from one gun at 11 A. M., the wind being light from the south, making a beat to the Graves Buoy. Saladin crossed the line 22s. after the gun, Hawk lost 43s. and Elf 34. All carried club-tees, Saladin soon leaving the others.

Off Pig Rocks the wind eased up, giving Hawk quite a gain on Saladin, and when they were timed at the turn there was but 43s. between them.

Saladin..... 12 51 08 Hawk..... 12 51 51 Elf..... 1 10 07

With the wind well ahead Saladin set no jibtop sail until within a mile of the next mark, but Hawk lost 43s. and Elf 34. The time of the jibe at the outer mark was:

Saladin..... 2 06 41 Hawk..... 2 08 53 Elf..... 2 26 12

The last leg was made under spinners in a falling wind, the full times being:

Saladin..... 4 29 13 Hawk..... 4 29 13 Elf..... 4 39 46

Hawk wins \$50.

The regatta committee included Messrs. W. S. Eaton, Jr., R. D. Sears, P. T. Jackson, Jr., and Henry H. Buck.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.

The South Boston Y. C. was served but poorly by the wind on Saturday, the first class being unable to finish, while the other classes made a drift. Swords, Mr. John B. Fitch and the boat, was beaten for the first time. The winner in the special class was a new boat, True Blue, designed and built by Harry Hutchings. The times were:

White Fawn, A. E. Jones..... 23 08 Did not finish.

Phad, W. P. Dixon..... 23 08 Did not finish.

Insetta, W. P. Taylor..... 25 08 Did not finish.

Rowna, J. H. Putnam..... 27 06 Did not finish.

Harbinger, J. R. Hooper..... 28 00 Did not finish.

Stanley, W. L. Colson..... 26 00 Did not finish.

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Optic, G. S. Hutchinson..... 2 22 32 2 43 32

Jevey, L. L. Davis..... 2 22 32 2 43 32

Scotia, Higgins Canfield..... 27 07 Time not taken.

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Hazard, H. S. Moody..... 2 45 32 2 11 57

Ideal, F. Williams..... 2 50 57 2 15 18

Strideaway, J. W. Gannon..... 2 54 03 2 21 48

Montezuma, G. E. Curry..... 2 58 04 2 30 55

Expert, J. C. Chase..... 2 58 04 2 30 55

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Alpine, Blithen and Pitchforth..... 10 02 2 38 50 2 07 24

Bess, W. C. Cherrington..... 15 11 2 42 36 2 10 49

Maple, Otis and Ryder..... 23 12 2 53 21 2 13 51

Scamp, H. N. Nye..... 25 08 2 58 21 2 16 38

Trifle, J. F. Osburn..... 25 08 2 58 21 2 17 23

Modoc, D. W. Belcher..... 25 08 2 58 21 2 19 05

Mabel, H. L. Rice.....	19 11	2 48 34	2 21 36
Cadet, C. B. Smith.....	16 04	2 55 26	2 24 14
Sunshine, E. W. Haskell.....	19 11	2 59 04	2 32 05
Mamie, H. T. Bowen.....	17 07	3 02 03	2 32 27
Helen, R. W. Sawtell.....	13 10	3 02 18	2 35 15
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.			
Composite, R. M. McIntyre.....	15 00	2 55 44	2 24 04
Pink, G. W. Corbett.....	15 00	3 00 15	2 27 05
A. & L. Anderson and Lucy.....	17 03	3 04 26	2 34 35
Zetta, R. D. Flye.....	18 01	3 06 27	2 38 13
Majelle, Rich and Wiegand.....	18 06	3 08 00	2 39 29
FOURTH CLASS.			
Tantrum, J. S. Small.....	14 07	1 58 32	1 39 14
Bessie, W. C. Cherrington.....	12 09	2 04 16	1 43 10
Nadine, D. N. Palmer.....	14 08	2 04 43	1 45 30
Transit, S. W. Small.....	14 08	2 13 16	1 53 57
Marigold, E. D. Gray.....	14 07	2 15 03	1 55 59
Nina, J. P. Bullard.....	14 10		
JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS UNDER 21FT.			
True Blue, H. Hutchings.....	17 10	2 34 05	2 04 47
Diadem, L. D. Hayward.....	18 02	2 45 19	2 16 24
et, J. W. McFarland.....	19 05	2 54 56	2 27 31
Zoe, W. H. Fannioe.....	18 01	2 57 25	2 28 25
Aulis, A. A. Martin.....	18 05	Did not finish.	

The judges were Hubert Pope, W. H. Godfrey, H. F. Macintyre and Thomas Christian.

FALL RIVER Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.

The second Memorial Day regatta of the Fall River Y. C. was quite a success in spite of light winds, there being a fleet of 32 yachts at the finish. The conditions were:

First class, sloop, over 30ft.; second class, under 30ft.; third class, cat-rigged boats 24ft. and over; fourth class, 21ft. and under 21ft.; fifth class, 18ft. and under 21ft.; sixth class, 18ft. and under. These are the prizes: First class—First prize, a silver cup valued at \$175, now held by sloop Millie, of Providence. The winning sloop is to hold this cup during the year and deliver it to the judges on the morning of the next annual contest. When won three times by any sloop it will be held permanently by that sloop. The second prize in the first class will be a barometer valued at \$25. In the second, third and fourth classes the first prize is \$20 and the second prize \$10. In the fifth class the first prize is \$15 and the second \$8. In the sixth class the first prize is \$10 and the second \$5. No first prize in any class will be given unless two or more yachts compete and no second unless three or more yachts compete.

The courses were: Class 1—To and around Coal Mine Buoy, thence to finish line; distance 18 1/2 miles. Classes 2 and 3—To and around Hog Island Lightship, thence to finish line; distance 18 1/2 miles. Class 4—To and around Mount Hope Buoy, thence to finish line; distance 10 1/2 miles. Classes 5 and 6—To and around Common Fence Point Buoy, thence to finish line; distance 10 1/2 miles.

Flying start. The measurement will be according to the club rules and time allowance in accordance with the Herreshoff table. Sloops allowed fore and aft sails only, including spinners. Catboats will be allowed but one sail. Yachts will carry but one man for each 5ft. or fractional part of their sailing length, and stationary crew only.

The wind was light S.E. The sloop Millie, winner of the cup in 1890, declined to start against Shark, the new importation from Boston. Yvonne is a new yacht, just built by Reed Bros. The times were:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shark, A. E. Austin.....	32.03	2 51 20	2 51 20
Kismet, William Powers.....	30.07	3 00 47	3 04 54

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hattie, George B. Perce.....	28.09	3 06 03	3 06 03
Diamond, Lewis H. Tillinghast.....	26.01	3 16 02	3 15 09
Thetis, David Cummings.....	25.00	3 27 45	3 25 25
Three Sisters, C. A. Pardee.....		Time not taken.	

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yvonne, George Hawes.....	24.00	3 22 14	3 12 02
Ethel, Joseph Pearson.....	24.11	3 31 57	3 13 29
Nellie, Albert Hibbard.....	22.11 1/2	3 20 21	3 15 18
Four Brothers, J. Richardson.....	25.00	3 31 48	3 23 29
Madeline, G. I. Field.....	30.03 1/2	3 25 48	3 25 48
Test, J. A. Clark.....	34.10 1/2	3 25 04	3 16 25

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edna, E. C. Nickerson.....	21.09	2 07 08	2 04 43
Olive, Fanny Bros.....	22.00	2 08 52	2 06 48
Katrina, J. Kelly.....	23.07	2 16 18	2 16 18
Moss Bonito, J. A. Parker.....	23.02	2 07 57	2 07 25
Victor, E. N. Bourne.....	24.04	2 39 50	2 38 15
Barbara, Irving Cooke.....	22.06	2 22 43	2 21 19
Harvest, C. Paquette.....	23.03	2 17 30	2 17 05

FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Unknown, Elmer Young.....	18.04	2 24 11	2 20 17
Nereld, E. S. Brayman.....	20.06	2 30 37	2 30 08
Princess, Remington Bros.....	19.03	2 43 50	2 41 27
Yarrow, S. Aldrich.....	18.02	2 39 21	2 35 10
Idlehour, Joseph Kingsford.....	18.10	2 20 23	2 30 23

SIXTH CLASS CATS.			
		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fedora, Antoya & Marble.....	17.01 1/2	2 25 23	2 25 23
Mattie, Antoya & Marble.....	16.03 1/2	2 28 57	2 28 10

out time allowance was not determined. Sophia won the S. H. Bailey cup for the best time over the Gangway Buoy course with time allowance. The regatta committee included G. W. Fuller, R. H. Wylie, J. F. Hogan, H. B. McAllister and J. Hendry. The judges were George Parkhill, Columbia Y. C.; J. C. Summers, Cherry Diamond Y. C.; J. A. Hutchinson and Capt. P. Grace, Harlem Y. C.

PAVONIA Y. C. OPENING REGATTA.

The opening regatta of the Pavonia Y. C., of Communipaw, N. J., was held on Saturday in a light wind. After the race a number of the yachts sailed down to the club's station at Atlantic Highlands. The times of the race were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS OVER 30FT.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Avalon.....	12 40 13	4 46 48	4 06 35	4 06 25
Phantom.....	12 42 12	4 49 09	4 06 57	4 04 57
Pontiac.....	12 53 00	Grounded.		
CLASS B—33 TO 38FT.				
Wacondah.....	12 42 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS C—27 TO 33FT.				
Mascot.....	12 45 00	5 25 50	4 40 50	4 40 58
Forsyth.....	12 43 40	4 37 28	3 53 48	3 50 38
Pavonia.....	12 43 30	5 17 00	4 33 30	4 27 30
CLASS D—UNDER 27FT.				
Cute.....	12 44 25	5 13 30	4 29 05	4 29 05
Soutter Johnnie.....	12 46 05	5 15 00	4 28 55	4 27 30
Christine.....	12 47 45	4 58 29	4 10 44	4 07 22
CLASS E—CABIN CATS.				
Water Lily.....	12 55 43	5 39 50	4 44 07	4 44 07
Falcon.....	12 56 43	5 44 55	4 48 12	4 45 12
Annie J.....	12 51 53	5 23 43	4 31 45	4 27 25
Ada.....	12 54 30	5 45 43	5 52 13	4 40 13
CLASS F—OVER 23FT.				
J. T. Corlett.....	12 53 41	4 31 56	3 38 17	3 38 17
Beulah.....	12 54 52	4 50 48	3 55 55	3 50 55
Annie J.....	12 52 15	4 50 07	3 57 52	3 51 55
CLASS G—UNDER 23FT.				
Leader.....	12 54 32			
H. H. Holmes.....	12 52 43	4 34 09	4 34 09	3 41 26
CLASS H—OVER 23FT.				
Square.....	12 51 00	4 56 08	4 06 08	4 06 08
Marie.....	12 51 44	5 12 45		

The winners were: Class A, Phantom; Class B, Wacondah; Class C, Forsyth; Class D, Christine; Class E, Annie J.; Class F, J. T. Corlett; Class G, H. H. Holmes; Class H, Square. The Fullman silver cup was awarded to the J. T. Corlett, for the fastest corrected time.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.

The chief event of Memorial Day about New York was the initial race of the new 25ft. c.l. class, two of which, Mr. L. J. Bourry's Smuggler, and an unnamed craft lately launched for Mr. C. W. Wetmore, owner of Liris, are now ready for racing. The first race was due to the enterprise of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, which has put up a \$75 silver cup for a series of races in this class during the season. The Corinthian Mosquito Fleet Champion Cup for 1891 must be won three times to be held permanently. The regatta was held off Larchmont by courtesy of the Larchmont Y. C., the yawl Nonpareil doing duty as mark boat at the starting line. The courses were:

For boats 21ft. and over around the spar buoy on westerly end of Execution Reef; thence around Matinicoek Buoy; thence around black spar buoy off Constable's Point, leaving all these buoys on the port hand; thence around the westerly buoy on Execution Reef, leaving all buoys on said reef to starboard; thence across the finishing line, 18 miles.

For boats 18ft. and under 21ft. around the spar buoy on westerly end of Execution Reef; thence around Matinicoek buoy; thence around black spar buoy on Constable's Point, leaving all these buoys on port hand; thence around the westerly buoy on Execution Reef, leaving all buoys on said reef to starboard; thence across the finishing line, 5 miles.

Boats must not pass between buoys either on Hen and Chickens Reef or Execution Reef.

There were seventeen starters in the seven classes, from 15 to 25ft. l.w.l. The wind was light S.W. when the race started at 1 P. M., the weather being hazy; but with more wind the fog disappeared, and the result was a very good race. Smuggler was over the line first, but off the wind the Wetmore boat gained, making better use of her power, and the latter buoy off Constable's Point at 3:14:35, with Smuggler 3:37:01. On the wind the latter gained, crossing the line in the lead. The times was so close that a remeasurement of Smuggler will be necessary to determine the winner. The times were:

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nameless, C. W. Wetmore.....	5 24 31	Smuggler, L. J. Bourry.....	5 07 21	
SLOOPS—17FT. CLASS.				
Coyote, H. W. Bucknall.....	3 54 05	Teal, O. Sanderson.....	4 14 25	
CATS AND YAWLS—21 TO 25FT. CLASS.				
Dot, J. W. Hildreth.....	5 17 01	Cupid, H. W. D. Bart.....	With'dw	
Mimette.....	5 45 02			
CATS—21 TO 25FT. CLASS.				
Ada, W. S. Alley.....	5 24 31	La Pechole, C. Buchanan.....	5 32 10	
CATS, OPEN—18 TO 21FT. CLASS.				
Olga, C. C. Little.....	3 55 23	Cruiser, A. B. Alley.....	4 01 12	
OPEN SLOOPS—18 TO 21FT. CLASS.				
Bouncer, T. Clapham.....	3 51 34	Swallow, H. Livingston.....	4 22 25	
CATS—15 TO 18FT. CLASS.				
Coot, C. O. Munroe.....	3 44 13	Water Wag, F. J. Hynes.....	2 53 07	
Shack, J. J. Brassington.....	3 44 13			

The regatta committee included Dr. Theodore Ledyard, F. S. Grant and J. M. Williams.

PLYMOUTH Y. C.—The light wind of Saturday made a finish impossible, except for the canoes in the Plymouth Y. C. regatta, the times of this class being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Carmen, F. A. Jenks.....	14.06	2 18 10	1 49 07
Mollie, A. L. Bailey.....	14.06	2 21 55	1 53 12
Fishing Fish, A. L. Rich.....	13.01	2 37 50	2 06 43
Daisy, G. W. Cooper.....	14.09	2 38 47	2 10 04

The prizes were opera glasses and marine compasses, and were awarded to the first three boats. We have received a copy of the club book for 1891. The club is organized as a company.

EXCELSIOR Y. C.—The Excelsior Y. C., of South Brooklyn, held its second annual regatta on Saturday off its new club house at 43d street, the times being:

CLASS A.				
	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ella S., John Strand.....	20.00	3 10 00	6 27 00	3 17 00
O I C, John Terrell.....	19.00	3 11 00	6 34 00	3 23 00
CLASS B.				
Lady Ella, John Smedley.....	21.03	3 16 00	6 27 15	3 11 15
Maud L., Hugh Graham.....	21.08	3 15 15	6 33 00	3 17 45
CLASS C.				
J. Ripper, G. Leopold.....	20.00	3 20 45	5 47 00	2 26 15
Ethel, James Evers.....	18.03	3 22 45	5 57 00	2 44 15
CLASS D.				
Cricket, Wm. Lebrecht.....	12.07	3 26 30	4 55 30	1 29 00
Little Johnnie, H. Coates.....	17.00	3 26 45	4 26 15	59 30

CANARIE Y. C.—The spring review of the Canarie Y. C. took place as per programme in spite of unfavorable weather. In the evening a reception was held at the club house.

NEWARK Y. C. REGATTA.—The Newark Y. C. enjoyed a very pleasant day at the club house at Bayonne, a large number of ladies being present. In the afternoon a ladies' race was sailed on the Bay, the winners in the various classes being Emmy C., Arrow, Ohio, Ripple, Cleo and Americus.

ATLANTIC Y. C. OPENING SAIL.—The dull weather of Saturday morning was rather discouraging for the members of the Atlantic Y. C., as the opening sail is made a festive occasion for the ladies and other guests rather than a yachtman's holiday with real racing. In spite of little wind and cloudy skies the fleet turned out in goodly numbers for a sail to the S.W. Spit and back, no times being taken.

AMERICAN Y. C.—A reception was held at the club house at Milton's Point, at which a large number of guests were present.

PHILADELPHIA MODEL Y. C.—The Philadelphia Model Y. C. sailed several races on Saturday, the wind being very light.

WAYSATER Y. C.—Owing to the weather, the regatta of the Waysater Y. C. at Far Rockaway was indefinitely postponed.

BROOKLYN Y. C.—The fleet of the Brooklyn Y. C. turned out in review on Saturday, a reception being held at the club house in the evening.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—The fleet of the Jersey City Y. C. sailed down to the new station of the club near Totenville, Staten Island, on Saturday, to open the new house.



ROYAL VICTORIA Y. C. CUP.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA Y. C. CUP.

THE above illustration, for which we are indebted to the Yachtsman, shows the new cup, recently established by the Royal Victoria Y. C., of Ryde, England, for international competition; the conditions governing which were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 18, 1890. The cup is of gold, valued at \$3,000.

AMERICAN MODEL Y. C.

THE American Model Y. C., of Brooklyn, N. Y., is now working hard for the encouragement of model-yacht sailing, a sport that has declined of late years about New York, though at one time in quite a flourishing condition. Prospect Park, Brooklyn, has long been the center of the sport, and the American Model Y. C. has its station there. The club was re-organized in 1887, and is now in a very satisfactory condition. The present officers are: Com., W. V. Hanson; Vic.-Com., G. W. Lyon; Treas., G. W. Townley; Sec'y, Harry Melvin; Meas., F. Nichols. The yachts must not be under 30in. l.w.l., fixed ballast is compulsory, and the total weight of yacht with largest set of sails must be registered, and the registered weight declared previous to a race. There are three classes; 53 to 63in. l.w.l., 42 to 53in., and 30 to 42in. The allowance is 55, per inch. The races are sailed to windward, the course being $\frac{1}{16}$ miles.

The first race of the year was sailed on Saturday, the first heat of the third class yachts being called at 11 A. M., the first yacht crossing the line at 11:10:13 as a fresh S.W. wind sprung up. Six new yachts and one year old started, their lengths averaging 40in. on l.w.l.

The last year's boat, Electra, was looked upon as sure winner, she being tuned up much better than the newer boats. She made the fastest time in the second heat of the race, making the three-tenths of a mile in 11m. 25s. in three legs, beating Star on elapsed time by $\frac{1}{4}$ s., but being beaten by Star on corrected time by $\frac{1}{4}$ s., rather close sailing, with the other boats strung out.

Electra did not do so well in the other heats, but Mr. Scott's new cutter Marian showed up as well as can be expected of a new yacht, and there is no doubt that the future races of the season will be between Electra, Star and Marian.

The second class race was called at 12 M., only two yachts starting, May, owned by Mr. Fisher, and Kate C., owned by Mr. Sheridan. Kate C. crossed the line at 12:00:12, taking the lead, May crossing 8s. later. A close race followed. May taking the lead at about one-fifth of the course. She would undoubtedly have won this heat, but her main sheet slackened away and ran off just enough to go outside the finish flag. Kate C. crossed the line in fine style, everything drawing.

In the second heat Kate C. was handled to perfection, crossing the line a winner of the prize, making the fast time of 8:56 elapsed, winning by $\frac{1}{4}$ s., corrected time, elapsed time of May being 9m. 20s. Scrub races wound up the day's sport. The summary was:

SECOND CLASS—42 TO 53IN. L.W.L.—FIRST HEAT.				
	Sec.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
May, H. Fisher.....	7.5	2 00 20	Sailed outside finish flag.	
Kate C., J. Sheridan.....	8	2 00 12	2 10 47	10 35 10

SECOND HEAT—FINAL.				
	Sec.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
May, H. Fisher.....	7.5	2 22 00	2 31 20	09 20
Kate C., J. Sheridan.....	8	2 21 15	2 30 11	08 56

THIRD CLASS—30 TO 42IN. L.W.L.—FINAL.				
	Sec.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jennie L., G. Armsstrong.....	4.5	12 26 53	12 41 49	14 56
Dora H., J. D. Casey.....	5.5	12 26 53	12 41 49	14 56

Distance sailed three-tenths of a mile. Time keepers, Harry Melvin and F. Nichols. The prizes were of \$5 value each. The next race will be sailed on July 4.

"TIME ALLOWANCE RATING."—The Atlantic Y. C. has just added its share to the increasing confusion of terms by announcing a class of "25ft. time allowance rating." Just what "time allowance rating" means is not yet explained, but it appears to be the familiar old "sailing length" in English-mach clothes. One strong feature of the real thing, the original English "rating," is that in nearly all classes it abolishes time allowance; as the smaller fractions of a rating are not counted, and each boat is, or considered to be, built to the limit of the class, 20-rating, 10-rating, etc., down to the new $\frac{1}{4}$ -rating class, so that there is no time allowance from one boat in a class to another. If American clubs are prepared to adopt the established British unit of rating for both classifying and allowing time (where necessary) the term rating can very properly be used here. If, however, they are to adhere to the present established American unit of sailing length feet, some suitable term should be coined for it as soon as possible.

TITANIA.—Mr. Iselin's 70-footer has been towed from City Island to Staten Island, and as her owner is abroad it is certain that he will not put her in commission, but has sold her, the reported purchaser being D. H. Smith, late owner of Samona, schr.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Beverly, Hull and Plymouth Y. C. year books.

YACHT ARCHITECTURE.

IT is not only from the great advances in yacht designing within the last thirty years that the yachtman of to-day has an immense advantage over his predecessors of the past generation, but from the fact while the sum total of knowledge accessible to the latter was exceedingly limited, being derived only from his own observation eked out by such meagre facts as the builders of the day made public; the modern yachtman has at his command a very extensive library of technical works, in which is recorded the latest advances in the science of design as well as the art of building. One of the best known of the writers who have placed the inquiring yachtman and the amateur designer under such obligations is Mr. Dixon Kemp, of London, long time editor of the Field, whose books on yachting are so widely read. Mr. Kemp is the first writer who has attempted to deal comprehensively with the extensive field of yacht architecture, his work on the subject, published in 1885, meeting with a degree of success which has called for a second edition, which is just ready. The original book is so well known as to call for no new notice, and it is sufficient to say that it has been improved and enlarged by re-writing and additions, which add greatly to its original value.

Of the progress in recent years, the writer speaks as follows in the preface: "It cannot be claimed that any great discovery has been made during the last decade, which has thrown new light on the science; nevertheless, yacht designing and construction have undergone great development in all their branches. The rescinding of the old tonnage rule as a means of rating yachts in competitive sailing, and, as a consequence, the removal of the tax upon beam, has had a great effect upon the form of yachts, and enabled designers to solve the problems set them with great freedom." Among the many tables of dimensions and elements we notice a new one that is very interesting at this time when excessive draft is taking such a prominent place in American designing. From the examination of a large number of yachts, Mr. Kemp reaches the conclusion that in keel craft the draft varies as the length $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$; from which formula he has computed a table of drafts as follows: 20ft. l.w.l., 5.5 draft; 25, 6.4; 30, 7.2; 35, 8.0; 40, 8.8; 45, 9.5; 50, 10.2; 55, 10.9; 60, 11.5; 65, 12.1; 70, 12.7; 75, 13.4; 80, 14.1; 85, 14.7; 90, 15.4; 95, 16.1; 100, 16.8. Though these figures have been exceeded in some of the new racing craft, they represent very well the general practice of the present time in Great Britain, and contrast sharply with the drafts of the newer American boats, such as the forties Liris, Tomahawk and Helen, drawing between 10 and 11ft., and the 46ft. craft now preparing, with drafts of 10 to 12ft. This table is supplemented by a column of sail areas for the various lengths, which also make a strong contrast with American practice.

Since the first edition of the book appeared, two great changes have taken place; the old tonnage rule with its limitation of beam has been abolished, and the centerboard has been admitted to British races; while at the same time the narrow keel cutters built under the old rule have come into close competition with the most improved types of centerboard craft. A number of the latest designs have been extended by additional matter relating to the wider yachts now built in Great Britain, as well as to the centerboard, the latter being considered at length in the chapter on lateral resistance. While throwing little new light on the question of centerboard vs. keel, the discussion is quite interesting and suggestive in many ways. The chapter on resistance and wave making and the wave form theory contains, in a compact and available form, the record of the latest conclusions of such specialists as Mr. Froude and Mr. Colin Archer. The chapter devoted to steam has been considerably enlarged, special attention being given to water tube boilers, and forced draft.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the design of one of the new 20-raters, Ghost, by Mr. C. P. Clayton, the entire construction being illustrated in detail by colored plates. Among the new designs are two of the new 24-raters, Lady Nan and Dolphin, most curious craft, being boats of shoal body but with immense lead fins in place of centerboards. The construction of Dolphin is quite elaborate, the details being fully shown. The lines of Mayflower and Volunteer are given, but accompanied by the following explanation: "The plates of the Volunteer and Mayflower were given me by Mr. Dartmouth Hutton, who obtained them from the New York Y. C. The lines were taken from models in the possession of the club, and although the lines may not represent with exactness the form of the yachts, they are no doubt as accurate as lines taken from models usually are, and convey a good idea of what the yachts are like. The lines may be of no practical value, but they are useful for comparing the type of yacht which has lately sprung into existence in America with the contemporary British type."

Among other additions to the plates are a series of designs of yacht's boats and small open craft, the whole series of plates covering the entire range of yachting and boat sailing.

NEWBURGH CANOE AND BOATING ASSOCIATION.—The annual regatta of the Newburgh C. and B. A., on June 27, will be the most important ever held, including a large variety of craft. There will be an open race for sloops and cutters of 40ft. and under, an open race for catboats of 23ft. and under, with races for cruisers, canoe yawls, canoes, paddling and sailing, and rowing boats.

A QUICK TRIP.—The Burgess 30-footer Rosalind left Lawley's at 6 P. M. on May 19 and reached New York at 2 A. M. on May 22, her time being 58 hours, or the best yet made by a 30-footer. She was in charge of Capt. Chas. Foster, with one hand.

THE PEQUOTS AT MORRIS COVE.

THE original promoters of the "Family Outing Club," fast becoming recognized as the proper adjunct to a well regulated yacht or canoe club, the Pequot Association of New Haven, will open their newly acquired and valuable property in every department on June 13, the 13th of June.

The arrangements in the way of providing social entertainment for members and guests include Saturday night hops each week, events of more or less importance every evening, and the probability of "free for all" yacht race, canoe race and cycle tournament on July 4. The growth and popularity of this corporation is something wonderful, with a membership of over three hundred ladies and gentlemen, recognized leaders of society, and most prominent in business circles, with a glorious harbor for the cyclist, canoeist and yachtsman, a magnificent location, good harbor, and in season excellent bathing, boating, fishing and shooting, the members may well be assured of the pleasure of an entire season, or the year round for that matter, with their families and friends at "the club."

The Pequot premises include several acres of lawn and orchard, barns, magnificent beach, docks, and house with over fifty rooms, wide verandas (triple deck), large dining-room, club hall, parlors, smoking and toilet rooms, and forty-one sleeping rooms. The dormitories are permanently allotted to the stockholders, who are all members of the club, but all the other privileges of the entire property are intended for the general use of the association.

Article II. of association declares the purposes of this corporation "to be to encourage aquatic and all out-of-door sports, unite yachtsmen, canoeists, bicyclists, et al. for social intercourse and improvement, and to do all other necessary acts to maintain a seashore club and equip suitable quarters to promote and perpetuate, etc." Therefore very properly the association cordially invites club members (properly vouched) to make their anchorage at "the Cove."

Special attention should here be called to the obstruction at the mouth of the New Haven harbor through building the "West Breakwater" now just showing above water. Two red lights are shown at night and the southerly end appears a little north of direct range from Stratford point light, New Haven light.

There are several mails received at the club house each day and all mail, express or freight addressed care of steward, Pequot Association, Morris Cove, New Haven, will be stored and cared for without charge, at owner's risk, for any qualified guests who may desire to make this their basis of supplies. Ship stores, water, etc., may be obtained of the steward. Frequent stages to New Haven, about 4 miles distant, over a delightful road. Red light displayed at end of club pier. Blue and white light on pier at south side of the cove makes most safe anchorage for from 3 to 8 ft. at ebb tide, being out of range of sou'westers. Correspondence addressed to F. P. Lewis, Commodore, New Haven, Conn., W. W. Cornwall, Secretary, Jersey City, N. J., is promised careful attention.

ZAYDA.—The steam yacht Zayda was launched a few days ago from the works of Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Nyack-on-the-Hudson. She is 55 ft. long by 16 ft. beam and draws 3 ft. of water. The Zayda is designed as a day launch and is also arranged for cruising. Her frames are of selected white oak; planking of cedar and copper fastened throughout. The machinery consists of a 75-horse power triple expansion engine and a Seabury safety water-tube boiler. This will drive the boat at a guaranteed speed of 12 miles per hour natural draft, and about 14 miles with forced draft. The working steam pressure allowed is 300 lbs., but the average pressure carried is 200. Some 2000 lbs. of steam boiler is carried. 300 lbs., and will steam steadily all day long. The cabin arrangements of the Zayda are worthy of special comment, as all the room is used to advantage. Under the forward deck is storage room for anchors, etc., and on deck she carries a windlass, also brass cannon and extra ropes, a brass rill making finish. The port house comes next and is very roomy, being fitted with wide seats both thwartship and fore and aft. Under these seats are clothes lockers, chart racks, etc., so arranged that the top pulls out and makes a fine wide berth for sleeping on. Next aft comes the owner's cabin, which is also finished in same manner as seats in pilot house. This room will accommodate a party of four. Off of this cabin on starboard side is a toilet room with patent w.c., wash basins, etc. On the port side is coat room and stores. Next aft comes engine room, which is very small, considering the size of boat and her power. The machinery is of a high class and sets low down in boat. It is compact, strong and light weight, the coal consumption being about 600 lbs. for ten hours' running, which is very economical. Steam can be obtained in ten minutes from cold water. Aft of engine room is crew's cabin and galley, and next aft is open cockpit with a canopy for awning. Under the deck is a large icebox and refrigerator. The cabin work is all mahogany with windows to slide up and down, and the furnishings are of silks, damasks, plushes and Wilton carpets, making beautiful contrasts with the wood work. Messrs. Seabury have a 70 ft. high-speed yacht in construction and some other steam launches of special design.

A FLUTILLA FOR LAKE ERIE.—The steam launch Nahma, built by Chas. L. Seabury & Co. for Mr. D. E. Stone, of Cleveland, Ohio, started on her long trip to Cleveland May 25, under command of Capt. Wyborn, of Nyack, having in tow two boats, the new 25 ft. cabin catboat Ola, built for Mr. H. C. Rouse, of Cleveland, and the 22 ft. cabin catboat Bay Ridge, and a 2 ft. naphtha steam launch. They go via Hudson River to Albany and canals to Buffalo, thence by Lake Erie to Cleveland. Mr. Rouse is one of the party making the trip. The Nahma is a style of launch which is becoming very popular, she is 37 ft. long, 7 ft. beam, draws 2 ft. 6 in., and is built of select oak frames, cedar-planked, copper-fastened, etc. Over the cockpit is a canopy-top roof of wood with storm curtains on sides and ends, and canvas awning; thus inclosing the boat and making summer cabin. She is fitted as an open or party launch, but can be used for cruising, as she is supplied with all conveniences—w.c., wash basin, provision and clothes lockers, etc. The machinery is a 25 H. P. compound engine and a Seabury safety water-tube boiler, which will drive the launch at a speed of 11 miles per hour. Owing to the lightness of machinery and its setting so low down in the boat, she is thoroughly seaworthy, and developed full contract speed under unfavorable conditions and also great towing qualities.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—Fleet Captain Garrett has sent out the following order for a cruiser. The Commodore has expressed his intention of calling the squadron together for the summer cruise on Saturday, July 25. Leaving Boston that day the squadron will race to Portland, and afterward will race from Portland to Booth Bay, from Booth Bay to Rockland, and from Rockland to Camden. Prizes will be offered for all these races, of which notice will be given later. Early notice is given in order that captains desirous of joining the cruise may have ample time for making their arrangements. Invitations have been extended to the Hull and Quincy yacht clubs to join in the cruise. Captains intending to make the cruise with the club will please notify me.

YACHT CRUISING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Editor Forest and Stream: Can you or any of your readers give me a few points as to the practicability of going in a small sailing yacht, 25 ft., with a couple of ladies from Lake Champlain, or rather after leaving Lake Champlain up the St. Lawrence River to The Thousand Islands? I would like especially to know? 1. Is it easy or possible at Sorel on the St. Lawrence to hitch on to a tow of ships or canalboats going up the river, and about the cost of such towage and to whom to apply? 2. Is it possible or best to sail any parts of the route, or is a tug necessary for the whole distance? 3. What facilities are there for getting supplies of provisions beyond Montreal, and about how much time ought one to allow for such a cruise up to the Islands? 4. How about the neighborhood of The Thousand Islands for the safety of a small yacht, current, winds, depth of water, harbors and the like, and the sources of entertainment for a summer vacation. The party are three, the ladies good sailors, and all accustomed to the boat and to similar cruises on the Atlantic Coast, Long Island Sound and Lake Champlain. We know the disadvantages of a sailing yacht as compared with steam in going against strong currents and getting through locks, as well as its advantages in other ways. We made a dash through once as far as Montreal and gained some wisdom, but we want more, especially as regards the upper part of the route. Possibly some of your readers have tried it in a similar small craft, and if so, we shall be glad to exchange points in our experience with theirs. We have two months, July and August for vacation.—K. (Hartford, Conn., May 27.)

NEPTUNE BOAT CLUB.—On May 23 the Neptune Boat Club, of Baltimore, opened the season by a reception in the new club house, just completed. The house is on the main branch of the Patuxent River, just north of the Light street bridge, about 25 min. by horse car from the center of the city. There is 5 ft. of water at the club when the tide is in. The first race was sailed on a generous invitation to visiting yachtsmen. The additions to the Neptune fleet this spring embrace the steam yacht Restless, owned by the Messrs. Evans Bros.; the 30 ft. naphtha launch Sylvia, owned by Dr. Foster; 35 ft. canoe Albatross, owned by Mr. Volz, the keel sloop Outing, Mr. W. A. Blake, and 35 ft. canoe Neptune. Other boats will be added to the fleet later on.

BAYONNE ROWING AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—This club has just organized a yachting department, the commodore being Mr. J. Herbert Murphy. The first race was sailed off Bayonne, N. J., in New York Bay, on Saturday, the winners being Kitten, Little Silver, Gracie, Bantam, and the canoe Ute.

RAMONA—GOLDEN FLEECE.—On May 29, while the steam yacht Golden Fleece was at anchor off Staten Island, the schooner Ramona collided with her, the steam yacht being considerably damaged, while the schooner lost her bowsprit.

ROMOLA.—Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Lieut. A. P. Nazro, U. S. N., recently in charge of the Branch Hydrographic Office in New York, to command his steam yacht Komol. Lieut. Nazro has been granted a leave of absence from the navy.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The Corinthian Y. C., of New York, has selected Monday, June 23, for its annual regatta over the usual courses in New York Bay.

HULL Y. C.—In place of the usual annual cruise, it is proposed to substitute this year a short trip of three or four days to the neighborhood of Provincetown.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

T. A. H.—The cork vest was formerly made in Brooklyn, but we cannot learn present address of maker.

W. M. H. Indianapolis, Ind.—Please tell me through your paper who is the owner of the Chestnut Hill Kennels? Ans. Mr. Mitchell Harrison, P. O. Box 1639, Philadelphia, Pa.

D. M. H. New York City.—I find it is very difficult to get a Chesapeake Bay dog; have written to many about them, and was at the point of buying one twice, but both times they were sold; perhaps you can help me to find out where I can get one. Ans. Write to Mr. I. T. Norris, or Mr. Harry Malcolm, Baltimore, Md.

H. C. B.—See design of Windward in "Small Yachts." Such a yacht has good room for her length. The cost will run from \$700 to \$1,200. The cutter or modified sloop rig is better in most cases than the yawl. The plans from a competent designer would cost \$50 to \$75.

M. P., Morristown, N. J.—Will you please give in your valuable journal the extended pedigrees of the pointer dog Craft and bitch Temptation, mentioned in your issue of the 7th inst., in pedigree of the I. F. I understand Craft is No. 1038 A. K. R. and Temptation No. 5,613, either in A. K. R. or A. K. C. S. B. I think the latter. Kindly give also, if possible, the names and addresses of breeders and owners of each dog. Ans. Craft (A. K. R. 1038)—Breeder, George V. Poyneer, Dayton, Iowa. Owner, Mortimer Mills, Jersey City, N. J. Sire, Bang, by champion Bang out of Luna, by Sancho out of Lass; Bang, by Coham's Bang out of Price's Vestra. Don, by Poyneer's Jean, by Stead's Glenmark out of Green's Girl; Glenmark by Rush out of Roup. Temptation (A. K. C. S. B. 5513)—Owner, George W. McNeil, Jr., Jersey City, N. J. Breeder, Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass. Sire, Fogg's Don out of Alden's Maud S., by Pete, Jr., out of imported Kate; Pete, Jr., by champion Pete; Don, by Fogg's Pete out of Queen.

C. W. W. Galion, O.—Please inform me through your paper what breed of dogs to handle. I am going into the kennel business. I have 30 acres of land situated three miles from town. There are a great many quail on it and I could handle bird dogs very well. Now, let me know what kind of dog you think I should handle to make the most money out of. Ans. We have no doubt that some breed of hunting dogs, pointers, setters or spaniels, would suit your purpose best, especially if you are competent to train and handle dogs, though it would no doubt be some time before you could make a name in the business. Until then you must be content with indifferent returns. There are very few who succeed in making a good paying business out of dogs. An investment in beagles would very likely be remunerative if the best strains are procured. Pups sell for from \$10 to \$20 each. Do not attempt a large kennel unless you have had experience. Get two or three bitches of whatever breed mentioned you think will find a market in your country and then increase stock as you feel you are able to.

FOREST AND STREAM. Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

New Publications.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN on the Choice and Use of a Gun By Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart. New York: Longmans Green & Co.

A BOOK ABOUT ADVERTISING. Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. send us their "Book for Advertisers." It is full of facts and figures which cannot fail to interest advertisers, and which no sensible advertiser can afford to leave unstudied. Published by George P. Rowell & Co., at 10 Spruce street, New York. Price \$1. **THROUGH RUSSIA ON A MUSTANG.** By Thomas Stevens. With illustrations from photographs by the author. New York: Cassell Publishing Company, 1891. This is the story of a ride from Moscow to the Black Sea, made by the author in the summer of 1890 for the New York World, to report on the conditions—manners, customs, etc., of the people of European Russia. The ride of 1,100 miles was made on an American mustang which the author bought from the Carver-Whitney show at Moscow.

HANDBOOK OF ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Volume III.—Boxing. By R. G. Allanson-Winn, Ins. of Court School of Arms, Winner of the Middle Weights, Cambridge, 1876-7; Heavy Weights, 1877-8. With prefatory note by Bat. Mullins. With 31 illustrations. Wrestling. By Walter Armeslong ("Cross-butcher"), late Hon. Sec. Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestling Society in London. With 26 illustrations. Fencing. By H. A. Colemore Dunn, Barrister at Law, Ins. of Court School of Arms, Winner of the Medal at the Gernay Gymnasium. With 17 illustrations. Single Stick and Sword Exercise, including Quarterstaff, Cudgel, Single Stick, Rapier and Foil, by Walter Armeslong and Umbrella. By R. G. Allanson-Winn and C. Phillips Woley, Ins. of Court School of Arms. With numerous illustrations.

MILLIONAIRES OF A DAY: An Inside History of the Great Southern California Boom. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Readers of other books by Mr. Van Dyke (his "Southern California," his "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," his treatise, "The Still Hunter") will know that in "Millionaires of a Day" they have a treat before them. His knowledge of southern California, every square mile of which he has hunted over, and every portion and product of which he is familiar with, gives him a great advantage in treating his material; while his style is so crisp, his portrayals of human nature so witty, his descriptions of the land so admirable that—even if one has no interest in real estate booms—he will read every single page of this book. But, as a matter of fact, also, this little volume has a high value: the condition of real and of fanciful growth are so clearly set forth that, for any man who has interest in land anywhere, this shrewd analysis of a real estate craze which would have ruined any other land than the one it swept over, will commend itself as of solid worth. Let any one pick up the book and read the conversation between two millionaires—each a ranchero—pp. 9 to 19—and he will not be satisfied until he has read the whole story. It is as apt and clever as anything that this charming writer has produced.

THE KING'S CHASE.—Forests were looked upon, first and foremost, as the hunting grounds of royal and noble persons. Lord Abergavenny had St. Leonard's forest in Sussex, the Duke of Buckingham had the forests of Brecknock-hay and Cassellay, Lord North had the forests of Weybridge and Sapley, and within their boundaries they were able, after the fashion of the King, to punish offenders by forest laws above and beyond the common law of the country. In early legal phraseology a forest is described as "silva sacrosancta," and the derivation of "forest" is given in a treatise of the forest laws that was published about the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth as "fera" and "statio." Again, it is stated that a forest differs from other places, which have woods and coverts, in being "privileged for wild beasts and fowls." These wild beasts or fowls were specified. The hart, the hind and the hare are beasts of the forest; the buck, the doe, and the fox are beasts of the chase; the hare, the coney, the pheasant, and the partridge are beasts and fowls of the warren. So late as the reign of James I., all the Judges of England were summoned by the King to confer upon the question of forests. It is curious to note the change from earlier times, how the timber has ceased to be the principal object, and the trouble and anxiety is centered on the preservation of the game. The first resolution of the Judges ran as follows: "That the Justices in eyre and the King's officers in the forest have charge of venison, vert and greenage, for the maintenance and preservation of the King's game, and of all manner of trees," mark, not for timber, but for cover, and browse and pannage; but that when there was occasion to fell woods in the forest, or timber for the King's use, it must be taken and sold by authority, under the great seal, by the view of the forester, that it might not be taken in places inconvenient for the game. Acting upon this resolution of the Judges, the Lord Treasurer of England and the Court of Exchequer was forbidden to fell any woods or coppices within any of the King's parks, forests, or chases, except at fit times and by the view of such as have charge of the game.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

"But," I said, "probably you have all seen tame fish." They nodded assent. Well, a gentleman I know had a lake, and some of the pike in it were so tame they would take food quite close to the edge of the water. If you threw bits of meat, bread or anything to them they would catch and swallow them. One of them became quite an expert in catching, and would come up to the side, poke its head out of the water, open its mouth and take in anything you threw. I saw it swallow seven brussel sprouts, one day, and it upon one occasion swallowed a Spanish onion. Often visitors would cheat the fish and throw pebbles at it; but it made no difference, it swallowed all—in fact it got to like pebbles so much that when caught, as it was one day by an angler who did not know it was a tame fish, upon being weighed it scaled 13 lbs., but after the pebbles were taken out it only weighed 4 lbs."—*London Fishing Gazette.*

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull, A book past in eye and interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

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Resolved: "That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to

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Here I am again as usual cutting the prices of Fishing Tackle. Low prices and good quality of goods increases my business. It will pay you to buy your tackle in Brooklyn.

No. 1, 8 joint, 6 strip, Split Bamboo Trout or Black Bass Fly Rods, solid reel seat below hand, nickel mountings, silk whippings, extra tip, all complete in wood form, length 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., weight 7, 8, 9oz. Price \$2 72
 No. 1, G. same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 32
 No. 4, 8 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bait Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 9, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., weight 9, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12, 13oz. Price 2 72
 No. 4, G. same as above but is German Silver Mounted " 3 32
 No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz. " 2 75
 No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. " 3 75
 No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft. " 90c.
 Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25yds., 83c.; 40yds., 95c.; 60yds., \$1.05; 80yds., \$1.15; 100yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Chck, Nickel Plated, 40yds., \$1.75; 60yds., \$2.25; 80yds., \$2.50; 100yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300ft., 41c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300ft., 9 thread, 38c.; 12 thread 43c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., doz., 45c.

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 Wadded two 9 and one 10-gauge Black Edge Wads on powder and card on shot.
 Load No. 32. 12-Gauge Climax Shells, 3 drs. High Grade Trap Powder, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. No. 8 shot. \$16.50 per M. net.
 Wadded two 11 and one 12-gauge Black Edge Wads on powder and card on shot.
 Chilled shot \$1.00 per M. net extra.

We solicit a trial of these cartridges and know that they will not fail to give the very best of satisfaction. We are also prepared to load these or any of our regular trap or nitro-powder cartridges in the new U. M. C. Co.'s "Trap" shell for which an extra charge of \$10.00 per M. net will be made.

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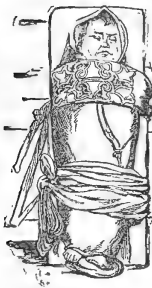
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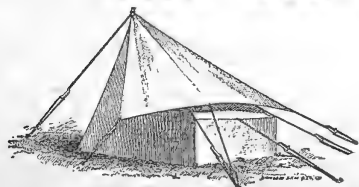
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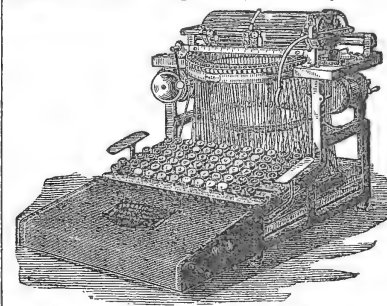
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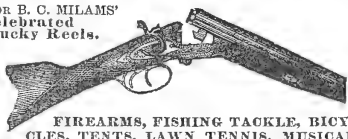
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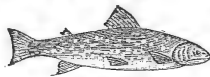
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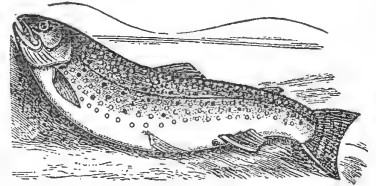
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An Adirondack Number.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of June 18 will be an Adirondack Number. It will have a four-page supplement filled with papers relating to the different phases of life in the North Woods, and there will be such variety that all readers, whether visitors to the region or not, will find something to their tastes. Among the contents will be the following:

The Primeval Adirondacks.

An account of camp life and hunting in the Smith's Lake country. By Raymond G. Hopper.

Two Weeks at Spruce Lake.

The experiences of four young fellows under tutelage of a guide.

Paul Smith's in 1890.

A racy picture of life as it is lived at this famous North Woods hostelry. By Fannie B. Merrill.

The Blazed Trail.

A story of misadventure. By W. P. Anderson.

Three Weeks on the Raquette.

A detailed account of deer hounding. By Paul Pastnor.

A Reminiscence of '66.

Deer hunting incidents recalled by an old hunting coat. By "Senior."

The North Woods in the Fifties.

A visit to the Adirondacks thirty-three years ago,

ANGLING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IT is safe to assume that no single department of the World's Fair in 1892 will have a greater interest for FOREST AND STREAM readers than the angling exhibit, which will be held in conjunction with the Government's fishery display. In our angling columns will be found a paper by Capt. J. W. Collins, outlining the scheme of the exhibit. Dr. James A. Henshall is in charge of the angling department, with present headquarters at Washington; and he will be glad to communicate with any persons who may have in their possession articles appropriate for exhibition. The scope of the display will be broad enough to include all objects of interest, from an ancient work on angling or a prehistoric fish-hook to the latest fad in tackle.

There is no need of a World's Fair to demonstrate that tremendous strides in the field of angling appurtenances have been made during the fifteen years which will have elapsed since the Centennial; and yet the American angler has become so accustomed to the announcements of new rods and lures and other devices, and fishing tackle has been so multiplied and perfected, that without some such display as that which is projected for the Chicago fair few of us are likely half to realize the truth. Take a single branch of angling, that for black bass—with which Dr. Henshall by reason of his writings on the subject is popularly associated. When the FOREST AND STREAM was established in 1873, there was no black bass tackle to be had. The manufacturers did not make it; they said there was no call for it. But look through the catalogues to-day; each maker is striving to outdo his competitors in the supply of rods, reels, lines and flies specially adapted to this popular fish. And so it is in all other branches. The demand has increased year by year, and keeping pace the tackle industry has grown surprisingly; just how far we have progressed will not be fully appreciated until we see the collections at Chicago.

Our illustration shows the central portion of the fisheries building. Excluded from the view are two smaller polyginal buildings, connected with the main building on either end by arcades. The extreme length of the building over all is 1,100ft., and the width 200ft. It is built on a banana-shaped island, and the building is subdivided into three parts, to conform to the shape of the site. In the central portion will be the general fisheries exhibit. In one of the polyginal buildings will be the angling exhibit, and in the other the aquaria.

A SHOOTING ERA.

NEVER since man first learned the use of villainous saltpetre for hurling projectiles has there been such an era of powder burning as the present. The discharge of musketry and artillery by armies and squadrons in time of war is not to be compared with the continuous and universal firing of guns all over this fair land smiling with peace. It is an era of gunpowder.

The inventions of artificial targets for the trap and of machines for loading shotgun shells have wrought a revolution in shooting. It was not so long ago that some of us cannot recollect it, when to go shooting meant an undertaking to be planned for and prepared for. A time had to be set, and odd hours were devoted to loading shells, studying time tables, and making ready for travel and absence from home. Even when one had reached his destination, he was compelled to hunt up his game before he could shoot it, or shoot at it; and it sometimes happened that after all, for the time and effort expended, there was nothing more tangible to show for it than tan and fuller breathing and an elastic step.

But all this has been changed. We have reached an age and a stage as nearly approaching the you-press-the-button style of shotgun using as the busiest and most expeditious of shooters could clamor for. The target factories and ammunition dealers have made it easy and practicable for all to shoot, without expenditure of time in travel or hunting for game. When a busy man takes it into his head that he will have a little shoot, he sends to the gun store for a hundred loaded shells, and the boy returns with the order filled. The man takes them home, calls in his next door neighbor, with his neighbor's boy to handle the trap, draws a supply of targets from the store in the barn, and they bang away to their heart's content; and after it is all over one or the other of them has something to show for it. No time has been lost, no money paid out for railroad fares and hotel bills, no dis-

appointment incurred by reason of barren covers or elusive game.

Trap-shooting has this in its favor, that it can be taken up in odd hours, without spending time in travel, and without the disappointments that wait on the novice in game hunting. There are scores and hundreds of towns where two or three or a half dozen business men spend a few hours each week in shooting at the trap, without any interference with business; but where no one of the shooters would think of leaving home for even a day to go shooting. And just in this is to be found the certainty that trap-shooting as a form of rational amusement will continue to grow in popularity.

The development of trap-shooting has had a perceptible effect on the making of guns. Trap-shooters as a rule demand guns which will shoot close; they want an arm that will carry its shot in a compact mass for a long distance. Given such a gun, they will take care of the rest, and by practice acquire the skill to hold on the target. As trap-shooting gains in popularity a large proportion of the guns sold are closely choked. On the other hand, for work in the field, guns which will scatter more are preferred.

There used to be frequent discussions of the merits of trap-shooting as a preparative for field shooting, but the subject has little consideration nowadays, because a vast proportion of gunners who have taken to trap-shooting are not field shots, nor will they ever be. There is not game enough for them all to shoot, and they have not the opportunity to seek it.

Unquestionably there are a hundred good shots to-day where there were ten five years ago; that is to say, good shots who can hold closer on the flying target and make a score at artificial birds. The art of shooting—if by this is understood the perfection of gun and ammunition and skill in their handling to hit a mark—has been mastered by thousands who under the old regime would never have found time to try to bag game in the field.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE good work recently done by Dr. Willett Kidd, one of the New York State Game Protectors, in securing the prosecution of Charles Delmonico, of the famous Delmonico's restaurant of this city, deserves recognition. Last summer Dr. Kidd visited Delmonico's and ordered woodcock at a time when they were out of season. The birds were served; and this prosecution has followed, the suit being for the recovery of a penalty of \$25 each for twenty-four birds. Dr. Kidd is doing excellent service in his district.

What with taxes and license regulations and hydrophobia scares and libel suits, the dog owner of to-day has surely enough to contend with, without being subjected to new embarrassments; but here comes an added complication. A Tarrytown, N. Y., poetess has just brought suit for \$5,000 damages against her next door neighbors, whose dogs by their howling have prevented her from making poetry. It would be necessary to examine the poetry she has already written to determine whether or not the dogs have performed a commendable service in protecting the public from any more of the same sort; but they may have reasoned in their brute way that in thus baying the muse they were only doing their duty.

At last an agreement has been reached by the United States and England to limit the killing of seals this summer to the 7,500 which are required as a food supply for the natives of the islands. Presumably the prohibition of the contemplated killing by the Commercial Company has come too late to restrict the catch to the limit named; but it is gratifying to know that even such an arrangement as the present has been made.

The first rule in writing for publication, or in writing for any other purpose for that matter, is to sign a communication with the writer's name, or to accompany it with a note giving this information. Anonymous communications are not regarded in newspaper offices. If a writer requests that his name be withheld from publication, such a request is always respected.

American wild pigeons have taken their place among menagerie specimens of rare creatures. Several were received at the Central Park aviaries the other day.

We have received through Mr. W. Wade \$10 for the Helen Keller fund. The giver is unknown to us,

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO PILGRIMS IN THE WEST.

GEORGIE AND PORGIE were two little men who went to hunt for grizzly bears and mountain sheep and moose and elk and goats of the cliff and deer and trout and whitefish and prairie dogs and pike and grouse and coyotes. They were going to bring home skins and heads and branching antlers, except in the case of the trout, pike, whitefish and grouse. These they were only going to eat.

They each provided themselves with a repeating rifle, a belt full of cartridges, a pair of Smith & Wesson navy revolvers and a hunting knife but little smaller than a broadsword. They also had a return ticket apiece by the United States Central Railroad for the Territory of Monidota and back, and a large number of blank checks. The tickets proved very valuable. When they took the cars at Boston they were each clad in tunics and knickerbockers of a dead leaf tint, with tennis shoes and deer-stalker hats, and their pockets bulged with silver dollars, interesting for their legal tender character. The conductor on the train spied the gentlemen, and while punching their return tickets so frequently that they resembled shotgun targets after a penetration test, he said with a pleasant accent of command that guns were not allowed on passenger trains. Georgie said he had tried to send his gun by freight and had begged the baggage man to check it, but failing in this he had had the weapon nailed up in a case as the rules of the company prescribed. The conductor was shocked that any gentlemen should wish to carry lethal arms in the same conveyance with timid and excitable ladies, and he forthwith summoned the brakeman who put the guns over the stove in the baggage car after knocking the sights off to lessen danger. Georgie and Porgie were then notified to pay the baggage man one dollar each on every division of the United States Central Railroad or they would lose their guns. There were twenty-seven divisions.

These assessments paid to the baggage men, together with the fees exacted by negro porters, and the balances required in settling the issues of an interesting game of whist, which they played with two polite and skillful strangers, had nearly exhausted the stock of legal tender dollars which Georgie and Porgie had laid in, when they arrived (after a week of travel on the cars and of delays at the disconnecting points) at the station in the Territory of Monidota, where their sport was to begin. This point was known as the Steer's Paradise, and it was surrounded by a wide belt of country covered in part with the bones of cattle that had gone to glory during the nine exceptional winters that had occurred in the Territory in the course of the last ten years.

Steer's Paradise had been the headquarters of the Great Goose Cattle Company, and the receiver of that now bankrupt concern occupied the chief mansion in the settlement and drove an excellent pair of horses around the country in search of assets to pay a dividend on the Goose Cattle Company's debts. Georgie and Porgie at this place bought two horses with suitable trappings, and a fine dog. They also engaged the services of Mr. Orlando Ricketts, locally known as "blue" Ricketts from the character of his language. The function of Mr. Ricketts was to be an aid in the adventurous and hazardous life which Georgie and Porgie were about to lead, and an instructor in those more delicate and abstruse points in a hunter's career which cannot be learned from the extensive body of literature now extant on the subject.

Mr. Ricketts was willing to relieve his employers of the tedium of paying for their purchase, and as the legal tender money was now all gone Georgie filled out one of the blank checks he had provided with so much foresight. Mr. Ricketts went away with the check but soon came back in a contemptuous and irritated frame of mind. He stated with a needless and indeed meaningless number of adjectives that the check was without value. This Georgie knew to be untrue, but the rude force of Mr. Ricketts' logic and the difficulty of immediately proving the goodness of the check made the situation painful.

By good fortune, however, Porgie discovered that the receiver of the Goose Cattle Company was a friend of his papa and that gentleman not only cashed Georgie's check but took a personal interest in the two young travelers. At the suggestion of the receiver Mr. Ricketts was paid off, as he consented to renounce his engagement in consideration of two months' wages. Several more horses were bought and a wagon was hired for transporting their material into the mountains and their skins and other trophies back to the railroad. Attached to the wagon and to the party of the hunters was an able-bodied veteran who had seen much service in the Grand Army of the Republic and was drawing a pension on account of a distemper contracted during a torchlight procession. He eked out this allowance by the earnings of organized idleness. His name was Pond, and in view of his present occupation Georgie and Porgie thought it would indicate a play of fancy to call him horse pond. This name the teamster resented. He did, however, permit his nominal employers to call him Colonel and was even sufficiently placated by that title to resume his position as chief of the expedition.

With the aid of the receiver Georgie and Porgie had now got ready for their real start. They had supplies of canned tomatoes and canned corn and sardines and Brown's ginger and catsup. The unsalable luxuries of the frontier town had quite completely loaded their wagon. They reserved room, however, for a thousand rounds of ammunition apiece for the rifles and three hundred rounds apiece for the pistols, which they intended to use only for emergencies at close quarters. The Colonel laid in a stock of flour and pork for the general good, and added a private store in a five-gallon keg labeled vinegar. He said, however, that it was not good vinegar, suited for the consumption of people of Boston, so he would use it himself between meals to keep off the scurvy to which he was subject.

The date of departure from the Steer's Paradise was fixed for 6 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 13. The day was Friday, but the party rose superior to superstition, and did set forth at 1 P. M. on that day. At 1.30 they stopped to lunch on sardines and canned corn, but the dust got into their food so abundantly that the viands lost their relish. At 4 o'clock the party passed a house, and the Colonel wished his friends to spend the night

there, but the hunters begged him to camp out as that course was more becoming to their present mode of life. Accordingly the wagon stopped about half-past six at a pool of a rich brown color, which supplied them with water, and as there was no fire wood to be had the party supped on cold canned tomatoes. They then retired for the night. Georgie and Porgie had one handsome blanket apiece tied behind their saddles, and placing the saddles for pillows as the best books advised, they stretched themselves on the stones and prickly pears.

The Colonel had provided himself with a large assortment of bedding, which he rightly thought would appear unattractive to the two young men, and he curled himself up in the wagon box, took a draught of vinegar from his keg, and feeling secure from scurvy for the moment, he was soon snoring soundly. The dog, too, after a supper of sardines, went to sleep without uneasiness, but the young men enjoyed but a troubled slumber. They felt, however, that in a few days they would become inured to the use of saddles as pillows, and that their hardened frames would easily resist the chill of the night air and the roughness of the ground.

In the morning they arose somewhat stiff and fatigued but they welcomed the Colonel's suggestion that they should drive to a farmhouse about four miles off to breakfast, as the water at their camp was of a distasteful character. The saddle horses, however, had not remained near camp, as well-trained hunting horses should, but as they were still visible in the distance the hunters set out, accompanied by their dog, to catch them. The dog took the lead and soon approached the horses, but he barked so loudly and ran so fast as to alarm them. The hunters were obliged to use their utmost speed to head off the horses and prevent them from returning to Steer's Paradise. Luckily they here met a farmer's boy, who told them that they could catch their mounts by driving them into the angle of a wire fence near by. The boy then took some stones which he threw at the dog with precision and force, and soon with the boy's aid the horses were caught and taken back to the wagon.

Porgie wished to reward the boy, but as he had thought it unnecessary and unsportsmanlike to carry money into a wild region he was forced to offer the boy a can of corn. About 10 o'clock the party reached the farm house, where it proved that the Colonel was well acquainted, and soon after they breakfasted on fat bacon and a kind of tea that seemed peculiar to the country. George thanked the farmer for his hospitality, and was surprised by the gruff manner in which his civility was received. The Colonel, however, restored their pleasant relations by giving the farmer a can of sardines, a can of tomatoes and a draught of vinegar, as the people of Monidota seemed very liable to scurvy.

The party then journeyed on through a plain that began to lose its grassy appearance and take on a covering of sage brush. Toward sunset some animals appeared slowly walking along a neighboring ridge. The Colonel said that they were antelope and that the party was in serious need of fresh meat. The Colonel's language was not as polished as this, but his meaning was clear, and the hunters set off after the game. They rode carefully toward the herd and had some trouble in getting the dog to follow them, as he was riding in the wagon on a sack of bacon. At last, however, he did come, and after a time perceived the antelope, who had stopped to inspect the strangers. As long as the antelope stood still the dog followed the hunters full of suspicion; but when the game began to move the dog bounded forward courageously with loud howls. The hunters increased their speed, but the sage brush and the roughness of the ground so impeded them that they soon lost sight of the chase. The antelope they quickly saw about a mile distant, and the dog returned soon after showing his pride at having driven them away. During the gallop Porgie had lost one of his Smith & Wesson navy revolvers, but he thought that he could manage to get along with his rifle and his remaining revolver by using a little additional quickness.

The Colonel was dissatisfied with the result of the hunt, but they drove along until they came to a water-hole, where some stunted willows grew, and camped there. The Colonel showed the hunters how to collect chips for a fire. They piled up several bushels and the Colonel made some coffee and fried some bacon. Both coffee and bacon had an over-powering taste of the acrid smoke from the chips, and the strong wind blew such a cloud of choking dust and vapor from the smouldering pile that Georgie and Porgie were glad to retire to the shelter of the willows with a can of tomatoes and a bottle of catsup. The Colonel, however, seemed to enjoy his meal.

The next morning the weather had moderated, and Georgie, looking out before the dog was awake, saw several antelope regarding him curiously from a piece of rising ground. It struck him as singular that the antelope seemed usually to occupy a commanding position. He decided in this instance to leave the dog asleep and stalk his game as if it were red deer in the highlands of Scotland. He therefore took his gun and crawled some distance on his hands and knees. Then he fired a shot and the antelope disappeared. He at once left his gun among the sage brush and ran forward with his knife to "gralloch" the antelope, as a stag should be "gralloched." He was surprised to find how far it was to the spot where the antelope had stood. He had gone at least a quarter of a mile before he came to the place, and then could find no dead body, although a living antelope was looking at him from a considerable distance. He then went back for his gun, but the sage brush seemed to be all alike, and he could by no means distinguish the spot where he had laid it down. At last he returned to camp, and found Porgie there expectant, but when he found there was no fresh meat to be had they got out a can of corn and a can of currant jelly and breakfasted very nicely.

Although Georgie was now without a gun yet he had two revolvers of Smith & Wesson's navy model, and it seemed to him that by getting close to his game and firing a great many times he could make up for the want of a larger weapon, and that if he ran out of ammunition then he and Porgie could use the gun turn and turn about.

Soon after this they overtook a flock of birds walking along on the prairie. Some of the birds were nearly as large as turkeys, but they were all of a dusty color that made them hard to distinguish from the ground at a little distance. Georgie and Porgie both began firing with their revolvers. No birds were injured by the first few shots, but finally one of the largest tumbled over dead; and they took their game to the Colonel who called it a sage

hen and advised them to clean it at once. This, however, they knew to be wrong, because game of this kind should be hung a long time to get a rich flavor, and therefore they kept the sage hen entire until night when they decided to clean and eat it. The Colonel ate some pork and some canned corn, but the hunters dined on sage hen. It tasted so bitter that they could scarcely relish it, and it made them both very sick a little later, but they did not speak of this to the Colonel, and on awaking in the morning while the Colonel was taking an early draught of vinegar to hold the scurvy at bay, the hunters went to get their horses which they had taken the precaution to tie up, and spied a house whither they went and asked for breakfast.

It turned out that the house was occupied by a young man named Edgar, whom the hunters knew. Edgar's father had bought a ranch for him and settled him in the West to grow up with the country, and had also supplied him with a large band of sheep that he might have a sure moderate income by their wool and their increase, and perhaps gain a good deal of wealth by careful investment of the proceeds. Edgar was very glad to see the hunters and soon told them much about sheep. His own band, he said, had been unfortunate, as their wool dropped off by reason of a disease called the scab, and the young lambs died from a kind of worm in their livers, but he had skillful herders who dipped the sheep in tobacco juice and other things to prevent the scab, and aside from the damage done by disease, old age and hard winters, his sheep were nearly as numerous as at first. He was obliged, however, to go hunting a good deal to pass the time, and he gave the hunters much useful information. First he examined Porgie's gun and found that the front sight which had been knocked off by the baggagemen was still lacking, so he cut a copper cent in two with an axe and made a very good sight of it by filing. He said it was lucky that Georgie's gun was lost, because he had spoiled his last copper cent in fixing the other. Edgar seemed to have a great many guns and he lent one to Georgie and gave the hunters much advice. At Edgar's suggestion they gave the dog to the Colonel and paid him off with money Edgar lent them. The Colonel's supply of vinegar was running low and he was glad to avoid the renewed danger of scurvy, so he went back with the dog and the wagon. Edgar also told the hunters to leave their pistols and most of their ammunition at his ranch, where they could send for them if needed.

Edgar and the two friends were accompanied on the start from the ranch by a neighbor of Edgar's named Sam. Sam had lived a long time in the country and said he was very familiar with it all. Besides this Sam could cook, and assisted by Edgar bound the luggage of the party firmly upon pack horses, for the mountain trails could not be used by wagons. It seemed at first to Georgie and Porgie impossible to fasten their things safely on the animals, but after the operation had been done once or twice it seemed very simple.

Sam said the secret lay in throwing the diamond hitch, so he taught the hunters how to cross the rope and pass the light under the standing part, which was, he said, "the whole trick." Georgie and Porgie then packed one horse and threw the diamond hitch, but they were troubled by two things—in the first place, the rope tangled badly when they tried to arrange it, and afterward it all pulled out straight when they began to tighten. Sam said it would save a great deal of time for them to take another lesson first, but he never had any leisure to teach them after that, and they were content to leave the matter with him.

The party had killed several grouse and caught enough trout for their needs by the time they had got well into the mountains, but they had seen no larger game until one morning Edgar, who was leading the party, stopped and motioned for silence.

All dismounted quickly, and Edgar said he had seen the horns of a buck over the ridge, and the hunters could now get a shot. Georgie said it had been arranged between himself and Porgie that Porgie should shoot the first large animal they met and he the second, and so on alternately, but Edgar told them both to come and fire the moment they got a good chance. They crept up to the ridge and saw a fine deer standing quite near. Both the young men happened to get ready at about the same moment and their shots came close together. The buck ran away some distance and he looked as if he were going out of sight, but Edgar said he was hard hit and soon he lay down, and by the time the hunters reached him was quite dead. They searched for the bullet wounds, but they could only find one hole and neither of them could remember what part he had aimed at. Porgie knew how a deer should be divided among various claimants when each had a share in the capture, but here there was doubt. Finally they decided that the meat should be common property and that Porgie should have the head to stuff and Georgie should receive the skin for a mat.

That afternoon a message came to Edgar from his herder to say that the sheep were threatened with a renewed attack of the scab and ought to be dipped in tobacco juice again. So Edgar had to go home, but Sam said that he would stay with the hunters and take them to a place where they would be sure to find bear. Sam said the place was about twelve miles off and he knew the way very well. They traveled, however, two days and a half before Sam recognized the desired spot. They made camp very quietly in the evening and ate cold pan-cakes for supper so that they need not frighten the game with the light of a fire. Early in the morning they rose and looked for bear and bear tracks or other indications. It proved that it was a bad season for berries and Sam said the bears must be back along the range, seeking other food. Georgie and Porgie thought they had reached the back of the range and asked Sam if there were any other back region in the range further back than they were. Sam would not explain clearly, but maintained that the bears must be back along the range because they were nowhere else. While they were discussing this point Sam looked down a small valley and was surprised to see a well-traveled wagon road there. The party approached it and soon met a four-horse team. The driver told them that a newly-completed branch of the railroad ran to a station about half a mile away. This displeased Sam, but Georgie and Porgie thought on reflection that this would be very convenient for them. So they got Sam to pack up their things and made him a present of many valuable articles that they did not want and some money

besides. Then they wrote to Edgar, thanking him for all his kindness and asking him to visit them in Boston. They then made the best use of their return tickets and on their arrival at home they had their trophies put in order. George's mat looked very well at first but the hair proved very brittle and the skin wore bare in spots and had to be thrown away, but Porgie's head was well mounted and still lasts as a handsome memento of their mountain hunt.

H. G. DULOG.

CHAT BY THE WAY.

Being Notes from the Editor's Correspondence.

NOW, however, when the "annual fish" is in sight, I'm feeling in a trifle better shape; the old leaves are working again, and for the past three or four weeks I have at odd times, when off duty, been overhauling my camp outfit and tackle, that nothing may be lacking when the day comes around to start north. As I grow older I believe the love of the woods and the waters grows stronger, and not even grief, or worry, or misfortune can crowd it out of my heart; and a pleasant camp—if only in anticipation—with old and tried comrades, eases the aches and smoothes the rugged places that else would make life hardly worth the living.

I do not imagine I will have very good luck with salmon; usually it is too late when I get down there. It will make a nice outing, and really most of the fun is in planning it ahead and enjoying the absence from business.

Your contributor "Dexter" writes very pleasantly of the Rushmore camp on Long Point, a locality very familiar to me, being only about two miles from my home. It used to be a delightful place, but is rather crowded now to suit those who like seclusion in their outings. Way back in the early sixties I camped there with two others, in primitive fashion, in the rudest of shanties, and with almost as simple a cooking outfit as is recommended by Col. Moonlight, in Mr. Hough's last letter. Except our party of invited friends, we had not a visitor nor a neighbor during those fourteen delightful October days, whose like in all ways I shall never see again. Now from June till November one cannot be alone on Long Point for two hours. The old conditions were far pleasanter to me than the new, but I would like to run across "Dexter" there.

Natural History.

HOW WAS IT DONE?

IN a late number of FOREST AND STREAM one of its correspondents undertakes to explain the reason why a beaver is able to make wood stay under water, by stating that "it sucks the air out of the wood."

The *modus operandi* he, however, fails to explain, and if asked the question at the head of this article, might reply in the same manner that an old friend of my youth used to puzzle the boys.

Old Uncle Gash was beloved by all the boys in the neighborhood, because he used to delight in boys' company on his fishing and hunting expeditions, which occupied all his hours in favorable weather. He was 70 years of age as long ago as my memory carries me, and was still living, and over 90, when I last heard from him; and although he had then given up his favorite sport, fox-hunting, he had lost none of his old-time love of fishing, nor any of the store of stories with which he used to interest his youthful companions.

One that I have often heard him relate, and with which he delighted to puzzle a fresh youngster, was as follows. I will try and follow his language and idiom as nearly as time will allow my memory to recall them:

"Waal, boys, so ye want a story? I'll tell ye 'bout a man I knowed daown in old C'nn't'ct, afore I moved up here. I was a boy m'self then, an' seed the man a thousan' times; 'tho' I didn't see him jest esackly do what I'm a goin' to tell ye 'bout, 'tho' I've heard a-many a time thet he did it, an' have no kind of doubt but what he did do it.

"Ye see, this man, he went an' made a bet, he did, that he cud jump f'm the top of the steeple to the new meetin' house daown to the graoun', 'thout hurtin' hisself. The day was fixed, an' everybody cum to see him du it, f'm miles aroun', till there was an all-fired great crowd ther.

"Waal, he got up in the steeple, an' he made a speech to the crowd, an' he spit on his han's, an' he swung his arms back an' forth, so's to make a big jump, an' daown he cum!

"He'd only got 'bout half way daown, when, by gorrilly gosh, he seed he'd made a miscalc'lation, an' was goin' to be killed, if he kept on, so he turned right raoun' an' jumped back ag'in, an' come daown by the stairs."

Then the boy, who had never heard the story before, would ask: "But, Uncle Gash, how could he jump back?" And Uncle Gash, with a twinkle in his eye, would reply, "Sonny, that's your question; answer it yourself."

AREFAR.

P. S.—Dear FOREST AND STREAM, count me in on that "Nessmuk" memorial. If ever there was a nature's nobleman, 'twas he, and I hope that every one who has ever profited by his words will promptly respond to this appeal to keep his name remembered.—A.

VARIED PLUMAGE.—A correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM, in issue of June 4, speaks of a white-winged sparrow. This calls to my remembrance the fact that a robin, one-half pure white, remained about my brother's house in Highland, N. Y., during the summer and was an object of much curiosity. I am hereby led to the inquiry, why domestic fowls, such as turkeys, pigeons and dunghill fowls, have such variety of colors, while the wild birds of the same species are uniform in color? Is it because when some freak in nature's coloring had been observed that such fowls that were domesticated had been selected to breed from?—N. D. E.

DUCKS EAT QUAIL WITHOUT THE TOAST.—One of the strangest things I ever heard of was a feast of recently-hatched quail by, what do you think? domestic ducks. A gentleman by the name of Fitch had a few of the tiny quail, and as they were running about, his ducks came along and shoveled them up in the twinkling of an eye. I do not doubt the story, as it was told me by a man whose veracity I cannot question. The ducks doubtless mistook them for good-sized insects.—N. D. E.

RUFFED GROUSE IN CONFINEMENT.

VINELAND, N. J., June 8.—Editor Forest and Stream:

There is to me an interesting experiment going on in this city at present, which may be of interest to your readers. A couple of weeks since a farmer near town found a ruffed grouse's nest with the hen sitting. Having a bantam hen at home engaged in the same business he took the eggs home and put them under the hen, which in eleven days hatched out nine little beauties, which the gentleman gave to an acquaintance in town, and I saw them a day or two since. They were confined in a wire run perhaps 3ft. by 2ft., connected with a close coop, and are as regardless of the presence of man as though they were ordinary chicks, most of the time, when I saw them, running around the edge of the run endeavoring to get out. They have nothing in common with the hen, not noticing her call when she has a tidbit or wishes to hover them, or note of alarm. They eat millet, cracked wheat, chopped grass, bread crumbs and hard-boiled egg, being as fond of the last as anything. They have scarcely any inclination to go under the hen at night, the gentleman telling me that he has to drive them into the coop at dark. They are as quick as a flash in their movements and as cunning as you please. The same gentleman hatched a quail in an incubator last year, and now has fourteen quail eggs in process of incubation, the success or failure of which I will notify you.

O. O. S.

THE PORCUPINE.—Editor Forest and Stream: I do not doubt that "Lotor" will be able to satisfactorily answer "Backwoodsman," who doubts that the porcupine will "curl itself into a ball when molested," but as he asks who ever saw one do so, I feel called upon to say that I have, many times. "Backwoodsman" probably knows that the porcupine's nose is his weak and vulnerable point; a slight blow there will kill him almost instantly. The next time "B." meets one, if he will take a light switch and apply it to the animal's nose, I venture to say he will see it suddenly become very like a ball. The head will be thrust under the stomach to protect that tender nose, and a round and bristling ball will alone be visible. Not a perfect ball, but a very good imitation.—F. L. BALLARD (Springfield, Mass., June 1.).

FALLOW DEER IN NEW JERSEY.—There recently arrived on the National Line steamer Europe three fallow deer (one buck and two does), which were a present from the Duke of Sutherland to Geo. Shepard Page, of Stanley, N. J., who has placed them in his park at Stanley. Three varieties of deer are found in Great Britain, namely, the red deer, the fallow deer and the roe deer, the latter being the smallest member of the deer family and not much larger than a goat. The red deer are found principally in Scotland, where they are hunted by sportsmen. The fallow deer are about half the size of the red deer, and are frequently seen in droves of 50 to 150 in the great public parks of England. They become gentle pets and are often seen feeding from the hands of ladies and children.

PURPLE GALLINULE AT SEA.—The Ward Line steamship Niagara brought to this port on its last arrival here a passenger that was not on the manifest. This was a purple gallinule. When nearly sixty miles off the coast of Florida, this handsome bird, thoroughly exhausted, alighted on the awning of the vessel and made no attempt to escape when approached by one of the sailors. The bird was presented to the Central Park Menagerie. The gallinule is an inhabitant of Florida, and is a bird of short flight. The one in question must have been blown off the shore in a storm, but it is remarkable that the bird was found so far from land. For this reason it is an ornithological curiosity. The bird this morning seemed none the worse for its hard experience.—New York Evening Post.

Game Bag and Gun.

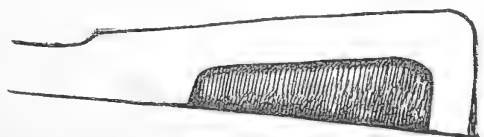
THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

WEIGHTS AND BORES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a former letter about large and small-bore shotguns, I remarked that the guns generally used in the States seemed to sportsmen in this country unnecessarily heavy. I was, therefore, pleased to read in your paper of Jan. 29 the letter of "20-Bore" showing what excellent work can be done with a weapon of only 5lbs. weight and 20-gauge; but I believe, from the experiments described in my last communication, that a 12-gauge of the same weight would be found still more serviceable.

Various articles which have appeared in the American sporting press within the past few months show that some sportsmen in the States, of great experience, are in dread of serious accidents from burst barrels if very light 12-bores come into fashion. I therefore took advantage of a recent visit to London to call at the shop of Mr. Turner, in Brook street (who was the first English gun-maker to put in the market a 12-bore of less than 6lbs. weight), and examined two kinds of light guns, one called the "Featherweight," which averages about 5lbs. 14oz., and another which weighs only from 5 to 5½lbs. A careful inspection showed that in all the parts where there is any important strain the metal is fully as thick as in ordinary guns of the same gauge. The breech actions and breech ends of the barrels are as stout as in guns of 7 to 7½lbs. weight. In the "Featherweight" the lightness results from shortening the barrels to 28in., putting on a very small fore-end, and cutting away the stock in the following manner:



The other gun is still further reduced by the barrels being only 27in. long, by such parts as the trigger guard, locks, etc., being no larger than in 20-bores, and by the

central rib being very narrow. This is deeply sunk between the barrels and curves up to the usual level at the muzzle and breech. The charge recommended for this gun is that of a 16-bore, viz., about 2½drs. of powder and 1oz. of shot. The manager informed me that all the guns are bored for and targeted with Schultze or E.C. powder.

The balance of these guns is exquisite, and the extraordinary quickness and accuracy with which they come to the shoulder shows that they would be delightful weapons for woodcock or ruffed grouse shooting. For all round work the "Featherweight" would be preferable because it takes the ordinary 12-bore charges, and many sportsmen who have used it state positively that they do not notice more recoil than in 7lbs. guns.

Men differ so much in the degree to which they feel recoil that no one can well judge for another what will be pleasant or otherwise. One of my shotguns is a 4½lbs. 12-bore which does not kick disagreeably at a target when loaded with 3 to 3½drs. of No. 4 black powder and 1 to 1½oz. of shot. When firing at game, or even at small birds plundering my fruit trees, I am perfectly unconscious of the slightest recoil, so can quite believe that a 6lbs. gun would not be unpleasant with the same quantities of powder and shot, especially if E.C. or Schultze were used instead of black powder. I have, however, never tried a "Featherweight" and am not likely to do so, having already three shotguns and very little work for them.

It is usually said that the recoil of a gun depends upon the proportion between its weight and the load. This statement should be qualified with the additional words, "other things being equal," for the kick, or at least that amount which is felt at the shoulder, depends very much upon the fit and length of the stock, the boring of the barrel and the manner in which the metal is distributed. A thick mass of the latter in the breech and breech action absorbs much of the recoil, and a long stock causes it to be felt less than a short one. I believe also that guns whose bore is slightly cone-shaped from breech to muzzle, kick more than those which are bored cylindrically nearly all the length and then contracted to a choke within an inch or so of the muzzle. Some sportsmen think that the size of the gauge makes a difference. Sir Payne Gallwey, who is one of the best authorities upon guns in England, remarks in his "Letters to Young Shooters," that "small bores recoil more in proportion than 12-bores, for various reasons." In another place he states that "a 12-bore of the same weight as a 20-bore, and using the same charges, recoils less." It appears that both in this country and America 12-bores are being reduced in weight by making the barrels light. Of course they should then be used only with the loads of 16 or 20-bores, and those sportsmen who wish to use the full 12-bore loads should carefully examine the breech actions and weigh the barrels before purchasing.

The barrels of a 30in. 12-bore of 7 to 7½lbs. usually weigh from 3lbs. 4oz. to 3lbs. 6oz., and if of good Damascus twist are perfectly safe for any charges that can be crammed into the shells. They are sometimes made lighter, even down to 3lbs., but should then be only of the very highest quality and consequently of the most expensive material. For each inch taken from the muzzle about one ounce should be allowed.

If, therefore, barrels of 28in. weigh 3lbs. 3oz., and the breech action be as massive as that of an ordinary gun, there need be no apprehensions as to safety, provided the material be good. With very narrow ribs the weight of the barrels may be a few ounces less. I obtained the following details of the weights of the various parts of guns on the "Featherweight" principle, which may be of assistance in guiding those who are buying light guns.

	12-bores.	16-bores.	20-bores.
Stock.....	2lbs. 10oz.	2lbs. 5½oz.	2lbs. 3oz.
Barrels.....	3lbs. 3½oz.	2lbs. 14oz.	2lbs. 10oz.
Fore-end.....	¾oz.	¾oz.	2oz.
Total.....	5lbs. 14oz.	5lbs. 6oz.	4lbs. 13oz.

These are the weights of hammer guns, hammerless with the Anson & Deley action being about 1oz. heavier in the stocks.

In 10-bore guns the weights are: Stock 3lbs. 4oz., barrels 4lbs., fore-end 4oz.; total 7lbs. 8oz. These are said to give no unpleasant recoil with 1½oz. of shot and 60grs. of Schultze powder, which would equal about 4½drs. of black.

Mr. Lincoln Jeffries, of Birmingham, is another gun maker who builds 12-bores of less than 6lbs. weight, while retaining the full strength of breech and action. I have not seen one, but, from printed descriptions by sportsmen, the weight appears to be reduced much in the same manner as in Mr. Turner's guns. Of course, no one with practical knowledge would maintain that such light weapons have the same killing range as those of greater weight with heavier charges, but it is claimed that they can be fired pleasantly with the usual charges which are found to kill game satisfactorily up to ordinary ranges—say 35yds. for cylinders and 45 or 50 for chokebores. Leaving out duck shooting, there is no doubt but that a man will, on the average, kill more game with a gun which he can carry comfortably and handle quickly at the end of a long day's tramp, than with one of more power, which fatigues him by its weight. Rapidity of aim, particularly in thick brush, more than compensates for extra range.

J. J. MEYRICK.

ENGLAND.

VERMONT DEER.—A Vermont exchange reports: "The frequent appearance of deer within the past two years near the Green Mountain range naturally arouses the anticipation of sportsmen. Hardly a week passes now without the report of some one's having seen one or more of these animals either in some clearing adjacent to the highway or further back in the thicket, while about remote ponds and water courses evidences of their presence multiply, their yards and runways being readily found by woodsmen and fishermen. A favorite haunt of the deer is about old Haystack Mountain, in Wilmington. A few days ago two handsome deer were seen coming out into a meadow near the old Robinson place in Searsburg, and followed by their young they proceeded to reconnoitre the field for a time and finally disappeared. Everybody appears to understand that the law does not permit them to have in their possession one of these animals before Nov. 1, 1900, hence there is no immediate fear of their early extermination and ten years is quite a period for their increase."

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

VIII.—AN ASPECT OF THE GRAVES CASE.

THE murder of the two wardens, Niles and Hill, by Calvin Graves, in 1886, was the means of calling forth a sympathy for the latter which to those not intimate with all that had preceded must have seemed unaccountable. I do not refer to the reckless talk of desperadoes and malcontents who delight in upheavals; but sober-minded men of character and good repute, who disapproved the act, felt and still feel a sympathy for the actor. Anomaly as this is, it is what has happened before often enough when the side which wielded authority did not do it according to justice.

Of course this murder has been extenuated in every possible way on the one hand, and been intensified with equal ingenuity on the other. It is beyond the province of this paper to enter into any discussion of the case—whether it was in self-defense or otherwise, provoked or not, deliberate or the impulse of a fiery moment. It was done—double murder. The courts have investigated all the facts pertaining and by their sentence expressed unqualified disapproval. There can be no reason for seeking to differ from their decision and to discuss the case here or seek extenuations would virtually be doing this. Yet there is an aspect of the case which did not enter into the trial in court that has had weight in producing the sympathy which I find exists toward Graves.

The trial was for murder. It did not therefore concern itself with questions whether Graves at the time of committing this act was engaged or purposed to engage in breaking the game laws. An authority so high that investigation of the records seemed needless after his statement, has told me that no evidence was brought on to show that Graves was hounding deer. The only testimony on the point, he said, was that McFarland, his companion, went away with the dog and returned with it about noon tied to his belt. The keen eye of the public took note of this fact and the attempt has been made on Penobscot waters at least to show that Graves was the one attacked. Without in any manner pretending to settle the point, indeed without considering it important except as producing sympathy for Graves, we may examine the grounds of this claim:

The place at which this deed was committed is a peculiar one. Five lakes of the same chain—First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Lakes Machias—are arranged almost in a circle, the head of Fifth Lake lying very near to First Lake, with Fletcher Brook cutting off half of the remaining distance, the whole inclosing a piece of land nearly, if not quite, thirty miles in circumference. This unfits it for hounding, because the deer when pursued are quite as likely to run into one of the other four lakes as into the one which is watched. All who are experienced in the use of hounds declare that it is one of the poorest places in the State for that work. There are deer enough within this region, but they cannot be obtained with hounds. Yet Graves and McFarland were hunting here on Nov. 8. Either they were not hounding deer or they did not know their business, say those who know no more of the circumstances than was published in the newspapers. Not only is this section entirely unfitted for the use of hounds, because it is so surrounded by water and devoid of natural runways, but there are no boats on any of the five lakes except such canoes as the Shaws of Lower Dobby own and keep for their own use on the further side of Fourth Lake. It is well known that Graves and McFarland had no boat. This greatly diminishes the probability that they were hounding. They were in a county where deer could not be dogged successfully, where they had not the ordinary means for pursuing them in the water, where there was little chance that they could be posted so as to shoot at a deer on the land because most of it is too flat to afford runways, yet they had a dog with them. It is well known here that there are dogs, rarely but yet sometimes found, which are trained to keep close to their masters and by whining when they catch the scent of a deer direct the attention of the hunter to the right point. When the deer is wounded they will keep the trail when otherwise the animal might be lost. These dogs are sometimes owned and used by still-hunters here, but the practice is not general. Because the location in which Graves and McFarland were hunting was so unfavorable to the use of hounds in the usual way, because also when they came back after an unsuccessful hunt the dog was with them, which would hardly have been the case if he had been put out after a deer and lost him, it has been supposed by those willing to put the matter in as good a light as possible that the dog was one trained to aid in still-hunting and that the men were not engaged in hounding at the time. If this is true—and it is purely a supposition—sympathy with the accused would be the natural consequence; but it would follow equally if the supposition were merely a probability. Having seen enough of the ground myself to judge the matter, and having conversed with those who knew it thoroughly and also knew about hounding deer, there seems to be nothing inconsistent in the theory, though it is probably nothing more than an ingenious explanation of what might have been true if events had been different. No confidence need be placed in the truth of this supposition, for its influence lies in its existence and the absence of known facts to disprove it. It throws the burden of the crime upon the wardens and partially exonerates Graves, which is all that is desired. For, if this is true, though when strictly construed such a use of a dog might be found illegal, it is so different from ordinary hounding that no one here would consider it a violation of the law. Then to the illegality of attempting to take a dog from its owner instead of fining the owner, is added this still further complication of taking a dog which was supposed to be used in a way not contrary to the statute, when the owners, by the testimony given in court, were attempting to carry it off to avoid a quarrel which the wardens themselves provoked.

I give this not because it has any value as fact—probably has none—but because it shows how keen people have been to discover extenuating circumstances, how they seized on the absence of evidence to construct a defense, how they have not ceased to continue to do this. How prevalent this sympathy may be I cannot tell, having deemed it unwise to discuss the matter more than was necessary; but I never heard a woodsman or back-settler speak upon the subject who did not feel less severe in his judgment of the deer than of the deed. On Machias, where the event occurred and the men are known, a very

different sentiment may prevail, but on Penobscot, where personalities do not enter into opinions formed and the knowledge of the facts is very likely limited, there is a sympathy felt and expressed which must be recognized. If the reports which I have received at second hand are at all correct, the feeling is not by any means so limited in its extent.

Although not bearing directly upon the subject in hand, I have deemed it important to speak of this sympathy with Graves and this tendency to find excuses for his deed, because a timely recognition of it is needed. The excuses may be flimsy fabrications, but the sympathy is a fact which must not be denied, and I do not find that in the records that I have kept for the four years past there is any material abatement of it. It is a dangerous element in the present status—dangerous because the feeling is divorced from the ethics of the case, and exists side by side with condemnation of the act, dangerous because it does not stand as staunchly by the decision of the courts as it should, and also because it is shared by honest law-abiding men with the dishonest and lawless. Yet it is the inevitable result of certain given conditions. The representatives of the law had been acting unlawfully, and had alienated from their support a large body of people. Some of them had gone so far that their lives were in danger if they went beyond well understood limits of both territory and action. The provocation was great and long continued, of a kind very often most difficult to prove, highly exasperating to public feeling and yet not sufficiently damaging to property to warrant recourse to law in the cases where proof could be obtained. Appeals to have the wrong suppressed were made and the petitions were disregarded. The dangers feared with sufficient evidence of what occurred under less irritating conditions were detailed and rejected as visionary. There was no redress of the wrongs, but they could not go on much longer without being avenged, and it was only a question of circumstances sufficiently provoking and a man whose judgment or self control had deserted him to decide where the inevitable event would occur. It came like a great shock to one-half of the State, but to another part it was an arrow sped which slacks the tension on the bowstring and brings the bow back to its shape. The hunters, the back-settlers, the people of the smaller towns of eastern Maine were relieved from future fears and a sympathy with the one who had removed from them what might well have happened nearer home was natural. That the deed seemed not to be prompted by personal malice or premeditation removed much disapproval which would otherwise have been felt. That so good excuses as the one already given could be constructed without violence to any known facts was considered an additional reason for allowing the impulse to get the better of the judgment.

I would not wish to over-estimate either the amount or the extent of this feeling, too common anywhere, far too much so on Penobscot. It will do no harm at present, but with the recurrence of conditions similar to the old ones its power will be felt as a serious obstacle to the course of justice. Just how this will occur need not be described, but there is a way already suggested by some which makes it seem better to avoid than to incur the risk. For this danger to the laws and their action seems to me a more serious evil than the loss of life which is also to be feared. Concerning the latter there will be differences of opinion; but the ones to underrate it will be those who know least about it and those who know most will not be likely to tell all they know. In eastern Maine there is continual risk that a repetition may recur, and there is a fear and distrust lest the old conditions may be renewed, thus precipitating the danger. It is not expedient to say why it seems necessary to speak of this sympathy for Graves further than what has been said, but I have heard too much on the subject without seeking it, and been forced to read too far between the lines sometimes when little has been said, to consider the matter one of light import. If local, restricted to comparatively narrow limits, it will spread fast enough; if of wider range it is still worse; but as a fact it must be faced and considered. There is no excitement on the subject now, and this is the time to prepare for the eradication of such a sentiment as this and the protection of our higher forms of administering justice, by a just and equitable enforcement of the game laws by men who will be respected for their personal worth as well as for their office. Otherwise there is danger. A careful study of sociological conditions here and a good acquaintance with the history of the woods for the past sixty years have left no doubt in my mind that murder has been historically much more common than most suppose; that it still is likely to occur at any time when personal revenge or a rude but extra-legal sense of justice demands satisfaction; that it may be committed by men who are not dishonest and who would scorn to do a mean act, and that if the man who does it has borne a fair reputation previously and acts in a way for which any possible justification may be found, he will obtain a sympathy which will hinder the cause of law or largely annul the effect of the sentence. Under our game laws, administered as they have been for the past few years, this is sure to happen in event of another Graves case; for the public conscience has gone wrong and we who have grown up under this strained and distorted condition where officers of justice have been unjust and rights have been made wrong, hardly know what right is and what wrong is in game matters.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., lovely for situation and famed as the seat of Smith College, is a center of culture and learning and refinement, but at Barr's, its principal restaurant on the main street, they serve quail on toast in the month of June. If there is a gun club or a game association in Hampshire county, we commend them to secure a revision of the Barr bill of fare.

TOURIST TICKETS.—The Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co. has placed on sale tourist tickets at reduced rates to principal resorts of the West and Northwest, including Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Utah, California, Oregon and the Puget Sound country. Many of these excursion tickets give the holder privilege of going by one route and returning by another, and the favorable arrangements in the matter of return limit, stop over privileges, etc., commend them to the special attention of the tourist visiting the West and Northwest. Full information can be obtained at any ticket office, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent, C. & N. W. R'y, Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VII.

[Continued from Page 390.]

ABOUT 10 o'clock the steam tug arrived, bringing Hon. Aaron Turner, the publisher of the *Grand Rapids Eagle*, a fishing companion, and also a naphtha launch, which was in tow and which had just been purchased in the East by the veteran editor, and I might also add angler, especially for the outing he was now taking. I have no desire to make any disparaging remarks about the use of a naphtha launch on Lake Superior for a trip of this or any other kind; but simply state that since the Atlantic has been crossed by a single man in a smaller boat, there is a prospect that this naphtha launch, which is about 20ft. long, might with safety operate here. But I will assuredly cling to the Mackinac sailboat as the safer of the two. I hope Mr. Turner, who is an old friend of mine, may have many a pleasant trip with his launch, which, in justice to the little craft, I must say steams along o'er the gentle waves like a bird on wing.

The Turner party camped in our immediate vicinity, and in the afternoon, accompanied by Capt. Ganley, took the naphtha launch and went to the other side of the bay to try for trout, but returned in the evening without a scale.

Ned was pleased to meet with the old veteran guide of the Nepigon, John Borshea, whom Mr. Turner had brought with him from the "Soo." They related many reminiscences of angling on that famed stream which deeply interested me. John stated that he had been upon the Nepigon early this season with a party from Pittsburgh, who found the trout more plentiful than ever, owing, he thought, to the low stage of water that prevailed. The men went poorly provided for comfort, having thin blankets and rather slim commissary stores, and were, therefore, soon sick of the trip. The Turner party came over to our camp about sunset, and when they looked into our tent and saw our mattresses in beds of balsam a foot deep or more, our heavy blankets, mosquito bars, inviting pillows and the like, were high in praise of our thoughtfulness, and declared that we had made camp life both a charm and a delight. Ned and I being old campers and on the shady side of sixty, had made somewhat of a study of camping, believing that comforts never came amiss in an outing of this kind.

Ned received by the boat a bundle of papers and some books, which were sent by his thoughtful wife from the "Soo." These were very acceptable, as the papers gave us the first news from home since being in camp. The afternoon had been exceedingly bright and beautiful, and as the evening approached cloud fleeces of orange pushed up over the edge of the west, while a fragrant breeze caressed the lake, sending lilac shudders over the gentle ripples which soon smoldered into smoky gold. The evening being cool, as they always are in this latitude, a roaring camp-fire was built, around which gathered the Turner party, Capt. Ganley and his brother, and the swarthy boatmen, and then story telling and discussion of varied topics, from law to theology, were indulged in till a late hour.

Capt. Ganley announced as he departed that the tug would leave in the morning at 6 o'clock sharp, and advised us not to tarry over our tea and trout if we desired to take passage with him, as he was a decided railroad man as far as the time-table was concerned. We impressed this fact duly upon our boatmen, and then we turned in to court "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Ned arose early in the morning and awoke our boatmen, who did not seem to relish the idea of going up the lake. We, however, hurried them with the breakfast and the packing, and just made the boat as she was leaving the dock. Joe did all he could to have us left, but being up to his contemptible tactics he did not succeed in his efforts.

We ran along a coast replete in bluffs and cliffs that was every minute increasing in picturesque beauty. Arriving at Mamaine, where Mr. Turner and his party disembarked, and where they expected a most delightful time in the pleasant recreation of coaxing from his watery lair with dainty fly the peerless prince of the spotted robe. The Rasmie brothers have a large fishery here, which has been carried on at this place for the last thirty-five years, having descended from father to sons—the present proprietors.

It is a lovely place, and just before the veteran angler left the tug he took a sweeping glance with an admiring eye at the massive bulwarks of rocks that lined the abrupt shore, and then turning to the verdureless islets gleaming in aged gray, remarked:

"These things delight me beyond power of expression." It was evidently a landscape that any lover of grand and sublime nature would rave over.

"For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, black crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here desired
The summer's sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountainside."

From Mamaine onward the character of the shore changes. Instead of the low sandy islets, we now passed among isolated rocks of greenstone, rising abruptly from deep water, generally bare, but sometimes covered with a tuft of trees at the top. The rock which about Gros-Cap is sandstone, often unaltered, now becomes more highly metamorphic. But the larger islands and the edge under the cliffs continue of sandstone, and are flat and low for some distance to the northward. The line of the cliffs is continuous, rising at a distance of a quarter of a mile at most from the water, with an average of 200 or 300ft. The whole surface, down to the very beach, was covered with trees; indeed, I may say once for all, that with the exception of some ancient terraces of fine sand and gravel, and a few summits of bare rock, the entire shore of Lake Superior as far as we went is continuously covered with forest. The trees continued the same, except that the white pines and maples had disappeared,

The number of species is small; black and white spruce, balsam fir, canoe birch and aspen, with arbor vitae in the moist places, and here and there a few larches and red pines, with an occasional yellow birch; the spruces prevailing on the high land, and the birch and aspen near the water, yet everywhere a certain proportion of each. From the great similarity of evergreens on the one hand, and the white-stemmed aspens and birches on the other, at the distance of a couple of hundred yards the forest seemed to be composed of only two kinds of trees. The trees are not large, usually not exceeding 30 or 40 ft. in height. Yet the whole effect is rich and picturesque. Here, as in all the features of the lake, the impression is a grand uniformity, never monotonous, but expressive of its unique character.

The renowned Agassiz says: "The resemblance to the seashore often recurred to his mind, and according to Dr. Leconte, several insects found here are identical with species belonging to the seashore, and others corresponding or similar. The beach-pea (*Lathyrus maritimus*) and *Polygonum maritimum*, both of them seashore plants, are abundant in this neighborhood; the former, indeed, throughout the north shore of the lake."

The first point of interest we passed was Point aux Mines or Mica Bay, as it is sometimes called. Here was established years ago a very extensive copper mine by an English company, who, after sinking hundreds of thousands of dollars, finally abandoned it as unprofitable. The works are located in a deep cove protected on either side by ranges of rock, with a broad beach at the bottom; and above this is a steep bank, on which at the height of 30 or 40 ft. above the water stands the dwelling of the superintendent, and above it the storehouse, the lodgings of the workmen, etc.

We again refer to the celebrated naturalist, who visited this shore about thirty years ago, and who in writing of the geological character of this lake, says that "the rock at the south of Mica Bay he considers a proof-positive of the correctness of the glacial theory. Its surface was a couple of hundred yards in extent, sloping regularly north to the water's edge. The whole was polished and scratched, except where disintegrated. The scratches had two directions, the prevailing one north 10° to 30° west, the other north 55° west. The scratches on the outer or lake side seemed to have a rather more westerly direction than the rest. Great numbers of these striae could be traced below the water's edge, from which they ascended in some places at an angle of 30° with the surface, showing that they could not have been produced by a floating body. The rock is granite, with an astonishing number of veins and injections of epidiotic feldspar, granite and trap, often crossing each other so as to form a complicated net work. Wherever exposed it was ground down to an even surface."

It was not very long after passing this place when Montreal Island began to develop its wood-crowned shores. It is about six miles from the shore, and contains between three and four hundred acres. Directly opposite the island Montreal River flows into the lake, being about 40 yds. wide at the mouth, and empties through a kind of delta, partly overgrown with large trees. The water is deep and clear, but of a rich amber color, such as is seen in nearly all the rivers on the coast. At its entrance into the lake is a broad beach, which in the south forms a point somewhat jutting across its mouth. On the northern side, at a short distance from the water, the beach, which is of small pebbles, has a very declivitous slope, nearly as much as it could stand. We frequently met with such steep beaches often of a considerable height. Outside there is a bar, which extends entirely across 6 ft. below the surface. The stream issues from the hills through a chasm 6 or 8 ft. deep and a few yards wide, with straight walls of rock, somewhat overhanging on one side. From this gorge the river issues with great force. The cliffs which hem the foaming water are filled with fanciful pictures of curious forms. In rapid succession come castles with moats and towers, heads of gorgons, demons, dwarfs, and the like, and with the dance of sunbeams upon the gray and lichen-bulwarks, the scene is one of indescribable beauty and grandeur. Higher up there is a cascade of some 40 ft., falling from a dark, still lakelet, and above this again a succession of seething rapids. Here nature in her great generosity presents a portfolio of lovely views, of tossing torrents, massive rocks, variegated forests and waving shrubbery, that form the material of a landscape that stimulates the imagination, educates the sense of beauty and gladdens the heart. "In these happy spots of nature where land and water, above and below, combine their charms, it is hard to tell whether the stony upland height, or the liquid deep beneath, most lures the sight."

Leech Island, which seemed to possess an arcadian beauty as it nestled lovingly on the gleaming waters of the great lake, was the next object of interest in the picturesque panorama which was being rapidly disclosed to us as the little tug plowed through an almost unruddled surface. It is four miles west of the Lizard, and contains about 400 acres, all of which is in dense woodland. Just north of this is a small island called Gull Island, so named from its being a breeding place for the white-winged birds of the icy lake. Four miles beyond this is Gargantua Lighthouse, which is located on a small rock 75 ft. above the level of the lake. It is one of the finest harbors of refuge on the lake, and shows a wealth of wild, entrancing beauty in its moss-covered and storm-beaten rocks, ragged shoreland and receding hills, in whose ravines huge shadows linger and whose tops blaze with morning gold.

Two miles above this, Pictured Island rears up in awful grandeur its solid walls 155 ft. perpendicular, and then comes Little Detroit Island, with its granite ledges running up a hundred or more feet and its channel of about the same dimensions. Just half a mile further on, Gargantua Fall River, a charming little stream, with foaming falls near its mouth, sends its darkling waters into the great lake, and then follows Menaboujou and his wife, being two large rocks, looking at a distance like man and wife, that have fallen into the lake from the cliff above. These are always pointed out with some interest, and it is said that no Indian, even at this late date, ever passes by them in his canoe but that he does not leave an offering of some kind upon the rocks, in order to propitiate the great magician of Lake Superior. This myth is one of the most general in the Indian country. It is the prime legend of their mythology. He is talked of in every winter lodge—for the winter season is the only

time devoted to such narrations. "He leaps over extensive regions of country like an *ignis fatuus*. He appears suddenly like an avatar, or saunters over weary wastes a poor and starving hunter. His voice is at one moment deep and sonorous as a thunder clap, and at another clothed with the softness of feminine supplication. Scarcely any two persons agree in all the minor circumstances of the story, and scarcely any omit the leading traits. The several tribes who speak dialects of the mother language, from which the narrative is taken, differ in like manner from each other in the particulars of his exploits. His birth and parentage are mysterious." Story says his grandmother was the daughter of the moon. Having been married but a short time, her rival attracted her to a grapevine swing, on the banks of a lake, and, by one bold exertion, pitched her into its center, from which she fell through to the earth. Having a daughter, the fruit of her lunar marriage, she was very careful in instructing her from early infancy, to beware of the west wind, and never, in stooping, to expose herself to its influence. In some unguarded moment this precaution was neglected. In an instant the gale accomplished its Tarquinic purpose. Menaboujou is talked of all along Lake Superior. You cannot come to any strangely formed rock or other remarkable production of nature without immediately hearing some story of his being connected with it. He is also the legislator of the Indians, and the great model or ideal for all their ceremonies, customs and habits of life. Nearly all their social institutions are referred to him. Enough having been said about this mysterious being, in explanation of the fallen rocks named after him and his wife, will state that the next point of interest to the lover of nature is Cape Chogg, but a few miles above Menaboujou and his wife. Here the cliff comes down upon the lake, the rocks rising from the water to the height of three hundred feet, with chasms, sometimes vertical, sometimes slightly inclined, and strewn all the way up with stones, like the "slides" at the White Mountains. Beyond this it falls away into a vast basin of green, sloping hills, curving inland and then sweeping out to rocky points beyond. The cliff, wherever the slope allows any soil to rest, is covered with birches to its base, leaving room for a wide slope of debris, and a beach that rises in five terraces, the lower one falling steeply to the water some twenty feet, showing that it alone can be connected with the present level of the lake, and that the rest must belong to former epochs.

The landscapes here are of amazing beauty, being interspersed with islands of varying size, immense doses of granite, against which the tumultuous waves dash, visions of mountains, so many-tinted and so singular of outline that they almost seem to have been created for the express purpose of compelling astonishment.

"The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that appear
Their solid bastions to the sky,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise."

Having been somewhat geographical, if not topographical and mythological on the trip, will return to the subject proper, and soon have the reader in camp with us.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

THE JOYS OF DEEP-SEA FISHING.

RECENTLY my brother Bob, who is a more successful angler for dollars than for drum—a member of the firm of Markly, Alling & Co., in the windy city of Chicago—sent me a \$20 Bethabara-lancewood-tip fishing rod, with a \$6 reel, with other piscatorial appurtenances thereto belonging. After showing my most welcome present from my younger brother to my friends in my law office (I am a "*liber et legalis homo*") and work as well as fish, I solemnly promised myself that that rod should have its "baptism" with its silk line in taking in out of the wet a big drum off the coast of Anglesea.

June 1 was the day I selected for my outing to christen my lancewood tip, and it is in the first flush of my victory over a big fish (the *jeune dorée*, so to speak, of my piscatorial pride), which leads me to treat you as I treated that drumfish, *i. e.*, to drop you a line.

I meant to be on deck in the gray dawn of the first June morning, and as I sped down through the new-leaved woods and lawns of May, down toward the infinite sea, I sang all alone a verse of Elizabeth Stoddart's anthem to June:

"The spirit of flowers is watching now
As winking in the sun they suck the dew,
The thickets parley with the splendid fields—
What meaneth June to hap us every year?"

It was night when I reached the Hotel Anglesea, and I was a case of "tired eyelids on tired eyes;" and after a sound sleep in the blessed sea air, which to me is ever like Keat's "Lucent syrps' tinct with cinnamon," I was ready to fight a 14 ft. shark or haul in the quick-darting bonita on my silk line with my new reel. Brother Bob (with whom I took my pleasure after gray squirrels in the Indiana woods thirty-six years ago) would have smiled amid his Chicago hardware had he witnessed the boyish pride and genuine enthusiasm with which I enjoyed my rod with a lancewood tip.

I woke at the Hotel Anglesea with my strength renewed like the eagle's and I demolished a breakfast, and the sight of the debris of that matutinal meal made Landlord Smith sigh.

The tide was right, and before my fisherman got ready for our day's outing I went down, rod in hand (and the sand fleas for bait in a small tin box, as I carry small green frogs for fresh-water bass), to the long wharf, where the water was 6 ft. deep. There was a soft south wind rippling the waves, that kissed each other ere they broke upon the strand. I impaled two sand fleas, one on each hook, and threw out my line as far into the "raging main" as I could reach in my first inartistic throw. As I sat with my legs dangling over the wharf, the subject nearest my heart was whether I would miss the big mud-hen tides this September as I did the last: for the "clapper rail" can only be bagged on the Anglesea moors when "moon-led water white" covers the meadows so the adventurous gunner and his pusher can paddle over the marsh grass in a canoe. I suddenly changed my mind from feather to fin by reason of the little thrill running

up my right arm, which said in plain fisherman's English, "That is a drumfish sucking in a sand flea."

I made no motion. I waited patiently sixty seconds. Then I knew that this drumfish was my "meat," for he had got one or more sand fleas and a hook fast in his "inwards." Then came the tug of piscatorial war, which tried my soul more than any legal "scrap" I ever had with that "frosty son of thunder," John James Ingalls Crandall, the legal acrobat I generally clean out when trying a "hoss" case before a Jersey jury.

That drum pulled with the force of one of Ben Butler's "forty jackass power mud machines," but I yanked him toward me, tenderly but firmly, as though I loved him. Then the big fish with the flea and the big hook inside, ran away with my line as the fat lawyer John Wartman chases an "earnest worker" in a beneficial short-term society, ere he thinks his cash has gone where the wood-bine twine! I trembled for my new silk line, not knowing how, from my coign of vantage on the high wharf, I could pull in my drum.

My "whopper" came up to take a peep at his mortal foe. He churned the water white as he went down head foremost, not liking his new foe with an old face. He sulked as drum never sulked before. I gave him the butt and up he came again like a jack in the box, weakening perceptibly, for the fish had evidently swallowed a power of water.

As he went down again he made a break for Seven-Mile Beach, across the inlet, and ran away with every inch of my Chicago silk line. I was scared again, but held on him hard and the drum soon came up "blowing" with wide open mouth. Then I felt good. His bright sides quivered in the sun. Then I felt better. But I felt best when I slowly reeled in my prize, thoroughly exhausted to where the water under the wharf was only 3 ft. deep, and trusting my pole to my young friend Hampshire (I call him New Hampshire because of his youth) I bade him hang on like grim death to a defunct Scipio Africanus. Without hesitation, accoutered as I was with my best Wanamaker suit on (25 lbs. avoirdupois being my fighting weight) I let myself drop gently into the water, seized my 40 lbs. drumfish by the right gill and yanked him out on the dry sand with a single flop.

Then I gave a yell which mine host of the Hereford House heard half a mile away. Hampshire joined me in a halcyon and vociferous shout, and pronounced that kind of morning fun "heroic fishing."

That drum I bore in triumph to the Hotel Anglesea, and at 4:17 P. M. expressed it to my fellow soldier and fellow statesman William J. Sewell. And that was the way in which I caught my first drum on the first summer day in June.

Dr. Marcy, Dr. Gross and Charles H. Barnard, of the West Jersey Game Society, caught 18 black drum by wading in the surf, early in the week, the big fish averaging 48 lbs. a piece.

The rockfish and flounders are biting well and an occasional 5 lb. weakfish.

Stillwell Ludlam tells me that the spring shooting is good with decoys on Seven Mile Beach. The bay birds are abundant en route to the colder climate north of us where the bullhead plover, avocets or long-legged lawyers, calico-backs, robin-breast snipe, Wilson plover, marlin, graybacks and sickle-bill curlew go to "nest-hiding" and raising their young.

This place is yet the paradise of the genuine fisherman. Some 68,000 black bass have been caught and shipped from Anglesea to New York and Philadelphia during the first twenty days in the month of May.

Two steam yachts, the Wave and the Harvey, jointly capable of carrying 150 people to "the banks," start out every morning when the north wind don't blow and return to an early dinner, laden with the sports of the great deep. The fare is \$1 a head. Three decent hotels The Anglesea, J. J. Sturmer's and Pickwick's Hereford House give the wayfaring man comfortable provision for man or beast at \$1.50 or \$2 a day.

The drum will remain till July, and the honest angler who needs rest and enjoys inlet or deep-sea fishing can find no happier spot than Anglesea. If the lover of rod or gun will come to Philadelphia he will readily find his way here via the West Jersey R. R. And if the angler ever angles at Anglesea there is no doubt that he will come again.

JAMES M. SCOVELL.

MINNESOTA FISHING.

WAYZATA, Minn., June 1.—The fishing season in Lake Minnetonka has opened up in a most promising manner. The law prohibiting spearing and seining is universally observed. Among the fine catches noted during May are those of L. H. Hays and two friends of Minneapolis, who caught 160 black bass weighing 290 lbs. A. Straud, of this place, caught 25 black bass weighing 69 lbs. George Allen, of St. Paul, caught 60 black bass weighing 173 lbs. S. B. King, of St. Paul, caught one pickerel weighing 103 lbs. and 19 bass. The largest pickerel so far reported was taken by John H. Ball, of Minneapolis, and weighed 18 lbs.—THOS. SIMPSON.

ALEXANDRIA, Minn., June 1.—The various club houses on the lakes in this vicinity are being fitted up for the reception of guests. The Miltonia Club of Chicago will have a large party here very soon. They have twenty yachts and a steam launch. The new summer resorts on lakes Darling, Carlos and L'Homme Dieu is the most attractive locality, and a number of cottages are being built. The finest catch of fish so far reported is that of H. B. Pardee and friend, who caught 151 black bass, pike and pickerel in one afternoon.—G. H. ROE.

LITCHFIELD, Minn., June 1.—A number of extra good catches have been made this season with hook and line. Lakes Ripley and Minnebelle are full of fish. A. J. Reeves and two others caught 73 black bass on Sunday afternoon each weighing from 13 to 5 lbs. A number of persons have caught as high as 30 or 40 black bass in a single afternoon.—JAMES ROBINSON.

FOR "FOREST AND STREAM" READERS.

WE have secured, for the private information of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, knowledge of a number of streams and lakes easily accessible from this city, where we believe that good fishing for trout and black bass may be had. The information, much of which comes from private sources, we are not at liberty to print, but we shall be glad to furnish it without charge to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM who will apply for it, either personally or by letter.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 29.—I suppose about the dullest reading on earth to the average reader of a shooting journal is that about game and fish protection, this the more especially since so much cry is raised in such matters compared to the amount of wool actually gathered. The majority is more interested in new ways of catching and killing than in new ways of saving and sparing. Nevertheless I can conceive of a large body of readers of FOREST AND STREAM who would be glad to hear of some really good and practical work in the way of protection, and for these it is a pleasure to say something more about the progress of that live young organization, the Kankakee Fish and Game Protective Association, whose birth was chronicled last week. It is a great satisfaction to do this, because everything points to the conclusion that we shall have here a good running mate for the already successful Fox River Association, and because such an organization is almost a necessity for so prominent a sporting stream as the Kankakee, much abused as it is. FOREST AND STREAM seems to have been the first paper to call attention to this latter fact, although the fact has been patent long enough. FOREST AND STREAM was also the first paper to discover the actual good being done by the Fox River Association, and to publicly show the difference between practical protection and a mere talking bluff at protection. FOREST AND STREAM was the first paper to suggest that Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president of the Fox River Association, having shown himself a success there, would be a good man and the best man for the presidency of the Kankakee Association. But then, the fact that FOREST AND STREAM was the first paper in a good many ways is something which is known and goes without saying, so we must not talk about that, the chief fact of interest being the very decent outlook for the Kankakee Association. In short, one would not be taking any risk in calling the Kankakee Association already a silver-trimmed success. It has been started on a good, plain, practical basis, with the understanding that friendship, policy, diplomacy, oratory, resolutions and the like didn't go, and that only results would be counted. A good many similar associations might well cast their eyes on that platform, and it might not be out of the way for them to study the way, brief, direct and eminently practical, in which the necessary steps for organization have in this instance been taken.

A week ago to-day there existed as material for the Kankakee Association simply a mass consisting of some hundreds of sportsmen interested in the Kankakee region. As related last week, these were gotten together at the Possum Club meeting. Such a plebiscite is necessary only in form, as there will always be present many not really interested in the actual work. Out of the total, however, there may be gathered together, as there were here, those who really mean business. The by-laws of the board of directors are the next essentials. The Possum Club touched the button, the directors do the rest. All the management of the association for the year lies with them, and thus further reference to the plebiscite is rendered unnecessary, and a vast confusion of ideas skillfully evaded.

The first duty of the directors was to complete the organization, and for this purpose the directors of the Kankakee Association met last evening at the Sherman House of this city. The virtue of a compact directorate can be seen at once. Out of the eleven directors but seven were on hand. Mr. Fred C. Donald sent a letter of regret, explaining that absence from the city would detain him away. Mr. George Maillet, of Crown Point, Ind., also sent word, by his colleague Dr. Swartz, that he could not be present. Those present were Messrs. Cole, Price, Organ, Nicholls, Card, Swartz and Hough; Mr. Mussey, secretary of the first meeting, also acting as secretary at the directors' meeting. Mr. R. B. Organ was called to the temporary chair. The by-laws were read, and Mr. Cole spoke a few words in explanation, saying that the movement did not protect fish alone, but also game, and that fish protection simply went ahead and paved the way for game protection. The creation of a sentiment in favor of the principles of protection was the first thing.

The important office of the presidency now came up, and this was urged upon Mr. Cole. The entire meeting seemed to feel that he had experience where the others had only good intentions, and that no one else could head this movement, which ought to take no false steps at the beginning. Mr. Cole begged to be let off, and explained how busy he was and how much devoted to the Fox River Association, where all his spare time and money went. Mr. Hills, of the Fox River Association, he said, had just begged him under no circumstances to accept the presidency of the new association. He would help, but he could not lead. He could not go out and raise money, or devote his time as he had done with his pet organization. He did not want the Fox River men to think he had forsaken them or their work.

Mr. Cole's talk made all look grave, for it was not wanted to place him in any wrong position. The need of a definite head, and a nucleus of experience, however, was so keenly felt that no other channel of escape appeared. It was reasoned that the Illinois State Fish Commission, by Dr. Bartlett, had its office right at the side of Mr. Cole's desk, and that if Mr. Cole should unite in himself the heads of the two leading protective societies, the office at 86 Dearborn street would be the focus for the work of the whole State, thus exemplifying still better the doctrine of practical concentration of effort. Finally the motion was put tendering Mr. Cole the presidency as an advisory office, free from all financial care, with an honorary life membership, the promise of active lieutenants, and the record upon the minutes that the Fox River Association must not think Mr. Cole in the least subtracted from their work. In support of this it was argued that many members of the Kankakee Association would doubtless be members of both associations, that no rivalry existed, and that the growth of one meant the growth of the other. Mr. Cole tried to answer to this, but failed, and amid applause yielded and took the chair, the first president of the Kankakee Association. This was a very large step in the right way, and there was no opposition anywhere to this.

Mr. Organ now nominated Dr. H. P. Swartz of Crown Point, Ind., for the vice-presidency, and this judicious movement carried at once. The Crown Point men live near the Kankakee, and they are workers, among whom none better than Dr. Swartz.

For the office of secretary-treasurer there was no choice. Mr. W. P. Mussey, situated as he is in daily

touch with all the sportsmen of Chicago, and being known as he is, was the only man to be considered for a moment, and was at once elected.

The important committee on ways and means now came up. This is the hustling committee, and the one which must raise funds. It was decided to make the number seven. Mr. Abner Price, the father of Chicago sportsmen and as fine a model for all young sportsmen as ever lived, was chosen chairman of this committee. Mr. R. B. Organ and Mr. J. P. Card were elected at once after that. Both of these gentlemen were chosen because it was known they would hustle. It was left to the above three to choose four associates, and they reported in favor of W. P. Mussey, Henry Ehlers, C. D. Gammon and one other. Thus they went outside of the directory for three of their men. Club lines and everything of the like were wisely laid quiet aside.

The president now suggested the committee on fishways. For this Messrs. Cole, Mussey and Hough were chosen. Mr. Cole said that he was practically superintending the fishway work on the Fox River for Dr. Bartlett, and would take it up on the Kankakee also. He could get State Warden Buck, a man of the best experience, to assist in the work on the Kankakee, and could save the Association at least \$100 of needless expense. There is a strong suspicion that the dam owners on the Kankakee will have their fishways in within the next year or so. The so-called Canal dam is the worst, the canal commissioners being loath to spend \$1,500 of their appropriation on a fishway.

The most important committee, that on protection, was now advised for election. This is the committee on disbursement and executive work in protection. It was chosen after careful thought and discussion as follows: Mr. H. D. Nicholls, chairman; Messrs. Wolfred N. Low and Fred C. Donald, of Chicago; Mr. George I. Maillet and Dr. H. P. Swartz, of Crown Point, Ind., five in all. The president was declared *ex-officio* member of all the committees.

The secretary now opened a subscription list. Mr. Cole was formally elected an honorary member at this point, and was requested not to subscribe. The six other directors present, however, each took out a life membership at \$20. Thus the neat little sum of \$120 was the record of the first evening's work. It was voted to put \$75 at once at the disposition of the ways and means committee, to cover the printing of the minutes of the Possum Club meeting for organization, and of the directors' meeting, also of membership tickets. So actual work was begun on the first evening.

Dr. S. P. Bartlett, Illinois State Fish Commissioner, and also the State Fish Commissioner of Indiana, were elected honorary life members.

The secretary was instructed to notify all appointees, and the meeting adjourned on call of the president, subject to notification by the ways and means committee.

As soon as the secretary has the membership tickets ready they will be issued, the amount taken out by any one man being charged to him, and he being duly credited by all the names and cash and by the unused tickets turned in by him. For instance, some one will take say five life tickets and a dozen annual tickets, and give them to Fred Duree, or Mr. Durham, both good sportsmen at Mokence, and both much interested in this work. These men get up their list of membership in Mokence, and send their names and cash and unused tickets back to the secretary. Another lot of tickets will be sent down to Kankakee town and to Crown Point and all the interested towns, while in every one of the big Kankakee sporting clubs the right men will be working up the membership lists and the treasury at the same time and by this same process. There ought to be \$600 raised very rapidly in this way, and that will serve to set a patrolling warden at work, post the game law cards along the stream and start the work on getting the fishways put in. No suits may be needed on the latter. A notification and the assurance that plain business is meant is usually sufficient to cut off a great deal of lawlessness. A test case and conviction or two of the Indiana seiners, spearmen, fyke-netters and killers of illegal summer ducks and woodcock will be needed, but after that the work will be lighter. Protection carried out on these lines will protect, for that has been proved. Is it such a very hard thing to do? To the contrary, it is a very simple thing to do, when gone about in a businesslike way. From the east we hear that Chicago is there considered the leader of the protective movement in the West. Of course she is. Chicago leads in everything. She must lead in this new work and must advance her money with all the accustomed liberality which has made her what she is. But this will be no Chicago movement alone, and the result will be no mere selfish betterment of Chicago sport. This is a movement for Illinois and Indiana and every sportsman of these States within a hundred miles of the Kankakee is interested in this, and ought to stand by it. The Kankakee River has been ravaged, robbed, violated long enough. There are men enough who live or visit along it to prevent this now, and the time and way has come for them to do so.

All this may to many be very uninteresting matter to read, though I am sure I never wrote a line in my life in which I was more interested than these. At all events, this is how the Kankakee Association arose in one week out of the unorganized material, and its plain and easy steps may be of use to any other body seeking to organize for a like purpose. As stated earlier, we have already the Fox River Association, the Rock River Association, the Beardstown Rod and Gun Club on the Illinois River, and now comes the Kankakee Association. Others may follow in this and other States. We are working for a State league out here in Illinois. To any future organization, the advice natural would seem to be, Don't try to cover too much ground, but take one stream or region; don't try to get a large body of enthusiasts for workers, for the enthusiasm of many is expended in talk. Keep it all compact, condensed; keep things hot, and keep on a-movin'. The Kankakee Association will succeed or fail on these lines. In my heart I believe it will be success and not failure, which it will reach.

May 30.—The fishing season is upon us in vigor. Several muscullonge parties are either out or about to start. A pleasant one will be that which starts to-night for Lake Vieux Desert, Wis., via Lake Shore & Western R. R. There will be Charlie Gammon, Harry Nicholls, Tom Cribben and Hi Thomson, others possibly joining them later at their camp, which will be on the spot of their conquests of last year and the year before.

I was talking with a gentleman at Spaldings' the other day, though I did not learn his name. He was about to start on a salmon trip in Canada and informed me that he was just back from the Outanogon River, where he caught over 100 trout one day, averaging nearly up to a half pound.

The regular annual Fred Taylor party has gone up to the Little Oconto for trout. This year there will be Fred himself, Jack Whiting, W. A. Barton, Geo. Nye and one or two others whose names are not caught. They always get trout on that trip. I presume the party will kill 2,000 or be disappointed.

Mr. Wm. Payson and a few friends start also to-day for the Oconto country of Wisconsin and will be in after trout for about ten days.

Several parties will go to Mokence on the Kankakee to-day after bass. I do not think they will get a great many, as the bass have not yet dropped back from above. The latter half of June is the best for that part of the Kankakee, and the best fishing is four to six miles below Mokence. My friend H. and myself made our third trip to Mokence last week. We got about fifty rock bass, nearly all on the fly, and three black bass, two of these on the fly. The bass did not seem to be in that part of the stream, though as usual we only fished right in town along the edge of the island. About ten days before our visit there came up the Kankakee a most remarkable run of rock bass. They were taken by thousands at Mokence. Mr. Strunk, the justice of the peace there, told me he thought a carload had been sent out of the town. One man caught 160 rock bass in one morning. The natives slammed them out in great shape, and I reckon they got the whole run, for not a fish could get above the dam, which was closed again when we were there. I cannot see the pleasure in snailing these little rock bass out on a bait rod, but on light fly tackle they make a good deal of fun. After a good deal of experiment we found silver-doctor and professor the best day flies this time. With these and a big Donaldson for a stretcher we caught rock bass very rapidly from sundown till after dark. They were rising to the slightest ripple of a fly clear after dark. I hooked and landed three big rock bass at one cast in the morning. On the whole, it was very good fun of a humble sort. The black bass that we struck were of the very gamiest sort. The water is very clear and swift, over a rocky bed, on this part of the river.

Yesterday I met a gentleman who was just about to make a second trip to Twin Lakes, Wis. (via C. & N. W. to Genoa Junction). He caught 9 small-mouth bass on the fly there one day last week. He reports jungle-cock, tied with red and yellow blended under the dark wings, as the fly which met success there. There are only a few who fish the fly on Twin Lakes, but often these have good success.

We still have no word from our friend Ed Varus, on Big Cedar Lake (Chicago & Erie Railway to Ora). He promised to write when the bass began to rise. They have been rising well all over the Fox Lake country. Mr. Roth, one of the John Wilkinson Co.'s adjutants, caught 20 bass, big-mouths, on the frog at Loon Lake last week (Antioch, via Wisconsin Central). He started up again last night after more. There are not many boats on Loon Lake, and this party has them all engaged.

Mr. J. M. Clark has made two bass trips, one to Silver Lake, Wis., and one to Willow Springs, on the Des Plaines River, each time meeting with very flattering success. That there is bass fishing in the Des Plaines is true without a doubt, as I have heard of several good catches there, among others one mentioned to Charlie Porter by a friend just in. Willow Springs is a picnic ground on the Santa Fé Road. To get fishing one needs to go about a mile or so above the Springs. I believe it was yesterday that Mr. Clark, his canvas boat and camp outfit included, started with a friend for Burlington, on the Fox, intending to float that stream to Grass Lake. Of their success I expect to have something to say later.

Reports continue to come up of good catches of pickerel and some bass in the Deep River, Indiana, near Liverpool. E. Hough.

THE VERMONT LEAGUE.

RUTLAND, Vt., June 3.—That the officers of the Vermont Fish and Game League mean to carry out the aims of the organization is very evident. Cloth posters containing a synopsis of the fish and game laws have been posted in every railroad station, post office and hotel in the State. A very neat cut of a trout exactly 6 in. long with notice that the League prosecutes violations of the 6 in. law appears in the leading weeklies of the State. Upon complaint of the League, Edward Higgins, of Arlington, was convicted of catching trout in close season (month of April) and fined for one offense \$10 and costs; the fine was made for only one offense, as Higgins is a poor man; he offered to plead guilty to one offense, and remarked with grim humor that it weighed just a pound and three-quarters. Last week the League prosecuted a boy at Brattleboro for violation of the 6 in. law. Amos Weatherbee, of Vergennes, was fined June 2, one offense, for catching bass during the close season, amounting with costs to \$9.50. It appears to be the policy of the League to scatter the prosecutions as far as possible throughout the various fishing resorts of the State. Under the stimulus awakened by the League local clubs are being organized throughout the State, and several prosecutions have been made through their efforts. It is believed that when the people have become more familiar with the fish and game laws and see the results arising from the observance of them, that prosecutions will be of rare occurrence. VERMONT.

Another correspondent writes: "Vermont at last has an association that is in earnest in the work of protection. Not many days ago the Vermont Fish and Game League, whose headquarters are at Rutland, reached out to Brattleboro and chastised certain parties for keeping trout under 6 in. long. This week it stretched forth its hand to Ferrisburgh, and made an example of Amos Wetherbee, of Vergennes, for taking a black bass some days before June 1. According to reports, Amos has often indulged in this illegal pastime, but till now has escaped punishment. The League is entitled to great credit for the promptness and energy with which it attends to all violations of the law reported to its secretary, John W. Titcomb, of Rutland."

The advertisement of Chas. Plath & Son, 130 Canal street, manufacturers of fishing tackle, was inadvertently omitted from our columns on its regular issue of May 28. They are still at the old stand and we hope their friends and the public will extend to them the cordial support which their goods merit.—*Adv.*

THE FISHERIES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Read before the American Fisheries Society by Capt. J. W. Collins, Chief of Division of Fish and Fisheries.

IT is doubtless safe to assume that all who are prominently identified with commercial fishing, with angling, with fishculture, or with the scientific study of questions relating thereto will feel an interest in that section of the World's Columbian Exposition which will be specially devoted to an exhibition of all that pertains to them. It may well be a matter of special gratification that the fisheries will receive more consideration at this exposition than has ever been accorded them elsewhere under similar circumstances. And it should be all the more satisfactory to Americans because heretofore there has never been adequate and suitable provision made at any exposition in this country for a fishery exhibit, and all attempts in this direction have been limited by small appropriations and inadequate space.

It is true that there have been numerous fishing exhibitions in different European countries, some of which have been national and others international. It is also well known that the United States has participated in two of these, and the highest honors were awarded to America and Americans at Berlin and London. But while the National Fish Commission succeeded so well in securing recognition for our fisheries abroad, and though all honor is due to Prof. G. Brown Goode, who so ably represented this country on these occasions, it nevertheless will be apparent to all that, while it was then practicable to illustrate the principal features of American fisheries and fishculture, it was not possible with the means and time available to make a thoroughly exhaustive presentation of them.

Never before has the occasion presented itself to do this, and, as has been stated, it should be a matter of much satisfaction that the management of the World's

cumference, around which will be placed the largest aquaria that it is practicable to use; while in the center will be a pond 20ft. in diameter with a beautiful fountain, beneath the spray of which will disport many ornamental fishes. Entering galleries near the side of the building the visitor will pass two rows of large aquaria, in which, as in those previously alluded to, there will be representations of the fauna of the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific and interior waters, including the Great Lakes. No words of mine will, I believe, convey anything like an adequate idea of the beautiful architectural effect of this aquarial building, to the construction and equipment of which the exposition authorities have very generously contributed. I will not, therefore, attempt a description, but will content myself with the hope that all present will be there to see it in the summer of 1893.

In this building the U. S. Fish Commission will make a great national exhibit of our fishery resources, embracing many varieties of fish, marine invertebrates, etc. It is the purpose of the Commission, as it is of the Exposition management, to give consideration to species that are economically important, while the occasion will be improved to call attention to the great work that has been done, by the State and National Governments, in the artificial propagation and acclimatization of fish and other aquatic species, thereby restoring and maintaining abundance in waters that had become depleted by over-fishing or other causes. It is impossible to overestimate the consequence of this work, either in the present or future, and it is beyond question desirable that this opportunity should be improved to make the public better acquainted with it than ever before.

The western building of the group is similar in form and construction to that devoted to the live-fish display. Here it is expected there will be assembled a magnificent and exhaustive exhibit of all that pertains to angling, and let us hope that the thousands of enthusiastic and

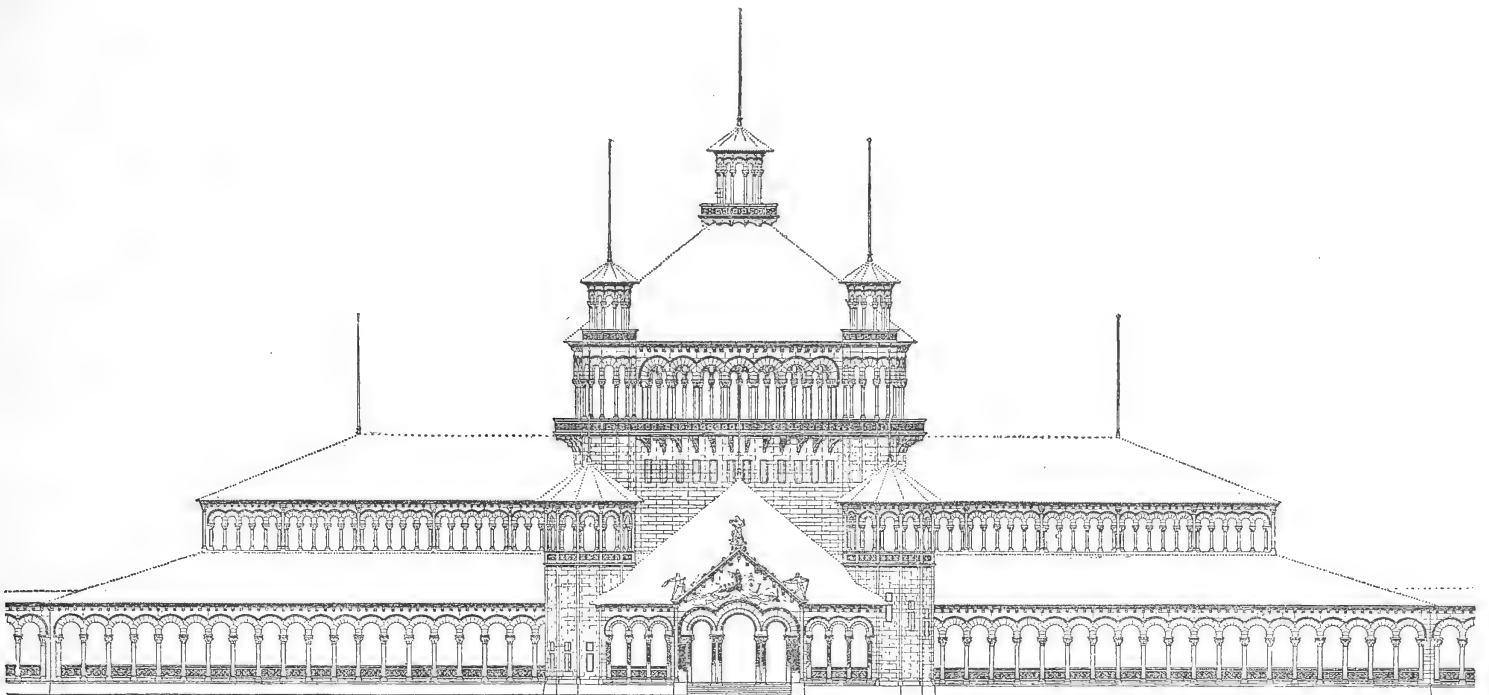
may see object lessons which will convey in the most emphatic manner information concerning the methods and magnitude of our fisheries, and their history and development from the earliest settlement of the country. In the same way the world may learn what has been done in America by the States and Federal Government to maintain and increase the supply of fishes by artificial propagation, etc., and may become familiar with the results which have been achieved here by scientific exploration of our inland waters and the ocean depths.

I have reason also to believe that the fisheries of several foreign countries will be fairly illustrated. It is not necessary to speak of how much this will add to the interests and importance of this part of the Exposition, since I am sure this will be understood by all. But it is certain that it must be of great moment to us as a nation to gather here the arts and appliances which are used for the capture and preparation of fish in other lands, for, in addition to the interest we may naturally feel in seeing the exhibits of foreign countries and comparing them with our own, it must be assured that our fisherman can learn many things of value and importance to them by a study of such exhibits.

But, aside from the mere question of trade, and the enthusiasm which comes from recollection of sport we have enjoyed in angling, or the official zeal felt by those who are charged with great responsibilities, there is a peculiar reason why our love of country should prompt us to a special effort to bring prominently to the notice of the world an American industry which has played so prominent a part in the history and development of this nation.

It is not perhaps so well known as it ought to be that fishing was the first industry prosecuted in the Western World, and that it led to the settlement of regions that offered small attraction of other kinds.

It is nevertheless an historical fact that fleets of fishing vessels followed close in the wake of Columbus, and



UNITED STATES FISHERIES BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

Fair have arranged to construct a group of buildings specially designed for the purpose of a fisheries exhibit—an action which should result in the most hearty cooperation of all who are interested in fishing and the industries dependent thereon, and the inauguration of such an effort on their part as will result in making this section of the exposition equal to any in completeness and attractiveness.

Before proceeding to a more detailed consideration of these buildings, permit me to say that the exhibit of the U. S. Fish Commission, illustrative of its work and functions—including scientific exploration, fishculture and fisheries, but exclusive of live fish—will be located in the Government building, immediately opposite the center of the main fisheries building, with which it will be connected by a bridge crossing the ornamental lagoon.

For the reception and accommodation of general exhibits of fish, fisheries, and fishculture, both domestic and foreign, there will be a group of three buildings, most admirably and appropriately located on an island in the lagoon at the northern part of Jackson Park, near the outlet of Lake Michigan. These buildings have been designed in the Spanish style by the well-known architect, Mr. Henry Ives Cobb. They will be somewhat unique, but exceptionally graceful and pleasing to the eye, while their ornamentation, form and dimensions have been considered with the special object of adapting them to the purposes for which they will be erected. Withal, they will have a warm tone of color which will offer a pleasing contrast to the other exposition buildings. The illustrations herewith presented will doubtless render unnecessary any elaborate description, since a consideration of them will enable one to form a correct estimate of the leading features of Mr. Cobb's design.

The main central structure is rectangular in form, 450ft. long and 150ft. wide. This will be the great central hall, where will be displayed all that pertains to commercial fishing and fishculture, including apparatus of capture, boats, vessels, products, models of fish-breeding establishments, ponds, etc.

Connected with each end of the main hall by an elegant curved arcade is a circular building about 135ft. in diameter. The one at the east, nearest the lake shore, will be devoted to an exhibit of living specimens of fish and other forms of aquatic life. Let me say that this building will have a grand central rotunda 180ft. in cir-

public-spirited anglers in America and other countries, as well as all those interested in the manufacture and sale of anglers' outfits, will join hands in making this the grandest display of its kind that has ever been seen. For never in the world's history has there been such satisfactory provision for showing all the details of the gentle art. Not only will there be ample room for installation of exhibits, but here, right in the shadow of the building, fly-casting and bait-casting can be held, and the art of the angler may be tested, from shore or boat, in friendly trials of skill, and in the exhibition of the various modes and methods of angling.

As to what may be embraced in this fisheries exhibit, I believe the classification adopted is sufficiently broad in its scope to permit the inclusion of anything which will be strictly germane to fish or fishing. This seems to cover the whole field, and under it not only will it be proper to show living and mounted specimens of all forms, from microscopic animals to whales, together with aquatic or marine vegetation, and the apparatus for their capture, but it will also include the products of the fisheries and their manipulation in all their varied forms of methods and material. Besides this, there will be ample opportunity to illustrate angling of every description, together with fishculture and the literature of fishing and all that pertains thereto. Indeed, I can think of nothing which would be of value to the fisheries exhibit that cannot properly be included under the classification referred to.

I have thus briefly outlined what has been and will be done by the Exposition management to provide for a great fisheries exhibit. It now remains with others to make this one of the most attractive and successful features of the World's Fair, as I believe it will be: for it must be fairly assumed that those who are interested in fishing and all that pertains thereto will not permit this grand opportunity to pass unimproved. From information now at hand, we have reason to expect marked enthusiasm in this matter on the part of all the fisheries interests in this country, and that as a result there will be gathered at Chicago in 1893 a magnificent and exhaustive display illustrative of angling, commercial fishing, fishculture and the science of the seas. It will thus be possible for the citizens of other countries who are our customers to find there an infinite variety of fishery products—the harvest of seas, lakes and rivers—and the whole world

within a few years after his discovery of America fishermen of Spain, Portugal, England and France were plying their lines on the banks of Newfoundland. The very names of some of our headlands, islands and bays, are suggestive of fishing and the abundance of fish in their vicinity. Capt. John Smith gave the name of Cape Cod to that famous arm of Massachusetts, because, as he said, cod were so abundant near there that they "belabored" the sides of his ship.

It was fishing that led to the settlement of New England. When the delegates from the Puritans went to King James and asked for permission to settle America he with true Scottish thrift, asked what profit might arise. They answered, "Fishing." This seemed to impress the King favorably, for he said: "So, God have my soul; 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling." And so this little band of pilgrims established themselves on the rugged rock-bound coast of New England, in a harbor which they described as being in the shape of a fishhook.

The free school, one of the grandest and most important heritages of American children, was first established and maintained from the income of the fisheries at Cap Cod.

The part which our fishermen took in the establishment of the independence of this country forms one of the most striking and glorious pages in the history of the Revolution. Indeed, it is perhaps not too much to claim that the result of that struggle might have been very different had it not been for the courage and aggressive energy of the men who had been trained in our fisheries. On more than one occasion they saved the American army from defeat and enabled it to achieve important victories. I will not stop to recount them in detail, but will simply say that we have it on so high an authority as General Knox, Washington's chief of artillery, that the victory at Trenton—one of the most important of the Revolution—was due, more than anything else, to the part taken in it by fishermen. Years after the close of the war, when General Knox was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, Marblehead applied for a charter for a bank. There was opposition to it. Then General Knox arose and stated the claims of Marblehead and the reason they should be recognized. "I am surprised," said he, "that Marblehead should ask so small a privilege as that of banking and that there should be opposition to it. Sir, I wish the members of this body knew the people of Marblehead as well as I

do. I could wish that they had stood on the banks of the Delaware River in 1777, in that bitter night when the Commander-in-Chief had drawn up his little army to cross it, and had seen the powerful current bearing onward the floating masses of ice, which threatened destruction to whomsoever should venture upon its bosom. I wish that when this occurrence threatened to defeat the enterprise, they could have heard that distinguished warrior demand: "Who will lead us on?" and seen the men of Marblehead, and Marblehead alone, stand forward to lead the army along the perilous path to unfading glories and honors in the achievement of Trenton. There, sir, went the fishermen of Marblehead, alike at home upon land or water. Alike ardent, patriotic and unflinching, whenever they unfurled the flag of the country.

The privateers of that period were manned mostly by fishermen, and their captures of British merchantmen undoubtedly had much to do with the conclusion of the war and the establishment of American independence. Sabine remarks that the books of Lloyd's Coffee House show "that from May, 1776, to February, 1778, the American privateers (173 in number) made prizes of 733 British vessels, which, with their cargoes, were worth more than \$25,000,000, after deducting the value of the property retaken and restored. * * * The mercantile interests became at last so clamorous as to render the war unpopular, and to embarrass the ministry in their measures to continue it."

I deem it unnecessary to enter into a fuller discussion of the public services of our fishermen, who, in the second war with Great Britain, manned our war ships and swarmed in every sea on privateers, and who at all times, whenever the occasion demanded it, have "rallied round the flag" to maintain and uphold it against all aggression. But I will say that this is a matter that should not be passed unnoticed, and is one that should prompt us to make an additional effort, if need be, in gathering and placing on exhibition at the World's Fair all that may tend to illustrate every phase and condition of those industries in which we are especially interested, and for the conservation and maintenance of which we are in duty bound to exert ourselves to the utmost of our ability.

FISH IN MAINE WATERS.

THE Harry Moore party, already mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, is back from Moosehead Lake. The trip was a most successful one, as indeed the trips of this party usually are. There is no use of denying the fact that experience and familiarity with the waters fished has a great deal to do with the success of fishermen. The party took nearly 300 trout, saving none of less than 1lb. weight. Mr. J. A. Faulkner, of Lowell, was "high line" of the party, in the way of the heaviest fish caught. He took a lake trout weighing 21lbs. The fish measured 34in. length, was 10in. in depth. Across the tail the measure was 10in. A diagram of the trout was shown on 'Change at the Boston Chamber of Commerce the day of the return of the party. It was curious to note the comments of those who saw it, but were not familiar with the possibilities of Moosehead Lake. The diagram was made by laying the trout on paper and drawing around him with a pencil; but the wise ones did not believe that there ever was a trout as large. They nudged one another with the wink that the figure was a put up job.

Those trout at Swan Lake, Swanville, Me., are attracting a good deal of attention. The wonder is that although fishing in the pond has been done for years, and that the lake is within a few miles of the city of Belfast, yet the work of taking of such trout by trolling has waited all these years to be initiated in the spring of 1891 by Fish Commissioner H. O. Stanley. It has long been known that these great trout were in the lake, but no one has succeeded in getting them. One was shown at H. C. Litchfield's tackle shop, on Washington street, Boston, the other day. The fish weighed 7lbs., was 22in. long and 15in. in girth. It was caught by Col. C. B. Hazeltine, of Belfast, who has taken much interest in these trout. By Mr. Litchfield the fish was pronounced a sea trout, and the theory is that they come up the river from the salt water, the lake being not far from the influence of tide water. Others declare that they are only perfect brook trout, grown large from the abundance of the feed in the lake. The fish shown at Litchfield's was pronounced a wonderfully handsome trout. A number of sportsmen visiting that lake have taken remarkably fine fish. Col. Hazeltine is determined yet to take them with the fly, and if skill and energy will accomplish such a feat, he will be sure to do it. Mr. Chickey, subscription agent of the Boston Herald, was at Belfast on Saturday, and was shown a trout just brought in from the lake, that weighed 5lbs. Mr. Chickey says that they called it a "sea trout," but that he was unable to see any points different from the ordinary brook trout, except that the red spots were less bright, and that the sides were more silvery than the sides of the brook trout usually are. In shape it was a perfect brook trout.

Fishing in eastern Maine is reported to be remarkably good. Landlocked salmon are being taken from Sebago Lake, near Foxcroft, in great numbers, and they are of good size. The record of last Sunday—those fellows will fish on Sunday, for they say that the fish bite better on that day—was twenty-eight, the larger running up to the vicinity of a dozen pounds. It is worthy of note that though this lake was formerly stocked with pickerel, and later with black bass, that the salmon seem to be gaining possession, and to be driving the bass and pickerel into the shallow waters near the shores. The lake is well supplied with smelts, after the manner of the Sebago waters, and the salmon are thriving upon them.

Reports from the Rangeleys are not of as flattering a nature as on former seasons. The exodus of fishermen to those famous resorts has never been greater, but generally they return rather poorly satisfied. I have seen a number of returned Boston sportsmen, and scarcely one of them pronounces the fishing at the Rangeleys up to former seasons. But few big trout have yet been taken, as compared with former seasons. I hear it suggested on every hand that now that the railroad is about completed "clear to Rangeley," that the fishing will be worse overdone than ever. Railroads to the very homes of the trout, with fine hotels and all the comforts of city life, are not conducive to fine catches of trout. Tourists and summer residents may be drawn to the Rangeleys by the railroad, but the sportsmen sigh for the old days when it was a work of hardship to get there; but, oh, the trout that one

could get! Those days are gone forever. The march of the iron horse has driven the buffalo into the past, and the result will doubtless be the same with the trout and the deer.

A party of the members of the Inglewood Club started for the preserves of that club on Wednesday. This is the first full party of sportsmen to these preserves in New Brunswick this season, and they go with great expectations. There is but little chance but what their expectations will be realized, for the club controls some of the finest fishing grounds in the country. The names of the party are: Jerome Hilburn, of Gilman Bros.; Samuel Shaw, of the Murdock Parlor Grate Co.; E. Noyes Whitcomb, of Whitcomb & Burleigh; Gen. W. Walker, of Pawtucket, R. I.; E. H. Sampson, paper and twine dealer; J. H. Houston, of the dry goods house of R. H. White & Co.; W. H. Mitchel, banker; Geo. H. Kimback, of Goodwin & Kimback, of the Crawford House; John W. Wetherbee, lumber dealer; H. P. Brigham, Boston agent of P. Lorillard's tobacco; L. S. Brown, of Blaney, Brown & Co. Mr. Brown has taken a great deal of interest in the Inglewood Club. A slight change in the programme of leaving Boston has been made. The party will all go on Friday, with the exception of Mr. Brown and Mr. Brigham, who left on Wednesday.

A late dispatch from J. A. French, proprietor of the Union Waterpower's camps at the Upper Dam, Me., says that on Tuesday C. J. Bateman, of Boston, hooked on to what proved to be a landlocked salmon at 7:45 A. M. but did not land the fish until 8:20. The fish weighed 7lbs. and 14oz. It was 20in. long. It was taken on a Leonard 8oz. rod and a Montreal fly, in the pool below the dam. Lewis Chadwick did the netting of the fish. Mr. French adds that the fishing is good. In four days 250 trout have been taken. One weighed 6lbs. and another 5lbs. Mr. Bateman and Mr. Kelley are among the most successful. They fish with the fly only.

SPECIAL.

TROUT AND PICKEREL.

BROOKLYN, May 30.—The gripe seized me on March 28, holding me fast here in Brooklyn for three full weeks, before I could gain strength and pluck enough to get to my home among the hills of H—, Conn., consequently like many another I lost my trouting season almost entirely.

One afternoon Jim was going out to cut the inevitable and annual peabrush and beanpoles, and I mustered courage enough to ride out with him, and while he was getting his load I wet my line in a convenient brook, taking in about an hour and a half, eighteen small trout; and after giving three to a sick neighbor, the remainder made us a good breakfast the next morning. Jim and I went out once after that, and from the same brook took twenty-eight which gave us two pleasant meals. We threw back into the stream many that would not bear the 6in. law test. The same brook had been fished by several others this season with good success as far as numbers are concerned, and I could not help thinking what fine sport this brook would afford if it could only be left unfished for two or three years; and the same would be true of all other streams in that locality. Could this suspension of fishing the streams be accomplished, while I might not "be there to see," I should have the satisfaction of knowing that somebody would have splendid sport. Something has got to be done to protect trout, either by shortening the open season very much, or suspension of fishing for one, two or three years, or else lovers of the sport must content themselves with fingerlings, or in sitting on the fence watching posted-brook fishermen catch trout. I meant to have told you of the big scheme I had for catching pickerel through the ice; and though it is a little "out of season" now, and besides the scheme did not materialize for reasons hereinafter named, it may amuse you to hear it. During last February I had determined trying the pickerel through the ice, and knowing that minnows or baitfish were difficult to procure, I just imagined I could fool the voracious pickerel with spiraling otherwise called smelt; so buying ten pounds of the smallest, dearest and hardest frozen smelt in the market I started. The next day, the only one I had to devote to the pickerel, was "colder'n blue blazes" and I respectfully declined allowing the poor pickerel the unheard of privilege of sampling smelt on so cold a day. So I divided my ten pounds of smelt among my neighbors, saving enough for my own table, and thus ended my big scheme on the pickerel. Now, what I want to know is this. Will some fisherman try smelt for pickerel bait next winter, or will every body laugh at my folly? If I am alive next winter I shall endeavor to give the pickerel another chance at smelt.

A.

AFTER CANADA'S SALMON AND TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Senator D. M. Read, of Bridgeport, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Briggs, of the same place, returned here a few days ago from their charming summer headquarters on the Metabetchouan River, a few miles off the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. They were delighted with their trip and took a very large number of handsome red trout, some exceeding 3lbs. in weight. It is the intention of Messrs. Read and Briggs to return to their preserve in the early autumn, accompanied by other members of the Metabetchouan Fishing and Game Club.

U. S. Consul Ryder, of Quebec, has just made a very large catch, all with the fly, at Cedar Lake, or Kiskisink, which is 135 miles from Quebec. His fish averaged over a pound in weight.

Other large catches have been made in Lake Edward, the largest lake between Lake St. John and Quebec, which measures over 30 miles in length. Messrs. McCormick and Odell, of this city, recently took there, in two days, 60 trout weighing 100lbs., besides a number of smaller ones. Guests at the hotel on Lake Edward, which adjoins the railway station, are conveyed to their camping or fishing grounds by steam yacht. Members of the Quebec Press Club had good sport early this week and took some heavy fish at the mouth of Rat River on the westerly side of Lake Edward. Recent departures from Quebec to Lake Edward include Messrs. P. J. Enwright and A. L. Barrows, of Burlington, Vt., who left here by train yesterday morning. They are both members of the Laurentian Fishing Club and have hitherto done most of their Canadian trout fishing in the lake country north of Three Rivers. The well-known author of "Where the Trout Hide," Mr. Kit Clarke, of New

York, was here a couple of days ago, on his way to his favorite camping ground at Isle Paradise, in Lake Edward, and is accompanied by Mr. Nat Rogers, of New York. The Paradise Fin and Feather Club, of which Mr. Clarke is a prominent member, has a splendid club house on an island in the lake, and Mr. Clarke will probably camp there for two or three weeks and then go to Lake St. John to wrestle again with the gamy ouananiche.

Messrs. William Lee and D. Rickaby took twelve dozen speckled trout last week in the lakes belonging to the latter mentioned, on the line of the Lake St. John Railway, none being under half a pound in weight. Lieut.-Governor Angers has just returned from the lakes of the Laurentide Club with some ninety fish. A 3lb. trout was taken last week in one of these lakes. While the lake fishing has been exceptionally good, nothing of any consequence has so far been done in Canadian trout streams, the rivers being still high, and the snow water from the inland woods being still in them. Indications are that later in the season a number of camping and exploring parties will arrange for excursions this season through the country north of Lake St. John. A New York gentleman, writing to your correspondent, proposes to canoe it up to Ashuapmouchouan for several miles, then, with his Indians, portage or carry his canoe, provisions, etc., into Lac Jeanne, the source of the Was-siemska, which is one of the southwesterly tributaries of the Mistassini River, and float down these streams into Lake St. John. This trip will occupy about a fortnight.

Salmon fishermen are rushing to their respective rivers. There are already on the Restigouche, Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, H. B. Holland, Chester Griswold, Billy Florence, Dudley Olcott, Abraham Lansing, Charles Berryman and W. H. Sage of New York, and Messrs. I. H. Stearns and Ives of Montreal. Henry Hogan of Montreal left to-day for St. Aune des Monts to fish the St. Aune River, and R. G. Dun of New York and Hodges of Boston are on the Natashquan on the north shore. On another north shore river, the Moisie, are Messrs. Amos R. Little, David G. Yates and Edward P. Borden and party of Philadelphia. On their return from their salmon expedition they will fish their trout preserves on the Metabetchouan, probably in August. The Watchichou, on the north shore, will be fished this summer by Mr. L. Pike of New York.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 5.

ANGLING NOTES.

AN enthusiastic fly-fisherman residing in California writes for information regarding the Dolly Varden (*Salvelinus malma*). He complains that they will not rise to the fly, though they take bait very well, even the humble "barnyard hackle," generally known as "wums." He is of the opinion that they need educating, and suggests the introduction of a few of our sprightly Eastern brook trout for companions in order that a good example might teach them to appreciate the beauties of the "fluttering fly."

Many others have made inquiries about these Western trout, and the subject has been pretty well discussed, still such matters are always interesting to fishermen, and particularly to those who are about going on Western trips.

I have fished in some of the waters of the far West, and, as far as I could observe, I found three species of the salmon family, the Dolly Varden (*Salvelinus malma*), the black-spotted salmon trout (*Salmo mykiss*), and the rainbow (*Salmo gairdneri*). The natives call these by all sorts of names regardless of rule, and it is impossible when they speak of "mountain trout," or "spotted trout," or "salmon trout," or "brook trout," etc., to know what they mean or what species they refer to. The Dolly Varden is the only true trout or member of the *Salvelinus* family found on the Pacific slope, but its habits resembles the lake trout more than the speckled trout. We could not catch them on the fly, though I was told that they did occasionally take a bright salmon fly. What few we caught we took by trolling with a mottled pearl bait. It was in the month of September and they were just spawning, so we did not make any great effort to capture them. The largest we killed weighed 9lbs.

The rainbows we took were small and did not seem very anxious to make our acquaintance. These fish spawn in the spring and were as indifferent about our flies as their brethren that have been introduced in our own waters. The *Salmo mykiss* or *purpuratus* (the black spotted trout) was decidedly superior to the rainbow. They took the fly boldly, fought bravely and were a fine fish on the table with firm pink flesh. They vary very much in color, and the male and female are so different in appearance that many of the resident fishermen consider them a different variety. They are found in all the Western lakes and rivers and furnish food and sport to thousands of anglers.

The quiet colored flies seem to be the favorites, such as the light and dark-coachman, brown-palmer, professor, brown-hen, golden-spinner and coddling. The addition of jungle-cock shoulders adds to their killing qualities, and the patent fluttering flies are great favorites in the West. The sizes of hooks depend on the waters they are to be used in, the same as in the East, but No. 8 will answer for most localities.

When first visiting the West the Eastern angler will find some difficulty in hooking these fish, for they show their salmon blood in the manner of taking the fly, and it does not answer to strike them quickly. All that is necessary is to tauten the line as they turn to go down. They are splendid fighters and jump freely, and a 2lbs. fish will take off line in a manner that will make the reel buzz. They also spawn in the spring. Why these fish were not introduced on the Atlantic coast, instead of the rainbow, is a mystery that will never be explained.

SCARLET-IBIS.

SKOWHEGAN, Me., June 9.—Large forest fires are raging in the vicinity of the Upper Enchanted Ponds and on the Parlin Stream. The region within a radius of thirty miles is completely enveloped in a dense suffocating cloud of smoke. The extent of the fires is unknown, but it is feared that all the dams on the Parlin Stream and the lumber camps there and on the Upper Enchanted will be destroyed. Nothing but rain will keep fires from spreading.

UNEQUALLED FOR USE IN ALL STABLES.—The harness dressing prepared by Frank Miller & Sons is one of the most desirable articles for livery, express and private stables, for it is simply a finishing dressing and the best ever manufactured.—Adv.

TACKLED A STURGEON.—There was a lot of fun in the Oswego River below the Northwestern elevator yesterday. When the big barge Resolute was going out her wheel came in contact with a large sturgeon, which was stunned by the blow and came to the surface, where he lay apparently lifeless. Several lumber shovers who were on the dock saw his sturgeonship and half a dozen of them jumped into a boat and went out to secure the prize. Among the number was "Alf" Moran, the wrestler. When the boat was alongside of the big fish "Alf" threw both arms around the smooth and eel-like skin of his sturgeonship and endeavored to lift him into the "punt." The sturgeon, however, was in no mood to be trifled with. The wheel of the Resolute had dealt him a hard blow and he was not feeling well. When he discovered himself in the clasp of the brawny longshoreman, he brought his big flat tail around with all his might, struck his captor full in the face, and with a parting kick slid from his embrace out into the river. The crowd laughed and "Alf" got mad. He was determined to capture the sturgeon if he had to go into the river and fight it out there. Grasping the oar he sculled out into the stream and renewed the contest. The sturgeon wriggled, twisted and squirmed, but it was no use. "Alf" had him fast around the middle, and the squeezing he received must have made his sides ache. To lift him into the boat, however, was another thing, and as the men present refused to lend a hand it was no easy job. At last "Alf" got his hands into the gills of the big fish, and with a mighty effort threw him into the boat, amid the applause of half a hundred longshoremen who had witnessed the contest from the docks. The fish was taken to "Tosser" Griffin's and found to weigh just seventy-one pounds.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.*

NEWFOUND LAKE.—Salem, Mass., June 5.—I noticed in your issue of June 3 an article entitled "Newfound Lake, N. H.," by "P. L.," which seems to be largely in the interest of the hotel keepers in the vicinity of the lake. I think your readers should hear the other side, or from the less fortunate ones who have visited this beautiful lake. I with several friends spent considerable time trolling the shores of this lake, and with all our best efforts we only succeeded in capturing one fish, and this one was the only one that took our bait while fishing there. We put in about 15 hours each day; from nearly fifty persons fishing at that time on the lake (and this was the height of the fishing season), I could not learn that more than one in ten had succeeded in taking a fish while I was there. Now, if our friend "P. L." will tell us how Mr. Geo. H. Fowler, of Bristol, N. H., succeeded in taking seventy-six fish weighing 684 lbs., we will gladly pay any reasonable price for the recipe, and as we do not wish to depopulate the lake in one season, and are perfectly willing that others should have a chance to take a fish, we will sign an obligation to leave off the seventy and content ourselves with the six fish. If it was possible that Mr. Fowler did or could take seventy-six fish in one season from so small a lake (which must have necessitated his going into the fish business, to say the least of it) there is no credit to him in the eyes of all lovers of our beautiful game fish, who will, wherever found, be more ready to protect and seek to increase and multiply them than to exert every energy to capture the greatest number possible.—*BRUN.*

CANADIAN DUTIES ON RODS AND GUNS.—June 6.—I have read with a great deal of interest the two communications in this week's FOREST AND STREAM regarding Lake St. John. A friend of mine fished there last summer and tells me it was the most interesting, exciting and satisfactory fishing outing he ever enjoyed. There is one matter of which I have seen no mention in print which the sportsmen of the United States should be acquainted with, and that is that the Customs authorities of Canada require a duty of \$7 to be paid on each rod, reel and gun. It is, it seems to me, rather a suicidal law for the Dominion of Canada, and I presume after having been in operation for a year or two will be repealed. In my own case, I obtained from the Customs department at Ottawa instructions to the Collector of Customs at Quebec to accept a deposit on rods and tackle, to be refunded on my leaving Canada. The commissioner wrote me that application for remission of duties were very numerous, as I can readily believe.—*H. S. CHANDLER.*

THE KANKAKEE RIVER QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mr. E. Hough's article in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM, in which article he dilates upon the beauty of the Kankakee River, the city of Moline, and relative to the fish and game laws not being properly enforced, I have a few remarks to make upon the subject.

I was once a citizen of Moline, and was appointed fish warden at that place in April, 1890, but since that time I have located at La Salle, Ill., where you will find me still fighting in behalf of the fishy tribe. Any one can testify as to my work at any point between Seneca and Henry, Ill. This, the Illinois River, is the home of the shiner, but I think a rod will find more sport in the lake law in this territory this year than has been had for years past, and I am assured by the pole fishermen that the fish are much more plentiful and much more easily caught than formerly at this point.

I agree with Mr. Hough as regards the Kankakee River being a lovely stream, and think he will find as good fly-fishermen at Moline as ever handled a rod or cast a line in any stream in the State. Among those whom I might name, and who would be pleased to meet Mr. Hough should he again visit Moline, are Messrs. W. M. Durham, Col. F. Duryee, W. P. Watson, J. D. White, Fred Knight and numerous others.

As to lawless fishing, the river is practically a protected stream, taking into consideration the Illinois River, as I have made three series of nets this season, viz.: April 15, seven nets at Peru, Ill.; May 13, twelve nets between LaSalle and Hennepin; May 26, left LaSalle in company with two assistants, Messrs. Wm. Halen and Edward Shannon, at 3 A. M., and arrived at Henry at 4:30 P. M., a distance of thirty-five miles, in row boats, and confiscated two winged fike and one trammel net. These latter nets belonged to parties who were in the act of illegal fishing, but upon our approach fled to avoid arrest. This shows that twenty-two nets have been confiscated by me since the close of the season. One must take into consideration the amount of work done and time involved in this, and all without recompense or remuneration for so doing.

I launched my skiff at Moline and traveled to the mouth of the Illinois, the eight dams, and down to the mouth of the river, and every dam on the river. I also served fishway notices on the parties owning or controlling these dams. What more could have been done? If, as you say, a company or association is formed to proceed with the work and bring legal proceedings for damages where fishways are not constructed, we can give the fish free passage up and down the river; but, until that time we are helpless. There are eight dams in the Kankakee River, viz.: Moline, two, 6 ft. in height each; Waldron or Aroma one, 6 ft.; Kankakee one, 8 ft.; slack water navigation dam above Wilmington, 17 ft.; Wilmington one, 6 ft.; slack water navigation dam below Wilmington, 7 1/2 ft., and is open for fish; Feeder dam, 6 ft., then comes the first dam on the Illinois River, at Marseilles, 9 ft., and is without

fishway. There is a fish warden, Mr. M. R. Kelley, at the Feeder dam above mentioned, and whose post office address is Wilmington.

As regards the spearing of fish at Moline, Mr. Hough claims to have noticed a dozen or more spearing lights even inside the city limits. Let me ask if Mr. Hough could not have ascertained the names of at least one of the parties who were spearing and had them brought to justice? How often do complaints of like nature come to me from parties who know the facts, yet are not willing to give the names of those who persist in the violation of the law. And again, the writer of the article published admits that he purchased a bass weighing 4 1/2 lbs., and which had been speared. He must know that the purchase of or having of fish in possession which have been caught in an unlawful manner lays the purchaser liable to the law, and more especially when the unlawful act is known to have been so. Such acts do not have a tendency to stop the spearing, but on the contrary encourages it, from the fact that the spearkers find sale for what they catch. This cannot be gainsaid.

It has been my experience to find more trouble with parties who own or control club houses than with those who follow fishing as a means of livelihood. The former hold they have a more legal right to fish at any time than others, as they control, or claim to control, the water at the point where their club house is located. In this last I can and do speak from actual experience.

In speaking of the Fox River Association and its method of working, all are heartily in sympathy with it, and we can see the benefit of it. Its members are to be congratulated for their efforts in behalf of the fish, and it would be well to have more of a like nature within the State.

In conclusion, I trust Mr. Hough will not in any way feel offended at these remarks, and I should be greatly pleased to meet him at any time. I shall do all that lies in my power to protect both fish and game.

M. D. GREEN, Fish Warden.

LA SALLE, ILL.

THE FOLLETT PATENT AUTOMATIC FISHING ROD BUTT AND REEL has received the endorsement of our most expert anglers. The entire mechanism is contained in the butt, weight being so centralized that balance is given to the rod and no fatigue to the wrist experienced. The reel can be exchanged for different weight at pleasure. The brake is operated entirely by the hand holding the rod, leaving the other free to handle net or for other purposes.—*Advs.*

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials (Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. O. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

GREYHOUNDS AT CHICAGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the privileges which the dog fancier jealously guards and much enjoys, is addressing questions for information to the papers that publish a kennel department. Any person in good standing who seeks information either for himself or for another, and who advances his questions in a courteous and proper way, has the right to expect a courteous and intelligent answer from the paper consulted. In its "Answers to Correspondents," as well as in the matter of foot notes, the FOREST AND STREAM has always been well ahead of its competitors in this country. Its replies have been marked by ability, sound advice, conciseness and strict adherence to facts pertaining to the question involved. Brevity, misleading, unintelligible, inaccurate statement is something that the paper has always, since I have known it, left others to wallow in. When I recently addressed a few pertinent questions to your kennel editor about a wrong report, an erroneous award and certain incorrect and misleading statements that had unfortunately gotten into the paper, I had every reason to believe that his answers would be as they had been before—sound, explicit, relevant and correct. Instead of such answers you have, carelessly I hope, printed a foot note which I have no hesitation in saying neither FOREST AND STREAM nor anybody else can make sense of or understand, the foot note itself justifies this statement. Instead of answering the questions asked, clearing up matters, and telling us what is right and what wrong, your kennel editor has contradicted himself, befogged your readers, and left matters in a much worse condition than ever before. Surely Mr. Lacy does not realize what that foot note means to FOREST AND STREAM, if it is placed on record as it now stands. Therefore, may I again, in a most friendly way and for the benefit of those dog men who cannot understand that foot note, ask Mr. Lacy for relevant and explicit answers to the following questions:

1. Mr. Lacy tells us that he did not intend to write that a greyhound should have a short back, but that he meant to say "short loin." In view of the fact that he had already written about the dog's loin this seems strange; but what does he mean by telling us, after having distinctly stated that the loin should be "short," that "we still maintain that the short and strong loin, comparatively speaking, is what is required"? What are we to understand from these conflicting statements? Should the loin be "short" as stated in the Chicago report, short in comparison with the length of the back or short in proportion to the length of loin seen in other breeds?

2. Is there not other evidence besides the Chicago report which goes to show that Mr. Lacy has called for short back when it should not be short?

3. Mr. Lacy tells us that the greyhound Mother Demdike is faulty in back and ribs. Will he kindly state in what respect she is faulty?

4. Mr. Lacy says: "To prove that we did not mean that a greyhound should have a short back it was only the week before, while judging at Boston, that we put back an otherwise good hound, Imperator, for that very fault." Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Lacy did nothing of the sort, which is proved by his report on the greyhound class at Boston. This is what he said (FOREST AND STREAM, April 9): "Imperator by some mistake was either not in the ring or was sent out by the steward." The report goes on to say "though too short in back, etc." And Mr. Lacy asks me to accept this as "proof" that he "did not mean that a greyhound should have a short back." Does it not seem strange that a judge should put a dog back for having a short back when he never saw the dog in the ring? Will your kennel editor kindly explain just where the "proof" comes in?

5. In regard to the "wonderful rib development," Mr. Lacy answers as follows: "Rib development does not mean great spring of ribs, which a greyhound should not have unless he has the necessary chest development to support it." This is entirely too much for me. How could the dog have the "necessary chest development" to support "great spring of ribs" if he did not have the "great spring of ribs"? Mr. Lacy has overlooked the fact that the formation of the ribs has quite a little to do with the development of the chest. Will he kindly explain?

6. "Rib development," says Mr. Lacy, is "that length of back between the neck and the last rib" that "Stonehenge" speaks of. There is not a particle of evidence to show that when "Stonehenge" wrote of length of back he meant development of ribs or anything else. He intended to say exactly what he did say. Does Mr. Lacy seriously state that his allusions to "wonderful rib development," "rib development," etc., referred to the "length of back between the neck and the last rib"? He might just as well tell us that the length of head means length of tail. One statement is as reasonable as the other.

7. Mr. Lacy asked us to believe that Lord Neverstill, "like all his breeding, is not well let down behind." The statement does a grievous wrong to every owner of dogs of this strain. Lord Neverstill comes of illustrious stock and from two families which are as well let down behind as any in the world. If the statement is indorsed by authority, or if a particle of genuine proof can be produced in support of it, will Mr. Lacy kindly name such authority and state where such evidence can be found?

I asked if Mr. Lacy and Mr. Fellows, who had awarded prizes to a prick-eared greyhound (not a greyhound that "occasionally" elevated its ears), would confer the same honors upon prick-eared greyhounds when shown in fairly good company. The answer was that another judge (the writer) gave third prize in a strong class of thirteen dogs to a specimen with a "half inch overhanging top jaw." It is only a few weeks since Mr. Lacy informed me that this dog was overshot fully an inch. Now he has it half an inch, and I am in hopes that next time he will get it right. But what has this got to do with a question for information courteously asked? Two wrongs do not make a right. The question is, Would those gentlemen again award prizes to prick-eared greyhounds shown in a class that is fairly good? I am quite willing to discuss my awards at the proper time and in the proper place, and do it in such a way that your readers will understand what I am writing about.

CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW YORK, June 8.

[Notwithstanding Mr. Mason's formidable array of questions, they are only a reiteration of what was fully answered in our last week's issue. If Mr. Mason cannot understand our answer we know of no further remedy. Besides, the subject is of hardly sufficient interest to merit a newspaper controversy.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very sorry indeed that my friend, Mr. Chas. H. Mason, should have been abused on my account, but I am now in a position to know that greyhounds had nothing to do with the matter. I know what caused the trouble, but am not at liberty just now to tell. If the editors of the daily papers referred to had asked my opinion, I should have told them that I consider Mr. Mason the best judge in America, if not in the world. I think he could detect a fancy point in a dog through a brick wall quicker than I could with a microscope.

About Elcho at Kingston, I will say that he did not have prick ears when in the ring, but when taking notes of the dogs on the benches I did see his ears elevated slightly, but not by any means a prick ear. My hobby is work. I gave first prize to the dog I thought could go the fastest and last the longest. It would have made but mighty little difference to me if he had shown prick ears. I have read of a variety of greyhound called Featherjacks, they had prick ears or large upstanding ones, but I did not read that it hurt their running in the least. Of course, in a high class of greyhounds, other things being equal, I would peg the dog with prick ears back. The collie champion Rex, had one prick ear; I exhibited him from Ottawa to Washington, and no judge ever caught him with his ear up when I was showing him.

I don't want any newspaper controversy with Mr. Mason, his guns are of too large a caliber for me. I have no time to write, as writing won't buy the kid a coat, but I thought I would set Mr. Mason right, as I know Dr. Mills had nothing to do with the letters to the Toronto papers.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., June 7.

TWO MATTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to verify, in the most positive manner, your supposition that Dr. Mills had no share in the vulgar abuse showered on Mr. Mason in some of the Canadian papers. I holding Dr. Mills's letter, strongly denouncing the whole business and expressing his contempt for the low vulgarity of these attacks. Further, if I am not mistaken, Dr. Mills has condemned these attacks in the *Canadian Kennel Gazette*. Few things worry me more than to have men I know to be honest and aiming at the right for the right's sake, fall out, and while Mr. Mason and Dr. Mills will probably never agree in their notions as to dogs, they are in accord in contempt for crookedness of all kinds, and this bond should keep them at least respectful to each other, differ as much as they may. However, I suppose it is a necessary preliminary to knowing and appreciating Mr. Mason, to first have a fight with him, for really I do not now remember one of his many friends, who so thoroughly esteem him, who did not begin by a fight, and not a few found themselves in my fix of long ago, obliged to apologize to him for wrongs done him.

I think there may be another explanation of the waning interest of hounds in pursuing the trail of wolves than that suggested by Mr. Lort (vide your paron page 400). Dr. J. B. Grimes, an old foxhunter, and one of education (not the rule with the foxhunter), told me that some years since a pack of wolves broke over into the neighborhood of Kingwood, West Virginia, from Hoyer's (or some of the other "wildernesses" of West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania) and that upon attempting to hunt them with their foxhounds, they found the dogs entirely indifferent to the scent. Yet these hounds were thoroughly reliable on the trail of fox, deer or wildcat. It could not be fear of the quarry, for a hound that ever had a taste of an old "Tom" wildcat need not count a wolf a serious job to tackle, and although rather cowardly when not on chase, it is very rare that a hound shows signs of fear when aroused by the excitement of a hot chase, the exception of this being striking a hornet's or yellow jacket's nest. Crowder had killed two wildcats singly and got frightfully torn up at each kill, yet he would drop his tail and run his best at the first taste of any stinging insect. To return to following the wolf trail, I suspect that the reason for the indifference of the hounds is that the scent too closely resembles that of their own kind for them to recognize it as game, yet as hounds seem to be used for trailing wolves, both in our West and in Russia, there must be enough difference in the scents for hounds to be able to discern it. On this point some of your western readers should be competent to speak, and would do us a favor by giving us the facts as to how hounds trail wolves, whether naturally, or by special training.

W. WADE.

HUTCHINSON, Pa., June 8.

DOG CHAT.

WE have noticed a decided improvement for several weeks past in the kennel department of the English *Fanciers' Gazette*, showing that there was evidently a wide awake writer doing the kennel pars. A Scotchman, Mr. J. B. Smith of Glasgow, has, it seems, taken charge of this paper's kennel interests. Mr. Smith is well-known in Scotland as a breeder and exhibitor of fox-terriers and a member of the Scottish Kennel Club. Before journeying down to London town, he was given a dinner by his friends in the Land o' Cakes, and judging by the encomiums passed upon him and the improved appearance of their kennel department, our English contemporary has made a good move.

Though the arrival of Scottish Prince has not created such widespread interest as that of Sir Bedivere, still it marks the advent of a dog that with age and proper handling is bound to make a great name for himself in this country. Mr. Samuel Mann, with Scottish Prince, Aristocrat and Altonette, arrived last Monday morning by the steamship Arizona after a rather rough passage of nine days. On visiting Col. Ruppert's temporary kennels at his brewery, the two noted dogs were, to all appearances, holding a reception, several St. Bernard men having come to get a peep at the cracks. Scottish Prince had, we were told, a hard time of it during the voyage, the first three days being very rough he was prostrated by seasickness and ate nothing for three or four days, and is now only just coming round. During the voyage he also broke out in several places and as he is out of coat as well, one cannot form a just opinion of his true appearance. He is, however, a magnificently built animal, exceptionally good on his pins, combining great bone with a more than ordinary height, very nearly, if not quite, 35in. at the shoulder. His depth of chest and breadth and depth of loin are very noticeable. His head, while not so short as some judges like them, has a great depth of muzzle and massive skull. His eyes are particularly good. His color is not so rich an orange as his kennel mate Aristocrat, who is also a dog of more than ordinary size and bone. Scottish Prince is by Prince Regent out of Moss Rose. His grandsire is champion Plinlimmon and his pedigree throughout shows winning blood on both sides. He was whelped April 24, 1889. He still looks puppyish and will need another year to get fully "set." Aristocrat is by champion Plinlimmon out of Lady Adelaide. His blood is also rich in champion sires and dams. This dog is aptly named, for his rich color and nice shadings and markings give him a look of quality to which his activity lends a jaunty air. His bone is excellent and coat could not be improved. His winnings make up a long list of firsts and specials, having, we understand, won more first prizes than any other St. Bernard last year. Col. Ruppert, Jr., certainly holds a strong hand with this pair. Aristocrat showed himself to be in good and healthy condition. We next proceeded to the stall where Altonette was kennelled. She unfortunately contracted distemper at the time of sailing, and Mr. Mann at one time had little hopes of landing her alive. She is, however, now over the worst part of it, and only needs careful nursing and fresh air. She is now almost a year old, and is certainly a bitch of great height, nearly 35in. we were told; she has also a roomy body. Her markings are very pretty, but there is still room for improvement in her head, which has hardly breadth and depth enough as yet. All she needs is age and good treatment. Altonette, as her name denotes, is by Alton out of Scottish Lady, was whelped June 20, 1890, and shows Nero III., Queen Jura and Plinlimmon blood in her pedigree. Some time since we published a picture of Scottish Prince, which, though he was only 18 months old when the photograph was taken, shows off his immense bone and massive head to perfection. These dogs will, unless Col. Ruppert alters his mind, be sent to his Duchess Kennels at Poughkeepsie next Wednesday. The sooner the better, as Prince and Altonette both need that exercise and fresh air which a run on a 75-acre farm will give them. Col. Ruppert, Jr., had some difficulty in getting the dogs through the customs, having to sign a bond of \$1,700. In conclusion we must congratulate this gentleman upon his pluck and enterprise in securing three typical specimens of the holy breed, and the St. Bernard breeders of the country will, we are sure, join with us in the hope that both Scottish Prince and Altonette will soon be in good condition again. They will both be put in a competent veterinary's hands at once.

Mr. Mann also brought over with him a ten-weeks-old pup named Heron for his father's kennel. This pup weighs already 8lbs. During his visit to England he saw all the crack St. Bernards, and expressed himself as much pleased with the treatment he received.

At a meeting held last Friday the Toronto Kennel Club, after reporting that their late members' show was a financial success, decided that the next competition be held the first week in August. Special classes to be judged only and their points explained. A smoking concert is announced at an early date. In May, next year, a general show of members' dogs will be held. Messrs. Davey and Kirk were tendered thanks for their services as judges at the last show.

From "Condensed Telegrams," in a recent issue of the *Sun*, we read: "Mrs. Charles Wheatleigh's pug Victoria still causes sorrow at Hempstead, L. I., by her continued absence."

The California Kennel Club is well pleased with the result of its recent show at San Francisco, especially as financially the show was a success. A much more ambitious attempt is promised for next year. The club now propose holding a field trial, and with that end in view a committee will be formed to hunt up suitable grounds within easy access of the city with a view to leasing the shooting privileges. The Pacific Kennel Club's trials will again be held at Bakersfield this fall.

At a meeting of the New Jersey Kennel Club, held Friday evening last, Mr. Peshall gave an account of the action taken by the A. K. C. and their refusal to admit him as the accredited delegate of the N. J. K. C. Mr. Peshall then tendered his resignation as delegate to the A. K. C. Thereupon the club unanimously refused to accept it. The club is fully decided to stand by their action, therefore Mr. Peshall is still their delegate-elect. The following gentlemen sent in their resignations as members of the club: Messrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., J. D. Shotwell, Rowland P. Kearsby, Benjamin Edge and Gerard Cassar. Mr. Peshall and Dr. Housling were appointed a committee to confer with the New Jersey State Fair Association to see if any arrangement could be made with them for a building suitable for the club to give a dog show this fall.

We thank the Seminole Kennels for a very pleasing photograph of their noted collie, The Squire. They write us that the demand for collies seems to be increasing, standing next in popularity to the St. Bernards. As this kennel have placed their dogs in the stud at prices that bring them within the reach of every breeder, we should certainly soon see an improvement in young stock that will be shown next year. There is every reason why the collie should become popular, for no other breed is more intelligent and good-natured. Leaving out of consideration their working capabilities, which cannot be surpassed by any other breed, they also, as companions of ladies and children or family pets, commend themselves to public notice. The collie trials which will be held by the collie club next year will serve to

draw attention to their useful qualities as an aid to the farmer. We have no means of informing ourselves as to the number of working dogs of recognized collie blood that there are in this country, unless those breeders who breed for work instead of bench, can give us some information on the subject. If any of our readers own collies which they use in farm work we are sure it would be interesting to have them tell us their methods of training and of the many intelligent traits their dogs display while out at their work. Many marvelous tales are told of their almost human intelligence, and from what we have seen ourselves on the moors and in some of the farming districts of England, we are almost prepared to swallow them without the customary seasoning.

"Whatever became of that greyhound you had?" "Killed himself." "Really?" "Yes, tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two."—*Brooklyn Life*. Not short enough in loin, very likely.

Our increased list of kennel advertisements every week shows that breeders appreciate a medium by which they are sure to sell their dogs. Among the new ones we notice this week, we find that R. W. Sawyer has several St. Bernards for sale. Chas. D. Bernheimer is disposing of his fox-terriers; Chas. D. Roberts several pointers; Geo. C. Cross a cocker bitch; Lone Star Kennels several pointers; M. C. Furst an Irish setter bitch; William Letward has several high class beagles and a pointer for sale. Frank Hope has a new advertisement and Dr. Glover calls attention to his vermifuge. In the stud, Rochelle Kennels' black and tan terriers.

We regret to hear that Mr. William H. Case, of Lockport, New York, has lost by poison his pointer bitch Flash. The loss is all the more unfortunate as Flash had the reputation of being the best broken dog in that part of the State.

We really should like to have some cheerful news from Ottawa, but it would seem as if this were impossible. "Clumber" writes us now that his Lass o' Beauty, which went the round of the past circuit, was killed the other day by a passing train. She was bred by the Duke of Westminster and in 1887 won second at Birmingham, only time exhibited in England. Over here she won first and special at Denver, Boston and Buffalo, and second New York and Chicago, to Lady Bromine.

On condition that he will run him in the coming field trials, Mr. Anthony presented the young pointer Ridgeview Beau, by Tribulation out of Bloome II., to Mr. D. C. Bernheimer, the owner of the fox-terrier Raby Trigger. Mr. Bernheimer will comply with the conditions, and we believe Mr. Short will take the dog in hand.

Mr. C. A. Stone informs us that the Collie Club has very kindly donated their silver medal, value \$20, for the best collie dog in the open class, and their bronze medal for the best bitch, owned by members of the Collie Club, to be competed for at the coming bench show of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held in Toronto, September next.

The Collie Club show held a week or two since in England seems to have been a miserable failure, only about eighty dogs being benched. At the same time the quality of the dogs present was of the best. We notice that in the challenge class Chestnut Hill Kennels' Christopher was second to Metchley Wonder, as he was not in his usual bloom. In the under two-year-old class this kennel took third with Wellesbourne Captain, who is said to be the best in the class but for his faulty carriage of ear. This kennel also took fourth prize in the puppy class, with Wellesbourne Shamrock, who wants time and more coat. In the under two-year-old bitch class, Wellesbourne Violet, reserve, is spoken of as a good one; she also won the special for the best, bred by exhibitor. Metchley Wonder beat Christopher again in the stud dog class, but in the brood bitch class Chestnut Hill scored with Bertha and also won the team prize. In the collie derby, Mr. Stretch, who sold Christopher to Mr. Harrison, won first, second and third with his entries, thus making a new record.

At the Southport (England) show, Messrs. Toons and Symonds' black and tan terrier Beaconsfield surprised his friends by appearing in the challenge class, when he was thought to be in America. He won without competition. In the open class Mr. Lacy's Rhodes Oban beat the noted Derby Bess, Messrs. Toons and Symonds' Prince Regent taking third prize. In the novice class, however, Rhodes Oban was beaten by Floribel, and also had to give way to Prince Regent, whom he had beaten in the other class. The veteran Geo. Belliwell does not often make a mistake of this sort. The competition for the ten-guinea cup for the best dog in the show created great excitement. Those left in the final were the bulldog British Monarch, Yorkshire terrier Ted, the black spaniel Newton Abbott King and the sensational collie Sir Hector, who made his debut at this show. The five judges voted as follows: Newton Abbott King three, and the collie and bulldog one vote each. Quite a feather in the cap of the spaniel men. This is a competition where Sir Bedivere always held trump cards.

In Ireland speedy justice seems to follow those miserable fellows who wantonly shoot "man's best friend." In a recent trial the complainant stated that he was walking across a field where the defendant was sowing seed, the dog left his side, and in a minute or so a shot was heard, and on the complainant going to ascertain the cause he saw the defendant shoot the dog again. The dog died soon after the shot was fired. The defendant was fined \$5.25 and ordered to pay \$50 as compensation or in default to be imprisoned three months with hard labor in Belfast jail. A few decisions of that sort over here would have a beneficial effect on some people who think a dog a good target.

Mr. S. L. Boggs, we learn, has arrived in London with Messrs. Joe Lewis and W. H. Rutter, Jr., and by this time Messrs. Moore and Grosvenor will have also landed on terra firma. Messrs. Dole and Comstock are evidently lost in the wilds of Paris, as we hear nothing of them this week.

Dr. Mills writes us that we were quite correct in our supposition that he had nothing to do with the Canadian ambush correspondence *re* Mr. Mason. As a Canadian he was ashamed of it and regretted it, though it expressed after all the feelings of a very small number. A great deal of it appeared long before he was aware of its publication. He believes that judges should be chosen solely for their merit, and not because they reside here or there.

There are many English fanciers, and men who take a passing interest in dogs in this country, who will read with regret the news of the death of England's foremost sporting dog judge—Mr. William Lort. He died at his friend Mr. Assheton Smith's residence, Vaynol Park, Bangor, Wales. The English papers speak very feelingly on his death and characterize him as a fine British sportsman, an amiable man and as popular an English gentleman as ever lived. His long association with dog shows, from their early inception, had made him a familiar figure at these gatherings. As an all-round sportsman he had, it is said, no superior. He had made several journeys to the Arctic regions and it was only in our last issue we published a letter of his about hunting wolves on our Western prairies. He first acted as judge of pointers at the Birmingham show of

1860 and since then has officiated at more shows than any other judge. He was always in great demand at shows on the Continent and in 1875 he judged the sporting classes at the New York show, when we notice, by referring to the catalogue, that 55 entries appeared in the English setter open dog class and Irish setters were known as red or red and white setters. As a breeder of pointers, setters and spaniels he was well known, and *Stock-Keeper* tells us that a quarter of a century since there was no breeder that did not gladly secure a dash of the Lort blood into his kennels. His well-known Dip I. sired Quince, the grandsire of Mr. J. Cumming Macdonna's great field trial winner Ranger, and his strain of setters is very highly spoken of in Mr. Laverack's book. We cannot close this short obituary more appropriately than by showing the dogmen in this country the estimation he was held in by his fellow countrymen, by quoting from the above paper: "In fact, no man was ever more beloved than was Mr. William Lort. He possessed the courage of a hero, combined with the tenderness of a woman, his very weaknesses—and they were few, indeed—were virtues, as they invariably arose from his goodness of heart and sympathy with his friend or neighbor. No such record has yet been left behind him by any of the many who have passed away since the occasion of the first dog show at Newcastle in 1859—a record that is untarnished by a smirch of double-dealing, of avarice, or of treachery; a record that tells of troops of friends, of not a single enemy, and of a popularity among the outside public that has never been achieved by any other judge. Above all, Mr. Lort has borne away with him to the Silent Land, the sands of which must be trod by all of us, the noble reputation of having lived and died an English gentleman."

Mr. Heddy Chapman, who sold the St. Bernard bitch Hesper to Mr. Diffenderfer, and who is the owner of Princess Florence, gave Mr. Shillcock \$5,000 for the youngster Sir Hereward, a son of Lord Bute. From all accounts this young dog is about the best now left in England.

In commenting on the new tariff laws relating to dogs, one of which compels the seller of a dog to enter it in the Kennel Club stud book, *Stock-Keeper* says: "There are difficulties here which our readers will readily perceive. A man may have sold a dog that has won a prize and thereby earned his title to a number, but he may have to wait months till the next volume is due and his number appears. Mr. Aspinwall (the secretary) hopes to surmount this obstacle by putting a signed memorandum on his pedigree form stating that the dog has qualified for admission in the stud book and will be entered in the forthcoming publication."

Mr. C. S. Wixom, who was sent home for repairs from the Cleveland show, is now quite himself again, although he has been a very sick man. He writes us that his team of dogs will have a lively time of it this fall what with coursing meetings, beagle trials and dog shows crowding each other so close.

We learn that twenty couple of harriers are now on the way to this country from England consigned to the Chestnut Hill Kennels, which will, we hear, devote considerable attention to this breed in the future. From *Canine World* we hear they have been hunted regularly in Hampshire.

We have received the constitution and by-laws of the Mohawk Valley Poultry and Kennel Club. Their show will be held, as we have already announced, at Gloversville, N. Y.

Just as we go to press we have received a letter from Mr. Walter J. Comstock, who by the address we find is now with Friend Dole in Rome. He incloses an excellent picture of his new Irish terrier Crate, which we shall illustrate next week. Friend Dole also sends us a very lengthy epistle with lots of news, which must be reserved now for next week. He has bought the fox-terrier Dobbin for the Woodall Kennels; the bull bitch Magpie for Mr. A. J. Hatch, New Haven, Conn.; a small bull-terrier bitch, White Matchless, by Gully the Great, for himself, also a large-sized one named Lively Son; the others we have mentioned from time to time. They return to England July 15, and a week after sail for home. Frank says: "The most welcome thing we have seen in Rome was the *FOREST AND STREAM*, which Mr. Krehl kindly sent us."

In a letter from Mr. Huber to Dr. Glover we learn that the former gentleman has purchased the noted pointer bitch Sally Brass II. from Mr. Charles Heath.

We understand that owing to a change in the game laws of North Carolina, the coming trials may be affected. The open season commences Nov. 1 and closes Feb. 28. Davidson county, and consequently Lexington, where the Central Trials are held, is exempt from this law, but Guilford county, in which High Point is situated, will have to comply with the law unless some steps can be taken to include this county also in the exemption. This will seriously handicap some of the handlers in their preparatory work.

We learn from the *Detroit Tribune* that Messrs. Campbell & Blake's whippet Benbow made a record for himself on the Detroit Athletic Grounds last Saturday. He ran the 200yds. on a cinder path in 12 seconds, under careful timing. This is the dog that ran so well at London last fall. Mr. Blake also writes us that in the race last Saturday the wind was against the dog.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Geo. Bell for the excellent photograph of his greyhounds Jolly Ranger and White Wings. Mr. Bell is striking out in a new direction and expects two greyhounds from England shortly.

A. K. C. STUD BOOK ENTRIES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I beg to send you the following comparative table, giving the number of paid entries received for the Stud Book and the *Gazette* for the first five months (Jan. 1 to June 1) of each year, from the first publication by the American Kennel Club. I think it will make interesting reading:

Stud Book.			
Year.	Fee.	No. of entries.	Condition.
1887	.50	971	Voluntary.
1888	.50	2,014	Compulsory.*
1889	.50	1,358	Voluntary.
1890	\$1.00	989	Voluntary.
1891	\$1.00	1,616	Voluntary.
* First year of Rule 2.			
Gazette.			
1889	.25	1,882	Compulsory.
1890	.25	1,235	Compulsory.
1891	.25	1,968	Compulsory.
A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.			

THE BREEDER OF CHAMPION HESPER.—Putney Heath, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Fearing that the same mistake may have occurred in your paper as in the London *Fanciers' Gazette* that the lately deceased champion Hesper (20819) was bred by S. W. Smith, I wish to inform you that is not correct, as this grand animal was bred by me. —SAMUEL SMITH.

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The executive committee of the National Beagle Club held an adjourned meeting at 266 Washington street, on Thursday, June 4. The meeting was called at 8 P. M. President Brooking in the chair. The roll call showed Messrs. Berry and W. F. Rutter to be absent. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, which were then accepted, the report of Mr. Poyer, chairman of the committee to incorporate, was heard and accepted. Communications from J. W. Steffen, C. A. Storie, C. S. Wixom, H. L. Kreuder and others were read and placed on file.

It was voted that the N. B. C. donate a cash special of \$5 to the Toronto show to be held next September for the best beagle in the show. It was also voted that a vote of thanks be sent to Mr. H. L. Kreuder of Nauvau, N. Y., for his exceedingly generous and courteous letter to the club in regard to the coming field trials, and that while the club has not yet decided on a place, a copy of the foregoing resolution be forwarded to him at once by the secretary.

It was moved and carried that it is the sense of this committee that a class should be added to the present standard providing for dogs 13in. in height and under. Such class to take the place of the 12in. or basket beagle class frequently made at the leading bench shows, and that the above change be voted for at the regular quarterly meeting of the club in July. The object being to bring the classes at the bench shows and field trials on an equal footing as regards size. On motion of H. V. Jamieson it was voted that the secretary get proof of running rule, as revised, printed and brought before the next meeting for approval. Meeting adjourned. F. W. CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

MELROSE, Mass., June 7.

ON NOTES AND NOTIONS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just one word for "Onlooker," who abuses me in claiming that a money challenge is not the fairest way of supporting the alleged superiority of a dog. I agree with him it is not, and as a poor man it is my last refuge, but it was Mr. Laidlaw, not I, who made the challenge. He offered to back his dog Oban against Amazezement for money. I merely accepted his offer. "Onlooker," in a spirit of antagonism to me and with misguided zeal, has probably slapped a friend in the face. Let "Onlooker" read again Mr. Laidlaw's money bluff in your issue of April 30, and he will wish he had not made himself so ridiculous in a widely-circulated journal like yours.—GEO. BELL (Toronto, Canada, June 8).

THE GREYHOUND CHARLES DAVIS.—New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I cannot refrain from referring to the many letters received, as well as personal expressions of sympathy, since the publication in your columns of the death of my greyhound Charles Davis. I would especially allude to the letter from Mr. A. W. Purbeck, of Salem, Mass., the owner of the famous champion greyhound Gem of the Season. His kind words were emphasized by an offer of the free services of Gem of the Season for my greyhound bitch Maud Torrington, all of which illustrates the very kindly sentiment existing between the owners and breeders of dogs.—ALBION L. PAGE.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (unfilled free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Day Break. By N. McIntosh, Providence, R. I., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 31, 1891, by Roy Monarch (Dashing Mowrah—List) out of Blue Jennie (Royal Albert—Blue Nell).
Little Dollars. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pug bitch, whelped March 4, 1891, by champion Kash out of Beauty III.
Peggie Pride. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for pug bitch, whelped Dec. 4, 1890, by Eberhart's Cashier out of Flossie II.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Yum Yum II.—Nanki Poo. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) Japanese spaniel bitch Yum Yum II. to their Nanki Poo, Dec. 14.
Louie—Jasper. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) black and tan terrier bitch Louie (Beaconsfield—Nelly) to the Jasper (Sir Edward II.—Lloyd's Rose), April 12.
Queen III.—Salisbury. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) black and tan terrier bitch Queen III. (Ormonde—Bell's Saff) to their Salisbury (Beaconsfield—), March 10.
La La—Jersey. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch La La (Black Pete—Miss Nance) to J. P. Willey's Jersey (Obo II.—Darkie), March 20.
Sylvia—Midnight. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) schipperke bitch Sylvia (Midnight—Darkness) to their Midnight, March 4.
Bachante—Regent Vox. W. G. Southgate's (Astoria, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Bachante (Bachanal—Queen) to Wilton Kennels' Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic), May 25.
Princess Louise—Rifleman. Geo. Pangborn's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Princess Louise (Scarsdale—Wagner's Carrie) to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), May 22.
Annie—Rifleman. J. Lynch's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Annie to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), May 18.
Nannette—Regent Vox. Wilton Kennels' (New York) fox-terrier bitch Nannette (Warren Jim—Buz) to their Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic), May 15.
Wanda S.—Regent Vox. Chas. R. Doane's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Wanda S. (Scarsdale—Wagner's Carrie) to Wilton Kennels' Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic), May 19.
Village Belle—Rifleman. E. K. Austin's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Village Belle (Volo—Beauty) to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), May 2.
Nellie—Rifleman. J. McBride's (Fordham, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nellie to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), April 27.
Sphinx—Rifleman. J. H. McCampbell's (Rutherford, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Sphinx to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), April 26.
Daisy—Rifleman. C. Heimerle's (New Market, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Daisy (Caroline—Nellie of Volkart) to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), April 22.
Nixy—Rifleman. O. H. Stickle's (Harrison, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nixy (Tick-Tack—Malsland Festive) to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), April 15.
Wilton Dart—Rifleman. Wilton Kennels' (New York) fox-terrier bitch Wilton Dart (Regent Vox—Royal Dart) to their Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), April 8.
Nellie Boxer—Warren Tripper. J. J. Cashman's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Nellie Boxer (Saracen—Pan) to Wilton Kennels' Warren Tripper (Valens—Warren Tripper), March 7.
Wilton Viola—Rifleman. Wilton Kennels' (New York) fox-terrier bitch Wilton Viola (Suffolk Coronet—Warren Violet) to their Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), March 6.
Posting—Rifleman. J. G. Thompson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Posting (Blemton Ravager—Malsland Phyllis) to Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina), March 1.
Forest Dora—Granger. Rosecroft Kennels' English setter bitch Forest Dora (Dick Lavacker—Forest Fly) to D. S. Gamble's Grover (champion Count Howard—champion Dicky Foreman), June 5.
Bonnie E.—Bradford Ruby II. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Bonnie E. (Bradford Ruby II.—Viola) to their Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B), June 1.
Nattie—Eberhart's Cashier. Miss May Clark's (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Nattie to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), May 20.
Wrinkles—Eberhart's Cashier. Mrs. H. Hammond's (Chicago, Ill.) pug bitch Wrinkles (Obo II.—Past Lake Virgie) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), April 10.

WHEELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

La La. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch La La (Black Pete—Miss Nance), May 17, eight (three dogs), to J. P. Willey's Jersey (Obo II.—Darkie).
Sylvia. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) schipperke bitch Sylvia (Midnight—Darkness), May 5, one, by their Midnight.

Queen III. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) black and tan terrier bitch Queen III. (Ormonde—Bell's Saff), May 15, four (one dog), by their Salisbury (Beaconsfield—Cheatam Hill Rose).

Yum Yum II. The Park Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) Japanese spaniel bitch Yum Yum II., Feb. 15, five (three dogs), by their Nanki Poo.

Beverlyck Toddy. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Beverlyck Toddy (Bachanal—Bowstring), May 14, four (one dog), by his Beverlyck Rebel (Blemton Rubicon—Moonshine).

Beverlyck Blondaze. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Beverlyck Blondaze (Warren Discord—Daze), March 21, five dogs, by his Beverlyck Rebel (Blemton Rubicon—Moonshine).

Beverlyck Rebecca. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Rebecca (Blemton Rubicon—Moonshine), March 25, six (two dogs), by A. Belmont's Dusky Trap (Dusky Splinter—Spider).

Daze. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Daze (Deacon Pincher—Diamond Dust), April 20, two (one dog), by his Beverlyck Tippler (Bachanal—Blemton Thyme).

Blemton Bellam. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Bellam (Lucifer—Village Belle), May 27, four dogs, by his Beverlyck Rebel (Blemton Rubicon—Moonshine).

Beverlyck Rita. C. Rathbone's (Albany, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Beverlyck Rita (Blemton Rubicon—Moonshine), June 2, two dogs, by John A. Logan, Jr.'s Pitcher (Brother Jim—Daffodilly).

Merry Duchess. P. H. Coombs' (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Merry Duchess (Young Royal—June), May 25, four (two dogs), by his champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beals' Lady).

Olga. G. S. Page's (Stanley, N. J.) deerhound bitch Olga (Dunrobin—Shellock), May 23, four (two dogs), by J. E. Thayer's champion Clansman.

Wrinkles. Mrs. H. Hammond's (Chicago, Ill.) pug bitch Wrinkles (Obo II.—Past Lake Virgie), June 4, five (three dogs), by Eberhart Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier.

Rumson Lily. H. Johnson's (Fair Haven, N. J.) pointer bitch Rumson Lily (Mainspring—Marguerite), May 18, seven (five dogs), by D. B. Keeler's Ben of Brandon (Croxeth—Blanchet II.).

Miss Boots. G. H. Barnes's (Detroit, Mich.) Irish setter bitch Miss Boots, May 25, eleven (seven dogs), by Prairie Mound Kennels' Ben of Brandon (Croxeth—Blanchet II.).

Malsland Festive. Wilton Kennels' (New York) fox-terrier bitch Malsland Festive (Bachanal—Blemton Arrow), March 26, one dog, by their Rifleman (Result—Distaffina).

Bessie. W. Cole's (Fordham, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Bessie (Storming Jerry—Nellie Boxer), April 11, four (two dogs), by Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina).

Positive. J. G. Thompson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Positive (Blemton Ravager—Malsland Phyllis), eight (four dogs), by Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina).

Dolly. F. J. Reilly's (New York) fox-terrier bitch Dolly (Regent Vox—Malsland Festive), April 28, three (one dog), by Wilton Kennels' Rifleman (Result—Distaffina).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Mount Zion Guy. Rough St. Bernard dog, by Mount Zion III—June, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to N. C. Joers, Cleveland, O.

Leopold. St. Bernard dog, by Mount Zion III out of Lady Gay, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Capt. Jos. Kay, New Brunswick, N. J.

White Chief—Queenie whelps. St. Bernard dog, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Mrs. John W. Charlestown, N. H.; another dog, same litter, to A. A. Meyer, Boston, Mass.

Mount Zion III—Lorna whelp. St. Bernard bitch, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Miss Jane Hopkins, Catskill, N. Y.

Baron. St. Bernard dog, by Scottish Prince out of June, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Geo. H. Boyd, Cleveland, Ohio.

Scottish Prince, Jr., and Scottish Princess. St. Bernard dog and bitch, by Scottish Prince out of June, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.

Volcic. Rough St. Bernard dog, by Mount Zion III out of June, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to Mr. Eberhart, Cleveland, O.

White Chief—Lady Bell whelps. St. Bernards, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., two dogs and one bitch to Fred Schott and one dog to Geo. W. Schenck, Cleveland, O., and one dog to Chas. Crear, Albany, N. Y.

White Chief—Lady Bell whelps. Two St. Bernard dogs, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., to H. B. Angell, New York.

White Chief—Gundred whelps. Rough St. Bernards, by Mount Zion Kennels, Albany, N. Y., one bitch to W. F. Aigeltinger, New York; one dog and bitch to Herman Batger, one bitch to Fred Schott and one dog to Frank DeLinde, all of Cleveland, O.

Nanki Poo—Yum Yum II. whelp. Black and white Japanese spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 14, 1891, by the Park Kennels, Providence, R. I., to A. Foster, same place.

Minnehaha. Black and white and ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Jan. 31, 1891, by Brush W. out of Renah W., by H. G. Arnold, Louisville, Ky., to C. A. Loud, Staunton, Va.

Little Lad—Cassidy whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Feb. 27, 1891, by H. G. Arnold, Louisville, Ky., a black dog to A. L. Orr and a liver bitch to A. Baker, both of Chicago, Ill.

Beverlyck Sambo. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped July 12, 1890, by Reckoner out of Beverlyck Hebe, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., to J. A. Chandler, Bangor, Me.

Beverlyck Fizz. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped June 20, 1890, by Bachanal out of Bowstring, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., to Lieut. H. Carey, Halifax, N. S.

Arcturion. Black and white fox-terrier bitch, whelped March 27, 1888, by Resolute out of Blemton Arrow, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., to T. C. Chalmers, Washington, D. C.

Beverlyck Beauty. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 1, 1890, by Dusky Trap out of Blemton Arrow, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., to G. N. Bartlett, New York.

Beverlyck Ruyce. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped May 6, 1890, by Blemton Rubicon out of Daze, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., to Mr. Mason, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beverlyck Tommy. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped May 7, 1890, by Beverlyck Tippler out of Beverlyck Blondaze, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., to Thos. Hyde, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Blemton Rubicon—Moonshine whelps. Fox-terriers, whelped May 13, 1890, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., a white, black and tan dog to Mr. Vischer, same place, and a white bitch to C. S. Wheelers, Yazoo City, Miss.

Beverlyck Rebel—Vizen whelps. Fox-terriers, whelped July 8, 1890, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., a white, black and tan bitch each to Mr. Walker, same place, and W. B. Lancaster, Weyleshye, Mass., and a tan and white dog to C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O.

Beverlyck Rebel—Bowstring whelps. White, black and tan fox-terrier dogs, whelped July 15, 1890, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., one each to G. N. Bartlett, New York, and J. L. McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

A. B. C., Washington, D. C.—Will you please inform me if there is an Irish setter bitch registered under the name of Pequoit Squaw? If so I would like to know her number and breeder. Ans. She is not registered.

D. J. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I made an agreement with a person to take the custody of my dog I should get the pick of the pups. As the bitch only had one pup, is the owner of the dog or the owner of the bitch entitled to the pup? Ans. As you are entitled to first choice you of course take the pup.

Pointer, Danville, Pa.—I would like to know the best method of breaking a dog of "gun shyness." Ans. As you have just bought Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking," we advise you to follow the instructions there given, which have proved successful when tried.

H. F. L., Lake View, Mass.—Can you give me the pedigree of bull-terrier Pip, registered in A. K. C. 7? Ans. Whelped July 12, 1889, by E. Dole, New Haven, Conn. Sire, Count. Dam, Nellie, by Paddy out of Grace, Count, by Marquis out of Kit, by Prince, Marquis, by Targuin (Mark-Eyed Victor—Puss) out of Jones's Puss.

Please give pedigree of English setter bitch Starlight (A. K. C. S. B. 12,272). Ans. Owner, W. Burd Patterson, Williamsport, Pa. Breeder, I. Yeardsley, Jr., Coatesville, Pa. Whelped Aug. 11, 1888, Sire, Rock, Jr.; dam, Dashing Kate, by Dashing Lion out of Queen Anne, by Carlowitz out of Queen Bess; Dashing Lion, by Dash

II. out of Leda, by Dan out of Lill II., by Dash II. out of Lill; Dan, by Duke out of Rhoebe.

W. H., Chicago, Ill.—Is there any difference between the Great Dane and German mastiff? Ans. No. All the different names, such as boarhound, Ulmer dog and Great Dane have been applied in Germany, the dog being known now as the German mastiff, and commonly called Great Dane in this country. You will find all the information you require about the breed in a monograph published by the Great Dane Club, 505 Stock Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.

L. VAN D., Gloversville, N. Y.—I have a hound pup two months old that seems feeble in front feet the last three or four days. He is strong apart from that and eats good. I feed him lots of butter-milk and some scraps. I have been told it is from letting him run on the floor. His knees, after running around a while, seem to swell and he is then unable to crawl. Ans. It is a little weakness in the pasterns, probably the pup is too fat and heavy for his limbs. Give him a desertspoonful of bone meal in his food four or five times a week. You can procure the bone meal from Spratts Co., 239 East Fifty-sixth street, New York city.

A. R., Milwaukee, Wis.—If a pointer bitch should have a litter of pups by a full-blooded spaniel (first litter) and the next litter by a pure-bred pointer, would the first litter contaminate the second, or, in other words, would the second litter be pure bred? Ans. The bitch will be always marked with the black and white characteristics. At the same time we should consider pups from her, by a pure-bred pointer, pure pointers. It is a very nice question, with the balance of the doubt in favor of the pointer. We should advise you to at once drop pups of subsequent litters that show any signs of spaniel cross.

E. J. F., Marksville, Va.—I have a very fine pointer dog, of pure blood and magnificent build, also a first-class worker in the field. Will his pedigree, which I enclose herewith, entitle him to a place in the American Kennel Register? Ans. The American Kennel Register was purchased some time since by the American Kennel Club, and at present the only stud book is the one issued by that club. As your pointer's pedigree on the dam's side is wanting, you cannot register it in the A. K. C. stud book, as a pedigree for three generations is required. Should your dog win two first prizes in regular shows at shows recognized by the A. K. C. he can then be registered.

J. L., New York City.—Could you please tell me what ails my bull-terrier? Underneath the right eye the white hair is kept continually red from the water that runs out from his eye occasionally. Also his tail, the top of which has hardly any hair on it, looks somewhat like the dead twig of a tree, but on the under part it is thickly covered with hair. The tip of the tail is also visible where it was clipped. The dog is house broken, and as I keep him in the house I cannot understand it. Ans. Feed the dog nourishing food; a tonic is also desirable. Drop in the eye every night a drop or two of a weak solution of nitrate of silver, one part to thirty of water. Rub the bare spots on tail with balsam of peru.

W. H. M., Ogdensburg, N. Y.—Please let me know the pedigree of the fox-terriers Trap and Diamond Vic, owned in Hudson, N. Y., about 1884. Ans. Trap, whelped Feb. 28, 1886, Breeder, W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y. Owner, Rev. F. M. Cookson, Glens Falls, N. Y. Sire—Regent Vox, by Tackler out of Sandy Vic, by Tweezers (Byrant IV.—Olive, out of Dandy, by Old Fowler) out of Myrtle, Sandy Vic, by Dandy out of Sandy Venus; Dandy, by Brockenhurst Joe out of Fashion, Dam—Nettle, by Gamster (Young Tyke—Pearl) out of Vizen, by True out of Fussey. Diamond Vic, whelped Feb. 3, 1883. Sire—Curate, by champion Rector out of Vic, by Victor out of Flow. Dam—Gipsy, by Viper (by Prince) out of Vernon.

LURCHER, Cambridge, Mass.—1. Please describe a lurcher. 2. Are they necessarily bred from greyhounds and not from deerhounds? 3. Are there any in America? 4. Are they always bred from the best cross in England, or are they a separate breed? 5. Would there be any difference if they were bred from a bob-tailed sheepdog bitch and a deerhound dog, instead of from a deerhound bitch and a sheepdog? 6. Would it be safe to breed a collie bitch to a deerhound twice her size? Ans. 1. A lurcher is a dog commonly used by poachers as they will run scent as well as sight, and what is more, they are not much more than the truth. They are as a rule a cross between a collie and a greyhound. From the collie they get the intelligence so useful and from the greyhound their speed. 2. A lurcher should not be too large, hence a deerhound cross is not advisable. 3. We do not know. 4. They are simply mongrels and may be the result of two or three crosses, but the collie and greyhound is the best and usual cross. 5. Not much, but the latter cross will be better. 6. No.

A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Why is the trouble with my St. Bernard bitch? She had her first litter of pups (only five) in March. Just before she whelped I discovered she had worms and gave her Glover's cure, two doses, following it by a homeopathic cure which I have given off and on up to the present time. She only nursed the pups, which were unusually large, five weeks. She got very thin, her hair came out with the lightest combing in handfuls. I discovered that she was coveting her food, and that she was always hungry, and that she was coveting for something to eat, but when given a bone, meat or anything else that she can carry, she will invariably bury it. I used Spratts soap and washed her daily till the lice were all gone. She is still thin, low spirited and seems tired and her hair still comes out. The pups are well and weigh 30lbs. apiece. 2. What is the average weight of a St. Bernard pup ten weeks old? Ans. Not more than 15 lbs. 3. What is the best morning and night food for a St. Bernard? Ans. A desertspoonful of cod liver oil either in the food or by spoon. Her system is no doubt run down. In a week or so you might try for worms, fasting the bitch for twenty-four hours, and if at all constipated give a spoonful of castor oil or syrup of buckthorn before fasting, and then give any of the vermifuges advertised in our columns. 2. 30 to 35lbs.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

REVOLVER SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, May 28.—The revolver shooting season has only just opened in England owing to the cold and wet spring, making the open air ranges very uninviting.

The best scores yet made at the English distance and target in open air shooting (20yds.) 2in. center of bulls-eye, highest possible score 42 are of 41 and three of 40, all made by Mr. Walter Winans during the last few days, at the Sussex County Volunteer Range, and a score of 39 made by Mr. C. F. Lowe, at the South London Rifle Club range.

At the disappearing and sliding targets there has been no practice as yet.

At the rapid firing (six shots in twelve seconds at 20yds.) which will be the novelty at the Bisley meeting this year, there has been very little practice, the best scores yet to hand were two of 25 points each, made in a high, gusty wind by Mr. Walter Winans at the Sussex County Volunteer range yesterday morning; the best of the two scores had all six shots in a 4½in. ring, making the English "record" for this style of shooting. It was shown in the presence of Mr. Short, the range custodian, but was not for any competition, merely practice, so does not technically constitute a record.

BOSTON, June 6.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held at its range to-day, with a good attendance of riflemen. The shooting conditions were good, and some fine scores were made by Cuning, Sydney, Daniel, and Wilder. E. H. Foote won the bronze membership badge. For the next three weeks, while the new building is being erected, there will be no shooting conveniences at 20yds. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200yds., standard American target, re-entries allowed:

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.		All-Comers' Rest Match.	
H Cushing.....	90	M T Day.....	83
F Daniel's.....	111	A H Ballard.....	104
S Wilder.....	109	E I Blount.....	101
W P Thompson.....	108	T Warren.....	101
		J R Mann.....	97
Revolver Match—30yds.			
H Severance.....	87	M T Day.....	71
C F Gray.....	74	M R Barber.....	68
S A Wesson.....	72	O Moore.....	67

GARDEN CITY RIFLE TEAM.—The Garden City Rifle Team met for their weekly contest Tuesday evening, June 2, at George McCune's Shooting Gallery, 146 South Halsted street, Chicago. Conditions were: 25yds., 25 shots each, open sights, free off-hand position, Massachusetts paper target, possible 300; W. J. Gibbs 260, Joseph Hooe 252, Mrs. Thornton 251, C. A. Hankle 250, A. L. Stenren 241, Geo. McCune 239, W. J. Myers 237, Thos. Ford 237.—C. A. HANKLE.

COLONEL LEBEL.—Nicholas Lebel, whose death was announced from Paris on the 7th inst., was born in a little village in Anjou, in 1836. He entered Saint Cyr in 1855, receiving his commission two years later. He was a captain in the Sixty-ninth Regiment of the Line when the war of 1870 broke out. He was taken prisoner at Sedan, and was attached to various infantry corps quartered in France until 1885, when he was appointed "director" of the shooting school at Chalons. Col. Lebel had access to patterns of different arms used in all civilized countries, and having a strong inventive genius, turned his energies in the direction of firearms, studying, comparing and experimenting, until in a wonderfully short time he produced the rifle that has become world-renowned. He met with much opposition and prejudice from among officials, but through the influence of several officers of high rank, particularly of Gen. Tramond, the new rifle was finally approved of and accepted by the French Minister of War. Few men have done so much for their country as this officer, whose guns and cartridges are even now jealously guarded in the hope that the secret of their fabrication and composition will remain a secret. The new weapon has been distributed to nearly all the regiments of the French Army, after having been inspected, and at stated intervals they are counted, and the utmost circumspection exercised, with a view of preventing a single specimen from finding its way into alien hands. So carefully has the secret been guarded that it is stated the color of the powder used in the cartridges is unknown to non-commissioned officers and privates, and the method of the Lebel rifle and the construction of the cartridge remains a profound mystery.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4.—The regular weekly practice of the Philadelphia Rifle Club was held to-day at Queen Lane and was slightly attended. The light was very hazy and a tricky wind was blowing from 7 o'clock. Mr. J. J. Mountjoy made the top score of the season on the 1/2 in. ring target, while Mr. Chas. Molter made 60 points on the honor target. The score at 200yds., off-hand:

J. J. Mountjoy	21 18 2 22 18 10 12 20 23-175
H. J. Mehard	19 25 23 24 23 21 22 12 25-172
W. Wurfflein	22 23 13 29 22 19 17 18 23-193
J. T. Oliver	25 27 12 22 18 19 21 18 23-203
	17 19 12 3 16 22 13 11 19 9-149
	21 0 15 0 18 19 13 13 15-160
	22 14 2 9 2 7 6 8 18-122

Honor Target.

C. Molter	24 18 18-60
J. T. Oliver	21 10 23-54
W. Wurfflein	23 15 9-47
H. J. Mehard	18 9 10-43
	Steibler and Bernhardt used muzzleloaders, all others Wurfflein rifles.

MEHIDEN, Conn.—The shoot met fixed for May 29 and 30 was postponed to June 10 and 20. Cause—Heavy rains.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

June 8-13.—Regular Annual Tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. L. Shepard, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.

June 15-19.—Thirty-third Annual Tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Rome, N. Y. M. R. Bingham, Sec'y.

June 23-25.—Atlantic City Gun Club's Tournament, at Atlantic City, N. J. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Manager, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., or R. C. Griscom, Secretary, Atlantic City, N. J.

July 2-4.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

July 4.—Slater, Mo. Third Annual Tournament of the Slater Gun Club. Wm. Reid, Secretary.

July 4.—Shoot of the South Sea Gun Club, at South Norwalk, Conn.; sweet team shooters, inanimates, and other interesting events will be shot off; all are welcome; no one barred.

July 7-9.—Wellington Gun Club Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, Boston, July 7, 8 and 9; \$1,000 guaranteed.

July 22-24.—Pearl River Gun Club Tournament. First two days bluebirds, last day live birds. J. J. Mountjoy, Pearl River, N. J. Aug. 30.—Hackettstown Gun Club. Two days at target. For programmes address James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J.

SARATOGA INTER-STATE.

SARATOGA, June 2.—As will appear in the following record the tournament of the Inter-State Association is a pronounced success. It would be hard to find grounds better adapted for a tournament than those of the Saratoga Gun Club. The field is perfectly level, with a clear blue sky for a background. A continuous screen ran the full length of the 10 traps, painted a dark green. The new improved Standard-Keystone ten-trap wire pull was used and gave perfect satisfaction. Also improving the appearance of the grounds, an aving ran the length of the score, protecting the spectators from the hot sun. An efficient force of scorers, clerks and cashiers were on hand and everything ran perfectly and smoothly. The Saratoga Gun Club spared no expense to make this shoot a grand success. The day opened up bright, clear and warm. The experts received an addition to their class in the person of Mr. F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, N. Y., and they received him with open arms. The attendance was thronged by the presence of Mrs. M. Lindsey (Wanda), who accompanied her husband. Herewith the scores for to-day:

First match, 10 singles, \$2 entrance, experts:

Miller	111011101-8
Crosby	111001111-7
Amateurs:	

Tee Kay	101011111-8
Hamline	101011111-10
Woodward	101011111-10
Barrett	101011111-9
Collins	101011111-9
Buck	101011111-7
Hammond	101011111-8
Levingston	101011111-9
Roberts	101011111-10
M. H. R.	101011111-10
Appar	101011111-8
Blackbird	101011111-9
Kennedy	101011111-9
Brooks	101011111-9

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance \$2.50, experts:

Miller	111011111-9
Wolstencroft	101011111-8
Amateurs:	

Hamline	101011111-9
Barrett	101011111-9
Collins	101011111-9
Woodward	101011111-9
Levingston	101011111-9
Hammond	101011111-9
Appar	101011111-9
Brooks	101011111-9
Blackbird	101011111-9
M. H. R.	101011111-9
Woodward	101011111-9
Kennedy	101011111-9
Perkins	101011111-9
Tee Kay	101011111-9
Ramsdill	101011111-9
Heritage	101011111-9

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:

Crosby	111011111-10
Lindsey	101011111-9
Kelsey	101011111-13
Amateurs:	

Hamline	101011111-13
Barrett	101011111-13
Goggin	101011111-14
Levingston	101011111-15
Woodard	101011111-14
Pamsdill	101011111-14
Appar	101011111-15
Blackbird	101011111-15
M. H. R.	101011111-16
Hammond	101011111-14
Andrews	101011111-15
Paul	101011111-14

Buesser	1110101111100-9
Brooks	1010111111100-10
Collins	1110111111100-14

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance \$4, experts:

Kelsey	101011111000000-10
Wolsten	111001111111111-18
Amateurs:	

Goggin	111011111110111-17
Hamline	111011111110111-19
Levi's	111011111110111-19
Barrett	111011111110111-18
Woodard	101011111110111-17
Appar	101011111110111-19
Blackbird	111011111110111-19
M. H. R.	101011111110111-17
Ramsdill	111011111110111-19
Andrews	111011111110111-17
Buck	101011111110111-18
Paul	111011111110111-18

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:

Miller	111001111-7
Lindsey	101011111-5
Amateurs:	

Levingston	101011111-9
Andrews	111011111-10
Goggin	101011111-10
Appar	111011111-10
Blackbird	111011111-10
M. H. R.	111011111-9
Barrett	101011111-9
Woodward	111011111-9
Perkins	111011111-9
Williams	101011111-9
Mills	101011111-8
Buck	101011111-8
Du Bray	111011111-8
Hamline	111011111-9
Kennedy	111011111-7

No. 6, entrance \$3.50, experts:

Lindsey	10011101001010-7
Miller	10101111101111-13
Wolstencroft	10101111111-13
Amateurs:	

Barrett	11101100111111-12
Levingston	1110111111111-14
Woodard	1110111001011-12
Andrews	1110111111111-15
Perkins	1010110011111-11
Appar	1110111111111-14
Blackbird	1110111111111-14
M. H. R.	1010111111101-13
Hamline	1110111111111-15
Goggin	1110111111101-12
Dubray	1010111011101-11
Buck	1110111111111-15
Blackbird	1110111111111-15
Collins	1110111111110-13
Paul	1110111111111-15

No. 7, 20 singles, entrance \$4, experts:

Miller	0111111111101011-17
Crosby	010101111111111-17
Lindsey	010101111011010-18
Amateurs:	

Levens	11101111111110110-16
Hamline	11101111111110111-18
Andrews	111011111111111-19
Woodard	111011101111111-17
Barrett	111011111111111-17
Brooks	111011111111111-20
Collins	011011111111111-18
Paul	111011111111111-19
Du Bray	011011111111111-15
Betts	111011111111111-17
Drallin	111011111111111-13
Appar	111011111111111-13

No. 8, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:

Miller	100101111-6
Lindsey	000101111-4
Kelsey	11101111100-8
Amateurs:	

Du Bray	111010111-7
Levingston	111011111-9
Brooks	111011111-9
Collins	111011111-10
Andrews	111011111-10
Brooks	111011111-10
Hamline	111011111-10
Woodard	101011111-9
Kennedy	101011111-9
Perkins	101011111-9
Drallin	101011111-9
Perkins	101011111-5
Lyon	111010111-6
Dorn	001011111-6
Bookes	111011111-10
Buck	111011111-9
Gray	111011111-9

No. 9, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:

Kelsey	000111000010001-6
Miller	1011111111011-13
Amateurs:	

Andrews	1010111111111-13
Brooks	1010111111111-12
Hamline	1110111111111-14
Woodard	0001101011111-10
Paul	1110111111111-14
Levingston	1110111111111-15
Barrett	1010111111111-14
Bookes	1010111111111-14
Appar	1110111111111-13
Roberts	1110111111111-13
Tee Kay	1110111111111-14
Collins	1110111111111-13
Kneskern	1110111111111-9

No. 10, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:

Lindsey	111011111-9
Kelsey	111011111-8
Crosby	101011111-7
Amateurs:	

Andrews	111011111-9
Hamline	101011111-9
Brooks	101011111-9
Woodard	011011111-9
Paul	111011111-9
Kennedy	101011111-7
Levingston	111011111-9
Bookes	101011111-8
Roberts	111011111-9
Buck	111011111-9
Johnston	111011111-9

The total amount of surplus for to-day is \$141.70. W. Wolstencroft won first average in the expert class, 81.4 per cent., \$28.94; W. Crosby second, 80.5 per cent., \$14.47; E. Andrews, Sardinia, N. Y., won first average in the amateur class, 94 per cent., \$28.94; B. F. Schurmeier (Hamline), second, 92.6 per cent., \$14.47.

June 3.—Among the new faces on the grounds to-day are Thos. Hunter, president Hunter Sires Co., Fulton, N. Y., and Dr. Baker of Baker Gun, and Harry Squires of H. C. Squires, 178 Broadway, New York.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:

Kelsey	9
Wolstencroft	10
Miller	8
Amateurs:	

Buck	7
Levingston	9
Baker	9
Goggin	9
Williams	5
Kennedy	5
Banta	5
Andrews	10
Hammond	9
Hamline	9
Crosby	14
Lindsey	11
Amateurs:	

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:

Buck	14
Levingston	11
Andrews	14
Hamline	13
Collins	14

Baker	9
Du Bray	10
Brooks	12
Barrett	13
LeRoy	12
Hammond	11

No. 3, 20 singles, entrance \$4, experts:

Crosby	16
Lindsey	14
Amateurs:	

Buck	17
Levingston	16
Hammond	16
Collins	17
Hamline	18
Brooks	17
Barrett	17
Le Roy	18
Du Bray	14
Baker	10

No. 4, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:

Crosby	13
Lindsey	11
Amateurs:	

Buck	13
Levingston	15
Brooks	10
Barrett	10
Andrews	13
Hamline	14
Blackbird	13
Miller	19
Rust	18
Wolstencroft	20
Crosby	16
Kesley	16
Penn	12
Goggin	13
Bell	14
Livingston	17
Hamline	19
Andrews	14
Collins	15
Brooks	15
Barrett	19

No. 5, 20 singles, entrance \$4, experts:

Miller	19
Lindsey	20
Crosby	12
Kesley	12
Penn	16
Goggin	16
Buck	17
Livingston	17
Hamline	19
Andrews	14
Collins	15
Brooks	15
Barrett	19

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:

Miller	13
Lindsey	7
Wolstencroft	15
Amateurs:	

Buck	13
Levingston	13
Hamline	14
Andrews	12
LeRoy	12
Friedman	12
Barrett	14
Peters	12

No. 8, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:

Lindsey	10
Wolstencroft	13
Crosby	9
Amateurs:	

Buck	14
Levingston	12
Hamline	12
LeRoy	13
Friedman	14
Barrett	14
Peters	12
Brooks	11

No. 9, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:

Amateurs:			
Buck	14	Bingham	7
Levingston	14	Huntington	8
Hamline	15	Goggin	12
Rust	12	Kapp	8
Blackbird	13	Brooks	13
Le Roy	14	Aggar	12
M H R.	10	Post	12
Collins	13	Greer	9
Barrett	15	Northrup	12
Bell	14	Purdy	13
Friedman	12		

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:			
Miller	9	Crosby	7
Wolstencroft	10	Kelsey	9

Amateurs:			
Buck	10	Purdy	4
Levingston	9	Smith	6
Hamline	9	Friedman	6
M H R.	8	Andrews	8
Aggar	10	Huntington	3
Le Roy	9	Brooks	9
Bell	9	Andrews	9
Collins	10	Peters	9
Barrett	9	Northrup	7
Rust	9	Parties	7
Blackbird	10		

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:			
Miller	12	Lindsey	7
Wolstencroft	13	Crosby	13

Amateurs:			
Buck	14	Collins	13
Levingston	13	Purdy	6
Hamline	11	Aggar	12
Bell	13	Peters	12
Le Roy	12	Brooks	12
M H R.	14	Post	15
Rust	13	Friedman	9
Blackbird	11	Williams	13
Barrett	12	Goggin	13
Miller	7	Lindsey	6
Wolstencroft	14	Crosby	6

Amateurs:			
Buck	14	Blackbird	14
Levingston	14	Aggar	14
Hamline	13	Bell	15
Purdy	13	Collins	15
Collins	15	Williams	15
Le Roy	12	Goggin	4
M H R.	13	Schefer	12
Huntington	15	Kellar	14
Barrett	15	Post	12
Rust	11		

No. 8, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:			
Miller	9	Lindsey	12
Wolstencroft	13	Kelsey	8

Amateurs:			
Buck	15	Rust	14
Levingston	13	Blackbird	13
Hamline	13	Huntington	11
M H R.	12	Andrews	9
Quimby	4	Aggar	15
Ross	7	Brooks	14
Le Roy	13	Peters	12
Collins	15	Parker	14
Barrett	13	Northrup	11
Purdy	6	Friedman	13
Goggin	11		

No. 9, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:			
Miller	9	Lindsey	5
Wolstencroft	9	Crosby	8

Amateurs:			
Buck	8	Andrews	10
Levingston	9	Aggar	10
Hamline	7	McGinnis	10
T K	7	Peters	10
Purdy	7	Rust	10
Collins	9	Blackbird	6
M K R.	9	Brooks	9
Le Roy	7	Parker	10
Barrett	10	Northrup	6
Miller	9	Crosby	8

No. 10, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:			
Miller	7	Wolstencroft	8
Amateurs:			
Buck	9	Le Roy	8
Levingston	8	Collins	9
Hamline	9	Post	10
M H R.	10	Parker	8
Andrews	10	Brooks	10
Aggar	9	Northrup	9
Peters	8	Rust	6

Extra No. 1: Penn 6, Miller 8, Hamline 8, Parker 8, Andrews 10, Rust 6, Buck 7, Badger 7, Peters 6, Blackbird 7, Williams 4, Collins 6, Barrett 7, Brooks 5, Aggar 9, M. H. R. 7, Post 9.

Extra No. 2: Buck 9, Peters 7, Badger 7, Collins 6, Andrews 9, Miller 8, Aggar 7, Mills 7, Barrett 7, Rust 5, Blackbird 6, Brooks 5, Parker 9, M. H. R. 7.

Total amount of surplus for to-day is \$203.90. W. Wolstencroft won first average of the expert class, 92.3 per cent., \$40.78, which is a phenomenal score, it is doubtful if he has an equal in this country at expert rules; he is not shooting his own snappy style, but is shooting cool and deliberate. E. D. Miller won second average, 83.3 per cent. In amateur class C. O. Barrett, of Boston, Mass., won first average, 93.8 per cent., \$40.78, and E. Andrews second, 93 per cent., \$20.40. One of the principal features of to-day's shooting was Mrs. M. F. Lindsey (Wanda) breaking 10 out of 15, expert rules. Mr. H. A. Penrose shot with experts for birds only, to fill up squad.

June 5.—The fourth day opened up with almost as large an attendance as the first. The men that shot (to-day) cannot get enough shooting. B. F. Schurmeier (Hawline), Neaf Aggar and J. A. Andrews, having shot over a 90 per cent. gat during the three previous days the management advanced them to the expert class.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance \$1.50, experts:			
Crosby	8	Wolstencroft	9
Hamline	7	Lindsey	7
Miller	7	Kelsey	9

Amateurs:			
Buck	10	Barrett	9
Northrup	10	Quimby	7
Le Roy	10	Williams	5
Post	10	Parker	9
M H R.	8	Ramsdill	9
Hammond	9	Betts	5
Collins	10	S Charles	5
Rust	10	Dorn	8
Kellar	8	Leon	4
Brooks	8		

No. 2, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:			
Hamline	9	Aggar	7
Miller	8	Andrews	5
Wolstencroft	6	Lindsey	8

Amateurs:			
Buck	10	Le Roy	7
Levingston	9	Barrett	8
M H R.	6	Kellar	8
Post	10	Northrup	8
Rust	10	Hammond	10
Blackbird	7	Valentine	9
Collins	10	Dorn	5
Quimby	8	Ramsdill	5
Adams	9	McGinnis	9
St Charles	8		

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:			
Hamline	13	Crosby	12
Aggar	11	Kelsey	11
Lindsey	13	Miller	14

Amateurs:			
Buck	14	Barrett	14
Levingston	14	Northrup	12
Collins	13	Valentine	9
St Charles	12	Dorn	10
Post	15	Le Roy	13
Rust	12	Levingston	12
Blackbird	11	Brooks	13
M H R.	14	Quimby	11
Adams	11	Hammond	13
Hamline	11	Lindsey	7
Miller	11	Lindsey	7

Amateurs:			
Buck	10	Barrett	13
Levingston	14	Schefer	13
Collins	12	Le Roy	11
Rust	12	Northrup	7
Blackbird	14	Williams	10
M H R.	14	Rock	13
Post	12	Leon	12
Adams	11	Penn	13
Hamline	14	Kellar	13
Aggar	10	Wolstencroft	10

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:			
Miller	12	Lindsey	9
Wolstencroft	12	Miller	11

Amateurs:			
Buck	13	Le Roy	11
Levingston	14	James	12
Knowles	12	Quimby	12
St Charles	7	Purdy	10
M H R.	10	Brooks	13
Collins	14	Barrett	14
Rust	10	Rock	8
Blackbird	10	Leon	7
Adams	6	Haley	4
James	7		

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:			
Hamline	10	Wolstencroft	13
Miller	11	Lindsey	12

Amateurs:			
Buck	12	Quimby	12
Levingston	13	Purdy	8
Post	15	Dorn	10
Rust	12	Northrup	13
Blackbird	11	Barrett	12
Collins	13	Williams	6
M H R.	14	Mills	13
Post	14	Barrett	14
Collins	13		

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance \$2.50, experts:			
Hamline	10	Wolstencroft	13
Miller	11	Lindsey	12

Amateurs:			
Buck	12	Quimby	12
Levingston	13	Purdy	8
Post	15	Dorn	10
Rust	12	Northrup	13
Blackbird	11	Barrett	12
Collins	13	Williams	6
M H R.	14	Mills	13
Post	14	Barrett	14
Collins	13		

No. 8, 10 singles, entrance \$1, experts:			
Hamline	9	Lindsey	8
Aggar	7	Miller	9

Amateurs:			
Buck	8	McGinnis	6
Levingston	8	Purdy	6
St Charles	6	Knowles	4
Peters	8	Adams	9
Collins	9	Barrett	6
Le Roy	7	Dorn	4
M H R.	10	Rayburn	6
Blackbird	10	Taylor	9
Post	10	Williams	6
Quimby	7	Northrup	9

No. 9, 15 singles, entrance \$3.50, experts:			
Aggar	12	Crosby	10
Hamline	10	Miller	11

Amateurs:			
Buck	15	M H R.	12
Levingston	13	Purdy	9
Peters	12	Williams	12
Collins	15	Le Roy	11
Post	13	Barrett	13
Rust	11	Adams	12
Blackbird	11		

No. 10, 10 singles, entrance \$2, experts:			
Aggar	10	Crosby	10
Hamline	9	Miller	10

Amateurs:

Buck	9	Blackbird	9
Levingston	10	Barrett	10
Peters	10	Rock	9
Collins	8	Rayburn	6
Post	8	Adams	7
Le Roy	9	Northrup	10
M H R.	7	Williams	6
Tee Kay	7	Perkins	9

Rust. Surplus for the day, \$137.95. In Expert Class W. Wolstencroft won first again, making 92 per cent., \$27.60; W. Crosby second, 84 per cent., \$18.80.

In Amateur Class, H. A. Penrose, Frank Post, Hackensack, N. J., and E. Collins, of Hoboken, N. J., tied for first average, making 92 per cent., \$27.60. Mr. Penrose would not receive any of the purse, though urged to do so by the others. A. L. Rust, of Philadelphia, won second, 88 per cent., \$18.80.

Two more were advanced to Expert Class at close of to-day's shoot, and will have to shoot with experts at unknown angles. Mr. H. A. Penrose and E. Collins, making the total number of advancements five: H. A. Penrose, B. F. Schurmeier, E. Andrews, Neaf Aggar and E. Collins. Total amount of surplus throughout tournament was \$235.70. The satisfactory and systematic arrangements of the grounds was due to the energetic efforts of Messrs. H. R. Levingston, W. A. Coster and Wm. H. Bockes. All the boys say they will stop at the Kenmore if they visit Saratoga again.

The Penrose squad tickets are very useful, taking the place of a squad-hustler. With manifold score blanks, squad tickets, blackboards and gong, this association's system of running a tournament is very correct. The next shoot of the association will take place at Boston, July 7, 8 and 9.

JOHN PARKER.

CANAJOHARIE GUN CLUB.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., May 30.—Canajoharie Gun Club, entrance, no including birds, \$1, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. No. 1, 10 kingbirds, 5 kingbird traps, 16 and 18yds. rise, American Association rules:

A Failing	101110111-8	A Walwrath	111111011-9
C Weeks	11110 011-7	J Timons	111101010-6
L F Northrup	111111110-9	J Banta	111001111-8
T C Pegnim	101010111-5	A Newham	111111111-9
T O Pierson	111111111-13	C Fikes	101011101-7
R Hilderbrandt	111011111-9	F V Partis	111011111-9
W Green	111000110-6	E J Tresselt	010001000-2
S A Vessels	111110110-7	Davis	1110100110-6
C W Scharf	011101011-6	F Newham	111111010-8
J. Bierbauer	011111011-8		

No. 2, 20 kingbirds, entrance, not including birds, \$1, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:			
G Waxson	101010101-6	Bierbauer	101001011-6
T Pegnim	111010010-5	Vessels	1111000011-6
Weeks	111111111-10	Walwrath	101111101-8
Newham, Sr.	000111111-7	Timons	011111101-8
Pierson	010110110-6	Hilderbrandt	111110100-7
Banta	111111111-13	Scharf, Jr.	010111011-9
Partis	111111111-9	Newham, Jr.	111011111-9
Failing	101000011-4	Green	010101011-5
Northrup	111011111-9	Fikes	010110101-4

No. 3, 15 kingbirds, entry \$1.50:			
Wessels	010011010101-8	Newham, Sr.	1100110101010-9
Walwrath	111111111110-14	Bierbauer	0110110011101-20
Northrup	111111111111-13	Hilderbrandt	01011100111-9
Partis	111011111111-13	Scharf, Sr.	1000011001011-6
Weeks	1110110111111-13	Fikes	0101100-00111-8
Banta	1101011110111-12	Failing	111111111011-13
Pegnim	0101000110011-7	Newham, Jr.	1111111111011-14
Pierson	110111111111-13		

No. 4, 10 kingbirds, unknown angles, rapid firing system, entry \$1.50:			
H P Bancroft	011101111-8	Walwrath	111111010-8
Pegnim	0101000101-3	Scharf, Sr.	1001100000-3
Partis	011111111-9	Bierbauer	111111000-7
Weeks	110011111-8	Hilderbrandt	111100101-7
Northrup	111111011-9	Newham, Sr.	010100101-5
Banta	100100101-5	Vessels	101101101-7
Pierson	111111111-9	Newham, Jr.	010110100-4

No. 5, 30 kingbirds, entry \$2:			
Partis	0101111110110101-15	Failing	0001110101000010101-8
Pegnim	01101111101101101-15	Walwrath	1111111111111110001-17
Weeks	11111010101110111-20	Bierbauer	10110010111111101-15
Northrup	1111111111111111-20	Newn	
Navis	0101010111111111-18	ham, Sr.	1011111111111111-18
Partis	0110011011111111-15	Hilderbr	010000011111111111-14
Pierson	11011111111101101-15		

No. 6, 10 kingbirds, entry \$1, div. 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:			
Maher	101011111-5	Vessels	010111011-7
Pegnim	100111111-10	Weeks	111111111-10
Northrup	111111101-9	Timons	110111111-9
Scharf, Jr.	010111111-7	Pierson	111110110-8
G Yost	101111011-8	Walwrath	111011010-7
Banta	110111011-8	Partis	111011010-7
Davis	000011111-5	Hilderbrandt	101111111-9
Fikes	000011010-6	Newham, Sr.	01011011-9
Fresler	000000000-0	Bancroft	111011111-9
Bierbauer	111001101-7	Maxson	110100011-5
Green	001111011-7	Scharf, Sr.	101111111-9
Newham, Jr.	111110111-7		

No. 8, team race, two men from any team, 20 kingbirds per man, entry \$2.50 per team, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:	
Johnstown, N. Y.	
Northrup	1111001111111110111-17

might well have been so shaped above water as, in conjunction with her underwater form, to have been a "cigar boat." However, in the design of the hull, the designer took the form of the home form with a "citadel" amidships, it was altered just before building to a more conventional form of topside and deck. She 16ft. long by 30in. beam, and 15½in. deep under deck. She is of large displacement—probably 130lbs. to 150lbs. more than any other canoe sails at; but *Nautilus* is designed to be sailed thus. She is designed to carry a heavy centerplate and a comparatively heavy owner, plus extra ballast in racing or a full ashore camp outfit for the more rugged sailing. The hull is of a rounded and perfect sweep from waterline aft under her deepest draft (8in.) up to waterline at stem. Her lines are round throughout. Her beam at waterline is considerably under that of her deck, and she has no bilge at any spot more than anywhere else. She has been likened to a Whitehead torpedo split in half horizontally; she is nothing of the kind—rather the reverse. Her form is more like the hull of the home form of the racing Sampan of Pangam, of Singapore (as they used to be called) and the "cock" boats of such general likenesses all comparison ceases, as the intents and purposes of the present *Nautilus* design were first produced in fir-

ures on paper, with but casual consideration of the form they might demand. Nautilus has a heavy gun metal plate nearly amidships, and a very powerful drop-plate rudder; so that in truth the "tall may wag the dog." She has but little overhang at the bow and quarter sections, but she has considerable freeboard all along, and thus far has proved an exceedingly dry boat. She is rigged with balance lugs.

Stella is the last Severn; she was designed by Mr. Stewart. She is unlike the Charm in that she has a round section compared to Charm's flat V sections. She is considerably rockered at both ends. Her center-plate is rather small in area, and of light weight. Certainly in her new owner's hands she will come out fast, and in a way in which she took away to windward of the big yawl in the match of the 18th in a blow, left no shadow of doubt as to her windward-eating qualities. When ballasted down her freeboard is none too great, and in rough water she would have a wet time of it, both on deck and below.

Vanessa is the Nautilus of 1888, with a centerplate of powerful size and weight. Her floor is a rising flat V, with a rather sharply rounded, 4 c. pronounced, bilge. She has very much overhang of bow and quarter sections, which comes into useful play in preventing or lessening plunging in rough water, but is somewhat detrimental to speed at great angles of heel. She has great capacity for carrying weight, and in addition to being fast under canvas, would be all in it as a cruiser. Her rig is balance lugs.

Urk is a large-model canoe, taking the utmost out of the club dinghies. Her hull shows considerable hollow both forward and aft; she is stiff and powerful, without any ballast, but her best chance would be in light winds with plenty of sail, as her lines are hardly favorable to high speeds or sailing much heeled over. Lug rigged.

Other canoes there are which we have not space at present to notice; also there is probability of the past winners of the challenge cup in the "Charm" and "Whiz"—the latter, these are light displacement "no ballast" canoes, and without any ballast, interest will run very high, as they will find their competitors tuned up to a much more perfect racing pitch this year than previously.—*Field*.

TO WINDWARD WITHOUT A RUDDER.

"THE hoisting sail competition, the prizes for which are to be presented by Mr. Zerega, is a canoe test in the right direction and should prove to be of great interest, not only to the competitors, but also to all those canoeists who can make it convenient to be at Bay Ridge on the afternoon of June 6. It is perhaps worthy of note that reefing is not considered among the points that count for the prizes. Therefore it may be inferred that this desirable feature of a hoisting sail no longer has value in the eyes of those who are likely to take part in the trials, or in the opinion of the gentleman who framed the rules.

"He would be a bold man indeed who would say positively that any canoeing feat was impossible, and yet we feel quite safe in venturing the opinion that there is not now in or near New York a canoe or a canoeist that can sail to windward and return without a rudder, and with the centerboard either up or down all the time—as the rules in this competition make necessary. There is no difficulty in tacking and working a canoe to windward without the help of a rudder, and with the board down; but how any canoe can be made to go bow first down the wind—centerboard down—is more than we can understand. It is to be presumed that a canoe cannot be used, although the rules do not say so. We would suggest to the gentleman who is to act as judge, and who is a canoe designer by the way, that he should make an attempt at sailing a canoe down the wind—board up or down—before the date of the competition, and his experience may suggest a change in the rules which will prevent this part of the programme being a dismal failure."—*See Bee Vaux, in The Week's Sport*.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Eastern Division: Ormsby A. Court, Lowell, Mass.; W. H. Hargrave, Stanstead, P. Q.; Geo. H. Morse, Wm. A. Crombie, Burlington, Vt. Northern Division: Samuel Grandy, S. English, W. C. Tully, O. P. Williamson, Abram Laidley, John Morrison, Omeamee; W. H. Botham, Mossum, M. Boyd, Chas. E. Stewart, Selkirk, Atlantic Division: W. W. Ward, Hoboken, N. J.; W. G. Raoul, Jr., New Brighton, S. L.; C. Cecil Hodgman, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, 32.

FIXTURES.

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|---|---|
| 11. Rochester, Review, Charlotte | 20. St. Lawrence, 21 and 18ft. |
| 12. Portland, Annual | Classes, Montreal. |
| 13. Monaquot, Opening, Weymouth | 20. New Bedford, Ladies' Day, New Bedford. |
| 14. Massachusetts, Spring, Dorchester | 20. Seawanhaka, Ann., N. Y. |
| 15. Lynn, Lynn | 20-21. San Francisco, Cruise, Martinique. |
| 16. Quincy | 20. Pavana, Annual, New York. |
| 17. Savin Hill, First Cham. | 22. Corinthian, Ann., N. Y. |
| 18. Royal N. S., Chauncy Cup, Halifax | 23. Atlantic, 25ft., 35ft. and 46ft. Special, New York Bay. |
| 19. St. Lawrence, 29 and 24ft. Classes, Montreal. | 24. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford. |
| 20. Phila., Ann., Del. River. | 25. Cor. Mos. Fleet, Larchmont. |
| 21. Atlantic, Ann., New York. | 25. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 22. Cedar Pt., Saugatuck, Coun. | 25. Patapsco Navy, Ann., Baltimore. |
| 23. Hull, Under 21ft. | 26. Yonkers Cor., Ann., Yonkers |
| 24. Massachusetts, Ann., Nahant | 27. Hull, All Classes. |
| 25. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead | 27. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester |
| 26. Beverly, 1st Sweep, Mon. Beh. | 27. Lynn, Lynn |
| 27. Marine and Field, Annual, Bath Beach. | 27. Quincy, First Championship |
| 28. New Jersey, Annual, New York Bay | 27. Cor. Navy, L. L. Squad, New Rochelle. |
| 29. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay | 27. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups |
| 30. Mosquito, Club, Boston | 27. Beverly, 2d Sweep, Marblehead |
| 31. Roch., Ladies' Day, Charlotte | 28. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester |
| 32. New York, Ann., New York | 18ft. Classes, Montreal. |
| 33. Hull Corinthian, 1st Cham. | 27. Royal N. S., United Banks Cup, Halifax. |
| 34. Brooklyn, Spring, Gravesend Bay | 27. Mosquito, Cup, Boston. |
| 35. Cor. Navy, Del. River Squad. | 28. Eastern, Ann., Marblehead |
| 36. Corinthian, Marblehead | 29. Massachusetts, Ladies' Race, Sweep and Club, Marblehead |
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|--|--|
| 1. St. Lawrence, 29, 24, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Montreal. | 14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton. |
| 1. Pleon, Penn., Marblehead. | 15. Pleon, 1st Cham., Marblehead. |
| 2. Seawanhaka, 46ft. and 25ft. | —, Massachusetts, 46ft. Special. |
| 3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch. | 15. Monaquot, 1st Cham., Weymouth. |
| 3-4-5. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island. | 16. Lake Y. R. A., R. C. V. C., Tor. |
| 3. Monaquot, Club, Weymouth. | 16. Cedar Pt., Saugatuck, Coun. |
| 4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck. | 17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto. |
| 4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont. | 18. American, Steam, Milton's Neck. |
| 4. Corinthian, Marblehead. | 18. Hull, First Cham., 1st and 2d classes. |
| 4. Beverly, 3d Sweep, Mon. Beh. | 18. New York, Ann., New York. |
| 4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont. | 18. Hull Corinthian, Club. |
| 4. N. Y. R. A., Cruise. | 18. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail. |
| 4. Royal N. S., Squadron Prizes Halifax. | 18. Beverly, 1st Cham., Mon. Beh. |
| 4. Sing Sing, Ann., Sing Sing. | 18. Cor. Navy, N. Y. Bay Squad. |
| 4. Am. Model, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. | 18. St. Lawrence, 21 and 24ft. Classes, Montreal. |
| 4. Douglasson, Annual, Little Neck Bay. | 18. Royal N. S., Lansdowne Cup, Halifax. |
| 4. Bawater, Ann., Jamaica Bay. | 18. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford. |
| 4. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck. | 18-19. San Francisco, Fish, Cruise. |
| —, Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead. | 20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester. |
| —, Eastern, Cruise, Maine Coast | 20. Rochester, L. Y. R. A., Charl. |
| 7. New Rochelle, Ann., New Rochelle. | 21. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Fall River |
| 11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester | 21. Pleon, Club, Marblehead. |
| 11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. | 23. Lake Y. R. A., Oswego, Oswego |
| 11. Lynn, Lynn. | 23. Royal N. S., Challenge Cup, Halifax. |
| 11. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise | 23. L. Y. R. A., Ann., Oswego. |
| 11. Savin Hill, Cash. | 25. Great South Bay. |
| 11. Riverside, Annual. | 25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester |
| | 25. Quincy, Second Cham. |
| | 29. Corinthian, Marblehead, 1st Cham., Marblehead. |

11. St. Lawrence, 29 and 18ft.
11. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.
- Classes, Montreal.
11. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston.
- 11-19. Larchmont, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
14. Quincy, Ladies' Day.

AUGUST.

1. Indian Harbor, Open, Greenwich.
1. Westhampton, Westhampton
1. Hull Corinthian, 2d Cham.
1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
1. Beverly, 1st Cham, Marblehead
- 1-15. Cor. Navy Meet, Riv. side.
1. New York, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
8. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston.
6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
6. Monaquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
7. New York, Goelet Cup, Newport.
8. San Francisco, Club.
8. Hull, 5-cond Cham, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.
8. Lynn, Lynn.
8. Savin Hill, Second Cham.
8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Beh.
8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
8. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.
10. Quincy, Third Cham.
12. Massachusetts, First Cham., Dorchester Bay.
12. Pleon, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
13. Monaquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.
13. Cedar Pt., Saugatuck, Conn.
15. Hull, Ladies' Race.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead, Mid-Summer Series, Marblehead.
15. Beverly, 2d Cham, Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
2. Pleon, Sail-off, Marblehead.
5. Monaquot, Sail-off, Weymouth.
5. Hull Corinthian, Open.
5. Beverly, 5th Sweep, Marblehead.
5. Larchmont, Fall, Larchmont.
5. Bay View, Cruise.
7. Fall River, Fall River.
7. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
7. N. Y. R. A., Ann., New York
7. Corinthian, Marblehead, Handicap, Marblehead.
7. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
7. Mosquito, Open, Boston.
11. Massachusetts, Fall, Dorchester Bay.

OCTOBER.

7. Brooklyn, Fall, Gravesend Bay.
17. San Francisco, Closing Day.

COLLAPSIBLE CHANNELS.

THE first event in the history of the new 46ft. class is the failure of the iron channels of Minocla and Sayonara, the earliest of the fleet in commission. Before the first race, and under the strain of a little trial sailing, they quietly folded up and left the mast unsupported. Channels of any considerable width are a novelty in American yachts; the Harvey cutters Bedonin, Oriva and Wenonah have long narrow channels of wood; the old sloop Fanny has, as every one knows, two curious excrescences of wood that carry her chainplates, and the other old timers, Eclipse and Vision, have some curious specimens of smith work on the sides; but the only new yacht with wide channels prior to this year was Liris, hers being of steel plate and angles, and they have stood perfectly for two seasons. Tomahawk, Gossoon and Helen had channels, but not so wide as in the 46-footers. The channels on the Fife boats, Minerva, Clara, Yama and Barbara, are of steel plate, the centers cut out to save weight, but they are very long, and well stiffened by half-round steel abreast the chainplates. In the new Boston boats the channels are apparently of iron plate, comparatively short for their width, very much cut away, and without the stiffening pieces. That they are not strong enough in themselves seems proven by their behavior in these two cases, and we doubt very much whether the whole connection of the shrouds to the sides of the yacht in many of the newer yachts is not equally faulty; there seems no provision for distributing the strain of the shrouds over the whole side of the boat and also to the keel. In the older boats of a couple of years since with inside chainplates on the frames, there was far less strain, but still some cases of failure occurred, and a far greater strength is called for in the new racers.

YACHTS VERSUS TUGBOATS.

THE decision of Judge Benedict is one of the most important to yachtsmen that has ever been made, and in connection with that in the case of the steam yacht Lagoda, quoted in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 12, it places a pleasure vessel on exactly the same footing in the eye of the law as one engaged solely in trade. In these two cases Judge Benedict has decided that a pleasure vessel is entitled to all the rights granted to vessels by the rules of the road; and also that in case of damage the loss of time may be rated at a certain commercial value, even though the vessel be used solely for pleasure. The masters and pilots of tugboats, river and sound steamers may find very useful if not palatable reading in these two decisions, while yachtsmen have every cause for rejoicing that their rights have at last been so clearly defined, thanks to the spirited action of Mr. Center, of the cutter Medusa, and Mr. Watts, of the steam yacht Lagoda, who have fought their respective cases until a favorable judgment has been reached; in the first case in the face of the very lame and one-sided decisions of both the Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels and of the local inspectors; and in the second case of the Commissioner who made a mere nominal award of a few dollars.

A CHANCE FOR COMMISSIONER BATES.

IF Commissioner of Navigation Bates finds the time hang idly on his hands at present, there is a wide field of usefulness ready for him in which he can make a partial amends for his authorship of the Frye bill and perhaps do a little to remove the very unfavorable opinion which he has earned from yachtsmen. The task we refer to is the compiling of a list of worn-out and otherwise objectionable names of yachts, and the drawing up of a bill prohibiting their further use. As a beginning we can suggest White Wings, Daisy, Marguerite, White Cap, Frolic, Fanny, Nettie, Mary, Ripple, Lurline, Mystery, Wanderer, Mand, Undine, Idler, Vision, Hattie, Emma, Ella, Lillie, Katie, Nellie, Restless and Meteor. If these names could be laid away for fifty or a hundred years, they not only would never be missed, but might come out at the end of that time with a certain degree of novelty.

CRUISING TRIM AND CLASS LIMITS.—An important question has arisen in connection with the races in cruising trim, which with handicap races will be the new features of several

clubs. Nearly all of the racing fleet are so near the class limit that while they can keep their places in the class by dint of close stripping for a race, they are well over the limit when in usual cruising trim. The question then comes up whether a yacht which comes to the line for a race with a waterline length of sail 30ft. 3in. is in the 30ft. or 35ft. class. It may with propriety be argued on the one hand that the measurement and classification rules recognize no difference of trim, a yacht must be measured in the trim in which she raced, and her length will then show her class. This is a literal construction of the rules, but on the other hand the intention of the clubs in offering prizes for cruising trim was not to re-class the boats, but to leave them in the classes where their official racing measurements have placed them in the past. What is needed to settle the question is a statement from the regatta committees which will show owners just where they stand.

COLOR OF YACHTS.—Mr. Prince has foregone his announced intention of painting the new Beatrix red, and American yachtsmen will be deprived of a startling spectacle. In England, however, some strange freaks in color are in fashion. No exception can be taken to a light mahogany topside, such as some of the racers show, in fact, it was a mistake not to finish Liris this way in her first season, but when one side of a yacht is painted black and the other white, as in the case of the 5-rater Glycera, the result must be surprising, though hardly so hideous as the striped black and white of Mayflower when she raced Galatea. Windfall, a new 5-rater, owned and raced by Mrs. Schenley, is painted a bright red.

A NOVEL RACING PLANT.—The latest development in the racing line is the invention of the two old and clever yachtsmen, Messrs. Paul Ralli, former owner of Yavana, and E. F. Quilter, the Balm, and together they have fitted up a big Thames sailing barge, the New Zealand, on which they can live in comfort and navigate from port to port, carrying the racing craft on davits.

THE MEDUSA-STAPLES COLLISION.

THE following is the full text of the decision lately rendered by Judge Benedict in the case of the cutter Medusa and the tug M. E. Staples. On behalf of the tug it was claimed that the yacht was in the position of an overtaking vessel, coming up astern of the tug and her tow at a speed of 6 to 7 knots, while their speed was but half as much. The claim of the yacht was that the two vessels were crossing, and also that whatever the position may have been, the steam vessel up to the last moment could have avoided the collision had she so desired. The evidence offered by the yacht as to the positions of the two vessels, their speed and the direction of the wind, was conclusive as to the fact that the two were sailing on converging courses, and that the tug without whistle or other warning continued her course until she collided with the sailing vessel. The decision is as follows. The decisions of the Supervising and local inspectors of steam vessels will be found in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 6, 1890.

United States District Court, Eastern District of New York.—William H. Flannery vs. the sloop yacht Medusa. Robert Center vs. the tug M. E. Staples.

May 22, 1891.
At the time of the collision which gave rise to this action the sloop yacht Medusa and the tug M. E. Staples were proceeding down the New York Bay above the Narrows on crossing courses. The yacht being a sailing vessel had the right to hold her course, and it was the duty of the tug, being a vessel under steam, to give way.

Both vessels held their courses until collision was imminent, indeed inevitable, without prompt action on the part of the tug.

The liability of the tug for the collision is plain, and it is equally plain that the yacht was guilty of no fault.

The collision is easily explained by circumstances proved, which go to show that the tug acted upon the idea that because the tug was a steam vessel engaged in business, while the Medusa was a pleasure craft and able to change her course easily, it was the duty of the yacht to give way for the tug. This was a mistaken idea on the part of the tug. Pleasure yachts, while subject to, are also entitled to act upon the rules of navigation. There was nothing in the situation of these vessels to create an exception to the ordinary rules of navigation by which it is made the duty of a steam vessel to avoid a vessel under sail. The tug had a single boat in tow on a hawser 100ft. long. She could, by stopping her engine, have given the yacht room to pass without collision. She could by a slight change of her helm have removed all danger of collision. She was in possession of the power to avoid approaching vessels and that is the basis of the rule of navigation, and I discover nothing in the proofs upon which to base a decision that she was relieved from the rule. Therefore, by the navigation rules the yacht had the right to hold her course, and made it the duty of the steam vessel to avoid her, and this duty was in no way modified by the fact that the vessel she was approaching was a pleasure yacht able to alter her course without much trouble or loss.

The libel of the owner of the tug is therefore dismissed with costs, and in the case of the owner of the yacht a decree will be entered in favor of the libellant with an order of reference to ascertain the amount of the damage.

Hyland & Zabriskie for tugboat Staples.
Julian B. Shope for yacht Medusa.

THE WATSON CENTERBOARD 10-RATER.

THE Field speaks as follows of the new 10-rater Dora, designed by Watson for Messrs. Allan, owners of Doris. The new boat has sailed but twice, and her performance is not conclusive, but her two wins from such tens as Woodcock and Yvonne show her to be a very smart boat.

The opening cruise of the Royal Northern Y. C. was memorable for the exceptional interest taken in the racing of the 10-raters, reinforced by the new centerboard cutter Doris, built by Adam of Gurock, from the design of Mr. G. L. Watson for Messrs. B. and R. Allan, who owned the well-known 10-rater Doris. Doris is so novel in form and construction that even judges doubted if she would do any good. In the only two encounters she has had with the keel 10-raters she has come out successful. But in the first of these, at Rotherham, on the day previous to the Royal Northern match, the wind veered about, with Doris getting more than her own share of luck. In the Royal Northern match the breeze was fairly steady throughout, and while in the reaching Dora seemed to be making little of her rivals, in turning to windward from Fladda, off the south end of Arran, to Davaar, in the entrance of Campbellton Loch, she fairly outwinded the keel 10-tonners, and left them fastest in the stronger breezes. Of course many more trials are wanted to show Dora really superior to keel cutters of the same tonnage. In the meantime her further performances will be watched with the keenest interest in Clyde, since they may mean a great revolution in yacht building. Dora has no resemblance in form to either Iverna or Amphitrite, which discarded their centerboards. With the exception of a very considerable beam, and, with nearly the draft of a 10-rater, the cutter has a natural stability that, with a heavy lead keel, keeps her more upright than the keel 10-tonners on the wind; and she does not jump in the head sea, as was expected. The racing in the other matches of the Royal Northern presented no features of novelty. As was to be expected, the 40-ton cutter May, in the turn to windward from Ailsa Craig to Campbellton, went to the front, and the 20-rater Windward had an easy victory over the out-classed and cruising cutters in the match.

A. P. E.—MARGUERITE.—The fast Cape Cod catboat A. P. E. has lately been brought to New York, her new owner changing her name to Marguerite, making about the twentieth yacht of that name. Neither A. P. E. nor Mucilage were specially appropriate or euphonious names for a yacht, but each of these craft has made a reputation under one of them, and it is a pity that their identity henceforth should be entirely lost under the time worn names by which they have been rechristened. As they lie side by side in the Atlantic Basin, the A. P. E. appears as the Marguerite, while the Mucilage is transformed into the Iris. Both by the way, have such smooth topsides, hardly a seam showing, that it is a pleasure to look at them. Whether they will repeat the victories of their Eastern career in New York waters remains to be seen, but on the Upper or even the Lower Bay it ought to be no difficult matter to beat them with a boat designed for New York waters.

MARJORIE.

THE accompanying plans show the interior of the keel cutter Marjorie, whose lines appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 14, and sail plan May 21. The yacht has a flush deck with a long and narrow trunk, the top of the latter being nearly flat and from 9½ to 13 in. above the deck, giving over 6 ft. of headroom in the cabin. The middle of the yacht is taken up by one large cabin, over 13 ft. long, but so arranged as to be readily divided into two rooms. The two transoms are 12 ft. long, each thus making two beds, while back of each in the wings is a large space for bedding and clothes, a curtain covering the opening. On the port side, back of the forward transom, is a closet, built up under the deck, while opposite to it on the starboard side is a folding washbowl. A movable bulkhead, in two halves, is so fitted as to ship in the middle of the cabin, completely shutting off the forward portion and making a ladies' cabin of it. In the main bulkhead, just abaft the mast, is a doorway, covered by a curtain. To port of this doorway is the icebox and refrigerator, communicating with the forecabin; while to starboard is the toilet and w. c. A single swinging door is hinged near the mast, shutting off the forecabin and toilet room at will. The forecabin has a hammock cot to port, and closet and stove opposite over the starboard locker. The distance from fore side of stem to center of mast, previously given as 10 ft., should read 9 ft. 1 in.

ATLANTIC Y. C. RACES.

THE twenty-sixth annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. will be sailed on Tuesday, June 10, being open to yachts of the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont, Eastern, Corinthian of New York, Corinthian of Marblehead, Beverly, Hull and New Rochelle yacht clubs. To be sailed in accordance with racing rules of the club over the regular club courses under the direction of the regatta committee of the Atlantic Y. C. The classification under Rule III. of the racing rules is as follows:

Rule III.—Classification—For club races yachts shall be divided into classes according to l.w.l., length to be determined in the manner specified in Rule V., providing for measurement for time allowance, which classification shall be as follows: Schooners—Class 1, over 90 ft. l.w.l.; class 2, over 70 ft. and not over 90 ft. l.w.l.; class 3, under 70 ft. l.w.l. Sloops, cutters and yawls—Class 1, over 70 ft. l.w.l.; class 2, over 61 and not over 70 ft. l.w.l.; class 3, over 51 and not over 61 ft. l.w.l.; class 4, over 46 ft. and not over 51 ft. l.w.l.; class 5, over 40 ft. and not over 46 ft. l.w.l.; class 6, over 35 ft. and not over 40 ft. l.w.l.; class 7, over 30 ft. and not over 35 ft. l.w.l.; class 8, over 25 and not over 30 ft. l.w.l.; class 9, 25 ft. and under; class 10, open sloops; class 11, cat-rigged yachts. Any yacht which shall have been launched prior to the first day of May, 1888, exceeding the higher limit in any class by not over the fraction of a foot shall be included in that class.

The allowance for cruising trim under Rule IV. is as follows: Special allowance—1. For cruising trim. Yachts entering to sail in cruising trim shall be rated for time allowance at 94 per cent. of their racing length. Yachts so entered must sail in ordinary cruising trim, and carry their complete cruising outfit, except boats and davits.

Yachts will be rated for time allowance according to the following system, to the square root of the sail area add the load waterline and divide the sum by two. The result is the measurement for time allowance—the allowance to be calculated according to the tables in the racing rules. The measurements to be obtained as provided in Rule V. of racing rules, which rule is printed on the entry blanks. Entries must be in writing and filed with the chairman of the regatta committee, H. B. Howell, No. 109 Wall street, New York city, not later than 11 A. M., Saturday, June 13. The courses to be sailed are set out in Rule XIII. of racing rules. The start will form off the club house at Bay Ridge, and the finish at buoy 11, formerly 15, on the West Bank. The start and finish will be in accordance with Rule XIV. of the racing rules, and the preparatory signal will be fired at 10:30 o'clock A. M. The prizes to be sailed for will be the regular annual club cups; one prize in each class in which any yacht starts and completes the course. The racing rules of the Atlantic Y. C. may be obtained from Henry B. Howell, chairman of the regatta committee, 109 Wall street, New York city, and will be forwarded on receipt of entry or upon application.

On Tuesday, June 23 a special race for 46 ft. and 35 ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls, and for the yachts of the 25 ft. time allowance rating class will be sailed; open to yachts of the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont, Eastern, Corinthian of New York, Corinthian of Marblehead, Beverly, Hull and New Rochelle yacht clubs, and of any other regularly organized yacht club, entries from which may be accepted by the regatta committee.

The prize in the 46 ft. class will be the cup presented to the club for this race by Vice-Commodore David Banks. The prize in the 35 ft. class will be the cup presented to the club for this race by Mr. W. W. Kenyon. The prize in the 25 ft. time-allocation rating class will be the cup presented to the club for this race by Commodore N. D. Lawton. These races will be sailed under the direction of the regatta committee and in accordance with the racing rules of the club, with the following exceptions: Three yachts must start with the intention of completing the course to make a race in a class. The starting signals will be given from the committee boat, and the preparatory signals will be given at 11 o'clock A. M. promptly. The start and finish for all classes will be in Gravesend Bay across an imaginary line drawn between two stake boats anchored northwest from Coney Island Point.

The courses will be: Forty-six foot class. From starting line to buoy 14, near Southwest Spit, keeping it on port hand; thence to buoy 12, keeping it on port hand; thence to Scotland Lightship, keeping it on port hand; thence returning to buoy 12, keeping it on starboard hand; thence to buoy 14 near Southwest Spit, keeping it on starboard hand; thence to finishing line. Yachts must keep to the eastward of buoy 9, on West Bank, and to northward and eastward of buoy 5 off the point of the Hook.

Thirty-five foot class. From starting line to buoy 14, near Southwest Spit, keeping it on port hand; thence to buoy 12, keeping it on port hand; thence around Scotland Lightship, keeping it on port hand; thence returning to buoy 12, keeping it on starboard hand; thence to buoy 14, near Southwest Spit, keeping it on starboard hand; thence to finishing line. Yachts must keep to the eastward of buoy 9, on West Bank and to the northward and eastward of buoy 5 off the point of the Hook.

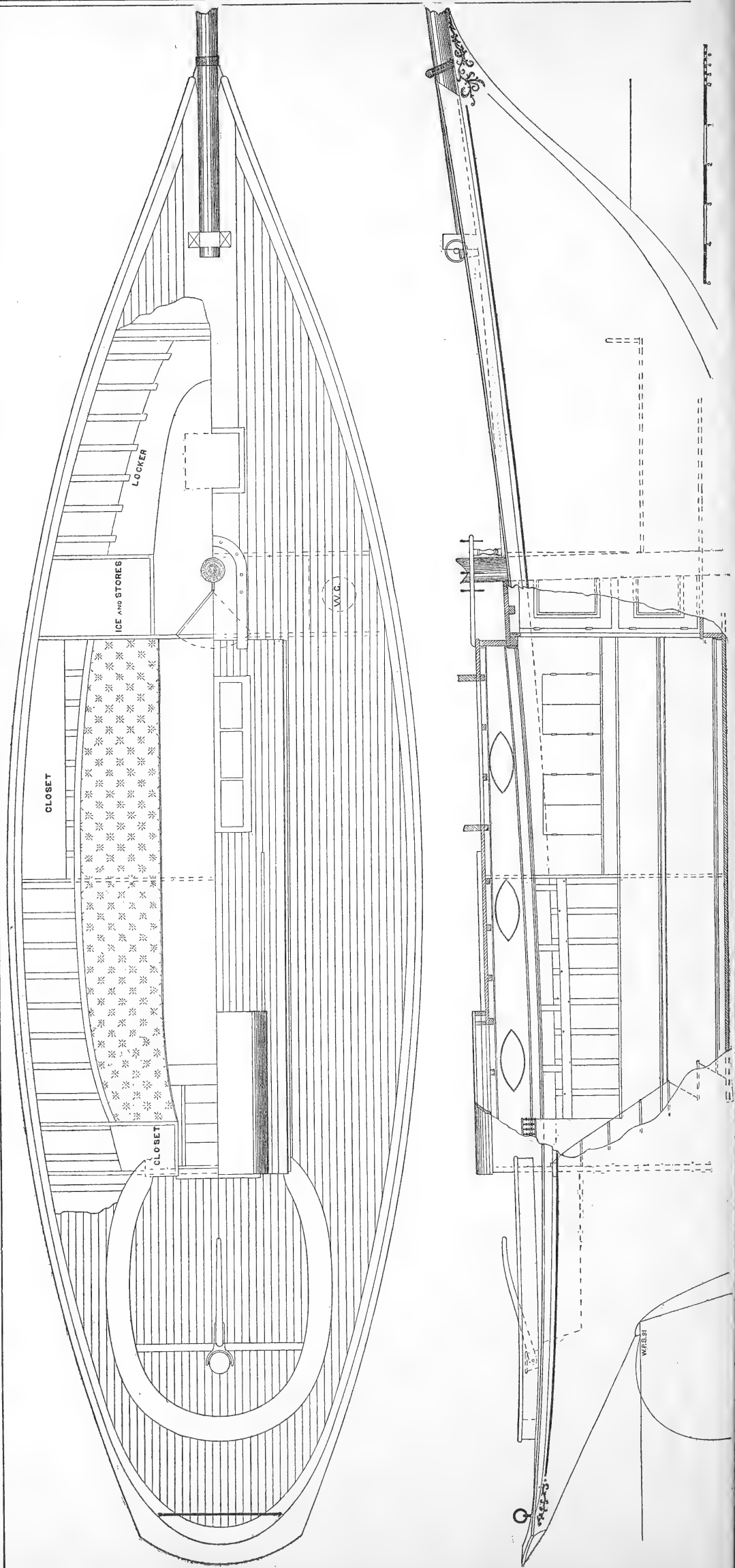
Twenty-five foot class. From starting line to buoy 14, near Southwest Spit, keeping it on port hand; thence to buoy 12, keeping it on port hand; thence around buoy 5, on the point of the Hook, keeping it on port hand; thence returning to buoy 12, keeping it on starboard hand; thence to buoy 14, near Southwest Spit, keeping it on starboard hand; thence to finish line. Yachts must keep to the eastward of buoy 9, on West Bank.

In the 46 ft. class, Rule IV. is suspended for this race. Clubtopsails may be carried, and may be set over working ones. Full professional crews may be carried. In the 35 ft. class, Rule IV. is suspended. In the 25 ft. time-allocation rating class Rule IV. is suspended for this race, and the special rules of the club with respect to this class will govern the race. Entries for these races must be made in writing and filed with Henry B. Howell, 109 Wall street, New York city, chairman of the regatta committee, not later than 12 M., Saturday, June 20, 1891.

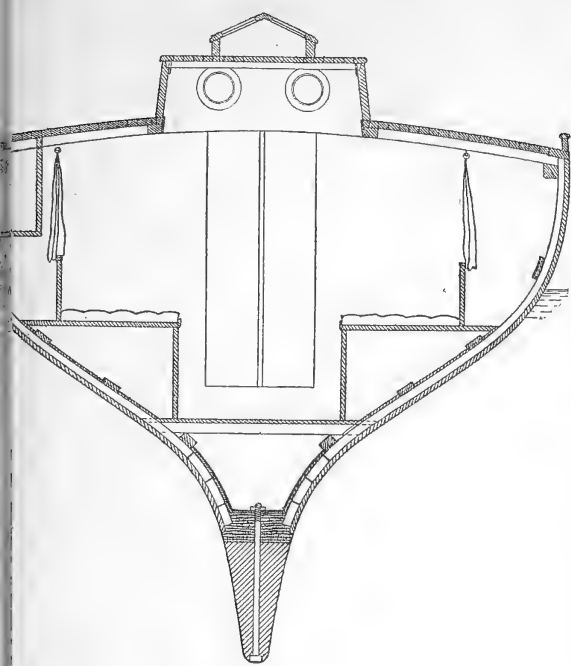
A NEW YACHTING STATION.

IT has been a matter of frequent comment that with new yacht clubs springing up in all directions, and many with very fine buildings, that two of the leading American clubs have been content with town quarters only in New York, and no stations on the water. It is nearly fifteen years since the New York Y. C. abandoned its house at Stapleton, and six years since the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. gave up the house and basin at Tompkinsville. In this short time two clubs have come to the front by virtue of stations on the water; the Larchmont, with its fine house and grounds, and the Atlantic with a large new house and increased anchorage facilities. The subject of a station for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has been only dormant during the carrying out of the town house scheme, and lately it has been revived with such success that a most desirable location has been found on Oyster Bay to purchase the property and erect a handsome club house with sleeping rooms, restaurant, etc., and the work will be commenced at once. The club will issue bonds to the amount of \$60,000, about \$7,000 of which will be used in cancelling its present bonds. At the meeting the racing rules were changed to allow three professionals in the 35 ft. and 46 ft., two in the 40 ft., and one in the 35 and 30 ft. classes.

CORINTHIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—In the race of Memorial Day the Wetmore boat wins, Smuggler being the longer, as determined by a careful measurement last week. Cruiser also beats Olga by 5 m. 49., and Caprice wins in Class VIII. On June 13 a race will be sailed off Larchmont for yachts' boats, St. Lawrence skiffs and similar small craft. The C. M. F. has been very courteously tendered the use of the boat and basin of the Corinthian Y. C. and also the house and anchorage of the Larchmont Y. C. during the season.



CUTTER "MARJORIE." DECK AND CABIN PLANS.



LARCHMONT Y. C. SPRING REGATTA, JUNE 6

THE spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on June 6 mustered fifteen starters, but none of the classes were well filled. Only two schooners, Viator and Princess, started, while Jessica and Volusia were without competitors. In order to give Jessica a race Mr. C. W. Wetmore started. Mr. Wetmore himself sailed his new 25-footer, Mr. H. C. Ward sailing Smuggler against him.

Viator, Princess, Jessica, Liris and Volusia sailed from Larchmont, around a stakeboat in Hempstead Harbor, thence around a mark off Captain's Island and back, 21 miles. Smuggler, Nameless, Nellie, Dot, Aura, Mimette and No Name sailed around the stakeboat in Hempstead Harbor, thence around buoy off Matinecock Point and back, about 13 miles. Cruiser, Coyote and Edna went around buoy on Scotch Caps' Reef, off Rye Neck, thence to and around buoy in Hempstead Harbor and back, about 10 miles. The wind was N.E., moderate at times, but falling toward the end of the race. The start was timed:

Jessica.....	12 00 32	Princess.....	12 04 37
Liris.....	12 01 05	Dot.....	12 05 26
Mimette.....	12 01 19	Edna.....	12 06 13
Viator.....	12 02 09	Smuggler.....	12 07 18
Aura.....	12 02 32	Volusia.....	12 07 56
Nellie.....	12 02 47	Cruiser.....	12 08 53
No Name.....	12 03 55	Coyote.....	12 09 01
Nameless.....	12 04 02		

Jessica rounded the Hempstead mark with a lead of nearly 2m., having passed Liris on the reach, but on the long leg to Captain's Island, both lying as high as possible, Liris did the better work, the times being:

Jessica.....	1 23 05	Liris.....	1 24 54
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The schooners had to tack for the mark, rounding at Viator..... 1 33 20 Princess..... 1 46 30 Smuggler started astern of the Wetmore boat, but at the first mark had gained considerably, adding a little on the next leg to Matinecock. On the way home, off the wind, Smuggler gained still more, finally winning by over 5m. The full times were:

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35
Jessica, W. McDonough.....	12 01 05	2 47 47	2 46 42
Liris, C. W. Wetmore.....	12 00 32	3 07 25	3 06 53

CLASS 5—SLOOPERS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 6—SCHOONERS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 7—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 8—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 9—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 10—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 11—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 12—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 13—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 14—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 15—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 16—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 17—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 18—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 19—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 20—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 21—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 22—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 23—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 24—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 25—CABIN CATBOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

CLASS 26—OPEN BOATS. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.

Princess, G. H. Seeley.....	12 04 37	3 26 01	3 21 27
Viator, W. G. Brokaw.....	12 02 09	3 06 44	3 04 35

HUDSON RIVER Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 8.—The Hudson River Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Monday in a very light breeze, the course being up the river from the club house to Spuyten Duyvil for the smaller craft, and Yonkers for the larger, and return. Although unlimited crews and handicaps were permitted, only one boat of the twenty starters was capsized, the Lizzie F., and none of her crew were drowned. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN BOATS OVER 34FT.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dolphin.....	11 30 00	Not timed.		

CLASS B—CABIN BOATS UNDER 34FT.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lottie.....	11 47 14	6 53 03	7 05 54	7 05 54
Alexandre F.....	11 50 00	Not timed.		
Christine.....	11 50 00	Not timed.		

CLASS C—OPEN BOATS, 25FT. AND OVER.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
James T. Corlett.....	11 50 00	6 41 58	6 51 58	6 50 53
John T. Cameron.....	11 50 00	6 53 08	7 03 08	7 02 53
Lizzie F.....	11 44 23	Not timed.		
Chas. J. Moore.....	11 50 00	Not timed.		

CLASS D—OPEN BOATS, 20FT. AND UNDER 25FT.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Henry Duer.....	11 43 55	7 52 12	7 08 18	7 07 54
Carrie B.....	11 45 00	Not timed.		
Irene.....	11 50 00	Not timed.		
Gesine.....	11 50 00	Not timed.		

CLASS E—OPEN BOATS, 20FT. AND UNDER 23FT.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Frank Oliver.....	11 50 00	Not timed.		
Hilma.....	11 50 00	Not timed.		

CLASS F—CABIN CATBOATS.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Brunette.....	11 40 00	6 52 05	7 12 05	7 12 05
Bert.....	11 36 48	Not timed.		
Belle C.....	11 40 00	Not timed.		

CLASS G—CATS UNDER 25FT.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elfin.....	11 40 00	5 45 06	6 08 06	6 08 06
Long Star.....	11 40 00	5 23 00	5 43 00	5 41 12
Alert.....	11 40 00	Not timed.		

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF NEW YORK.—The annual regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, will be sailed on June 22 over the following courses: Starting at buoy No. 11 (formerly 15). For the larger classes round the lightships, and for the various smaller classes round the spit buoy and the buoy off Point Comfort respectively. There will be no restrictions in regard to sails or manner of setting or working them. The crews are limited to one man for each 5 ft. of length on deck, exclusive of helmsman, while one man for each 10 ft. of water-line length may be a professional. The helmsman in all cases is to be an amateur. In the smaller classes no professionals are allowed. The classification will be by corrected length (Seawanhaka rule). First Class—Schooners over 90ft. and not over 110ft. Second Class—Cutters and sloops over 50ft. and not over 60ft. Third Class—Cutters and sloops over 40ft. and not over 50ft. Fourth Class—Cutters and sloops over 30ft. and not over 40ft. Fifth Class—Cutters and sloops over 25ft. and not over 30ft. Sixth Class—Cutters and sloops over 20ft. and not over 25ft. Seventh Class—Cabin catboats over 35ft. and not over 40ft. Eighth Class—Cabin catboats over 25ft. and not over 30ft. Ninth Class—Cabin catboats over 20ft. and not over 25ft. Tenth Class—Open boats not exceeding 25ft. Entries must be made in writing by 12 o'clock noon of Saturday, June 20, to M. Roosevelt Schuyler, secretary, 55 Beekman street, or before 9 A. M. on the morning of Monday, June 22 (by telegraph if necessary), at the club house, Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The regatta will be under the management of the club sailing committee, Messrs. E. B. Clarke, William H. Plummer, W. Gardner and Charles Stewart Davidson.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The annual regatta of the New York Y. C. will be sailed on June 18, the classes being: Schooners, class 1, over 100ft.; class 2, over 90ft. and not over 100ft.; class 3, over 80ft. and not over 90ft.; class 4, over 70ft. and not over 80ft.; class 5, 70ft. and under. Sloops, cutters and yawls, class 1, over 50ft. and not over 60ft.; class 2, over 40ft. and not over 50ft.; class 3, over 30ft. and not over 40ft.; class 4, over 20ft. and not over 30ft.; class 5, over 10ft. and not over 20ft.; class 6, over 10ft. and not over 15ft.; class 7, 10ft. and under. Any yacht launched prior to June 20, 1888, exceeding the higher limit in any class by not over the fraction of a foot, shall be included in that class. Any yacht when alone in her class can sail in the class above. Entries must be made in writing, addressed to the regatta committee and will be received at 12 o'clock noon of Monday, June 16, when the list will be closed in accordance with the rules of the club. The prizes will be either cups or money, at the option of the winners. \$200 for first and \$75 for second boats; special prizes for yachts in cruising trim, \$150 to first, \$50 for second. For keel schooners prizes of equal value will be offered. Two yachts must start in each class, no prize will be awarded in that class. If three or more start a second prize will be given. No yacht shall receive two prizes. The regular courses will be sailed. The regatta committee includes Messrs S. Nicholson Kane, Irving Grinnell and Chester Griswold.

THE GARDNER 25-FOOTERS.—At the Larchmont Yacht Club's spring regatta Saturday, a Sun reporter obtained the measurements of the Gardner 25-footers Smuggler, owned by L. J. Boury, and Nameless, owned by C. W. Wetmore. It has been extremely difficult to make a comparison of the two boats owing to the reluctance with which measurements have been given out, but now that both have been officially measured, a few facts can be revealed. The Wetmore boat Nameless is 24.87ft. on the water line, and has 61sq. ft. of sail. The length from the end of her main boom to the forward side of the mast is 11.45ft., and from the forward side of the mast to the jib tack is 11.45ft. Her measures 16.40ft., and perpendicular from deck to peak halyard block, 25.62ft. This gives her a racing length of 24.87ft. The dimensions of the Smuggler are: L.w.l. length, 24.03ft.; end of main boom to forward side of mast, 28.42ft.; forward side of mast to forward end of boom, 11.45ft.; perpendicular, 25.20ft.; sail area 66sq. ft.; racing length, 24.94ft. Thus the Smuggler is longer, has a trifle, and has a larger sail area and less length on the waterline. Still, the yachts are so nearly alike that if it were not for the paint one could not tell them apart. The Smuggler is white and the Nameless black.—Sun.

DOUGLASSON Y. C.—The first annual regatta of the Douglasson Y. C. will be sailed on July 4, open to yachts of the Atlantic, Larchmont, New Rochelle, Knickerbocker, New Haven, Oyster Bay and Hempstead yacht clubs, the Corinthian Navy and Corinthian Mosquito Fleet. The classes are: Centerboard sloops 25ft. l.w.l., cabin catboats any length, open catboats under 24ft. M. Coons, A. Andrews, of the club, has offered a handsome silver cup for the new 25ft. class. Com. Barnes has offered a cash prize of \$50 for the cabin catboats and Mr. W. B. Douglas has offered a prize of \$100. Entries may be made to J. D. Sparkman, Jr., 93 Broadway, Brooklyn.

ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—The first race of the season was sailed on May 30, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dream.....	3 40 40	5 38 45		
Valda.....	3 42 45	5 49 30		
Frolic.....	3 42 00	6 15 44		
Black Eagle.....	3 43 00	Didn't finish.		

CORINTHIAN SWEEPSTAKES.—The entries for the 46ft. class in the Corinthian Y. C. sweepstakes to be sailed in August are as follows: Alborak and Nautilus being put in by Owens, A. B. Tynes, E. P. Sands, Barbara, C. W. Post, E. D. Morgan, August Belmont; Sayonara, Bayard Thayer; Gioriana, E. D. Morgan; Alborak, J. B. Paine; Nautilus, J. R. Maxwell.

BARBARA.—The new 46-footer was launched late on the night of June 3 at Lawley's. She floated 7in. out at bow and 5in. aft, so that she will probably come within 40ft. when in racing trim, though it is a question whether she will not exceed it after a month or two afloat. Her sails have arrived from England and she will soon be ready.

NAUTILUS.—On June 6 the new 46-footer Nautilus made her trial trip with Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Witheringham on board, leaving her anchorage off the Atlantic Basin at 2 P. M. and sailing about the Bay for several hours under lower sails. The wind was light, but so far as she was tried the boat worked very satisfactorily.

SENIORITA.—Mr. J. M. Williams, owner of the sloop Volusia, has built during the winter a centerboard yacht named Seniorita, of practically the same model as Volusia, but with a flush deck and of light construction, with a lead keel, the boat being intended for racing.

EXPLOSION OF A NAPHTHA LAUNCH.—A serious mishap is reported in a new launch using naphtha for fuel, owned by Jacob Cram, on Cayuga lake. No particulars are given, save that the owner and engineer were badly burned.

LAWLEY'S YARD.—All of the 46-footers are now afloat, Owens being ready for a trial trip, Barbara and Alborak having their masts in, while Beatrice has been towed from Salem and is fitting out rapidly.

ZOLUS.—COMANCHE.—The schooner Zolus, owned formerly by Miles Wood, has been altered during the winter at Mather & Wood's yard, Port Jefferson, and was launched on June 6 under the name of Comanche. She is now 98ft. over all, 23ft. beam, 12ft. draft. Her new owner is Mr. A. H. Fowler.

SAYONARA.—Mr. Thayer's 46-footer sailed from Boston for New York last week, but before reaching the Highlands of Cape Cod her iron channels shut up and she was forced to return to Boston for new ones.

ALLEGRO.—On June 5 Messrs. Seabury & Co., of Nyack, launched a high-speed steamer, 76ft. over all, 10ft. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft, named Allegro. She has a triple expansion engine and Seabury boiler.

STRANGER.—On June 6, as the steam yacht Stranger was passing up the East River, she collided with the Colorado, of the Roosevelt street ferry, losing her bowsprit, the ferryboat receiving some damage also.

TITANIA.—The report that Titania has been sold is incorrect, she lies off Piegrass yard, dismantled and with her broken spar still standing.

MAID OF HONOR, steam yacht, whose plans lately appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, was launched at Southampton, Eng., on May 23.

ALBORAK.—Mr. J. B. Paine's new cutter was launched at Lawley's yard on June 4, the launch taking place late at night.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—The regatta of the New Jersey Y. C., announced for June 17, is indefinitely postponed.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

B. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—Would like to get some information about the Paradox gun made by Holland & Holland, of London.

R. T.—Kindly inform me in Answers to Correspondents' column if brook trout will take a bait of salt pork. Ans. Yes, on occasion.

F. T.—Will you please inform me where the Evans rifle is manufactured? Ans. We do not know; somewhere in Maine we think.

E. Q., Pottsdown, Pa.—Which is the proper way to fish a trout stream, up or down? Ans. Down stream whenever possible. It is easier to wade and to handle your cast, and you will have the best command of the pools.

DR. THOMAS, Greenwood, Wis.—Being obliged to change my residence on account of health, would ask if your readers would kindly inform me of some live cities in S. C. Ga., Fla. or Ala., within easy reach of good quail shooting? Would prefer cities of 8,000 or 10,000 inhabitants.

ONYJUTTA, Port Royal, Pa.—1. Is there any difference between so-called mountain trout and brook trout? 2. What would be the weight of an ordinary 12in. brook trout? Ans. 1. The mountain trout of your region is the brook trout. In California the rainbow is called mountain trout, and this name has been transferred to the East for the same fish. 2. This is extremely variable, but usually ranges from 8 to 12oz.

E. M. C., Le Roy, N. Y.—I send by express to-day a fish taken by me in Caledonia Creek last Saturday. Will you kindly let me know what the species is? Ans. The trout, after shrinking in alcohol, measures 9 1/2 in. When received each side contained about twenty-five orange spots, which are now whitish. The upper parts are steel gray, the sides lighter, lower parts milky white. The dorsal fin has a few dusky blotches not forming bands. The pale spots along the sides are mostly along the middle line. In shape this is the nearest to the common brook trout, but has the tail slightly more forked. In structure it is nearest to the brook trout (fontinalis). There are no teeth on the roof of the tongue and the jaws are equal. The fish is probably what is known as the pale variety of the brook trout, which may be one of the results of the great activity in producing artificial crosses at the Caledonia hatchery. Practically the same form is found at Northville, Mich., where it is fertile and greatly prized.

L. W., New York.—What is the best known way of waterproofing and preserving linen lines? Ans. Thaddeus Norris, in his "American Angler's Book," p. 149, quotes from Chitty the following recipe for preserving lines: "To a quarter of a pint of gold-size. Gently warm and mix them well, being first careful to have the line quite dry. While the mixture is warm, soak it therein until it is fully saturated to its very centre; say for 24 hours. Then pass it through a piece of flannel, pressing it sufficiently to take off the superficial coat, which enables that which is in the interior to dry well and, in time, to get stiff. The line must then be hung up in the air, wind or sun, out of the reach of moisture for about a fortnight, till pretty well dry. It must then be redipped to give an outer coat, for which less soaking is necessary; after this wipe it again, but lightly; wind it on a chair back or towel horse, before a hot fire, and there let it remain for two or three hours, which

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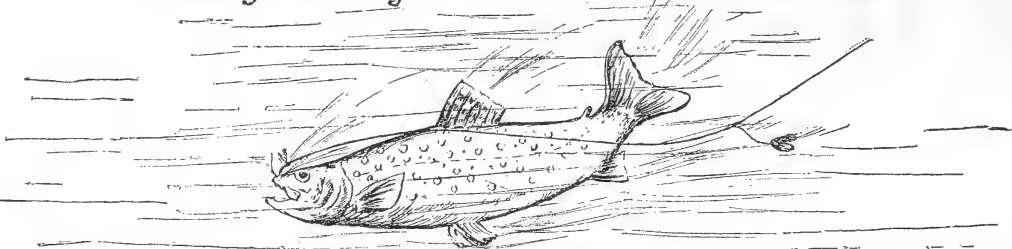
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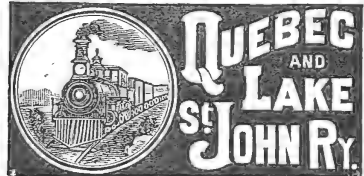


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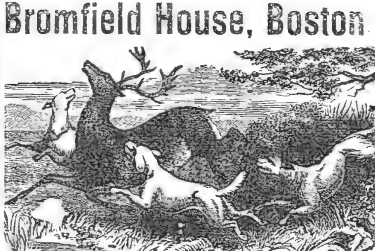
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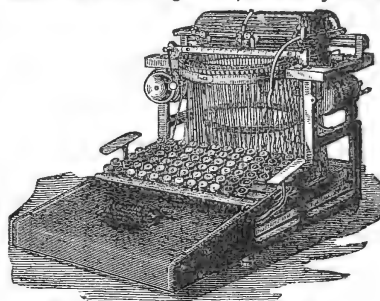
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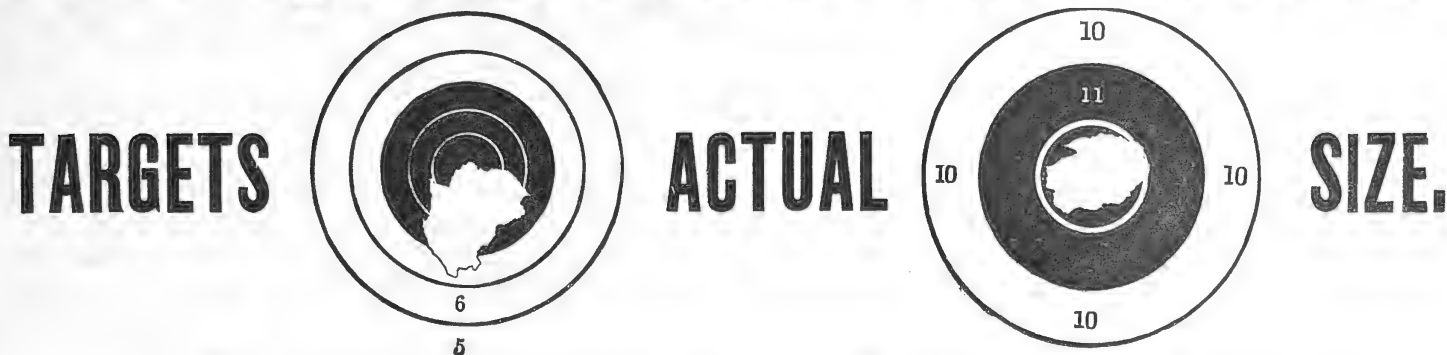
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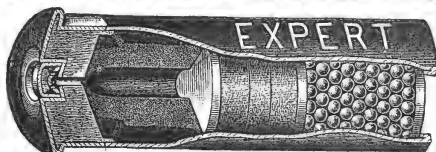
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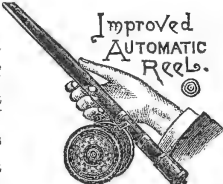
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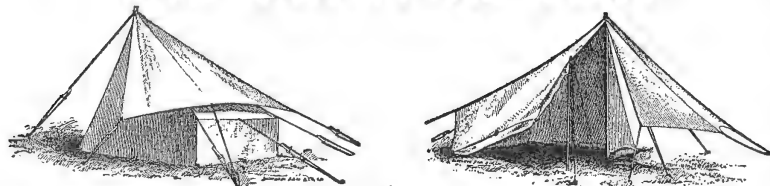
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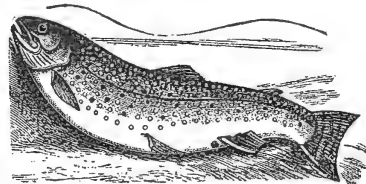
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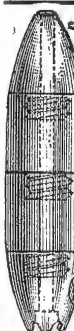


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OUR ADIRONDACK NUMBER.

THE issue of to-day consists of thirty-two pages, of which a generous proportion is devoted to papers descriptive of life and hunting experiences in the North Woods. The demands made on our space this week by the full report of the large and notable Chicago tournament has compelled us to defer to a later date two of the papers promised for to-day—Mr. J. H. Dudley's account of an Adirondacks excursion thirty-three years ago, and the story of camp life at Spruce Lake. In addition to these deferred papers we had in hand for this issue a charming chat by Mr. Chas. Hallock, whose text is the "Wane of the Adirondacks," and still another reminiscent chapter on the "Upper Adirondacks in '56," by our New Hampshire correspondent, "Byron." There is indeed a rich supply of material for another "Adirondack Number," which shall be forthcoming at an early date; and then we shall have made doubly good our promise of last week that the Adirondack literature given in these columns should be of such amount and variety that all readers might find in it something to their taste. Our experience to-day is simply a repetition of what has been the common experience of the FOREST AND STREAM with its special numbers. The announcement that a given issue would be devoted to some special subject has invariably brought to us a greater wealth of material than could be contained in a single number, thus happily and effectively demonstrating again and again the resources of the rich field from which the paper reaps its harvestings of good things.

The sketches printed to-day admirably picture the varied phases of life indulged in by the modern visitor to the North Woods. Ninety-nine out of a hundred Adirondack tourists resort thither for a pleasure season in which shooting and fishing have no actual part. Here more than anywhere else in the country, men—and women—who do make a pretense of going hunting or

fishing, go through the formality simply because these are the correct things to do. While hundreds visit Adirondack streams and lakes seriously intent on a creel of trout or a deer, thousands more have no thought nor taste for the rod and gun; and these thousands constitute the grand army of the summer visitors. With each successive year this host is taking firmer possession of the North Woods, advancing its outposts, intrenching itself in luxurious dwellings styled "camps," and in the ubiquitous, aggressive and domineering summer hotel. With every passing season the trout fisherman and the deer hunter find less and less available territory, and must go further and further and penetrate more deeply to find the primeval wilderness. And wildness itself no longer is free. The private fishing club and the exclusive game preserve are devouring the Adirondacks. Vast tracts are passing into their control; their trespass signs multiply with the years.

That there yet remain enticement and reward for the sportsmen in the North Woods is abundantly demonstrated by the writers who furnish the feast of entertainment to-day. Here are stories of sport, and successful sport, with the deer and the trout. Wisely employed, used with reason, the natural wealth of New York's magnificent wild domain may be conserved for generations to come. The primitive Adirondacks have passed away; sentiment may bewail the change, but common sense tells us that the rule of the greatest good to the greatest number must prevail here as elsewhere. That the region has been transformed from an inaccessible wilderness, visited only at expense of hardship and discomfort, and has been converted into a resort easy to reach and provided with every comfort of modern life—this is to say that the blessed influences of the woods have been extended to the multitude. And if only the American of this day and generation were more provident and thoughtful, both for himself and his children and for those who are to follow, there would be no conflict of interests between the several classes of visitors and outers who flock to the North Woods. In that vast park is room and to spare for all.

DEAD ALEWIVES IN LAKE ONTARIO.

THE Rochester Democrat of recent date announces the death of millions of fish around the shores of Lake Ontario, causing pollution of the waters and contamination of the air. It is stated that these epidemics occur every year, and the question is asked whether they are due to pollution by sewers, or other similar causes. An exchange commenting on the above statement of the Democrat pronounces the article sensational, misleading and absurd, which is putting the case rather strongly. The death of the fish annually in large numbers is granted. The theory that the late Seth Green introduced the fry of this fish into Lake Ontario is mentioned.

The fish referred to, however, is not the menhaden of the Atlantic coast, but the river herring, alewife or gaspereau. Its origin in Lake Ontario and in interior lakes of western New York is involved in obscurity. It is believed that it was introduced into Lake Ontario with shad, for it was not known to occur there until after the introduction of that fish. From the best information obtainable it appears that the alewife does not ascend the St. Lawrence from the Gulf. Into Cayuga and Seneca lakes, New York, there is reason to believe that the species has penetrated of its own accord. Alewives have been seen to go up the canal locks at West Troy, and Prof. Hamilton Smith first noticed them in the neighborhood of Seneca Lake in 1868, about the time the canals were opened, and thinks that they might have come into those lakes from the Chesapeake or Delaware bays, through Elmira and Painted Post.

The fish from the interior lakes are much smaller than those from Lake Ontario, and present a somewhat starved appearance. This was specially noticed in individuals which had been found dead in immense numbers. The spawning season of this alewife in Lake Ontario is in June and about Aug. 10 the fish disappear, presumably going into the deeper water of the lake.

It is claimed that the fishing apparatus used for the capture of edible fish destroys vast numbers of alewives. The dead fish from Seneca Lake had the air bladder abnormally distended, filling the greater portion of the abdominal cavity. This distention of the air bladder would naturally cause the fish to float at the surface.

A full account of the inland alewife was published by

Dr. Bean in the "Fishery Industries, U. S.," Section I., page 588. At the time his report was written the Utica Herald and the Rochester Union attributed the sudden death of these alewives and other fish to the explosion of dynamite, and the condition of the air bladder would seem to warrant this explanation. These newspapers stated that thousands of fish, not large enough for profitable sale or use, are destroyed in this way, among them black bass, perch, bullheads and sunfish.

Fish epidemics are only too common in various sections of our country. Florida, Massachusetts, Virginia, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, as well as New York, have felt the fatal effects of extensive fish mortality. At Lynn, Mass., barrels of dead fish have recently been removed by the health officers from Butman's Mill Pond; their death is attributed to mill refuse.

This is a proper subject for investigation by fish wardens and fish protective associations, as well as for naturalists, and we hope it will receive prompt and careful attention.

SNAP SHOTS.

ANGLERS are probably not aware that many tarpon have recently been caught in traps at Crisfield, Md., where they were unknown to the fishermen until Capt. Robert Platt, commanding the Fish Commission steamer Fish Hawk, came along and told them what royal game fish they were taking in such ignominious fashion. We have seen some of the scales of the fish and there is no mistake about Capt. Platt's identification. The tarpon is to be found at Crisfield, and when anglers learn this fact it is probable that something more scientific than traps will be employed in its capture. Bluefish and hard and soft shell crabs were found in abundance also by the Captain. The possibilities of the Chesapeake are scarcely realized.

By a careless use of the term "wild animals," we forget to what an extent their wildness depends on man's attitude toward them. Game is sometimes said to know all about the open and close seasons, being wild and shy when the law is off, but more confiding in close season. It is wonderful to note with what slight protection the habits of deer may be changed in this respect. On Long Island, where the hunting season is exceedingly short, only ten days in October, the deer are very tame; two were observed unconcernedly feeding on the lawn near the Oakdale station, as the train sped by, one day last week.

Mr. D. D. Sammis, of Fire Island, who writes us that the Surf Hotel there will open on the 20th, adds that this is his thirty-sixth year. Here and there—though scattered at wide intervals it must be confessed, and in number more meagre every year—is a hotel man who knew and was known by the Frank Forester generation of sportsmen. What a flood of memories of those days comes to the greybeards at mention of the old guard; and what a company it would be if for one rare night the Fire Island house might be repeople with the fishermen who have made merry within its walls.

The tournament of the Illinois sportsmen is always an important event in the shooting calendar, and this year they have surpassed themselves. The magnitude of the meeting, its orderly conduct, and the intense interest manifested throughout combine to make it as a memorable occasion. Mr. Hough's admirable report of the meeting is given in full in our trap columns. If Chicago keeps on there will be a big time at the "State shoot" in 1893.

A petition is signing in Westchester and Queens counties, N. Y., asking the Commissioners of Fisheries to stock Long Island Sound harbors between Fort Schuyler and Rye Neck and Oyster Bay with striped bass and weakfish. The petition sets forth that those formerly abounded with game fish, but that now nothing but a scanty catch of coarse varieties rewards the angler.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

Beneath a basswood he a bass wooed, but the bass would not.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THREE WEEKS ON THE RAQUETTE.

AT the foot of Raquette Falls, in the Adirondack woods, on a certain afternoon in late September, five Saranac boats beached their prows on the east side of the river. It had rained fitfully during the morning, but the sky was now clear and blue, and a light breeze was shaking the last remaining drops from the balsams that fringed the shore. First to spring out upon the bank was the guide, closely followed by his two hounds, Sport and Trail. Then came Henry, the stout-armed, who had pressed the guide hard in the long upstream row from the Indian carry, and whose boat, like the guide's, was loaded to the water's edge with camp equipage and provisions. Close after him came the "two Charleses," Charles the Short and Charles the Long, who had "spelled" each other with their heavy load against the current. Then came another mutually helpful pair, Uncle Jack and "Ich" (sawed-off for Ichabod), and last of all Frank and the Scribe, who from first place had quietly dropped behind to last, lest too long continued priority should dampen the already moist ardor of the rest, who were beginning to feel the effects of two days' steady rowing.

Willing hands soon unloaded the baggage, and while the guide was chopping his backlog and building the frame for his fire, the rest of us proceeded to unpack and get the tents in readiness to raise. We selected a high and dry knoll, about five rods from the water, and pitched one of the large tents. Then came about fifteen minutes for refreshments; after which we pitched the other large wall-tent, facing the first and about 15ft. from it. We then rigged uprights and a ridge-pole for a large canvas fly, and spread the latter over the space between the two tents, pinning down the edges of the canvas with heavy logs and stones. This gave us a continuous canvas inclosure some 36ft. long and 10ft. wide. Every gap was closed up with strips of drilling, which we had brought for that purpose; and when all was done our camp was as tight and windproof as a drum. We left a flap for a door in the fly, close to one of the wall-tents, and had it so arranged that it could be pinned up securely at night. But the greatest triumph of comfort was the little folding sheet-iron stove, which we set up on four stones inside the fly. The pipe ran up through the canvas (the latter being protected by a tin sheath), and was capped by an iron wire spark-destroyer. This had worked first rate, when we kept a man outside tapping it with a stick to loosen the soot. At other times it choked up like a baby with the croup, and filled the tent so full of smoke that even the dogs wept pathetically.

Speaking of dogs reminds me that I have only noticed the guide's team, Sport and Trail. We had two other hounds, contributed to the general fund of caninity (to coin a word) by different members of the party. One was old Jube, now in his tenth season, but tireless and ardent as ever. This veteran hound was the property of Uncle Jack, and had accompanied his master into the woods every season since he was a puppy. It is safe to say that no deerhound in St. Regis county has a more enviable reputation than old Jube. Nearly all the guides know him, and respect him, too; for Jube has brains and experience, qualities which are as rare in dogs as in men, and worth quite as much. It is impossible to cajole Jube into staying over night in any camp except that one where his master is; and in all his ten years of deer-hunting he has never lain out over night but once. The homing instinct is a prime quality in a deerhound, where so much depends on having the dogs at hand every morning to start "races." Another of Jube's superior qualities is the almost human way in which he picks up a lost scent, not puzzling about the spot where he stops, as most hounds do, but leading off, head in air, and circling up the wind till he catches it again.

The other canine member of the party was one Hector, a small lemon and white hound with beagle blood in him. He ran all his races to water with the speed of the wind, and then, instead of returning to the starter to be put on a fresh trail, amused himself by running over the old track, in full cry, three or four times in succession. The fourth or fifth time seemed to afford him just as much amusement as the first, and it made no difference to the rascal how often the poor watcher on the runway was put in a fever of excitement and expectation, and then cooled down with April-fool suddenness. To Hector it seemed that the whole expedition was gotten up for his individual enjoyment; and certainly no dog ever had a better time inside of three weeks. He ran fifteen races 68 times, and developed such an appetite that in one week's time, by reliable computation, he ate four times his own weight of solid meat. And yet, in spite of such hearty feeding, his ribs stuck out so prominently that any one seeing him at a distance would suppose that it was only a dog's head and tail in parenthesis.

The camp, we have said, was pitched on the east bank of the Raquette River, just below the falls. Back of it, and up the river about an eighth of a mile, was McClellan's, a rough board house, devoid of clapboards, where dwelt the proprietor of the rapid's carry, a valuable privilege, but secured only by squatter's right. McClellan's was in the midst of a considerable clearing, the only one for many miles, consisting of some twenty or thirty acres of meadow and pasture. Through this clearing, and into the woods on the south side, ran the road over the carry—a perpetual slime bed in the dryest season, more slippery than hidden ice, and with ruts and sloughs striking down to Avernus.

The watch grounds were about equally distributed above and below the falls. When deer were started in the hills back of camp they were about as likely to run to water clear up to Cold River or Moose Creek as below, at Stony Creek or the Long Stretch. Therefore, men had to be stationed each day above and below, and one of our first moves was to transport two of our five boats over the carry, so that they could be used above the rapids. The various watch grounds in progressive order of remoteness from the camp were as follows: Above—Head of the Rapids, the Rock, the Elbow, Moose Creek, Pine Ridge and Cold River. Below—Bullpout Ledge, the Meadow, the Haybank, Palmer Brook, the Short Draw, Stony "Slew" Draw, the Long Draw, the Stretch and Stony Creek. Of course, we had not men enough to cover all of these watch grounds every day, but as there was hardly a day when other parties, from Wardner's or Mc-

Clellan's, did not occupy some of them, there were enough of us, generally, to hold our share.

We awoke after the first night in camp a trifle stiff and sore in the bones, owing to the scanty amount of balsam browse which we had had time to prepare and spread the previous evening. But a little stirring about and a good breakfast, consisting of all the camp dainties except venison, served to take the kinks out of us, and by 8 o'clock we were all ready to go on our runways. All our boats being still below the rapids the whole party had to be distributed among the lower watch grounds. Frank, who was familiar with the ground, having camped and hunted there the year before, piloted the party down stream, dropping off men and boats at various stations. Meanwhile the guide, with four eager hounds tugging by their chains at the rings in his belt, had started out over the hills to the east. Scarcely an hour had elapsed when a single shot, the signal agreed upon, announced to the expectant watchers that the first dog had been started on the first race.

All was now intense, but suppressed, excitement. Down the line of watchers, as the far-off sound of the hound's baying broke on the ear, ran the electric premonitions of buck fever. All eyes were strained up and down their respective stretches of water, every hand grasped the rifle with convulsive determination. Floating sticks and leaves and bits of foam assumed startling and vivid proportions, and more than one heart increased its pulsations with a wild jump as a bottle, set afloat by the conscienceless man at the head of the line, came gliding around the curves with the swift current.

In the meantime the hound's baying grew more and more distinct, softened now by some hollow between the hills, and again swelling forth clear and sonorous as the chase swept over the crest. Suddenly there was a shot—two more—another; then silence, broken only by the still hot baying of the hound, as he swept up the last ridge overlooking the river.

Who had been the lucky man? This was the query which flashed simultaneously through the minds of seven anxious and disappointed watchers. Meanwhile a strange boat, containing an elderly man and a boy, was pushing out into the stream, between the Haybank and Palmer Brook. The twain picked up a fine doe floating in mid-stream, towed her ashore, bled her, and then lifted her into the boat. About this time old Trail came down to water, and the man stationed at Palmer Brook hove in sight, churning up the foam with his efforts at the oars.

"We have shot a deer ahead of you," said the elderly man, "and will give you the hide and some venison if you want it. Our dog was put out on the same side, and we were watching for his race."

There was nothing for it but to submit to the law of the woods, which says that the deer belongs to the man who shoots it, though courtesy always yields the hide to the dog. We heartily wished the old man and his son had been anywhere else except slipping in between two of our watchers; but, as McClellan said when we asked him if he had any objections to our camping on his pre-empted territory, "This is a free country," and a man in the woods has a right to go where he pleases.

All the other races started that morning went away to Moose Creek and Cold River, and after three or four hours longer of monotonous watching we were all glad to hear the guides' three guns from camp, the customary signal for return. All the dogs had finished their races and returned except Hector. He was probably on the second or third trip over his and would see us later, although we did not know at the time that he was afflicted with this foolish habit of "doubling up" his races.

We had dinner, and then all hands turned to and cut and spread browse for a couple of hours. This gave us a soft and fragrant bed on which to spread our blankets and promised more peaceful slumbers than we had enjoyed on the previous night. Next in order the carpenters of the party built a table out of some saplings and a few old boards that had been left over from last year's camp. The rest cut wood for the little stove, put up a rude framework to rest the guns against, strung up lines and drove nails into the upright tent poles to hang clothes on, and busied themselves generally in making the camp more comfortable. When dusk came on we started a rousing fire in the little stove, lit our duplex-burner lamp and gathered with pipes and cigars about the fire to discuss the events of the day and plan for the morrow. It was decided that three men should go over the carry in the morning with two boats and watch the more important runways above the rapids. The guide took a lantern and went up to McClellan's to arrange an early carry for the boats and get the saddle of venison which the old man, who was stopping at the "hotel," had agreed to have ready for us.

Next morning we were up betimes, and had our first meal of venison. It was rather of a disappointment, being very tough and flavorless, but the guide assured us that it would be better when it got "ripe," if it ever had a chance to. Promptly at 8 o'clock McClellan's team appeared at the lower end of the carry, and three of us loaded on the boats and walked over the slimy mile-and-a-half carry through the woods. One man was left at the head of the rapids with a boat, while the other two went further up stream, one being left at the Rock while the other went on to Pine Ridge.

As luck would have it no deer were driven above this time, and the up-stream watchers had a whole undisturbed day in which to indulge in lofty meditation and suck their pipes. But below there was considerable excitement. Ich, the youngest of the party, had a buck driven in to him at the Long Draw. He heard no dog at the time, and was sitting all wrapped up in the "long, long thoughts" of youth and his rubber blanket (for it had commenced to rain), when there was a slight disturbance in the bushes near by, an almost imperceptible splash in the water, and the young man looked up and saw an antlered head in the stream, only a few yards from shore and swimming down toward him. Instead of sitting perfectly still and letting the buck get into midstream as he ought, he leaped to his feet and threw up his little single shot .32-caliber rifle. The deer saw the movement of course, and quick as thought turned for shore again. Ich fired, and avers that the buck jumped nearly his entire length out of water, while the blood poured down his neck in streams. It took a moment or two to throw out the exploded shell and get in another, and by this time the deer had reached the bank and with one leap vanished in the woods. Ich sent another ball after him just as he jumped, but the buck refused to accept the

invitation to remain, and crashed away through the fallen timber with the speed of desperation.

Uncle Jack, who was on the watch ground below, heard the firing and came up with his boat. He and Ich traced the deer through the woods to a big swamp, where they lost the trail and had to go back. They then got the dog and put him on the track. The hound followed the trail into the heart of the big swamp and then suddenly became silent. Perhaps he lost the trail in the deepening water, or may be he came upon the deer lying dead. Who knows? There is, unfortunately, a deal of this sort of heartless uncertainty in deer hounding. Further up the river things went more successfully. Long Charles, stationed at the Haybank, saw a big doe come into the river, about midway between his stand and the meadow. The man at the meadow saw it at the same time and came running down the winter road to get a shot, but Long Charles began to pump his repeater at seventy yards, and when the man from the meadow got within hearing distance, Charles pointed his finger at a floating object in the stream and remarked coolly, "There she is." This remarkable freedom from tremor was the more creditable to Charles the Long, inasmuch as this was the first deer he had ever shot at in his life. The meadow man now ran back for his boat, and in a few minutes the first deer of the hunt was lying on the bank. Rain now began to fall in torrents, and as all the other races seemed to have run to distant and unguessed of waters, there was a gradual assembling of drenched watchers at the camp. Dinner was cooked over a roaring fire in the little camp store instead of outside, and at an early hour the fragrant tobacco smoke began to curl itself in fantastic shapes about tales and jokes as old as Adam, yet destined to live and flourish as long as the race our sire begat. About an hour after retiring to our blankets, when all was still in the tents, save the cosy beating of rain on the canvas, up spake the youthful Ichabod in his sleep, and quotha, "It was a buck, I tell you! I know it was a buck, because it hadn't any horns." He was living over the never-to-be-gotten event of the morning. Morpheus had mixed his logic, but we were all too far down in the Valley of Nod to laugh at him.

The third day was an uninteresting and disagreeable blank. The weather was foggy and cloudy from morning till night, with occasional spurts of rain. Not one of the party saw a deer, or even heard a dog, except for a few minutes in the morning, when the races were first started. All seemed to lead away far to the southeast, and it was late at night before the dogs returned. The next day was Sunday, and we all lounged about camp, smoking, reading and doing odd jobs in the way of increasing the comfort of our lodging. The sun came out clear and warm during the afternoon, and some of us sought out sheltered places and enjoyed the unwonted luxury of a sunbath. A sportsman from the Ampersand Hotel had come up to McClellan's for a few days' shooting, and in the evening his guide, Jake Lordson, came down to arrange with us for the morrow's hunt. We agreed that the new man should stand at the Haybank, and that the two guides should put out the dogs together.

Monday dawned bright and warm—a royal day. We got an early start all around. Frank, Long Charles and the Scribe going above the rapids, while the rest of the party went below. As it happened, not a single dog drove his race above, and the trio above the falls had an opportunity to extend their Sabbath through another day of sunshine and calm reflection. But below there was much going on to stir the blood. The watch grounds were occupied as follows: Uncle Jack at Bullpout Ledge, Short Charles at the Meadow, the Ampersand man at the Haybank, John (a very welcome addition to our party) at Palmer Brook, Ich at the Short Draw, Henry at Stony Slew Draw, and Jake Lordson below, to catch off the dogs if they ran beyond the watchers.

The excitement began a little before ten o'clock, when Hector drove a large fawn into Short Charles at the Meadow. In this case, comparative brevity of stature seemed to conduce to buck-fever, for Short Charles shook to such a degree that he dropped nine shots out of his magazine into the water, standing at three rods distance from the fawn's head and failed to bag. The fawn climbed ashore, ran down to the New Yorker at Haybank, and, as he declared, jumped over his unsuspecting head, as he sat on the bank, into the river. He fired four times at it with buckshot and never touched it; then made a flying jump into his boat, nearly upsetting the tottlish craft in the operation, and pursued the swimming fawn down stream. Just as the little animal rounded the bend and came in sight of John, at Palmer Brook—John having already raised his rifle to fire—the Sportsman hove in sight, directly in range with John's aim. John took down his rifle just in time, and the Ampersand man, swinging his boat around, put two more charges of buckshot into the fawn and killed it. At this the worthy John was very wroth, and swore an azure-colored oath to himself that he would shoot at the next deer he saw as soon as he saw it, and no matter where it was—any way to get even with the Ampersand "sport" for what he considered flagrant trespass on his territory. And even before his rash resolve had had time to cool, a doe was driven across the upper end of the "slew" where he stood. It was making for the river just above him, but John could not wait, and gave it three or four running shots at 100 yds. The doe, untouched, turned at once into the woods and sped down the river, again taking to the water just above Strong Slew Draw. This was Henry's watch ground, and he, waiting till the doe came nearly opposite him, finished her with a single shot straight through the brain.

Another deer, a yearling buck, was driven in below the Long Draw and shot by Lordson, the guide. This summed up the day's bag for the two parties.

Great excitement prevailed in camp that evening over the recital of the day's doings. Henry and John had kept "fifteen-minute diaries" of events, and these chronicles, with comments, were read, to the immense amusement of the audience. The following extracts will serve to show the terse and classic style of the authors:

"9:15 A. M.—All is quiet. A beautiful, sunny morning. The birds are singing all about me, and the breeze playing lightly in the balsam and tamarack [the original record had it 'ramatack'] trees. 9:35 A. M.—Nine guns above! What can be the matter? A brief pause, and then four guns more of heavier sound. I am watching intently for deer... 2:30 P. M.—Three guns from camp. Signal to return. 2:45 P. M.—The boys are coming up. Have told story of the sportsman's trespass. Wilkins is wild," etc., etc.

Short Charles was feeling pretty blue over the loss of his fawn, and Long Charles was rather inclined to twit him on it; but the rest of us prudently forbore, not knowing how soon our own turn might come. Jake Lordson again came down from McClellan's, and we arranged the morrow's stands before turning in.

The weather of the following day was simply superb—a dreamy Indian summer day, drunken with sunshine. The party divided as usual, three going above the falls and five below. The first race which any of us heard was run by old Jube late in the afternoon. He drove a large doe down just back of the Haybank, where I was stationed; but the deer winding me turned and ran down to the slew at Palmer Brook. John, whose ardor for long shots was now somewhat abated, was again stationed at his favorite ground, and this time let the deer come down into the river. Then, as he began to fire, buck fever seized him with its insidious grip, and, as he afterward expressed it, "One leg was as firm as a rock, but the other one shook as if it had the palsy." Affected as he was with this distressingly uncertain kind of equilibrium, it is little wonder that the worthy John fired five times at his doe without touching it. Then, as the frightened animal began to recede further and further

poor one) is that he saw nothing else in the shape of a deer during the whole trip.

Then followed a period of hard luck for the entire party, during which our supply of venison got very low, and we should have had to go back to canned meat at last if Long Charles had not followed the Scribe's example and shot another fawn. Curiously enough, he it remarked with respect to this fawn, it gave the heretofore calm Bostonian a bad fit of the tremors, so that it cost him fifteen shots to bring it to bag, and he would not have done it then had not the fawn, which had safely reached shore, come back into the river again to see what made the water yeast and fizzle so.

On the tenth day Trail and Hector both drove deer into a big swamp above the rapids, which, owing to high water, afforded an excellent opportunity for the game to play back and forth, constantly throwing the dogs off the scent. After the dogs had filled the swamp with music from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M., Short Charles left his station at the outlet of the swamp to come to me, I being stationed at the watch-ground above without a boat. Hardly had he taken me in when both dogs swept down toward the outlet of the swamp. We hastened down stream, but too late. The deer had taken to water long before we

bushes not two rods from Mr. J., and with one leap disappeared in the thicker woods beyond. As soon as J. had recovered sufficiently to catch his breath, he went back for the dog, put him on the fresh scent and returned to his watch-ground. But the doe never came back. Some of the party were heartless enough to hint that she lay down in the bushes, like the rest of us, to escape J.'s wild balls.

The thirteenth day was a lucky day, in spite of its ominous number and a drizzling rain. Ben Moody, who had been called home by his wife's sickness, and had sent us John Slater, returned from Saranac Lake the preceding evening, and we had two guides to put out dogs. Ben himself shot one of the deer running in the woods, and Short Charles abundantly retrieved his reputation by dropping another at the outlet of the big "slew" or swamp above the rapids. The deer came squarely upon him while he was sitting meditatively under his rubber blanket, with no dog in hearing. The deer and the man gazed astonished in each other's eyes for a moment, and then the man threw off his rubber blanket with a quick movement and raised his gun to his shoulder. The deer wheeled, but too late. A bullet went crashing through her brain, and she fell in her tracks without a struggle.



AT EARLY DAWN IN THE NORTH WOODS. FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. AMES HOWLETT.

from him, he declares that he slammed the butt of his rifle down on the ground, said to himself, "See here, John R., brace up; you are acting like a fool," raised his rifle again, took deliberate aim and bored the deer through the brain with the sixth shot. To his intense surprise the animal immediately sank. He fired a signal of distress that brought the boat next him, and together they looked the water over without finding a sign of the doe. In about an hour, while the search was still going on, a boat coming up the river informed them that the watcher at the Short Draw had just pulled a floating deer ashore. Down to the Short Draw rowed John as fast as oars could take him and found that the Ampersand man had indeed rescued his doe, having seen it coming down stream with just an ear above water. That night John was jubilant, as he had to return to Rutland the next day, and realized that he had got his venison just in time.

On Wednesday, the succeeding day, our guide had to take John out to Saranac Lake, so two of the boys, Frank and Short Charles, determined to see what they could do in the way of putting out the dogs. They took compasses and lunch and started out eastward by the Dawson Pond trail; and, so far as the rest of us who watched could see, they did quite as well as a guide to the manner born. All the dogs were started, but only one drove to water in the river, and that one brought in a fawn, which was shot by the Scribe, whose only excuse (admittedly a

got there, and the dogs were standing up to their necks in the stream sniffing the breeze and howling. We caught them off and took them down to the carry in the boat.

The eleventh day was another Sunday, and was spent much as the previous one had been, except that Frank and Short Charles took one of the boats and went on a trip of exploration up Moose Creek. They reported a wild and beautiful country, with deer signs plentiful.

Our party was now augmented by the arrival of an eighth man, who came just in time to fill the large space left vacant by the departing John. This new member was Will J., one of the famous Vermont creamery butter men, who knew oleomargarine as far as he could see it, and hated it further. On Monday we gave Mr. J. the watch-ground at the Meadow, and fortune favored or rather tantalized him by sending in a fine doe just below his stand and half-way down the Haybank. Mr. J. began firing at 80 yds., and kept it up as long as the doe was in sight, and probably some seconds after, as wild balls singing among the trees down the river caused at least three cautious watchers to lie flat on the ground until the fusillade ceased. J. pursued his vanished deer on foot as far down as the Haybank, where two outside parties, a young lady and gentleman from Wardner's, were watching. They showed him where the doe had left the water, and J. went in to investigate. Suddenly and without the least particle of warning up jumped the doe from some

Short Charles was not twitted by Long Charles that evening. The latter had sat all day in a windy, exposed place, where nothing ran or swam except his nose. He had escaped buck fever, but came near having the chills.

The fourteenth day was cold and overcast, but no rain fell. Frank, who had not as yet seen a deer, went up to Moose Creek and took his stand where the streams meet. He declared that at one time during the day he heard fifteen dogs go by in a string, with a raven at the head of the line and a bird dog at the tail. He thought then that there was surely blood in the air, but if the raven smelled it, it was certainly not in the vicinity of Moose Creek, for the procession passed on out of hearing, and primeval silence settled down upon the woods again. No deer were shot this day, so far as we could learn. Three or four parties had dogs out below, and there was a very large party hounding at Long Lake, above. Henry said that the woods were so full of dogs the deer could not get through them to reach the water.

The fifteenth day was cold and overcast, with a suggestion of snow in the air. Not a dog had come back to camp from yesterday's long races except old Jube, and consequently he was the only hope of seven anxious men. Mr. J. went out on this day, taking one of the guides with him. Ben Moody put old Jube out on the big hill near the head of the carry, and he drove the first large buck of the trip into the lucky Long Charles, at the head

of the rapids. Long Charles shot once and twice without touching the antlered beauty, but his third ball struck in the upper part of the neck, on or near the spinal cord, and the buck doubled up in the water and was dead in an instant. Long Charles had no boat, but fortunately a party was just coming over the carry. Their boats had been brought over, but no oars or paddles; so they took neck-yokes, and paddling with these into the current, saved Long Charles's handsome buck from going down the rapids. He was a fine four-pronged fellow, and must have weighed considerably over two hundred.

Those of us who were down stream heard the signal for return fired four times at about noon. This indicated trouble in camp, and we all hurried up to learn the cause. It soon transpired. McClellan's lawless cows had paid a visit to the camp and left everything in a state of piteous desolation. The tents were half torn down, the dishes were trampled into the earth, boxes and bags were scattered and rifled of their contents. Among the things devoured by the ravenous herd were two large cakes of soap, eight pounds of sugar and three pounds of butter, one-half bushel of onions, two quarts of beans, half a bushel of potatoes, ten pounds of crackers, five pounds of meal, two dozen eggs, six pounds of fat pork, half a box of .38cal. cartridges and a sheet of biscuits. When Frank and Short Charles reached camp, one of the cows had just attacked the medicine chest and two others were pawing over the blankets to see if any portion of them were edible.

That afternoon Henry, who always made himself useful, took boat immediately and started for Wardner's to get fresh supplies. He walked across the carry, made his purchases, and then discovered that he had nothing in which to carry the groceries to his boat. A bright thought seized him. Off came his overalls. A bit of string around each ankle converted the garment into a bifurcated knapsack. In went the groceries, the top of the sack was tied up, and Henry marched back across the carry with a stuffed canvas leg over each shoulder. Conventionalities be hanged, when men are camping and out of supplies!

Uncle Jack found Hector and Sport at the Haybank and brought them up to camp, so that all the dogs were in on the evening of the fifteenth day, except old Trail. On the sixteenth day our three dogs ran two deer in above the rapids. Other parties were watching there, including a red-shirted guide by the name of Buck, and a man in a big coon-skin overcoat. These parties persisted in traveling back and forth in their boats, following the dogs. At one time a deer was swimming straight down stream to one of our men, when around the bend flashed like a meteor the fiery shirt of the guide Buck. The deer saw it in an instant and turned for shore. The man on the runway fired at long range and missed, and immediately hot words passed between him and the peripatetic meteor. There was a red-whiskered man in the same boat with the red-shirted man, and how in the world they ever expected to approach a deer with so much high color at both ends is a puzzle. All they needed was a red boat to perform the proverbial feat of setting the river on fire.

Later in the day Jube and Hector drove a doe up the river. The race passed quite near to Frank, though he could not see the deer through the thick underbrush. As he was trying to catch the dogs off two shots came from Short Charles's watchground, above. Frank rowed up and found a nice fat doe lying in Short Charles's boat. This settled forever that gentleman's status as a rifleman, and he will never be jeered again for missing his first deer at three rods.

The next day was Saturday and the last of the hunt. Henry, Uncle Jack and the Scribe went above the falls, the rest of the party took stands below. It was a rainy day and very dismal. Early in the forenoon the red-shirted Buck and his red-whiskered companion again appeared upon the scene above the rapids. They had two dogs out, and were pursuing the same tactics as on the previous day. After they had passed Henry's watchground three or four times, righteous wrath began to rise in that individual's breast. He let them drop around the bend below him and then fired five shots at irregular intervals, as if popping at deer. Immediately the red combination swung around and the water was churned into foam as the carmine-shirted oarsman propelled his boat against the current. Henry sat upon his rock and laughed inwardly.

"Did you fire those shots?" asked Buck as his boat came opposite.

"I don't know as it matters anything to you if I did," was Henry's non-committal reply. "Look here, neighbor," he continued, "I have heard of your tactics and I have got your record down fine. Now let me give you a little piece of advice. If you put in an appearance when a deer is in my water I will fix it directly so that you can see the bed of the river through the bottom of your boat. You understand? Well, good morning." The red-shirted guide turned his boat down stream, grumbling, and did not appear on Henry's territory again that day.

Frank saw and shot his first deer of the trip at the Meadow—bagged it at the eleventh hour and came near losing it at that. He was in his boat when the deer first came down. He heard a crash in the timber and knew at once what it meant. Rising a little to look over the bank, the treacherous seat cracked, and the deer turned in an instant and dashed into the woods again. Frank thought it was lost for good, but the dogs were close behind, and the deer ran only about a quarter of a mile up stream, when it again came to water and began to swim down. When it had come within about 80 yds. of the watcher something startled it and it turned to go out. Frank risked three shots at long range, and the third proved fatal, just as the deer was raising its shoulders to leave the water.

Next day we broke camp, carrying three deer with us. A long, hard row brought us to Saranac village, at about six o'clock P. M., and next day we went out by rail to Plattsburg. Here the two Charleses, who had had most of the luck during the trip, treated the party to a supper at the Cumberland House. Next day we separated and went our several ways, full of kindly feelings toward each other and happy memories of our three weeks hunt on the Raquette. May it not be the last hunt we shall have together, when the mountains are crimson and gold with their autumn livery, and the grass whitens with morning frost, and the voices of the hounds, baying in leash at the guide's belt, echo through the woods like the horns of our Saxon forefathers, from whom we inherit this unquenchable love of vigorous and manly woodland sport.

PAUL PASTNOR.

PRIMEVAL ADIRONDACKS.

NOWADAYS one hears continually of such Adirondack resorts as Blue Mountain Lake, the Saranacs, Raquette Lake, Schroon Lake, "Loon Lake, Keene Valley, Ausable Chasm and Paul Smith's to the entire exclusion of other points; we note their prominent visitors, their gay dances and high order of tennis tournaments; we catch softly whispered rumors of social matters in advance and are amazed at the quiet consummation there of big deals commercially; in fact the wilderness, once great for its primeval wilds and profusion of game, is fast being brought into narrower limits by a ruthless inevitable march of civilization. Railroads are building or being projected into the darker recesses of the forest, tempted alone by the revenue to be derived from lumbering interests, for passenger receipts would be for years insignificant. Unless arrested at once by wise State legislation the great danger from the woodsman's axe will be beyond reparation.

Beyond the range of civilization, off in the northwest reserve of the Adirondacks, silently nestles Smith's Lake. It is sixty miles east of Lowville, half of which distance can be made by water, and there is no great difficulty in transporting necessary baggage, provided one is prepared to pay not inconsiderably to teamsters and the after employment of guides. From other directions the lake can be reached, but not so easily as via Lowville. The next most feasible way is from Little Tupper's Lake, fifteen miles off, by carry and water. Like all the lakes and ponds of the region, Smith's Lake has many beauties. All around is a boundless forest of tall variegated trees, towering unbrokenly to the summits of the surrounding mountains. On three sides these rugged sentinels, like impassable barriers, wall in the lake, while on the other, where the stream from the Salmon Lake empties, grasses and pond-lilies grow out for some distance; this spot is much cherished by the deer as a feeding ground. Smith's Lake is quite irregular in shape, is some four miles each way and is shaped like the letter X; it contains seven islands, and even today upon Pine Island traces are apparent of an old Indian fortress. On the west side of the lake is a sportsman's lodge, the home for eight months of the year of James LaMont, one of the most fearless of hunters and as genial a forest companion as one could find. He is prepared to accommodate about forty persons in an always comfortable but decidedly backwoods manner.

Smith's Lake is nearly the center of a circumference of country not as yet thoroughly explored, consequently it has remained unmarred by the cruel axe. Nearest on the west is Harrington Pond, beyond which are Clear Pond and Bog Lake; on the north are Charley Pond and the Snell Ponds; on the east, by pushing up an eight-mile stream, one finds Mud Pond, then the Salmon Lakes, and finally Brandreth Lake; on the south, only three miles away, is grand, silent Albany Lake, six miles in length and conspicuous for its vast deer feeding territory. Directly back of LaMont's, two miles off, is Raynor Pond, a mere speck of water, and seldom visited because of the indistinctness of the blazing on the trees and the absence of a trail. It is fortunate for one's headquarters in the forest to be in proximity to other bodies of water, as an adjunct to sport and transportation; also is it fortunate to find mountains, lakes and streams existing as the intelligent hound would mould them were he to create an ideal hunting ground for the capture of deer. One thing is certain, Smith's Lake and its surrounding country is exceedingly well situated. There is no lake in the whole Adirondacks where one can feel so well pleased with the conditions for hounding deer. I have seen as many as eight separate drives into the waters at comparatively the same time; and perhaps there was not some sport for us then, too!

I left the vitiated air of New York behind me on the 20th of last September, bound on my fourteenth annual trip to those woods. With me were two companions, Charles L. Jacquelin and Felix A. Duffy, of New York, who were by no means unfamiliar with forest ways, while both were good at target and trap, as well as fairly excellent anglers. At Utica we took the Utica & Black River Railroad, and after a two hours' run arrived at Lowville about 9 A. M. After driving easterly from Lowville twelve miles we entered the forest; then the road was tough enough to jar one's bones and loosen one's tongue most savagely. By evening we pulled up at Jim Dunbar's, having stopped for dinner at Fenton's. Dunbar's, the only house at Stillwater, is well kept and a favorite place to many; there we got our first venison steak and a comfortable lodging.

In the morning we engaged two guides—Reu Town and Ed. Dustin, of Long Lake—who by the merest chance happened to have come there with sportsmen who they had brought out. It gave me an undreamed of opportunity of securing two of the best men in the region, men whom I had had before, who were familiar with my desires and who I knew could be relied upon in any emergency. They took us twenty-five miles up Beaver River to Munsey's place at Little Rapids, where a stop was made for dinner, and mighty well cooked and appreciated was it, too. A mile portage, seven miles up Albany Lake, another portage of a mile around more rapids, and we again put into the river; then, two miles more and we glided into Smith's Lake. What a glorious panorama it was.

We duly installed ourselves at La Mont's, for while there were bark camps at or near the lake, where one with a fire could be cheerful and comfortable; still, we decided to stay with Jim, for by stopping at such a place the guides can always give more time to their men. One should never take more luggage than is absolutely necessary. The guides carry their boats, oars and paddles, so, unless the carries are double-tracked, the remaining duffle must be transported by the sportsmen in big pack baskets strapped securely to the back, in which weight never decreases.

A deer hunt was very properly in order for the next morning. I went with Reu to Albany Lake, taking two of the four dogs with us, for Reu was going to "put out" somewhere between Smith's Lake and Albany Lake. At the former the others took up their watch ground, an extra boat having been secured from La Mont—thus covering all the likely points. However competent the man who looks for fresh deer tracks and unchains the hounds, the chances of success can be spoiled completely at the last moment by any noise at the watch grounds.

For almost an hour I waited, listening for sounds of

the hounds, or the splash of a deer driven far in advance of them perhaps. Never for a moment did my eyes wander from the shore where a deer was likely to be driven. What a zest to the sport were the faint notes that shortly reached me; then, it was verily exciting! Nearer and nearer came the sounds, every bound bringing out the tones more clearly; ah, this is glorious, for the almost inaudible murmur of but a moment before has now swelled into sharp, deep, unceasing baying. On, on, toward that expectant shore did the maddened racers rush. I heard the cracking of brush in the forest near the lake, a noisy rustling of the bushes, then a plunge, a splash, and the deer was in the water swimming for his life. I lost no time in seating myself in the boat and pushing off. Thank fortune, it was a buck, that I could plainly see. It was a fierce struggle for both of us, and I had to pull fast, especially when he heard me and veered over to the nearest shore at an increased speed. All this time Pompey, who had reached the lake, was far from an indifferent spectator, still keeping up an irregular barking. The buck almost had his feet on the shore when I got near enough to risk dropping the oars and to fire upon him. The ball entering the shoulder, instantly did its work. I had to row a full mile in this race, which was unusually risky because of the innumerable rocks, too low to show above the water and most dangerous even to a cool head. The satisfaction I felt over that victory was, I believe, somewhat justified. Soon Reu got back, and we dressed the deer and leisurely returned to Smith's Lake with our heavy load of game. The buck was a big fellow. Reu thought he would weigh fully 300 lbs. before dressing. The hide was in the blue coat, while on the head rested a five-pronged pair of prettily set antlers. All this time my friends on the other lake had not been inactive, a fair sized doe having been driven to them, they had lots of sport, too, but I say to their credit they drove her out unharmed. There is an unwritten law among true sportsmen to allow the does to escape. I am glad to be able to state that that law is stringently obeyed at Smith's Lake; indeed, Jim LaMont will have no one around his place who violates this custom.

Personally, I prefer killing one deer by still-hunting at sunrise or sunset on the border of a lake than six driven to me by the dogs. If by the stalking and jacklight methods the sportsman gets within shotgun range, above all let him not wound the poor escaping animal instead. Be it said in defense of hounding that it does prevent wounding and spares the does. I doubt if the game laws ever will be enforced rigidly in the Adirondacks, owing to the immense territory to be covered and the not infrequent leniency of constables toward favorites. Despite everything, however, the deer are certainly increasing; I base this statement upon the most careful information gathered from the most reliable sources and upon personal observations.

May and June are the months that always give most delight to anglers, and the Adirondack waters at such times give sport in plenty to those who know just where the speckled denizens abound and how to cope with them in cunning. Many spring parties go to the Smith's Lake section just as soon as the ice breaks up, prominent among them being Theodore S. Morrell, Esq., of Newark, N. J. Not only is Mr. Morrell an expert fisherman but, probably, he possesses as complete a knowledge of fish and their habits as any sportsman in this country; and who is there who will not vote him to be as jolly and good natured a companion as ever sat in a boat? Last May, Reu Town tells me, Mr. Morrell did some great fly-fishing for speckled trout at a spring hole in Smith's Inlet, six miles from Smith's Lake, where he used very light tackle, and landed some beauties as heavy as 3½ lbs.

There is little satisfaction, perhaps, in recording any other method of fishing except exploits in fly-casting; but as I have never done any spring fishing in the wilderness, and after daily trials during summer and fall have met with no success there, some other pen will have to interest the reader in that regard. Still, there verily was sport this year playing with these salmon trout at the mouth of the Harrington inlet, where the swift waters emptied over the mossy rocks into Smith's. Would that I could rename Smith's Lake, giving it some euphonious, poetic Indian name; for, as I recall that one spot and hear the roaring waters, I verily believe that for a little bit of lake scenery nothing in the whole North Woods surpasses it. My fishing was with one of the first split-bamboo rods Charley Murphy ever made, weighing 7oz., and many a fish did I capture ranging between 1½ and 5 lbs. One morning early, as Jacquelin was rowing me near to Fletcher Island, I threw out for a short troll with minnow bait; in a most indolent manner too, for our chances were unpromising. We had forgotten to bring either gaff or landing-net, or my predicament would have been spared. Never in my life did I have such a struggle. What vitality that fellow had! Surely it was the struggle of his life, too. Not knowing how firmly he was hooked I was obliged to use especial care, realizing the absence of needed appliances. Of actual time forty-two minutes were consumed before I dared allow my friend assist in landing him by cautiously slipping his hand behind the fish's fins. The scales showed his weight to be 6½ lbs. I would travel miles upon miles to have another such experience; and where, indeed, is the true angler who would not?

Few men sleep late in the forest. The change from the solemn dirge of the night to the gay joyous song of the morning, as note after note peals forth to welcome the rising day, is too exhilarating to admit of the continuance of slumber. A plunge in the lake relieves the slight lassitude which may hang upon one, and there are those who make such the regular order of the day; on the other hand, the guides say, that there are some persons who visit the woods who never enter the lake at all to bathe because of the coolness of the water, their alleged fear of water reptiles, or some equally absurd pretext. The story is told of a prominent Newark lawyer who, when at Smith's Lake, never washes as much even as his face, lest by temporarily removing a mosquito mixture his beauty and feelings might be hurt. My informant, never having seen our barrister out of the wilderness, and being recently introduced in Newark, was dumfounded at the change purification revealed, and for a while positively thought himself the victim of a practical joke.

At night people in the forest generally build log fires in front of their cabins. After Sept. 1 this is a positive necessity, especially if one's habitation be the open camp,

At such times sportsmen and guides gathering around form an extremely grotesque group. Stories are never more in order, and bear stories, deer stories, fish stories and general anecdotes float around promiscuously. And so do the midges, mosquitoes or black flies early in the season, but by the latter part of August these pests disappear entirely.

By reason of contact during the summer season with people from outside the guides have many of their rough edges worn off and are generally intelligent and obliging; still the majority of them are disappointing, if not almost worthless. An experience in camp is the only method of judging as to their merits or demerits. While I do not want to be severe about Adirondack guides, some of whom I regard with the strongest of friendly feelings, I do say most emphatically that there is a choice, and one cannot be too careful in making his selection, and well in advance, too. Nor should one seeking sport be unmindful of procuring good dogs and enough of them—after Sept. 1, when hounding commences, this is imperative. Instances are frequent where guides, reputed as first-class, are spoiled by employers. Fair dealing, appreciation and respectability in a sportsman far outclass closeness, indifference and vulgarity.

Bears never have shown themselves more frequently than during the season of 1890; yet there is no well-sustained reason why, except the claim that the mildness of the present winter had something to do with it. During our stay of one month eleven bears were seen at or around the lake by those stopping at LaMont's. While padding on Harrington Pond one morning with Jacquelin and Duffy, I saw a good-sized fellow waddling leisurely along the soggy, moss-covered shore, about 50 yds. away; but before Jacquelin could bring the rifle to his shoulder he had disappeared behind some bushes, so the shots were of no avail. Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, his guide, Fassett, and LaMont set out a powerful steel trap for a bear on the Salmon Lake Stream. This they baited with putrid venison and the entrails from a deer. In place of fastening the ring at the end of the heavy chain to the trap, it was slipped over a clog or stout green piece of oak, 10 ft. long and 4 in. in diameter, which effectually prevents the beast from traveling far in the thick forest. The trap was visited on the following two mornings early by Fassett, but with no success in finding anything. On the third day he went again, and in a couple of hours returned with the news that a bear was in the trap; then all the people at Jim's hastily dressed and set out to see bruin captured, Fassett leading the string of boats. On nearing the trap the bear was startled, and standing up on his hind legs in a most formidable attitude, with his forepaws around a maple, he gave vent to terrible howls, a challenge to us to approach nearer I suppose. He was well caught by the jaws of steel just above one of the hind paws, and during the night must have made frantic efforts to free himself. After taking a photograph of him, Mr. Crane, standing off some 60 ft., put a bullet into his head just back of the ear, and dropped him to the ground without another struggle. We dragged the body to the boats, and the row back to the house gave us a big appetite that morning, and a live topic of conversation, too. While there is a bounty of \$10 for bear, one would have to expend twice that sum to go to Albany and claim the same; and, furthermore, neither bounty nor sale of hide would be at all alluring to a sportsman having such success.

Reu Town, Dustin, and Fassett, while putting out the dogs near the Salmon Lake stream had a most remarkable experience. They were working around not more than a couple of hundred yards back in the forest when they noticed signs of some fierce fight of wild animals. The surface of the ground was much torn up, the leaves and ferns being brushed away, while a tamarac tree near by showed the imprint of some animal who had crawled up into it. Further examination a few yards off showed the ear of some beast protruding from a bed of leaves, and on brushing these away there lay a good-sized bear cub, perfect as far as its forward half was concerned, but with its hindquarters literally eaten away, and the backbone projecting raggedly out. It told a story to those intelligent hunters which nowadays is rare, that the other combatant was a panther. A trap was immediately placed on the spot, but caught no panther.

There are those people, and properly so, too, who dare not get very far into the Adirondack forests on account of the impossibility of prompt communication in case of necessity. Smith's Lake, notwithstanding its remoteness, has been connected with Lowville and interlying points by telephone, thus giving instant intercourse with the outside world, yet bringing it no nearer to the civilization we desire to leave on going there. Mr. Wm. H. Morrison, of Lowville, deserves considerable credit for his enterprise in constructing this line, for it can hardly be looked upon as a paying investment, and possibly was never so thought of. Mr. Morrison is one of Lowville's prominent merchants, and is the owner of LaMont's place at Smith's Lake, where he goes every summer.

A peculiar experience was enjoyed by Mr. R. H. Handley, from Long Island, a fellow boarder with us at LaMont's. Handley, who is a sportsman of no mean caliber, was watching one day on Albany Lake for a deer; it was the day, in fact, of our grand hunt, when we drove eight of them into Smith's and Albany. He had been very successful in getting deer previous seasons, so this year had his guide row up to the swimming animal; but only if he proved to be a buck, with an especially fine pair of antlers, would he kill him, otherwise he allowed the animal to swim gracefully to the shore unharmed. The dog with the loudest bay of all drove in a small two-year old buck, but not being what Handley desired he merely rowed up beside him. To his astonishment, the deer when patted on the head showed no timidity at all but rather drew closer to the boat and encouraged the petting. On pulling the boat positively away from the pretty fellow he followed. On reaching the shore he walked leisurely out of the water, stood for a moment at the edge of the forest, returned for more petting, then quietly went without any semblance of fear into the woods. He was assuredly a wild deer, and the only way to account for his singular conduct is that the deep-voiced hound remained on the opposite shore baying furiously all this time; perhaps, therefore, the deer, fatigued by a long chase, was alarmed and so sought safety with Handley, who harmed him not. None of the guides could remember ever having heard of such an odd exhibition of confidence on the part of a deer before, but the narration, nevertheless, is positively true.

Although not a powerful man in appearance, yet James LaMont is as muscular and wiry as any one that I have ever known of his build; in fact, he has the reputation of being able to cover more territory in the woods in less time than any one of the guides, no matter what the general conditions may be. Nobody disputes this claim of his friends, for occasional contests show him to be invincible where endurance and forest intelligence count for anything. One is always lucky when Jim will consent to pilot him in search of game. He is particularly entertaining, and the stories of his experiences—and they have been world wide—told in his quaint style, are of rare interest to people. Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, of New York, who hunts in the West nearly every year in the most extensive possible manner, went to Alaska last October, and having learned of LaMont's prowess, sent for him to go as a companion or body guard. Considering the extent of the trip, its expense, and the fine inducements offered to Jim LaMont, Mr. Litchfield paid a high compliment to my Adirondack friend, whom he had never seen until he sent for him. Mrs. LaMont is an educated and superior woman, and with two grown children, assist materially in making the backwoods lodging thoroughly comfortable and interesting. If any one wishes to communicate with James LaMont, his address is Smith's Lake, via Lowville. Of course, the mail by necessity is only carried in and out by parties, but during the season is fairly prompt.

Reader, go there! You will have a glorious time! When you return you will find yourself to be a wiser, a healthier, and a stronger man than you were before partaking of the hospitalities of that forest prime-val.

RAYMOND G. HOPPER.

LIFE AT PAUL SMITH'S.

THERE is a tradition up here that the immortal story of "Johnny, get your gun," is one of the saddest origin. Johnny, it seems, had a bad lung, and it was his doctor's advice that drove him to get a .44cal. Winchester and come up here and go shooting for his health. Johnny obeyed; and Johnny moreover brought his wife with him.

It is indeed a curious state of affairs the way that all the world, when he comes into the Adirondacks, brings his wife with him. In a stay of two months at the famed and fashionable hostelry of Paul Smith's, only one man was found brave enough to say that he had left a loving and trusting wife at home, and he went about making affidavits that he had only done so because he had been summoned to the bedside of a nephew, who was not expected to live. Moreover, when the world and his wife elect to spend a month together here they brave it out oak and ivy fashion, so much so that the story teller of the house was one day forced to quote that beautiful tale that is told of the wife of one of San Francisco's most speedily rich railroad magnates. This simple little anecdote is to the effect that the first grand dinner party which this good lady ever attended was given to her. But when the square-jawed butler announced that "madame was served," and the host respectfully offered his arm to the guest of honor, that virtuous lady hunched him haughtily away. "Go 'long with yer," she cried, "take out your own wife!"

Once here, with a fair instinct of knowing what is good for himself, every man Jack takes out his own wife. He takes her out rowing, he takes her out fishing, and he takes her out gunning, always provided, of course, that she has not carefully looked the field over and concluded that she would prefer to stay at home and knit. In that case he takes out a guide or a dog, either warranted harmless; never by any chance another woman, saving only his wife's mother, who is warranted to sit solidly in the stern, while he, well aloft in the bow, thrashes the water with ineffectual oars. This, N. B., is supposed to be both good exercise and harmless excitement. It probably is.

The season here begins in June. In that balmy month, the snow being almost gone, save of course in the more sheltered spots, the guide shakes off his sloth and descends from the lumber camp, where he has only been chopping down trees, and goes into training. A man must expect to be in the very pink of condition who expects to carry wraps and lunch baskets for invalid ladies all summer. He must be sound in wind and limb, using care only not to combine power with good looks, for as Charley, the handsomest guide up here says, "It's as much as a man's life is worth to have to take some of the young women out. They seem to think every young fellow here came in on a load of hay some time last week, and never heard of love-making in his life. For my part, I'd give half my savings if I'd never have to take out another woman under sixty. S'help me, it's better to have 'em afraid something will happen to 'em than to have 'em afraid something won't!"

In June, also, the big trout, the exclusive family of kingfishers and three chipmunks that constitute the game of this famous hunting region allow themselves to be seen. Not for publication, necessarily, but as a guarantee of good faith, and to keep up the reputation of the place. There's a pickerel, too, over in Osgood's Pond, but he is something of an aristocrat in his way; he never shows himself, but lays low until he sees a \$1.50 minnie-gang coming, when he neatly bites it off with his sharp white teeth and adds it to his collection, which must be, according to the stories told of him, particularly extensive.

These simple preparations made, the Adirondacks are ready for guests. With the exception of Saranac and the logging camps, which in winter bear the same relation to the entire district that the breathing holes over a sheep's nose do in a snowdrift, everything and every one has hibernated. But with the arrival of the first letters and telegrams from the city all is comparatively gay. The guides begin to clear the camp and put everything in order. They build huts, put up tent-poles and tents, the ice house they have already seen to; they stock the cellars and the larder, make the beds, and have even the kettle smoking on the hearth, and the 5 o'clock tea-table in its accustomed nook. This is in the case of old campers. Men and women fresh from the wilds of New York are a little apt to lock the door after the guide has left and take the key away with them, to say nothing of a careful inventory of all boxes of sardines, all tea-cups and sticks of wood in the woodshed. When they get back there the next spring and find an uncomfortable and cheerless camp, while next door neighbors slide into the lap of luxury, they make up their minds to one thing, and that is that the Adirondack guide is as near as he knows how to be the salt of the earth. Honest, faith-

ful, sturdily American and self-respecting, he would no more betray his employer's trust than he would consent to call him his superior. The experienced guide won't even descend to tell fibs about game as the gentleman sportsman will do; nor yet will he tell a stranger that he might as well fish in a Union Square fountain as in St. Regis Lake. All he will do is to take the non-committal ground of saying: "Wall, you can never tell till yer try!" Those are his limits, and woe be unto the visitor who discloses himself to his guide as a man of less honor, Blessed innocent soul who will nurse a man with the delirium tremens for three weeks in a childlike faith that he is stricken with pneumonia, let him once feel that that man looks upon him as a servant, and the comedy is over. The same thing is true in a more marked degree in those who really hire as servants. Speak to the night watchman as he comes to your door with your 10 o'clock milk punch, and he swings himself into the rocking chair, puts his lantern well back between his legs and prepares to answer you! Let your red-cheeked chambermaid hear you have your regular morning cough, and with adorable frankness she will tell you "that if you knew what was good for you, you'd be at home with your folks while you could be, and not up there all alone!" While as for the waitress—a whole tableful of people were convulsed the other day when a very pretentious New York dame, who paraded the piazza all day in white kid gloves that came to the elbow and a \$50 white lace parasol, learned her lesson. She sat at the end of the table, her half-grown son at her right. Some delicious venison was brought, and she put one piece on the plate before her and waited for the waitress to pass it to her son. The waitress was watching her with her wondrous blue eyes. Madame touched the plate. "H-m?" said the waitress. "That is for Master George," said Madame. "Huh!" said the maid, and with that doffly picked up the plate, slid the venison off into the boy's plate, shook off the dripping gravy, and with much manner returned it to its former place. Madame was a woman who had seen the world. "Will you have a potato, my son?" she said, and passed the dish herself.

In point of fact it is very rarely that you hear a good story told on a guide. Now and again you hear some legend like the one that is told on old "Hi Hathaway," but they are rare. And being rare it is very good, especially as it includes none other than Dr. Harry Loomis, the growing son of his father, the famous Dr. Loomis, the accepted authority on the subject of "The Tubercle Bug and His Works." Hi Hathaway is a native New Yorker who cut short a useful life as a blacksmith at the untimely age of sixty, then to turn a guide. Among the first to agree to pay him \$3 a day for his services was Dr. Harry, who engaged him for an extended trip. They were half way over Spitzfire Lake, which is so named because of the ridiculous way in which it will boil up in a minute if a puff of wind but strikes it the wrong way. The garrulous "Hi" concluded that in the son of the father he was sure to have a sympathizing listener, and forthwith confided in him how terribly he has always suffered from epileptic fits.

"What's that?" said Dr. Harry, as interested as even Hi could wish.

"Why, you see, I was just a saying that it was mighty orkword that a body couldn't never tell when one of 'em was coming on. You never feel safe, ezactly, 'specially if it's been 'bout so long since you had one afore."

"I should say as much," quote his companion. "By the way, what is that bush on the bank there—elderberry?"

"I 'spect 'tis," answered Hi shortly, for who indeed likes to be interrupted? "An' as I was saying—"

"I'd like to see that," continued Dr. Harry calmly, "row in there a minute!"

The boat grated on the shallows and with a flying leap the doctor was safe on the shore muddy and wet as a wounded blue heron, but perfectly satisfied to be out of an eighteen-inch canoe and off a lake whose foundation is of quicksand. The startled Hi looked as if he were to give him a sample fit then and there.

"That's all right, my friend," said the Doctor, "you may go back to the hotel and get your money, I'll wait here, if you please, for a guide that doesn't have fits."

With harmless little stories like these it is true the lazy guest will regale a late comer over his tea, but—faith!—they are nothing beside those the guide could tell on the guest if he only chose, and especially the guide about Paul Smith's. There is something about this name to which the average gentleman from Brooklyn—or Boston—rises as a trout does to a red-hackle fly. He dreams of the sylvan haunt where President and Mrs. Cleveland dreamed the sunny hours away, and his imagination fairly kaleidoscopes in the effort to picture the time he's going to have. He lays himself out at his tailor's and he ruins himself at a gun and rod shop, and with a fine air of having been there before, many's the time, buys the best outfit for deep-sea fishing that, probably, ever came up over the Chateaugay R. R. In his fore-and-after cap he lies thoughtfully back in his chair as the train winds in and out among the charcoal kilns that sprinkle the hills and, though he doesn't say so, everybody knows he is as greatly disappointed as was a small boy of eight who came up this summer. "Mamma," said he, as the train slowed up at Bloomingdale, "I haven't seen a bear, not one!" and the disgust in his voice was an inch thick.

That is the way that the man from the city feels as the porter lands him and his guns and tackle, his hat-box, his Gladstone and his basket of champagne on the Bloomingdale platform, and the only thing that raises his spirits is the sight of the eight-horse Deadwood stage drawn up before him.

"Ha, ha!" thinks he to himself as he appropriates the topmost seat. "Now for a bracing ride through the woods. If I could only get out my cartridges I might get a shot." And then he thinks it's a little early in the afternoon for the deer to be running. That much he knows for keeps, but, ah, the ride he's going to have. Ah!

It has rained for two weeks, and it's a dry patch on the road where the mud and water is less than a foot deep. With one foot in the small of the driver's back, the other in that of the express agent and both hands fast in straps, the gentleman from the city enjoys an unmistakably "bracing" ride. Half-way there he is limp, even beyond surprise at the way the sober-minded horses leap up the hill and tear up before the hotel door as if they had come on a dead jump all the way from Deadwood city.

The driver smiles as he unties him and lets him down. A half-hour later, spirits up, in deer-stalkers, corduroys, and hunting boots, the gentleman from the city is pre-

pared to prance up and down the piazza and watch the hunters bring in their game. He seems hurt when they fail to appear, and as the prettiest girls in the house flash by him with bare necks and gleaming arms, "dressed for dinner," as the cannibals say, there's a look of innocent wonder in his eyes. He usually has sense enough, however, like Brer Rabbit, to "lay low an' say nuffin" until morning, save of course a haughty inquiry that he puts to the clerk if any of the guests are going out for deer that evening.

In the morning he hires a boat, no guide for him, thank you! and goes fishing. Between nine o'clock and two he has "chummed" the lake in front of the hotel thoroughly, and not a bluefish to show for it. That afternoon he hires a good guide, and the guide in his turn takes him out back of the boat-house and talks sense to him. And the consequences are that he disappears from mortal ken for about two weeks, when he comes back with a fine year-old doe, and enough yarns to last him all winter about "how he hunts caribou!"

Paul Smith's, be it understood by the uninitiated, is the most familiar place in the mountains, but at the same time no one has ever found a deer over a year old curled up asleep on the piazza chairs when he came down in the morning, nor do partridges come regularly to be fed with crumbs from your bed-room window. Instead, on the contrary, the most remarkable thing about the woods around this famous hotel is the total absence of animal life. Not a tree toad, not a rabbit, not even a "hopper-grass" disturbs the quiet of the pines. And as for the lakes and ponds about, what can you expect when you remember that there have been three or four hundred people at this hotel at a time this summer, and all more or less anxious to carry home a fish story? Paul Smith's is the gathering point of all the sportsmen as well as of those who want only amusement, but when they want game they have to go from five to fifteen miles to get it, usually by boat. Birch Hill, Bartlett's, Big Tupper's, these are the words you hear when the old story tellers get together, and those are the places where they go, and where they have successes. Even they, though, have their jolly good laughs on their brother man, for it was only last summer that a big broad-shouldered 6ft. surgeon came up from the New York Hospital to put in a week's fishing at Tupper's. Everybody liked him, he was so big and jolly, but all the same everybody roared when the constables chased him down to New York and wanted him back up here to be fined for catching and keeping trout less than 6in. long.

Next to the hotel itself, which is probably one of the very few in this country where nobody locks a door or a trunk, where nothing has ever been stolen, and where there is not a cigar in the case that sells for less than 15 cents straight, are the camps that face it. Smith's is at the northern end of St. Regis Lake, and the lake is 1½ miles long. Beyond this is Spitzfire, and beyond that again Upper St. Regis Lake, the three being their share of the 500 lakes that lace in and out among the mountains of this region. Old Paul Smith, the most charming old gentleman in the world, who came in here as a guide thirty-two years ago, and has probably never let the sun set a day since then without telling a better story than his neighbor now owns 28 000 acres of woodland, the water power and his hotel, which began with one room and has now 300. On the first point that juts out into the lake at the left lies an acre of land which Col. Payne bought last year for \$1,500, and on which he proposes to build a cottage for his nephews and nieces, the children of ex-Secretary Whitney. At the right is the cottage of Dr. A. L. Loomis, a pretty house, with boat house and large private grounds. Dr. Loomis's oldest daughter left here last week to be married on Saturday to the son of Mrs. Loomis, who was formerly Mrs. Prince. His youngest daughter, Mary, is the heroine of the summer with a record of three deer. Straight away across the lake is Camp Hoff, wherein dwells young Hoffman, the son of Dean Hoffman, of Brooklyn, to whose family belongs the Hoffman House of New York. Young Mr. Hoffman is very tall and straight, with a deep bass voice and a crescendo laugh which certainly has a range of two octaves. On Sunday he always seats the people who come to the tiny Episcopal church and takes up the collection, and declares he takes sal volatile whenever by chance he hears the vulgar rattle of a coin on the plate, used as he is to only the modest "sish!" of the \$5 bill. At night his camp is as great a source of admiration to the people at the hotel as indeed is the wonderful milky way that on clear nights is so brilliant that it casts a gleaming shadow the whole length of the lake. Every night Camp Hoff is brilliantly illuminated with red and white lights that form a cross as gigantic as the towering pines. Other illuminations are attempted, but all pale before this "churchly symbol" of his father's calling. In Spitzfire Lake the most noted camp is that of Dr. E. L. Trudeau, the noted specialist in lung troubles, who has doubtless done more than any other man to give the Adirondacks the name they have for being a natural sanitarium.

But it is in the upper St. Regis that the tongue of the enthusiastic Paul Smith runs away with itself. "I never saw anything like it! There's not a foot of land on that lake for sale this minute, and there's not a man in it but what's a millionaire, and some of them ten times over. There's that camp there, do you mind, that camp rented this summer to H. McKay Twombly for \$5,000, and now he's bought land and has got seventy-five men clearing it and they will work all winter. There are the Stokeses, millionaires, all of 'em, and George Dodge, as nice a man as ever put his foot into a boat. There are the Lyman's, there's Whitelaw Reid's and there's the Garrett's. I tell you if there's a spot on the face of the earth where millionaires go to play at house keeping in log cabins and tents as they do here I have it yet to hear about."

And what Paul Smith has yet to hear about or yet to learn in the way of making money nobody here can suggest. His own last story indeed he tells on himself, and a good adaptation it is.

"By the way," he said, as he sauntered up in his inimitable way, thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, his soft hat over his ear and one eye shut. "I suppose you haven't heard about the guides, have you?"

Nobody had heard.

"Well it seems," said Paul, "that it's been a hard summer for some of the guides, and they took it into their heads to turn stage robbers. They held up the coachful that went away from here yesterday afternoon. But the driver he knew what they were up to. 'You want folks from Rainbow Lake,' he says; 'these folks just got away

from Paul, up here. You don't think he left 'em anything but their tickets to get home with, do yer? G'lang!'"

FANNIE B. MERRILL.

PAUL SMITH'S, 1890.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1866.

NOT long since, while in the barnloft, overhauling the contents of a box of what my good wife calls "plunder," I came across an old time shooting coat, cast aside years ago as having passed beyond its days of usefulness. This now decidedly antique garment was made up during the "late unpleasantness," while the writer was serving Uncle Sam, having charge of the post commissary at Louisville, issuing rations to the boys in blue stationed in or about Falls City and to the transient regiments passing southward on their way to the front. This same old coat saw much hard service thereafter, in many an expedition by land and water in pursuit of game, over a territory extending from the Adirondacks to the Illinois prairies and down the Mississippi Valley to the Louisiana swamps.

To-day, the once warm woolen lining bears unmistakable evidence of having furnished the off-spring of divers moths with bed and board, the buttons have gone to swell the collection on a string, manipulated by a pet daughter; and the remnants generally present a most forelorn appearance, but despite this, I was unable to resist the inclination to hold it out at arm's length, and there I fell to meditating on a dark brown stain which sundry washings and vigorous rubbings had signally failed to eliminate, and which is plainly to be seen, stretched diagonally across the back, downward from the left shoulder. This stain called vividly to mind a campaign in the North Woods, nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Four of us, a happy four indeed, filled with joyous anticipations of a right royal vacation, had gone in by way of Glens Falls, Chester, Newcomb and Long Lake, thence via Helm's on Forked Lake to Beach's Lake, near the northern end of which we established our camp.

Delightful were the days we passed there, restful, prolific of added vigor to minds and bodies. Our camp was just such a one as the good Nessmuk idealized—a haven of contentment, of rest from the cares and troubles of the world—absolute rest. We fished and caught an ample supply for creature wants, but nothing more. We wandered about the woods and paddled around the lakes exploring every hidden nook, each day affording some fresh source of enjoyment, until all too soon time was up, and perforce we returned to the haunts of plug hats, starched shirts and never failing gas bills.

The early morning hours usually found us out in the boats on one of the numerous lakes or "ponds," as the nomenclature has it, testing every device to lure the wary trout from the clear, cold depths; and when old Sol was doing his whole duty at midday, it needed no other inducement to urge us to seek some shady spot, and after lunch to rest, chat or perhaps read, till his more oblique rays warned us that the chances were again good for a bite. So after an afternoon of executive session with *S. fontinalis* or perhaps a lively laker, we would return to camp, cut the night's wood, eat such a hearty meal as only hungry anglers could devour, and then with a quiet smoke prepare to turn in and wage relentless war on the festive mo-quito.

One pleasant afternoon with Frank, a boon companion and as good a fellow as ever pulled a trigger or cast a hook, I started on an expedition to a small lake, some distance eastward from camp, for the express purpose of trying our skill on certain extra large trout which were reported to have their abiding place therein, for a supply of such was sorely needed to replenish our depleted larder, the solemn fact being, no fish, no supper. Each of us was filled with stern resolve, much like the boy of the story, who with laudable purpose was striving to dig out the woodchuck. So on reaching our destination, no time was lost in launching the boat and paddling out to a locality where the water was cold and deep.

With varying success we had at last brought to basket some seven or eight splendid fellows, when chancing to look toward the upper end of the lake, we saw a deer coming out of the woods into plain view on a small grassy marsh, which lay on either side of the inlet.

Fortunately I had my rifle in the boat, one of the old Colts six-shooters, a .44; and it was quickly planned that Frank should paddle toward the inlet as carefully and noiselessly as possible, while I was to retain my seat at the bow, ready for a fusillade.

The excitement was almost too much for me. It was still broad daylight. Sitting in a somewhat cramped position, afraid to move, lest some slight noise might alarm the watchful deer, every nerve at its utmost tension I felt liable to an attack of "buck fever" on the slightest provocation.

Silently we approached the goal and when some 150 yds. distant, I became fearful that a further advance might cause the deer to make a run for the woods, as it frequently raised its head to watch us, so after progressing perhaps 15 or 20 yds., I signalled Frank to "hold water" and steady the boat, then quickly elevating the rear sight and drawing a bead as carefully as might be, I fired. The deer was then standing in the shallow water a few feet from the shore, broadside toward us; and immediately following the sharp crack of the rifle we saw a splash in the water, apparently under the deer, which in an instant, with a few graceful bounds was out of sight in the fringe of low bushes surrounding the swampy ground and separating it from the denser growth of timber. "You've muffed it this time," shouted Frank; but after a short consultation we decided to investigate, and rowing up to the edge of the marsh we noticed a few short hairs floating on the water. This raised our hopes materially, so we landed and followed the recent track through the long grass, when just as we were about to enter the outer line of the bushes, a great spatter of blood on leaves and grass attracted our attention. Hastily but cautiously tracking the now frequent signs, we suddenly came in sight of our game lying dead at the foot of a tree.

A hasty examination showed that the ball had entered just in the rear of the left shoulder, and ranging slightly downward, passing out on the opposite side, doubtless falling into the water and causing the splash which was so noticeable from the boat.

It was not long before we had the deer suspended from a convenient limb and after partially dressing we carried it to the shore and placed it in the boat. Pushing off, we hurriedly paddled down the lake; it was long past sunset when the landing was reached and our craft was securely

beached. It was fairly dark when I shouldered the deer for a mile tramp to Beach's Lake, Frank carrying the rifle, rods and fish; and it was during this never-to-be-forgotten scramble through the woods, over fallen trees and every other known obstacle, that my old coat absorbed the blood stains which were there unto this day.

Of Frank's jokes, which I must confess seemed very untimely and altogether uncalled for on that particular march, and of our triumphant entry into camp, tired and hungry, I need not dilate; but, brother sportsmen, you who "have been there," I know you will not blame me for still cherishing the old coat and quietly enjoying the pleasant meditations which these recollections have induced. This was the only time I ever successfully stalked a deer, and with a boat. The wind was blowing down the lake, and this no doubt contributed largely to my success. This achievement has always been the source of a certain amount of pardonable pride, but I cannot help realizing that had it not been for Frank's handling the boat so skillfully, my chances for a shot would have been decidedly slim. Since that time I have frequently endeavored to repeat the experience and never but once succeeded in reaching reasonable rifle range, and then failed to score a hit.

I am growing old, but the love of the woods, the fields and the waters is as strong within me as ever, and each season finds me looking forward to an outing and making preparations therefor, with as much zest as in the years gone by. SENIOR.

ON A BLAZED TRAIL.

"ALL ready!" exclaimed our guide. "Got all your traps? One of you gentlemen strap this pack basket on my shoulders. Now we're off."

Our course was over rugged mountains covered with thick underbrush, whose foliage was tinted with autumn's sombre colors, drab and brown, a hue very fortunate for the deer, its shade being almost the same. We had a long and tedious journey of about fifteen miles to make before we could reach Otter Lake, at which place we intended setting out the dogs and commencing the hunt in earnest. On we trudged, now and then casting an admiring glance at the sturdy form and powerful physique of our guide, who, by the way, was a genuine backwoodsman and hunter, a real man. His business is not a profitable one but there was a vast quantity of sport in it for him. His light face and merry laughter, and his quaint and winning way of relating an exciting tale, have made him very popular in this pathless wilderness.

As we plunged deeper into the forest an occasional mirror-like lake would spring up before us, as if by magic, whose water was cool and sparkling; in fact, the surrounding region was studded with the grandest lakes in the world, romantic in everything but their names. It was near the shore of one of these lakes that we encountered our first and largest deer.

We had not traveled more than five or six miles when we noticed that the dogs were getting very uneasy, seemingly anxious to break away from the strong arm that kept them in leash. Several times they halted and snuffed the air, thus showing, as our guide informed us, that the game we were in search of was not far distant, and that we had better station ourselves along the shore of the lake, about one hundred yards apart. This being done he took both hounds and started to find the trail, we in the mean time patiently waiting the issue.

We made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. I was located on a fresh runway, evidently used the day before (judging from the clear impressions on the earth) and stood the best chance of getting first shot. However, I could not be positive, as deer are very tricky animals. Owing to the terrible gurgling and rumbling of a large waterfall close by me, I knew that it would be absolutely impossible to hear the approaching bay of the hounds.

Three or four hours elapsed, I was beginning to feel very tired and was about to arrange my coat for a head rest when an object in the distance attracted my attention, which, upon coming closer proved to be a magnificent buck, the finest specimen I had ever seen. He waded gracefully through the water and when within about five rods of me turned and walked toward the shore. Having a good Winchester repeating rifle of .44-cal., it seemed as though it would be impossible to miss my aim, but nervousness got the better of me; raising the piece to a level with my shoulder and taking, as I thought, an excellent sight, I pulled the trigger, but to my dismay it failed to respond. Examining my rifle I saw my mistake, the trigger was at half cock. Instantly leveling it again, fully assured that everything was all right, I fired, the ball striking the deer in the back of the neck and slightly wounding him. He staggered for a moment and before I could raise my piece, made a spring over the alders that fringed the shore of the lake and was gone. Jumping to my feet I pursued the course he had taken as near as possible, thinking perhaps that the loss of blood would soon weaken him and thus impede his progress.

Following the trail for half a mile, I suddenly came across our guide, who, extremely amazed at my unexpected appearance, chuckled at my "peculiar way of chasin' that air chunk of venison, and that I might's well stayed where he sot me, 'cause the game had tuk to water by this time."

He had hardly completed his sentence when both hounds shot by. We endeavored to stop them, but it was of no use; they were bent on following up the trail. Shortly afterward they came back and we started them on anew. Both dogs were off in an instant, and our guide then directed me to a large rock at the northern end of the lake, there to watch until he should give the signal for all to assemble and continue the journey.

I had not gone more than 300 yds., when suddenly I heard the cracking of brush. Stopping short and peering into the dense forest my eyes encountered a deer but a short distance away. Sighting my piece, I fired, causing the animal to leap once or twice high in the air and then fall heavily on the ground.

Examination proved him to be dead. To my amazement I recognized the same buck that I had previously shot at not more than twenty minutes ago. I was also surprised to see that my second discharge had struck in nearly the same spot, but the ball having glanced had come out through the right shoulder.

The delight of that moment I shall never forget. I had actually killed a deer! The next thing to do was to inform the rest of the party. I fired five rounds, which soon brought them to the spot. Then followed the usual

questions. "Is it a deer?" "Where is he?" "Where were you when you saw him?" "Whereabouts is he shot?"

Following the line of blazed trees we soon found ourselves—very much to our delight, for we were already tired and worn out with the experience the day had brought forth—on the shore of Otter Lake. It was indeed a beautiful lake, hemmed in with the noble pine and tamarack, through whose lofty tops the sun's last rays shone, presenting a sight which will not very soon be forgotten.

Our guide from among the alders that surrounded us brought a beautiful canoe; we stepped in; the little craft, propelled by the strong arms of its owner, shot through the water, and before we knew it we were landed on the opposite shore.

Our place of encampment was situated on a high knoll not more than five rods away from the lake, commanding a fine view. A broad brook whirled and danced past our camp, and just below it gurgling and foaming the swift current leaped some 15 or 20 ft., then fell, forming a deep hole from which many a speckled trout had been caught. Curious little water wrens made the stream their home, they plunged fearlessly into the water, evidently enjoying the sport. An occasional flock of wild ducks would fly swiftly by, breaking the dead silence with the loud flapping of their wings. The fragrant odor of the fir trees acted as balm to our tired senses and slumber soon overtook us.

As the first beam of morning's sun kindled the day I arose and taking my rifle strolled along the thickly wooded lake shore. Growing weary of this I changed my course and walked along the bank of the brook. Looking at the trees I noticed that a number of them were freshly blazed. Curiosity induced me to follow in their line, which led me through thick underwood and dangerous swamps. Here I halted and gazing around I descried a deserted shanty which evidently had not been built more than three or four months. Upon going closer and looking in I discovered to my astonishment a black bear stretched out full length and staring at me with an evil look. I was momentarily stunned. Advancing cautiously until within about five rods of him I kneeled and pulled the trigger, there was a tremendous report and a pressure as though something heavy had fallen on me.

My rifle dropped out of my hand and I sat there on the ground fully ten minutes before I understood the situation, then I arose and gave a look at the shanty, but my game had disappeared. Picking up my rifle and examining the breech, I saw that the head of my cartridge had blown off. Nervous and excited with what had happened I concluded it would be better to return to camp, but to my discomfiture I was unable to find the path I had taken. I fired and shouted but no answer came. Three-quarters of the day had passed and yet I had not found my path. At last night came on and I constructed a rude hut of pine boughs and bark to shelter me.

I passed a restless night, my dreams were anything but pleasant. I remember one in particular in which I was wrestling with a large bear near a deep precipice, and in falling broke my ankle. I awoke confused to find my covering had fallen on me during the night, and a large limb from a decayed spruce had blown down and struck me on the leg. Extricating myself from such uncomfortable quarters, and oh, so hungry, I once more proceeded. Walking until noon I struck a long swamp which I remembered having crossed on our journey to Otter Lake. Nearing the end I saw a piece of white birch stuck to a tree on which was written:

Follow the blazed trail and you are safe.

Ripping this valuable piece of information off the tree and thrusting it into my pocket I pushed forward with renewed vigor. The trail led me to a lumber camp, where, upon inquiry, I was informed that our guide had arrived hours before and had just gone back to see whether I had turned up. One of the choppers fired a few rounds from his rifle, which soon brought the whole party, who were overjoyed to see me. We ate a good meal of the lumberman's "old stand by," pork and beans, and took a short path to the village.

By chance we ran upon a large buck, which was killed by our guide. At length we arrived at our destination in good spirits and none the worse for the long tramp we had taken. After dividing the spoils we departed for home.

To this day I still treasure that little slip of birch bark, on which is written with the end of a cartridge, "Follow the blazed trail and you are safe."

W. P. ANDERSON.

THE ST. REGIS CAMPS.

NOWHERE in the entire Adirondack region are the camps as numerous or as elaborate in their appointments as on the lakes immediately in the neighborhood of Paul Smith's Hotel, over 100 being situated within a radius of three miles from the hotel. This house is on the northern shore of the lower, but most northerly, of the two St. Regis lakes. Between these two, connected with them by narrow streams or runways for the water—"slews" the natives call them—is Spitfire Lake. North of Smith's about one-half mile is Osgood Pond. The banks of these lakes are owned by private individuals, who have erected upon them permanent camps, some of which have cost many thousands of dollars. Land on their shores is variously held at from \$2,500 to \$10,000 an acre.

The camps on the Lower St. Regis Lake, owing to the proximity to the hotel, are mostly day camps, being simply delightful resting spots, which certain guests of the hotel own and where they picnic.

The camp of E. A. Hoffman, Jr., is by far the most picturesque of these on this lake. The camp is situated on the southern shore, and at night is illuminated by lanterns so arranged as to form a large cross, distinctly visible from the hotel, one-half mile distant. Mr. Hoffman runs his camp with military regularity, and the sunrise and sunset notes of his bugle are one of the features of the lake.

The finest camp on Spitfire is owned by Mr. S. T. Drake, the Game Commissioner. This is situated on the north-west shore of the lake, and consists of a series of buildings connected by verandahs; the interior of which are decorated with woodland and hunting scenes and the heads and skins of game.

The next lake, the Upper St. Regis, is the favorite one for camps in this region, if not in the entire Adirondacks.

To the right of the entrance from Spitfire, and adjoining the summer resting place of the writer, is the camp of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the main building of which is a log cabin.

In front of these camps is Brick Island, which contains about twenty acres, and is owned by Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes. Here is a little village of artistic buildings and snow white tents, which face the western shore of the lake, from which rises Mount St. Regis, with its rugged wild scenery of tangled bush and its wealth of pine trees.

On Pine Tree Point, the northerly end of the lake, was erected last year at great expense the camp of Mr. H. McK. Twombly. Between this point and the entrance to Spitfire are camps owned by Messrs. Edward Penfold, A. W. Durkee and Charles T. Barnes, of New York. On the last camp is a very fine tennis court, and the inclosed yard containing several deer. Among the campers on this lake may be mentioned Robert Garrett, Robert Hoe and Edward Mitchell. The camp of the last named gentleman will be occupied this year by the family of Mr. Robert W. Stewart, of the Meadowbrook Hunt.

The handsomest camps in Osgood Pond are owned by Mr. Hans Beatty and Mr. A. D. Juillard. In all these mountain homes the sleeping apartments are tents, generally about 14 ft. square, covered by different colored flies, and erected upon platforms raised about 3 ft. from the ground.

In addition to hunting and fishing in which the gentlemen take part, races between the yachts and steam launches, also rowing contests between the guides are of frequent occurrence. And at evening, the myriad lanterns and the camp fires give a gala appearance to the scene, which is enhanced by the songs of rowing parties with their accompaniments of banjo and guitar.

The attractions of this form of life in this beautiful region is easily explained by the fact that the camps are near enough to a base of supplies to be enabled to set good tables, and sufficiently removed from each other and the busy world to give their occupants zest for their invigorating life *al fresco*, and its varied sports.

L. C. WHITON.

NEW YORK, June 15.

ANTOINE BISSETTE'S LETTERS.—IX.

M'sieu Fores' Strim:

An 'll want for tol' you question, but Ah dunknow 'f you 'll want for ast me some answer of it. Probly you 'll was, probly you 'll ant. Dat was depen' of haow you 'll felt, or if you 'll ant know, wal, Ah 'll goin' tol' it.

What was it mek some mans dat gat some dogs be so moch was as hees dog was for graowl an' bit some oder mans dat gat some dog, hein?

If every boddee ant say hees dog was de bes' of every man's oder dog, he goin' jaw at it an' cuss lak hol' tunder an' litlin, an' 'trow hees bat an' jump on it, an' pull off hees hown hair an' lif hees'f by de sit of hees traouser.

An' if de judge of de dog meetin' ant say every dog was de bes' an' he 'll gat all de priffick pint, den dey was all mad at it an' call it hol' foolish, ant know dog from cats, dat he was be buy up or hees hown dog was oncle of de dog he give prineum, or hees waf cousin hown dat dog, or sometings or some oder tings too nuumeery for mentioned.

All de tam de dog dey was quary 'baout, he jes' stan' an' laft inside of it, an' tink what foolish dat mans was be. De dog ant care what dogs de mans was say was bes', so long he 'll gat some 'nough for heat an' good place for slept, an' go huntin' sometam or have leetly faght once of a while. When he 'll have dat, he fan aout which dog was de bes', more quicker sometam as was 'greably of hees feelin'.

Ah 'll b'lieve dat was de bes' way for de mans for settlin' it, if he ant willin' for de dog do of it so. It ant bealways dat it can be settlin' by de dog, so it will stay of de man.

Ah 'll spik you some histry of dat. Ah 'll b'lieve Ah 'll tol' you some of mah yaller bob-tail Tom Hamlin. Dar was sometam of dat dog was very remarkably. It ant hees pint, mos' all de breed of dog gat too much pint, so was mek troublesome for de judge decide of it, but mah Tom Hamlin, he 'll ant gat only but two pint, bese of it plain for see. One of it on one hees en' of it, de oder on hees oder en' of it.

One he use for smell, de oder for wag. Dat pint was short, but he mek up for dat in de quick motion of it, an' he wag up more as half hees body wid dat t'ree ninch of tail. You 'll ant gat for look an' felt all over dat dog for hees pint of it.

But dey ant be hees mos' remarkably. Ah 'll bet you head he could heat more zhonny kek, slept more of de daytam an' mek more bark of de night as mos' ten dog you 'll never see, an' he run lak streked litlin', yes, sah.

Wal, one day las' fall, he 'll ant felt so appetite for slept as mos' always, an' he 'll took motion for go up to de store where dey use to call de Forge Village, but it ant gat some shage for paoun' iron some more naow, honly blacksmi' founp an' sawmill.

Dey ant grea' deal go on by loaferin', an' one of de mans dat was keep mos' busy of dat hees nem was de Peter Square. He 'll wored mos' off all de paint of Chapin's caounter where he 'll sit of it, an' w'en de back side of h'es traowser ant rag, it was patch, an' den de patch be some more rag pooty soon.

Wal, dat feller gat a leetly bulldog, white all over 'cep wen he go in de burnt hwood after hwoodchuck an' black hees self all up an' a black patch all over one heye of it. Dat was a pint, Ah s'pose probly.

Wal, Peter Square an' hees dog was on de store wen Ah 'll gat dar. An' he begin for mek fun to mah Tom Hamlin, but Ah 'll ant care honly mans ant lak for have it hees dog mek funs to more as heeself, ant it?

More so, too, 'cause his dog was so humbly, hees heye red lak he 'it up nights an' drink whiky en esprit, an' hees under jaw steek aout 'fore tudder one lak he was try for bite off hees hown nose off, or peck his toof wid hees nose of it. An' Ah 'll tol' hem 'f dat was hamsome dog, Ah 'll lak bes' humbly dog, me. Den he 'll said he bet hees dog leek mah dog more quicker as Ah 'll can say cider. Ah 'll said, "dat ant more quicker as Peter Square could drink some ciders." Den he say he bet de ciders hees dog leek mah dog in jes' one minute.

Den Ah 'll said Ah 'll ant bet honly for fun, an' it ant funs for have mah dog leek an' have for pay for cider too, but Ah 'll ant bleeved his dog can leek mah dog an' Ah ant care 'f Ah 'll do drink some cider an' have heem pay for it.

Den he 'll said "All raght. Sio it, Tagger!"

Ah 'll said almos' more as quicker he did, an' very laoud an' hugly, "Go home, Tom!"

Hees dog jump for mah dog, but mah dog ant be dar when he was. Bah gosh, he 'll ant dog any more, honly long yaller streak pintin for mah haouse lak some litlin was mek off hees min' for stroke it!

Hees dog foller pooty hard for feefy, probly forty rod, jes' honly a white nub on de behin' end of de yaller streak, an' den he come back for gat hees beef he lef' an' blow very hard 'fore he can gat it.

Den Peter Square say "Le's have it dat ciders," an' Ah 'll tol' heem "Yes," an' we 'll go in back en' of store, for you know it was prohibit for sol' cider here, dat was for say, you mus' go where someboddee can see for buy its an' den you 'll swear you 'll ant never bought it. Dat was what dey call prohibit law, an' mos' ev'ry boddee alway, vote for it all de tam in Vairmont, an' steek right to it. It mek it seem lak every man was good temperin man, an' all the tam git what he want.

Wal, we drink off aour cider an' Peter Square he 'll said, "Antoine, you 'll goin' pay M'sier Chapin for dis."

"What for Ah 'll pay?" Ah 'll tol' heem.

"Cause mah dog leek you dog," he 'll said.

"He ant leek it an' Ah 'll ant goin' for pay for no ciders."

"He 'll ant leek it?" he 'll tol' me.

"No, sah," Ah 'll said, "he 'll ant. Mah dog leek you dog, seh. He go fas'est he taire you dog all up so he can' breeze, you dog can' ketch mah dog for chaw of it, so he ant able for leek it."

Den dat Peter Square he call me great many kan' o' Caynock, no any of it good kan.

"Ah 'll tink fus' Ah 'll leek Peter Square. Den Ah 'll tink haow 'f Ah do Ah 'll ragged all hees close was as dey was, an' mek hees waf grea' deal of troublesome for mend it. An' dar was nodder t'ing Ah was consider dat Peter Square was pooty beeg, strong mans, an' Ah 'll hol' mahsef in, an' took mah tobac un' my codfeesh an' do j-s' lak mah Tom Hamlin. An' Ah b'lieve if Peter Square try he 'll gat leek jes' sem lak hees dog."

So you see what Ah 'll say in de begin was correck dat de dog can' always be depen' of for settlin' de dispute of de howner, 'cause you 'll see after all it was so plain case, Peter Squar speak to it his dog leek mah dog an' Ah 'll b'lieve dat ciders ant pay for yet. Your truly, A. B.

P. S.—Mah frien' M'sier Mumsin he 'll read me some verse dat say:

"Leet dog deli't for bark an' bit',
It was hees natur' to."

An' Ah 'll say it was better for true 'f he say:

"Leet dog deli't for bark an' bit',
So was hees master too."

Hein?

A. B.

Natural History.

FULVOUS TREE DUCK IN MISSOURI.

THE tree duck, so called, really belongs to the sub-family *Anserinae* and is therefore zoologically a goose; but its general appearance is duck-like, and no one but an ornithologist would suspect its actual position among the birds. One of our St. Louis correspondents was so fortunate as to secure a specimen of this interesting duck last fall in Missouri, where it has not previously been known to occur, and he has presented it nicely mounted to the National Museum, at the same time stipulating that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM should be informed of the occurrence of so rare a bird in a new locality. We present, therefore, the letter to Dr. Bean, announcing the discovery of the duck and the reply of Mr. Ridgway, acknowledging the receipt of the specimen and giving a list of localities in which the species has been obtained, together with a brief note of its distribution in general. We trust that other readers of FOREST AND STREAM may continue to inform us of their discoveries in regard to the distribution and the habits of animals and plants which they meet in their travels.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 10.—Dr. T. H. Bean.—Dear Sir: While duck shooting last fall at New Albany, in southeastern Missouri, I killed what was then to me a new duck, but which I have since identified as *Dendrocygna fulva*, a South American bird, if I have placed it right, and I think I know nearly all of the North American ducks. Is not this a rare bird so far north? I have mounted the skin and would present the same to the Smithsonian if it will be of any use to that institution. This fall while shooting at the same place I killed a specimen of Barrow's golden eye. Unfortunately this duck, or more properly drake, was about half picked by one of the boys in camp when I discovered it. He is rare so far east, is he not? Yours very truly, FRANK W. SPARKS.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, June 12.—Mr. Frank W. Sparks, 2516 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir: I write to thank you, on behalf of the National Museum, for the very fine specimen of the fulvous tree duck (*Dendrocygna fulva*) which you had the kindness to present through Dr. Bean. Besides being a very acceptable specimen on account of its good preparation, it is particularly so from the very exceptional locality which it represents, being, so far as the Eastern United States are concerned, much the most northern example on record—Currituck Sound, N. C. (a single accidental specimen), Louisiana and Texas being the most northern localities for the species known to me, except in California, where it is not uncommon as far north as Stockton. It has also been taken near Carson, Nevada. A very singular fact in the geographical distribution of this species is its abundant occurrence throughout Mexico and again in southern Brazil, Paraguay and the Argentine Republic without being found in any part of the very extreme intermediate territory. Regarding your capture of Barrow's golden eye in Missouri, this is not so remarkable, as specimens have previously been taken in the vicinity of St. Louis, in Kansas and in southern Illinois. These localities represent, however, about the southern limit of the winter range of the species, which is a northern and not a western bird as you seem to regard it. Yours truly, R. RIDGWAY, Curator, Dept. of Birds.

FLANDERS GUN CLUB.—The Gun Club of Flanders, L. I., has purchased a large tract of forest land suitable for a game preserve, including a fine natural trout stream. Among the game birds on the place are many English pheasants. Eggs of Chinese pheasants, which were first imported into Oregon, where they have thrived, have been obtained, and will be hatched under domestic fowls. The Chinese pheasants, it is expected, will thrive on Long Island.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—VII.

[Continued from Page 413.]

BY 11 o'clock we reached the Lizzard Island, which is owned by Capt. Ganley, who has an extensive fishery here, and embarked in our sailboat for Jackson's Cove, on the main shore, some three miles distant. There was only a light breeze to aid us, and consequently our progress was quite slow; in fact to make any kind of headway one of the boys was compelled to help with the oars. We had gone about a mile when, inquiry being made about our overcoats, which were missing, it was ascertained they had been left on the tug. Of course that necessitated a return. In the meantime the tug had steamed out and was on her winding way to Dog River. Giving the signal of distress she soon overhauled us and the coats recovered; and in addition got a tow within half a mile of our destination, which place we reached about noon. We found most charming camping grounds on an immense rock of two acres or more, which is united to the shore by a little spit of sand of about 100ft., over which the waves ran in a heavy blow.

The rock was really a gigantic boulder of irregular shape, with two lofty crowns and two depressions, which had been scaled from the top by a thunder-bolt, probably, and which were now reservoirs for the rain and the spray of violent tempests. On the inner side, and near the water's edge, was a small cluster of cedars, which had sprung from the soil lodged in the crevices. In the center of this growth was an open space, on which we pitched our tents, and a lovely place it was, affording not only shade but a cozy retreat from cold and violent winds. Once over the sandy spit and you are at the base of a granite mountain which is a picture of the wildest grandeur imaginable. Spruce and cedar are sparsely growing, while in the underbrush on the mountaintop the huckleberry is found in great abundance. The granite of this lofty pile was a strange confusion, blocks weighing many tons being scattered along the uneven terraces, having, doubtless, been forced from the mountaintops by the expansive power of frost, which scientists say has a leverage of thirty thousand pounds to the square inch. The seam once open nature steps in and does her work with apparent ease. Prostrate on the declivities rocks are met at every turn decaying trees, while as many more are erect, with their naked limbs appealing as it were to heaven for resuscitation. In the crannies and little juttings on the sides grasses, small bushes and wild flowers have taken root and unfold their verdure and beauty undisturbed by the wrath below. Out to the very edge of the wave-washed rocks young birches and pines, too, have stationed themselves to catch the fresh mists that arise. It would, indeed, be difficult to conceive a scene with greater beauty of lake, mountain and wood than is presented at Jackson's Cove.

While our men were getting the tents in place, Ned and I took our rods and commenced casting from the giant boulder. My second cast rose a trout which I was fortunate enough to impale, and then after the usual battle, he capitulated. The dilemma now was to net him, and as I could not get close enough to the water's edge, fearful of slipping off the declivitous rock, I shouted to Joe, who put in an appearance at once. He took the net and, like a monkey, slipped down the smooth rock and skillfully landed him. He was no baby trout, I assure you, for he weighed 3lbs., and was a true knight of the red and spotted garter.

Joe returned to his work and I to my pleasure, but before he had fairly resumed his labors, I had another of the same order, struggling frantically for liberty. Again I shouted, and once more Joe came and landed the trout, which was about the same size as the other. Both of these were placed in the little lake on the boulder, which answered capably as an aquarium.

As Joe left this time he cautioned me not to call him again, saying:

"Trout bite so fast never get tent up."

Ned was on the other side of the boulder, entirely out of view, and what he was doing with the *fontinalis* I was unable to say. In about a quarter of an hour another beauty was struck, and this being a small one of about a pound, I concluded not to bother Joe, so I worried him until he could not move a fin, and then very carefully pulled him up the smooth side of the rock, and added another to the aquarium.

Ned now showed up, and stated that he had received but one rise and missed that, and when I referred him to the little lake on the rock as evidence of my good luck, he was very agreeably surprised. I insisted on his casting in my lucky pool, and at it he went in a most industrious manner, sending his flies on the rippling surface with the lightness of a falling snowflake, but they came not to the attractive lures. I, however, received a savage response to a cast of mine, and striking home the barbed steel, had a fight on hand with a mottled warrior of no mean dimensions. He displayed a heroism in his mad rushes and plunges that won my warmest admiration. My little Chubb split-bamboo never did more loyal duty, for it held him to his work in a business-like manner that made his heart grow faint and his struggles weaker and weaker. He tore around quite awhile, indulging in every trick he was master of, but in vain, for the little rod yielded to his terrific rushes with a suppleness and strength that was quite remarkable, and when it came to giving him the *coup de grace* it displayed its perfection of marvelous workmanship. I could then have embraced the honest rod maker and told him what a credit he was to the guild. Fifty battles or more I had fought with that remarkable rod on this trip, and with savage warriors of the deep that ran from 2 to 5lbs., and not a thread had frayed, not a joint weakened, nor had its balance or whippiness in the least showed signs of failing. Last summer I smashed two rods of celebrated makers on this coast, probably from awkwardness, and must confess I had this little rod in the same dilemma on several occasions, but it stood the racket nobly.

In my admiration for the little bamboo I must not lose sight of the captured trout, which was lying a few feet from the edge of the rock with his spangled sides turned to the surface. Not wishing to call Joe away from his

duties, I requested Ned to take the net and land him. Ned essayed to encircle the trout in the meshes, but could not get quite near enough to do it. I advised him to crawl a little further down the inclined rock, but the fear of a plunge into the icy water disheartened him, and he prudently declined the hazardous feat. Not wishing to lose the lovely darling, I called him to take my rod, and after handing it to him, I got down on all fours and crawled close enough to secure the toothsome fish, though I must admit I felt uncertain as to whether the trout was to come out of the water or I to go into it. Ned was all of a tremor when he saw me performing the monkey-act, and after I had crawled back with the glittering prize, it being a 4-pounder, he said:

"There's no fool like an old fool."

"Admitted, though nothing ventured nothing gained."

This capture ended our fishing for the day, as we had all we desired for the present, and as we intended to make a trip down the coast for another raid in the morning we did not care just then about having a surfeit of sport. Our trout in the aquarium showing signs of departing life, we took them out, and rapping them over the head, carried them to camp, where we turned them over to the cook with instruction to have them cleaned at once and placed on the ice we had brought with us from the Lizzard.

During our absence the boys had got everything in splendid condition and a meal was under way.

Joe showed us a gill net for whitefish, which he had found hanging on a suspended pole. It was in a rather demoralized condition, but he said he would set it that evening and try and secure a few whitefish by way of a change in fish diet. He never did, however, for about 5 o'clock that afternoon an Indian with his wife and two children in a canoe showed up and claimed the net, though stating at the same time that he did not care for it and that Joe could have it if he desired. Joe did nothing with the net, nor did he take it away, and for aught we know it may now be rotting on the rocks where it was left.

In this family that camped on the rocks a short distance from us was a young child that had been severely burnt by its upsetting a kettle of boiling water. It was constantly crying from the severe pain it suffered, and by way of alleviation advised it being anointed with lard, with which we freely supplied him. He applied the remedy, and it at once relieved the child of the great pain under which it had been suffering. He was exceedingly thankful, and that evening to express his gratitude gave us a large dish of huckleberries, which he had gathered on the mountain top. We reciprocated by giving him some salt pork and hard tack. He stated that in the bay in our immediate vicinity he saw that afternoon plenty of trout, but that he could not induce them to take his bait. Joe said the Indian had come all the way from Michipicoton, where he lived, on purpose for trout, the eighteen cents per pound being the incentive. He was said to be the best hunter on the lake, and had made last season three hundred dollars with his traps and gun.

That afternoon, when Joe was over on the main shore gathering some firewood at the base of the mountain, he reported when he returned that he had seen a snake over 3ft. long. It must have been a harmless one, for no one unless a naturalist ever, to my knowledge, saw any other kind. Agassiz says the following reptiles occur about Lake Superior: *Tropidonotus sirtalis*, *Tropidonotus erythrogaster* (a species allied to *rigidus* from Lake Huron), *Bufo americanus*, *Rana hallowellii*, *Rana sylvatica*. "These three species occur as far north as Nepigon Bay, and a circumstance, which has struck me very forcibly, is the remarkable size of the specimens observed in these high latitudes."

That evening after supper the boys indulged on the sandy spit in some athletic sports. First they tried the hop, skip and jump, which they kept up for over half an hour. John always took the lead in this, but Joe, being ambitious, tried his best to defeat him, and asked for trial after trial, until finally Ned and I, who were acting as umpires, decided in John's favor. Next they tried throwing, with one hand, a stone of about 15 or 20lbs. weight. In this John was also successful. Joe now insisted on the back throw, and badly defeated John at it. Joe declared that he had never been beaten in the back throw, which is simply a throw over the head, and had thrown against all the Indians at Goulay and Baschewanung bays. The Michipicoton Indian was a delighted spectator of the games, but could not be induced to participate in them. Ned said he saw him the next day, when he thought he was unobserved, pick up the stone the boys had been using in their trial of skill, and throw it at least five feet further than the champion, John. Probably he did not consider our boatmen foemen worthy of his steel.

The day had been an exceedingly delightful one, but at sunset it began to blow from the northeast in enormous sighs, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew, and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf, as if the rhythm of the sea moulded itself after the rhythm of the air; as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the winds—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

PLEASANT LAKE, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I wish to correct, through the columns of your paper, a statement which appeared on page 374 of your issue of May 20, under the heading of "Pleasant Lake." Your informant stated that 45,000 trout had been placed in Pleasant Lake this year. As that number would be unreasonable for a comparatively small lake, and in a community where there are other lakes nearly as well adapted to the production of trout might give just cause for a feeling of jealousy, I wish to state the exact plant made in Pleasant Lake so far, which was 10,000 salmon last year and 4,500 *aureolus* and 20,000 salmon this year. This is a generous allowance, the exaggeration of which is needless.—B. H.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—A merry party of sportsmen, consisting of a dozen members of the Springfield Fish and Game Club and their friends, left last Thursday evening on the Montreal express for Amabelish, Can. From two to four weeks will be spent in this delightful region by the members of the party, which includes E. L. Brewer, E. M. Coates, D. N. Coates, E. H. Sterns, C. A. Nichols and W. H. Gilbert, of this city; W. H. Clark, of St. Louis; C. H. Bryan, James Rice, DeWitt James and A. Smith, of New York, and Herbert Fenner, of Providence,

ANGLING NOTES.

NOW that the weather has become more settled the fish have settled down to serious business, and the reports from the different fishing waters are very much more encouraging. Those who have visited the far off waters of Maine and Canada tell great stories of trout fishing, and from the Beaverkill, nearer home, comes the encouraging news that a prominent angler of this city, Mr. Geo. B. Taylor, killed a handsome trout, weighing 2lbs. 11oz. This noble specimen of the speckled trout was taken under Mrs. Voorhees's dam, Beaverkill Beach.

Dr. Kidd, of Newburgh, who with Col. Higginson, Homer Ramsdell and some other friends, has been after the bass in Ulster county, reports the following score for one day's fishing: Forty-two big-mouth bass weighing 104lbs. The seven largest were as follows: One 5½lbs., two 5½lbs., one 5lbs., one 4½lbs., one 4½lbs., one 4lbs. The following day they took thirty-two bass weighing 81lbs. 6oz., the largest of which weighed 7lbs. 5oz. These were weighed in the presence of a number of Newburgh gentlemen on the club scales. They were taken with live minnows.

The weakfish are also showing up in good shape at Broad Channel and are running up to 5 and 6lbs. weight each. One gentleman took over ninety fish in a couple of days' fishing last week.

Fortunately for anglers the black flies seem to have almost disappeared this season, at least so far they have not worried the visitors to the woods at all. What a few warm days will do remains to be seen.

The fires along the railroad to Lake St. John are assuming serious proportions and destroying an immense amount of property, including valuable timber lands. This is an example of what will happen in the Adirondack region before long. It is the most serious objection to the projected railroads that they seem bound to spread fires every season that it happens to be unusually dry.

Mr. Chas. F. Imbrie, of the firm of Abby & Imbrie, has been appointed foreman of the Grand Jury. While this is a great honor which he fully appreciates, it will unfortunately cause him to lose a little his fine fishing at the Southside Sportsmen's Club, which is now at its best.

Hon. John A. Brandreth reports that about 300 bluefish were caught off Rockaway beach, June 11. They ran in weight from 3 to 7lbs. each. SCARLET-IBIS.

JUNIATA BASS.

PORT ROYAL, Juniata County, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Memorial Day, the opening date of the small-mouthed bass season in this State, as usual was rather cloudy and threatened rain. However a goodly number of modern Waltons betook themselves to the banks of our "blue Juniata," which on that day was true to its name, and in fair condition for fishing. The results of the first day's campaign fell short of the fishers' expectations, which were rather good-sized owing to the apparent favorable conditions, and good sport was expected.

The writer heard of several only very lean catches, and the owners of these reported the bass as being very indifferent indeed to their bait.

I afterward learned that among the bass taken on the first day, a number were still heavy with spawn; I also noted, myself, during a stroll along the river two weeks since, several bass in the shallow water near the shore, yet on their beds.

These facts no doubt account for the lack of interest the bass are at present showing to the anglers' bait. This lateness of the spawning season seems to be unusual and I have not heard, nor can I give a reasonable explanation of it.

From the base of one of the piers of the Thompsonstown bridge, last week was taken a very fine bass, said to have weighed 4lbs. The toll-taker who has his perch-like house on one of the piers, reminding one of a certain character of Scott's in the "Monastery," declares that he frequently sees a bass in the water below that is fully as big as a roe shad, and will weigh 6lbs.; if this noble specimen can be induced to materialize on one of our expert's hooks and to pull his estimated weight on the impartial steelyards, he will no doubt lay claim to be one of our finest. The bass in this locality do not run over 6lbs., and a 6lb. fish itself is of rare occurrence.

ONYJUTTA.

TROUT IN PIKE COUNTY.

LAST Friday afternoon in New York, two men with rattling tongues and beaming and expectant faces, their hands full of rods, creels, valises, waterproof coats, their pockets stuffed with various paper parcels, could have been seen hurrying down Chamber street to catch the 3:30 boat.

Last night these same two young men came up Chambers street, and the electric light disclosed the fact that their valises looked thin, their pockets lacked the paper parcels, their rods got tangled with their creels as they flopped easily against their legs. Their faces, however, were still beaming and more brilliantly than before, though their features were in repose. They did not notice the smiles nor hear the remarks of the passers by, as the yawning covers of their fish baskets disclosed their emptiness. Their tongues, too, were quiet, but there was a light in their eyes as of success and contentment.

Why? Well, go and do just as they did. Get all your tackle together and purchase a lot more flies and things if you have the money. Tell your friends you are going trout fishing and that they will be remembered and then buy an excursion ticket for Rowland's, Pa.

But you say these men brought back no trout, so how did they spend the time during those three days? Thompson would answer that he drove them to a stream rushing and resting through the rocks and woods and told them to fish down two miles, when he would drive and prepare luncheon, and then they were lost for three immortal hours!

Lost, you say? Yes, but only in the overwhelming breath of freshness and purity that nature's lungs poured forth about them.

But what did they catch, say you? The softness of the

Fishculture.

MY EXPERIENCE IN AMATEUR FISHCULTURE.

I HAPPENED a year or so ago to be living near a large landed proprietor, who, fond of fishing, and especially fond of interesting occupations, had taken up pisciculture as a hobby. He had a good deal of water running through his estate; there was a river abounding in grayling—a fish of very delicate flavor, ranking, I believe, next to trout, and affording capital sport with a fly—a lesser quantity of trout, and in spite of efforts to get rid of them, a plentiful sprinkling of pike. Besides this there was a brook fairly well stocked with trout, and also some minor streams.

My friend, who shall be called Mr. Hungerford, proposed to me to join in his venture, he making all the outlay, I giving my interest, society and help, rather a one-sided bargain, perhaps, but we became partners and called ourselves a company. There was great talk of pecuniary profits, but I regret to say that owing to various calamities which befell our enterprise during the three seasons it lasted these were untasted, the only persons benefited being the fishermen, whose sport was of course increased. Perhaps there is nothing that requires so much constant care and everyday attention to make the thing a success as the hatching and rearing of fish. Change of temperature, flow and clearness of water, delicacy of handling, all act to an almost incredible degree in making or marring the undertaking. For instance, should a temporary stoppage in a pipe occur, or the cleansing boxes cease to act for a single hour, it is not only a few of the eggs or of the young fish which are lost, but the whole number in your hatching boxes.

The trout that we reared came to us in ova from Switzerland, generally about the end of January; the ova came in various stages of advancement, sometimes in so early an one that the probability of their fertility was mere guesswork; while at other times the black specks, afterward acting as eyes, were plainly visible.

To those who have had no opportunity of studying this subject, I will explain that the ova when first taken from the fish are in the form of nearly transparent globules about the size of a medium pea, with a few tiny spots of golden oil, which is the last thing to disappear while hatching, for the oil acts as nourishment to the fish both before and after hatching out.

To receive 10,000 or 12,000 eggs, to unpack them with such gentleness from the mossy layers that not one should be lost or bruised, to count and distribute them evenly in the boxes—resembling small troughs, with removable, perforated zinc trays—was the work of hours. Apart from the excitement, I was glad that this only occurred perhaps two or three times in a season, for it invariably resulted in rheumatism or a severe cold in the head for my partner or myself. The atmosphere of the fish house, with its constant running water and close proximity to the river, was the very embodiment of cold and damp; indeed, in cold January the open air was a summer atmosphere as compared with that of the fish house. Once started, our daily duties were to test and cleanse the water, which, being from the river, had always a certain amount of sediment fatal to the ova (in our third season we had spring water for hatching purposes); this sediment had to be carried off by means of charcoal and sponges in the upper boxes before the water flowed into those containing the eggs; then the eggs which had clustered were lightly brushed apart by means of a feather and the bad ones removed every morning to prevent fungus—a most deadly enemy.

This removing the bad eggs, which were easily distinguished by a crescent of opaque white forming in the globule, was a most tedious business; each one, of course, had to be removed separately by means of nippers made of fine copper wire, and to seize a small white ball in water without touching its neighbors is no joke. However, we both got very deft at it in time and astonished our numerous visitors by the rate we got them out. We required all our dexterity when it was time for the grayling eggs to come in. This was rather later in the year, about April, and was really more interesting work than the trout; for Mr. Hungerford, by means of turning off the river, netted the grayling and pressed the eggs from the fish.

There was a good deal of risk in taking it in hand from the very beginning like this, and we had as many as several hundred of bad eggs to remove daily from the boxes. We were rewarded, however, for our cold labor by enriching the streams with several thousand young fish the following year.

I believe a good deal of curiosity and amusement was indulged in by the country people about at a lady working hard and taking a keen interest in such an occupation as this; indeed, some never quite understood it and looked upon me pityingly! Sometimes when the work was particularly dirty, and my partner so absent minded or engrossed with the fish, that whole troughs of water were suddenly emptied nearly over me, I wondered myself at taking up an accomplishment not generally included in the list assigned to young ladies, and put it down partly to relieving the monotony of country life in the winter and partly to the pleasure I had in the company and conversation of Mr. Hungerford. In his absence from home, which occurred pretty often, he trusted everything to me. One year he distressed me rather by going away just as a consignment of ova was expected from Switzerland; they were to arrive late in March or early in April, and he left me with most minute directions how all was to be arranged. They were to be unpacked immediately upon arrival, whatever time that might happen to be. One bitterly cold, wet morning I was awakened rather before seven by a message from the head keeper to say that the fish eggs had come by the mail train—how soon could I be at the fish house. The very word of fish house so early in the morning made my blood freeze; however, I suppressed my desire for another doze, and hastily dressing started off to my cold task.

It passed through my mind as I hurried along that it was the first day of April, though the weather might have belonged to November. I found the keeper, a fat, good-tempered man, in the most distressingly-cheery spirits; he had carefully unnailed the box, he said, and must now be off, as Mr. Hungerford had wished me to manage the counting and spreading entirely. How the man's eyes twinkled! He evidently did not mind early rising. A momentary fear seized me—the first of April—could it be—but no, I examined the foreign label, it was right even to the date, so I set to work knowing every moment to be precious while I traveled ova. I got off the upper layers of moss, and congratulated our luck on their damp and fresh appearance, as it meant well to the eggs. Next came the cotton wool, which I lifted, and my eye was caught first by a roughly-written placard, "*Doucement, ma chère, nous sommes les œufs de poissons d'Avril*," and carefully arranged underneath were rows and rows of peas. I had a mortal longing, as you Americans say, to "cuss and swear," my feelings being intensified by the sight of the keeper's convulsed face round the corner of a window.

How I hated that worthy man for weeks afterwards! Never had I felt so thoroughly "sold" as at that moment. This ghastly joke nearly made me resign partnership, as it became the event of the neighborhood, and I was unmercifully chaffed over it. In spite of my rage I was forced to admire the way in which Mr. Hungerford had planned it all, even to getting the hatching boxes in order before leaving home. In describing my grievances I have let my pen run wild, and I must hush out and rear our fish in another paper.

The time taken by the ova in hatching varies slightly with the temperature of the water, sudden cold keeping them back, and *vice versa*. I think, however, that we found grayling to take about three weeks to a month, and trout about a month to fifty days. From beginning to end it is most interesting to watch the gradual development of a spot of what is, to all appearance, yellow oil. We used a linen manufacturer's testing glass, which is a most powerful help. From day to day there is some change, at first a mere enlargement of the yolk, then a faint outline betokens the backbone; a few days and the head with hollows disproportionately big, for the eyes, is plainly visible; again a few days, the egg now contains a moving object, and two large, but by no means lovely, black eyes; and there is a discernible bright red dot, which on close inspection proves to be the heart in violent motion. At last some morning when peering into the boxes to find any bad eggs, one's heart is gladdened and excited to perceive the first fish, such a queer, ugly, lively little creature, the chief part of him being the yolk sac attached to the under part of the minute form, some day to be a fine two or three pound trout. This sac, which causes the fish to move in a most awkward manner, being twice the bulk of its body, lasts a considerable time, providing natural sustenance. As it becomes more pointed at the sides, and shrinks into the body, the arteries, heart and veins become more distinct, the fish, at first quite transparent, becomes darker in color and more lively in habits. When the sac disappears food must at once be provided. Much to our delight we always had a good many cripples among our alevins (the young fry with yolk sac). I say to our delight, as it was most amusing to study their infirmities, knowing them to be suffering no pain. Some had two heads, some wound round and round like the mainspring of a watch, while others had only half or three parts of their body. These and a certain number of weak ones we deposited in a box apart, as they only lived in good health until feeding time, when the two-headed ones couldn't decide with which mouth to seize their food, and the mainsprings lacked power to wind it round; so they died and served as food to their older brethren, if we had any on hand. Feeding is certainly the most touchy point in fishculture, and during the first two years we lost hundreds while gaining experience. Finely grated liver and egg was their first meal, but the remains so quickly decompose and corrupt the water that it requires most careful management. We were much pleased at discovering a fine river-weed alive with the most minute caterpillars, which we supposed to be their natural food, placed abundantly in the boxes; the fish ate with avidity, and we were enraptured at the thought of the labor saved, until next morning, when we found that a firm web had been woven by the imprisoned insects, and half of our young fry strangled. It was a sad shock, but we didn't give up the weed; we placed it in the boxes above and let the caterpillars work slowly through a fine wire netting, the fish waiting eagerly below for their dainty prey. We had considerable difficulty in getting the weed out of the river after we had exhausted the edges; it was tolerably easy for my partner with high waders, but in his absences, when the men had left work, or on Sunday, and I had to grapple with it unassisted except by a boat hook, I felt inclined to leave the fish to take their chance, or to fish for the weed by moonlight with the help of the waders, when the hidden gaze of poachers would be all I should have to encounter. In captivity fish are very easily tamed, especially trout, owing to their excessive greed. Certain ones would come at our whistle and take a spider or fly from our hands; indeed they were not discriminating and rose eagerly at the end of a grumpy thumb. It was about now, when the fish were feeding that the misfortunes, which put pecuniary profits out of the question, began. Once, leaving a cover half off a box of ova, we found it nearly all gone. Threatening vengeance, we set a water trap, and caught, we hope, the culprit, a rat, fat and well liking, and no wonder if he had, unassisted, swallowed a couple of thousand fish eggs. This accident made us unusually cautious and we hoped to elude more of these treacherous enemies.

There were 6,000 strong trout about an inch and a half long, some of which Mr. Hungerford proposed to advertise at a guinea a hundred, I think. The advertisement was in the *Field*. Our pockets were ringing with imaginary gold, when—ill-fated man—my partner, hurriedly called away one evening, left the fishhouse with the treasure exposed, and in the morning 300 scared, unhappy trout represented our 6,000 of the night before. Intending purchasers were sadly informed of the calamity, and our hopes were over for that year. The way in which a rat catches live fish is most wonderful; if it were water rats it might appear fairly simple, but the destroyers of our happiness and fortunes were common barn rats, who gnawed their way in through the woodwork of a window 3ft. from the ground. When about 2in. long we transferred the fish into yearling ponds, over which were suspended the contents of a "game-keeper's larder," dead beasts and birds of prey; the maggots from their decaying bodies fell at intervals and were watched for and welcomed by the fish. Here again ill-luck attended us; 5,000 trout were put into three small, well guarded ponds, with concrete bottoms, and 7,000 into a large pond with a gravel bottom. The following year we set aside two days with great pomp for recovering the fish, and a select party was invited to witness "the liberation into the river of 12,000 trout." The very idea was enough to make a fisherman's blood leap through his veins. Picture to yourself, reader, 12,000 trout of a year's growth in a couple of years time. What work for your top joint, what yarns for your less fortunate friends. But wait, the water runs off from the ponds, a fish is seen and caught, only a perch, no doubt the trout lurk at the bottom, a few more fish are caught, this time pretty little dace and still no trout. Where are the 5,000? The water is all off now, except from a square hole of about 3ft., out of which it must be baled. Faces are growing very long, anxiety holds our breath; the only occupants of the hole are three pike about a foot long. They had come down through the grating in ova, and growing rapidly, the trio had among them devoured every single trout. Killing is no word for their death, my partner literally "smashed" those pike, finding half trout in them in process of digestion. Well? There are still the 7,000 in the big pool, but I no longer feel enthusiastic; in vain my partner assured me that pike could not possibly find their way there even in the egg; I could not enter keenly into it, and when the findings were only 11 out of 7,000, with no pike by way of explanation, I hardly felt surprised. The unhappy members of that company walked off silently in different directions, the subject was carefully tabooed by mutual delicacy of feeling and no real cause was assigned for the loss. Deep mud and poachers were privately vouchsafed by the keeper as a reason, but there was no proof of the latter, and if the former were the cause, where were the corpses?

These were our only known disasters, we turned a great many trout and grayling into small streams to work their way to the river, with less chance of enemies, and when a three year older or thereabouts comes to table, we fancy it is one of our rearing. Very probably it was comfortably hatched under a stone in the river bed, but "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and we well deserve any comfort of this trifling nature in reward for our many trials in fishculture, don't you think so?

P. P. S.

ENGLAND.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,532, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Lethbridge's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nanit," "Gloan," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

mossy rocks that gave in so shyly to them; the gray shadows of the dipping branches, as in play they chased each other across the surface of a pool; the whiffs of countless blossoms as they fought for favor; the scamper and dip of squirrel and bird, and the innumerable harmonies and melodies that sing when man and earth are in accord.

As for trout, they caught enough for a meal or two and a few baits for the poor woman a mile down the hill, and leaving a serviceable pair of unmentionables for Thompson, here they are back at their desks, where it would be better for them to center their attentions.

F.L.N.

THE METABETCHOUAN RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing the notes sent in in response to your "Where to Go Fishing," I cannot refrain from saying something in regard to the Metabetchouan River. When one reaches the city of Quebec on his way to the country of the ouaniche, the famous Lake St. John region, he hears on all sides the wonders of the Grand Discharge as the center of the best fishing grounds. The reasons are best not given why he should not go there, but let him try it. Then on his return stop at Chambord Junction and take one of the shabby old buckboards to S. Bovins, on the Metabetchouan River, and try the fishing here, and unless his experience is far different from mine during the past few seasons he will find the fish of the river heavier, harder and longer fighters and much more beautiful than those of the Grand Discharge.

If any of my friends and I here include all who love to cast the fly wish to enjoy a day with these most noble game fish, and at the same time have a view of the river scenery, which is unsurpassed, let them try the Metabetchouan River and they will not fail to take ouaniche in number and size to suit the most critical. I will gladly give any pointer as to the region or guides which past experience may have acquired. EDWIN R. LEWIS, M.D.

WESTERNLY, R. I.

FOR "FOREST AND STREAM" READERS.

WE have secured, for the private information of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, knowledge of a number of streams and lakes easily accessible from this city, where we believe that good fishing for trout and black bass may be had. The information, much of which comes from private sources, we are not at liberty to print, but we shall be glad to furnish it without charge to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM who will apply for it, either personally or by letter.

A CANADIAN TROUT.—Toronto, June 1.—In a lake which empties into the Montreal River, and through which I traveled by canoe ten days ago, we caught with a troll twenty trout, the smallest 3lbs., the largest 8lbs. They are shaped like the speckled brook trout. There is a soft fin or excrescence on the back next the tail. The fins, tail and flesh are blood orange in color. The back is dark, the belly white, the sides speckled with silver and gold spots. Some of the fish are reddish brown and some considerably inclined to gray or silver hues. The fish grow to 40lbs. in weight. The officers of the Hudson's Bay Company call them speckled trout. Some people say they are silver salmon. This is a fresh-water lake, 300 miles north of Toronto. The water is very clear and cold, 600ft. deep, resting on a pebbly bed. The fish do not attempt to leave the lake, though it has two outlets; they are never found out of it. The large 40lbs. fish are caught in the fall of the year with night lines sunk deep in the water. The fish is more beautiful than the speckled trout of the brooks, and I say it advisedly, its flesh is more juicy and finely flavored. Please inform me what kind of fish they are.—S. R. CLARKE. [We think this must be one of the large trout known in our catalogues by name only—probably Ross's trout, described by Richardson. Would it be possible for Mr. Clarke to send us a specimen, or at least the skin of a large one? The skin can be sent dry or in salt. Little is known about the trout of the region referred to in the above communication. We know the lake trout and landlocked salmon occur there, but nothing more.]

DEATH OF AMASA WARD.

SOUTHBORO, Mass., June 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: The many readers of your paper, who, in seasons past, have been entertained at Hell Gate Camp on the Dead Diamond, will hear with profound sorrow of the death of Amasa Ward, which occurred at the residence of Oscar Fletcher, near Colebrook, at noon, Wednesday June 10.

All winter he had been ailing, and early in March his condition was such that his friends became alarmed, and they determined to remove him from his camp to a place where he could have proper medical attendance. Accordingly they placed him upon a moose sled and dragged him out to his friend Oscar Fletcher's, about midway between Colebrook and the Diamond Ponds.

A physician was immediately summoned, and upon examination he pronounced his case hopeless; a cancerous stomach was the chief factor, but the disorders were complicated. He failed rapidly, but his indomitable resolution which had pulled him out of many a perilous place was just as prominent as ever, and he fought the destroyer to the last. Thus in the 49th year of his life passed to the "happy hunting grounds" one of the best and truest men who ever blazed his way or cleared a carry through the woods.

Brothers of the angle and the rifle, the many pleasant days which we have spent with "Injun" shall be as ever fragrant flowers, which at the touch of memory shall bloom again in rich perfume.

I would suggest, for I knew and loved him well, that all that is mortal of him be taken to the old camp and be allowed to moulder with that earth, which to him was consecrated ground. What could be more fitting? There he had spent the years of joy and hardship; there he had welcomed the return of old friends, and there under the silent stars, with no requiem but the sad cadences of the stately spruce and pine, should be his final resting place.

J. W. B.

TO COLORADO VIA BURLINGTON ROUTE, only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 P. M., or St. Louis at 8:25 A. M., and arrive at Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day. Through sleepers, chair cars and dining cars. All railroads from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:30 P. M., St. Louis at 8:15 P. M., and Peoria at 8:20 P. M. and 8 P. M. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of agents of all roads and at Burlington route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.—Ad.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

PICTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.
Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt. 1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Hicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Quester," in your issue of May 21, asks a question as to the training of beagles and whether it is desirable to have them under control. He further says that the field trial rules, meaning, I suppose, those held by the National Beagle Club last year, say that a beagle should be under control and he agrees with them in that matter. I don't believe any intelligent person will for a moment dispute that control of a beagle is of as much importance as control of anything else that has come to be one of man's servants. If you have no control over your dog you might as well go hunting with a wild animal, for neither would be of any use to you, but would bolt at the first opportunity that offered. I don't think, therefore, that it is the question of control so much as the amount of control that is desirable that puzzles our amateur friend, and although by no means an oracle on the subject, perhaps a short description of how I train my beagles would be of some little interest to your many readers.

We will suppose you have bought a puppy or young dog from four to six months old. After taking him from his box and feeding and watering you should place him in his kennel, which, by the way, should have at least 100 sq. ft. of yard for him to exercise in. Commence by always feeding him yourself, and before you give him his food give a long whistle to attract his attention, then feed him. Repeat this whistle until you can call him as far as he can hear you, and always either feed or pet him when he comes. Your puppy, being six months old, is now at the proper age to break to lead. Take a collar of good, strong leather about an inch wide, buckle it on his neck, and let him wear it for a few days until he gets accustomed to wearing it. Then go into the yard with a light chain, and while he is playing with you snap it into the ring in his collar. After a while he will feel the restraint of the chain and will either jump and howl or lie down and roll over: in either case wait until he has become calm, then begin to walk round the yard slowly, dragging, if he will not come, the pup after you, stopping frequently to speak to him and coax him to you. It may take you several days or you may break him in a single lesson to lead, but make him do it cheerfully, not dragging behind nor pulling ahead, but leading quietly with a slack chain. This last will take some little time, but it can be accomplished with a little patience.

You have now got puppy to lead nicely and by attending to his feeding yourself got him to know you and recognize you as his master. Now, supposing him to be seven or eight months old, you should take him to the field with you. Start with him some morning or evening, as the scent lies strongest then, and take him to some place where you are sure to find plenty of rabbits and walk slowly around trying to start one for him. He will follow you about for a while, and then, as the novelty of the thing wears off, will make short trips into the brush himself. Always give him plenty of time, and as his confidence in his ability to find you again grows, he will go further and further away, until he stumbles on his first rabbit. Now, if he is a lively, active dog, he will, as soon as the rabbit starts to run, begin to chase him. It is a curious fact that, while a beagle may come on a rabbit, cat, woodchuck, or in fact any small animal, he will hesitate to attack it if it keeps perfectly still; but the sight of any fleeing object seems to create an intense desire to chase it.

If you have an old trained dog with you, that the pup knows, it will lessen the labor of training the pup by one-half; but as many of those who buy a puppy have no old dog to help them out, I will not provide for that contingency at this time, beyond saying you should follow the old dog as far as possible and endeavor to get your puppy to run with you. In an incredibly short time he will get to know that when he hears the bay of the old dog something is up, and after he has run with him once or twice he will catch the scent, and the rest is merely practice.

But to return. We will suppose you have just started a rabbit and your pup has seen it, if he does not chase it at once, run slowly after it yourself, calling to the pup and let him know by your actions you wish him to chase it. More than likely he will chase this rabbit as hard as he can until he loses sight of him, then he will go bounding round looking here and there for his lost quarry. Stand perfectly still as near the place you saw the rabbit disappear as possible, and let your pup cast round. If he comes in to you, give him a pat and then send him away with a wave of the hand. It is quite likely he will take the trail before long, and more than likely run it mute for a short distance; but never mind, don't hurry him now, as he is not just sure that he is doing right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Quester" asks the question, should a beagle be under control (when in the field), and adds, the field trials say yes and so do I. Well, I will not say that "Quester" and the field trials know nothing about it, as that would be incultus, but I do say that I have yet to see a well-trained beagle while on the scent of a hare that any man can call off, yea, he might yell until he was voiceless and for all a good beagle would be still on the trail. I know of no other plan of getting a well-trained beagle off a trail than heading him and catching him. With me this is just what takes some of the pleasure away in hunting with beagles. I am often ready to start for home but the little scamps are not, therefore I have to catch them and tie them up as caught, which often takes an hour or two. As I always drive to covert, which is some distance away, I cannot leave the dogs to find their own way home. "Quester" writes that he is of opinion that a beagle should hunt like a setter or pointer,

that is, quarter his ground and hunt systematically. I am of opinion that it is not possible to teach a beagle to hunt like a setter or pointer, and if it were possible to do so I fail to see of what advantage it would be. A good and well-trained beagle when taken to any place where hares frequent will, upon being released, hunt up a fresh scent, start the game and hunt it until killed or follow the trail a reasonable time. My plan when training a pup is to take the young dog out when 7 or 8 months of age, not before, with an old, very slow dog, the slower the better, for if the young dog lose or miss the old one he will hunt his trail, giving tongue like mad, and take no notice of the trail of the game. Never take a pup out with the pack, for if you do, ten to one, he will, when out, hunt and tongue the pack instead of the game, and you will never break him of the habit. Of course, beagles from good hunting stock will train and break themselves, if taken out frequently where game is plentiful, but the best and easiest plan is as I have stated above, to take the pup or puppies out with a slow old dog. And do not expect too much of a young beagle until he is full two years of age. A few beagles make good hunters when one year old, but the majority do not become first-class hunters until they have reached two or more years. I am glad to see by FOREST AND STREAM that the dear little beagle is coming more into notice. Men wishing dogs to be under control when hunting hares and rabbits had better use spaniels. H. B. N.

Cookstown, Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I never bred nor trained a beagle, but I have hunted over a few, and as field steward of the National Beagle Club's first field trials I had a good opportunity to see what was wanted and what was not.

A beagle to win must certainly be under better control than the majority of those were at the trials, and even the winners, I will wager, will be under better control at this year's trial. Supposing you go out hunting in some new country and your train leaves at a certain hour. Ten minutes before the departure of the train you find your dog, he is hunting, but not on trail. You whistle, your dog looks up at you, gives his tail an extra swish and disappears in the bushes. Tableau—dog missed, train missed and a walk home. Had he been properly trained he would have come to heel and your wife would not have cried her eyes out thinking you had blown the top of your head off. At the last trial, I have a distinct recollection of a rabbit seen by the handlers, dogs were called, one responded to the call and immediately picked up the trail. The other paid no attention to his owner and got left. I don't accuse anybody, both had an equal chance, I only state circumstances as they occurred. In another instance one owner yelled himself hoarse and discovered the other man's dog but made no impression on his own.

"Quester" asks, "Should a beagle hunt like a setter or pointer"—i. e., quarter his ground and hunt systematically? I say certainly, but the beagle should show rabbit sense, the same as the setter shows bird sense—i. e., he should hunt the likely places first. "Some say no, that trailing is the primary object." I remember at the last trial, a little bitch, a sure trailer, striking a trail and pottering around until everybody got tired of watching her. We all went on ahead, two or three other dogs ran around her but failed to find anything. They moved on and started and ran two or three rabbits before the bitch gave tongue. She finally found her rabbit but the others by quartering and hunting over more ground had found three in the meantime. Which was the best dog? NAMQUOIT.

ECZEMA.

THERE seems to be such a very vague idea among kennel owners of the difference between eczema and mange in dogs, that we think the following very able article on the subject in the English *Kennel Gazette*, will enable our readers to form a good idea of this troublesome skin disease. The writer says:

"This is an inflammatory condition of the skin, attended by redness, papules (pimples), vesicles (small blisters), and, in some cases, by pustules. It generally terminates by the skin becoming dry and scurfy. This latter is called squamous eczema. The cause, in most cases, is due to constitutional disturbances, though it may be the result of local irritation. The disease may affect any part of the animal. All dogs are liable to it, though some breeds are more predisposed than others, particularly long-coated ones, and especially Dandie Dinmonts. Of the short-coated dogs, Manchester or black and tan terriers suffer most frequently. The causes are over-feeding and insufficient exercise, weakening diseases—particularly distemper—and improper feeding—such as keeping a dog on milk and oatmeal diet, or debarring them entirely from meat. In some cases, too much meat will induce an attack. Intestinal irritation, the result of worms, or indigestion will induce it, and local irritation, the result of mange or the application of stimulating embrocations. No doubt many cases are due to hereditary predisposition, and I think I am correct in saying that, of all breeds, Dandie Dinmonts seem the most predisposed."

There is a form of dry eczema that resembles very much psoriasis. It generally appears in circular patches about the head, face, legs and body of a pup when about three to five months old; in fact when the teeth are being changed. This is a most obstinate disorder and frequently resists treatment for months.

The question is often asked, Is eczema contagious? I consider that I am right in saying that it is not in the ordinary sense of the word. At the same time I think it is running a certain amount of risk to allow a healthy dog to sleep in close contact with one suffering from the disease during the moist stage, for I have seen the acrid eczematous discharge when it has come in contact with healthy skin set up a good deal of local irritation resembling true eczema to a degree. Such cases, however, yield quietly to treatment. The disease is not confined to any locality, as any part of the head, body or legs may become attacked. There is certainly a greater tendency for the skin adjoining mucous membrane—as around the lips—to become more affected than other parts, and also the eyelids. The soft parts of the skin, such as the flanks, the inside of the thighs and the bend of joints, as the front of the elbow, and the hock, are favorite seats of the disease. The prominent parts of the different joints that come in contact with the ground when a dog is lying down very often become affected.

There are three varieties of eczema: E. simplex, E. rubrum, and E. impetiginodes. Simple eczema is the most common and the easiest to cure. It consists of a crop of vesicles, or small blisters, on an uninfamed skin. In these cases the contents of the vesicles either become absorbed or dried up, and the skin is left dry and scaly. In some instances, where successive crops appear, the disorder becomes troublesome. In eczema rubrum the skin is very inflamed, extremely irritable, and somewhat swollen. A crop of vesicles, as in the previous form, appears, the little blisters break, and discharge, the parts becoming moist. After a time the discharge dries up, and small scales form or the parts are covered with thick scales. The ordinary disease known as red eczema, or mange, which is often seen in white coated dogs when the hair turns of a rusty red color, is not a form of eczema at all. It is a skin affection, in my opinion due to some vegetable or animal parasite, and is really contagious. In the third form, eczema impetiginodes, the vesicles run on to pustules, which discharge a thin, sticky fluid. This soon dries, if the dog is prevented from licking, and crusts of a yellowish-green color are formed. This form resembles

eczema, as a rule, passes through three stages. First, the skin is red, inflamed and swollen. Secondly, small red papules are formed. These soon develop into vesicles, which usually break, making the skin moist, or the contents of the vesicles become absorbed. In either case the skin becomes subsequently dry and scaly. This latter condition of the skin is called the third or squamous eczema, but is really only another stage of the disease. There is a fourth stage in some cases, namely, E. impetiginodes. The vesicles here become pustular, break and discharge, and subsequently form crusts. The irritation, the result of the disease, varies according to the extent and severity of the attack. In E. rubrum the irritation is almost intolerable during the early stages; and the dog is licking, biting and scratching continually. This subsides as the skin becomes dry and scaly. The loss of hair in eczema is not so much due to the disease as to the rubbing, scratching and biting.

The treatment must depend on the form the disease assumes. What would be a suitable application during the early stages would be useless, in fact do harm, later on when the skin has become scaly. Internal remedies are quite as important in the treatment of eczema as lotions etc., for it is by these means that we try to eliminate the disease from the system. During the early and inflammatory stage, when the skin is red and heated, and also when the patches of the skin are covered with vesicles, cooling and drying lotions, such as the following, should be tried:

No. 1.
Goulard's extract of lead..... 1dr.
Wright's solution of coal tar..... 2drs.
Distilled water..... 8oz.
Applied frequently with a piece of sponge.

No. 2.
Prepared chalk..... 2oz.
Lime water..... 8oz.
Apply the same as No. 1.

When the lotions are not found suitable, or cannot be conveniently applied, one of the following ointments may be tried:

Glycerole of subacetate of lead..... 1dr.
Vaseline..... 1oz.

Well mix and apply three or four times a day by being gently smeared over the parts, or

Milk of sulphur..... 1scr.
Mercurial ointment..... 15grs.
Benzolated lard..... 1oz.

Well mix and apply about three times a day. In some cases, when the discharge is free and the skin is very moist, especially in cases of E. impetiginodes, it is necessary to dust the part freely and often with some drying absorbent powder like the following:

Powdered boracic acid..... } Equal
Pure oxide of zinc..... } parts.
Precipitated sulphur..... }

This should be continued until a crust or scab has formed.

A few days afterward, when all inflammation of the skin has disappeared, olive oil should be applied to the crusts to remove them. With respect to the internal remedies, aperients during the early period of the attack are always necessary. For this there is nothing better than Epsom salts.

For a very large dog like a St. Bernard or mastiff the dose should consist of from one ounce to an ounce and a half, which may be given dissolved in four ounces of water. For dogs the size of a collie six drachms is sufficient. Terriers may have from two to three drachms, according to size, and small toy dogs a scruple, given in warm water or milk. As the taste of this medicine is rather objectionable I find it a good plan, in some cases, to add some sugar or treacle. The purgative should be repeated about once a week, so long as the disease continues. When the dog makes a difficulty about taking the salts some such pill as the following may be given instead:

Calomel..... 2zrs.
Barbadoes aloes..... 8zrs.
Gingerine..... ½gr.

Mix and make one pint.

The dose for large dogs should be three pills, and for collies, etc., two; terriers, one pill. In addition to the aperient medicine, some such mixture as the following should be regularly given and continued for some time:

Sulphate of magnesia..... 1½oz.
Sulphate of iron..... 1scr.
Bi-carbonate of potash..... ½oz.
Water..... 8oz.

Doses: St. Bernards, collies and other dogs of similar size, one tablespoonful; large terriers, as Airedales, a dessertspoonful; small terriers, as fox-terriers, a teaspoonful; little dogs, half a teaspoonful, repeated twice a day. If the dog is not feeling well, from five drops to half a drachm of compound tincture of gentian may be added to each dose. With regard to the treatment of the dry, or squamous form of the disease, ointments are required to soften the skin and thus remove the scurf or dandruff, and to somewhat stimulate the growth of hair. For this, I find there is nothing better than the red oxide of mercury ointment, diluted with vaseline as follows:

Red oxide of mercury ointment..... 1dr.
Vaseline..... 6drs.

Well mix these, and apply with gentle friction to the bare and rough places. When the condition of the skin does not improve with the ointment the following may be tried; the *huile de cade* applied to the part with a camel's hair brush and allowed to dry. This may be removed in a few days with a soft brush. Arsenic given in some form is almost indispensable to complete the cure of eczema. It is often, by mistake, given in the early stages of the disease, but it is best not to administer this medicine during the inflammatory period, but only when the skin has become dry and scaly; then it often proves a specific. Fowler's solution or the solution of arseniate of soda are the best preparations. The dose of either is about the same. Commence with one to five drops, according to the size of the dog, then, after a week, gradually increase the dose to three or ten drops. This medicine should always be given in water, and either with the food or immediately afterward. Should a dog, while receiving this medicine, show signs of its physiological effects by the membrane of the eye becoming red, the eyes watery, loss of appetite, sickness or diarrhoea, and loss of condition, the arsenic must be immediately stopped. After a few days, when the symptoms described have passed off, it may be given again, but, as at first, commence with the minimum dose.

[The further treatment of this disease will be continued in a future article.]

It seems very queer that with so many shows being held in England, the Kennel Club does not step in and make some alteration in the way late entries are now accepted. The rule of our A. K. C., though noody believes that it is always strictly lived up to, has, however, a good moral effect. At Malden show the secretary writes mournfully to the papers that they are giving 253 prizes in the open classes and the entries amount to only 200. The great Leeds show is also in a similar box, and with such a schedule as they issue there must be some ulterior cause for this delay on the part of exhibitors. The question naturally arises, are dog shows in England being overdone? This is a question that need trouble our snow committees very little; our long summer interval gives all a chance to recuperate and tackle the shows again with renewed vigor.

DOG CHAT.

AS stated last week in Dog Chat, we received letters from Messrs. Comstock and Dole just as we were going to press. As a good deal of interest attaches to their movements and the dogs they have bought, we cannot do better than publish a part of Friend Dole's letter. Although we have already given the names of several of his purchases, still there are many particulars connected with them that will be news. He writes: "The next thing is to tell you that both Mr. Comstock and I have been well every minute since we left New York, and we were nicely treated by all the doggy men in England; nothing was too good for us, and we were nearly done up when we left England, with their many kindnesses. You have no doubt seen in the English papers that I have bought quite a number of dogs. I have—and most of them of the highest order. The prices of several were very high, but then they are the right ones, and can win in England as easily as they can in America. The following are all of them and the people I have bought them for: H. M. Stanley (bulldog) for Mr. R. D. Winthrop. This is a grand young dog who will improve a lot. He is only 16 months old, and by the time of the New York show he will make it warm for the Yale ascot. I also sold Mr. Winthrop a bull bitch, Pretty Crimer. She is not a show bitch, but is in whelp to Hotsup, a litter brother to Stanley. I am quite sure she will throw a good pup. The Dandie Dinmonts I bought for Mr. E. Brooks are fine. King o' the Heather is a mustard, whelped June 13, 1889. He has never been beaten, which you know is quite remarkable. The bitch, Heather Madge, whelped March 17, 1888, has also done quite a lot of winning. Not only that, but she is the dam of Darkie Dully, who is the best Dandie Dinmont puppy seen for a long time. As she is now coming in season Mr. Brooks will be sure to breed some good ones. I may say that the judge, Mr. Weaver, who judged at Gloucester, told me he thought King o' the Heather the best Dandie in England; but then, you know, the American judges have a way of knocking such good ones. I have also purchased for the Woodall Kennels the fox-terrier Dobbin. He is a grand young dog, has only been shown once, but was not then in form. This dog was bred by Mr. Timne, who is winning all before him just now, and is a litter brother to Mr. Timne's Newcome, which Mr. Rawdon Lee thinks the best fox-terrier in England, and as another fox-terrier judge thinks Dobbin as good as Newcome, I think I am safe in saying that the Woodall boys have another warm one. Dobbin was whelped in June, 1890, and is by the noted Venio. I received a commission from Mr. Edward Maurice, of Yale College, for a good pair of dachshunde. I have bought Janet, the best bitch living, and good judges say the best ever seen. I purchased her from Mr. Harry Jones, who is at the top of the tree in this breed. The dog I have not got yet, but will have him on my return to England. You can depend upon seeing the best red dog here. I may add that Janet is also a red one. When you buy the best they have in any breed you have got to pay for it. Now the last one I have bought for others than myself is the bull bitch Magpie. She is for Mr. Andrew J. Hatch, of New Haven, Conn., and I am keeping her in England till she is bred to Mr. Ellis's Guido. For myself I have bought a very nice small bull-terrier bitch, White Matchless, by Gully the Great. She is in whelp to a son of Bendigo; also a large bull-terrier bitch, named Lively Lou. She is by a son of Bendigo, and is in whelp to Gully the Great. I expect some winners out of this litter; both of these bitches are now safe in my kennels in New Haven. I have also bought the bull-terrier bitch, The Shrew, by Gully the Great; she has done a lot of winning and is a very taking bull-terrier. The last but most important purchase is the bull-terrier Gully the Great, who is the sire of more winners than any bull-terrier in the world. I have been after this dog for a long time, and after seeing the stock that he has got I made up my mind to have him. Gully has a brown mark on the side of his head. He is a big dog, weighing 52 lbs., and taking him all round he is the best bull-terrier I have seen in England, as a show dog. This dog cost more than twice as much as any bull-terrier I ever bought. I shall put him at stud, and I hope the bull-terrier men will use him as he is a wonder as a stud dog. He is the sire of White Queen, who holds the challenge cup, White Wonder, Diamond King, etc. I may say that \$750 have been offered for White Queen. Gully is only 4 yrs. old, just in his prime, and I hope he will be able, with the bitches we have, to breed one good enough to send to England and win. I have owned some good bull-terriers, but I think Gully will do more for the breed than any bull-terrier ever imported. I have a lot to tell you about our trip and will let you know when we sail. We shall be back in England July 15, when we shall have another week to look round and will have time to fill a few more commissions. I may add that some of the best bull-terrier bitches are booked for America. With kind regards to all from yours truly, FRANK DOLE."

Mr. Pitts, of the Mohawk Indianola Kennels, in sending us his Kash—Bonsor stud advertisements, informs us that Bonsor arrived in good condition, and that he is well pleased with him. He thinks he will make a good cross on Kash bitches.

Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, who is a most enthusiastic beagle owner, and who spends a good deal of his time in pursuit of the elusive bunny with his pack, writes us that his Belle Ross and Clyde, both well-known beagles, are now in fine shape, though the latter contracted distemper after the Boston show, and will run again in the N. B. C. field trials. Belle Ross should give a good account of herself, as for a young bitch she showed excellent hunting sense in the last meeting, winning, among other prizes, the special for the best trailing throughout the trials.

Mr. A. W. Pancoast, of Auburndale, O., writes us that the spaniel mentioned in our issue of June 4, as arriving on the S. S. Europe, destination unknown, is the black and tan cocker spaniel Little Prince, out of Lady Nell, and whelped Aug. 17, 1887. Little Prince has proved valuable in the stud, being the sire of Crown Prince and other good winners in England. He is the winner of the following prizes: Second Alexandra Palace, second Brighton, first Southampton and first Birmingham, all in 1889. As Spratts Patent had charge of the little fellow during his journey, it is needless to say that he arrived in the best of condition.

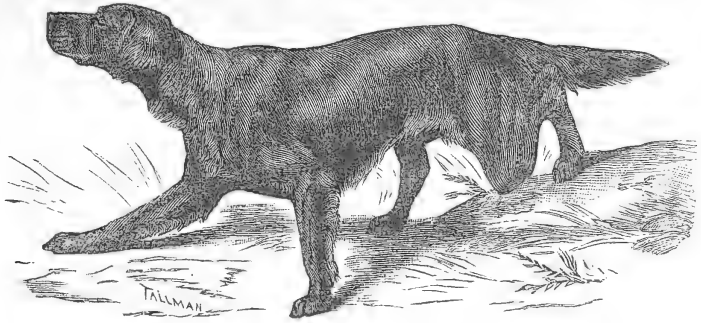
We have received a letter from Mr. Edward Brookes, of Boston, Mass., stating that his Dandie Dinmont terriers King o' the Heather and Heather Madge have arrived at his kennel. They are at present out of condition, but he is well satisfied with his new purchases, and especially with the dog. He expects to show such a team of Dandies at New York that has never yet been seen in this country.

Mr. Frank Hope, of Philadelphia, writes us that he has removed to new and more commodious quarters in order to keep pace with his increasing business.

It is rumored, says "Cheerful Horn," "that \$500 was offered and refused for the pug Royal Duke of Rozelle at the Glasgow show, and America is hinted as the source of the offer. It would seem a if pugs were coming again in popular fancy in this country.

We note that Messrs. Comstock and Dole have been elected associate members of the English Kennel Club.

We are informed that Messrs. Oldham and Wilmerding were not present at the meeting of the N. J. K. C., which is



FIRST PRIZE WINNING IRISH SETTER "RED RIVER GLENCHO,"
Owned by Mr. R. H. Burr, Connemara Kennels, Middletown, Conn.

said to have unanimously voted for Mr. Peshall's reelection as delegate to the A. K. C.

The subject of our illustration this week is the Irish setter Red River Glencho (A. K. C. S. B. 14,472), owned by Mr. R. H. Burr, Middletown, Conn. He is by Glencho out of Lyda Belle, and has won three first prizes. Mr. Burr tells us that he is also a thorough workman in the field. He was purchased from Mr. George Covert, of the Killarney Kennels.

Mr. Charles, who shipped the thirty-nine barriers to Philadelphia on the S. S. Michigan for the Chestnut Hill Kennels, must have had a pretty hard time of it, as he did not know till Tuesday that the ship sailed at daybreak the next day. At 5:30 in the afternoon he called on Spratts Co. for a ton of biscuit to be delivered that evening for feeding on the way out. Spratts were equal to the emergency and dog, food and everything were on hand by 10:30 P. M. that night. *Fruekers Gazette* tells us that Mr. Charles, who is Mr. Harrison's manager on the other side, sent a special attendant out in charge of the hounds, and they will ere this no doubt have been received at the Chestnut Hill Kennels.

The founder of the Newton Abbott strain of spaniels, Mr. T. Jacobs, has certainly beaten the record for long prices in this breed, for he has just sold a black spaniel bitch that has not been shown yet, to a Mr. Wallard for \$2,000.

"Nanquait" writes us that the first number of a new paper will be issued in San Francisco, Cal., June 15, called the *Pacific Sportsman*. It will be issued monthly.

From the Imperial Kennels, Chicago, Ill., we have received a very neat leaflet, setting forth the many virtues of their great Dane, Imperator. We can now boast at least two most excellent specimens of this breed in this country, and the struggle for supremacy between this dog and Melac will always be interesting.

We learn from our Kennel registry that the Oriole Kennels had sold the fox-terrier bitch Blemton Marjoram, that have done some winning, to Mr. James W. Kerr, Philadelphia, Pa. She has been bred to Pitcher.

We are pleased to see that the discussion now going on in our columns on "Beagle Training" is being conducted in such an amicable manner. It also shows how numerous are the friends of the little hound. We should be pleased to have the opinions of such old breeders as Messrs. Pottinger, Dorsey, Phœbus, Krueger and others who hunt the hare in covert and open.

The bulldog Bedgebury Lion, again beat his old antagonist British Monarch at the Southampton show held a fortnight since.

Mr. Symonds has received letters from Mr. Toon and Geo. Thomas explaining Geo. Hellwell's seeming inconsistency in reversing his decisions in the black and tan terriers at Southport. It seems Prince Regent, Mr. Symonds' dog, showed himself very badly in the open class and may have been suffering at the time from his bad cough. Rhodes Oban beats him in head, but is beaten in legs and leg markings and general symmetry by Prince Regent.

The Forest Beagle Kennels have lost the young bitch that was to run a match with the Glenrose Kennels' bitch Ulla in the coming field trials.

If Mr. Lamb is lucky he should be able to make money out of his new purchase Margharita, whose importation we noted recently. It seems that Marchioness of Bute, a daughter of hers by Lord Bute, at two shows scored seven firsts and three gold medals, and now has just been sold for the largest price ever paid for any dog in Scotland.

Rochester, N. Y., is taking measures to mitigate what is called the dog nuisance in that city. Mr. Canahan, of the Humane Society, has the matter in hand, and will prepare the necessary penal ordinances for remedying the evil complained of. So no doubt before long Rochester will be blessed with the ubiquitous dog catcher, who for so many cents per head will give the inhabitants a chance to redeem their pets from the pound at a much advanced rate. In New York the Mayor has placed the pay this summer of dog catchers at 40 cents per dog, and in view of the decided stand taken by some outraged citizens last year, it is to be hoped these grasping gentry have been taught the lesson, that a full licensed dog in proper care has rights which must be respected.

Our thanks are due to Mr. C. G. Browning for a very pleasing photograph of his noted red and white cocker dog Cherry Boy, by Ebony out of Fanchon. He has an unbeaten record this year, taking first at New York, Boston and Lynn.

A new product of dog shows has in the natural order of events been evolved in England—the traveling assistant secretary—as *Canine World* puts it. This is Mr. Beaclerk, who has proved himself so apt in this particular branch that he now makes a business of attending to the clerical work of different shows.

Mr. Chas. Trevena, Redruth, England, is selling off his kennel of noted greyhounds. Among them are the noted dogs Comet and Maid of Cefn, Rushing River, Telephone and Blue King.

We see that Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, editor of the English *Stock-Keeper*, was proposed for membership in the English Kennel Club by Mr. Shirley and seconded by Mr. Arkwright. He was elected.

We are notoriously short of good mastiff judges, or at least those who are available, so it is welcome news to hear that a well-known mastiff man is coming from England to take up his residence in America. Who is he?

The members of the Pet Dog Club who are interested in the projected specialty show in November, are hard at work arranging preliminaries. It is stated that the greyhound and fox-terrier clubs will join in the movement, and the Spaniel Club will hold a special meeting next week to discuss the advisability of their lending a hand. It certainly is the only way in which specialty clubs can hope to hold a show, that is by amalgamating, and come out of it with any prospect of success, as evidenced by the shows held by the Fox-Terrier Club, which have proved dire failures in the past, although the greyhound show certainly proved an unexpected exception to the rule. We hear that the Garden can be secured for \$2,500 for three days, or on the share principle, they to be paid before any one else.

Several Russian wolfhounds have arrived in London from Moscow, and are said to be very good specimens.

The fox-terrier bitch Donna Dominie, that lowered the colors of Hunton Baron at Southampton show, is described in *Stock-Keeper* as a heavy-marked bitch with bigish ears and a trifle full in eye, though her expression is good, and her body and limbs capital; a really nice bitch. She won the special for best smooth (challenge dogs barred).

At a meeting of the Old English Mastiff Club, held May 29, in London, the committee appointed to arrange another specialty show, reported that, in view of the large number of shows to be held on the only available date on which the Crystal Palace could be had, it was considered advisable to abandon the idea for this year.

At the Toronto bench show, Sept. 14 to 18, there will be several greyhound and whippet races which will add materially to the "fun of the fair." The stakes announced are: Grand greyhound sweepstakes, \$5 entrance, divided into 50 per cent. to first and 40 per cent. to second. To this the Association will add a silver medal valued at \$20, to be known as the champion and running medal, open to all. Greyhound race, 300 yds., \$15 to first, \$7 to second and \$3 to third. Whippet race, 200 yds., \$15 to first, \$7 to second and \$3 to third. There will be no extra entrance charged in these races, but all the competing dogs must be entered in the regular classes in the dog show. This a very good move, and will no doubt afford an acceptable change from the usual monotony of the dog show.

We understand that Kingston, Ont., is to have a bench show after all, the dates, Sept. 1 to 4, having been chosen. There is some doubt as to whether the Midland Central Fair will be held this year; if it is, the show will be held in connection with it. If not, the dog show will be held independently in the Kingston Skating Rink. The Canadian circuit this fall will certainly allow ample opportunities for all kennels to take in some of the shows at least. A trip to one of the fair shows is often more amusing than those in the spring. There is more to see and the prizes are every bit as good. The dates chosen by Kingston will, unfortunately, conflict with those of Youngstown, O. This is to be regretted, although we do not think it will make any material difference in the entries. The circuit so far announced will be Kingston, Youngstown, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in Great Danes we give an extract from the London *Field* report on the dogs at the Frankfurt (Germany) show just held: "Great Danes headed the non-sporting groups. In brindled-colored dogs, Harry Gaisburg, the winner, is a well-made hound, possessing grand limbs and typical head. Mr. Ulrich's Hidalgo Doos is rather shorter in head, and not quite so massive, otherwise a very nice hound. Moro is coarse, and Orion (M Lutz) thin in condition. The winning bitch, M. Cohen's Fila Hansa, a nice brindle, shown in grand condition, had not a very easy win, for, although Menka von Stuttgart (Knödler's) is a little smaller, she is equally good in head and bone, and moves better behind. Elvira was much better than Dido, placed fourth, for the latter is thin in thighs, and not very good in action. In reds, M. Ulrich's Halfdan Doos was certainly the best, and he won with something in hand from Kratz Teras, who beat Herman Cesar for third money. Falkna-Plavia, a fine upstanding dog, with typical head and sound limbs, won easily in the division for blues; and in harlequins there was nothing better than German, who won in dogs; he is rather plain in head, otherwise a fair specimen. Fritz is too straight behind; but Diana Dordrecht, who won in bitches, has a beautiful head, rare hubs, and good quarters, though in size she was beaten by Felicita, who falls away behind." There was also a class made for Hanoverian bloodhounds, which we are told are very much appreciated in Germany from a show point of view, though not very typical or characteristic, varying as they do in type, somewhat resembling a cross between a pointer and an Alredale terrier.

We took another trip up to the Ruppert brewery, Wednesday, to see how the noted St. Bernard emigrants were coming along. Scottish Prince is much better, though his loin seems to trouble him a bit and, of course, the intense heat retards his complete recovery. Aristocrat is acting as if he liked his new country and is looking well. Altonette has seemingly almost fully recovered from the distemper and only needs the change of air to the country, which they will all get early next week. Col. Ruppert, Jr.'s kennels, at Poughkeepsie, will be ready for the dogs next Saturday. Several applications have been made for Prince's services but he will not be used for several weeks yet. We also learned that Empress of Contooceek will whelp in about two weeks and this will be, we believe, the last litter sired by poor old Hesper. They ought to be something very good.

On June 3 Messrs. Hudspeth & Collier, counsel for Mr. C. J. Peshall, obtained from Judge Andrews, of the Supreme Court, an order on the American Kennel Club to show cause why a peremptory mandamus should not issue against the club, requiring it "to remove the disqualifications imposed

upon the relator, and to reinstate and restore him to the rights and privileges he enjoyed before such disqualifications were made." The order was made returnable on June 8. It was served on the secretary. Mr. Vredenburg then obtained an order requiring Mr. Peshall to give bond in the sum of \$250 for costs, on the ground that he was a non-resident; and the date of answer was postponed from the 8th to the 18th. The principal grounds on which Mr. Peshall asks reinstatement, as set forth in his affidavit are, that under the rules of the A. K. C. the Executive committee had no authority to disqualify him, that he was not present at the September meeting at which the disqualification was imposed, had had no notice that his case was then to come up, and was not given an opportunity to make a defense.

During this extreme heat it behooves all owners of large kennels, and small ones too, to see that their dogs have pure air to breathe and that the floors of the kennel are kept sweet and clean. As an aid to this, Cynoline will be found an excellent preparation, and not alone this, but it will also rid the dogs of fleas which are doubly troublesome this hot weather.

New kennel advertisements still keep coming in and this week we notice several very important ones. The Westminster Kennel Club advertise their celebrated pointer King of Kent in the stud and A. E. Pitts his noted pugs, Kash and Bonsor. Those for sale are: Fox-terriers in Toronto; Edmund H. Osthaus has pointer puppies and so has Jas. B. Turner; G. B. Chesapeake Bay dog; Connemara Kennels and F. H. Perry—Irish setter puppies of excellent blood and an "ad" appears for a cocker to tree partridges.

We note that Dog-catcher John Blake, of Newtown, has been prosecuted for keeping fifty dogs in the pound three days without food or water. The cruelty of some human beings really passes all understanding. Such men should be treated to a little of their own medicine.

Le Chenil falls into a not natural error in thinking that only Americans pay exorbitant prices for St. Bernards, terming Mr. Shillcock an American when noting his purchase of Marvel. Mr. Shillcock is a "Brum," and as such is most thoroughly English, you know. But the richest thing is that in the next paragraph. We find that at the Toronto show "Deux dames, Mlle. Whitney et Mlle. Mason," will officiate as judges.

"Fritz" Emmett, who has contributed to the amusement of two continents and was one of the most popular actors on the stage, has joined the majority. Dogmen will feel more than interested in the news of his death, as he was at different times the owner of several noted St. Bernards. The giant Rector, for which he paid \$4,000, a great price at that time, and Bayard, Jr., for which he is said to have given \$2,000, once called him master. His most important purchase, however, was the great Plinlimmon, for which he parted with \$5,000, and may be said to be mainly responsible for the exorbitant prices at which crack St. Bernards are now held. Plinlimmon appeared on the stage in his play of "Old Uncle Joe." His sale of Plinlimmon to Mr. E. H. Moore is a matter of recent history.

At the last moment we hear that the sire of sires, the St. Bernard Prince Regent, has been purchased by Mr. W. C. Rieck, of the New York *Herald*, who already owns champions Hector and Flora II. Prince Regent is the sire of Princess Florence, Scottish Chief and other crack rough-coats. Mr. Rieck must have paid nearly \$9,000 for this dog, and has certainly secured a bargain. He is expected to arrive in about ten days, when we shall be able to give more particulars. He is by Plinlimmon out of Miss Grog and a grandson of Duke of Leeds, and is about 5 years old.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

WHY do writers use *noms de plume* that clearly convey knowledge of their identity? I cannot see why in such cases the writer might not as well give his name at once, as write "The Publisher of the Working Sheepdog Stud Book," or "The Owner of —."

Mr. Mason's recent article on "The Greyhounds at Chicago" is a notable instance of writing, worth writing, it being but too true that much "writing" had better have been left unwritten. I think it is within bounds to say that one-half the matter contributed to our kennel press contains nothing of interest or value, and that the half of this one-half only ministers to the vanity or ill-will of the writer, being a diffusion of his personal grievances or a magnifying of some of his belongings. We have had twin monuments of this sort, one being the intensely silly proposal of having a perambulating tombstone emblazoning the killing of a dog by a Mr. Otis, with some exceedingly disrespectful allusions to the killer, and the other a maudlin squinting about the death of some dog, beginning with "What heart did not stop or what breath go slow at the news of the death of Old Black Joe?" In both these cases the object of writing was writing. Mr. Mason's article is notable in being a well-digested, synthetic, instructive article, leading to thought and knowledge on the subject treated of, and great is the pity that so little of that kind of writing appears in our kennel papers.

Mr. Mason is in error, however, in implying that restiveness under criticism of dogs is a special characteristic of American dog owners. A gentleman connected with the English kennel press writes me that a good straightforward show report is what he wants and sometimes gets, but that he always gets notice of discontinuance of some stud dog advertisement when he publishes a frank honest report, adding some pungent statements as to the future destination of "fanciers" as compared with those of "sportsmen," a most disrespectful disposition of the "fanciers." There is this important distinction between fanciers and sportsmen in England, the former being "in it" for gain and the latter for pleasure, and perhaps this distinction accounts for the variation. But with us I fancy it is more personal vanity that stirs up the owner of the criticised animal than aught else.

THE ONLOOKER.

AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB MEETING.

A MEETING of the executive committee was held at 115 Broadway, New York city, on May 18, 1891. Present: Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding, E. M. Oldham, A. E. Rendle, W. T. Payne, R. P. Keasbey. Mr. Wilmerding in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting read and approved. The treasurer's report, dated Feb. 25, 1891, for the year ending at that date, was read. Moved and seconded that the report be received and laid on the table. Carried.

The president appointed Messrs. Rendle and Keasbey a committee of two to audit the treasurer's accounts and report.

A letter was read from the New England Kennel Club in regard to the \$10 special offered at their last show.

Moved and seconded that the secretary confer with Mr. Wilmerding in the matter of the New England Kennel Club special, to see if full conditions (explaining that the \$10 for Classification No. 3 must be offered as from the American Spaniel Club) were sent to them, and also to give the secretary power to act in the matter. Carried.

A letter was read from Mr. Whitehead tendering the Stud

Dog trophy to the club. Moved and seconded that the thanks of the club be tendered to Mr. Whitehead for his generous gift. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the \$20 special offered at the Chicago show for Classification No. 1 be paid. Carried.

Mr. Morris presented to the committee a proposition in regard to a bench show to be given in New York in the fall by the specialty clubs, and asked the Spaniel Club to take part in it. Moved and seconded that Messrs. Rendle and Keasbey be a committee to consider and investigate the matter. Carried.

A letter from the secretary of the English Spaniel Club was read, stating that a committee had been appointed by them to confer with a committee of the American Spaniel Club in regard to settling upon a uniform standard of points.

Moved and seconded that the president appoint, in addition to the executive committee, four other members of the club to act with them and confer with the English Spaniel Club committee on the question of standards. Carried.

The president appointed Messrs. J. F. Kirk, J. P. Willey, Chas. H. Mason and Andrew Laidlaw for such committee.

Moved and seconded that the \$10 special offered at the Cleveland show by the Spaniel Club be paid. Carried.

The following members were duly elected: W. B. Palmer, Woodstock, Ont., nominated by Mr. Oldham and seconded by Mr. Payne. Jas. L. Little, Brookline, Mass., nominated by Mr. Rendle and seconded by Mr. Payne.

A communication from Mr. James Watson was read tendering his resignation as the Spaniel Club delegate to the American Kennel Club and also as vice-president of the Spaniel Club. Moved and seconded that Mr. Watson's resignation be accepted. Carried. Mr. E. M. Oldham was nominated and duly elected as delegate to the American Kennel Club.

A communication from Mr. George Bell to the president and committee in regard to the judging at the Cleveland show was received, and on motion of Mr. Rendle and seconded by Mr. Oldham it was resolved that the communication of Mr. Bell be returned to him with the statement that the club had no jurisdiction in the matter.

Moved and seconded that the committee proceed to open the mailed ballots for judges. The president appointed Messrs. Oldham and Payne as tellers.

The ballots were opened and the tellers reported that the following ten gentlemen had been elected: A. C. Wilmerding, J. F. Kirk, Chas. H. Mason, J. P. Willey, Jas. Watson, E. M. Oldham, Andrew Laidlaw, J. Otis Fellows, William West, George Bell. On motion the meeting adjourned.

ROWLAND P. KEASBEY, Sec'y.

ROUGH ON BARKS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of any of your readers who are troubled with a dog that persists in howling or barking at night, when there is no necessity and consequently keeping the house hold awake, I will describe a little device which, if not abused, will generally succeed in quieting the "howl of Rome" or restraining yapping puppies, who after separation from the family, delight the ear with "Home, Sweet Home" in canine *crescendo*. That there are many ways of effecting a cure I am well aware. But they nearly all entail getting out of bed or other evolutions, whereas with my invention, as is usual with such "Keelyan" fabrications, you touch the button and the machine, detective, electrical or otherwise, does the rest. Now do not think I am trying to get you to sink well weighted money in a revolutionizer, but just simply buy an ordinary, loud ringing electric bell and enough wire to reach to the couch on which your calm and sweet repose is sought for. All you have to do is to fix the bell close by the dog, place the button beside your pillow, connect the wire, and when the serenade is well under way give a good sharp ring. It must be sudden and short, and be very careful he does not get used to it. On receiving the shock he will shoot for his kennel, imagining the ghosts of oft chased rats and cats have combined for revenge, and lie as quietly, and perchance as coolly, as some dog owners narrate the wonders of their pets. This device may be used to disperse feline waifs also, scaring birds, and in fact it might be applied in endless different ways. The writer is likely to pay a visit to English shores soon, and would be pleased to take over or bring back any dogs any one might wish to get over safely under special care. —PRO CANIS AMOR.

A POINTER FROM "HICKORY."—Columbus, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On April 2 there appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, a challenge from Mr. Isgrigg to run any dog a three days' race with a market hunting dog, a grandson of old Gladstone, on neutral ground. "We will either give or take expenses, money and dog ready at any time." Now, I accepted this in good faith and put up the money, \$250, came here half way and on neutral ground and remained here from April 27. Am I not justly entitled to the \$250 to cover part of my expenses? I have had no word from Mr. Isgrigg. —J. R. PURCELL.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (unfilled free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Master Dick Bendigo, Cresson, Jay Emm, Jr., Old Skip Iron Queen Bendigo II. and Lady Vesuvius. By John Moorhead, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa., for white bull-terrier dogs and bitches, whelped May 24, 1891, by Master Dick out of Queen Bendigo.

Belle Mark. By Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped September 18, 1890, by Rev. R. G. (Gath's) Mark—Rosa out of Princess Belton (Yale Belton—Polly Blue).

Lansdowne Kennels. By Geo. D. B. Darby, Lansdowne, Pa., for his kennels of fox-terriers.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lonnie Bijou—King of Kent. E. H. Osham's (Toledo, O.) pointer bitch Lonnie Bijou to Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent, May 28.

Kleapa—Kash. L. Dresbach's (Columbus, O.) pug bitch Kleapa to A. E. Pitts's champion Kash, May 23.

Ruby N. Bonsor. Mrs. J. V. Newborn's (Toledo, O.) pug bitch Ruby N. to A. E. Pitts's Bonsor (champion Diamond—Maggie), May 8.

Jack's Juno—Leslie. W. B. McClood's (Hyattsville, O.) pointer bitch Mack's Juno (Rex Morgan—Fleet) to Hon. G. H. Barger's Leslie (Spot Dash—Imported Belle Randolph), June 3.

Drumlin Isle—Renown. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) collie bitch Drumlin Isle (Alice—Rosa) to their Renown (Molly Wonder—Daisy Miller), May 31.

Phyllis—Kilmarnock Chief. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) collie bitch Phyllis (champion Rex—Jennie Nettles) to their Kilmarnock Chief (Metchley Wonder—Vandy II), June 10.

Onota Belle—Red River Glencho. R. H. Burr's (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Onota Belle (champion Chief—Bizzreena) to their Red River Glencho (champion Glencho—Lyda Belle), June 11.

Foula—Sir Bedivere. A. C. Shallenberger's (Alma, Neb.) St. Bernard bitch Foula (Victor Joseph—Navada) to E. B. Sears's Sir Bedivere, June 5.

Blemton Marjoram—Pitcher. Jas. W. Kerr's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Marjoram (champion Lucifer—champion Marguerite) to Oriole Kennels' Pitcher (Brocknurst Joe—Waffoolly), May 12.

Bonnie Juno—Einstein. J. E. Hair's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Bonnie Juno (Kennel)—Imported Juno) to Dr. F. B. Downs's Einstein (Underwinner—Kate Claxton), May 7.

Belle Mark—Shenstone. J. E. Hair's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Belle Mark (Rex verdy—Princess Belton) to his Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Belle), June 3.

Mena II.—Shenstone. W. C. Knott's (Stamford, Conn.) English setter bitch Mena II. (Rock R.—Mena) to Warwick Kennels' Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Belle), June 13.

Toody—Bradford Harry. Geo. W. Dixon's Yorkshire terrier bitch Toody to P. H. Coombs's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beals's Lad), June 4.

WHEELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Barmid. E. H. Osham's (Toledo, O.) pointer bitch Barmid (King of Kent—Hops), ten (six dogs), by Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of H-sen.

Spot Smirle. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Spot Smirle, May 22, six (three dogs), by Rideau Kennels' Obi, Jr.

Enone. Corktown Cocker Kennels' (Ottawa, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Enone, Feb. 5, five (four dogs), by W. H. Morgan's Bounce.

Fleet. H. K. Devereux's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Fleet (Dash—Spot), June 10, ten (three dogs), by Westminster Kennel Club's champion King of Kent.

Gypsy. J. Wilson's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Gypsy (Prince Foreman II—D-nua Inez), May 20, one bitch, by Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Belle).

Fanny B. J. Ellis's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Fanny B., April 20, eight (two dogs), by J. F. Hair's Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Belle).

Fan. Rex's (Stamford, Conn.) English setter bitch Fan (Nig—Lendine), April 18, eight (four dogs), by J. E. Hair's Shenstone (Don Gladstone—Heather Belle).

Nellie McGregor. W. J. Hamilton's (Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.) collie bitch Nellie McGregor (champion Rex—Juno), June 14, six (three dogs), by Jas. Watson's champion Clipper (Eclipse—Nesta).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Jack. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1888, by champion Muses out of Sandverct Bessie, by E. K. Talcott, Morcan Park, Ill., to Mrs. Chas. Wild, Baraboo, Wis.

Mavis Doksero. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 30, 1889, by champion Kash out of Fair Inez, by A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., to Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O.

Dollars. Golden fawn pug bitch, whelped March 4, 1891, by champion Kash out of Beauty III, by A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O., to Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O.

Lady Thurman. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped March 15, 1888, by Silver's (Stamford, Conn.) champion Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to E. Watrous, La. on, Ill.

Earl. Golden fawn Italian greyhound dog, whelped Oct. 15, 1891, by Prince out of Victoria, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to C. V. Griffith, Anderson, Ind.

Chequesset Tara. Pug bitch, whelped March 23, 1889, by champion Duet out of Tara, by Mrs. Tyler, St. Paul, Minn., to James Bowden, New York.

Rex III. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped July 8, 1890, by champion Gilderov out of Buttercup II, by W. J. Hamilton, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., to A. S. Haight, New York.

Brant—Jill whelps. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 18, 1891, by Dr. Nicol, Cookstown, Ont., three to C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont., and one each to L. J. Flower, Bloomfield, N. B., and A. P. Leach, New York.

Blemton Marjoram. White, black and tan fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 20, 1888, by champion Lucifer out of champion Marguerite, by Oriole Kennels, Youngstown, O., to Jas. W. Kerr, Philadelphia, Pa.

Montrose. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, by Malcolm's Whip out of Countess of Devonshire II, by Harry Malcolm, Baltimore, Md., to Mr. Smith, Tiffin, O.

Beverly Rebel—Beverly's Toddy whelp. White, black and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped July 22, 1890, by C. Rathbone, Albany, N. Y., to C. M. Munchall, Cleveland, O.

Belle of Vaneboro. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 30, 1890, by Ben Adair out of Rose Graphic, by Chas. D. Roberts, Lexington, Mass., to Geo. W. Ross, Vaneboro, Mass.

Jack. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 12, 1891, by Blaze out of Lady B, by Connemara Kennels, Middletown, Conn., to C. F. Wilcox, Hicamum, Conn.

Blaze—Gladys B. whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped April 12, 1891, by Connemara Kennels, Middletown, Conn., to Wm. J. Pickens, New York.

Lady Ruby. Orient fawn pug bitch, whelped Sep. 17, 1891, by Bradford B. II. out of Pearl, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to D. A. Tweedie, Slaughter, Wash.

Tina. All use and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Jan. 11, 1891, by Peter out of G. p., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to C. V. Griffith, Anderson, Ind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

V. B. M., Raleigh, N. C.—There must be some obstruction, but without seeing the dog we could not prescribe; better have the vet. examine it.

E. W. B., Clyde, O.—I wish to learn the names and addresses of the parties who registered Black Dick, No. 181, and Gypsy, No. 210, both registered setters, in the A. K. C. B. I wish to know their pedigrees, if possible. Ans. Neither dog is registered in the stud book under those numbers.

A. D., New York City.—Please prescribe for my four months' old puppy, he has three or four red spots on body, each spot about the size of a quarter; they do not seem to annoy the dog. 2. Do you think that the hair will grow again on the afflicted parts. Ans. Read the article on eczema in this issue.

A. O. M., Albany, N. Y.—Please inform me how I must proceed to have my bitch and puppies registered in the A. K. C. and where I must send for blanks to have same done. Ans. Your bitch must have an authentic pedigree for three generations, unless she has won two first prizes or been placed at any field trial recognized by the A. K. C., before she can be entered. For further information and blanks apply to A. P. Vredenburgh, 44 Broadway, New York city.

C. V. Y., Appleton, Wis.—I have a cocker spaniel, three years old, in apparently good condition, that is troubled with a thick, ropy matter forming over one of the eyeballs, making the eye appear white or opaque. By rubbing his eye with his paw he will get it loose, and after a time remove it, but it will form again, and eye appears tender to the touch. What can I do for him, if anything? Ans. Keep his kennel perfectly clean. Cleanse the eye frequently with a solution of ten grains of borax and an ounce of camphor water. Apply once a day with a camel's hair brush, the following:

R. A. A. Aqua distil. 31

If the eyelids stick together apply a little lard or vaseline. Feed light but nutritious food, such as milk, broth, etc. If this does not cure him have a veterinarian examine him.

A. C. U., Marblehead, Mass.—Please publish pedigrees of following greyhounds: Lord Never-settle, Prima Donna, champion Memnon, Harmony. Ans. Lord Never-settle, by Jester out of Squirrel, by Banker out of Quensberry, by Dandelin out of Lady Mark; Banker, by Gilsad out of Bleekinsop Lass; Jester, by Parmigan out of Gallant Foe, by Antonio out of Maggie Smith; Parmigan, by Congo out of Petreella. Prima Donna not registered. Memnon, by Caliph out of Polly, by King Theodore out of Polly, by Master Walker out of Playful; King Theodore, by Regan out of Garcia; Caliph, by Improver out of Charmi Jay, by King Death out of Chloe; Improver, by Patent out of Cordelia. Harmony, by Double-shot out of Clio, by Badger out of Mosier's Fan; Badger, by Spar out of Tilly; Double-shot, by Riot Act out of Sunflower; Riot Act, by Master McGrath out of Lady Stormont; Sandover, by Riot Act, out of Senate.

J. W., Cambridge, Mass.—1. My fox-terrier dog while out walking along a street on the other day was bit on the leg by a small dog, also on chin. They were separated before any serious damage had been done. My dog's skin was only just broken, and I thought no more of it for a day or two, when it began to swell. I put some vaseline on it. The scab hardened and this morning the swelling broke, and a large quantity (about a teaspoonful) of red, stringy matter came out. I squeezed out as much as I could and washed it out with water. Is it usual for dog bites (this was a sort of pinch) to mature, and have I done right? Is there anything more that should be done? 2. Is such a thing suggestive of rabies or other dangerous effects? Ans. 1. Clean the wound and apply a hot bread poultice to draw any remaining impurities. Then apply a little Friar's balsam and the wound will no doubt heal up very soon. Your dog very likely needs some blood purifier, try Glover's, and give him a little syrup of buckthorn every other day for a week. 2. Not necessarily.

Tuesday, Second Day, June 9

A Anderson, LaSalle.....	212111010	8
A B Organ, Chicago.....	122212212	10
A Kleinman, Ft. Dearborn.....	131111212	10
O H Porter, Grand Calumet Heights.....	011112000	7
H Eilers, Prairie.....	112123001	8
A B Price, At. Dearborn.....	222111101	8
A B Price, Ft. Dearborn.....	11211013	9
J L Wilcox, Eureka.....	11212220	9
A J Atwater, Eureka.....	22022122	9
W J Edbrooke, Lake County.....	220221002	7
E Scholtz, Prairie.....	221110001	8
W S Durr, Jacksonville.....	112111100	8
G M Taylor, Jacksonville.....	111111101	8
T W Taylor, Jacksonville.....	12012212	9
R E Franklin, Crescent City.....	021121301	8
F Mosher, Crescent City.....	01011100	7
A * De Steig, LaSalle.....	00221222	8
J P Sherer, LaSalle.....	21211011	9
F Train, LaSalle.....	111111101	8
R E Davis, LaSalle.....	11011111	9
J R Davis, Crescent City.....	210110011	9
J Kinder, LaSalle.....	01021110	0
J Reese G-neseo.....	12112221	10
N Lewis, Forester.....	110112291	8
T Ladin, Geneseo.....	112212212	10
J Pinn, Lake County.....	22212212	9
H H Fullin-stock, Forester.....	201111101	8
A Torkington, Pullman.....	021210102	7
E M Gardner, Pullman.....	212220122	9
A G Flickinger, Blue Island.....	121002212	8
A Price, Forester.....	131121201	8
C O Williams, South Chicago.....	021121102	8
W R Evans, South Chicago.....	021121122	9
W J Baker, Jacksonville.....	122221121	0
W Warbaung, Geneseo.....	212202221	9
Ge Kleinman, Ft. Dearborn.....	101211112	9
R O Helkes, Eureka.....	111111201	9
C Burmeister, North End.....	131011102	8
C S Wilcox, Audubon.....	0000	0
G B Dicks, Audubon.....	022122222	9
W E Phillips, Gun Club.....	220011202	7
Geo Beck, Evan-ton.....	221212212	10
G M Candee, Evan-ton.....	200100	0
H Jeff-erson, Evan-ton.....	102111020	7
F A Barr, Evan-ton.....	021123122	9
A D Gilmour, Amboy.....	222111101	8
H Wooster, Amboy.....	122112121	9
C Keifer, Amboy.....	111121102	9
W H Hale, Amboy.....	022111202	7
F E Adams, Evan-ton Prairie.....	111111121	10
G W Franklin, Evan-ton.....	111121111	10
T Marshall, Keithsburg.....	021123018	8
J F Scoville, Chicago.....	211121121	10
Ike Partridge, Chicago.....	211021112	9
J C Englund, Mt Pulaski.....	212122110	9
Ed Price, Forester.....	012120212	8
N Rowe, Audubon.....	221210100	7
R C White, Geneseo.....	222201220	10
E M Sterk, Evan-ton.....	122111122	9
A Stafford, Prairie.....	110210111	8
S Palmer, Garfield.....	102100212	7
G T Farmer, Cumberland.....	100110112	8
F Cop, Garfield.....	100212202	7
I P Hicks, Garfield.....	210111201	8
R Berto, Prairie.....	012212201	7
V Hofmann, Prairie.....	101210202	7
E I Reeves, Forester.....	100221200	5
O H Lloyd, Keithsburg.....	121021021	8
H W Loveday, Ft. Dearborn.....	110112222	9
R P Jaques, Geneseo.....	111212222	10
R J Purvis, Evan-ton.....	011222222	10
R Dyle, Evan-ton.....	022222011	7
C S Bur on, Gun Club.....	101011221	8
F E Willard, South Chicago.....	022102112	8
J Gardner, Cumberland.....	010222020	6
L C Willard, South Chicago.....	030202111	7
A E Thomas, Ft. Dearborn.....	21122021	9
T B Blanchard, Evan-ton.....	01040222	6
A A Adams, Gun Club.....	202120121	9
S Booth, Grand Calumet Heights.....	1122112021	9
J J Smith, Evan-ton.....	212300111	8
W D Price, Forester.....	10002112	7
W S Bond, Lake County.....	111012121	9
M J Eech, Chicago Shooting Club.....	112211112	10
F A Place, Grand Calumet Heights.....	102101101	8
T Hall, Lake George.....	212012121	9
P Qard, Gun Club.....	102210101	7
R A Turtle, Lake George.....	112101121	9
W G Bayson, Chicago.....	111711020	9
A T Lord, Grand Calumet Heights.....	021230221	8
W R Fleming, Grand Calumet Heights.....	022121021	8
G W Peterson, Evan-ton.....	211101002	9
C E Willard, Gun Club.....	011112122	9
N Ford, Lake Co.....	221010010	10
Geo Hoffman, Prairie.....	212222222	10
H Babcock, Carmen.....	11222120	8
W P Mussey, Ft. Dearborn.....	112221012	8
E B Young, Grand Calumet Heights.....	111111101	8
L M Hamlin, Gun Club.....	1222111001	10
V Braham, West Chicago.....	112202120	8
J Church, West Chicago.....	022021202	7
W W McFarland, Ft. Dearborn.....	221211222	10
C Kem, Audubon.....	101220000	8
E March, South Chicago.....	111221002	8
E Patton, Audubon.....	112121001	8
P F Stone, Gun Club.....	21122222	10
W N Lowe, Cumberland.....	210001122	9
J F Hastings, Lake Co.....	221021210	8
T Stanz, Audubon.....	0020210	0
G Mosher, Forester.....	011136	0
E D Watson, Keithsburg.....	22212220	9
E D Werline, Keithsburg.....	111111010	8
F C Donald, Gun Club.....	030211202	6
W L Shepherd, Audubon.....	212002222	10
F B Clark, Geneseo.....	111212312	9

J F Whiting, Mak-saw-ba.....2210100201—6
Al Hoffman, Prairie.....1220222222—9
There were 18 men tied for first on 10 straight. The interest was intense as the shot off began, and probably 250 or 300 people gathered about the arena, the shooting on other parts of the ground being practically abandoned. Before the tie shooting began it was agreed by the tie men to draw out \$40 apiece and to shoot off for the remainder. From the first bird up to the tenth the men fell out rapidly. When L. L. Schick, Cairncross and Eich were the only ones left in, being was about even as to which would win, Kleinman having missed and Wooster, thought also a rather dangerous man, having gone out on a fast driving bird to the left. Ladin missed a rather easy one, then Cairncross got on far back on a fast white bird and sat down. Rich and Schick then shot another bird apiece and agreed to divide the remaining money and to shoot off on course for the diamond badge. Bets were now offered on Schick, and that pleasant giant from Mr. Pulsaski seemed to warrant it, for he was steady as a clock. "Merry Sunday, however, was centering the birds every time, and caught some fast left-quarters in great shape as they started before the wind, so that honors were easy. On his 22d bird Mr. Schick was not quite in the right place, and so closed his plucky battle. Mr. Eich saved right on through the 25 straight in the ties, and amid a storm of cheers and congratulations retired the winner of the chief trophy within the power of Illin in a blow upon a sportsman. The ties on 5 birds per man:
R B Ozean.....20
A Kleinman.....12121111212120
J Reese.....20
T Ladin.....121111111121210
W J Baker.....11220
Geo Beck.....10
G Cairncross.....122212211212110
C H Wooster.....1222122112110
F E Adams.....122121230
G W Franklin.....2110
J F Schick.....1222121112122120121—24
E P J ques.....2120
M J Eich.....122212111212211112—25
J A Farland.....2222220
S E Young.....20
P F Stone.....0
G Hoffman.....2222220
E Marsh.....21212220
Shooting was continued until dark in the ties on 9, there being thirty-four tied men. At dusk six men remained in, and these had concluded not to shoot there, as it was so late and as the birds were growing rather dull and slow, it was determined to finish this tie on the following morning. It is well that the tournament began on Monday. By the time this shoot and the big club team shoot is over it will be near the close of the week, and there will be small room for any open tournament for the non-residents.

THE TARGETS.

As before remarked, the heavy entries made long shoots. Only 3 events were on off, the total entries being close about 70 that a shoot was nearly an all day affair. The company was hot. No bar. C. W. Budd to-day completed a run of 126 targets straight. The scores:

Extra sweep, 10 Peoria blackbirds, \$2. Duer 10, Flickenger 7, Taylor 8, Merrill 8, Gardner 10, A. W. Reeves 6, Powers 10, White 5, L. Reeves 5, Heikes 10, Humphrey 9, Strawn 9, Geo. K. Loman 10, Ambrose 10, Englund 10, M. Hugh 7, J. A. Ruble 9, Atwater 9, Sherer 5, Burmeister 7, Fahnestock 9, Presley 7, Cardee 5, Barr 10, Budd 10, Price 6, Toland 7, Hamline 10, Babcock 9, Shilling 9, R. Babcock 10, Cairncross 10, Kiefer 6, Wooster 9, Black 10, Baker 7, Rex 9, Marshall 8, Miller 9, Elliott 9, Cop 9, McMurphy 10, Willard 9, Wilcox 9, Adams 8, Jefferson 6, Schick 10, E. E. Knicker 7, Partington 9, H. H. Powers 9, R. B. H. 8, Deterline 7, Franklin 9, Phillips 9, Burke 6, Sleg 10, Willard 10, Leopold 10, Royce 9, Spanger 9, Bluerock 7. Ties on 10 shot out and Duer, Heikes, Budd, Hamline, Hamline, H. Babcock, Cairncross, Black, McMurphy and Willard did, first, \$50.85. Ties on 9 shot out and Englund, Fahnestock, Miller, J. L. Wilcox, Franklin, Royce and Spangler did, second, \$30.45. Ties on 8 shot out and R. C. White and Ambrose, \$21.
Fourth programme contest, 12 Peoria blackbirds, \$5:
C W Budd.....1111111111—12
R O Heikes.....1111111111—12
Pumpory.....0101010101—7
J W Rex.....0101111111—10
J W Taylor.....1111001001—9
Elliott.....1010110101—9
J L Wilcox.....1111010101—10
A J Atwater.....0101010101—9
R B Miller.....0111010101—8
Flickenger.....1001010111—10
McMurphy.....1111010111—11
Toland.....0101010101—9
Strawn.....1111010101—9
G Kleinman.....1111010101—9
Hamline.....0111010101—8
Ambrose.....1111010111—11
B Rock.....1111010111—11
T Marshall.....1011010101—9
C White.....0111010101—9
Shilling.....1111010101—9
M J Eich.....0111010101—9
Duer.....1111010101—10
Pearsley.....1101010101—10
Gardner.....1111010111—11
Walpert.....1111010101—10
C W Beck.....0111010101—9
E A Meade.....1011010101—11
Englund.....10101010101—9
Miesner.....0101010101—8
Partington.....1111010101—10
Schick.....1011010101—9
Bla K.....1111010101—9
Cairncross.....10101010101—9
P North.....1101010101—10
Merrill.....1111010101—10
Ties on 12 for first div. by Budd, Heikes, Black, "J. C." Lloyd and Franklin. Ties on 11 for second div. by McMurphy, Ambrose, B. Rock, Duer, Gardner, Tuttle, Burke, Babcock, Wooster and Leopold. Ties on 10 for third div. by Rex, Wilcox, Miller, Strawn, Pearsley, Walpert, Partington, North, Hamline, Powers, Ruble, Hening, Payson, Deterline, T. Kay, Hall and Willard. Ties on 9 shot off, and Atwater and Marshall did fourth.
Twelfth programme contest, 24 Peoria blackbirds, \$5:
Black.....1111111111111111—23
G Kleinman.....1011111111111111—23
J A R Elliott.....11111111111111—24
R O Heikes.....11111111111111—24
C B Miller.....1111010101010101—23
T W Taylor.....111111111101010101—23
Englund.....111111111101010101—24
J C.....111111111111111111—24
T A Marshall.....111101010101010101—24
J F Schick.....1111111111111111—24
C P.....100101010101010101—24
Flickenger.....1111111111111111—24
Joan Davis.....111111111100010101—19
J P Burke.....111001010101010101—18
A J Atwater.....1111111111111111—24
Partington.....1111111111111111—24
W R Fleming.....111111110101010101—24
E E Deterline.....1101010101010101—18
H Babcock.....0111111111010101—19
A Babcock.....0111111111110101—21
J L Wilcox.....01101010101010101—21
E Spangler.....111111010101010101—21
H McGroug.....1111111111111111—18
H McMurphy.....1111111111111111—18
C M Powers.....1111111111111111—24
C W Budd.....1111111111111111—24
H H Fabrics ock.....1111010101010101—18
R M Garder.....1101010101010101—23
Sam Booth.....0111111111010101—23
C W Scott.....1111010101010101—23
H A M. Pert.....1111010101010101—22
J Shilling.....1110010101010101—21
W Clements.....1111110101010101—17
C P.....1111111111010101—21
W S Duer.....1111111111111111—24
E North.....1111111111111111—24
L W Black.....1111111111111111—24
L M Hamline.....1011111111000101—19
O H Lloyd.....1111010101010101—24
A D Cart cross.....1111111111111111—24
R Merrill.....1101010101010101—21
F Mosher.....1111111111110101—13
G Ambrose.....1111111111010101—21
J E Pump rey.....11101010101010101—21
A V R v S.....111101010101010101—20
C P Parent.....111111110101010101—21
C E Willard.....110111110101010101—19

A E Pearsley.....0110101010011011111—18
W H Hale.....111101010101010101—23
C D Knowles.....111101010101010101—23
J A Ruble.....1011111111111111—22
R O Heikes.....1111010101010101—24
Ties on 24 for first divided by Elliott, Heikes, Englund, J. C. Schick, Flickenger, Partington, Budd, Duer, North, Cairncross and Franklin, \$84.40. Ties on 23 for second dr w out \$5 each, and the balance of \$50.30 was shot out. Black and Miller dividing after 10 straight. Ties on 22 for third divided by Kleinman, Fleming, Walpert, Willard, Humphrey and Knowles, \$44.20. Ties on 21 for fourth divided by Babcock, Spangler, Booth, Shilling, Merrill, Ambrose and Parent, \$21.10.

THE CONVENTION.

Shortly after 8 P. M. the regular annual convention met at the Palmer House. The attendance was large and the meeting was a good one.

Dr. N. Rowe, president for the year, was in the chair. His address was read by the secretary, as follows:

GENTLEMEN—As the president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, I have the honor and pleasure of welcoming you to your seventeenth annual convention.
The Association having been formed for the protection of fish and game and for the elevation of sport-manship, it is pertinent that these objects should be considered.
The path of the game and fish protector, as I know by experience, is not strewn with roses, and it requires a stout heart and strong faith in the ultimate triumph of the principles which influence the efforts for the protection of game and fish to persevere in a cause which I regret to say has heretofore brought to it so little practical support. It has been said that hell is paved with good intentions, and this is most true in the case of game and fish protection. The field is large, but the zealous laborers in it are few. That those who work to save the game and fish from extermination have the wishes for success of a large majority of those who fish and shoot, I believe, but wishes are poor support. They cost nothing and mean nothing, beyond, at the most, moral support, and moral support is the weakest and most inefficient factor possible in accomplishing anything. It is the most feeble of motives, and it is the most easily given. And having the most supreme contempt for it, I prefer open opposition to it, for opposition stimulates to renewed exertions. "I am with you" means nothing unless behind the sentiment is the motive power which the words convey. Let us apply this practically. Suppose a house belonging to one of you should catch fire; your neighbors assemble and as they you they are "with you"; but sit around and do nothing. Would the fire extinguish the fire and save the property? No. But on come two or three who rush in and save what they can. Are not they worth more than a million of those who are "with you," but do nothing? Moral support has been the curse of game and fish protection. What is wanted is practical support. The history of the cause is a record of suggestions of what should be done, but is barren of the evidence of a united effort to do it. Napoleon declared that the mightiest war on the side of the heaviest him to inform them this applies to fish and game protection as well as to battles. If the men who should be most interested will not work in unison and with determination to provide better protection to fish and game, why should they expect that others should do what they are not willing to do. The protection of game and fish from extermination is a common cause, in which every man who shoots or fishes should be interested, and the best way to the fulfillment of the second has not yet arrived, right to participate in the pleasure of taking and shooting it. No man has a right to be a drone and profit by the labor of others; and I say to you gentlemen that just so long as apathy and lack of personal and practical efforts for the protection of game and fish continue, just so long will the present conditions of affairs exist. No man should feel that he is the axis around which the world of game and fish protection revolves, and that if he should withdraw his support the whole fabric would fall to pieces; but every man should feel that he is an important factor in the matter and his support is needed.

John Randolph of Virginia was like all Virginia gentlemen in those days, a connoisseur in horses, and was regarded as an exceptionally good judge. While in Washington, representing his State in Congress, some enthusiastic horsemen, anxious to get what they regarded as the best of the country on his mind, and to inform them of the three most important characteristics in a good horse, and his reply was Action! Action! Action! So I say to you that the three most important factors in game and fish protection are Action! Action! Action!
The trouble has been too much talk and not enough action. Dickens in his pen portrait of Wilkins Micawber gave to the world a faithful picture of a man who was a failure in everything he attempted. Wilkins Micawber was prolific in advice to others on the methods necessary to attain success in life, and was ever ready to give it. He preached economy and the necessity imposed upon a man to keep his expenses within his income to avoid ruin and misery; but he neither took his own advice nor practiced what he preached. On the contrary, he was conspicuous for his reckless improvidence, his consequent pecuniary embarrassments, and his numerous devices for relieving them, and was always "waiting for something to turn up." He was ever ready to borrow when he could, but was not so ready to repay the coin he borrowed; with him an I O U settled an indebtedness. His friend Thomas Traddles had twice rendered him substantial pecuniary aid, aggregating \$41 10s. 11½d. Micawber was very exact to his bankers, as far as he was honest, and at the time he borrowed he intended to repay, but fully exerting "something to turn up" to enable him to liquidate his obligations.
Having failed in everything he had undertaken, his latest venture, selling corn on commission, resulting the same as his previous business experiments, he accepted an offer from Uriah Heap to become his confidential clerk, and it was necessary for him to leave London to go to Canterbury, to the fulfillment of the second has not yet arrived. Micawber's temperament was barometrical; at one moment his spirits were elevated and at the next correspondingly depressed; and one of his many peculiar characteristics was indulging in grandiloquent rhetoric.
Before leaving London he invited his friends, David Copperfield and Thomas Traddles, to spend an evening with him at his house. Concluding an affecting and at heart a was honest, and at the time he borrowed he intended to repay, but fully exerting "something to turn up" to enable him to liquidate his obligations.

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"One thing more have I to do before this separation is complete; and that is to perform an act of justice. My friend Mr. Thomas Traddles has, on two separate occasions, put his name, if I may use a common expression, to bills of exchange for my accommodation. On the first occasion Mr. Thomas Traddles was left—let me say, in a shabby, unbecoming, and unbecoming position, and he has not yet arrived. The amount of the first obligation (being Mr. Micawber's usual reference to papers) was, I believe, 23, 4, 9½d; of the second, according to my entry of that transaction, 18, 6, 2. These sums united make a total, if my calculation is correct, amounting to 41, 10, 11½. My friend Mr. Copperfield will perhaps do me the favor to check that total."
"I leave this metropolis," said Mr. Micawber, "and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles without acquitting myself of the pecuniary part of this obligation, would weigh upon my mind to an insupportable extent. I have therefore prepared for my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, and now hold in my hand a document which accomplishes the desired object. I beg to hand my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles only a O U for 41, 10, 11½, and I am happy to recover my moral dignity and to know that I can once more walk erect before my fellow-men."

Among those who shoot and fish we find a very large number of Wilkins Micawbers, for no one can deny that he has not met them, and many of them. Indeed the history of our State Association and our methods of game and fish protection prove it.
We cannot see great efforts made to pass laws, and after they are passed much mutual congratulation, and much grandiloquent rhetoric, followed soon, however, by corresponding apathy, and, like Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up" to enforce them. The law-breaker is quick to perceive that the interest in the protection of game has waned, and is a quick to take advantage of it. By and by the terrible slaughter falls again into a flame the smoldering ember of effort, and immediately the old law is hauled over and patched up. As here supposed to be weak; there is much self-congratulation, and, like Micawber, each gives his I O U to enforce it and also, like Micawber, never redeems his obligation; and all are "happy to recover their moral dignity and to know that they can once more walk erect before their fellow sportsmen."

What is the result on what has been the result on the game? Take the state of Illinois alone. Was there ever a portion of the world more prolific in game than this State? I won't go back to the memory of the oldest members of this Association, but only as far back as the life of the Association. Compare seventeen years ago and now. What a change! I am well aware that with the increase of civilization the large supply of game of necessity must have decreased. But the improvement in the mode of hunting, the growth of taste for field sports, and consequently a correspondingly increase in the number of shooters. The redemption of marshes and their utilization, as well as other wild lands, for agricultural purposes, has driven the game from its originally secluded breeding places into the open, where, deprived of its previous opportunities for protection, and exposed to its natural and unnatural enemies, it can be killed with comparative ease. 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mitted. The treasurer's report was accepted. It showed a balance on hand of \$220.80.

Mr. Abner Price, chairman of the Board of Directors, when called on for a report, spoke very briefly. The gentlemen could see what had been done if they would look at the results, he said. His remarks brought out applause.

Mr. Wilfred N. Low, chairman of the legislative committee, told of the year's work, and mentioned the grave misapprehensions of the farming element in the Legislature in regard to game protection. Some of these doubts, he said, it had been the pleasure of the committee to remove. Had it not been for the deadlock and other delays in the legislative session, the sportsmen's bill would doubtless have carried. As it was, one bill had passed to the third reading in the Senate and there was still a chance for it to be passed. Mr. Low decried a mere trap enthusiasm, and spoke for the growth of a wider sentiment in the Association in the matter of game protection.

The chair announced the death of ex-President Philatus Clark, and suitable resolutions of respect were passed and ordered engraved for sending to the bereaved family.

In new business Mr. F. C. Donald offered an amendment to the constitution permitting the admission under examination and caused upon the facts of the board of directors, of such respectable sportsmen as might wish to join the Association, and who might not belong to any accredited club for reasons of locality or reasons of pecuniary disability. He explained that this was not a matter of not of course, but ought to be provided for. During this short the directors had on their responsibility permitted Messrs. Fahnestock and Britten, not now actual members of the Association, but old supporters and members of it, to shoot in the State contest. The directors now asked ratification on this action, and provision against a suitable case, it being presumed that future would be men of judgment and wisdom enough to pass well upon a case of this kind. Much discussion arose over this. It was decided to vote through the chairman of the different delegations from the clubs making the membership. Mr. Donald thought that these courtesy-members should be honorary and admitted without dues. Mr. Booth moved to amend by making their admission fee \$3, and their annual dues \$1. Mr. Low moved to refer the matter to the incoming board. Mr. Donald with some warmth contended that this would be only doing illegally what he now sought to have done legally, and would leave the present directory under the discourtesy of not being sustained in an action which they had only intended to be delicate and kind. Mr. Donald continued and said that inasmuch as the rebuke must come he would forestall it. He then moved by motion of Mr. Kern it was taken from the table and on vote the action of the directory in admitting Messrs. Fahnestock and Britten was indorsed. Parliamentarily speaking this was rather a lame way out, but no real discourtesy was intended anywhere, some of the members voting who did not appreciate the real bearings of the case.

On motion of C. L. Felton the constitution was so amended that in future the outgoing officers will hold over until July 15, thus leaving the administration of power until relieved. This was a wise movement, as previously the annual tournament, after the convention and election, was really completed without a working head, being really given under two directorates.

Mr. Organ proposed to so amend the constitution that a club could enter more than one club in the State club teams shoot. He thought this would avoid discord in choosing the team representatives. This met opposition. Mr. Price moved to table and Mr. Organ thereupon withdrew the motion.

On motion of Col. Felton it was decided to appoint a committee of five, to be chosen by the incoming president, for the revision of the Illinois State rules. This carried easily, for the rules are acknowledged antiquated, in some respects under modern developments of shooting.

On motion of Mr. Low the incoming president will appoint a committee to revise the constitution and by-laws.

Mr. Peasley, for the Carmen Gun Club, moved to reconsider the action of the Association in disqualifying that club and Mr. Babcock, its representative, who won the L. C. Smith cup year before last. He said the Carmen Club had no fault to offer. Mr. Organ moved for a written statement. Mr. Donald moved to bar further expense to the Association in the Carmen Gun Club matter. Mr. Peasley thought Mr. Shepard's late investigation had been imperfect, and Mr. Shepard hotly denied that it was anything of the kind. The chair rallied loudly for order. There being no second to the original motion the matter dropped. Mr. Babcock doesn't get that motion.

Mr. Organ moved the next convention be held in Chicago. It was explained to him that there was no other place to hold a convention.

Mr. Low moved that the president's address be printed and given to the sportsmen's journals for publication. This was carried.

Mr. Organ nominated Dr. N. Rove for re-election as president. The latter with blushes declined, thanking the Association for the past honor heartily.

Mr. Gillespie nominated Mr. Abner Price for president. Amid great applause the ballot was cast for him at once, on motion of Mr. Donald.

On motion of Mr. Donald the ballot was cast for Mr. Thomas Marshall, of Keithsburg, for first vice-president. Again great applause met this popular choice.

On motion of Col. Felton the ballot for second vice-president was cast for Mr. Wm. Harbaugh, of Geneseo.

On motion of Mr. Kern the chair cast the ballot of the Association for secretary-treasurer for the present faithful incumbent, Mr. W. L. Shepard.

The cabinet of directors will be appointed by the incoming president.

Col. Felton, with customary courtesy, moved an expression of thanks to the outgoing officers, to the donors of prizes, to the press. Mr. Richards offered a written resolution thanking especially the outgoing officers, the donors, and the Palmer House. Col. Felton with the resolution was adopted. Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Iowa, president of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, was present at the right hand of the chair, and was loudly cheered when called upon to speak. Mr. Smith explained that it was late and that he was weary from travel. He complimented and thanked the gentlemen.

The convention adjourned at 11:15 P. M., attention of all being first called to the Postum Club banquet, at which all were expected on Thursday evening next.

Wednesday, Third Day, June 10.

The weather continued bright and pleasant and another highly enjoyable day was passed. Still other new men dropped in, among these Jack Winston from S. Louis and Jim Riley from Kansas City. Shooting was kept up steadily at both the live-bird and inanimate traps. The first shooting at the live birds was in the closing of the ties in the Board of Trade diamond badge shoot, the first called up being six ties in the 9 hole at 11 a. m. Mr. Stark, one of these gentlemen, was not on hand in time and was declared forfeit. The following are the scores in the ties as shot:

Ties on 9, Board of Trade badge shoot, 5 bird ties:
G. Airey.....210w
J. L. Wilcox.....2220w
A. J. Atwater.....2110
C. M. Purvis.....12212111111110
J. Taylor.....1120w
J. P. Shart.....121210w
R. E. Gatis.....20w
J. Finn.....10w
E. M. Gardner.....222212110w
A. W. Reeves.....10w
W. Harbaugh.....10w
G. Kleinman.....1112121121110
R. O. Heikes.....1212121212121222
F. A. Barr.....111112121111110
C. Keifer.....1120w
J. C. Englund.....221120w
E. M. Steek.....2212121212121212

* Not present in time to enter tie shoot.

Mr. R. O. Heikes won second with 20 straight in the ties.

Of the tied men in the 8 hole, Messrs. Lewis and Baldwin were not on hand in time. The score was as follows. Ties on 8:
M. K. Anderson.....120w
H. Enlers.....0w
E. Price.....1120w
E. Schotz.....20w
W. S. Duer.....111111111120
D. P. Kingston.....0w
A. F. Desizer.....0w
F. Ioland.....2120w
N. Lewis.....0w
H. H. Fahnestock.....1122110w
A. G. Flickenger.....11211110w
A. Price.....11220w
C. Williams.....120w
C. Burmaster.....120w
Mr. W. S. Duer and F. E. Willard div. third after killing 12 out 13 each. * Absent.

In the 7 ties 13 men were absent when called to the score. The score as called was as follows. Ties on 7:

N. J. Edbrook.....0w
J. R. Davis.....221220
H. Jepperson.....0w
R. C. White.....0w
W. E. Phillips.....0w
N. Roe.....0w
A. Sreford.....0w
W. H. Hale.....0w
B. Barterton.....20w
V. Hofman.....1120w
F. Dilg.....1111120
C. S. Burton.....22121212

W. S. Burton won fourth with 7 straight.

Immediately following the Board of Trade ties the hardly less interesting and great annual club team shoot was called up. Shooting in this was only about half finished when darkness came. The scores will therefore be given in to-morrow's report when the contest is finished.

THE TARGETS.

No very pressing endeavor is ever made at the Illinois State tournaments to crowd through a lot of target shooting. More money could be made out of this and some visitors better pleased if more target events were hustled through. But in spite of this the shooting here went on in a pretty steady manner and five good games were run off. Jim Elliott did not shoot all day, he was close to this his third day here. Charlie Budd had only missed three birds in all. McMurchy missed four birds in two and a half days.

Tenth contest, 9 single Peorias, 3 traps, unknown angles, \$2: Heikes, Meade, J. A. R. Elliott, W. W. Washburne, Hastings, H. McMurchy, Flackenger, 9 each; Tee Kay, Duer, Black, M. L. Gasler, H. A. Comstock, "J. C. V. Shuck, Hamble, 8 each; Geo. Kleinman, A. J. Atwater, J. L. Wilcox, W. B. Allen, G. Ambrose, A. J. Smith, I. Partington, E. M. Gardner, C. E. Willard, Burke, G. L. Deiter, Merrill, C. M. Powers, T. Marshall, C. Strawn, E. E. Deterlein, Peasley, H. Razoo, R. Babcock, McVey, J. Evans, 8 each; Paul North, R. C. White, J. G. Smith, B. Barte, Guy Scott, England, 6 each; J. A. Ruhl, J. F. Welholm, H. Ehlers, J. N. Nichteck, G. Reizer, C. W. Howard, 5 each; A. Torkington, R. A. Turtle, J. Hall, 4 each; J. Finn, Toland, Pumphrey, 3 each. Ties on first and second div. Ties on 7 shot off at 6 birds; Atwater, Ambrose, Smith, Burke, Powers and Kazoo div. third. Ties on 6 shot off at 9 birds and Barte and England div. fourth on 8 each.

Open to-all sweep, 15 Peorias, 5 traps, \$3:

A. Babcock.....15
B. Barterton.....15
H. Kazoo.....15
T. Marshall.....15
C. W. Budd.....15
H. McMurchy.....15
C. Strawn.....15
H. A. Comstock.....15
J. A. R. Elliott.....15
Tee Kay.....14
Wooster.....14
C. D. Knowles.....14
L. Willard.....14
H. Lloyd.....14
A. G. Flickenger.....14
C. W. Taylor.....14
E. Ambrose.....14
Schick.....14
Jim Finn.....14
E. M. Gardner.....13
C. S. Crowell.....13
W. B. Allen.....13
Ties on 15, 14 and 12 div, first, second and fourth. Ties on 13 shot out on 5 birds, Gardner, Crowell, Allen, Merrill, "J. C." Elliott, Smith and Heikes div. third.

Open to all, sweep, 15 Peorias, 5 traps, \$3:

Hastings.....15
J. C. Ruhl.....15
Peasley.....15
Washburne.....15
Heikes.....15
J. A. R. Elliott.....15
Hale.....15
L. Willard.....15
C. W. Budd.....15
McMurchy.....15
W. B. Allen.....15
Partington.....15
England.....14
Guy Scott.....14
C. Strawn.....14
H. Kazoo.....14
C. W. Taylor.....14
A. J. Atwater.....14
A. D. Cairncross.....14
A. O. Caldwell.....14
J. F. Schick.....14
J. A. Ruble.....14
Wooster.....14
A. J. Marshall.....14
F. Black.....14
Ties on 15 and 14 div, first and second. Ties on 13 shot and J. A. Ruble won third with 12 straight. Ties on 12 shot out on 5 birds and div. by Burke A. Babcock, Ed. Elliott and R. A. Turtle.

Open to all sweep, 12 Peorias, unknown angles, \$3:

R. O. Heikes.....12
J. A. R. Elliott.....12
C. E. Willard.....12
H. Babcock.....12
J. L. Wilcox.....12
A. J. Atwater.....12
C. O. Lloyd.....12
E. M. Gardner.....12
Amoke.....12
W. S. Duer.....12
C. W. Budd.....12
Burke.....12
McMurchy.....12
G. Kleinman.....12
All ties div.
Open to all sweep, 15 Peorias, \$3:
Hastings.....15
Block.....15
E. J. Brown.....15
J. Elliott.....15
D. P. Kingston.....15
G. Kleinman.....15
Budd.....15
G. Smoke.....15
C. O. White.....15
D. P. Kingston.....15
Ed. Elliott.....15
H. Babcock.....15
A. Cairncross.....15
A. G. Flickenger.....15
E. Spaulzer.....15
J. P. Park.....15
J. C. W. Taylor.....15
Ties on first, second and fourth div. Ties on 15 shot off and div. by Washburne, Allen, Atwater and Heikes after 15 straight each. This close the shooting of the day.

Thursday, Fourth Day, June 11.

Again a lovely shooting day and a lovely shooting crowd. More new faces, and among others many lady visitors. Mr. Lew. Harrison, of Minne polis, appeared to-day, likewise Messrs. M. T. Hart and Geo. L. Maillet, of Crown Point, Ind. Mr. Skinner, of the Whitney gun, was also shooting to-day. McMurchy left tonight for the East. The falling off in numbers is not yet noticeable. In the \$500 guaranteed purse in live birds, the entry ran near 80, and the target entries ran high all day. The tournament is phenomenal.

The club team championship, teams of four men, is an event regarded by Illinois shooters with an interest almost equal to that in the Board of Trade badge shoot, and the rivalry of the different clubs is very strong. To-day the honors fell to the youngest club of them all, the Fort Dearborn Club, of Chicago, organized last winter, but already one of the notables, and made up of some of our best known Chicago shooters. This club offered for its team Abe and George Kleinman, W. W. McFarland and Andy Thomas. The latter gentleman is newer in Chicago than even Fort Dearborn Club, but the transplanting from Kansas City to

Chicago has not hurt him any in his shooting craft. To-day as he fired the last shot and went out with the 10 straight which assured his club the victory he was greeted with a round of applause which made even Rolla Organ drop the sand from his eating, and caused the seven Chicago cooks to hide under the lunch counter.

Mike Eich, who had just emerged from winning the championship of the State in a very clean and clever way, went to pieces on the club team shoot, acquiring only 5 out of 10 birds, much to the amusement of his confreres, though gratifying to the confusion of the Chicago Shooting Club, who thought they had a lead-pipe snitch on first, as usual. Mike said he could not see the birds at the late hour in the evening, after 4 o'clock, but was grieved all the more mercilessly for his explanation. Mr. L. W. of the Cumberland team, also went wrong, only getting 5 out of 10. To-day Alex. Lloyd has started a new club, the only qualifications for admission being that a member shall not be able to get over 6 out of 10. He has the assurance of Messrs. Eich and Low that they will join at once.

During the day the new traps worked splendidly, and the shooting was steady and the flight of the birds satisfactory. Everything went smoothly, barring one little hitch over a bird which Geo. Hofmann caught. This bird came in and lit on a cross-bow of the grand stand, Mr. Shepard, acting referee, gave it dead bird. It was challenged for shot marks, under the Illinois State rules, and it was hard to decide whether or not it had been wounded. Finally, it was announced by the committee appointed that the referee had changed his decision to "lost bird." The reason was that the bird could not have been gathered by hand by a person standing on the ground. A local custom of the Watson's Park was momentarily confused the referee. The bird had been given dead Mr. Hofmann's team would have been in the tie, while as it was it was beaten. This was unfortunate to happen just as it did, but was doubtless correct on the facts.

That irrepressible bluffer, Jack Winston, was on hand to-day, and he and Roll Organ got tangled up together, and the result was that neither, or rather Al. Hofman, put up a forfeit of \$25. Jack had won \$25 that evening to go to him for a series of 5 races, 100 birds each, \$100 each, to be shot on alternate days next week, guns to be under 8 lbs. The Chicago men were not afraid of this race, but to their regret Abraham declined to shoot. Abe shoots a 12-gauge Scott over 8 lbs., and does not care to change guns. Besides, he says he can make his own matches. He isn't bad enough to shoot yet. If they can get Abe real good and hot, he will like enough shoot Jack and beat him, too. As it was Roll had nothing to do this evening but to hand Jack his \$25.

The following are the scores of the club team shoot. Third contest, club team championship, open to teams of 4 men from any club members of the State Association, 10 live birds, entrance price of bird \$1.50, 10 traps, value \$157; second, \$87.50; third, \$72.50; fourth, \$50; fifth, \$50:

South Chicago Gun Club.....Audubon Club.....
E. Marsh.....222000102-5
L. C. Willard.....112212121-10
F. E. Willard.....122112120-8
A. W. Reeves.....121111111-10-33
Ft. Dearborn Shooting Club.....
Geo. Kleinman.....11121121-10
A. Kleinman.....22211212-9
A. E. Thomas.....22222222-10
W. W. McFarland.....12212121-9-33

The Gun Club.....Amboy Shooting Club.....
C. S. Burton.....01011111-10
O. S. Barton.....01011111-8
A. T. Lloyd.....010221010-6
P. F. Stone.....22211211-10-34

Kritsburg Gun Club.....
Tom Marshall.....121221212-10
O. H. Lloyd.....01211221-9
F. E. Willard.....11101010-7
F. Black.....11301010-7-33

Lake County Club.....Bureka Club.....
N. Louis.....112220122-9
N. Ford.....102220122-5
Ed. Roehl.....110220001-6
J. J. Edbrook.....020212310-6-26

Jacksonville Club.....
H. H. Fahnestock.....21112001-8
O. F. Britton.....00012111-7
J. England.....110121010-7
C. E. Strawn.....101122121-9-31

Garfield Gun Club.....Blue Island Shooting Club.....
F. E. Coppell.....02221221-9
T. P. Hicks.....000121230-5
C. P. Richards.....22011021-8
S. Palmer.....021011011-7-29

Mr. Pulaski Gun Club.....Chicago Shooting Club.....
C. M. Powers.....111111101-9
J. F. Schick.....220112110-8
W. S. Duer.....111011010-7
W. J. Baker.....202112111-9-36

West Chicago Gun Club.....La Salle Rod and Gun Club.....
J. Church.....002102201-9
N. Brahu.....012212201-7
A. E. Pugh.....000100020-1
E. Green.....000100103-4-18

Blue Island Gun Club.....Grand Crossing Gun Club.....
F. Groskopf.....211202118-8
C. Stiffe.....12201121-8
H. Rust.....210201011-6
R. Krueger.....012100101-6-28

Cumberland Gun Club.....Evanson Gun Club.....
V. Hoffman.....012010102-5
W. N. Low.....010101011-5
G. T. Farmer.....212222220-8

H. W. Lovelady.....212222210-27
Evanston Prairie Shooting Club.....Lake George Sporting Assoc'n.....
F. E. Adams.....110220200-7
H. Y. Hepperson.....120121212-9
Geo. Kline.....11010100-6

M. Lander.....12200-22
Grand Calumet Heights Club.....Forrester Club.....
O. H. Porter.....122121011-9
W. R. Fleming.....100100111-6
G. Landerback.....22222221-9

Ed Price.....002120211-7
E. J. Elliott.....100100101-6-29
A. P. Card.....211212101-8
O. C. Kern.....00102001-5-13

Fort Dearborn Club of Chicago won first; Amboy Club won second; Prairie Club and Mr. Pulaski Club div. third; Audubon Club won fourth; the fifth prize, special, \$60, highest individual score, was divided as follows: Messrs. Gatis, Burton, Marshall, Duer, A. W. Reeves, Organ, Stone, Cairncross, L. C. Willard, J. J. Kish each.

Immediately at the close of the team shooting it was announced that the State events at live birds were finished, and the tournament was low open to the world, no gentlemen barred. This announcement was received with great pleasure by many of the non-resident shooters who have come here for what they know is the best chance in the country for some good old-fashioned live-bird shooting for money. The books are at once thrown open for the \$500 guaranteed purse, and before Secretary Shepard could bat his eye the entry had gone up over 70, and the purse was filled and overflowing. Shooting went on steadily in this event till dark. At that time 35 men had shot, and there were only 3 straight in, so it looks as though some one would make a winning. The scores of this shoot will be given for to-morrow, at which time it will be concluded. The following is the announcement of rules for the open tournament: All live-bird contests in the following programme shot under American Shooting Association rules, with the following exceptions: The shooter shall not put his gun to the shoulder until he calls "pull." The lead of shot shall be limited to 140z. for all gauges. A bird to be scored dead must be rather than three minutes, and must show shot marks. Ten-gauge guns shall stand at 30yds., and all other gauges, 8 lbs. or under, shall be allowed 16yds. per gauge.

THE TARGETS.

Open to all sweep, 15 single Peorias, \$3: The 15 straight men were Powers, Kazoo, P. North, McMurchy, J. C. and H. Babcock.
14 men: C. W. Budd, J. A. Ruble, R. Duer, J. P. Burke, C. S. Strawn, Ed. Elliott, R. O. Heikes and Deterlein.
13 men: Washburne, Tom Marshall, Flickenger, Smoke, G. Kleinman, F. Black, A. D. Cairncross, W. H. Hale, J. E. Pumphrey, A. J. Atwater, Cop. A. Torkington, G. L. Deiter, O. H. Lloyd, A. W. Reeves, R. C. White, R. B. Wadsworth, I. Partington and J. T. Glover.

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1 in the history of the New York C. C. So far from this being a

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Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

FIXTURES.

- JUNE.
18. Roch. Ladies' Day, Charlotte.
 19. New York Ann., New York.
 20. Hull Corinthian, 1st Cham.
 20. Brooklyn Spring, Gravesend Bay.
 20. Cor. Navy, D-1 River Squad.
 20. Corinthian, Marblehead, Sweep and Club, Marblehead.
 20. St. Lawrence, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Montreal.
 20. New Bedford, Ladies' Day, New Bedford.
 20. Seawan' aka, Ann., N. Y.
 - 20-21. San Francisco, Cruise, Martinez.
 22. Patonia, Annual, New York.
 22. Corinthian, Ann., N. Y.
 22. Atlantic, 25ft., 35ft., and 40ft. Special, New York Bay.
 24. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford.

- JULY.
1. St. Lawrence, 29, 24, 21 and 18ft. Classes, Montreal.
 1. Pleon, Penn., Marblehead.
 2. Seawan' aka, 40ft. and 25ft., Oyster Bay.
 3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Ridge.
 - 3-4-5. San Francisco, Cruise, Mar. Island.
 4. Monaquot, Club, Weymouth.
 4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck.
 4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont.
 4. Corinthian, Marblehead, Sweep and Club, Marblehead.
 4. Beverly, 3d Sweep, Mon. Beh.
 4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont.
 4. N.Y.R.A., Cruise.
 4. Royal N. S., Squadron Prizes, Halifax.
 4. Sing Sing, Ann., Sing Sing.
 4. Am. Model, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.
 4. Douglaston, Annual, Little Neck Bay.
 4. Bayswater, Ann., Jamaica Bay.
 4. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck.
 - Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead.
 - Eastern, Cruise, Maine Coast.
 7. New Rochelle, Ann., New Rochelle.
 11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester.
 11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.
 11. Lynn, Lynn.
 11. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise.
 11. Savin Hill, Cash.
 11. Riverside, Annual.
 11. St. Lawrence, 29 and 18ft.
 11. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.
 11. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston.
 - 11-19. Larchmont, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
 14. Quincy, Ladies' Day.

- AUGUST.
1. Indian Harbor, Open, Greenwich.
 1. Westhampton, Westhampton.
 1. Hull Corinthian, 2d Cham.
 1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.
 1. Beverly, 1st Cham, Marblehead.
 - 1-15. Cor. Navy Meet, Riv. side.
 3. New York, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
 6. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston.
 6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
 6. Monaquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
 7. New York, Golet Cup, Newport.
 8. San Francisco, Club.
 8. Hull, 5th and 6th classes.
 8. Lynn, Lynn.
 8. Savin Hill, Second Cham.
 8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Beh.
 8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
 9. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.
 10. Quincy, Fair Cham.
 12. Massachusetts, First Cham., Dorchester Bay.
 12. Pleon, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
 13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
 13. Monaquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.
 13. Cedar Pt., Longatuck, Conn.
 15. Hull, Ladies' Race.
 15. Corinthian, Marblehead, Mid-Summer Series, Marblehead.
 15. Beverly, 2d Cham., Marblehead.

- SEPTEMBER.
1. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
 1. Pleon, Sail-off, Marblehead.
 5. Monaquot, Sail-off, Weymouth.
 5. Hull Corinthian, Open.
 5. Beverly, 5th Sweep, Marblehead.
 6. Larchmont, Fall, Larchmont.
 6. Bar View, Cruise.
 7. Fall River, Club, Fall River.
 7. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
 7. N.Y.R.A., Ann., New York.
 7. Corinthian, Marblehead, Handicap, Marblehead.
 7. Lynn, Open, Nabant.
 7. Mosquito, Open, Boston.
 11. Massachusetts, Fall, Dorchester Bay.
 7. Brooklyn, Fall, Gravesend Bay.
 17. San Francisco, Closing Day.

YACHTS VERSUS TUGBOATS.—Last week we published the final decision in the case of a collision between a yacht and a tugboat, an affair which resulted in no very serious damage. This week we have news of a very much more serious disaster of the same nature, the cutting down of a yacht at night by a large and powerful tug in the Hudson River near the upper part of New York city, two of the party on the yacht being drowned. Thus far but one side of the story has been told, and it is too soon to place the blame, but if it appears that the tug was to blame, there is no punishment too severe for the pilot in charge.

HANDICAP AND CRUISING TRIM MATCHES.—Our comments last week on this subject have been answered by a letter from the secretary of the regatta committee of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York, inclosing the first proofs of a series of rules for handicap matches, and also rules for cruisers' matches, drawn up by the club for future use. We are unable to find space for them this week, but they will appear as soon as possible, as they are of prove of general utility.

GLORIANA.

THE principal interest and excitement of the opening racing season is centered in the 40ft. class, and of the dozen competing boats no other has been watched and discussed to the same extent as the Herreshoff craft, Gloriana, owned by Mr. Moran. It is an old trick of the Herreshoffs to have a surprise of some sort ready to spring on the yachting public in the June regatta; once it was the famous catamaran, another time the swift launch Stiletto, again the smaller launch Henrietta; and though in this case the new venture has been described in print and her possible performances discounted, so that a win will cause no surprise, her work will be the chief feature of the week's races.

It is needless to say that she is thoroughly original, the Herreshoffs are no mere copyists, and if she succeeds they may fairly claim all the credit. Her model is unlike all the rest of her class, and as seen aloft she is by no means remarkable for beauty. The forward overhang is not only very long, but lacks grace and symmetry, the topsides are round and full, and the counter long, wide and flat. The bulwarks are of oak, about 5in. high amidships, and with no rail or cap; the topsides are plain white from waterline to plank sheer, and there is not a line of carving or gilding to relieve the full, heavy look of the boat. On deck and below, however, two points are noticeable, the workmanship is good, a neat and workmanlike finish to joiner work, etc., and the predominating consideration has been utility rather than style. The deck is of 1½in. matched boards, in a single thickness, but covered with painted canvas, making a strong, tight and serviceable deck. The interior is very handsomely finished in plain butternut wood, there being a large room for the captain on the starboard side abreast the mast, a very light and roomy main cabin, and a ladies' cabin aft. The composite construction, with the full model, gives a great deal of space below. There are no channels, the chainplates being inside the skin and apparently amply strong. The rigging is fitted with turnbuckles, the barrel of each being a steel tube with a slot on each side through which split pins may be inserted in the screw ends to prevent them turning. The bowsprit bits are of special design, made of steel plate, while the gammon iron is rather heavy, with two iron or steel braces from it, their after ends forming eyes through which pass the wooden bowsprit fid, thus throwing a strain on the gammon and stem head instead of on the deck frame. A capstan of special design, fitted for chain, is placed just abaft the bowsprit, being geared for two or three speeds. The main sheet bits are in the form of timber heads in the deck nearly amidships, while about the deck are two sizes of composition skeleton cleats in plenty. Like the rest of the class, there are no riding bits of any kind visible. There is a shoal cockpit of good size aft, with an oak coaming taking in a large piece of the deck for seats. The tiller ships in a brass socket attached to the rudder head, which is of metal working in a brass tube, this socket sliding on a short curved track. There are two travelers for the main sheet, one about 4ft. abaft the other. The most peculiar detail on the yacht is the main boom gooseneck, which is a sort of combination revolving spider band. On the mast is a collar of iron with two flanges about 2in. apart. Around this collar and between the flanges is a strong ring of composition, carrying on the after side two jaws or lugs between which the end of the boom is secured by a horizontal bolt, while on the fore side is the spinnaker boom gooseneck and socket, and on each side are four belaying pins for halliards, etc. The boom and ring move together, the latter moving around the mast, being held from rising or falling by the flanges mentioned, while as a matter of course the spinnaker boom and the pins and halliards partake of the same movement. The fittings throughout are mostly of composition in place of iron or steel. The boat is one of the shortest in waterline length, but more than makes up in sail, carrying a very large rig. The boom, gaff and yards are hollow.

NAPHTHA AUXILIARIES.—The auxiliary naphtha launch is becoming quite well-known, but those built thus far have been designed from the engine room, so as to speak, rather than from the deck, the engine being the main reliance, with the sails merely auxiliary. Two interesting experiments are now being made with a different end in view, the sailing power being the leading feature, with the engines as the auxiliary. The keel sloop Nyssa, formerly Gleam, built by Wood Bros. in 1882, a boat well-known to all our readers, her lines having been published in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 1, 1884, was out last week at Winttingham's yard, where an 8 h. p. Ofeldt engine was placed in her, the 15in. screw being set in her deadwood just forward of the stern post, with an alteration of the latter. The yacht, which is 26ft. 9in. l.w.l. by 11ft. 2in. beam, is fitted in a small harbor on the Sound, which is reached only by a narrow and crooked passage, a bad place to leave or enter with a foul tide or wind; and the engine is intended to take her in and out without delay, and also to aid her in a calm. The screw is four bladed, being fitted to disconnect and turn when under sail. No great speed is likely to be realized, but the possibility of getting somewhere at a certain time will compensate for the space and dirt of the machinery. Mr. A. Cary Smith has lately designed a somewhat similar auxiliary for the builders, the Gas Engine and Power Co., a craft 33ft. 6in. l.w.l., 10ft. 8in. beam, 6ft. 6in. draft, and fitted with the usual cruising rig, to which is added a naphtha engine in the run, with a two bladed screw which may be turned to house in the deadwood when under sail. The stern post is nearly plumb, but stops above the screw, with a wide and not very deep rudder. In the bow is a tank holding 210 gallons of naphtha. The interior arrangements are of the conventional sort in a cruising cutter.

THE 25FT. CLASS.—Considering that but two boats are yet afloat, and that two races only have been sailed, a remarkable degree of interest is manifested by yachtsmen about New York in the new 25ft. corrected length racers. Prizes are offered for them in all directions, and their owners can find races at any time. Mr. Center, of the Seawan' aka C. Y. C., has offered a prize for the class, and the Douglaston Y. C. announce another, the gift of Mr. Andrews. Unfortunately this latter club has chosen a date—July 4—which has by long usage been secured to its opposite neighbor, the Larchmont Y. C., a fact which is likely to work to the detriment of the younger club in the matter of entries. The fixtures are well filled up, but the club would be the gainer, even at this date, by choosing another day.

LADIES AT THE TILLER.—On Saturday last a lady formed one of the crew of two in a boat in the regatta of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet at Larchmont, and on the same day a race was sailed on Tuxedo Lake in which each of the fleet of catboats was steered by a lady. These fair skippers were doubtless emulous of the lady sailresses of the Solent, though they can hardly claim to rival the skill of the latter. It is one thing to sail the regular club pumpkinseed on Tuxedo Lake and another to handle the tiller of a 2½-rater, such as Babe, Troublesome, M'iss and the other craft sailed by ladies on the Solent, and it requires no small amount of skill and daring to race them in bad weather.

THE PILOT BOAT AND THE WHALE.—The story told in that melodious ditty, the Torpedo and the Whale, is commonly supposed to be a mere fiction of the inventive librettist, but a recent occurrence near at hand proves that if not an actual truth to the letter, it may at least be founded on fact. In the present case the scene of the tragedy is transferred from the North Sea to the Atlantic Ocean, about 360 miles east of New York, the date being June 7. This whale, a finback, "big of bone and strong of tail," was in company with two smaller ones, heading N.E. and traveling at about 10 knots, when a strange object was sighted dead ahead. Though ignorant of the nature of this new fish, the whales charged gallantly forward, the largest one finally giving battle to the intruder, in which battle he came off second best, receiving a severe cut in the head, which ended his career. The unknown opponent was nothing less than the old Actæa, once a schooner yacht and now New York pilot boat No. 15, in charge of Pilot Keely. Her helmsman had sighted the whales half an hour before meeting them, and changed the course to avoid them, but they too shifted their helms and ran deliberately for the boat. The two smaller ones dove under in time, but the big fellow was a little too slow, and the forefoot of the schooner cut into his back. He gave one flurry with his tail, striking the vessel a blow that made her tremble from knighthead to tail, and then disappeared astern. The pilot boat continued on her way seaward, and in due time Pilot Keely was set aboard the An-hor liner Caledonia. On June 10 the Caledonia passed the body of a whale, supposed to be the one struck by the Actæa.

A GREAT SINGLE-HAND RACE.—On June 17 the most extraordinary singlehand race ever attempted was started from Crescent Beach, near Boston. The course is across the Atlantic Ocean, to any point of the British Isles or Europe. The boats are the Sea Serpent, 14ft. 11½in. over all; 5ft. beam, 2ft. hold, 2ft. draft; and the Mermaid, of the same dimensions. Capt. Josiah W. Lawlor will man the Sea Serpent and Capt. Wm. A. Andrews the Mermaid. Each boat has a most complete outfit for the long race. Even though both of the foolhardy navigators should succeed in making land alive, no good can follow from the undertaking, and it is a pity that men so bold and skillful as these two are known to be can find no better use for their time. The only good thing that can be said about the whole matter is that the attempt is at least honest, and not a mere sham for the sake of advertising some newspaper.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MODELS.—Mr. Edward Burgess has sent to Capt. J. W. Collins, of the U. S. Fish Commission, the lines and sail plan of the famous fishing schooner Fredonia, which Mr. Burgess designed. Capt. Collins intends to have made for the Fish Commission exhibit at the World's Fair a rigged model of the Fredonia, which will be complete in every detail, and represent in miniature the latest developments in the form and rig of the New England fishing clipper. Placed in contrast with the old-time ships of the Spanish, Portuguese, French and English fishermen, who visited the cod banks of the Western Atlantic soon after the discovery of America, or side by side with the tub-shaped "heel-tappers" of ancient Marblehead, or even more recent productions of the ship builder's art, this model will show most emphatically the strides made in the design and equipment of fishing craft during the past four centuries.

A NEW SCHEME FOR CLUB STATIONS.—In place of one large house and station on the water for the New York Y. C., a scheme has been devised by S. Nicholson Kane, of the regatta committee, for the establishment of a number of small stations in addition to the float in New York and the house and float at Newport. At each of these a small house and a float will be built, with a keeper in charge, who will care for mail, supplies, etc., for yachts. The proposed points are Whitestone, Glen Cove, New London, Shelter Island and Martha's Vineyard. Such stations would prove a great convenience to cruising men, but the expense of their maintenance would foot up to a considerable total in the case of six separate establishments, as proposed, including the existing one at Newport.

YACHT CRUISING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From Lake Champlain down the Richelieu River a yacht drawing not more than 4ft. would have no difficulty in passing. As westerly and southwesterly winds prevail at this season of the year, and moreover, as it is down stream, a sailing yacht could get down well enough, independently of towage; but unless its owner had either personal knowledge of the river or much caution and a very sharp eye for the appearance of the surface of water where it runs over reefs or boulders, pilotage might be needed. In the latter case it might be well to arrange to the eastern of some one of the many towns of empty lumber barges returning from Whitehall to Montreal or Ottawa for their loads. If time were no object to the party, it would be found a pleasant sail from Sorrel to Montreal, or rather to Longueuil Church and ferry on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, a couple of miles down, and below the rapid currents of the harbor proper. The writer sailed his schooner yacht, of pretty deep draft for inland river work, from Sorrel to Longueuil in the first half of a day, but this was with a ripping easterly breeze (after nearly a week spent at Lake St. Peter waiting for it). It is questionable whether even a light draft boat and fast, that could work in close to shore and in the eddy of the narrow islands, would make headway worth while if beating against the wind up the currents between Sorrel and Longueuil. It needs a strong northerly or easterly wind to sail up the St. Lawrence. So in the case of calm or wind other than those mentioned, it would be better to stick to the more prosaic but decidedly more certain tow.

From Longueuil up to Lacine canal a harbor tug would be necessary. The towage cost from Lake Champlain to Lacine canal lock entrance I should consider to have been very successfully negotiated if kept within the limit of \$20, and it might easily go a few dollars over that.

From Montreal upward to Ordsburg I consider a tow a necessity. It might, through prevalence of westerly winds and calms, take half the summer to sail up, notwithstanding that in all the lockage and canal reaches, horse tows are always available. There are two "transportation companies" that have frequently returned tows of empty barges from Montreal to Kingston—beyond the Thousand Islands—each having, I think, seldom less than one or two such tows a week. The cost to the writer for towage on the trip of his boat between these points was—including tips to French Canadian barges to secure their friendly co-operation in locking—some \$70; but a 2½t. boat, being less than half the length of his, or roughly less than ½ the weight, should surely not get through for but less money.

From Ordsburg westward it is nice and easy sailing up the river, and through the Thousand Islands into Lake Ontario. A copy of the U. S. survey chart of that portion of the St. Lawrence would, if one had no pilot on board, be a necessity. By the aid of these excellent charts, alone and without the least previous personal acquaintance with the channels, the writer sailed his boat, of a few hundred tons, 14ft. draft, through the Thousand Islands from Lake Ontario to Ordsburg four times, without the least uncertainty anywhere as to the proper course to take, so accurate are these charts in the smallest details. It goes without saying that it is useful to be accustomed to interpreting a chart promptly and accurately if one dispenses altogether with pilots. The U. S. Lakes Survey's office is at Detroit; by writing there the map can be purchased at very moderate cost, the U. S. Government issuing them as a public benefit, at a low price. When one considers the vast amount of labor it must have taken to get the information they embody, and the style in which they are executed, one cannot help thinking it will take some generations of their consumption to approach the defraying the cost of their production. One of these maps will give "K." a better idea

of the Thousand Islands, by half an hour's study, than would a month's steady talking by their "oldest inhabitant," therefore it is needless to say more than to refer him to one.

Supplies—meat, vegetables, fruit, drinkables—can be had at all the villages or small towns along the river, but it would be well to lay in stores at Montreal to last to Ogdensburg, for the simple reason that when tied to a tow of barges you have to go on as they do, and might not have time to stop and do marketing, even with grocers' shops almost under your nose in passing through a lock.

By the way, touching lockage, if "K." will take advice from a brother boatman, he will, whenever practicable, put the ladies ashore when passing through locks and take them on in last one just before starting out. This for two reasons. First, there is some—though but slight—risk of a small boat getting crushed when locking through along with two or three heavy barges. The ladies may as well be out of that remote risk. Second, it were as well that they should remain in undisturbed possession of any comfortable illusions they may have as to the angelic "goodness" of us men generally, and of their friend Mr. "K." in particular.

He may be a church elder, or perhaps even it may be that his friends when writing him prefix "Rev." to his address, in which case, it is hoped, may trust that when his yacht is being bumped through a "K." his language may not reach to even the "unparliamentary."

But if he be like the writer, a mere lay sinner, a long and varied experience of yachting on canals warrants me in the prediction that in occasional locks the greater or less mistiness of the atmosphere will depend largely on his staying power and the extent of his vocabulary.

Any more data or information that "K." may desire will be given with pleasure by direct letter.

[A correspondent, "F. L. D.," also writes us that there is no difficulty in getting supplies along the river and that the prevailing winds are from the south, northerly winds being the exception. Among the Thousand Islands the current is swift, but a fairly good yacht can stem it easily.]

CORINTHIAN NAVY.

THE Corinthian Navy has lately made a complete revision of its rules, the principal changes being as follows:

RULE I.—Classification—On Length.

a. Cabin boats shall be classified on rating length, and open boats on l.w.l. length as follows: 25ft. class, over 22ft. and not over 25ft.; 22ft. class, over 20ft. and not over 22ft.; 20ft. class, over 18ft. and not over 20ft.; 18ft. class, over 16ft. and not over 18ft.; 16ft. class, 16ft. and under.

On Type.

b. Classes shall be divided on type as follows: Cabin sloops and cutters, cabin pole mast sloops, cabin yawls, cabin catboats, cabin periaugers, open sloops, open catboats, open yawls, open periaugers and canoe yawls, rigged rowboats, St. Lawrence skiffs, canoes.

Limit Classification.

c. Boats launched before 1891 which are under 25ft. l.w.l. and yet whose rating length exceeds 25ft., shall sail in the 25ft. class, but time allowance shall be figured on the actual rating length.

RULE II.—Definition of Cabin and Open Boats.

a. A cabin boat shall be understood to be a boat having a permanent cabin house, or a flush deck boat with accommodations below.

b. Boats having removable cabins, awnings, tents, etc., shall be classed as open boats.

RULE IV.—Measurement of Cabin Boats.

Cabin boats shall be measured and rated for time allowance and classification as follows: To the square root of the sail area add the load waterline length and divide the sum by 2.

$$\sqrt{S.A.} + L.W.L. = \text{Rating length.}$$

The result is the measurement for time allowance and classification and shall be known as the rating length. The measurements shall be obtained as follows:

a. A base line shall be taken from a point midway between the jibtopmast stay and the jib stay on the bowsprit in a straight line to the top of boom at mast and thence to the end of mainboom. To this measure shall be added that length of gaff which will remain after 80 per cent. of the topmast has been subtracted from it. The gaff for this purpose shall be measured from the after side of the mast to end, and the topmast from hounds to lower side of sheave in topsail halliard block.

The length of base line as above defined shall be modified in any case where the spinnaker boom measures more than the distance from the fore side of mainmast, which in sloops must set not less than one-fifth the l.w.l. aft of the bow at the waterline, to the forward point of base line as previously defined. Any excess in length of spinnaker boom beyond this point shall be added to the base line, except that pole-mast sloops shall not be taxed for length of spinnaker boom that does not exceed rating length. The length to be measured for the spinnaker boom shall be the extreme distance, when in use, of its outer end from the center of the fore side of the mast to which it is carried. Where lug sails are used 80 per cent. of the length of the yard shall be added to the base line.

For yawls the base line shall be taken from the same point forward, as in vessels of other rig, to the after end of the main boom. In cases where the main boom is a straight line between the measurement for the base line shall be the after side of the mast, or of the foremast if there be more than one mast.

b. For the perpendicular, a line is to be taken along the after side of the mainmast from the under side of the sheave for gaff-topmast halliard to the upper side of boom when resting on the middle, the distance of which point from main deck or house deck shall be recorded by the measurer, together with the other points used in measurements.

In boats which carry no topmasts, the upper point of measurement for the perpendicular shall be the under side of sheave in the upper peak halliard block, provided there is no higher eye or block. (In boats carrying no topmast the distance between the under side of sheave in the throat halliard block and that of the upper peak halliard block shall be deducted from the length of the gaff and the difference added.)

To obtain the estimated area from these figures, multiply the base by the perpendicular and divide the product by two.

Boats carrying club or sprit topsails shall have excess of area over working topsail added to sail area obtained by rule.

c. L.w.l. length is the distance in a straight line between the point furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of any portion of the rudder or rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, and is ascertained when the yacht is afloat and in her ordinary trim and with the crew aboard stationed amidships. The measurer at the time of making his measurement to fix a distinctive mark at each point.

RULE V.—Measurement of Open Boats.

The measurement of open boats for classification and time allowance shall be the length on the l.w.l.

RULE VI.—Time Allowance.

Time allowance shall be given for the difference of measurement according to the time allowance table of the association, which table is based on 60 per cent. of the square root of length.

RULE VII.—Allowance for Rig.

In mixed rig races yawls shall be rated at nine-tenths and other double rig boats at eight-tenths of their racing length.

RULE VIII.—Crews.

a. Crews shall be composed of amateurs and shall be limited as follows: For 25ft. class, four men; 22ft. class, four men; 20ft. class, three men; 18ft. class, three men; 16ft. class, two men. The helmsman shall be considered one of the crew and shall be a member of the club or association from which she is entered. A boat must carry the full crew she starts with during the entire race.

Definition of a Corinthian.

b. An amateur yachtsman is one who has never accepted a money remuneration for services rendered on a boat engaged in racing.

RULE IX.—Sails.

The sails that the different types of boats shall be allowed to carry are as follows:

a. Cabin Sloops and Cutters—Mainsail, staysail, jib, jibtopmast, topsail and spinnaker. b. Pole-Mast Sloops—Mainsail, staysail, jib and spinnaker. c. Open Sloops—Mainsail and jib. d. Yawls—Mainsail, mizen, staysail, jib, jibtopmast, topsail and spinnaker. e. Canoe Yawls—Mainsail and dandy. f. Periaugers—Two standing sails of about the same shape and size, h. Catboats—Mainsail. i. Canoes—Mainsail and dandy. j. St. Lawrence Skiffs—Mainsail, mizen and k. Rigged Rowboats—Any sails, provided they are not set up by standing rigging.

RULE X.—Ballast.

After the hour called for the race no ballast or article of lead

weight shall be taken in or put out or shifted in either cabin or open classes.

RULE XI.—Outriggers.

No outrigger or seat that extends beyond the beam of the boat shall be used.

ATLANTIC Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 16.—The first regatta of the week, that of the Atlantic Y. C. on Tuesday, was sailed in a light S.W. breeze and perfectly smooth water. In the 45ft. class Gloria, Minola, Nautilus and Jessica started, the former, steered by Mr. Morgan, taking the lead and sailing in company with Shamrock, the other three being far in her wake all day. The course was practically a reach out and in, with no beating. Clara again defeated Anaconda. The times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Marguerite.....	10 53 09	3 52 14	4 59 05	4 59 05
SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.				
Gevalia.....	10 51 52	4 26 40	5 34 48	5 34 48
SLOOPS—CLASS 2.				
Shamrock.....	10 52 00	3 42 30	4 50 41	4 50 41
SLOOPS—CLASS 3.				
Hildegard.....	10 52 10	4 01 40	5 09 00	5 09 00
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 4.				
Clara.....	10 56 48	3 30 54	4 34 06	4 29 16
Anaconda.....	10 55 40	3 28 10	4 32 30	4 32 30
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 5.				
Minola.....	10 56 23	3 25 50	4 21 10	4 21 10
Gloria.....	10 56 23	3 25 50	4 21 10	not meas.
Jessica.....	10 56 04	3 37 20	4 41 16	4 35 43
Nautilus.....	10 55 33	3 35 24	4 39 51	4 38 13
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 7.				
Tigress.....	10 57 18	2 55 55	3 58 37	3 58 37
Polly.....	10 56 38	3 11 53	4 15 15	4 13 12
Saona.....	10 57 38	3 20 43	4 23 05	4 17 51
Kathleen.....	10 59 13	3 17 20	4 18 02	not meas.
Indra.....	10 57 08	3 42 43	4 45 35	not meas.
Eurybia.....	10 56 33	did not finish.		
Porlia.....	10 59 06	did not finish.		
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 8.				
Smuggler.....	10 59 35	1 54 00	2 54 25	2 54 25
CATBOATS.				
Marguerite.....	10 56 22	5 59 40	2 57 08	2 53 31
Bijou.....	10 57 22	1 54 05	2 56 43	2 56 43
C. O. D.....	10 57 55	2 01 00	3 03 05	3 00 51

PHILADELPHIA Y. C. SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 15.—Weather fair, wind southwest, tide ebb.

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Norma Comm, E. R. Coleman.....	84.49	5 15 59	5 19 59	
SECOND CLASS—SCHOONERS.				
Helen, C. D. Middleton.....	62.70	5 39 52	5 39 54	
Flossie, B. Pratt.....	52.00	Did not finish.		
Lydia, O. D. Wilkinson.....	46.80	5 25 16	5 07 31	
FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Mascotte, J. L. McDaniel.....	57.05	5 37 05	5 34 28	
Nanon, C. F. Ellis.....	51.86	5 14 24	5 11 13	
Wanderer, G. T. Lippincott.....	Did not start.			
SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Schemer, F. S. Brown.....	43.80	5 22 23	5 21 55	
Narouna, R. P. White.....	44.07	5 44 30	5 44 30	
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Rosalind, H. F. Smith.....	37.35	4 14 35	4 14 35	
Alice, G. H. Brock.....	35.32	4 29 13	4 29 10	
J. S. M. J. R. Brock, Jr.....	34.62	4 30 58	4 27 12	
Marjorie, J. P. Ware, Jr.....	32.60	4 46 35	4 39 45	
Pearl, Wm. Rawlings, Jr.....	30.05	Did not start.		
Narina, W. B. Henry.....	30.01	4 22 26	4 11 19	
Siesta, J. C. Wheeler.....	31.15	Did not finish.		
FOURTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Mermaid, C. L. Wilson.....	26.06	3 47 30	4 47 30	
Nance, G. D. Gideon.....	22.09	5 15 58	5 06 55	

WINTHROP Y. C. June 13.—The Winthrop Y. C., of Great Head, sailed a pennant race on Saturday in a light breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Pilgrim, Edward Dixon.....	28.00	1 49 18	1 23 53	
Owl, J. S. Cushing.....	25.00	2 04 00	1 35 08	
SECOND CLASS.				
Ank, A. Martin.....	19.04	1 37 43	1 08 43	
Lark, R. E. Taiser.....	18.00	1 48 25	1 15 58	
Gracie, C. B. Belcher.....	17.00	1 49 37	1 17 07	
Ermine, A. W. Torrey.....	21.00	1 49 03	1 23 00	
F. N. B. Birkman and Gillis.....	15.00	Withdrawn.		
THIRD CLASS.				
Magpie, H. W. Hyde.....	18.05	1 42 03	1 11 26	
Harriet, L. S. Harrington.....	20.08	1 41 25	1 12 07	
Fancy, Geo. L. Code.....	19.08	1 54 33	1 15 11	
Marion, Chesterton and Devereaux.....	20.00	1 45 50	1 16 32	
Mattie, G. W. A. Gasset.....	18.03	1 52 32	1 21 42	
FOURTH CLASS.				
Modoc, D. W. Belcher.....	16.00	1 04 47	0 42 10	
Scud, L. S. Weston.....	16.00	1 22 00	0 59 23	
Mischief, E. S. Belcher.....	16.06	1 24 34	1 02 26	
Cadet, C. L. Smith.....	16.06	Disabled.		

BUFFALO Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 6.—The first pennant regatta for all classes of the B. Y. C. took place on June 6. The race was sailed in a puffy N.E. breeze, with smooth water, over the regular club course, shortened to 10 miles. The following yachts started in the race:

CLASS A.				
Sailing.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Merle, compromise cutter.....	43.04	2 25 00	2 19 42	
West Wind, schooner.....	32.05	2 55 00	2 29 59	
FIRST CLASS.				
Louise, cutter.....	27.08	Not timed.		
SECOND CLASS.				
Erchless, cutter.....	21.00	3 33 00	2 56 41	
Fannie F. sloop.....	27.00	3 34 30	3 04 35	
Merle and Erchless the pennants in their respective classes and hold them till next pennant regatta, when they must be sailed for again. West Wind lost her foretopmast early in the race in a heavy puff or she would have made a better showing. The Merle is the latest acquisition to the B. Y. C. fleet, having been purchased by Com. Howe from her Toronto owners. She made her debut in Lake Erie waters May 31, and has aroused quite an interest in yachting circles by her trim appearance and superior finish. Thos. Crowley, who has sailed on the Merle for the past five seasons, comes with her to her new home. The wisecracks of the club are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Pappoose in Lake Erie, as they think the Merle will be able to show her a clean pair of heels. Whether their judgment is at fault or not, if the present feeling of enthusiasm continues, Pappoose will have an excellent opportunity to carry home both wealth and glory from Buffalo if she so desires.				

SAVIN HILL Y. C. June 13.—The first championship race of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed off the club house on Saturday, the wind being light:

FIRST CLASS.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Mildred O. L. Sears.....	23.00	2 30 30	2 08 10	
Pioneer, J. F. Turner.....	23.00	2 36 30	2 10 00	
Primrose, J. H. Stark.....	Withdrawn.			
Bertha, C. S. Smith.....	Withdrawn.			
SECOND CLASS.				
Egeria, R. D. Ware.....	21.00	2 19 00	1 43 42	
Avis, J. H. Odell.....	Withdrawn.			
Caprice, W. B. Bird.....	Withdrawn.			
Siko, T. A. McInnes.....	Withdrawn.			
THIRD CLASS.				
Florie, W. H. Besarick.....	23.00	2 30 00	2 00 00	
Marchioness, C. E. Hodges.....	23.00	2 31 00	2 00 26	
Tantum, S. N. Small.....	23.00	2 33 00	2 00 56	
FOURTH CLASS.				
Margold, E. W. Gay.....	21.00	2 21 00	1 53 20	
Baby, C. O. Vegeahn.....	Withdrawn.			
Nina, J. B. Bullard.....	23.00	2 23 30	1 57 20	

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Fourth regatta, June 14. Morristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles. Wind light westerly:

Length.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Playford, tuckup.....	15.00	1 40 00	3 41 40	2 01 40
Gracie, skiff.....	12.00	1 30 00	3 41 43	2 01 43
Cocktail, tuckup.....	15.00	1 40 00	3 41 45	2 01 45
J. S. Lever, tuckup.....	15.00	1 40 00	3 42 30	2 02 30

It was a beat to Indian Creek and a run home. The last boat crossed the finish line only 50sec. behind the winner.—E. A. LEOPOLD, Sec'y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Atlantic Y. C. year book and Corinthian Y. C., of New York.

QUINCY Y. C.—The Quincy Y. C. held its first regatta of the season on Saturday, the course sailed being the usual one off the club house at Hough's Neck, with the wind strong from the southwest. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.				
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.		
White Fawn, A. E. Jones.....	25.00	1 43 10	1 17 31	
Erin, John Cavanagh.....	26.11	1 45 38	1 24 34	
Moodyne, Shaw Bros.....	24.08	2 01 25	1 35 19	
SECOND CLASS.				
Madge, Thayer and Poor.....	20.02	1 34 51	1 08 08	
Mabel, H. H. Rice.....	19.11	1 35 11	1 08 13	
Helen, R. W. Sawtell.....	19.11	1 46 14	1 19 16	
Vision, G. Crane.....	20.06	1 51 10	1 24 48	
Hebe, J. L. Edwards.....	18.11	1 55 20	1 27 18	
Egret, W. P. Barker.....	19.03	Not taken.		
Elf, H. L. South.....	19.11	Not taken.		
THIRD CLASS.				
Rocket, H. M. Faxon.....	16.02	1 41 48	1 10 22	
Flora, Lee C. D. Lanning.....	16.10	1 40 57	1 10 25	
Mab, Com. Shaw.....	16.03	1 44 46	1 13 27	
Freak, J. S. Mayberry.....	15.08	1 46 05	1 14 25	
Bess, C. W. Cherrington.....	17.03	1 46 00	1 15 59	

BUFFALO Y. C.—The full programme of the season is as follows: May 30, opening cruise to Stone Dock. June 6, pennant regatta, all classes; 20, cruising races, all classes, entrance fee \$1, sweepstakes. July 4, open regatta; 11, ladies' day; 25, pennant regatta, all classes. Aug. 8, cruise to Crystal Beach; 15, annual cruise; 29, ladies' day. Sept. 12, pennant regatta; 19th, closing cruise to Stone Dock. The conditions of the pennant races are as follows: Rule I.—Any yacht in the respective classes winning the pennant twice will become owner of the same. Rule II.—Should a different yacht win at each race, a deciding race will be arranged by the regatta committee. Rule III.—All pennant races to be sailed over the club course. Rule IV.—Special challenges to be made, giving one week's notice through the regatta committee, who reserve the right to accept or decline, according as the dates are convenient or otherwise to the respective challenges. Rule V.—No prizes will be awarded unless at least two boats start in each class. Rule VI.—All club regattas to be sailed over the regular club course, a chart of which will be posted in the club house. Rule VII.—All entries to be made in writing to the regatta committee one day preceding the race; entrance fee to accompany the entry. No yacht's time will be taken whose entry has not been made strictly in accordance with the above rule.

CLEVELAND Y. C.—The Cleveland Y. C. is doing little racing this season, though the fleet is in commission and more or less cruising is done every week. On Memorial Day the

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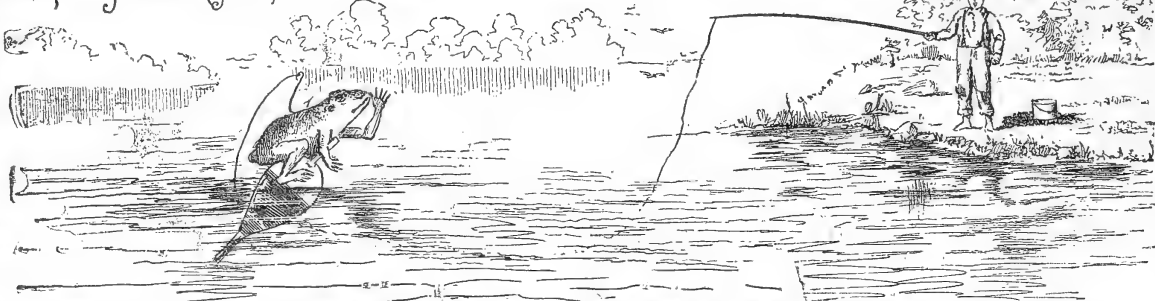
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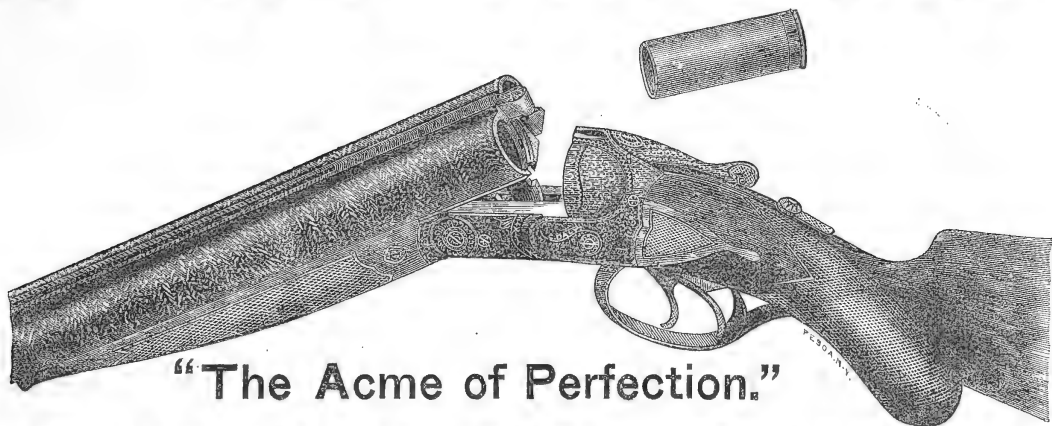
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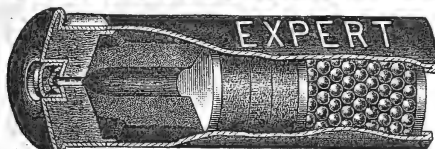
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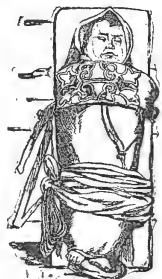
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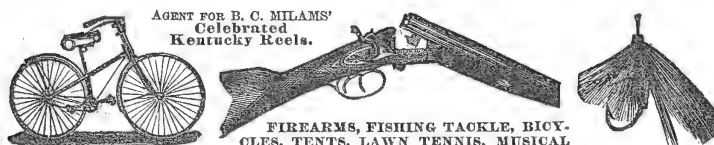
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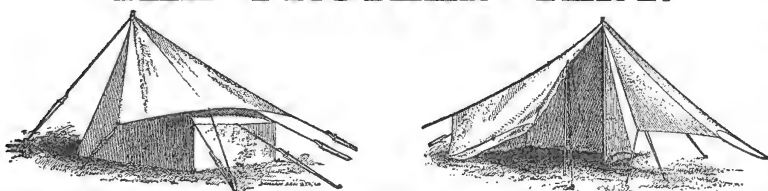
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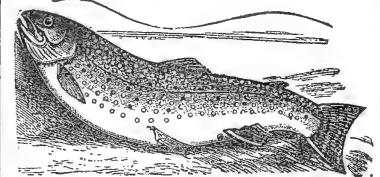


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JUNE DAYS.

IN June, "if ever, come perfect days," with skies of purest blue, flecked with drifts of silver, fields and woods in the flush of fresh verdure, the streams winding among them in crystal loops inviting the angler with promise of more than fish, something that tackle cannot lure nor creel hold.

The air is full of the perfume of locust and grape bloom, the spicy odor of pine and fir and of pleasant voices, the subdued murmur of the brook's changing babble, the hum of bees, the stir of the breeze, the songs of birds. Out of the shady aisles of the woods comes the flute note of the hermit thrush, the silvery chime of the wood thrush; and from the forest border, where the lithe birches swing their shadows to and fro along the bounds of wood and field, comes that voice of June, the cuckoo's gurgling note of preparation, and then the soft monotonous call that centuries ago gave him a name.

General Kukushna the Siberian convicts entitle him; and when they hear his voice, every one who can break bounds is irresistibly drawn to follow him, and live for a brief season a free life in the greenwood. As to many weary souls and hampered bodies there, so to many such here comes the voice of the little commander, now persuasive, now imperative, not to men and women in exile nor wearing the convict's garb, but suffering some sort of servitude laid upon them or self-imposed. Toiling for bread, for wealth, for fame, they are alike in bondage, chained to the shop, the farm, the desk, the office.

Some who hear, obey and revel in the brief but delightful freedom of June days spent in the perfumed breath of full-leaved woods, by cool water brooks and rippled lakes.

Others listen with hungry hearts to the summons, but cannot loose their fetters and can only answer with a sigh, "It is not for me," or "Not yet," and toil on, still hoping for future days of freedom.

But saddest of all is the case of such as hear not, or,

hearing, heed not the voice of the Kukushna, the voices of the birds, the murmurous droning of bees amid the blossoms, the sweet prattle of running waters and dancing waves. Though these come to them from all about, and all about them are unfolded the manifold beauties of this joyous month, no sign is made to them. Their dull ears hear not the voices of nature, neither do their dim eyes see the wondrous miracle of spring which has been wrought within their touch.

Like the man with the muck-rake, they delve on, intent only upon the filth and litter at their feet. Sad indeed must it be to have a soul so poor that it responds to no caress of nature, sadder than any imposition of servitude or exile which yet hinders not one's soul from arising with intense longing for the wild world of woods and waters when Kukushna sounds his soft trumpet call.

SALT-WATER FISH WANTED.

THE petition now circulating among residents of Westchester and Queens counties, New York, asking the Commissioners of Fisheries to begin the distribution of marine fishes in Long Island Sound, in the vicinity of New York, is another evidence of the growing interest in the methods, and satisfaction with the results of modern fishculture. The petition refers to the great decrease of game fish in the Sound during the last 25 years, and the Commissioners are requested to restore the supply, particularly of striped bass and weakfish, in the interest of salt-water angling. The practicability of artificial hatching of both of these fishes has been demonstrated, so that no difficulty need be experienced in obtaining a supply for stocking the waters. There are other matters, however, which require consideration before the distribution begins. Are the conditions favorable now to the growth and reproduction of striped bass and weakfish in the waters which the petitioners desire to improve?

Are the causes of the present scarcity of these fishes known and capable of control? Certainly, if proper conditions for the support and multiplication of the fish exist, or can be provided, the rest of the task will prove easy, and the success of the undertaking need never be in doubt. If, however, the spawning grounds have been broken up, the food destroyed or driven away and the waters polluted so as to become unfit for fish life, no amount of restocking will accomplish the restoration of the rich fishery of a quarter of a century ago, and money expended for that purpose will be wasted. We are thoroughly in sympathy with the movement for the improvement of the waters of Long Island Sound, but advise a careful study of the region before the particular line of effort called for involves much outlay of time and funds.

TO THE ANGLERS OF THE WORLD.

IN addition to the unprecedented and magnificent display of tools, tackle and all the appliances of angling that will be made by the manufacturers and dealers of the world in the Angling Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition of 1893, it is confidently expected that anglers, as a class, will willingly do their share toward making the exhibit a success in every way. Almost every angler can contribute something interesting or instructive. Anything relating even remotely to the gentle art, is desirable, as angling books and other literature, paintings, photographs, drawings, models, trophies, etc., also specimens of abnormal fishes, or heads, fins or scales, etc., of exceptionally large ones; home-made or primitive rods or other tackle; curious articles of tackle used by savages, barbarous or semi-civilized nations or tribes. Every article sent will be catalogued in the name of the exhibitor, and upon application space will be provided for its proper installation, and proper care will be exercised to insure its safety.

Any angler wishing to add something to the general stock of the Exhibit, and who desires to make application to have it displayed, can address Dr. James A. Henshall, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.

REV. E. L. STODDARD, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Jersey City Heights, believes that if city newspaper editors will go fishing on Sunday they should not be deprived of "benefit of clergy"; so, the other Sunday, he had a special 5:30 A. M. service for Editor Benson of the Jersey City *Evening Journal*; and at its conclusion wished his parishioner a happy day on the water.

SNAP SHOTS.

THERE is a favored region beneath the sky of Texas where the residents shoot quail to eat, and not for fun; they pot them on the ground, a bushel at a time, and have no nonsense about it. A New York sportsman happened to visit this district, and undertook to reform the shooting morals of the community by teaching his friends to shoot on the wing. The natives simply thought him a fool to waste the good chances at game on the ground and to wait till the birds were in the air. The only individual who was thoroughly pleased with the new style was the cook of the establishment, whose disagreeable duty it was to prepare the birds for the table. He was in high glee and prated loudly of the true sport of wing-shooting, because by that mode there were fewer birds for him to make ready.

The thirty-third annual meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held at Rome last week, was marked by a large attendance and lively enthusiasm. The shooting clubs were on hand in force; the entry in the first match very nearly approached that of the great Board of Trade contest at Chicago the week before. The Rome gathering was distinctly a tournament, and not in any sense a convention, as that term would be understood by one of the old-timers. There was neither time nor inclination to take any action respecting the purposes of the Association as indicated by its title. The customary resolutions, this time relating to the Adirondacks, were adopted, but the chief business of the evening meeting was to determine the choice of meeting place for 1892. A Syracuse correspondent sends us a note, which we print, calling attention to this lack of interest in fish and game protective effort. This correspondent was in former years an active member of the Association. He shares the regret of many others that the original purposes of the organization have been so far forgotten. This is not finding fault in any degree with a shooting association; the feeling is that while there is an abundant field in New York for the work of a game and fish protective society, it is a public misfortune that no such organization exists. Is there room for it? Is there work for it to do? And, are there men ready to organize it? Perhaps our Syracuse friend will give us his views on these points.

Judged by all conventional standards, Gloriana is about as homely and unprepossessing as wood can well be made; in fact, it would seem as though Mr. Herreshoff had set out deliberately to violate all recognized canons of grace and beauty, in order to emphasize more fully the superiority of Gloriana in the essentials of speed and ability. Whether or no she was made intentionally ugly or it came about merely through indifference, the fact remains that she was considered so up to the beginning of last week. Since then, however, she has improved greatly in appearance if one may judge from the many chance comments at all the races, until we are reminded of those familiar words of Pope:

"Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A few more victories like those of the week, and half the fleet will be in the builder's hands for remodelling, longer ends, bows padded out, tailboards and figure-heads chopped off, and gold stripe painted out.

The famous Minnetonka Lake has become so shallow that its attractiveness is seriously endangered, and the people of Minneapolis are earnestly considering the project of putting a dam across Minnehaha Creek. This will mean the destruction of Minnehaha Falls, rendered famous by Longfellow; but whatever of sentiment may attach to this waterfall is more than offset by considerations of utility: for Lake Minnetonka is the center of a vast summer resort interest, with steamboats, and hotels and cottages.

"Uncanoeing" is a word for which the FOREST AND STREAM claims admission to the dictionaries as applicable to the man who has no taste for paddle or canoe sail. It is something of a curiosity, too, as it contains the five vowels.

One of the comments most frequently called forth on all hands by Gloriana's performances is that Mr. Morgan has at last found what he deserves for his spirited and persistent pursuit of yachting.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TEGE YAIKWAY.

The Utes of the Colorado Valley speak of the close of the day as *tege yaiKWAY*, literally interpreted, the death of the sun.

LOW hung the sun over the southern Wahsatch mountains. Far to the east stretched soft shadows over the great, gray, sleeping desert, that is rudely cut in twain by the turbulent Colorado. Across the gray were green ribbons, where sinuous streams wandered leisurely from snowy cañons to the Escalante. Sometimes the silvery willows were hemmed in by the deeper verde of lucerne fields, where the succulent clover was purpling with the first promise of bloom, and sometimes by the golden green of young wheat. There were little settlements over which hung the haze of the evening smoke. There were garden spots and orchards, pink and white in their wealth of fragrant loveliness. For, in part, the waste had been redeemed and the hand of man had brought beauty from ashes. No longer did the gentle winds, that ever thrilled with the warmth and life of the far distant Pacific, linger around the brown teepees of the Utes; no longer did they brush the crimson petals from the cactus; no longer did they carry northward the odor of the sage; no longer did they caress the dun deer and the fleet-footed antelope. For the face of nature was changed and her children had not where to hide themselves.

Putting out from the main range, so far that it seemed almost an isolated giant, stood Kaiparowitz—monarch among the ancient hills. White were his locks, but black the rugged furrows of his brow and face; for man, the civilizer, had no reverence for kingly grandeur, knew no beauty, saving that which bore the imprint of a human mart or mint. When the winds of autumn moaned among the sapless boughs, shook down the pine nuts, and set the withered leaves a dancing, fierce fires had flamed among the trembling aspens and gnarled cedars, and the mantle of verdure had been changed to a pall. When the warmth of February brought forth the tender grass to veil the unsightly scars, the flocks and herds grazed for a few short days, grazed till the desolation was, if possible, more dreary than before; grazed, then passed up, to pick, ere they could bloom, the buds that peered above the melting snows.

Low hung the sun. Awful in his loveliness, piteous in his marred features, sat Kaiparowitz upon his throne. His voice was deep and solemn. It was as the echo of the thunder peal among the mountain tops; as the clash of the avalanche among the cañons, and the sound swept down upon the plain as the far-off roar of an angry lion. The men at work in their fields heard it, but they understood not. Looking mountainward they said:

"If it rains to-night there will be another week's feed for the sheep."

High up on the slope of Kaiparowitz was a small cañon. It had been untouched by fire and so difficult was it of access that herders passed it by. Here fell the rays of the setting sun. Beside the spring that bubbled from the moss-grown stones were violets and spreading phlox and mimulus. Further removed, beneath the lordly pines, the mountain heather and the columbine swung their half-opened chalice. Now and again the silvery strain of the thrush rang out upon the evening air. Then it was hushed, as though the timid bird feared lest it should call the attention of man to the sacred spot. From the lower hills came the discordant clang of sheep bells. The thrush heard. Out of the foliage she came, up into the blue she sailed, but she saw no other refuge where she might rest her weary wing and, sad of heart and silent, she came back to the shelter of the aspen.

Near the spring, wrapped in a tattered blanket, crouched a human form. From the low-branched rose bushes the grouse peered at it, their liquid eyes looking astonishment but not fear. About it sported the white-tailed hare and to it the red squirrel chattered, but it heard not, neither did it see. Even the deer, coming down to water, turned not from it. Why should they? Did they not recognize a certain kinship in the motionless clay? Did they not feel that for some men comes an end like to the end of lower species in the great catalogue of animate creation?

Yes, the form had been a man, and the flickering spark that was about to pass into the dark mid-world still kept it man. From the muffled head came a feeble, sepulchral moan:

"*Tegenerriva; shepkai.*" (I starve; I freeze.)

Often had Agawitz, leader of the Utes, lain on the frozen ground, faint with hunger, and not a word of complaint had passed his lips. As a warrior he had lived. More than half a century had gone since he had led his painted band across the foaming river and returned with the plume of the eagle on his crest and the scalp of many Navajo braves in his belt. He had led his followers northward to drive the white invaders from the hunting grounds of Santaquin. From the very peak above him he had traced the course of the first immigrants to southeastern Utah, and behind the hill, kissed by the setting sun, he had left the log cabins of the Danish settlers without a living occupant to tell the story of the dreadful massacre. He was an old man then; yet, since that day many snows had come and gone, and he lived on, homeless, alone; but now the end had come.

Perchance, as he shut the landscape from his glazing eye, he lived again his passionate youth. Perchance, in that last awful hour, he saw something of the future and could tell why he had been left, the withered tree in the clearing; why, when tribe and friends were gone, he had begged his daily bread from door to door; why, with the instinct of his race, he had come here alone to enter into the mystery of mysteries. Perhaps he realized something of a wondrous plan, that leads higher and higher, until mankind are one in spirit and a common brotherhood works out its ultimate destiny in peace, goodwill and boundless love.

Agawitz shivered. Then he was consumed with maddening thirst. The blanket dropped from the feeble form and the cold wind scattered the few gray locks that once had been a crown of glory. Gone was the war plume; gone the belt, decked with the quills of porcupines, stained with the blood of many battles; gone the jasper-headed arrows; gone the fire of youth; gone the

strength of manhood. He tried to rise. He could only crawl toward the water. Before him there was something white. He looked it over. It was a mountain sheep. Many a time had he hunted the beautiful creatures among the snowy cliffs of Kaiparowitz, but the rifle of the invader had slain them one by one, and the herds of the invader had robbed them of their native pastures, until this, the last, had sought a quiet spot to lay him down and die. In the mire he had fallen, and one of his great horns was imbedded in the mud, while the other, gnarled and shattered, was clutched by Agawitz in a final effort to drag himself nearer to the stream.

A ray of warmth penetrated the gloom of early evening. The old Indian raised his head. Behind the Wahsatch the sun was sinking to rest and the shadow covered the valley.

"*Tege yaiKWAY*," he murmured, and there came a mist before his eyes. The trembling limbs refused to move. There was a gasp, a quiver, and the tired head found its last pillow on the white hair of the mountain patriarch.

Down to the spring came a doe to drink. Her step was slow, for her new-born fawn was close by and she was wary. She raised her nostrils. Perhaps even now she was seen by one of those monsters that spoke with the voice of many thunders and whose stroke was as that of the lightning among the pines. No, this lovely spot had not been discovered by civilized man. She bent her head. From the brush came the crack of a rifle and the echoes were lost in the mutterings of the approaching storm. Her four limbs straightened. One bound and she lay dead, while the bullet sped on and there were brown feathers beneath an aspen tree and a crimson spot on the silvery branch where the thrush had sung her last song.

From the cover of a bullberry thicket stepped a herder. His gun was on his shoulder and he whistled a merry tune. Giving the dead Indian a kick, he proceeded to bleed the deer, saying as he did so:

"Pretty poor condition, but then it's out of season. Beats mutton for a change, anyhow. If it warn't for them irrigating ditches I'd have a mess of trout instead of a deer, but they aint run up much in the last few years."

Then he cut off the hindquarters, yet warm and throbbing, put them in a sack and strode down to his camp, leaving the fawn to starve, or, in mercy to itself, to fall a prey to some wandering lion, if one yet remained amid the universal destruction.

Tege yaiKWAY! Great drops, the tears of mother Nature, fell upon the upturned leaves, and black-robed Night drew her kindly veil over the desolate furrow on the brow of old Kaiparowitz.

SHOSHONE.

ESCALANTE, Utah, May 17.

ON THE NORTH SHORE—VIII.

[Continued from Page 436.]

AS we expected from the gloomy indications of the night, the morning opened with rain, accompanied with constant thunder and lightning. We, however, succeeded in catching two trout after breakfast from our camping rock, and then reeled up to await more propitious weather. Joe took one of our rods, and accompanied by John with the landing net, went along the shore and tried rock fishing. They returned in about an hour with one good-sized trout. Joe stated that he had two on at once, and if he had been in the boat would have doubtless saved both of them. The boys after their return went into their tent, closed it and slept till 1 o'clock. We did not think it necessary to wake them, having concluded to let them sleep till their pangs of hunger called for some relief. Joe, when he opened the tent, was astonished to find it so late. It made little difference to us, as we had been profitably employed during their slumbers. Ned, who had been toying with his little bags of tackle that morning, lost his knife, and also found sand in his Frankfort multiplier, a very poor place indeed to keep such a gritty article. He, however, was fortunate in recovering his knife a few hours after and was in ecstasies when he had the reel relieved of its sand, for anything that would give him an opportunity of handling any article of his impedimenta was his fount of joy. Ah, Ned, you are an incomparable genius, and if you had only lived in the days of the "Master of the Angle" you would have come down to us in history as eminent a celebrity as Dame Juliana Berners, or even the "Great Master" himself.

It rained nearly the entire day, with an occasional cessation, which gave us an opportunity to do a little fishing from the rock, and which resulted in the total of two trout, one having fallen a sacrifice to Ned's rod and the other to mine.

We indulged in our usual pleasures of cards and reading during the rain, but our greatest delight was sitting in the apex of the huge boulder when there was a cessation of rain and watching the storm clouds as they marshalled their battalions and coursed along under the blue vault. The Sogards and adjoining islands were clearly defined in their lines of tender green, Gargantua and the mountains had taken on a purple hue, while between them and Leech Island the lightning continually flashed in dazzling splendor. New and grand beauties in cloud-life were constantly arising, while the darkened waters, wild in their rage, battled against the iron-clad coast with a violent fury that sent columns of heavy spray into the foliage that fringed the lake. Anon the thunder would growl; a sharp crackle of lightning salute you; a manifest increase in the high wind be felt, and then came down the rain that sent us hurriedly to cover. And so the day wore along into a night of livid flame, roaring thunder, battling waves and beating rain, that would shake the nerve and appal the soul of the most resolute. Ned after he had wrapped himself in blanket, cried out in unison with the unfortunate Lear:

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
Your cataracts and hurricanes spout
Till you have drenched our steeples!"

The morning was one of gray gloom, with a cold north wind, and a lake displaying a heavy swell, the effects of the tempestuous night. We were not overjoyed with the prospects, but determined as soon as we had partaken of breakfast, to venture forth for the trout. Joe was quite tardy that morning, as he did not fancy pulling the boat in the teeth of a head wind. As soon, however, as he was through with his work, we gave the word for the departure, and into the boat we all got, and along the

rocky coast coursed, casting our flies as we progressed. As soon as some convenient rocks were reached on which we could stand and cast, we all went ashore except John, who was left in charge of the boat.

Ned had great advantage over me on the rocks by wearing rubbers, while I had nothing but my heavy-soled boots, with which to clamber and walk over the smooth blocks of granite. I, however, with due caution, managed to get along without a slide into the cold waters of the lake. Ned, owing to his equipment, could run over the rocks like a monkey, and reach desirable positions that were not available to me with my heavy boots. Several times when I saw a very inviting place that could only be reached in stocking feet, off would go my boots, and down I would crawl. It was a little inconvenient, but the enthusiasm which takes possession of one in these pursuits will tempt to almost any hazard. Ned was very lucky that morning and caught about two fish to my one. He took out of one place without moving four magnificent trout that ran from 3 to 4 lbs. I saw one leap a foot out of the water for his fly, and also observed him frantically plunge out after he got the hook in his quivering jaws. Ned was in high feather over the number of the handsome trophies he had captured, and would have remained and camped out all night if I had not insisted on a prudent return. The wind had changed and was rapidly increasing every minute, and was also dead ahead. Joe, who was also eager for the necessary return, says to Ned:

"If you no go now, you not go at all."

"Bah! We can walk back," replies Ned.

"What you do with the boat?"

"Pull her up on the rocks."

"Then some Indian steal it."

"Oh, no; Indian always honest."

"May be so, may be not."

"If you're afraid of the thieving Indian, back it is."

And then Ned winked at me at the honest satire he had heaped upon poor Lo! We hurriedly got into the boat and the boys pulled away at the oars quite vigorously. It was only two miles to camp, but it was against very heavy wind that was growing stronger all the while. We had caught ten of the spangled warriors and were fully satisfied with the two hours' angle.

The sky was now displaying a dismal hue of slate-colored vapor, while an iron-gray freckled sea was rolling hollow and confusedly, evidence enough to satisfy us that the remainder of the day would be spent in camp, if not in our tents. The boys were glad and somewhat fatigued when they reached Jackson's Cove, for it was an hour's hard pull over a sea anything but gentle.

In the afternoon we tried the ragged edges of our huge boulder in front of the camp, but the waves were too frightfully wicked for *S. fontinalis* to be on the *qui vive* for flies of bright tinsel and feathers gay.

When I returned to camp I found Ned changing his clothes, he having accidentally slipped into the lake from the boulder. Fortunately for him, a huge rock in the water close by checked his rapid progress, or else he would have been completely immersed. As it was, he escaped with a light baptism.

The half-breeds that afternoon gave a concert with their violin, much to the annoyance of Ned. I saw Joe in his tent sitting on the ground, with his back against a box of provisions, fervently sawing away with his bow, while his dreamy eyes were turned heavenward as if invoking inspiration from the patron saint of the lyre. I called Ned's attention to the picture presented, and so convulsed was he with the sight that he laughed till his sides ached. In addition to Joe's musical accomplishment it is to be added that of the terpsichorean art. When he was not fiddling or otherwise employed, he was practicing his pedals in graceful (?) curvatures, endeavoring to imitate Ned, who on one occasion rattled off an Irish jig that completely captivated the boys as well as myself. That evening after supper, Joe and John went to the crest of the boulder, and there, under a gray sky and to the music of the waves, Joe danced till dark.

Ned was up quite early the next morning, and intently scanned the horizon with a view of making the "probabilities" for the day. On asking for the result, he stated, in university phraseology that I never gave him credit of possessing, "There is a blue sky, with drifting mother of pearl clouds, a gentle west wind, a lake in silver-tinted ripples, mountains gleaming in gold, and an atmosphere *ad gustem*."

With such a glorious condition of the elements, I was prompted to arise that I might also enjoy a morn so richly clothed in splendor. The sad thought that Lake Superior was such a capricious coquette intruded. So often have I seen an auspicious morn turned into a tempest in a few short hours that I have lost entire confidence in her bright promises. We, however, determined to enjoy the golden weather while it lasted, and immediately after breakfast started with boat up the shore, in hopes of capturing a few foolish trout through mere "rickish knavery." We coasted along an exceedingly rocky and irregular shore, that looked the very abiding place of the scarlet-hued dudes. Reaching a range of high rocks, that gave us fine facilities for shore fishing, we landed and commenced the work of decoying. It was not long before I had a rise, and a pound trout as the result. My lips curled in contempt at the insignificant size of my first victim, for it was the stalwart warriors and a royal battle I sought. I left this bed of nurselings and sought other grounds, in hopes of getting a finny foeman that would tax my skill to the utmost. I soon reached a very inviting place, a debris of shattered rocks with numerous lines of dark water, that I would have wagered a kingdom contained a freckled Naiad or two. Securing a good foot hold on the flinty rock I had reached, I sent my flies sailing on a mission of duplicity. I saw them fall lightly in the desired spot, and a savage swirl broke around my stretcher. I responded quickly, and was sadly disappointed at my failure to connect with the inquisitive trout. I steadied myself for another cast, and then lifting my flies from the surface, once more dropped them in the same place, when another tigerish plunge ensued, which resulted in the sweet music of the running reel—a sound ever delightful to the patient angler. The astonished trout tore around at a fearful rate, giving me a combat I shall ever remember. It was plunge and dash, reel up and reel out, and a dive down and a leap up—a truly marvellous acrobatic exhibition that I not only keenly enjoyed but deeply admired. The skill and duplicity of cunning man, however, finally triumphed over the dauntless heroism of the stubborn and gallant warrior.

When Joe, who had netted him, laid him on the

weather-stained rock, he presented, in his gleaming coat of rainbow dye, as lovely a picture as eye of angler ever dwelt upon. He was a trifle over 4lbs. Ned, who had been working the rocks above me, had also met with fine success, for he exhibited, on my joining him, three lovely specimens that ran from 2½ to 3½lbs. Since we had started for camp the wind had been raising and it had now worked the sea into a very lumpy condition. John, who had been left in charge of the boat, and who was a short distance from us on the shore, had hallooed several times; but we were too intent on our pleasures to give heed to him. Finally he came running along the shore and informed us that the boat was being heavily pounded on the rocks by the sea, and that we must either return to camp with him or he would be compelled to leave us in order to protect his boat. The plea being a good one we at once reeled up and began the tramp over the moss-covered rocks to the boat and returned to camp, satisfied that Ned's rosy predictions of the weather in the morning were all a fraud and a delusion and that Lake Superior was as cruel a coquette as reputed.

We had the remainder of the day to spend in camp, while the lake was furiously tossing the white caps and battling against the rocky outworks of our quarters. Ned did a little darning, while I played a game of solitaire, and the boys busied themselves in gathering firewood at the lower base of the mountain, and in preparing the noonday meal, which to them was always a pleasure, from the fact that it was a feast of good things which their banquet-board at home knew not. Having won two games out of three with the gentleman with whom I played solitaire, I was satisfied to relinquish the game and then got down to Balzac's fiction "The Two Brothers," with a decided relish of its closing pages. Ned having completed his darning, in the meantime got out his little bags of tackle and selecting some feathers—red, of course—gave an additional tint or two of ruby to a few flies, that made them look as red as a turkey-cock. He was dead gone on that color and believed that it was invincible as a decoy. If he changed his fly at my suggestion he was sure to return to his first love—the lobster-colored lure—in a very short time. I had a world of fun out of his penchant for the mantling color and worried him at times when the trout disdained his flaming lures on his big bushy flies. When in luck he would invariably cry out, "It's red, red they want."

"For heaven's sake, then, give 'em red and plenty of it," I advised. Sure enough, when we went ashore for lunch, on would go another red feather, sometimes two. He was evidently a red-headed avenger and proposed to make his finny victims die in gore.

Again the morn opened with a bright sun that crimsoned lake and land, while the arch above was lovely in small white clouds rich in prisms with "the rainbow lights that kindled in their skirts." It was the birth of a golden day.

"The waking dawn

When night-fallen dews, by day's warm courtship won,
From reeking roses climb'd to kiss the sun;
Nature, new-blossom'd shed her colors round,
The dew-bent primrose kissed the breeze-swept ground."

Our destination that morning was Blind River, a small stream some two miles above the camp. It was really a prospective trip, though we always had an eye single to a roving or poisoning trout. We had no sooner started than we began to realize a breezeless lake as well as a glowing sun, indications that our victories, while this condition of things lasted, would be counted in the unit column, and low down at that. As we coasted along we earnestly cast, and the only reward between the camp and the river was one rise which was missed, and one which yielded a small trout under a pound. Our hopes suddenly vanished, and I began to think our return would not be heralded with waving of banners and beating of drums.

Ned was confident the river would bring us some victims, but as we entered it my heart sank within me, for it looked anything but trouty. I did not even make a cast in it, so confident was I that there was not a fin to be obtained in its waters. Ned, however, who was in the bow, kept his flies going from one side of the river to the other, while I sat "a mere looker on in Venice." We had not proceeded very far before Ned had a wolfish leap at his fly, that so completely unbalanced him that he missed it. As quick as thought my rod was in hand and my flies going to the very spot where Ned had aroused the savage trout. No soon had they struck the surface than another magnificent rise was had, and this time the greedy trout was in trouble.

"That's my fish," said Ned, who had been appalled at my greedy tactics.

"Pray excuse the trifling brigandage; it was merely the result of impulsiveness."

"All right, you are forgiven."

"There is another there."

And sure enough there was, for Ned hooked one on his first cast. There we were, both playing fish at the same time, and from the way they battled I judged them to be weighty ones. I had mine killed and netted in short order, always believing a minute to the pound sufficient time. Ned was always a believer in the same thing as to time, and soon had his "Jim Dandy" boated. Neither ran under 3lbs., but oh! so dark were they, that their crimson spots were nearly obliterated, and even the inside of their mouths and gills was of the same color. I never saw trout marked so darkly before, but understand they take their color from the waters they inhabit. The water here was of that dark amber color, similar to that in all the rivers that empty into Lake Superior.

I was soon at work again, received another rise and another fish, and Ned ditto. This was indeed a lucky revelation to us. The pool in which we caught them was not over 5ft. deep, nor over 20 wide and looked nothing like a home for trout. They seemed to be alongside a dead tree that was lodged close to the bank, and which was shaded by some overhanging maples. We concluded after we had caught the last two to give the pool a rest, and so floated back to the mouth of the river and remained there some twenty minutes, when we again approached it and took out two more, and this time we went up stream as far as the ripples, which was some forty rods or more distant, and there rested.

Once more we ventured to the preserve, and again secured two, the result of our first cast. Off we float and another rest, and then we return to the famous pool and both have fish simultaneously. Ned this time had a monster that looked as if he were fully 6lbs. and had a battle-royal with him that he deeply enjoyed. Mine was

no slouch of a trout, for he fought so hard that I was constantly compelled to be on the *qui vive*. He finally capitulated after a resort to every stratagem he was master of, and then Joe took his lordly proportions into the net. Ned's monster had by this time struggle so fiercely that he lay panting on the gleaming gravel with Ned devouring him with admiration, and wondering whether he should stir the patriarch for another round.

"What a darling," says Ned.

"Yes, but be careful that he don't trick you."

"Guess I'll stir up his lordship."

Ned did stir him up, and his lordship making a savage dash under the boat and getting the line tangled on a log escaped, leaving the unlucky angler a perfect picture of despair.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

SAMMY CALHOUN.

ONE evening in May, I strolled up the road with a cigar after supper, and sat on the wall at the brow of the hill. The shadows were setting thick in the lowlands and the valley beneath was a vast, dark chasm, with the farther rim approaching the horizon just gilded with the afterglow. Farms, rivers and moving things were swallowed up in that gulf and the light came straight across and touched us on the hill. The shrubbery, pushed hard by a few warm, unseasonable days, had a slightly jaded premature look, but the grass was in all its unmatched tints of early spring, soon lost from tender yellow to steely blue. The blades were moist from the afternoon rain and the earthworms were groping out in the damp. A glance, roving for something else to gloat upon before the night should overflow from the brimming valley and engulf us too, intercepted a figure coming over the brow. A figure in a light weight overcoat held loosely across, unbuttoned. You would know it by that gesture, a bachelor of uncertain age, with a youngish twist to his gray mustache, and a melancholy cast of countenance; a man of some peculiarities; he is not gregarious; he makes few acquaintances and they must ripen into friendship or drop off. He sat beside me on the rock and gathered up his coat collar.

"Well what's the matter Sam? Look unhappy."

"Oh, same old story. Tired of city life. Treadmill, treadmill. Sick of people. Go out on an evening sometimes, and meet some more. Constant stock of appreciation on tap; features arranged in the attitude of a smile, well meaning smile, inane. Applaud an ordinary piano and laugh immoderately at things. Oh, I can make out to keep this up through the winter, Jeff, rubbing shoulders with them, but when the spring comes"—and Sam leaned forward and gesticulated confidentially toward the shadows and forgot all about me—"when the spring comes with a breath that I can trace back to the northern slope of a hill, not densely wooded, where it lingered over the moss and twigs till it caught the odor among the leaves of the modest arbutus, or stopped by the wayside to turn every leaf of a gnarly wild apple and scatter its petals, then, then—oh Jeff, there's a fever of rebellion, dormant all winter, that comes up in the spring like the pulse of the sap." I laughed right out. I had to laugh.

"Now Sammy, it isn't the woodsman in you at all, that talks like that, it's only the poet. We all stare at the sunset that way sometimes. Now what would you do Sam if you could get over that horizon?"

Sam felt that he wasn't being appreciated and shook his head, but then concluded to make the best of it and smiled.

"Well Jeff, I'll tell you. There's a brook with an unknown source that tumbles over mossy logs in little cascades, and leaps from rock to rock and makes swift descents in long smooth slides and rests in deep dark pools and bubbles over, gaining strength and volume to emerge in a natural meadow where the deer come to drink and beavers build dams. It goes swimming across the meadow, disappears in the woods and at length reaches the haunts of man. But, oh Jeff, the trout up there in the meadow or in the pools! They're different. They have more freckles I believe. Brave, alert chaps with lines of speed; regular aristocratic pirates."

"Ever been there, Sam?"

"No, I heard of it out West that time, but they told me it was right over in the next county. Up in New Hampshire I traced it till a guide told me it was 'just over the mounting'; but my vacation was done. One summer in Maine I thought I'd found it. I had just wet my line all elated to find myself in a meadow where the foot of man had never trod, when along came a denizen and told me it was no good. 'All fished out,' he says, 'all fished out, but they is a brook—' So Jeff, that's where I want to go when you see me looking over the horizon."

JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

Natural History.

THE POSSUM "SULLS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replying to "Aztec" in your number of June 6, concerning the word "sull," in relation to the well-known idiosyncrasy of the Great American O'Possum ("the only native-born American whose name begins with an 'O,' and he got ashamed of it and dropped it"), the verb of "sullen" is "sulk," and "sull" is the negro corruption of "sulk," and that's all there is in it.

Many a dark, drizzling night (the best for the purpose), when I was a small boy, have I gone forth with my favorite negro "possum hunter," Ellis, one of the plantation hands, and his two faithful "possum dogs," in the old ante-bellum times; and with great exultation have I gone back to the house at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and waked up my parents to show the fine live possum I had in a bag. Ellis owned the dogs and did all the work of catching the possums, but always gave me the finest one to "tek up to de house," with great pride in his craft. The possum was generally "treed" in a small tree, which we could sometimes bend down or climb, and capture the animal before the dogs could get a hold of him and bite him. Sometimes the tree had to be cut down, when there was a wild scramble to rescue the possum before he was mutilated by the dogs. Occasionally the game was caught on the ground by the dogs without being treed, when it was killed before the hunters could interfere.

It was always desirable to capture the possum without his having received any hurt, as he was then put into a chicken coop and fed on civilized fare for a week or two before being killed for the table. The negroes of the South, at least in Mississippi, seem to have given up possum hunting entirely since they became freemen. In old times "possum dogs" were highly esteemed by them, and there were numbers of them to be found on every plantation. But now one never hears of a "possum dog" among the negroes. I have an idea that they look back upon this nocturnal sport as one of the badges of slavery, when night was the only time they could call their own, except an occasional holiday, and then they were not allowed to own guns.

Now, nearly every negro owns a pot-metal shotgun or old musket, and he spends much of his time wandering about, accompanied by a string of three to six or eight "curs of low degree," in search of "Br'er Rabbit" or "Br'er Squirrel," but eschews possum hunting at night, of which we, who were the sons of slave owners in the old times, cherish fond recollections, as among the youthful romances of old plantation life.

COAHOMA.

FLORIDA HUMMINGBIRDS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The blighting effect on fruit and vegetables of our last year's late frost is very well known, but it is not so well known that it played havoc among the hummingbirds. It was a warm winter and the early opening of spring brought out the flowers and started myriads of these little creatures on their journey toward the north. Then came that blighting frost—which they could stand, but the "death of the flowers" was too much for them and they were picked up dead and dying everywhere. They came in unusual numbers and seemed to be nearly all males. After the frost but few were seen, either male or female, and I feel quite anxious to know whether any great diminution in their number has been noticed in the North. This spring but few have been seen about this place, on their northward journey, and I fear their ranks have been sadly thinned.

Hummingbirds are generally supposed to be extremely timid and almost untamable, but when their confidence is won, which is an easy matter to those who understand them—they are very fearless and the loveliest little pets in the world. We tame them nearly every season, and they come to us anywhere around the place, and when the doors are open make themselves perfectly at home, even in the house. A year or two ago I called my wife's attention to the first one of the spring, as we were sitting on the piazza, and when I called him he came at once and examined each of us carefully and then flew off. I saw at once that it was one of our pets of the previous year, so I went in and prepared a small bottle of sugar and water, and it was but a few minutes before he returned and at once took his dinner as he had been accustomed to. Unfortunately he had a mate who was bossing him and dragged him northward after he had paid us but two or three visits.

Between the frosts, taxidermists and milliners I fear they'll be almost exterminated in a few years.

DIDYMUS.

BIRD NOTES FROM TAKOMA.

THE vernal migration of birds in this locality has been characterized by much of interest to the field ornithologist. In many respects it has differed widely from the two preceding springs, that is, of 1889 and 1890. Birds that were very abundant then proved to be very scarce this year, and *vice versa*. But that fact will not be a new one to any ornithologist who has studied the migration of birds in any one limited locality for three or four consecutive seasons. The fact is generally explained, however, by the usual remark that "the season opened late," or it was "due to the late rains" or some similar explanation. The writer is of the opinion though, that the day is far ahead of us before our knowledge shall be sufficiently full to account for such differences. Meteorological conditions undoubtedly have much to do with it, but the absence or abundance of certain bird foods, as insects or fruits, must also have their influence, as do the many changes brought about by civilization. The balancing of the harmonies in nature is very delicate, and as I have hinted, our knowledge of the same still very crude and meagre. Now last year there were a great many species of birds that nested in this vicinity, and as a rule they laid full complements of eggs, while on the other hand the spring just passed has been characterized by a marked change in that particular. Few birds have built, and for some unknown reason they have not laid their full sets of eggs. Nests of robins, wood thrushes and cardinal grosbeaks, so far as my experience goes, did not contain more than three eggs each, and the nest of one wood thrush was found wherein the bird only laid two eggs and then hatched them; the same for a cardinal grosbeak. Although I have missed hardly a day in the woods and fields this year, I failed to find the nest of a single catbird; over the same ground last year I personally knew of the existence of twenty or more. When the catbirds came on this year, they came on almost at a single appearance, and in considerable numbers, disappearing almost as suddenly. Perhaps the clearing out of much of the low underbrush during the intervening summer about Takoma Park had something to do with this, but I am strongly inclined to believe that it was not the only factor responsible for the difference. During the spring of 1890 the black-poll warblers (*D. striata*) were by no means of common occurrence, whereas this year they appeared toward the latter end of May in hundreds, and the woods seemed to be alive with them on certain days. In the Smithsonian grounds, on a dark cloudy day, I counted upward of a dozen in one large tree. There must have been some special food to have attracted them in such numbers, for, for other causes I have been totally unable to discover them.

Some time during the middle of the last-mentioned month I shot, not far from my house, a very nice specimen of a male rose-breasted grosbeak, the first one I have taken for a dozen years or more, and the only one I have ever seen in this neighborhood after a residence of over two years. Mr. Ridgway, however, tells me that he has seen them frequently in the Smithsonian grounds. On May 2 an old male passenger pigeon (*E. migratoria*) flying quite low down and due northeast passed within a short distance of my house. *Kara avis*, are your days numbered in our avifauna? When I was

a boy I shot them in Connecticut until my shoulder ached. There is another bird that is becoming very, very scarce in these parts, and that is the Baltimore oriole; and still more its congener, the orchard oriole. Both species of cuckoos have been remarkably scarce this year; I have not seen a single specimen, and my oldest boy only one yellow-bill.

Being out on May 19, I espied high up in a poplar tree one of the finest scarlet tanagers I ever saw alive—an old male. He was hammering away at something on the upper side of a large limb, and I walked under him until only the butt of his left wing was exposed, which I shot at with No. 13 shot from a .23 collecting gun. Down he came like a flaming meteor, breaking his thigh bone of the same side in his fall. First I thought to kill him for a specimen, but he was too handsome, and I carried him home to give him a trial in a big roomy cage. At the present writing both bones have knit without any perceptible deformity, and he promises to be one of the most interesting bird pets I have ever kept. He thrives on the yolks of hard-boiled eggs mixed with Bishop's prepared food, and catches flies as they pass through his cage like a good fellow. Much to my surprise, he had not been in the cage a fortnight when he recovered his voice, and is now nearly in full song. He is a beauty, without a green feather in his plumage.

And so it goes, the older I grow the more fascinating do such studies and pursuits become to me, and I shall never weary of them. I am afraid, however, that this letter has already passed the limitations of your space, but you must let me enter one word or two about the purple grackles and the English sparrows.

I never fully realized until this spring how many young birds in the nest, of many species, the grackles (*Q. quiscula*) killed and devoured. When one of these birds discovers a nest containing fledglings, he is not content until, during the absence of the parent birds, he has stolen and eaten every one of them. The number they kill and consume all over the country must be immense. They destroy and eat hundreds of English sparrows when the latter are at this tender age. I have seen them do it over and over again. Crows do the same thing, but by no means not so often.

This spring I have watched with especial care and interest the manner in which the English sparrows met the advent of the spring birds from the south. After taking many notes the fact was forced upon me that the English sparrows are not nearly so much responsible for the decrease, if decrease there be, in the abundance of many of our song birds, as are the boys in any locality. I refer strictly to that class of boys who constantly shoot small birds with one of the many new patent air or spring guns now in vogue. All in one day I noted a catbird, a brown thrasher, a white-throated sparrow and a sapsucker (*S. varius*) whip and drive off, single-handed, as many individuals of the English sparrow; while a young fiend, a boy belonging to a good family and who should have been better instructed, was bragging to his companions that he had shot and killed that week, with his (wretched) air gun, seventy-two kinglets (*Regulus satrapa* and *R. calendula*) and no inconsiderable number of other species. I took the pains afterward to prove the truth of his statement, and found that it was substantially correct. This practice has become fearfully prevalent in the suburbs of our cities, and in my opinion will drive out the native birds five times as fast as the sparrows can accomplish it. Worse than that, for the boys actually destroy them.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

TAKOMA, D. C., June 9.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Three philander opossums (*Didelphys philander*), one whistling swan (*Cygnus americanus*), two Indian pythons (*Python molurus*), two ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalophorus mitchilli*), three coach-whip snakes (*Basiliscus flagelliformis*), three black snakes (*Basiliscus constrictor*), one red king snake (*Ophiodon dolatus coccineus*), one black hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhynchus niger*), one indigo snake (*Spilotes erbenemus*) and one common king snake (*Ophiodon getulus*). Presented—Two red foxes (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), five old opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), twelve young opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), one bald eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), one sparrow hawk (*Buteo swainsoni*), one yellow bird (*Chrysomitris tristis*), five screech owls (*Scops asio*), one pair ring doves (*Turtur risorius*), one long-tailed duck (*Harelda glacialis*), four alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one Mexican pine snake (*Pituophis sajoi mexicana*) and two crowned-horned lizards (*Phrynosoma coronata*). Exchanged—One three-toed box tortoise (*Cistudo carolina triunguis*), one red-eared terrapin (*Pseudemys elegans*), one Army, a ring-necked snake (*Diadophis amabilis*) and one milk snake (*Coluber obsoletus confinis*). Born—Three American bison (*Bison americanus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ON AN ENGLISH PRESERVE.

WINNIPEG, Man., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Last month, on my way from the East, after leaving Fargo, which, by the way, is becoming quite a rendezvous for sportsmen, I noticed that all through northern Dakota the prospects for game for the coming fall shooting were unusually good. The mild winter has been favorable for the preservation of prairie hens, which, all along the route to Winnipeg, showed up in lots of from two to five at short intervals on both sides of the track, representing four times the usual amount of Jack Frost's spring leavings in this rigorous section.

Plover were plentifully interspersed with an unusually small scattering of Wilson snipe and ducks.

In discussing the game situation with Mr. Hine, the well known skillful taxidermist of this place, he said it was the same all through Manitoba; that all around the suburbs of the city the game could be seen mornings and evenings, in bunches of four to six, dancing and cutting up all sorts of comical doings. Late reports from all sections coincide that the hatchings of chicken are large, broods averaging rather over than under ten.

The writer was much interested in examining the choice specimens of English game that Mr. Hine was busy mounting, and also in the narration of the manner in which he obtained them on several of the best shooting reserves in England, principally on Lord Lonsdale's estate, at Lowther Castle, Penrith, Westmoreland county, extreme north of England.

When Earl Lonsdale was here in '88 and '89, a pleasant acquaintance was formed with Mr. Hine, who fur-

nished him information regarding large and small game in the Northwest, and also mounted all of his lordship's specimens secured during his fourteen months' trip north, including several heads of musk-ox and other rare Arctic specimens. Before leaving the city the Earl extended an invitation to Hine to come over to England and shoot over his preserves. Accordingly last November he started and soon after arriving at Usk, Wales, he advised Lord L., who immediately wrote him to come on at once to take part in a battue shoot at Lowther Castle as his guest. After shooting a few days in Wales the trip through England was made in good time for the appointed shoot at the beautiful grounds of Lowther, with its park of ancient oak foresting teeming with deer and pheasants in the copse, and beyond a background of splendid mountain scenery, the whole estate embracing many miles in extent.

Twelve guests, all crack shots, constituted the shooting party, and they were accompanied by their valets and servants. Each shooter was provided with two guns, which were loaded by attendants as fast as discharged. The guns used were light weight, 12 to 20-gauge, all of the most expensive make. The twenty-five game keepers and over one hundred beaters started in advance of the shooters at early morning, and during the week's shoot the game was secured in a radius of from two to five miles from the castle, the shooters being stationed about 100 yds. apart, surrounding the cover to be beaten. The beaters, with their sticks and shouts, flush the game, consisting of pheasants, woodcock, partridge, hare and rabbits. The shouts and calls of the beaters, the rush of game, the general fusillade of guns, the retrievers with their carts seen through the smoke collecting the dead and wounded game, constitutes a lively and exciting scene smacking of a military engagement.

The daily 1 o'clock lunch, with its accompanying interesting conversation and comments on the sport, was an agreeable hour's interlude. Different tents were allotted to guests, game keepers and serving men, according to their class. Events culminated with military precision, and the viands were abundantly served in first-class style. During the five days' shoot some six thousand pheasants, with perhaps a duplicate number of hare, rabbits, woodcock, partridges and pigeons, were slaughtered and distributed among guests and friends. The pheasant's flight is slow at starting, but by the time it reaches the open where the shooters are stationed, they are in very swift flight, and a novice is apt to secure more tail feathers than meat when first firing at the gorgeous incomers. Usually pheasants on preserves are raised from eggs imported or collected and hatched by domestic fowls, but these birds were naturally bred, and as it was late in the season they were full grown and afforded capital sport. The woodcock were shot mostly in cover and ravines. They are nearly twice the size of our American cock, being similar in their habits and markings, with the exception of the bars from bill to tail. The cock shooting of Wales and England is first-class sport, as the birds are wilder in their flights than their American cousins. On being flushed the first time they fly swift and far, resembling the flight of our birds when flushed the third or fourth time. The partridge is a compact, gamy little bird, similar in habits and formation to our quail, being about twice the size, or a third smaller than our ruffed grouse. The hares are about the size of our prairie hare or jack rabbit, being shorter in the legs and weighing from 6½ to 10 lbs.

"Billy" Hine shoots about six months in the year, and has shot over most of the hunting grounds of America. This preserve shooting was a novelty greatly enjoyed, and it occurred to the writer that the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* might be interested in the above description as well as regarding trap shooting at English trained blue-rocks, which were a surprise to friend Hine, who had no idea that birds could be trained by blank shots to get away so rapidly at the opening of the trap. They are shot at with light guns at from 35 to 35 yds. rise, and the birds will carry out of bounds a large dose of shot, making it more difficult to secure large scores than in this country under our rules and privilege of using large-bore guns.

WAYLAND.

IN THE ROCKIES.

MY old friend Dan, with whom I have so often shared the fortunes and disappointments of the hunt, happened to be spending a few days with me. Knowing that he was always ready for the chase (and often our hunt has been only a chase) I said to him, "Look here, Dan, it is just 12 o'clock. When I came across from Gladstone to Wolf Creek a few days ago—that day when I fired thirty-five shots at those two old bucks and never touched a hair, and after firing my last shot at them had to walk off and go home, leaving them standing laughing at me—I saw a number of tracks of single deer, right fresh, just across Wolf Creek, only a few miles from here. Now I know those deer are living in that locality, and will be out feeding toward night. I believe we can get one if we try. What do you say? Is it a go?" "Well," said Dan, "I am afraid it will be more of a wild goose chase than anything else. However, I'll go." "All right. You go out into the field and catch Charley and Dolly and saddle them, while I get us a bite to eat, and we'll be off. Hurry now."

So it happened that at 1:30 o'clock of a clear, crisp November afternoon two men arrayed in customary ranch costume and mounted on horseback, might have been seen striking up toward the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, the one armed with a .44 repeating Winchester rifle and the other with a .45-70 Marlin.

For several miles our path led us up the mountain, through a low pass and down the other side to Wolf Creek. Crossing the creek we rode up an old wood road, through scattered timber on either sidehill. So far no signs of game, save a few tracks where a jack rabbit had crossed and recrossed the trail, where a flock of prairie chickens had been running to and fro close to the bushes, and where a coyote had wandered aimlessly about seeking what he might devour.

"Now, Dan, you watch your side of the road and I shall watch my side. It was right there, just ahead of us, I saw, when I passed here a few days ago, where a bounding big buck had come down to drink, and it was on that sidehill yonder that Adams saw fifteen deer when he was hauling poles day before yesterday. At the foot of that wooded knoll, about a mile to our right, is where Willis fired so many shots at that big band last week without getting a single deer."

Riding carefully on a little further, Dan says, "I believe we had better tie up here and make a detour. You go up that gulch to the right and strike over into the open park. Then keep to the left up along the foot of the wooded knoll, pretty high up. I shall go straight up this gulch and work around to my right and meet you on top of the hill."

"The Charley securely. We don't want to walk home." Look at that pheasant on the log. Couldn't you behead him nicely. However, he is perfectly safe as far as we are concerned, for we have made it a rule when deer hunting, never to shoot at anything but deer, so we may not be misled.

I take off my coat and gloves and leave them by the horses. I am all business now. The air is crisp and clear. There is just snow enough to dampen the leaves and twigs, so that when stepped on they do not rattle like a rattlesnake. Everything is still as death. My blood tingles in my veins. I am in my element. I am happy. Quietly I advance to the head of the gulch and, taking off my hat carefully, peep over the hill till I can look out through the scattering trees of the park. Not a thing in sight. The snow covers the ground as a white sheet, unruffled. Half a mile ahead of me is a runaway crossing from Wolf Creek to the mountains. I shall head for that. Perhaps a deer may have passed along it to the water. Hallo! Sure enough, there's the runaway, and I should say it had been traveled. Could any of my sheep have gotten away and come in here? Look at those tracks. It must be sheep. A closer inspection discloses their real nature. The track of a sheep is wider and shorter than that of a deer. It's deer, and no mistake. The tracks are going every way. They have been feeding here. There is where they came in, down that sidehill. I'll go and look at their trail and see how many there are. Why there can't be but seven or eight. That's enough. Look here, these tracks are old. They are half filled with snow and must have been made during the storm, about eleven o'clock. It is now three and they have four hours' start of me. I have but two hours in which to catch up to them. Guess it won't pay to follow these. Yes, I will. They are going just exactly to the hill where I agreed to meet Dan. I shall go there and keep my appointment. Here they go; they are beginning to string out a little. Now they scatter; and here they began to feed again. The side of the hill toward which they are feeding is covered with scattered pine trees, growing closer together toward the top, with groves of fir here and there. At the top of the hill is a high rocky cliff, so steep that no animal could climb it. They must go round one way or the other. Not a spot on that sidehill escapes my notice, I am too old a hunter to expect always to see a picture deer. Too often have I mistaken a deer for a stump or rock, and rocks and stumps for deer.

See! Here is a fresh bed, and there, a few feet distant, is another. Look at the fresh footprint in this one. There is no snow in that track, and those leading from here are very fresh. Surely now, the game cannot be very distant. They went away slowly and feeding, showing no signs of fear. How true the old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Caution is redoubled while ascending the hill. Already I am halfway to the top. Above me there is a low ridge of rock. If I can but reach that point unobserved I may be in sight of my game.

Careful now, a broken stick, a false step, the least noise and all may be lost. I peep over the rocks—no deer in sight. What is that peculiar odor? The wind is blowing toward me and I surely scent a deer. I know now that they are not far off. I have often had occasion to notice the fact that under favorable circumstances I can wind a deer, especially a large buck, several hundred yards distant. I cannot be mistaken in this case; and yet, from where I stand a deer within shooting distance could scarcely escape my notice.

A quick glance toward the top of the next ridge discloses the head and horns of a large buck. For an instant he stands looking at me and then vanishes. See, there he bounds up the hill among those trees. Shall I shoot? No; it would be a chance shot and I can't afford to risk it. To my surprise, on reaching the point where he had been standing, his tracks were the only ones along the ridge, those of the band are far below. Look! What is that object behind that treetop below me? It moves a little, and I see it is the creeping figure of a man. He crawls, he stops, looking fixedly ahead; now he moves! only to stop again and lie flat down, still looking steadfastly toward the ridge just in front of him. There is no mistaking the man or his actions. It is Dan, and he sees or has seen the deer.

Eagerly I turn my searching gaze toward the place where I know the deer must be. Not a sign of any kind which would denote their presence rewards my gaze. Surely they are there somewhere. See how still Dan lies. He dare not move a muscle. I am confident that he and the deer are looking straight at each other. Something is moving now along that ridge yonder among those trees. Yes, there he is; a large buck. He suspects no danger near, as he browses among the bushes. There is another deer, and another, and a little further down the hill stands a very large doe looking intently at that still, peculiar looking log, or is it grass or what? Now and again I see her sniff the air. But no, my darling, the wind is not in your favor to-day. Your long ears and delicate powers of scent avail you nothing. Your curiosity and yonder log (?) will be the death of you.

Watching my chance I slip unobserved behind a low fir bush. The deer are 350 yds. distant—too far for a sure shot from my little gun. Oh, how it wants to talk! Not yet, my pet; we will watch that deer and Dan a little longer and see how their game will end. It did not last long. The deer decided to satisfy herself as to what that queer-looking gray thing was. So wagging her tail a few times she trots bravely forth, followed by two of her friends, who had been by this time attracted by her strange behavior. She stands quivering, not knowing which way to go, but she would just as soon go back as go any other way. I have waited on Dan till patience ceases to be a virtue, so here goes. Hark! a shot! Dan has at last also reached his limit of endurance. The doe jumps high up the air, turns and runs back. Too late, my dear? Your last race is run. Blindly rushing forward she suddenly turns short off down the hill. A tumble, a roll, a slide, and her beautiful shapely limbs, which have so swiftly and safely carried her over many a mountain and through many a swollen stream will bear her up no longer.

The rest of the band are now in full flight. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been useless to have followed them, but for two reasons I was now willing to risk a few hundred yards of a chase. I believed that the old doe which Joe had just killed was the leader of the band, and without her they would not go very far. There was a big buck in the band, but deer do not follow a buck very well. Then again, just beyond where we had first seen them the sidehill was bare of trees and from a little rise of ground beyond I knew I could see quite a long distance up the side of the mountain, I concluded to trail them to the top of the ridge. So, leaving Dan to hunt up his doe, I struck out. On reaching the top of the ridge no deer were to be seen anywhere. Had they run straight ahead I must now see them climbing up yonder sidehill. Ah! here is their track turning to my right. They made a digression, as my teacher used to say, and are heading for a low pass which leads into the next gulch. Shall I follow them? Now I wind them. They can't be very far. If I hurry I may catch them on the other side of the hill. Stumbling, slipping and breathless I had almost reached the pass, when I saw the deer coming back on their old trail and looking for their leader—or for me. They found me, but only exhibited to me seven heads and necks—one the head of the monstrous buck, the rest were does. All in a bunch they stand eager and excited, ears erect and nostrils expanded. Shall I shoot? At a distance of one hundred yards, at that moment, a deer's head was a very small mark. While I hesitated they withdrew, dodging back over the hill. I hastened up the hill, almost reaching the top when here they come trotting back. I was now nearly on a level with them and could see their whole bodies. Again they bunched, facing me; but the buck was gone. The six deer were about seventy-five yards distant and standing so closely together that their bodies seemed to touch each other. For a moment my eyes feasted on the sight, which to me was a handsome reward for the toils of the ascent. Here is your picture deer but far grander, far nobler—so wild, so fearful, so inquisitive, so full of life and beauty—reminding one of the words of the Arab in his farewell to his steed, "My beautiful, my beautiful, which standeth proudly by." But now was no time for soliloquy. Deer or sheep had to furnish the camp with its winter supply of meat.

A shot, a fall, a scatter, bunched again, a second shot, a frantic leap by a young doe, and like leaves before a tempest driven they turned and fled. Two does are not yet satisfied, so leaving the other three they turned back and climbed still higher up the hill. How proud they looked! Was ever peacock prouder? With head and tail erect they trot around as you may often have seen a horse when turned out to pasture after a few days rest. Now a jump on all fours, now they stand, stamp their feet, hesitating, not knowing which way to flee. I am excited and out of breath. Watching a chance when they were standing 150 yds. away I shot. They jumped, separated, and again joined each other. Another shot, and another, and another. At length, disgusted at my ill luck I dropped on to my knees and taking careful aim had the satisfaction of seeing one of the deer jump high up into the air and then they both fled down the hill followed by a wild bullet to hasten their escape. One hundred yards and one of them grows faint. She reels, she circles, she falls; and with one convulsive struggle she is dead.

Retracing my steps to where I first shot, there lay a fine yearling doe quite dead. Taking the trail of the wounded deer I at once found blood sign, and in a short distance found him lying where he had fallen, never to rise. The rest of the deer I saw in the distance crashing through the dry poles. Dragging the last deer, a yearling buck, to the first one, I went after the other one, and finding it dragged it also to the same place. Hearing the shooting Dan had come up and wanted to know where the deer were. I soon showed him three. "My," he said, "you did do well! I wish I had gone with you. But I had no idea you would catch up with them." "Well, Dan," I said, "I am sorry you were not with me, for you missed one of the grandest chances in your life to get a deer."

It was now after sundown and we were six miles from home. So, hastily dressing the deer, we dragged them down into the gulch and hung them up high and dry. Dragging the first deer to the same place we hung it up with the others. It was a monster blacktail doe, as large as any doe I have ever seen. We did not weigh her, but she must have dressed close to 175 lbs. The others were two yearlings—buck and doe—and one two-year-old blacktail doe. Washing our hands in the snow, we hurried down to the horses. On the way, of course, Dan had to listen to every little detail of how each deer was killed. Dollie and Charlie were mighty glad to see us, as they had about decided to camp out and eat fir boughs that night. Old Charlie whinnied for us when we came in sight; but Dollie did not like the smell of blood on my coat sleeve, and would not for some time let me mount her. Less than an hour's ride landed us again at camp. It was now half-past 7. While we ate our supper and smoked our pipe, we lived over again one of the most successful short hunts I have ever had. The next day we took a wagon, and hauling our deer to camp, we hung them up with the three I had killed a few days before. Delighted with the prospect of plenty of fresh venison for a while, we were now willing to go back to our work.

DEERBOURNE.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Preparations are well under way for the survey of Itasca State Park, the last Legislature having passed a bill appropriating thirty-five sections of land around Lake Itasca for this purpose. This means as much to the people of this State as the much-talked-of Adirondack Park to the people of New York. There are about 100 beautiful lakes embraced within the proposed park limits. The killing of all kinds of game is prohibited, and the taking of fish otherwise than with hook and line at the legal season. The general care and supervision of the park is for the present vested in the State Auditor and a commission appointed by the Governor. Down at Cromwell last week two men were out in the woods, and coming across two moose they killed them in defiance of the law. Information has been lodged against them, and it remains to be seen if the law will be enforced or not. In such cases the fine cannot be less than \$50.—MYRON COOLEY (Detroit City, Minn., June 15).

PARADOX GUN.—Nutley, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the information of "B. R." of Buffalo, who desires to be enlightened as to the "Paradox" gun made by Holland & Holland, I would say that it is described by Sir Samuel Baker in "Wild Beasts and their Ways," as follows: "It is a smooth-bore slightly choked, but severely rifled for only 1½ in. in length from the muzzle. This gives the spin to the projectile sufficient to insure accuracy at the distance mentioned (100 yds.). The No. 12 Paradox weighs 8½ lbs. and carries a bullet of 1½ oz. with 4½ drs. of powder. It shoots No. 6 shot with equal pattern to the best cylinder-bored gun." If "B. R." desires further information and will write to me I shall be pleased to answer to the best of my ability.—C. J. GAYLER. [This gun was described and targets printed in our issue of Aug. 5, 1886.]

"WINCHESTER GUN CREASE" does not sound nice, but it is said to do the business, and that is nine points of the merit of a gun-rust preventive. The Winchester have used it themselves, and whatever is good for them ought to be good for other people.

Camp-Fire Glickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN Florida the past winter a favorite practice among the boarders was to throw out baited lines from the wharf and leave them over night. Mr. K., who was much averse to fishing on Sunday, was taking an early walk on the morning of Feb. 22, which happened to be the Sabbath also. Seeing a large fish at the end of the line he took hold of it, and, forgetting himself, pulled in what proved to be a channel bass, which weighed nearly 27 lbs. He proudly exhibited it, but was sorely troubled to find that he had caught a fish on Sunday. The boys plagued him a good deal, when he finally evolved the following: "It is wrong to fish on Sunday, but I find on looking it up that this is Washington's birthday, a national holiday, therefore Sunday don't count, and that lets me out."

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

QUEEN OF THE ROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your issue of May 15 contained an account of the catching by Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg, of Frankfort, Ky., of a tarpon weighing 305 lbs. This, certainly, is a most remarkable achievement, but I will tell you of another capture by the same lady, equally as exciting and skillful.

It was my pleasure to be with Mr. and Mrs. Stagg for two weeks this winter on Capt. Vail's boat, the Rock Lodge, at Jupiter, Dade county, Florida. We were fishing every day, the principal catches being bluefish and channel bass. During all this time Mrs. Stagg caught the greatest variety and largest fish, and in all my experience I have never seen a lady handle fish from boat or shore with as much skill. Sharks were very numerous this winter and we caught some big ones with the regulation tackle. Our house-boat was located about half a mile from the inlet and ocean beach and at the junction of the Loxahatchie and Indian rivers.

A big sawfish had been caught in the net of one of the natives, and Mrs. Stagg concluded she must have one to add to her already big string. On the morning of March 21 Mr. and Mrs. Stagg and the guide, Wells, started for Sawfish Bay, about half a mile above our boat on the Loxahatchie. I had been out to the beach bathing, and on my return to the boat was told that Mrs. Stagg had made fast to a big fish, and that from the deck I could see the whole performance. When I first saw the fishing party they were about a quarter of a mile off, and had evidently worked the fish down the river about the same distance from Sawfish Bay. We all came to the conclusion it was a sawfish, and a big one. It became evident after a while that, if the fish was landed, some assistance would be necessary, so Commodore Hughes, of New York, well known to eastern yachtsmen, started out with the mate in a yacht tender, armed with a harpoon spear. The fish was now in mid-stream and making some desperate, long and deep runs. Mrs. Stagg stood up in the stern of the boat handling the big load in a masterly manner. Her heavy tarpon tackle was put to its greatest strain; at times the tip of the rod would be drawn clear to the water, so fast was the run of the big fish. Wells, the guide, an expert boatman, had all he could do to keep the stern of the boat in the right direction. The fish was doing all of the towing, and, in the first forty minutes, had brought the boat down opposite our landing, fully half a mile. The commodore, in the meantime, was trying his best to get a crack at the big fellow with the harpoon. Only once did he succeed in getting even a chance and then the water was so deep I thought we would have to fish for the commodore, as he nearly went out of the boat in his effort to land the harpoon.

The fish was now evidently making for the inlet, and we knew if he succeeded in reaching the swift water of the channel the jig was up. The party was now opposite the steamboat dock and several boats had joined the procession, keeping at a respectful distance, however. All of the natives and visiting sportsmen to the number of about thirty were on the dock, and many were the shouts of encouragement and prayers for the successful landing of the big fellow. Twice the fish ran under the boat and we thought he was surely lost; but good tackle and good judgment will land a whale, and we were gratified to see that Mrs. Stagg still had the best of it. Down stream they all went, straight for the inlet. The water here was deep and it was simply hang on and trust to luck. If the fish ran into the shallow water on any of the numerous sand bars he was pretty sure to be captured; if he kept the channel straight out, he was lost. Now it was that skillful work on the part of the fisher and the boatman gradually worked the fish out of the channel and into the shallow water. Over an hour had passed since the

first strike and the boats were nearly half a mile below us. The fish could now be plainly seen from the boats and it was apparent that he had met his match and was fast tiring out. Now was the time for Commodore Hughes to get in his work, and as the big fellow stopped for an instant to gather his strength, down went the grail and he was captured. A big shout went up from the spectators and we waited for the big one to be towed in with considerable expectancy. An hour and ten minutes was the time of the battle, and the fish had run more than a mile. When we hauled him out on the landing we showed the largest shark any of us had ever seen caught with rod and line. He weighed 253 lbs. and was 8 ft. 4 in. long. No need to stretch these dimensions, the story is big enough in its truth.

When the train came over from Lake Worth that afternoon the hook had not been taken from his mouth and the rod with the line were standing near the big fish. I doubt if one-half of the seventy or eighty people from the train, few of them fishermen, believed that any such fish was taken with so light a tackle.

When Mrs. Stagg first struck the fish, she as well as the others in the boat, thought they had a sawfish. It was about fifteen minutes before the captive disclosed himself enough to discover his identity.

I am anxious to hear Mrs. Stagg's account of the catching of the big tarpon. I doubt, however, if she had a much harder fight than she did that day on Loxahatchie. Mr. Stagg about this time purchased from Commodore Hughes the handsome little cruiser Tarpon, and Mr. and Mrs. Stagg shortly after left for the Gulf, where their success with the silver king is now a matter of history.

W. H. CASE.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 6.

ANGLING IN CANADA.

A DOZEN members of the Springfield Fish and Game Club of Springfield, Mass., arrived here in great style on Friday last, on their way to their angling headquarters up the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John R. They came all the way here by special car, and went up to Chambord on a special train. The party consists of E. S. Brewer, president of the club, D. N. Coats and E. M. Coats, of the Monarch Parlor Car Company, D. W. James, of New York, C. A. Nicholls, of Springfield, Chas. A. Bryon, of Brooklyn and H. W. Fenner, of Providence, R. I. They enjoyed splendid sport, and most of them have now left for their homes. Another party of the same club is expected here by another special car to-morrow, and will include Col. V. M. B. Edgerly, president of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Louis H. Orr, president of the Springfield Printing and Binding Co., Walter H. Wesson, of Smith & Wesson, Mr. Cheney silk manufacturer and Dwight O. Gilmore, proprietor of Gilmore's Opera House.

But the principal Mecca of American anglers just now is Lake St. John and its immediate surroundings, where fishermen are just now matching their finesse against the warlike ouananiche or fresh-water salmon. Mr. Boswell made a large catch last week at the mouth of the Ouitchouan, but his fish were comparatively small, averaging but 2½ lbs. each. The larger fish are now to be had at the Grand Discharge or in the Peribonca River. Anglers may be interested in knowing what flies have been successful at the Grand Discharge during the present month. As a rule these fish do not take a very large fly. In fine weather the black-gnat has proved a killing fly, and on darker days a taking bait has been a bright body with gold or bronze stripes, partially covered with green fuzz, and having white wings. The Childers, the Jock-Scot and the green-hackle have also been very successful flies, and with some anglers the silver-doctor is a favorite. Take these and a few more of the same kind up with you to the Grand Discharge, secure a guide and a canoe, and if you know anything at all about casting a fly and playing a fish that knows how to fight, above all if you can appreciate a foeman worthy of your steel, you will long cherish a fond remembrance of your visit to the home of the ouananiche. But go loaded for bear, and by no means forget to have with you a few extra leaders and tips.

I have just seen an afternoon's catch of Lake Edward trout brought to town yesterday by two Quebecers. It weighed 56 lbs. in all, and included six fish of 4 lbs. each and upward, and all beautiful specimens of the true *Salmo fontinalis*.

Salmon fishermen are passing through Quebec almost daily on their way to the famous streams of the North Shore or of the Baie des Chaleurs. Messrs. Alec. Denistown, of Edinburgh, and T. B. Cartwright and Hope Brooke, of England, are here now on their way to the Mingan River. Mr. Walter Brackett, of Boston, the famous painter of fish pieces, who is also an artist at killing the salmon, left to-day for Tadoussac, to fish his pools on the Marguerite.

If the Canadian Parliament adjourns early enough, Lord Stanley, the Governor-General, will join his family at Stanley Cottage on the banks of his salmon stream, and there Prince George of Wales will be again their Excellencies' guest. There are at present upon the Cascadia River R. G. Dun, of Dun, Wiman & Co., New York, and Mrs. Dun, E. W. Davies and Mrs. Davies, C. B. Barnes, F. Nicholls, C. E. Strong, G. Hecksher and J. N. Skelton.

Dr. Green and G. F. Smith are fishing the Bonaventure River; B. Dutton, of Boston, the Little Pabos; Thos. Murdoch, of Chicago, the York River, and J. C. Tappin, H. A. Tappin and C. L. Tappin, of New York, the Dartmouth.

Sir Charles and Lady Hunter are at Gaspé, and the Grand Pabos is being fished by Brent Good, president of the New York Lyceum Company and by H. Newton, Geo. M. Hard, G. H. Richardson and others.

Mr. W. C. Whitney, who was Secretary of the Navy in the Administration of President Cleveland, passed through Quebec yesterday, accompanied by his brother-in-law, O. H. Payne, and Mr. M. H. Hanna, on his way to the Godbout.

Mr. Harry Sanford, of New York, returned yesterday from Chicoutimi, where he has enjoyed some splendid trout fishing.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 19.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*adv.*

DOGS THAT CAUGHT CRABS.

I HAVE seen mention in the FOREST AND STREAM of one dog that caught suckers and another with a preference for catfish. It seems a singular thing for a dog to develop a taste for fishing, but then the accomplishments of the good all-around dog are many, and I feel sure he has one or more surprises to spring upon us one of these days. I do not for a moment doubt either of these dog-fishing stories, for I once knew two dogs that took great delight in catching crabs, not soft crabs, but lusty, hard ones, capable of making a good fight.

When about twelve years of age I used to spend my vacations at a large farm on a tributary of the Chesapeake Bay. Besides myself there was another boy and two dogs at this house, the other boy, like me, staying for his vacation, while the dogs were permanent members of the family. One of the dogs was a large Newfoundland, as all black, shaggy water dogs are commonly called, and the other was one of those medium-sized, puzzling combinations of short hair and no particular color—probably an all-around dog, at least as far as concerned his breeding. One day I noticed the large dog wading about in the shallow water at the foot of the yard and evidently searching for something. I found that he was looking for crabs. When a crab was discovered he would prance around it, and after making several attempts seize it in his mouth and bring it up on the beach, and then play with it, much as a cat does with a mouse, until the poor crab was either dead or helplessly exhausted. He seemed to do this for the mere sport of the thing, barking all the time in a tone that denoted excitement rather than anger. He never ate the crabs after killing them. The crabs fought back to the best of their ability, and it was often difficult to say which had the tightest grip, dog or crab, for the crab would fasten on to some portion of the dog's mouth with both of his powerful pinchers and it would require much shaking before he would drop off.

Here was a great find for us boys. Some distance below the house was a small cove. Here, secure from observation, we would dip up crabs in a net and turn them out in the shallow water of a sandbar for the dogs to fight. The smaller dog had no great love for the water, but he was of such a pugnacious nature that he readily took a hand at the game when he found there was fighting in it. We soon had him initiated. As for the larger dog, I think he picked up the accomplishment through diving after stones and oyster shells that were thrown into the water for him.

I must confess that I am now ashamed of the part I took in this useless destruction of life simply for the amusement of two boys and two dogs, but it is hardly fair to hold a boy responsible for all the misdeeds opportunity and the devil suggest. W. L. HALL.

FISH OF MAINE WATERS.

THE trout season in northern New England and Canadian waters is at a standstill for the present. The black flies and mosquitoes have the field. Sportsmen lately returned complain bitterly of their fierceness, and say they have never seen them worse. Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., who has just returned from Richardson Lake, Me., where he has been to superintend the erection of his camp on Cherrytree Point, found the flies remarkably bad, with mosquitoes far too plenty. He went with the view of taking in some fly-fishing also, but the flies kept him from trying but one day, and that a cool and rainy one. Then he found trout abundant and rising freely, but he and Oscar Cutting were driven from waters and into the camp, after catching fourteen trout in a few minutes' fishing. He finds that his lot is better and more sightly than he at first supposed. Back a few rods from the water he will get an elevation of some 30ft. On this ridge he proposes to set his camp.

The landlocked salmon season is proving to be a remarkable one in all of the Maine waters. The catch at Sebago was a good one, with some large fish. At last it has been established that there are landlocked salmon in Moosehead. The Commissioners put fry into these waters six or seven years ago, but since that time very little has been seen of them. Indeed it had come to be a popular belief with sportsmen visiting Moosehead annually that there were no landlocked salmon there. But the success of Mrs. Barber, of Madison avenue, New York, who has been there with the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, has changed the notion. She has landed a landlocked salmon at Northwest Carry that weighed 44lbs. This salmon, as suggested above, must be about six years old.

Mr. Baeman, ex-city architect of Boston, naturally feels very proud of his landlocked salmon, mention of which has already been made in the FOREST AND STREAM. He feels proud of it because it is the largest fish of that species that has ever been taken below the Upper Dam—83lbs. He feels proud of it because he took it with a fly, since the theory has all along been that landlocked salmon would not rise to the fly, neither in the Rangeley Lakes nor in the Sebago waters, though rising freely in the proper season at other Maine waters. Commissioner Stanley has always persisted that landlocked salmon would rise, under proper conditions, and now it is proved that in the pool below the Upper Dam they will rise. Mr. Bateman at first supposed that he had a big trout on his hook, and indeed continued to think so till the huge fish began to make tremendous rises out of water and into the air. An excited eye witness suggests that the fish went out of water 15ft. at a lunge. When Mr. Bateman found that he had a salmon on his fly, in his own words, it took the strength all out of him. When the fish was landed, after a fight of over an hour, Mr. Bateman was a happy man. It proved to be a male fish, with a tremendous hook on the lower jaw, indicative of the breeding season. It was shown in Appleton's window in Boston, and is to be mounted.

In the upper Rangeley waters also they are getting landlocked salmon. Judge W. P. Whitehouse, of Augusta, Me., is ahead with a salmon weighing 104lbs., which fish gave him a most remarkable fight. It also beats the record of salmon in Rangeley waters. He came out of the water four times before yielding to the rod. The wind was blowing a gale at the time the fish was hooked, and though the Judge is an expert with the rod, it seemed as though he was to be beaten. Reports say that it was two hours and fifty-five minutes from the time the fish was hooked till he was landed. Mr. Whitehouse also took a 41lb. salmon, and another of the Timberlake party took one of 41bs.

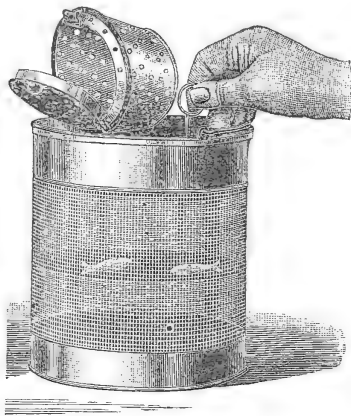
Commissioner Stanley is reported to have said that nearly twice as many landlocked salmon have been taken at Weld Pond this year as usual. A young lawyer from Dixfield has taken one weighing 64lbs., and others have done almost as well. In this connection it will not be out of place to say that the commission has planted about 100,000 landlocked salmon at Sebago and Rangeley this year. The clubs at Rangeley and Lake Umbagog have raised some 300,000 trout, and these the commissioners have assisted them in planting. At Orland the Government has about 150,000 young salmon. These will be kept till one year old, or better able to take care of themselves, and then they will be turned into streams in the State below the pulp mills, or at such points as to be out of the influence of the deadly pulp chemicals. The interest in fishing in Maine waters is increasing very rapidly, and something must be done to keep up the supply. Commissioner Stilwell feels very badly about the attitude of the pulp manufacturers in regard to the salmon interest. He is better pleased with the results of the salmon fishing at Bangor this year than last, however.

Mr. John Fottler, Jr., of Boston, and secretary of the American Seed Trade Association; Alden Spear, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. W. Barbour, of New York, have gone salmon fishing on a tributary of the St. John, at Gaspé, P. K. They will be absent several weeks, and expect to find some excellent fishing. The salmon stream is a noted one, controlled by Mr. Fottler and Ivers W. Adams. They are soon to erect commodious camps and make other improvements.

The members of the Kineo Club have returned from their annual trout fishing trip to Moosehead. They are thoroughly browned from the effects of their outing, and report a splendid time, though the fishing was not quite up to their expectations, especially the fly-fishing for brook trout. SPECIAL.

A NEW MINNOW BUCKET.

A NEW and ingenious minnow bucket has been patented by Mr. Thos. M. Darrah, of Wheeling, W. Va. The contrivance consists of two buckets, one contained within the other. The outer has no peculiarities. The inner is of perforated sheet metal or wire-cloth, with a hollow compartment or air-space above. This air-space causes the bucket to float, and when the angler has reached his



fishing grounds he sets it into the stream or lake and it floats on the surface while the water passes freely through it. A false bottom is raised by rods, which pass up through the air-chamber portion; by this means the minnows are lifted up to the top of the water and there you have them for selection. Still another and smaller receptacle is hinged to the minnow bucket and fits snugly within it; this is for crawfish or frogs. Altogether Mr. Darrah's device is handy, compact and calculated to add materially to the fisherman's convenience. With an aerating attachment the thing would be complete.

SURPRISES WITH TROUT.

A BROOK TROUT thirteen inches long is somewhat pretty nice. While not exactly rare, such catches are much less common than generally supposed. When an enthusiastic disciple tells of a recent big catch, "several of them running over a foot," unless you know the man—know him tolerably well, in fact—it will be safe to set the limit at 11in. Of course, it will often happen that, knowing the man, one will be inclined to discount an inch or two more. A funny thing about these whoopers is that they are often taken from whence least expected, and by means of apparatus in whose company the angler, properly so called, would feel very uncomfortable.

The other day a little urchin hooked a 13-inch trout from a raceway running through the heart of this largest village in Orange county. Like a true son of Yankeeedom, the lad took the unexpected as a matter of course. Plenty of scientific anglers will repeatedly during the season whip our trout-abounding streams without landing anywhere near so fine a fish. Yet look at the boy's gear. Not the little birchen rod and horsehair line of the simple urchin, but a last year's bean pole, a few yards of eel line, with a hook of generous dimensions, the lure being a fat angleworm. An onlooker of betting proclivities would have been willing to stake gold against copper that no fish of sufficient ferocity to tackle that formidable bait ever ventured into the artificial waterway.

The writer's experience admonishes against wagers of this kind. I was under eight when I took my first trout. He was a large one and pulled so violently on the line that I let him have it; however, the fates had it that he should not escape. The scene was a farm in May many years ago, where unmixed with drudgery life was full of joyous incident. A streamlet ran within a few yards of the kitchen door, the flow from a few near by springs. At a boggy spot an old log lay half buried in the soil; under this the water passed forming a deep hole which swarmed with minnows.

One day I lay upon this log fishing for chubs with hook and line but no pole. The line was a three-stranded braided

of grocer's wrapping twine. The hook was a largish one, and as the game were small, I had to depend on sight to tell when one of the nibblers took hold of the bait in just the right way. The current kept drawing the bait under the log, where finally a fish "as was a fish" seized it.

After the first tremendous jerk the line was still. I had distinctly seen the whisk of a broad tail, but not knowing the anatomy of that animal I thought I had hooked a muskrat. I lowered my face almost to the surface of the water to look under the log. To my horror I beheld a great fish darting, as I thought, straight for my nose. I threw back my head with a yell that brought my mother on the scene. The string had slipped from my hand, and a rod or two further down we discovered the splendid fish turning and struggling among some prunings which had been thrown into the water and in which the line had become tangled. Encouraged by my mother I waded in and secured my first trout. I never saw another trout, large or small, in that stream.

A short distance from where I lived the main brook that ran through the hollow was crossed by the highway, and here on almost any day throughout the summer several large trout might be seen leisurely pulling against the stream in the deep water under the bridge. These trout utterly disdained the baited hook. When it came near them they quietly moved aside. Throw a stone at them and they darted into the wall of the bridge, only to appear a few minutes later further down, gradually working up to their favorite position.

I had spent a great many hours the previous summer watching the maneuvers of these mysterious trout. Shortly after the capture of the big trout as above related, I secured a pole about as flexible as a railroad tie. Having lengthened my braided line I tied it on and went to the bridge. The water was slightly roily and in greater volume than I was accustomed to see. Trout were discernible under the bridge, but I saw several just below. Standing on the bridge I baited in plain sight and lowered the pole almost perpendicularly. As the bait approached the group of fish one of the largest leisurely moved forward and took it. An instant later he was wriggling in the dusty road. I never was able to do it again, though I tried many and many a time.

One more and I have done. "It was in the bleak December," or possibly November. The frost had not yet struck into the ground, although the air was cold and flurries of snow had already made their appearance. The owner of the adjoining farm was a spiritualist, and under the guidance of mediums had sunk a number of shafts in quest of minerals. Not far from the line fence one of these was begun, but had to be abandoned on account of striking a spring. The result was a wide pit with several feet of water, which had an escape under ground and appeared again in a spring further down the slope. Of course this was no place to fish, but I was just wise enough to know that the principal reason why I was so forcibly enjoined against going to the place was fear that I might fall into the water. My father was plowing in the adjoining field when I cautiously approached the pit and looked down. What I saw did not much surprise me; indeed it rather served to strengthen certain private convictions of my own. On the yellow sand through which the water was bubbling lay a large black trout. I ran home for my tackle and got the fish with the first cast.

Hurrying to my father I exhibited the trophy in triumph. He was incredulous, and leaving the horses accompanied me to the pit. After hearing my explanation he took the fish from my hand with an expression of disgust, flung it into the midst of a patch of briars, and without comment returned to his work. I never quite understood whether he disbelieved me or thought there was something uncanny about the trout, which was strangely dark-colored, owing probably to some property of the water.

How did the fish come to be there? Possibly he managed to wriggle from the talons of some bird of prey and chanced to reach the water before being retrieved. The fish hawks frequently drop small fish on which no trace of talons are visible. B. F. HENLEY.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

R. R. GUIDES AND FISHING RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On May 11 there appeared in the New York Times a letter over the signature of a Mr. Gardner Ladd Plumley warning the public against our sporting book known as "Fishing and Shooting." It is the aim of this company to give reliable information to the public and not to publish anything that is liable to mislead them. Mr. Plumley called here before he rushed into print with his grievances, and I explained to him that if the information as given in our guide book was wrong and we could be so convinced, we would only be too glad to change it in subsequent issues of the book; but in order to ascertain how near correct he was I wrote to our general passenger agent, who in turn referred the matter to a Mr. W. R. White, barrister at Pembroke, Ont., who lives in the immediate neighborhood of Bissett's Creek, and who is a noted sportsman and thoroughly familiar with all the streams in that part of the country, and I beg to give you below his reply:

Mr. O. McKay, Company's Agent at Bissett's Creek, has asked me to write you respecting the enclosed file of correspondence. I have fished at Bissett's Creek with a friend for years back and have always had very good sport indeed. It may be a little over the mark to say the trout average a pound, but I have taken a great many trout weighing a pound and over a pound. The majority of the trout run from half a pound to a pound. I am speaking now of the waters within two or three miles of the station. Some seven or eight miles further up the creek trout are frequently taken over a pound, so that the average in taking the whole stream into consideration may be taken at about a pound. I do not know who Mr. Plumley's Pembroke correspondent is, but this I can say, namely, that Mr. J. H. Burritt, barrister at Pembroke, and myself have been fishing in Bissett's Creek than any one in the vicinity, and Mr. Burritt will if necessary corroborate my statements. Bissett's Creek is not a small wooded brook from 12 to 20ft. wide, but is a good broad rushing stream that in Ulster and Sullivan counties would no doubt be called a river. I should say the average width of the stream would be from 50 to 150ft., with good rapid-flowing shallow water, with deep pools, good wading and plenty of room to make as long a cast as I am satisfied Mr. Plumley would wish. If Mr. Plumley is really desirous of getting hold of monstrous trout, which seems to be his aim, you can say to him that the waters round here are fairly packed with them, many of them weighing 2 to 4½lbs.

From this you will readily see that the party to whom Mr. Plumley addressed his letter has evidently been trying to mislead him. E. V. SKINNER, Gen. Agt., OFFICE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CO., NEW YORK, June 20.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 17.—From this time on it will be illegal in Illinois to take fish through the ice with hook and line. The "ice bill" has passed and is a law. So far as can be learned in the confusion at this date, the Legislature having adjourned only last Saturday, the "ice bill" seems to be the only fish or game bill that got through, although the synopsis of bills passed mentions "No. 202; the fish and game law."

Now, this "ice bill" has a history. Nobody has heard much about it, because very little has been said about it, for obvious reasons. The "ice bill" was a FOREST AND STREAM bill, and it is now a FOREST AND STREAM law. The first of last January an article appeared in FOREST AND STREAM describing the butchery of game fish perpetrated every winter by the ice fishers of the Fox Lake region, and giving chapter and verse about it. No other paper had ever turned a hand to stop this butchery. The matter was brought up before the Fox River Association. Dr. Bartlett admitted that he had had no idea of the extent of this outrage. Mr. Hertz gave further details as to the extent of the outrage. The result was that a bill prohibiting ice-fishing in this State was quietly drafted a little later. No flourish of trumpets was made, but this bill went to Springfield in the right hands. Every member of the Illinois Legislature had a copy of FOREST AND STREAM in his hands containing the story of the ice-fishing investigation. Coroner Hertz is an ardent fisherman and sportsman, prominent in Fox River Association always, and unselfishly interested in the protection of fish in the Fox Lake country. He has friends also in the Legislature, and so had other friends of the bill. Senator Knopf and Mr. Wilk, of the House, both labored faithfully for this measure, and as a total result it passed, much to the enthusiasm of that faithful commissioner Dr. Bartlett. Immediately upon the fact being known, the latter at once wrote Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president of the Fox River Association, as follows:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, 37th General Assembly, House of Representatives, Springfield, June 12.—Friend Cole: Bill No. 202, "Fishing Through the Ice," just passed, and I write this from reporter's gallery. They are now considering the Chicago three mills tax bill, and in great confusion. Net results of season's work, appropriation same as last season and fishing through the ice bill passed. That is all. For past two days it has been very doubtful whether general appropriation bill, in which our appropriations are, would pass, but after two conferences it finally went through. I will try and be in Chicago on Monday or Tuesday. I must get a day's rest; I have been up night and day for the past week here. Very truly,
S. P. BARTLETT.

Here is a case where FOREST AND STREAM scented and located an outrage on good sporting morals in this region. Investigated it, and led the way by reforming it by way of the law. After able men have secured the passage of the law, the very existence of the bill having in the meantime been kept a secret, FOREST AND STREAM again takes a hand, and scoops its competitors by publishing the news of the passage of the bill, something no other paper, even the dailies, seems to have dropped on to at all. The history of the ice bill is no discredit to this paper, especially as this seems the only protective measure passed by the Legislature this year. It's a little tough on the other papers, but aside from that it is rather a matter for congratulation.

And now will our friend Geo. Clark, on Lake Maria, and Mr. Paddock, and Mr. Savage, and some others who fish for the market in winter and sell tough accommodations to anglers in the summer, please roll up their lines and listen to law where they wouldn't listen to reason? I hope some of those fellows will fish ahead next winter, for I want to see them jerked galley-west for it, as they will be if they try fishing through the ice again. The lakes will be watched next winter.

Thus there will be cut off—for this form of lawlessness is easily detected and easily stopped—one of the very greatest and gravest sources of destruction of fish in the Fox Lake system. The little visit to Lake Maria last January was worth the while.

So much for practical protection around Chicago, and so much for those who cry out against the difficulty of doing anything in such matters. It is true, the sportsmen did not get their game bill through after all their fight with South Water street, but they may win another year, and there ought to be no let up. The sportsmen are gaining ground every year, and they will win their fight.

It would be almost stereotyped to credit the Fox River Association with the success of the ice bill, but after all is said, it is there that the credit belongs. Let me add a few letters from their warden, Mr. Buck, to show further what protection can do toward practical protecting. The Burton's Bridge seining was reported to the writer, who carried the report to Mr. Cole, who ordered Mr. Buck to investigate. The latter wrote as follows:

ELGIN, Ill., June 3, 1891.—Mr. Geo. E. Cole, Chicago: I have just got home from up the river and the lakes. I heard they were spearing fish and went to see what there was in it. They are using grab-hooks at McHenry Bridge, Burton's Bridge and Cary R. R. Bridge, and the men and boys whom I saw using them said they had not seen a spear used or a jacklight on the river this summer. I did not hear of a seine being used, and there are lots of men along the river that would tell me if they had heard of any seining. The fishermen along the river and at the lakes say there was never as good fishing or as many good fish caught as this year, and give the fishways the credit of it.—F. L. BUCK.

ELGIN, June 6, 1891.—Mr. Geo. E. Cole, Chicago: Your letter just received. They have the fishway at So. Elgin done. I just returned from there. That finishes the river. I suppose you saw my report in regard to Rock River. At all of the places they agreed to put in fishways just as soon as the water went down a little so they could go at it. I think from what I hear there has never been as good fishing on Fox River as there is now. There has been some complaint of seining down around Aurora, and I have been down there three times and got no evidence of actual seining. I will go up the river to-night and see what there is to the report of seining at Burton's Bridge.—F. L. BUCK.

ELGIN, June 8, 1891.—Geo. E. Cole, Chicago: Friday I went back up the river and gave the matter of seining a thorough investigation. There has been no one seining in the river, but I heard they had been seining in some of the small lakes near the river. One party of four went to Griswold's Lake, which is near Burton's Bridge, and were going to seine it, and Mr. Muzzy, who owns most of the land around the lake, made them leave. He did not know any of them, but said they came from Palatine. He said that he had heard they had been at Swan Lake and Diamond Lake, but that is as far as he knew. I shall go this week around all the lakes in Lake county and see what I can find out, I

will go on horseback and get all the information I can.—F. L. BUCK.

In all this there should be encouragement for those interested in the growth of protection of fish and game, and the more especially for the young Kankakee association. The latter, for a youngster, is feeling very cocky these days. Next week, in all probability, Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Cole and Warden Buck will run the Fox and Illinois rivers from top to bottom, inspecting the fishways. As soon thereafter as Mr. Cole can get away, the Kankakee association's fishway committee will run that stream and see what they can do on that stream to help matters. It will be a pleasure to have something to say about all this work, just as it is a pleasure to have something to speak thus cheerfully to-day of the condition of fish protection in this region. Out here we believe that we are doing pretty well on fish matters. On game protection we have not so much to show, but it is probable that the two associations at present most prominent in this work here, the Fox and Kankakee River associations, will eventually with aid of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association be able to accomplish a great deal in protecting the game birds. The protective sentiment is growing in this region for some reason or another.

June 18.—The Fred Taylor party mentioned earlier have returned from the Little Oconto. They are said to have taken between 2,000 and 3,000 trout.

From a Wisconsin paper that "a party consisting of Vet Graves of Appleton, Otto Kuemstead and F. C. Charlesworth caught 2,881 trout during a week's fishing in a stream near Kaukauna."

A gentleman connected with the Big Four road came down last week with a box of trout that curled everybody's hair that looked at them. There were several which weighed over 3 lbs. each and the total average was away above 1 lb. This box of trout has caused trouble in the minds of two well-known railroad men of this town, and to-night or to-morrow these two will head north after some of those big trout. They will not divulge the locality, but say if I wish to go along I can do so. It seems that the first railroad man told everybody but his fellow railroad men that he got these trout about 1,000 miles from where he really did catch them.

Last week Messrs. Gammon, Nicholls, Cribben, Thompson and Gowenlock got back from their muscullonge trip to Lake Vieux Desert. They report the best time they ever had. They got seven muscullonge, one running as heavy as 2 1/2 lbs. Charlie Gammon got one 52 in. long and thinks it weighed over 30 lbs. They brought home over 900 lbs. of fish, the bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel being very abundant. They had bad weather.

Yesterday two heavy muscullonge, I should think over 20 lbs. each, were on exhibition in front of the Wisconsin Central city ticket offices. They were caught in Fifield Lake, where no lunge had been known to exist.

E. HOUGH.

NOTES FROM SYRACUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The glory of the New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game seems to have departed. It is now nothing more than an organization for trap shooting. In its better days it exerted much influence in the work of protecting fish and game, and now that it has many children throughout the State who are doing excellent work, it ought to be stronger than ever. The father has deserted the children, and the only hope now for the procuring and enforcing game laws is in the children. The State Association is worthless. Ought not a new association to be organized, with the one purpose in view of protecting fish and game and to aid in propagation? Ought there not to be a general head, with local associations as auxiliaries? Thus a very strong organization could be made, and inestimable good accomplished.

But it may be that the new president of the Association, Horace White, of this city, will reorganize it and restore it to oldtime usefulness. He is a young man, energetic and persevering, and knows the necessity which exists for giving the Association new life.

There is now excellent fishing in the vicinity of Syracuse. Game protectors have of late rendered faithful service, and anglers bless them for it. Onondaga Lake, twelve miles to the northeast, has no superior and but few equals for breeding. Large catches of pike, pickerel, perch and occasionally a muscullonge and other fish, are made. Indeed, the fishing has not been so good in many years. Skaneateles Lake, twelve miles to the southwest, 500 ft. above the city, has yielded up many fine salmon trout. This lake is sixteen miles long, with an average width of about a mile, and very deep—600 ft. at one place of measurement. The southern end of it lies between high and precipitous rocks. The water is very clear and cold, a fit home for the trout family.

Onondaga Lake, north of and near the city, will soon afford excellent bass fishing. It empties into the Seneca River, through the waters of Seneca and Cayuga Lake pass to Lake Ontario. Perhaps no better bass fishing can be found anywhere than this river affords. Chief Justice Ruger, Justices Andrews and Vann, of the Court of Appeals, and County Judge Northrup think so, and none know its choice places better than they.

The trout brooks of central New York have been more than ordinarily prolific. In fact, it is a season of surprising "luck" for anglers in all waters.

As the season of vacation approaches, it is apparent that an unusually large number of Syracuseans will go to the Adirondacks, not alone for pleasure, but for the healthful benefit to be had there. Nature offers every inducement to partake of the health and strength-restoring remedies so pleasantly and freely offered there. The season thus far—and the most promising part of the season is over—does not offer unusual inducements to the angler. It has been very dry, and the streams, rivers and lakes reached their minimum depths very quickly, and became warm so speedily that trout seemed to lose their bearings and failed to spend the usual time near and upon rapids, where they are always looked for during a few days in the spring. The black flies are there just the same, however, and will hold possession until early in July, when their number will rapidly lessen daily. How that great forest will be thronged with people in August! And as they contemplate their surroundings, how they will wonder that people can be content at Saratoga and other places where dress is of the first necessity.

Of course, the St. Lawrence River is a favorite resort for Syracuseans. It is but four hours distant and the rail-

road fare is cheap. But the fishing is not now what it once was. Last season fish were scarce where years ago they were most plentiful—and there will continue to be a scarcity so long as net fishing is allowed. The great hotels along the river are anticipating the coming of more people than ever before. Since the New York Central management possessed itself of the Rome & Watertown R. R. attention has been paid to making time tables for the convenience of the public. During July and August and a part of September a vestibule train is to be run direct between New York and the Thousand Islands. Such a train will also be run between Buffalo and the Islands, via Syracuse. The St. Lawrence River is unusually low for this season of the year. Do you believe in the theory that more water runs underground from Lake Ontario to the ocean than that which passes through the St. Lawrence? It is said that this theory is made a fact by estimating the quantity of water which Lake Ontario receives and calculating the quantity which the river discharges. The difference is made the basis for estimating the dimensions of the subterranean channel. I have never seen this channel, therefore I do not affirm the truth of this scientific theory. The most striking proofs which I have seen of scientific averments in relation to the river is the effect of supposed glacier action upon the rocks which constitute the foundation in the water of nearly all of the islands. These show unmistakable signs of smoothness, which comes from both heavy pressure and movement, as of a glacier sliding slowly along. And still another theory may be interposed. We are told that time was when the water of that river was two hundred or more feet higher than it is now; so high that there was no Niagara Falls, perhaps; at a time in the long gone past when there was a mountain barrier at Little Falls, that interesting place on the Central and West Shore railroads, a few miles east of Utica; at a time when the present site of Syracuse was 150 ft. lower than at present, as shown by the discovery of a cedar log at that depth while putting down a salt well. But I am trenching upon a subject to which there is no end.

The drought experienced throughout the State, and particularly in central New York, has been disastrous in almost every way, incidentally to hunters and yachtsmen, neither of whom have had their usual sport. Until within a day or two, the entire rainfall since April 1 was not a quarter of an inch. Farmers have suffered severely, and discomforts because of a want of rainwater in the household have been widely experienced. But if "one extreme follows another," what shall we anticipate for July and August? DACL.

SYRACUSE, June 20.

CANADA'S TAX ON AMERICANS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have just returned from a week's muscullonge fishing in Rice Lake, Canada, and noting Mr. H. S. Chandler's communication in a late issue on duties on rods and guns, I would mention that I had a long talk with one of Canada's customs officers, and there is no duty on rods, especially as there were at least a dozen rods on the same boat with us and there was no notice taken of them by the officers. There is, however, a duty on guns and ammunition of 15 per cent., and this officer said he had never known of a case where the amount had been refunded. There is also a charge of \$5 for each rod before allowed to fish in any of the inland waters. The one I have reads thus, "The holder of this permit is allowed to fish in Rice Lake and tributaries from 16th of June to end of season (Jan. 1, 1892). Not transferable." Signed Charles Gilchrist.

I would say that this permit was \$3 per rod (or man) up to 1889. Last year and this year it is \$5.

DEE ARR ESS.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—A St. Louis fisherman recently caught a 6 lb. carp in the Mississippi River. The United States Fish Commission some time ago stocked the river, and the recent catch is the result of that effort. The late Illinois Legislature passed a bill providing for the punishment of any person hunting upon the premises of others without leave. St. Louis sportsmen should beware of the irate farmers who had the bill passed. Word comes from our neighboring town of Springfield, Ill., that the Spring Lake Shooting and Fishing Association has purchased at tax sale 5,900 acres of land for \$3,000 twelve miles south of Pekin, Ill., and will buy 9,000 acres at private sales to make the grounds 15,000 acres in extent. This is the same venture I noted some weeks ago. Heavy rains and high waters have prevented any angling for the past two weeks with rod or line.—ABERDEEN.

NORTH WOODS NEWS.—North Woods, N. Y., June 22. More large trout have been caught this year than for years before, while trout from 1 to 3 in. long can be dipped up in a landing net, so numerous are they. Several broods of young partridges are in the woods near this place. Eight or ten deer have been seen loafing around here. One was seen within ten rods of Harris Odi's house. Two bears were killed by the Flansburg boys during the last six weeks. The rain of a few days ago put out several forest fires, which threatened a number of square miles of hardwood forest. There is a deal of hard feeling against the Adirondack League by the natives of this country for prohibiting hunting or fishing on League lands.—WOODCHUCK.

PIKE COUNTY, PA., NOTES.—Under date of June 16, Hon. Henry C. Ford, president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, has written that the trout streams of Pike county are all too low for good fishing, owing to the drought. Black bass are not yet biting freely, and will not do so until after July 10. Mr. Ford caught two in one day, weighing 3 and 2 1/2 lbs., and one of 4 lbs. on another day. The upper Delaware is alive with shad, which have ascended as far as Hancock, N. Y. Every pool in the river is full of them, and Mr. Ford has seen them disporting by hundreds. Mr. Van Gordon saw them in the river above Port Jervis.

PLEASANT LAKE.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the article on Pleasant Lake, N. H., in May 20 issue, the number of trout fry placed at 45,000 should have been 25,000, the error being due to a misunderstanding on the part of your correspondent from his informant. In justice to Commissioner Hodge the correction is respectfully submitted.—BYRON.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—We are catching a few black bass here. I picked up 9 yesterday afternoon in the Oswegatchie. Up Black Lake, 14 miles south, two boats (three men) are reported catching 72 on Tuesday last with minnows.—PACK BASKET.

Fishculture.

OHIO FISH COMMISSION.

THE Ohio Fish and Game Commission, consisting of Dr. J. A. Henshall, Cincinnati; E. D. Potter, Toledo; J. H. Newton, Newark; W. R. Huntington, Cleveland; and Henry Graefe, Sandusky, met at Toledo, Monday, June 8. Mr. Graefe is a new member, succeeding C. V. Osborn. The board was reorganized, and the following officers were elected: Dr. J. A. Henshall, president; Henry Graefe, secretary; Geo. W. Hull, chief warden; Wm. Lanz, superintendent of hatcheries.

The work of the Commission this year has been very satisfactory. In April 40,000,000 young whitefish were deposited in Lake Erie from the Sandusky hatchery, and in May 15,000,000 pike-perch were successfully hatched and planted in the same lake. The superintendent, Mr. Lanz, with his assistants lately visited Fox Island and Gros Ile; in Detroit River, obtaining a large quantity of sturgeon eggs, which are now in process of incubation; part of them in floating boxes in Detroit River and part in the hatching jars at the Sandusky hatchery. A great deal of interest is manifested as to the result of these experiments, as the sturgeon is becoming quite rare and is in great demand.

A railroad fish-car is being built for the Commission by the Litchfield Car Company in Illinois. This car will be utilized almost entirely for stocking the interior waters of the State with black bass, rock bass, calico bass, croppies, wall-eyed pike, and other desirable game and food fishes, which will be obtained from overflowed lagoons and bayous along the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers.

THE DELAWARE RIVER SHAD.—We have from Col. John Gay, of the U. S. Fish Commission, who has just returned from the station at Gloucester City, N. J., the following interesting notes on the shad. As in all the other great shad rivers, the number of eggs obtained for artificial propagation was much smaller than was expected; but more eggs have been deposited naturally in the upper waters than for many years. The shad have ascended more than 300 miles and the river has been restored to its normal condition, by means of the fishery at Lackawaxen, for the first time since 1823, and is to-day the best shad river in the country. One of the peculiar features of the run in the lower river was the large number of big female shad and the scarcity of males, followed by a long run up river before spawning. This is attributed to the low temperature during May. On account of the drought there is nothing but cold spring water flowing into the upper river and the temperature has been very low; the warmer surface water usually supplied by rains was lacking and the anglers have felt the effects of the singular natural conditions.

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION.—Mr. George H. Welshons, the well-known newspaper correspondent, of Pittsburg, Pa., has been appointed a member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, to succeed Mr. J. V. Long. The Commission is now distributing landlocked salmon several months old from the Allentown hatchery. Many thousands of brook trout are yet to be sent out.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.
Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.
Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.
Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.
Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. F. T. Madison, Secretary.
Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.
Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.
Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

MASTIFF JUDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In "Dog Chat" you say that mastiff judges are scarce with us. Permit me to kick. They are only scarce at shows, there being plenty in the country. It goes without saying that Mr. Mason is a tip top judge of the breed, but the American Mastiff Club seems to care for everything more than for good judges of their breed; and a certain show club and certain exhibitors prominent in the A. K. C. take trouble to advise shows that they will not exhibit if Mr. Mason judges any breed. Mr. Chas. E. Wallack is an excellent judge; I never saw mastiffs better judged than when Mr. Wallack judged at Newark show. Mr. W. N. Rolinson, of Boston, is a first-class judge; he has known more famous mastiffs of the present and of the older days than any man in America, and I can only think of Messrs. Nichols, Hanbury, Mellor and Wynn in England that may have more knowledge of this than Mr. Rolinson, and in addition Mr. Rolinson has the true "dog eye" needed in a judge. Mr. E. H. Moore judged mastiffs with complete satisfaction at Boston this year. No man living has more accurate ideas of mastiffs, or can discern merit and failings quicker, than Arthur Trickett. And Mr. Watson is a good judge of mastiffs, although I have not seen his work in that line for so long that I cannot speak as thoroughly of him as of the others; but it is certain that he could not butcher up classes as some pet judges do.

For small shows that must have one judge for all, I can point out Mr. John Davidson, who knows a dog thoroughly and cannot go far wrong. "Uncle Dick" knows more than the alphabet about pretty much all breeds of dogs and has the distinction of being the first to put C. O. D. to the front. A knowledge of the innate modesty and love of retirement of his Majesty, the editor, prevents me from en-

larging on his abilities. Out West there is Mr. Chas. E. Bunn, who has as accurate an idea of mastiffs as anybody I know of. I know he formed the truest estimate of C. O. D. of about any critic I heard, noting among other things the overdone merit of her deeply sunken eyes. Unless I am much mistaken Mr. George Wilson's knowledge of mastiffs comes in close to his most complete knowledge of greyhounds, black and tans and collies. My own opinion is that Messrs. Mason, Rolinson, Trickett and Wallack are the equals of any specialist mastiff judges in the world. Oh, I assure you, mastiff judges, and good ones, are plenty enough, but as long as some clubs estimate the capacity of a judge to arrive at sound conclusions as one of the least of his merits, his "sassiety" standing or good fellowship with them being the main consideration, we will have the uniform butcheries that have prevailed at New York for years; and as long as exhibitors vent their petty spite by boycotting a judge, even when they have no interest in the breed he judges, we will not see merit to the front until the "Evil Spirit, Bakbon" is more a public feature.

W. WADE.

HUZZON, Pa., June 20.

[We wrote: "We are notoriously short of good mastiff judges, or at least those who are available."]

AMERICAN KENNELS.—I.

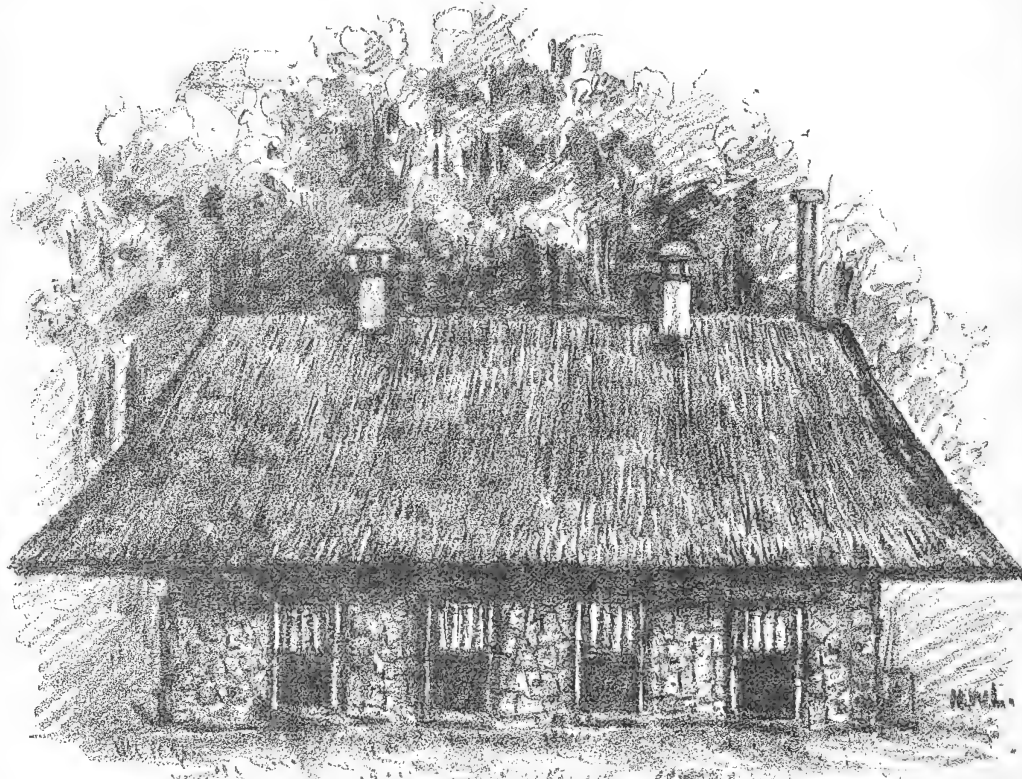
DUNROBIN KENNELS.

TO one who has been compelled to spend the week at a desk, a run into the fresh air of the country is indeed a treat. The leaves on the trees look greener and the grass seems brighter after a lengthy sojourn in the city. At any rate these were my thoughts as I rattled along in the cars of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road up the steep grade to Summit, N. J., in company with young Mr. George Shepard Page, who had invited me to see his kennels. The journey did not seem long—it never does when one meets a

the wire partition meekly lowered his head between his forelegs and waited to be scratched. I scratched him, enjoying the novel sensation as much perhaps as the coon, but from different motives, while Lafra looked on in disgust, and elevated her lips with an expression that boded ill for the coon did he venture outside. Sharing the coon's compartment is a skunk, whose "vindictiveness" has, happily, been rendered abortive.

Behind the house and ranged along a dense wood which affords ample shelter from the sun, are the kennels, a sketch of which, without the runs, appears below. This building has quite a rustic appearance, being built to one-half its height in rough stone, the rest and the roof is of wood covered with bark, the roof overhanging several feet. Inside I found four compartments about 10x12ft., with cemented floors, which in this weather afford a cool resting place for the dogs. About 3ft. from the floor are the sleeping benches, which run the length of the kennel, and which can be folded back or not, as desired. A flap door leads into the several yards, each of which is about 12x30ft., then in turn open into a large room of about half an acre, half of which is dense woodland, affording a cool retreat for the dogs on the hottest day. The fences are about 6ft. high and composed of large mesh wire, not large enough for a deerhound's head to slip through, but quite so for a greyhound, as poor Charles Davis found to his cost, leaving Maud Torrington the only greyhound on the place. Along the front of the kennels and divided from the fence by a breadth of 10ft. is a high outside fence, which was made for a jumping ground, and also affords a double boundary wall, a useful thing where deerhounds or greyhounds are kept.

Maud was in the first compartment, and as she bounded toward us I thought I never saw her looking so well. As hard as nails and without an ounce of superfluous flesh, she looks fit to run any time. During the past season, though she was not in as good trim as she might have been, she held her own in the ring with the best of them. Her breeding is unknown. She is a handsome, well-made, fawn and



DUNROBIN DEERHOUND KENNEL.

man with tastes congenial, one who is fond of dogs and horses, for one never seems to tire of talking on such subjects. A kennel editor must make himself familiar with what is going on in all breeds of dogs. One moment he may have a call from a man who thinks there is no subject worth discussing but St. Bernards. To this one must be talk knowingly of the Bedivers and Plinlimmons, and enter into all the pros and cons of dewclaws, depth of muzzle and dark shadings. The office boy comes in to say Mr. Highland Chief wishes to see you—this is a greyhound man—and instantly one's thoughts must take the "curve," and long, lean heads, rib development, and all the other intricacies of a greyhound's make up are discussed, along with pedigrees and so forth, that only an expert on the breed is expected to know, and which the poor editor finds hard work to separate in the long list of breeds he is called upon to discuss in the course of a week. This is digressing, I know, but it all leads up to the subject of our chat—deerhounds and greyhounds.

The spring shows and the awards made by the different judges; guesses at the reasons for their decisions; whether such and such a dog would beget stock likely to in any way equal himself, etc., etc., all came up for discussion. We had just drifted nicely into horses and the anticipated merits of a yearling that Mr. Page has bred, in whose veins ran much Hambletonian blood, and which he is impatient to see between the shafts, when even I heard the brakeman call—Summit. We were quickly seated behind two sturdy looking trotters of Morgan blood, who showed their appreciation of the excellent roads by bowling along at a fast gait, which quickly carried us over the two and a half miles which separate Stanley, where Mr. Page's home is situated, from the station. The road has been gradually rising until, when the gates of what has been termed Stanley Park were reached, a splendid view of the surrounding country can be seen. As we drove up we were greeted by Dunrobin Lafra, who is the only one allowed the privilege of the house. This is a nice dark brindle bitch, by old Dunrobin out of Countess Zina, one of Mr. Thayer's bitches. She has nice body formation, but is rather small-sized; she boasts a pleasing and well-shaped head. She has been bred to Bruar, of whom I shall have something to say further on.

As my time is limited we make for the kennels at once, and crossing the lawn my attention is drawn to an enclosure in which two rustic looking little huts afford shelter to, in one compartment, some white rabbits, the property of a younger brother of Mr. Page's, and in the other I saw the sharp snout of a coon poked through an open window. After a little whistling his coonship trotted out, and climbing up

white bitch, and her loin now looks as strong as the proverbial "beme." Imported early this year she was shown at Binghamton, winning first, following this up with another first at the National Greyhound Club's show in February, a second at New York, firsts at Baltimore and Pittsburgh quickly followed, and then she was reserve to Gem of the Season in the challenge class at Boston.

In the next compartments we found such well-known deerhounds as Argyle, Duncan, Bruar, Alida and Bevis, all seemingly on the best of terms, though occasionally Duncan and Bruar have a little misunderstanding. I will take them in the order named. Argyle has been seen in public several times. He is by Dunrobin out of the old bitch Shelloch, and was whelped January, 1889, Mr. Page bred him. Argyle seemed in rugged health, as befits a deerhound. His excellent head, chest, loins and legs were very noticeable. Argyle's winnings are second 1890 and vhc. reserve 1891, at New York. These dogs have most of them been described in the different show reports, so that it is needless to go into their good or bad points, as this is not a bench show report but just a little friendly dog chat. Next to claim our attention is Duncan, a fine upstanding dog, with whose points behind the shoulder little fault can be found, and who is exceptionally strong in loin. He was also in good condition. Duncan is about a year older than Argyle, but claims the same percentage. He is not as good in head as Argyle. He won vhc. at New York last spring. Then I turned to Bruar II., who is a new one, and a fairly well-made dog with excellent body, legs and feet, and a good head. He is by Bruar was whelped Dec. 23, 1887, and is by Mr. Edward's Jock out of Duchess of Wellington's Lady Garry; Jock, by Edward's Gunner out of Edward's Dora Belle; Lady Garry, by Momi II. out of Lafra. This dog came from the Duchess of Wellington's kennels. He won first and special at Binghamton and third at Pittsburgh, 1891.

Alida put her nose in my hand and as I turned to look at her I recognized another of the New York entries. She is also by Dunrobin out of Shelloch and a litter sister to Argyle. She took reserve at the last New York show, second at Baltimore, and first at Pittsburgh, 1891. She is just a fair, useful bitch. Bevis, by Chieftain out of Countess Zina, cannot be said to be a credit to his sire, as he does not compare with the others.

We then turned to the adjoining yard, which contains the puppies and bitches with whelp. This is a large yard, 150 by 25ft., which runs well into the cool woods. Here we found three pups by Bruar out of Shelloch. One, a dark brindle, bids fair to have an excellent long head but is not so good in body as one of the others. There were two dogs

and a bitch, the dark one Mr. Page will raise and will dispose of the other two. Then we walked into the kennel house which has three compartments, about 9 by 12 ft., with a bed at the ends. Small doors led from them into nice sized runs. In the second compartment we disturbed an old friend, a deerhound familiar to many show goers—Olga, one of the best in the country and a member of the challenge class. Little fault can be found with this bitch, excepting that her hocks turn in a trifle. She is also by Dunrobin out of Shellock, but of an earlier litter still than any of the others. She was whelped in October, 1886. Her winnings include firsts at New York, Utica and Rochester 1889 and challenge Baltimore 1890; challenge reserve New York and challenge prize Baltimore, Pittsburg and Birmingham 1891. She was suckling two sturdy month-old pups by champion Clansman, and from this union of blood a good result is expected, and their heavy bone and lengthy heads even now seem to warrant it.

In the next compartment was what may be termed the miscellaneous class—one is a poodle which is spending the summer in this cool retreat; there were also a brace of setters and a dropper, useful-looking animals, though not of bench show form; a rather stout-looking beagle, one of Friend Phœbus's noted stock, as it is by his Jupiter; a sort of a beagle-dachshund was also pointed out to me as being a terror to the neighboring rabbits and an "all-day-and-night" dog. A St. Bernard pup by Nero P. out of Gypsy completed the list. Then we passed through the yard again to the kennel where the bitches in season are safely housed. It is a neat little frame building, having a small yard in front, surrounded by a very high wire fence. In this we found Shellock, the sturdy matron of the kennel and the "widow" of Dunrobin, whodidd last year. She was whelped in 1882, and is by Ossian I. out of Brenda. Her breeder was the Duke of Sutherland, from whose kennels also came Dunrobin. Shellock will be bred to Bruar II. Another bitch, Minna, by champion Chieftain out of champion Olga, was with her, and she will have the society of Duncan. Adjoining this compartment was the food and cook house, with cemented floor, on which stood a large cooking boiler, and the numerous barrels of feed showed that the dogs need have no care for the morrow. This about completed the list of dogs if I except a couple of "varminty" looking fox-terriers, whose yellow, muddy-looking coats showed their recent acquaintance with a woodchuck's retreat. These terriers employ their whole time burrowing for woodchucks, rabbits and rats; and, by the way, Bruar is said to have quite a penchant for the rodents, too, and shows himself as active as any terrier in their pursuit.

Mr. Page has his dogs under excellent control, and when the inmates of the large kennel were let out for a run, his cry of "All in!" brought them all obediently back to their respective kennels. I cannot leave this part of my story without remarking that the kennel floors and yards were remarkably clean, reflecting credit on the kennelman, who, unfortunately, will return, in a month or so, to England. Going down the hill we passed through the stables and cow houses, where several horses and four or five Alderney cows are kept. Then we crossed to the deer paddock, certainly an appropriate adjunct to a deerhound kennel. Here I saw three pretty fallow deer which the Duke of Sutherland presented to Mr. Page, senior. They came from the Duke's magnificent park at Trentham, England. Then we came to the poultry house, built on the same design as the main kennel, that is, roof and sides covered with bark. Fowls of several fancy breeds are to be seen. Further on down the fields we came to an ornamental duck house, set at the edge of the wood. Separate runways lead the ducks to four different ponds supplied by a mountain spring. In the first little pond were quite a number of those charming little woodducks; in the others were Muscovies, Aylesburys and Rouens. It was now time to drive to the station, and jumping into young Mr. Page's stylish sidecar, the Morgan horses trotted along gaily through some very pretty lanes and by-ways, Mr. Page handling the ribbons in good style. An hour was happily spent in catching glimpses of handsome villas and still more beautiful scenery, the drive ending all too soon with a race with the train, which I just caught. The journey home left me ample time to ruminate over what I had seen and the pleasant afternoon I had spent.

H. W. L.

BEAGLE TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What is a perfectly trained beagle? Is he a dog that is under control, or is he a dog that disappears as soon as he enters the woods and roams at his own sweet will here, there and everywhere? In my opinion, the perfect hunting beagle should follow at heel till ordered on; he should hunt the thicket or swamp into which he is sent, and should come to his master's call at once unless he has a hot track.

One of the first beagles I ever owned I taught to "go on," "come in," "charge" and "heel." The little fellow obeyed well, and it is a fact that I never owned or hunted with a beagle that gave as much sport as he did. If I saw a rabbit, Jip would come to my call; if I wished to change my hunting ground, he would follow at heel; and many a time have I made him charge while I crawled down to a grass hole for a shot at black ducks. He was under good control unless he had a hot track, and then neither threats nor entreaties could make him leave it till the rabbit was started and held.

"Brocton," in your issue of June 4, in speaking of such a beagle as I have described, says: "They would be useless, inasmuch as they are not built for long runs, and they would be so much under control that they would get tired hunting and be looking for orders." I cannot follow his reasoning, and my experience does not justify his theory. Many a time Jip ran a fox or hare twelve or fifteen hours; he never was "tired hunting" and never "was looking for orders," but if I gave the orders he obeyed them. The comparative value of different methods of training can be learned only by matching dogs trained in different ways against each other. I hope "Brocton" will go to the next N. B. C. field trials with two or three of his best dogs. He will have a hearty welcome, fair play and a good time, and may the best dog win. To those who have had little or no experience in training beagles let me offer one word of advice—don't whip a young dog under any circumstances, and don't be easily discouraged. While it is true that some beagles will hunt when six months old or even younger, yet there are many which will not run till they are fully developed. I remember a dog which finally became one of the best hunters I ever saw, which would not hunt or even notice a rabbit till he was almost two years old. This last winter I had in my pack a couple of pups from splendid hunting stock. I took them out week after week, and the only thing they hunted for was a sunny spot and a bed of dry leaves; they took absolutely no interest in the hunt and I was discouraged. But when the season was almost over they suddenly found out what they were there for, and the way they hustled the rabbits from that time on was surprising and delightful. I hope to have one of them at the next field trials. BRADLEY.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week, we notice that A. C. Krueger has a little of everything—beagles, game fowls, etc.—for sale; Dunrobin Kennels, deerhound pups; C. F. Kent, an Irish setter bitch; F. H. Hayes, foxhound pups; H. L. Kreuder, beagles, grown dogs and puppies; Willow Brook Kennels, pointers; H. P. Fairbanks, Irish terrier pup; M. F. Fisher, a pointer; C. E. Glass, English setter pups, and P., a fine great Dane dog.

DOG CHAT.

THE National Greyhound Club is not doing anything by halves. They have just cabled the order to Messrs. Elkington Bros. of London, England, for a very much improved medal to that we spoke of some time since. The die will cost \$450, including duty of 33 per cent., and will be first-class in every respect. For the same design Tiffany's price was \$750. We also hear that the Eastern Coursing Club will hold a meeting at Bergen's Island, in November. A number of jacks have been turned down and they will be started in the natural way to avoid all clamor on the score of cruelty.

We must remind our readers that communications to insure insertion the current week should reach us by Tuesday, and as much earlier as possible. Several interesting letters are left over this week on that account.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, president of the Hamilton Kennel Club, writes an indignant letter to the Toronto *Daily Mail* about the action of the Canadian customs in regard to their new rule. It has always been the custom to allow American dogs entered for exhibition purposes to come into Canada free of customs duty, and they have also been allowed to go from show to show in bond while in Canada, so long as they were returned when the circuit was over to the port from which they originally came. This rule was a just and wise one, and gave general satisfaction, nor did any one dream for a moment that it would be changed. Upon his going lately, however, to the Collector of Customs in Hamilton to make arrangements with the customs authorities for their coming show, he learned from that gentleman that the Minister of Customs had decided to change the old rule and had issued an order in its place, to the effect that in the future, dogs belonging to a foreign exhibitor must be returned to the place from which they were originally dispatched at the close of each show at which they were entered. The consternation which this foolish law will cause among American exhibitors can be easily imagined, and no less so among the Canadians themselves, who know very well that outside of spaniels, greyhounds and English setters they can make a very poor showing, comparatively speaking. In fact, unless the law is repealed, it sounds the death knell of most Canadian shows. The principal show will no doubt receive support, but it would be too much to expect American exhibitors to undergo the expense of going home after each show. Some of them could not do it and get back in time for the next one, to say nothing of the effect it would have on the dogs. Mr. Stewart has written to all the show secretaries in Canada to make strong protests to the Minister of Customs against the obnoxious rule. He has also secured the interest of several influential members of the House of Commons and has interested Senator Sanford, himself a dog lover and breeder, in the matter, so that it is more than likely some good will result. Americans will await the outcome with anxiety.

It is not often a typical toy black and tan comes out, but when it does its praises are sure to be sung by those who understand the difficulty of obtaining such specimens. Mr. Alfred George's Perfection is said to be aptly named, for it has all the attributes of a large-sized black and tan with the minimum of size.

Several men, including Mr. E. H. Moore, have been nibbling at the smooth St. Bernard Lola IV., but she has at last fallen to Mr. Gosling's lot, after \$1,500 has been refused for her. She is only fifteen months old and has never been beaten. She is a daughter of Mr. Poag's Watch out of Lady Grafenried.

Messrs. E. H. Moore and Jean Grosvenor are reported as attending the Maldon and Leeds shows, the first named show, by-the-way, provided a special train for exhibitors, the press and judges. Mr. Moore, it is said, is holding off a bit, and certainly he can afford to. It would seem almost waste of money to try and better the stock now in this country.

Mr. Clarke, of fox-terrier fame, has lost his bitch Recherché from milk fever. She had whelped to Rational, and some of the litter is being raised by the aid of a cat and a foster-mother. There seems to be a run on the lion and the lamb business just now.

A telegram from Mr. J. Shelly Hudson, shows he is very much elated over a litter that his English setter field trial winner, Bohemian Girl, whelped on the 23d, by champion Dad Wilson. Mother and eleven pups are doing splendidly.

We hear that Mr. G. C. Cross, of Rochester, N. Y., has exchanged his cocker bitch Phyllis with Mr. J. J. Paterson, of Batavia, N. Y., for his fox-terrier dog Clincher, by Ebor's Splash (champion Splinter-Floss) out of Brokenhurst Belle (imported Brokenhurst Trimmer—imported Barnard). Though not a year old, Clincher has won first at Elmira and Canadagua.

Mr. Rutter, Jr., who is now in England, writes that he has seen nothing in the beagle line that he would care to bring over. Perhaps Mr. Krehl can put him on the right track.

The harriers that came over for the Pennbrook hunt are bench winners as well as good fielders. The following are the pedigrees of some of the more noted of the hounds: Sampler, sire Messmate, dam Skillful; Flatstaff, sire Forester, dam Crimson; Lightning, sire Flasher, dam Lightning; Whirlwind, sire Woodman, dam Egotist; Graceful, sire Remus, dam Graceful; Beneft, sire Dashaw, dam Bribery; Flourisher, sire Foreman, dam Affable; Haughty, sire Hermit, dam Remnant; Lightfoot, sire Corsair, dam Lavender; Truelove, sire Tomboy, dam Courtley.

On our way home from the Dunrobin Kennels we were surprised to see Messrs. John and Luke White board the train at Orange. They had been placing some more of the stock in their Fredricksburg land enterprise. John White says he has some good ones for the coming trials, and Luke says there will be nothing to down a "pick up" he has spotted, which he will run in the All-Aged Stakes. It is an English setter, and though it lacks a pedigree, its nose is all right.

We understand that the Seminole Kennels, not content with securing the best collie stock in this country, have been making overtures to Mr. Krehl with a view to purchasing old champion Eclipse. Needless to say that Eclipse and Geo. R. Krehl are inseparable, both in name and reality, and the great sire of long, lean heads will end his days in England.

A new Barzoi has come out in England, Mr. K. Muir's Korotai, said by one reporter of the Maldon show to be, perhaps, the best ever seen in England. He is described as an immense white dog, with fawn markings and with extraordinary power in his loin and hindquarters. His head is exceedingly well shaped and, unlike most of the dogs of this breed, he stands quite straight on good feet and has an extra good, dense coat. He was not in tip-top shape, as he has only been in England about a fortnight. He was bred by Mr. Gleboff, vice-president of the Moscow Kennel Club.

It must be very gratifying to the family of the late Mr. William Lort to hear of the many encomiums which have

been passed upon him since the news of his death came with such a sudden shock. A writer in the English *Field* now proposes a subscription with a view to putting in a memorial window in the church, or brass in the graveyard of which Mr. Lort is buried. Such a proposition will no doubt meet with a ready response from pointer and setter men the world over.

Last week we heard of a spaniel taking to its bosom a leveret, and now in the *Field* a correspondent writes of a Sussex spaniel becoming the foster mother of a litter of ferrets three weeks old, whose mother had died. They were being fed by the keeper in a box near the fire when the bitch jumped into the box and claimed them henceforward as her own. She has not had pups lately.

The specialist clubs have been agitating the question in England to have the kennel club recognize their wins for championship honors on the same basis as those of the Kennel Club shows, the National dog show at Birmingham and the Scottish Kennel Club shows. It seems now as if they would succeed in their efforts, as an extraordinary general meeting of the Kennel Club is to be held shortly to consider the question of admitting into the present rule the sentence—"or such shows held by specialist clubs as the committee of the Kennel Club may determine."

We are indebted to a Philadelphia correspondent for the following description of the Swiss Mountain Kennels' new dog King Regent: "Hearing that a son of Prince Regent had just been received by the Swiss Mountain Kennels, I ran out to Germantown to see what he looked like. Generally one has to acknowledge a feeling of disappointment, especially so in the case of much-heralded dogs. It was therefore quite a pleasure to see something very far ahead of what I expected. King Regent is his name, a decided improvement on Mountain Jack, by which he was known in England. Grand in size of head and black facings to his symmetrical blaze, he is set off very strikingly by a broad collar and white legs and tail tip, his body color being a rich orange. Standing 33in. and scaling 180lbs., gives one about the best idea of his size. Early forcing alone stopped him from being a champion, and as his faults are not transmittable I look to a great future for King Regent, who is now only two years old. In head he reminded me very much of Hesper, while in body he has the length and size of Plinlimmon. The day before I was there he had been successfully mated with Lady Plowden, a very nice Plinlimmon bitch owned by Mr. J. F. Hall, of this city."

How the English dogs can stand the hammering they must get attending the numerous shows that are held during the summer is a mystery to those not in the swim. They certainly must be kept up artificially and consequently this must in time affect their system to such an extent that no wonder some of the dogs that have done their time on the other side, go to pieces when they come over here and feel the want of their "bolster."

Mr. Sears called upon us Thursday last and said that the great dog, of course we mean Sir Bedivere, was in fine condition now, barring his coat, which has not yet come in. We trust he may regain the coat he has lost, for this is not always the experience of English dogs with heavy coats, though champion Hesper proved an exception. Mr. Sears' new kennel, which from what we hear will excel anything of its kind in the world, not excepting the Sandringham Kennels in England, is well under way, most of the stone work being completed. It will, we are told, cost quite \$13,000 when completed. This is a large sum to lay out in such a building, but then we always have a respect for the man who thinks there is nothing too good for his dog.

Although the *Paniers' Gazette* did not know that Prince Regent had been sold for America, his colored picture in their summer number comes as an appropriate adieu. We say adieu, for it is not likely that this dog will return to England again, at least not in exchange for English sovereigns. His new owner, Mr. Rieck, will, we are sure, appreciate his bargain better than that. We felt rather elated over the fact that *FOREST AND STREAM* was the first to publish the news of his sale. Prince Regent was whelped Feb. 9, 1887, and is consequently a little over four years old. Last week in our hurry to get the news in we had to write from memory. His dam, Miss Meg, although an excellent specimen, could never be shown on the bench, owing to an accident in her puppyhood, and to get something worthy of her and her illustrious blood she was mated with Plinlimmon. As the sire of Earl Roseberry, Duke of Armañale and Lady Gladwin, in addition to those we mentioned last week Princess Florence and Scottish Prince, his record is second to none. Mr. S. W. Smith, into whose kennels most of the cracks seem to naturally gravitate at some period of their lives, had a big offer for the dog from Mr. Anderson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who wished to own one of the hand-somest dogs in the world. The dog came over here, but was immediately lost sight of, so far south, one or two bitches only going down to him. Then he was sent up last summer to Mr. Sawyer, in Menominee, Mich., and last winter, after numerous efforts, Mr. Smith succeeded in getting the dog back again. His services were in such demand that he proved a little gold mine. When Mr. Smith was over here he hinted that though he did not want to "hawk" him round, he could be bought at a certain figure. At this sum Mr. Rieck cabled he would take him, money to reach Mr. Smith in one hour. The whole business, thanks to the Commercial Cable Co., was transacted in less than five hours. He leaves England next Saturday on the Arizona and will arrive about next Monday week. This dog is said to stand close on to 35in., and that he has great bone and is altogether a very typical St. Bernard we know, as we had the pleasure of seeing him when he came over in 1889. We trust that Mr. Rieck will have the success that his pluck deserves, for with the aid of a good bitch or two of the same blood from which, by the aid of Prince Regent, such grand specimens have already been obtained, he should repeat. The *Paniers' Gazette* give an excellent colored picture of this dog.

The summer number of the *Paniers' Gazette* makes very interesting reading. Special articles on dogs are given by several well-known men, and the "American Kennel World" is treated of by "Blemton," and this we wish we had space to set before our readers, as it is well worth reading. An excellent picture of H. Panmure Gordon, the great Mogul of the Scottish kennel world, constitutes an admirable frontispiece.

We clip this, however, from the editor's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Speaking of American buyers, he writes: "But the American demand is no new one. Some years ago we heard a story, in which poor Sandall prominently figured, that is well worth reading. An American gentleman was in Europe, and among other novelties he desired to pick up were a few tip-top Yorkshire terriers—these for a friend. Not being a judge himself, he did the best thing possible, namely, consulted a newspaper editor, who introduced him to Sandall. Nothing could suit that erratic member of the fraternity better. There was a good trip, with all expenses paid, and so the American and journalist journeyed down to Bradford, arriving there on a Saturday. But it looked as if the trip was to be in vain. American dollars were scattered far off, and the 'point' was rigid. A happy thought came. Going to one of those houses where doggy men do congre-

gate, Sandall obtained mine host's co-operation. The word went round that a show of Yorkshires was to be held, with liberal prizes, and the chance of good sales. Accordingly, on the good Sunday evening there were gathered nearly two score dogs, from which the required number were selected, and at a cost, inclusive of prizes and expenses, not more than had been asked for one specimen before. This much for the wit of one man."

We hear that all Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's setters and pointers will be sold at Aldridge's in July. Several commissions have, we believe, gone over from this country and Canada.

At the Leeds show it would seem as if the black and tan terrier Beaconsfield had met his Waterloo. From advices we have seen it would show that English judges are apt to make mistakes as well as the benighted Americans. At Leeds he met champion Pearl, Derby Bess, Broomfield Empress and Prince Regent, which were placed in the order named. He was, however, not noticed in the money, only getting the Field says: "The black and tan terriers are all well known. Here Beaconsfield, who should have won, met ignominious defeat; he was the best in the class." "Sirius," in *Canine World*, "He may have gone off a little, but his type cannot be ignored, and the decision was as unaccountable as it was capricious." Prince Regent is described in *Stock-Keeper* as a nice-colored dog, wanting time. He was second in the novice class. In a letter which we have seen the writer expressed his opinion that Beaconsfield had nothing to go against except Derby Bess and ought to have won. The same letter says that George Thomas and Joe Lewis were told by Mr. Ashley, the judge, that he was very sorry about it and he really could not explain it, but he missed seeing the dog (Beaconsfield) or he would have won.

At last we have heard something of Messrs. Boggs, Rutter and Lewis, who certainly since they left this country have followed out the injunction not to let their left hand know what the right is doing. They have now purchased from Mr. Edwin Powell, Jr., of Shrewsbury, several fox-terriers. They are Diver III., winner of many prizes and cups; Rowton Flirt (Rowton Drake-Desirée), in whelp to Rowton Warrant (Venio-Sentence), and a promising young bitch in Rowton Safety (Stipendiary-Hatfield Pansy). This information we learn from a marked copy of *Stock-Keeper*, kindly sent to us by Mr. Boggs. The basset Rowton Wags was also purchased.

Spaniel men in this country will be interested in the news of the death of a dog that certainly to a great extent founded the excellent strain of cockers in this country, and as a sire and prize winner exceeded all others the world over. We refer to Mr. Farrow's champion Obo. He was twelve years old when he died. His first show was in 1880 at the Crystal Palace, and his last the Jubilee show in 1887. As an instance of his more dog he once beat all classes as the best dog in the show at Newmarket. He was invaluable to his owner, Mr. Farrow, in the stud, as he was the sire of prize winners without number. Lilly Obo, shown at the Agricultural Hall show with others from his kennel, is said to be the most typical cocker ever shown. In speaking of this dog's death *Stock-Keeper* says: "We are often being told of the grand cockers seen at American exhibitions, and we wish to take nothing from our friends across the water, but the fact remains that champion Obo is sire and grand-sire of half of their prominent winners; indeed if we go carefully through the list of American winning cockers during the past seven years, certainly 75 per cent. of them belong to this strain." Mr. Farrow would never part with the dog, and we are told that an enterprising American when he found he could not purchase him, offered \$525 for the free use of him for two years and insure him. It would be interesting to know who this was. To show what perseverance will accomplish, it is said that from eight weeks old to about seven months he was subject to one fit after another, but strange to say after that age he never had a day's sickness. He was whelped June 14, 1879, and was bred by Mr. Farrow, who also bred his sire and dam.

IRISH AND CORDON SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I desire to call the attention of every one interested in Irish or Gordon setters and field trials to the fact that the clubs interested in the above breeds have just about decided to hold their trials in North Carolina, and on ground where birds are known to be plenty.

Judges who cannot possibly be said to be prejudiced in favor of one breed or another will be employed, the rules will be those that have been evolved from years of trial by the large clubs, and in every way the Irish and Gordon Setter Field Trials of '91 will be a practical way of demonstrating where the best of these breeds are. It can hardly be expected, though, that a few men, deeply interested in the success of the trials though they are, will put their hands in their pockets and provide the purse to compete for. Those who intend to run dogs and others who may not run any, but who want to help make the trials a success, should either join one of the clubs or contribute something (say \$5 to \$25) toward the purse. Unless they do, the stakes will not be worth running for. Now is the time to put the shoulder to the wheel; get your entry to work, especially if it is a Derby candidate, and send \$5 toward the trials to Dr. Davis, treasurer Irish Setter Club, Philadelphia, Pa., or to L. A. Van Zandt, treasurer Gordon Setter Club, Yonkers, N. Y. If after all the talk there has been from all quarters about "unprejudiced judges," "our own grounds," "Irish setter trials for Irish setters, judged by Irish setter men," etc., etc., there is not a practical demonstration this year, the owners, breeders and boomers of these dogs had better keep quiet. Come, gentlemen, ante up.

YONKERS, N. Y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (unfilled free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Handicap. By F. B. Zimmer's, Gloversville, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped June 5, 1891, by Jack Bannerman (champion Bannerman-Kate) out of Chimes (Laick's Rattler-Zimmer's Blue Bell).

Grounder and Grumbler. By D. E. Peters, North Baltimore, O., for black, white and tan foxhound dogs, whelped Aug. 12, 1890, by Dick II. out of Lady Sport.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Gertrude P.—Ormonde. W. C. Gunn's (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch Gertrude P. to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde (champion Victor Hugo-champion Ormonde-Princess), Dec. 9.

Elmet.—Ormonde. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Elmet to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde, Dec. 26.

Eadguth.—Ormonde. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Eadguth to his Ormonde, Jan. 6.

Lady Cobrey.—Ormonde. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Lady Cobrey to his Ormonde, Feb. 20.

Brunette.—Ormonde. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Brunette to his Ormonde, March 14.

Lotta.—Ormonde. C. N. Powell's (Omaha, Neb.) mastiff bitch Lotta to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde, April 30.

Lady Raglan.—Ormonde. W. W. Tracy's (Detroit, Mich.) mastiff bitch Lady Raglan to C. E. Bunn's Ormonde, May 1.

Theo.—Belle. C. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Theo to C. E. Bunn's Belle, May 27.

Lady Berkeley.—Tack. M. A. Vite's fox-terrier bitch Lady Berkeley to G. R. Preston's Tack, May 15.

Twinkle.—Royal Krueger. F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Twinkle (champion Lee-Juliette) to Horrell-Harmon-Kennels' champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman-Cora), June 2.

Lizetta.—Hundesport Bergmann. J. Roquois Kennels' (Tonawanda, N. Y.) dachshund bitch Lizetta (Malt II.—Gypsey) to W. Loeffler's Hundesport Bergmann, May 13.

Bernard Beauty.—Count. J. F. Parker's (Portland, Me.) St. Bernard bitch Bernard Beauty to G. W. Patterson's Count (champion Apollo-champion Miranda), March 8.

Lydia.—Count. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lydia (Beauchamp-Bell) to his Count (champion Apollo-champion Miranda), March 22.

Sarah.—Count. P. Hurley's (Worcester, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Sarah (Ben-Lady Bernard) to G. W. Patterson's Count (champion Apollo-champion Miranda), June 1.

Dell.—Count. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Dell (Everest-Sequal) to his Count (champion Apollo-champion Miranda), June 10.

Beauty.—Drum II. D. E. Peters's (North Baltimore, O.) foxhound bitch Beauty to H. E. Cook's Drum II., June 16.

Salva.—Beaufort. F. J. A. Briet's (Buffalo, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Salva (Hord Caution-Bess) to W. K. Taunton's Beaufort (Beau Lady Isabel), June 16.

WHEPES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Cheerful Girl. Chas. Rheinhardt's greyhound bitch Cheerful Girl, May 3, nine (four dogs), by Jas. Black's Prince Albert.

Wanda II. Wm. Shumacher's greyhound bitch Wanda II., April 1, seven (two dogs), by Jas. Black's Prince Albert.

Grace Briant. Jas. Black's (Sheepshead Bay, L. I.) greyhound bitch Grace Briant, May 23, eleven (five dogs), by his Prince Albert (Macpherson-Brighton Lady).

Lady Teazel. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Teazel (champion Victor Joseph-Orgar), May 23, seven (two dogs), by E. B. Sears's Plinlimmon, Jr. (champion Plinlimmon-Princess Beatrice).

Chimes. F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Chimes (Laick's Rattler-Zimmer's Blue Bell), June 5, three (one dog), by R. Hillebrand's Jack Bannerman (champion Bannerman-Kate).

Vick. F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Vick (Racket II.—Norah), June 17, four (two dogs), by G. Laick's Rattler (Chancellor-Careless).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Ormonde.—Eadguth whelp. Mastiff dog, by C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill., to C. S. Tuley, Lyons, Ill.

Renzo. Mastiff dog, by Ormonde out of Coco, by C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill., to J. W. Craig, Rialto, Cal.

Lore. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped April 10, 1891, by Hundesport Zaenker out of Alice, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to Jacob Falt, Sr., West Bend, Ia.

Hiesel. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1891, by Hundesport Zaenker out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to Jacob Falt, Sr., West Bend, Ia.

Ludwig. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1891, by Hundesport Zaenker out of Lina K., by Wm. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to Phil P. Conrad, Hartford, Conn.

Barbarian King. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1891, by Hundesport Zaenker out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to R. L. Surtees, Brighton, Mich.

Polly. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped Feb. 22, 1891, by Hundesport Zaenker out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to E. Schwarzrock, same place.

Zankerl. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped April 10, 1891, by Hundesport Zaenker out of Alice, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to L. Harris, Rock Island, Ill.

Xero. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped August, 1890, by Berkshire Canton out of Zetta, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to Alfred Palmer, Salem, N. C.

Tenor. White, black, tan and blue ticked foxhound dog, whelped April 10, 1891, by Tiger out of Freckled Nell, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to J. Miller, same place.

Lottie. Black, white and tan foxhound bitch, whelped April 10, 1891, by Tiger out of Freckled Nell, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to L. A. Helmsold, Saxonsburg, Pa.

Harkaway. White, black, tan and blue ticked foxhound bitch, whelped April 10, 1891, by Tiger out of Freckled Nell, by F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., to Jos. Tutz, same place.

Phryne. White rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 27, 1891, by Ben Hur out of Silma, by Andrew Smith, Maud, Pa., to J. F. Kammerer, Germantown, Pa.

Messenger. White and orange tawny rough St. Bernard dog, whelped March 27, 1891, by Ben Hur, Sr., out of Silma, by Andrew Smith, Maud, Pa., to O. F. O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Elmet. Mastiff bitch, by Baldu out of Elgiva, by C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill., to John W. Craig, Rialto, Cal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

G. W. H., New York City.—Will you please inform me where I can find parties who take dogs to board and train? Ans. Consult our advertising columns.

New MAX, Albany, N. Y.—Will you please inform me how many people have died in this country in the last ten years from hydrophobia? Ans. We do not know.

A. W. G., Boston, Mass.—I have a fine pointer dog, by Beppo III. out of my Sal. This Joe is between 3 and 4 years old. He has a fine appetite, eats dog bread or scraps, but is almost always sick at his stomach after eating, throwing up a portion of his food. He has a good deal of exercise and looks well, but has this annoying habit. Can anything be done to cure him of this disease? Ans. Give the dog the prescription given in answer to R. A. A. J. in this issue.

T. G., Vineland, N. J.—Will you be kind enough to refer me to some person who deals in dogs or who sells them on commission that I could probably get to dispose in this manner some St. Bernard dogs, both grown dogs and puppies. I wish to show them for sale (or have them offered) in New York city, but know nothing personally of the reputation of the various dealers there. Ans. Your question will be answered by mail. You had better advertise in this paper.

J. H., New York.—How many persons have died in the United States of hydrophobia in the last ten years? 2. How many have died in England in ten years from the same cause? 3. A has a valuable dog who bites B, having never before bitten anybody, can B collect damages? and can B make A kill the dog? Ans. 1 and 2. We do not know. 3. No. In the State of New York it has been ruled that every dog is allowed one bite, and in any case there must be a warrant from a court before A can be compelled to kill the dog.

F. R. G., Laconia, N. H.—What shall I do for a pointer dog, two years old, that is somewhat deaf? I think it may be the effect of distemper. He is not totally deaf, but have to speak louder than to other dogs. Is obedient when he hears and a very promising dog. Ans. There is little hope of any cure, and without an examination we can hardly prescribe. Keep the dog's system up by nourishing food and provide a kennel free from draughts. Syringe the ears carefully with warm water and then examine for signs of inflammation, and let us know the result.

M. O., Annapolis, Ind.—Will you kindly inform me how the name Laverack is spelled or applied to strain of setter dogs, and whence the appellation? Also whether the red Irish setter is considered the best or favorite dog for hunting purposes. Ans. The name is Laverack, and is derived from the fact that an Englishman named Edward Laverack originated the modern strain of English setters, which was named after him. Irish setters are not thought by the majority of sportsmen to be so amenable to training as either English setters or pointers, owing to their headstrong disposition. Of course there are exceptions, and did they receive as much attention at the hands of sportsmen and trainers as the more popular breeds, they would no doubt be equally as well in the field. As it is at present the breeds mentioned are the best.

W. D. W., St. Louis Mo.—I have a great Dane dog 16 months old, imported from England last winter. What kind of food would you consider best for him in this warm climate? Would you recommend Spratts dog biscuits? 2. Can you also inform me where I could get a copy of Dalziel's work on "British Dogs"? Ans. 1. You will find either of the different kinds of dog biscuits advertised in our columns an excellent and handy food. Feed dry if the dog will eat them; if not, soak them by pouring hot water over them and feed when cooled. Vary the diet with milk

ton broth, in which vegetables should be boiled, and add rice or stale bread. Avoid oatmeal and cornmeal in summer. 2. Dalziel's "British Dogs" is out of print, but is now being republished by him in monographs, the collie, fox terrier, St. Bernard and greyhounds are the breeds treated on so far. For an all-round book on dogs we can recommend Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog." Price \$5. We can supply it.

R. A. A. J., Ottawa, Canada.—I should be exceedingly obliged if you would tell me of something that will set my black field spaniel dog to rights again. He is about a year old. Had distemper very badly about New Years, and has been more or less sickly ever since. He was in apparently good condition until a week ago, when he went off his feed almost altogether, and what little he does eat he vomits almost immediately. He is also very costive. He will often stand for several minutes at a time, while his whole body will be of a continuous tremor. At such times he very often becomes very red and bloodshot about the eyes. Sometimes he has a very bloated appearance about the stomach and loins. Any advice as to how I should proceed in the case will be thankfully received. Ans. His stomach is deranged and indigestion indicated. Give a teaspoonful of calomel magnesia in milk. Then feed simple and easily digested foods. Raw beef, chopped fine, and raw eggs mixed together. Feed a little at a time, and as he begins to retain the food feed bread and milk, also broths in which rice and stale bread should be soaked. Feed often and a very little at once, then gradually get down to three, and then two meals a day. Also give this preparation:

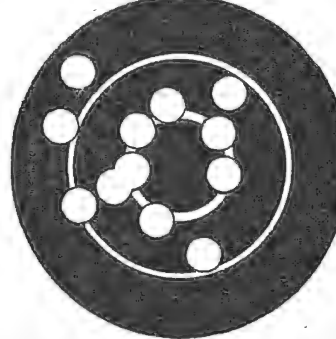
Soda bicarb.
Pulv. rhei.
Sacch. pepsin.
Pulv. zingiberis.
Bismuth. subnitrat.
Pulv. cubeba.....aa ʒ iij.
Dose.—One-third of a teaspoonful after eating, in milk.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

TWO TARGETS.

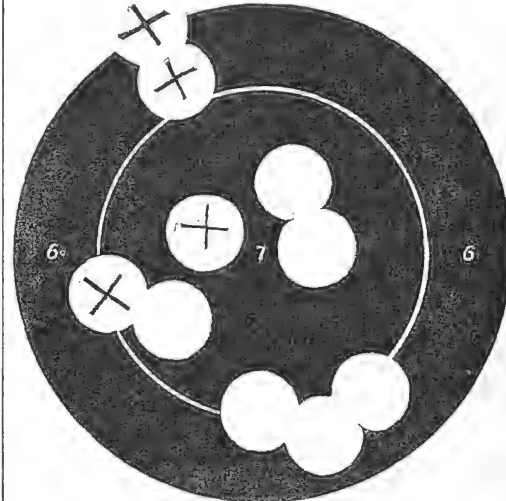
By a mistake this diagram was printed last week as of one made by Mr. Walter Winans. It is a diagram of a target made by a



14 year-old sharpshooter, of Brewer, Me., with a Stevens' .22cal. rifle, at 12yds. off-hand, 12 consecutive shots. The target made by Mr. Winans is given below, and we reprint the letter from our last issue:

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

This morning the first "highest possible" of the season was made at the regulation 21n. center at 20yds. (government ammunition and trigger pull), it was shot by Mr. Walter Winans with a Smith & Wesson .45cal. revolver at the Sussex County Volunteer Rifle Range, which was kindly put at his disposal by Col. Tampion, the commanding officer. It was shot before Mr. Short, the range superintendent, who marked and kept the score. Mr. Winans shot on after making the rise shot, putting on three more sevens, this makes, with two shots he fired just before, a score of 69 out of a possible 70 for 10 shots, the best on record 10-shot score for an amateur (the late Ira Peavey having made a highest possible 10 shot score, the writer believes, in 1889) in England.



The enclosed diagram shows the shots, those with a cross being the shots fired before and after the rise shot "highest possible." The full score stood 69.

BRIGHTON, May 30.

BOSTON, June 20.—A few members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association visited the range to-day. Next Saturday all the record matches will close and the following Saturday a new list of matches will be put on. Following are to-day's scores, distance 200yds., Standard American target: 200-Shot Rest Match—J. Francis III, T. Warren 108, W. Conway 104, M. T. Day 104, A. H. Ballard 102, J. B. Hobbs 101, A. S. Hunt 98, D. N. Winn 94, E. Snow 94. All-Comers Off-Hand Match—W. Charles 80, J. B. Fellers 78, M. T. Day 77, O. Moore 76, D. S. Hunt 76, A. B. Cooke 73, J. B. Hobbs 66, D. Martin 63, D. N. Winn 62. All-Comers Rest Match—F. Daniels 114 and 111, W. Peters 104, A. B. Cooke 104, M. T. Day 102, D. Martin 100, J. B. Hobbs 100, A. H. Ballard 98, D. N. Winn 95, A. N. Mann 90.

THE ST. LOUIS SCHUETZENFEST.—The money receipts of the Schuetzenfest were \$7,298, \$4,000 more than taken in at the shoot a year ago. Some idea of the shooting done may be had from the fact of there being nearly 180,000 shots fired during the tournament. The winners of the tournament were declared as follows: King target medal, L. Scheigkoff, St. Louis, who made 113 out of 125 points. The \$200 prize on union target was won by Martin Kacer making 68 points out of 75. Henry Stockman, of Omaha took the \$150 prize. He made 68, but his shots were not so near the center as Kacer's. Dr. M. T. Thibault, of Highland, Ill., took the third prize \$125 on 65 points. Mat Gendler, of Cincinnati took \$100 making 65 points. On the stick target, J. Montgomery, of Cincinnati took first prize \$80 making three centres in 3 shots. A. Rendege, of Reilville, Ill. won \$50. F. Lendl, of St. Louis took third. At the open target on which Walter and Zimmermann, of New York broke the record making 97 and 93 points each, and took first and second money, R. H. Hallett, of Port made 89 and 100

the contestants are all upon the grounds and eager for the fray. The entry list for the Dean Richmond trophy shows eleven clubs.

a great contrast to last year, when only four clubs contested, showing very plainly that the modern rules governing pigeon shooting are in favor.

Contest No. 7, race for team championship on inanimate targets for New York State; first prize \$50, second \$30, third \$40, fourth \$30, fifth \$30:

Auburn Gun Club, Team 1.	
Carr.....	11111111111111111110-19
Tuttle.....	11111111111111111111-19
Brinkerhoff.....	11111111111111111111-19
Brigden.....	11111111111111111111-19-76

Union Gun Club.	
Andrews.....	11111111111111111111-18
Hammond.....	11111111111111111111-18
Pope.....	11111111111111111111-18
Kelsey.....	11111111111111111111-20-74

South Side Gun Club, Team 2.	
Scott.....	11111111111111111111-18
Atres.....	11111111111111111111-18
Haas.....	11111111111111111111-19
W G Kingsley.....	11111111111111111111-19-74

Oneida County Sportsman's Association, Team 2.	
Hunter.....	11111111111111111111-17
Booth.....	11111111111111111111-18
Harris.....	11111111111111111111-18
Knowlton.....	11111111111111111111-20-73

Onondaga County Sportsman's Association, Team 1.	
Hudson, Sr.....	11111111111111111111-17
Hookway.....	11111111111111111111-16
Lefever.....	11111111111111111111-20
McMurchy.....	11111111111111111111-19-72

Auburn Gun Club, Team 2.	
Whyte.....	11111111111111111111-17
Stewart.....	11111111111111111111-17
Luther.....	11111111111111111111-18
Corning.....	11111111111111111111-20-72

Rome Gun Club, Team 3.	
Felton.....	11111111111111111111-17
Roberts.....	11111111111111111111-17
Edwards.....	11111111111111111111-17
Rayland.....	11111111111111111111-19-71

Onondaga County Sportsman's Association, Team 2.	
Hudson, Jr.....	11111111111111111111-18
Paddock.....	11111111111111111111-18
Courtney.....	11111111111111111111-17
Ayres.....	11111111111111111111-16-69

Rome Gun Club, Team 2.	
Huntington.....	11111111111111111111-17
Hauck.....	11111111111111111111-18
M B Kingsley.....	11111111111111111111-18
Golley.....	11111111111111111111-15-68

Onondaga County Sportsman's Association, Team 3.	
Wallers.....	11111111111111111111-15
Mowry.....	11111111111111111111-15
Montgomery.....	11111111111111111111-18
Ayling.....	11111111111111111111-16-67

Auburn Gun Club, Team 3.	
Doane.....	11111111111111111111-18
Church.....	11111111111111111111-15
White.....	11111111111111111111-15
Sinclair.....	11111111111111111111-18-66

South Side Gun Club, Team 1.	
R P Flower.....	11111111111111111111-16
Taylor.....	11111111111111111111-16
O'Connor.....	11111111111111111111-14
Tallett.....	11111111111111111111-20-65

Oneida County Sportsman's Association, Team 2.	
Gates.....	11111111111111111111-17
Bancroft.....	11111111111111111111-19
Smith.....	11111111111111111111-12
Kallies.....	11111111111111111111-16-64

Rome Gun Club, Team 2.	
Worden.....	11111111111111111111-13
Canfield.....	11111111111111111111-11
Dotter.....	11111111111111111111-11
Bingham.....	11111111111111111111-12-53

Contest No. 8, Lefever Arms Co. diamond medal, first best score at 20 single and 5 pairs double kingbirds, to be held by the winner each year in trust and to be accounted for to the State Association, which shall be given approved bond for its safe delivery, the winner to receive 25 per cent. of the entrance money. The balance of the entrance money to be divided as follows: Contestant making second best score to receive 25 per cent.; third, 20 per cent.; fourth, 15 per cent.; fifth, 10 per cent.; sixth, 5 per cent.:

Lefever.....	11111111111111111111-18	10	10	10	10	10	5-23
A S Jones.....	11111111111111111111-18	10	10	10	10	10	5-23
Andrews.....	11111111111111111111-20	10	10	10	10	10	5-23
Simpson.....	11111111111111111111-20	10	10	10	10	10	5-23
Buck.....	11111111111111111111-14	10	10	10	10	10	7-21
Whyte.....	11111111111111111111-16	10	10	10	10	10	7-23
Brinkerhoff.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	8-27
Brigden.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	8-26
"Sporty".....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	8-26
Stewart.....	11111111111111111111-17	10	10	10	10	10	10-27
Goggin.....	11111111111111111111-14	10	10	10	10	10	5-19
Moher.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	9-23
Hadley.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	8-27
Richardson.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	6-23
Knowlton.....	11111111111111111111-20	10	10	10	10	10	8-23
Crosby.....	11111111111111111111-20	10	10	10	10	10	8-23
Hudson, Sr.....	11111111111111111111-14	10	10	10	10	10	9-23
Hookway.....	11111111111111111111-18	10	10	10	10	10	7-25
Cavana.....	11111111111111111111-16	10	10	10	10	10	6-22
Corning.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	8-27
Kelsey.....	11111111111111111111-18	10	10	10	10	10	8-27
Pope.....	11111111111111111111-17	10	10	10	10	10	8-25
Buesser.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	8-27
McMurchy.....	11111111111111111111-20	10	10	10	10	10	5-25
Church.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	3-22
Felton.....	11111111111111111111-20	10	10	10	10	10	7-27
Gates.....	11111111111111111111-18	10	10	10	10	10	6-26
H M Stewart.....	11111111111111111111-17	10	10	10	10	10	8-25
Rock.....	11111111111111111111-18	10	10	10	10	10	7-25
Flower.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	5-24
Taylor.....	11111111111111111111-15	10	10	10	10	10	8-23
Candee.....	11111111111111111111-14	10	10	10	10	10	4-18
Luttrell.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	6-22
Koch.....	11111111111111111111-17	10	10	10	10	10	9-26
Le Bu.....	11111111111111111111-11	10	10	10	10	10	6-17
Besser.....	11111111111111111111-19	10	10	10	10	10	8-27
C H Mowry.....	11111111111111111111-16	10	10	10	10	10	9-25

W. J. Simpson, the winner, is a member of the Emerald Gun Club of New York State, and he stands as a champion, having himself to be one of the coming shots of this country, his birds being centered and ground to dust in every instance.

Regular No. 1, open to all, 15 singles, entry \$1.50: Davenport 11, Buck 14, Goggin 9 Shields 12, Keller 18, Mosher 15, E. B. Roberts 12, A. L. Bishop 11, Huntington 14, Cavana 13, Tuttle 15, Wingert 13, Youmans 12, Lewis 12, Lebeau 12, Tee Kay 12, Leibenger 13, Simpson 15, Miller 14, Aggar 14, Schleiman 11, Rock 15, Buesser 15, Rock 15, Flower 7, Penrose 15, Corfield 9.

No. 2, 20 singles, entry \$2: Simpson 19, Goggin 19, Davenport 11, Candee 12, Corning 19, Mosher 20, Miller 19, Aggar 20, Buck 19, Hesser 13, Tuttle 18, Buesser 18, Penrose 20, Huntington 18, Koch 18, A. S. H. 17, W. C. Harris 18, Gove 16, Boo 18.

No. 3, 10 singles, entry \$1.50: Kalls 9, Lamb 7, Tuttle 9, Knowlton 9, Lewis 8, Smith 4, Youman 10, Simpson 10, Goggin 8, Koch 9, Lebeau 7, Tee Kay 9, Aggar 9, Schleiman 8, Andrews 9, Pope 10, Hammond 9, Tee Kay 9, W. C. Mowry 10.

As soon as the last gun had been fired in the team championship race the management had a gang of men at work filling the pits and taking away the screens and scoring stands that had been in use for the target events, and by 2 o'clock all was in readiness for the live-bird contest. At that hour fully 1,500 people were on the grounds, and the air was full of the cheering and shouting. Hundreds of ladies were in the audience, and they seemed to take great interest in the sport. The birds were only a fair lot, but occasionally one showed himself to be a good fast flyer. The contest was shot in squads of 7 men, from 6 traps, rapid-fire style. Originally the conditions called for 15 birds a man, but as there was a likelihood of running short the captains of each team agreed upon 12 birds as the number to be shot. As the contest was made a good move in the right direction in doing away with the old plunge traps, and all they have to do now to make the contest a real downright pigeon match, is to adopt the only true sportsman-like rules and have each contestant fire at five traps. The shooting of the winning team was a clever exhibition, especially the work of Andrews, who stopped some fast ones. Schormier, of the Emerald team, was numbered to distinguish himself in the killing of the eleventh round of a fast driver provoking a hearty round of applause. Lefever, of Syracuse, was another shooting in fine form, and McMurchy, of the Onondagas, won everybody by his celerity

with the second barrel, his two birds scored as lost falling stone dead just over the boundary.

Contest No. 9, Dean Richmond trophy, value \$1,150. To be held by the winning club each year in trust, to be accounted for to the State Association, to be shot for by three members of a club belonging to the Association, such members to be residents of the county in which the club is located; 15 single live birds to each contestant, changed by mutual consent to 12 birds; entrance fee, \$20 per team. The team making the highest score shall win the trophy and 60 per cent. of the entrance money, and the team making the next highest score will receive the remaining 40 per cent. The published rules were so changed as to permit any position of gun shooter might choose; mis-fire to be allowed as no shot only when caused by defective plunger or imperfect primer; no challenge for shot marks, any bird gathered within bounds to be scored dead.

Union Gun Club, Buffalo.	
Andrews.....	1111222222-12
Kelsey.....	1111222222-12
Koch.....	1111222222-12

Fountain Gun Club, Brooklyn.	
Wynn.....	2102220221-10
West.....	2221112102-11
Wingert.....	1111212102-11

Hillside Gun Club, Watertown.	
Taylor.....	2222022210-10
Tallett.....	0312112022-9
Paddock.....	1211122102-11

Capitol City Gun Club, Albany.	
Gove.....	2112212122-12
Greer.....	1220110102-10
Gardner.....	1112011210-10

Coney Island R. & G. C. Bklyn.	
Leibenger.....	1210230211-10
Schleiman.....	1111120220-9
Eppig.....	2202212021-10

Hill Top Gun Club, Syracuse.	
Nichols.....	1111212121-12
Lodder.....	0221021011-7
Kirk.....	1201210222-10

Auburn Gun Club, Auburn.	
Corning.....	01020211021-8
Carr.....	1110210212-10

Thus ended the thirty-third annual of the New York Association. The meeting in its entirety was by far the most successful ever held in the State. The fact that over 40,000 kingbirds were thrown is evidence of the interest manifested.

The last party to leave Rome and the Romans were the New Yorkers. A special sleeper had been chartered, and at 9:30 the party formed in line and, headed by a string "band" of two pieces, a violin and guitar, marched to the depot. Never since the days of the old-time conventions was such enthusiasm shown. As the train pulled out three hearty cheers were given for Rome, which will later than July 15, determine where the first State tournament shall be held.

I hope all clubs will appreciate the advantages to be derived from the State Association. There is no reason why Pennsylvania should not have such an organization, as would favorably compete with any in the country.

Since the meeting held May 15, the president has issued a call for a meeting of delegates to be held at Harrisburg, July 22. Secretaries of clubs are invited to communicate with him, and will be supplied with full particulars. ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, held at Harrisburg, May 15, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

1. That the secretary notify all clubs who desire to become members of the State organization to forward the sum of five (\$5) dollars to the treasurer, James Volstencroft, Frankford, Philadelphia, and that a meeting of the association be held at Harrisburg, Pa., later than July 15, to determine where the first State tournament shall be held.

2. Each club having become a member of this Association shall be entitled to one vote, either by sending delegate or by proxy, said proxy to be sent sealed to the president and not opened till time of said meeting and upon call for vote to determine where the next State tournament shall be held.

I hope all clubs will appreciate the advantages to be derived from the State Association. There is no reason why Pennsylvania should not have such an organization, as would favorably compete with any in the country.

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KLEINMAN—"MEADE."

CHICAGO, Ill., June 16.—There is now no hope for the World's Fair. St. Louis gets the \$100,000 prize, sailing as L. N. O. Meade, has beaten the Chicago favorite, George Kleinman, in a pigeon match, and Chicago has got everything at half mast; \$5 to \$4, and Br'er Gawge with the 84. Oh, that is awful!

This race was earlier announced as concluded, and both the Chicago men and the merry St. Louis shooter seemed pleased when the forfeit went up. The shooting began to-day at Watson's Park, the teams being \$100 a side, 100 live birds, the rules were insisted upon by Meade. They are, briefly, 80yds. boundary, no time limit for gathering birds, any position of gun, any weight of gun. Mr. J. A. Elliott is authority for the statement that the Hurlingham rules have within the two years last past been changed to permit any weight or position of gun, though I do not recall any published announcement of that in this country. At any rate the above rules as given were accepted by both parties, it being further agreed that any bird shot at and alighting on a building should be scored only when it could be gathered by a person standing on the ground.

Mr. Kleinman used Roll Organ's 12-gauge Greener, 7lbs. 9oz., and shot Schultz powder. No. 745 in right barrel and 7s in left. Mr. "Meade" used a 7lbs. 6oz. L. C. Smith, Schultz in right and P. G. in left. No. 100 in both barrels.

Mr. John Watson was chosen referee, and shooting began at 2 P. M., there being at that time a stiff wind blowing from right to left across the score. In the half-way birds the wind had fallen, and in the 80's the air was very quiet. The birds were prompt flyers, only three refusing to start, one of these being the last bird that Meade shot. Had the wind kept up the scores would have gone still lower.

Meade shoots a match in a singular way. Superstitious to a degree, he would not think of shooting a shell which he had dropped. He would not allow any one to step in front of him when going to the score. He would not think of stepping on one of the flap-rocks when he crossed them, and if he picked up his hat when he had left it out in the field, he would at any time turn around before he did so. When he goes to the score he has a pocket perforator, and he goes through each time. First he gets all ready and settles his hat, then he wipes his right hand on his right trouser leg, and then his left hand on his left trouser leg. Then he expectorates, leans forward, breathes deep four times, clinches his gun as tight as he can, and finally calls "Pull!" in a bursting tone of voice. All this takes time. When Mr. Meade takes a notion to retrieve his birds as he always does, the doubtful ones it takes a good deal more time, for he generally waits till the bird dies of old age before he picks it up. This wears out the patience of the spectators and referee, and gets away with the nerves of his opponent. This is why Mr. Meade does it, and why he uses the Hurlingham rules. He doesn't need a gun very much when he shoots a match, though to-day he had to use a gun. "Sand" and "mud" men are going to criticize Meade's the most dramatic retriever that ever was seen in Chicago, but he ought to have towels sewed on his trouser legs.

Br'er Gawge he just shot.

At first it looked as though the Chicago man would win with ease, for he led almost from the first, making some splendid stops of fast birds, and closing the first string of 20 with a lead of 3 birds. When he got to the 40's he was rather slow, and at 42 he led Meade 6 birds, so that Chicago people got pretty chipper and some few went back to town and said that George had won all right. At 50 the score was 44 to 40 in favor of Kleinman, yet Meade never for a moment lost his nerve, and at that point remarked that he would win the race by just one bird, which he did, much to the surprise of every one.

From this 50 hexagon it was pretty much a race as ever was, and a gamer fight than Meade made never was seen. He came here alone and hunted up the match, shot it on strange grounds, under more or less gyping and before those whose money was against him. Yet in spite of this, and in spite of a lead of 4 birds at the halfway point, with a man like George Kleinman for opponent, he never wavered, but stood up and shot with clean grit to the end, and won. This was a "sand" and "mud" man, and a gamer fight, in spite of hard talking, big bluffing and general monkey work in or after a match. So Mr. Meade is well received in Chicago after this, and the boys treat with good-natured indifference his offers to bet \$1,000 to \$1 that he can out-jump, out-box, out-shoot or out-bet any man in Chicago, or kick higher, or dive deeper, or do anything on earth better than anybody else in the world. Something of an anomaly and a study is Mr. "Meade," but not a bad man at all, and certainly a man of nerve. We owe to him the most exciting pigeon race we have had here this year. At the score he was quiet, fair and gentlemanly.

At his 70th bird Meade took off a laced leather pad he had put on his gun sock, and from then he shot free. As the wind died he improved, and in the last three 20 strings he gained on his man. At 80 Kleinman was 2 birds ahead; at 89 the score was tied. At 97 Kleinman dropped a bird, and thus he led Meade ahead for the first time since his 8th bird. Meade had been peering out some good runs, and his last 15 straight, carried him out with a vim. George expressed his willingness to repeat the race under American Association rules. Under the latter rules he would have won to-day, counting birds gathered for each within 50yds. At the close of the race George had harder luck at losing hard hit birds, but in the first 50 the luck was rather in his favor. A closer race it would be hard to find. The following is the score:

At the score he was quiet, fair and gentlemanly.

At his 30th bird Meade took off a laced leather pad he had put on his gun stock, and from then he shot freer. As the wind died he improved, and in the last three 20 strings he gained on his man. At 80 Kleinman was 2 birds ahead; at 89 the score was tied.

Yachting.

THE JUNE REGATTAS, 1891.

THE many races of the past week, both about New York and Boston, have proved hardly less disappointing than those of last year, and in no cases have the turnouts been such as to realize the old idea of a regatta. The competitors have been few in number, and so divided, as a matter of necessity, as to make little sport in any but one or two classes, while the large fleet of steam yachts and non-racers that forms such an important part of the usual spectacle in the races on New York Bay, and even about Marblehead, has dwindled to very small proportions. It is safe to blame the weather for almost any failure, and though it is very doubtful whether in any case the display would have been better, it is at least a fact that both the New York and Seawanhaka Corinthian races were poorly served in this respect, while the Massachusetts and Eastern clubs fared no better. The weather of the week has been most remarkable, opening with two days of such intense heat as New York seldom experiences, the Atlantic day, Tuesday, being the worse; the Marine and Field Club on Wednesday was more endurable, but by Thursday, when the New York regatta was sailed, there was a complete change, the day being rainy and positively cold, the heaviest wraps and overcoats being in demand on the spectators, while the racing men were in a most uncomfortable plight all day. This same violent change brought nothing less than a gale and heavy sea off Nahant, where the Massachusetts Y. C. was ready for the Bunker Hill day regatta which long ago became famous under the club's old name of Dorchester, while the Eastern Y. C. fared little better on Friday. On Saturday, New York, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. had a light and fluky day, so cloudy and threatening in the morning that but few spectators and yachts turned out to see the race.

Apart from the weather, the proposed races have awakened but little enthusiasm on the part of owners, and the display of racing yachts was hardly better than last year, which is saying very little. The earnest intentions of the various clubs in arranging special classes for cruising trim or with handicaps have met with little success, and but few of the classes, either racing or in cruising trim, have filled fairly. The new boats, of which so much has been written during the winter, are not yet ready, nor are their owners, for the most part, in any great hurry to start them, the result being that in the East the class has not raced at all, in spite of the special events arranged for it, while in New York but five boats have started. The 40ft. class has hardly displayed a sign of life, even in the cruising classes; and though the 30ft. has done a little racing in the East, it is very dead in New York, though a few 35ft. boats have started. All of the clubs succeeded in making up enough entries to fill the usual entry card provided for the club steamer, but that was as far as it went; the boats remained simply did not start and a very large number never intended to. The only events of the week that are in the least worthy of notice are Gloriana and Smuggler; the new Herreshoff 40-footer has sailed away in every case with the greatest of ease from her class and the greater part of the fleet, while Mr. Bourry's little 25ft. corrected length racer has done much the same in a smaller way.

NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL, JUNE 19.

The weather of Thursday was anything but pleasant, even in contrast to the extreme heat of the previous days, as the cold drizzling rain and sharp wind savored but little of June and its roses. Much as the ladies and the lookers-on might grumble, the yachtsmen had no complaint to make, as there was a strong N.E. breeze and a good tumble of sea in the Lower Bay and about the Hook. To the disappointment of all comers, Gerry was not able to be present, owing to Miss Gerry's illness, she being on board the Electra, so the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson and Kane and D. B. Fearne, took ship on a tugboat for the day. The conditions of the race were as follows: In each class \$200 for first, \$75 for second. Prizes for cruising trim, in each class \$150 for first, \$50 for second. Prizes of equal value will be offered for keel schooners. Cruising trim—Anchors on the bow and cables bent; cruising complement of boats carried; cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsail extending above the truck, or beyond the end of the gaff, barred. At least two yachts must start in each class. In each class \$200 for first, \$75 for second. Prizes will be awarded when three or more start; no yacht shall receive two prizes. The prize will be cups or money at option of winners.

The start and finish was off buoy 11, all going and returning by way of the Southwest Spit, the forties going around Scotland and the others around the Hook Lightship. Only in the 30ft. class started. Marguerite, with a small club on board, for regular prize, and Dauntless, Gevalia and Victor in cruising trim. Katrina and Shamrock were present to represent the 70ft. class, with the four 40s, Gloriana, Mincola, Nautilus and Jessica. Gorilla had entered in the 40ft. class in cruising trim, and on Wednesday night, at the special request of the regatta committee, Mr. Wetmore put in Liris to make a race for the 40ft. class. The 40s were not entered, but declined to sail, as they were not prepared to go up to a class with the 40s. When the start was given Liris came to the line, but Gorilla was not visible, though she was met later off the Hook sailing about. Liris started alone, and the committee very justly decided to exercise the discretion allowed them and gave her a prize for the sail over. The amusing part of the 40ft. business was that Ventura finally came in a stern that she went outside the line and did not have her time taken.

The start was made at about 11:15, the 40 and 40ft. classes going away first, Mincola being in the lead; Gloriana being steered by her designer, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff. The smaller yachts carried lower sails only, but when the Lower Island jibebeers were set, Gloriana showed the small club on board, and very soon she was back reaching for buoy 14, the familiar old buoy No. 10, Gloriana soon overtaking Mincola, the two fighting hard for the lead, and finally luffing well off their course, being obliged to bear away for the buoy, and thus giving the other two a small gain. The times at buoy 14 were:

Gloriana.....	11 58 25	Liris.....	11 58 10
Mincola.....	11 56 27	Jessica.....	11 58 15
Nautilus.....	11 56 28	Ventura.....	12 01 05

Before going outside Nautilus stopped to house her topmast, while Mincola lowered her working topsail, but little Jessica carried her jibebeer well, and as for Gloriana she walked out across the seas with her second clubtopsail aloft. After leaving Buoy 14 she had no use for Mincola's society and very soon she was off going her way alone and leaving Nautilus to fight it out with the white Burgess boat. This she did for some time, Jessica gaining on both as they headed through the seas that were now running fairly high, but the game finally came to an end when well outside by Mincola luffing up, then heaving to with staysail across her and main sheet flowing, soon lowering mainsail and running in under her mainsail, and very soon she was in the time of giving up was leading Nautilus, but the latter had gained considerably on her. Both were taking the seas in a way that must have been very comforting to Gloriana, as her full bow, like that of a Norwegian prism, was riding over the waves, making the best weather of any.

By this time the larger division, led by Katrina, was with the advance guard, the Dauntless having beaten Shamrock very badly, and adding to it each minute as the latter felt more and more of the sea and wind. The smaller yachts were timed at the Scotland:

Gloriana.....	12 57 00	Jessica.....	1 05 10
Nautilus.....	1 05 00	Liris.....	1 05 15

The run in was devoid of any interest, being merely a procession in both classes, the full times being:

Marguerite.....	11 28 53	Finish.....	Elapsd.....	Corrected.....
Sloops and Cutters—70ft. CLASS—REGULAR PRIZES.				
Katrina.....	11 28 59	3 34 27	4 05 28	4 05 28
Shamrock.....	11 29 42	3 40 43	4 16 47	4 15 52

Sloops and Cutters—61ft. CLASS—REGULAR PRIZES.				
Hildegard.....	11 25 54	Withdrew.		

Sloops and Cutters—40ft. CLASS—REGULAR PRIZES.				
Gloriana.....	11 16 05	2 34 08	3 18 03	3 19 03
Jessica.....	11 18 58	2 48 17	3 29 24	3 32 16
Nautilus.....	11 16 18	2 45 35	3 32 21	3 31 22
Mincola.....	11 15 31	Disabld.		
Ventura.....	11 17 30	Withdrew.		

KEEL SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS—CRUISING TRIM.				
Dauntless.....	11 28 44	Disabld.		
Victor.....	11 29 00	Withdrew.		

SCHOONERS—FIFTH CLASS.				
Gevalia.....	11 17 45	Withdrew.		

Sloops—11 16 14	2 51 41	3 35 26	3 35 26
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Gloriana allowed Nautilus 58s, and Jessica 4m. 8s. Dauntless lost her mainmast head off the Hook and was towed in, while Mincola took a tow up the Bay, Katrina gave Shamrock a very bad beating, while Gloriana served her class in the same manner.

ATLANTIC Y. C. ANNUAL, JUNE 16.

Tuesday morning was intensely hot, with little wind, a S.W. breeze broken by the Staten Island hills, so that it came across the Bay from Jersey as a westerly wind, while about the Narrows and from there out to the lightships it was nearly S.W. The usual courses were sailed, starting off the club house and finishing off Buoy 11, formerly 15. All above the 55ft. class went by way of the Southwest Spit around Scotland and Sandy Hook Lightships; the 53 and 40ft. classes went down the Swash Channel, passing a stakeboat at Buoy 8, and around the same ships; the 40 and 35ft. classes went down the Swash and around the Scotland, while the smaller classes rounded the markboat at Buoy 8. The starting line was a very poor one, being in the middle of a large fleet of yachts at anchor, some of which least might have moved with a little trouble and given the racers a little room. When the race was started at a little after low water, there was a nice breeze, though not nearly enough considering that club topsails were barred, and the fleet stemmed the tide at a very fair speed. The first over was the schooner Gevalia, followed by Shamrock and Hildegard, each sailing alone in her class, then Marguerite with her Gardner on board. The first of the 40s was Nautilus, on the weather bow of Anaconda, while Gloriana covered the latter's weather quarter. Jessica crossed alone, but with Mincola close after her; then came Marguerite (A. P. E.) Clara and Eurybia, the rest being strung out, with the little Smuggler last.

Nautilus was sailed by Mr. Maxwell, Gloriana by Mr. Morgan; Mincola by Mr. Belmont and Capt. Harry Hart; Jessica by Capt. Henry Clay by Mr. B. Alley, with a Corinthian crew, and Anaconda by Capt. Joe Ellsworth. All carried jibtopsails, reaching away for the Narrows on the starboard tack in a long line. Shamrock had a easy lead, but Gloriana soon passed Nautilus and Anaconda, and was close to Hildegard, the second of the single-tickers. Mincola chased Nautilus from the starboard side, then Pointe, where she passed to windward of the Maxwell boat and took the lead after a short battle. Clara was doing very poorly, and Anaconda had a long lead on her all the way down the Bay, but neither were anywhere near the flying 40-footer, who, with the launch Daisy hovering about her, was rapidly nearing buoy 8, where they were timed:

Gloriana.....	12 10 30	Tigress.....	12 28 55
Anaconda.....	12 12 22	Polly.....	12 30 18
Mincola.....	12 13 45	Kathleen.....	12 36 30
Nautilus.....	12 14 40	Saona.....	12 37 00
Clara.....	12 15 25	Indra.....	12 40 00
Jessica.....	12 17 20		

Marguerite and Gloriana had got well up into Sandy Hook Bay, in company with Shamrock and Hildegard, the wind all about the Hook being very light. As Gloriana neared the Hook the others drew up on her a little, and in the lighter air Clara came up with Anaconda, the two being even when the Scotland was finally passed. The times at the mark were:

Gloriana.....	1 05 30	Jessica.....	1 13 30
Shamrock.....	1 10 00	Hildegard.....	1 13 35
Mincola.....	1 10 00	Anaconda.....	1 14 10
Marguerite.....	1 12 00	Clara.....	1 14 40
Nautilus.....	1 12 40		

The wind was light all the rest of the way to the outer mark, which was rounded:

Gloriana.....	1 38 20	Nautilus.....	1 44 45
Shamrock.....	1 39 20	Anaconda.....	1 46 00
Marguerite.....	1 39 50	Clara.....	1 46 15
Mincola.....	1 41 45	Jessica.....	1 47 05
Hildegard.....	1 44 30		

They jibed around and came in all the way on a reach, the whole race being but a reach out and in, with no beating. The only show of excitement in the race was over the two old rivals, Clara and Anaconda, this being the first race that Clara has sailed since she left Capt. Barr's hands. In the first part she did very poorly, but finally worked up to Anaconda on the last of the way out, and although the white slooper outran her coming home, and finished ahead, she was not able to save her time, Clara finally winning by 34m. Gloriana gained on the way home as she did going out, and was at the finish 9m. ahead of the next boat, Mincola. The full times were:

Start.....	Finish.....	Elapsd.....	Corrected.....
Marguerite.....	10 53 09	3 52 14	4 58 04

Gevalia.....	10 51 52	4 16 23	5 24 31
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Shamrock.....	10 52 09	3 42 50	4 50 41
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Hildegard.....	10 52 10	4 01 10	5 09 00
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Anaconda.....	10 55 40	3 28 10	4 32 30
Clara.....	10 56 48	3 30 54	4 36 06

Gloriana.....	10 55 43	3 16 53	4 21 10
Mincola.....	10 56 23	3 25 50	4 29 27
Jessica.....	10 56 04	3 37 20	4 41 16
Nautilus.....	10 55 33	3 35 24	4 39 51

Tigress.....	10 57 18	2 55 35	3 58 37
Polly.....	10 56 33	3 11 33	4 15 15
Kathleen.....	10 59 18	3 17 40	4 18 02
Saona.....	10 57 38	3 20 43	4 23 05
Indra.....	10 57 08	3 42 43	4 45 35
Eurybia.....	10 56 53	did not finish.	
Portia.....	10 59 06	did not finish.	

Start.....	Finish.....	Elapsd.....	Corrected.....
Smuggler.....	10 59 35	1 54 00	2 54 25

Marguerite.....	10 56 32	1 53 40	2 57 08
Bijou.....	10 57 22	1 54 05	2 58 43
C. O. D.....	10 57 55	2 01 00	3 03 05

The last boat had hardly finished before a very severe thunder squall swept over the race, the rain falling in torrents, with wind blowing from the north, the greater part of the fleet had reached the moorings, and no damage was done.

Mincola was not measured, but takes second place, while Jessica comes between her and Nautilus. Tigress easily led her class all day, taking first place. She, as well as the rest of the 35ft. class, sailed in cruising trim, but Kathleen omitted to carry a boat, thus forfeiting the allowance due her for cruising trim. The race of the catboats was looked forward to with much interest, owing to the reputation of three of the entries, the local boat Bijou and the Cape cats Mucilage and A. P. E. Owing to the absence of the steam yacht Electra, Mucilage, now named Liris, did not start, and Bijou was beaten by the other Cape boat. At the same time the 25-foot Smuggler, though sailing alone, beat the three cats over the same course. The members and guests of the club were out in numbers on the steamer Cygnus, while the tug Idlewild carried the regatta committee, Messrs. Henry J. Gielow and Fleet Captain Church.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. ANNUAL, JUNE 22.

Saturday was a decided improvement in weather over Thursday so far as the spectators were concerned, clearing off by the time of the start, after a cool and hazy morning. The racing men, however, had good cause for grumbling, as there was but a draft of air from the S.E. all the morning, while the fleet was becalmed inside the Hook for some time on the way out. The breeze improved after this, but never carried much weight, and with no race in any class but the 40ft., the day was very tame, as Gloriana repeated her professional performances of Tuesday and Thursday. The two new 25-footers were present, with the Burgess cutter Beth in the 25ft. class, the new box looking like delicate toys as they wheeled about, starting and sailing as they were so left behind by the fleet, and the spectators saw nothing of their race. There had been wild and unverified rumors in each of the previous races of the presence of a phantom ship from Boston, the new Sayonara, and also of the Fife cutter Uvira from Newport, both being entered; but neither was seen or heard of until Saturday morning, when Uvira materialized, but with a little tow and no intention of starting. Sayonara still remains a myth. The fleet of club boats were out in numbers on the steamer Cygnus, while the tug Idlewild carried the regatta committee, Messrs. Henry J. Gielow and Fleet Captain Church.

Fortunately the tide was still ebbing, so the yachts were able to beat down slowly to Buoy 14, Gloriana chasing Jessica and finally taking the lead from her. The times at Buoy 14 were:

Gloriana.....	1 09 17	Liris.....	1 21 31
Nautilus.....	1 12 17	Clara.....	1 29 11
Jessica.....	1 18 04	Miranda.....	1 36 45

For the next half hour the leaders drifted about between the Southwest Spit and Sandy Hook, Gloriana making the most headway and working out some distance from the point of the Hook, when Nautilus finally caught the breeze she bugged the others closely, and sneaked out with the least possible hindrance from

the strong flood tide now pouring in. Jessica was hopelessly left by the Spit, becalmed until the others were far ahead. There was a moderate air as they reached out to the Scotland, the times being:

Gloriana.....	3 33 39	Jessica.....	3 40 37
Nautilus.....	3 37 21	Liris.....	4 02 37

Miranda found the calms too much for her, and with no competitor she did not go over the course. The fleet ran in with No. 1 jibtopsails set, breaking out spinners at Buoy 14. The full times were:

Miranda.....	Start.....	Finish.....	Elapsd.....	Corrected.....
Clara.....	11 39 50	Withdrew.		

Sloops—55ft. CLASS.				
Clara.....	11 43 35	6 16 34	6 33 19	6 33 19
Ventura.....	11 45 40	Withdrew.		

Sloops—40ft. CLASS.				
Gloriana.....	11 41 46	5 07 15	5 25 30	5 25 30
Nautilus.....	11 42 23	5 13 43	5 31 41	5 30 43
Jessica.....	11 40 16	5 23 45	5 43 29	5 39 30

Sloops—40ft. CLASS.				
Liris.....	11 44 17	6 01 18	6 17 01	6 17 01

Sloops—25ft. CLASS.				
Smuggler.....	11 43 35	3 51 15	4 07 40	4 07 40
Nameless.....	11 45 00	4 04 47	4 19 57	4 19 57
Beth.....	11 41 41	4 08 52	4 27 11	Not meas.

Nameless had a very bad start, being jammed in the tide on the wrong side of the buoy, and she never made up this handicap. The regatta committee included Messrs. Walter C. Kerr, M. M. Howland and J. Langdon Ward. The steamer Cepheus accompanied the race with the club members.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF NEW YORK ANNUAL, JUNE 22.

The last of the club regattas was that of the Corinthian Y. C. of New York on Monday. Though the entry list was not specially large, it was none the less interesting, the classification of the club on corrected length grouping the boats differently from the other regattas of the week, while three of the boats were specially new. The chief of these was the long-backed Sayonara, which after various delays by the way had finally reached New York. The second was the Fife cutter Uvira, built last year for Halifax, N. S., and now owned by Mr. F. P. Sands, of Newport, a boat of different dimensions from the rest of the Fife family in America. She is practically 3ft. longer and 9in. wider than Minerva, but with the same sail plan. The third new one was a new boat from Long Island Sound, one of Mr. Clapham's original "creations" of the Bouncer type, the Chippewa, a new boat. The classes and starters were:

SECOND CLASS—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.		S.R.Feel.
Gloriana.....	E. D. Morgan.....	54 17
Sayonara.....	Rayard Thayer.....	54 17
Jessica.....	W. O. B. Macdonough.....	50 22

THIRD CLASS.		
Liris.....	C. W. We more.....	49 00
Uvira.....	F. P. Sands.....	48 00
Marquita.....	August Belmont.....	48 49
Broncho.....	Mr. Har ley.....	41 00

FOURTH CLASS.		
Kathleen.....	Wm. W. Jilcock.....	39 20
Delvyn.....	M. R. Schuyler.....	36 10

FIFTH CLASS.		
Chippewa.....	Jos. E. Gracdonough.....	25 50
Beth.....	E. H. Jewett.....	26 71

SIXTH CLASS.		
Smuggler.....	L. J. Boldt.....	24 94

SEVENTH CLASS—CABIN CATS.		
Lacksmi.....	C. McK. Loeser.....	31 48

EIGHTH CLASS—CABIN CATS.		
Nadine.....	C. M. Feit.....	27 50

TENTH CLASS—OPEN BOATS.		
Sea Gull.....	R. & J. A. Lade.....	22 50
Donnybrook.....	Frank Lader.....	22 25

The start, from one gun, was made below the Narrows, the tide being half down, with a light southerly breeze. The two larger classes started together, and the smaller 5 minutes later. The gun was fired at 12:26, Gloriana going over within 25 seconds, while Jessica, steered by Mr. Lovejoy, was 15 seconds later, with Sayonara 25 seconds later. The first of the first of her class, Liris, being 3 minutes late and Uvira 4 1/2 minutes. The smaller boats made a very good start. The 40ft. class carried clubtopsails, the forties only jibebeers.

As a matter of course, Gloriana held her lead as they beat down the Bay. Not far from the start Chippewa, sailed by Mr. Clapham, made a couple of quick tacks near to Smuggler, the result being a collision in which Smuggler was the first to blame, but picked up by Smuggler, which sailed up so close to Chippewa that he was able to step aboard, after which she withdrew from the race. The times at Buoy 14 were:

Gloriana.....	1 23 00	Marquita.....	1 33 55
Jessica.....	1 25 51	Liris.....	1 36 30
Sayonara.....	1 26 47	Broncho.....	1 45 45

Freeing a little for Buoy 5 the yachts reached out, with considerably more wind, then hauled up for the Scotland, where they were timed:

Gloriana.....	2 16 05	Uvira.....	2 32 12
Jessica.....	2 25 49	Liris.....	2 36 24
Sayonara.....	2 25 43	Marquita.....	2 36 24

The fleet ran in with large jibtopsails set and balloon foresails on those who had them, being timed at Buoy 14:

Gloriana.....	3 01 33	Jessica.....	3 13 02
Sayonara.....	3 12 45		

After jibing at the buoy spinners were set to starboard, the last leg being quickly made. The full times were:

Start.....	Finish.....	Elapsd.....	Corrected.....
Gloriana.....	12 26 00	3 56 49	3 30 49
Sayonara.....	12 21 00	4 06 50	3 42 50
Jessica.....	12 26 00	4 10 45	3 44 45

Uvira.....	12 26 00	4 22 33	3 56 33	3 55 13
Broncho.....	12 26 00	Withdrew.		
	30 TO 40FT. S	L. CLASS.		

Herreshoff; Mineola, steered by Mr. Belmont; Sayonara, steered by Capt. Wagon; Jessica, steered by Capt. Harvey, and Nautilus, steered by Mr. Moxley. The 35-ft. class included Tigress, steered by Mr. Edmund Fish; Polly, steered by Mr. Arnold; Kathleen, steered by Mr. Whitlock, and Saona.

The 25-ft. class had Smuggler, steered by Mr. Bourry; Nameless, steered by Mr. Sanderson, and Beth, steered by Mr. Jewett, the latter carrying a sprit topsail, while the two new boats of course had all their canvas in two working sails. The 46-footers carried clubtopsails, but the 35-footers by agreement left them ashore.

The first gun was fired at 12:01, the wind being N.W. light, with the tide half out. The second gun was not fired at all, the yacht pop gun in the bow of the tug playing its usual trick on such occasions and missing fire. After half a minute's delay the old reliable steam whistle was used to give the starting signal. As it was a fine start no harm followed, the fleet going over without delay, but strong out like a file of geese, Gloria, leading, Jessica was close to her, Sayonara and Mineola together to windward of the line, while Nautilus was the last over. All set No. 1 jibtopsails and reached away on starboard tack for the S. W. Spit. The full times of the start were:

Gloria	12 11 30	Beth	12 14 20
Jessica	12 11 35	Polly	12 14 24
Sayonara	12 11 40	Nameless	12 14 24
Mineola	12 12 13	Saona	12 14 40
Nautilus	12 13 38	Kathleen	12 17 09
Smuggler	12 14 05	Tigress	12 17 42

Gloria opened up a lead at once, Jessica held her place for some time, but finally Sayonara ran through her weather. Immediately after Mineola came up and in a short time also passed her, leaving the four other boats in a line. The two Burgess boats, when well down toward Buoy 14, wasted some time in luffing, by which their small chances for first prize were in no way improved.

Tigress had crossed the line last, but Mr. Fish soon had her ahead of Kathleen and Saona, and dangerously close to Polly. Kathleen was carrying a balloon jibtopsail, Polly and Tigress having each a light air sail, while the other two had no jib. Kathleen, who had a very small jibtopsail and a genuine balloon jib, Smuggler carried a very large balloon jib, while Nameless had only her working jib. As the leaders came for buoy 14, spinnaker booms were dropped to port. The turn was timed:

Gloria	12 57 35	Tigress	1 10 18
Sayonara	12 58 30	Polly	1 10 50
Mineola	12 58 45	Kathleen	1 14 39
Jessica	1 00 00	Saona	1 15 39
Nautilus	1 00 53	Smuggler	1 20 40

The wind was very light as Gloria rather deliberately broke out her spinnaker. Sayonara and Mineola were side by side at the buoy. The two kept in such close company that a foul was imminent, neither being able to set spinnaker, and hurling each other's chances. When they finally parted company and set spinnakers Mineola fouled hers on the jib topsail sheet. Gloria had not drifted far during this time, but she held her lead and the two black boats had closed in on the Burgess sisters. Off the point of the Hook the wind was very light, the fleet drifting out with the ebb, spinnakers coming in at Buoy 5.

After a time the fleet struck a light breeze from the south, which carried them to the Sandy Hook where they were timed:

Gloria	2 02 45	Mineola	2 06 05
Sayonara	2 04 30	Jessica	2 07 50
Nautilus	2 05 40	Tigress	2 18 46

Polly, Kathleen and Saona came to the ship close together some minutes after Tigress, but were becalmed for a long time before actually rounding, so were not timed.

Out at the Sandy Hook the wind was stronger, and Gloria ran away from the others, the only one which made a showing beside her being Sayonara.

The turn was timed:

Gloria	2 34 10	Nautilus	2 40 35
Sayonara	2 36 25	Jessica	2 45 50
Mineola	2 40 10		

Gloria and her No. 1 in place of balloon jibtopsail, the others doing the same save Mineola, who carried her smaller jibtopsail for the reach in. Mineola turned with Nautilus so close astern that as she luffed the latter's bowsprit struck Mineola's boom end, forcing the sail to windward, and they separated without damage.

Though very uneven, the boats getting it by turns, Sayonara, well sailed all day, coming very close to Gloria at times. About 3 P. M. when several miles outside the Hook, the fleet ran into a light N.W. breeze that had possession of the Lower Bay, the wind still being south outside. As this new wind headed them all but Mineola had to shift from No. 1 to smaller jibtopsails. Tigress was now entering by the Hook, while her competitors were crawling up under the beach to avoid the strong ebb tide.

The N.W. wind called for some very pretty beating, in which Gloria continued to gain, the times at Buoy 14 being:

Gloria	4 23 50	Nautilus	4 40 20
Sayonara	4 28 35	Jessica	4 40 20
Mineola	4 44 45		

From Buoy 14 to the finish there was a reach with a rather puffy breeze, and some hard spots at times, which only served to show off Gloria to better advantage as she bowled along under club topsail and intermediate jibtopsail. Mineola was less fortunate, as she lost the upper part of her topmast when a couple of miles above Buoy 14, just as in the Savannah race of last year.

Polly and Kathleen came to Buoy 14 exactly together, but reaching in Polly gained just enough to save her time on Kathleen, though both were badly beaten by Tigress. The small boats had very light winds about Buoy 5, in which Smuggler captured a very long lead on Nameless. The full times were:

Gloria	12 11 30	Start	Finish	Elapsed	Corrected
Sayonara	12 11 35	5 15 47	5 04 17	2 04 17	
Mineola	12 12 13	5 22 05	5 10 35	2 10 35	
Jessica	12 12 15	5 24 18	5 12 43	not meas.	
Nautilus	12 13 38	5 33 13	5 19 35	5 17 50	

35ft. CLASS.

Tigress	12 16 00	5 09 30	4 53 30	4 53 30
Polly	12 16 00	5 21 30	5 07 21	5 05 10
Kathleen	12 16 00	5 28 30	5 12 30	5 05 35
Saona	12 16 00	5 35 33	5 19 33	5 14 13

25ft. C. L. CLASS.

Smuggler	12 14 08	4 11 30	3 57 22	3 57 22
Nameless	12 14 40	4 34 32	4 19 52	4 19 52
Beth	12 14 40	4 51 00	4 26 40	4 26 40

This ends the racing about New York, but the fleet will be seen next week at the Sound, though Gloria will not race again until the New York cruise.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C. ANNUAL, JUNE 17.

The Massachusetts Y. C. was specially unfortunate Wednesday, none of the 46-footers coming to the line, while the weather was so bad that only a few of the starters covered the course. There was a strong N. E. gale and a very rough sea off Nahant in the morning. Gossoon was on hand, but had no competitor, so sailed for Boston. The three schooners, Princess, Magnolia and Diana, were ready, with the thiries, Mildred, Fancy, Mignon, Hawk Chieftain and Harbinger. Mildred was built last year by Lawley, being designed by her owner, Mr. W. H. Wilkinson, former owner of the 30-footer Elf. Fancy is Mr. Lyman's new Burgess 30, while Mignon and Chieftain had her. The course for the schooners and the thiries was from off Nahant around Half-Way Rock and Graves Whistling Buoy, 20 miles, and for fifth class around the Graves and Winthrop Bar Buoy, 10 miles. The start was made at 11:35, the starters being Princess, Magnolia, Diana, Mildred, Mignon, Chieftain, Irene, Swordfish, Al-Luck, Montezuma and Astrea. Princess led the schooners, while Mildred easily led her competitors, but after getting out into the heavy sea all gave up. The times of the only yachts which finished were:

Irene, H. P. Armistead	23 07	Length	Elapsed	Corrected
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson	24 07	23 07	1 31 22	
Al-Luck, O. S. Armstrong	23 08	23 08	1 36 46	
Al-Luck, O. S. Armstrong	23 08	23 08	1 42 44	

FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Posey, R. G. Hunt	21 09	2 19 33	1 43 34
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	24 10	2 19 08	1 46 53

Althea lost her mast. The regatta committee included Messrs. Louis M. Clark, chairman, W. O. Gay, W. T. Mann, C. H. Guild and H. B. Torrey.

EASTERN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES, JUNE 19.

The projected sweepstakes of the Eastern Y. C. off Marblehead turned out anything but a success, there being but two yachts, Mildred and Saladin, out of the five classes. The result was that the committee postponed the race, or rather gave it up entirely, by deciding to combine it with the regular regatta of June 23, while they at the same time offered a special prize of \$50 for a match between the two boats present, which Messrs. Fowle and Wilkinson consented to sail for. There was still a strong N.E.

breeze and plenty of sea, though less than on Wednesday. The course was the 24-mile triangle, the new sea mark to be turned first, then the Graves Light, making a reach on two legs, the third being to windward. Saladin crossed with a lead of 53, and a fine race followed over the first 8 miles, Mildred turning the buoy with a lead of 14s.

Mildred.....12 06 05 Saladin.....12 06 09

They ran the next leg with booms topped up, the sea and wind being quite heavy, Mildred still gaining, the times at the Graves being:

Mildred	1 08 50	Saladin	1 09 43
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The first leg, on starboard tack, was a long one, the two tacking off Swampscott with Mildred still a gainer. They now had a hard hammer off shore, in which Saladin was decidedly beaten, the finish being timed:

Mildred	3 09 00	Saladin	3 15 14
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MARINE AND FIELD CLUB ANNUAL, JUNE 17.

The Marine and Field Club, of Bath Beach, though a new comer, and not distinctively a yachting club, has won a foremost place by the races which it has given both for yachts and canoes, and its annual race may now be looked upon as an established fixture. Though there was nothing above 53ft. on the entry list this year the smaller classes showed some good racing, and the day was quite a success, in spite of a very severe squall in the afternoon. The start was made off the club house, in Gravesend Bay, the larger boats sailing around the Scotland Lighthouse. Coming in between two large regattas, only one of the 46-footers was present, Jessica, but Clara and Anaconda were present again. In order to make a race for Jessica Com. Dickie started the flag-ship, the sloop Madcap, once owned and raced by Mr. J. R. Busk, against her. The start was made at noon with a light south wind and a fair breeze, the fleet making staid work, Anaconda leaving Clara, while Jessica soon disposed of Madcap.

Near the Southwest Spit the wind came in fresher, increasing still more outside the Hook. The times at the Scotland were:

Anaconda	2 41 35	Jessica	2 46 55
Clara	2 46 30		

When off the point of the Hook a very ugly squall came up, many of the yachts lowering everything. Though there was less wind than was threatened, the rain fell heavily, clearing away, however, before the finish was reached. The full times were:

			47Fr. CLASS.		
Jessica	12 03 57	4 41 47	4 37 50	4 37 50	
Madcap	12 05 00	Withdrew.			

47ft. CLASS.

Jessica	12 03 05	4 47 47	4 37 50	4 37 50
Madcap	12 05 00	Withdrew.		

35ft. CLASS.

Tigress	12 05 45	5 42 45	5 37 00	5 37 00
Polly	12 06 40	5 51 32	5 44 52	5 44 18
Saona	12 10 45	Withdrew.		
Sassa	12 11 31	Withdrew.		
Kathleen	12 08 45	Withdrew.		
Aetia	12 04 55	Withdrew.		
Eurybia	12 06 13	Withdrew.		

30ft. CLASS.

Smuggler	12 10 05	4 23 00	4 12 55	4 02 00
Forsyth	12 04 45	4 25 57	4 21 12	4 21 12
Soutter Johnny	11 06 05	Withdrew.		

25ft. CLASS.

Leader	12 09 45	Withdrew.		
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CATBOATS.

Lakshmi	12 05 22	4 31 05	4 25 43	4 25 43
Falcon	12 09 40	Withdrew.		

Clara again beats Anaconda. Tigress wins from her class; while Smuggler beats two of the cracks of the local jib and mainsail fleet, the Forsyth and Soutter Johnny, both centerboard craft. Eurybia was timed and reported as second in her class, but it appears that she did not cover the course. The s.e. easter Cephuss carried a large party, while the judges were Fleet Captain Stephen Peabody, N. Y. C., Measurer H. J. Glew, Atlantic Y. C., and Mr. T. C. Zerega.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., JUNE 20.

The sweepstakes race of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, on Saturday, found but few boats ready to start, and those all under 30ft. A match was proposed between Oweene and Gossoon, who had come in from Boston on the previous evening, but the weather was thick, with a light air, and the idea was given up. When the fog cleared at 2 P. M. there was light sea and a light N.E. wind, so the smaller boats were sent away at 2:45, and the race did not start, leaving only Fancy, Hawk and Saladin. Hawk led from the start, with Fancy second, this being the order at the finish, though there was a deal of fluking in the latter part of the race. The times were:

Hawk, Gordon Dexter	2 50	5 43 30	5 53 30
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 50	5 50 22	3 00 22
Saladin, W. P. Fowle	2 50	6 01 44	3 11 44

THIRD CLASS.

Kraken, Percy Chase	3 00	4 48 56	1 48 56
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FOURTH CLASS.

Wanda, R. and R. C. Robbins	3 05	4 48 45	1 43 45
Josephine, D. H. Follett, Jr.	3 05	4 58 05	1 53 05

BROOKLYN Y. C. ANNUAL, JUNE 21.

The annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, starting off the club house, in Gravesend Bay, and going over the following courses: Starting, crossing from east to west line off the club house, drawn north and south from club steamer to stakeboat, or from one stakeboat to another, and finishing crossing from west to east line, classes A and B to and around black buoy No. 11, thence to and around black buoy No. 7, off Quarantine ship, thence to starting line; distance 10 miles. Classes C and I to and around black buoy No. 15, thence to and around red bell buoy No. 8 at entrance to Swath Channel, thence to starting line; distance 12 miles. Class G to and around black buoy No. 11, thence to and around white spar buoy, thence to starting line; distance 14 miles. Classes D and E to and around black buoy No. 11, thence to and around red buoy No. 14 (perch and ball on top) on Southwest Spit, thence to starting line; distance 18 miles. The wind was very light and fluky and spoiled a part of the interest in the race. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—CLASS 1—21 to 25ft.

Iroquois	12 05 40	Start	Finish	Elapsed
Ida	12 08 23	2 50	5 50 22	3 00 22
Seminole	12 09 00	3 37 00	3 37 00	3 37 00
Irene	12 07 40	Withdrew.		

CLASS 3—30 to 36ft.

Mull	12 10 36	4 16 00	4 05 24
Bees	12 08 20	3 52 50	3 43 30
Rosie	12 08 10	Withdrew.	
Mary A	12 10 00	Withdrew.	

OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—CLASS E—18 to 21ft.

Dr. Glenna	12 18 30	3 43 00	3 24 03
Emmie	12 16 55	3 50 00	3 31 30

CLASS G—25 to 31ft.

Alice	12 17 10	4 05 00	3 52 51
Eloise	12 20 00	3 15 00	Withdrew.

MAINSAIL BOATS—CLASS B—18 to 21ft.

Edda D.	12 16 40	3 06 00	2 49 20
Roma	12 18 00	3 11 00	2 58 00
Grace	12 15 50	3 16 00	3 00 01
Alma	12 16 00	3 00 00	2 44 00
B Q	12 16 20	3 01 00	2 44 40

CLASS C—21 to 25ft.

Homing	12 17 00	3 10 00	2 53 00
Pancheto	12 19 27	Withdrew.	

HULL Y. C. JUNE 17.

The Hull Y. C. sailed a race on Wednesday with reefs down, the principal event being the performance of the new Herreshoff cat Mab, lately built for Com. John Shaw, who beat her competitors handsily as Gloria disposed of the 46-footers in New York. Mab is 15ft. 8in. l.w.l., 8in. overhang at bow and 2ft. 3in. stern, with a very small rig. She is of the lightest construction and finest workmanship. In spite of a very strong breeze she saved her time from all but Egeria of the larger class. The times were:

Egeria, Francis Ware	19 02	1 39 33	1 05 42
Madge, W. H. Thayer	19 10	1 24 00	1 05 57
Maspie, H. G. Ouis	18 02 1/2	1 30 24	1 06 17
Niobe, A. F. Schenkelsberg	Withdrew.		

FIFTH CLASS—KEEL.

Composite, J. McIntyre	16 00	1 37 58	1 11 13
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SIXTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Mab, John Shaw	16 02	1 33 33	1 05 42
Cricket, W. B. Lambert	16 01 1/2	1 39 29	1 13 07

The regatta committee included Com. S. J. Southey, Vice-Com. H. W. Lamb, Secretary William A. Cary and Messrs. E. L. Burwell, Emory Southern and J. B. Burwell.

PAVONIA Y. C. ANNUAL, JUNE 27.

The Pavonia Y. C. sailed its twenty-second annual regatta on Monday in a fresh S.E. wind, the event being a great success. A very large party of guests crowded the iron steamer Cyprus. The full times were:

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS, 28 to 45ft.

Notus	12 17 42	4 48 15	4 39 17	3 30 23
Avalon	12 19 24	5 23 12	5 03 48	4 12 45
Pontiac	12 14 51	5 58 35	5 43 44	5 01 04
Phantom	12 20 15	5 11 41	4 50 26	3 57 16

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS, 32 to 38ft.

Mascott	12 13 55	5 43 00	5 29 05	4 26 05
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CLASS 4—CABIN SLOOPS, 37 to 39ft.

Forsyth	12 14 45	5 07 30	4 52 54	3 45 21
Cute	12 12 14	5 40 53	5 27 39	4 13 29

CLASS 5—CABIN UNDER 27ft.

Soutter Johnny	12 15 31	4 42 28	4 26 57	3 26 17
Cristine	12 30 00	4 41 39	4 11 39	3 08 35
Tin Soldier	12 12 19	Withdrew.		

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS, 23 to 27ft.

Charles J. Moore	12 12 10	3 04 45	2 47 35	2 00 17
J. C. Cameron	12 22 55	3 16 40	2 53 45	2 07 15
Aunt Jennie	12 27 16	3 39 35	3 12 19	2 21 38

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS, UNDER 23ft.

Leader	12 27 02	3 19 40	2 52 38	1 59 48
H. H. Holmes	12 26 03	3 19 55	2 53 52	2 01 43

CLASS 4—CABIN BOATS.

Falcon	12 25 00	5 10 50	4 43 44	3 37 18
Ann Jie	12 22 10	4 59 37	4 17 37	3 09 05
Ada	12 21 57	4 57 28	4 35 31	3 12 21

CLASS 5—CATRIGGED, OVER 25ft.

Square	12 25 48	3 31 30	3 05 42	2 21 42
Marie	12 30 00	4 15 35	3 45 35	2 56 12

CLASS 5—CATRIGGED, 30 to 35ft.

Alida	12 24 31	Withdrew.		
Pauline B.</				

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 170th regatta, first open race of the season, was sailed on Wednesday, in a very strong northeaster, which at one time blew a full gale. In the first class the old Mattie met the new Hector, just built by Jenney, for Mr. Stetson, of the Olney. Mattie, single reefed, found no weather to her liking, and easily disposed of the larger boat, who carried double reefs. In second class Mist, Widgeon and Anonymous met the old champion Surprise, who has been fitted out again for racing. Widgeon and Mist started with a single reef, others with two. Mist carried her exceedingly well and won handsly. Widgeon did very well all she was forced to take in another reef and lost much time, losing her sail. Surprise was not in it. In the third class eight boats started, though, as in the second, most of the new boats were not ready. At the end of the first round the wind had increased to a full gale, and the boats which started under two reefs found they had more than they could carry. For some minutes it was a good exhibition of carrying on sail, but the majority were forced to stop and reef and in several cases pump out the boats.

Phenomenon, a new and very fast boat, built by her owner, was first to reach the judges' boat at end of the first round, but evidently had forgotten there was a second round, and lost fully a minute before starting again. Elna was second, closely pressed by Tycoon, a boat sailing her maiden race. On the second round Tycoon lost time by getting in irons. Elna did wonderfully well and took first place.

Courses, 10 1/4 miles for first and second classes, 8 1/4 for third, 5 for fourth. Weather, thick and misty, wind N.E. storm:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mattie, Howard Stockton.....	28.10	2 05 15	1 56 55
Hector, E. C. Stetson.....	28 03	2 08 28	1 59 43
SECOND CLASS.			
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr.....	26.08	2 00 55	1 50 30
Widgeon, M. Williams, Jr.....	26.10	2 03 47	1 53 32
Anonymous, F. L. Dabney.....	26.10	2 06 02	1 55 47
Surprise, John Codman.....	27.05	2 09 22	1 59 43
THIRD CLASS.			
Elna, J. Parkinson.....	22.10	1 46 31	1 34 37
Phenomenon, N. Hucking, Jr.....	23.00	1 48 54	1 37 02
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.....	22.09	1 49 26	1 37 02
Tyczon, Wm. Amory, Jr.....	22.09	Withdrew.	
Daisy, Howard Stockton.....	21.01	Withdrew.	
Parole, W. H. Davis.....	22.03	Withdrew.	
Hermione, R. L. Barstow.....	23.00	Withdrew.	
Marion, Geo. Jones.....	22.05	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Edith.....	19.04	Withdrew.	

Winners—Class 1, Mattie; Class 2, Mist and Widgeon; Class 3, Elna, Phenomenon and Tycoon. Judges—T. S. Edmunds and W. Lloyd Jeffries.

THE ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.

THE St. Lawrence Y. C. began its fourth active season on May 23 with a cruise up Lake St. Louis, which finally developed into a sweepstakes race, in which Dream, a sloop of 34.15 c.l., won from Valda, 25.1 c.l., by 2m. 55s. corrected time, over a very difficult eight-mile course.

On the 15th inst. the first series races of the season for the 29ft. and 24ft. classes was sailed, and this was at once the first race sailed over the new club course, from the club's new house, and the first contest under the club's new rules making corrected length the basis for classification. The 29ft. class was the only one that filled, for although two 24-footers sailed the course they did not enter. The four boats, which made up the 29ft. class are in many respects the pick of the club's fleet. Chaperon, the biggest of the lot, so big indeed that she goes beyond the limit of the class, and is only permitted to sail in it by virtue of special legislation, is a compromise cutter, designed in 1890 by Mr. A. E. Jarvis, of Hamilton, for Mr. E. S. Clouston. She has been this year equipped for racing in the most thorough manner, having been given a larger centerboard, a special outfit and a most beautiful suit of Ratsey & Lapthorne sails, including a Union silk top-sail which is a marvel. Frolic is a 26ft. sloop, built by Mumm, of Bay Ridge, a very powerful and heavily rigged craft, with plenty of lead outside. The third racing boat in point of size is Mollie Bawn, a 24ft. l.w.l. compromise, designed by Burgess and built by Lawley, of South Elston, which has the largest keel of her class. Valda is a very powerful little cutter with plenty of lead, but somewhat lower down than is customary in local boats, whose owners have a wholesome fear of the bottom on such a shoal sheet of water as Lake St. Louis, and a mongrel catrig of a somewhat extreme type. The least, but not the last of the lot is the Valda, the 21ft. l.w.l. sloop st. Ange built in 1890 from Mr. G. H. Duggan's design for that gentleman, but the big, big, big of her ballast outside in the shape of a good big chunk of lead this year, out otherwise in very much the same condition as she was last year, when she was never beaten.

There was the usual delay at the start and the first gun did not go until 4 o'clock. At that time there was a fresh whole sail breeze from the west, with enough southing in it to enable the boats to point their bows, but not to blow them off their feet, threatening that some of the boats sent down their clubs and set jib headers. The start was as follows:

Boat.	Designer.	Steuersman.	C.L.	Start.
Mollie Bawn.....	E. Burgess.....	W. Kavanagh.....	25.02	4 05 34
Valda.....	G. H. Duggan.....	S. H. Duggan.....	24.91	4 06 05
Chaperon.....	A. Jarvis.....	E. S. Clouston.....	30.02	4 06 10
Frolic.....	J. Mumm.....	W. Kavanagh.....	26.05	4 06 50

Valda took the weather gage at the start and soon drew ahead of the fleet, with Chaperon close behind her. Mollie Bawn laid up much closer than the rest of the fleet and was soon well to windward of it, but astern. It was close work until the Chateaugay Buoy was rounded, and the whole fleet did it on two tacks. On the reach in Valda set a balloon and Chaperon and Frolic went up jibing three belts so pretty well together, together with the around the Pointe Claire Buoy and a close reach out to the Chateaugay Buoy, during which Valda and Chaperon indulged in a luffing match, during which Frolic came up on them fast. Spinakers went out to port when the run home began, and then Valda began to draw away from Chaperon and got a safe lead in for the long reach under ballonniers from the Valois Light Buoy to the finish line. The time of this race, perhaps the best ever sailed on Lake St. Louis, were as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valda.....	2 06 00	2 00 21
Chaperon.....	2 06 45	2 06 45
Frolic.....	2 08 20	2 07 57
Mollie Bawn.....	2 13 45	2 12 00

Valda therefore won the race, and the Commodore's cup and a first prize pennant by 45s. elapsed and 6m. 24s. corrected time, and Chaperon wins a second prize pennant by 1m. 12s.

On June 30 the A class boats, over 29ft. c.l., and the 24ft. class will have their first race, when Dream will for the first time tangle Lulu, the winner of the trophy in last year's first class.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF NEW YORK.

STANDARD RULES FOR HANDICAP AND CRUISERS' MATCHES.

Handicap Matches.

- I. Handicaps must be limited to yachts belonging to the club giving the match.
- II. The handicapper or handicappers must be a member or members of the club.
- III. The handicapper or handicappers shall have entire control and management of the match.
- IV. Handicaps shall be open to yachts of any rig.
- V. The class or classes embraced in handicaps should have wide limits as to size of boats—viz.: If classed by tonnage: 1. Under 10 tons. 2. Ten tons to 50 tons. 3. Fifty tons to 100 tons. 4. Over 100 tons. If classed by l.w.l.: 1. Under 30ft. 2. 30ft. to 60ft. 3. 60ft. to 100ft. 4. Over 100ft. If classed by "sailing length": 1. 25ft. and under. 2. Over 25ft. and under 50ft. 3. Over 50ft. and under 80ft. 4. Over 80ft.
- VI. Handicap fees of 50 cents per boat shall be charged (except in the smallest class, for which the fee shall be \$2.50, and be distributed among the non-amateur members of the crew of the winning boat in the class.
- VII. The handicapper or handicappers must prepare on the day preceding the match, three scales of allowances, for light, moderate and hard weather respectively, and place them in sealed envelopes, marking the envelopes correspondingly.
- VIII. The handicapper or handicappers shall give no information concerning the allowances to any person.
- IX. The start shall be a "single gun" start.
- X. Immediately after the starting gun the handicapper or handicappers must destroy unopened two of the three scales of allowances, retaining the one judged best suited to the weather without breaking the envelope or correspondingly.
- XI. Handicappers must have no personal interest in any yacht sailing in a match under their direction.
- XII. The scale of allowances replaces all time allowances and all deductions for differences of rig.

XIII. On entry each yacht must declare (for the guidance of the handicappers) whether she will sail as a "cruiser" or "racer." If the former the club rules respecting "cruiser matches" must be strictly complied with.

XIV. Protests must be delivered in writing addressed to the sailing committee of the club within twenty-four hours after completing the course, and the sum of fifteen dollars must be lodged with any protest to be absolutely forfeited to the use of the club if the protest be held by the sailing committee to be frivolous or vexatious.

Cruisers' Matches.

In all races sailed by the club which shall be open only to "cruisers" the following special rules in addition to the club sailing regulations shall apply:

I. Yachts exceeding 40 and under 72ft. s.l. shall carry a boat on deck of not less than 10ft. length and 3ft. dia. beam; yachts exceeding 72ft. s.l. all their usual boats.

II. No extra hands (except a pilot) beyond the regular crew of the yacht are allowed (this does not prevent the presence of friends, nor their assisting in sailing the boat, provided no more persons in all are on board than the yacht customarily carries on cruises and can properly accommodate).

III. No yacht shall be hauled out within two weeks next preceding the race.

IV. Chain cables shall be carried in the chain locker or other usual place.

V. No ballast shall be shipped or unshipped at any time within one week preceding the race.

VI. Platforms shall be kept down and bulkheads standing.

VII. No yacht is eligible for a "cruisers' match" which has started in any open race (i.e., any race other than "squadron runs," "cruisers' matches," "handicaps" or "in cruising trim" races during the then current season).

VIII. Measurement for classification for cruisers' races are to be taken when the yacht is in a condition complying with these rules; but no yacht shall be excluded by reason of an excess over the class limit in length, or in beam, or in draft.

N.B.—Special attention is called to those portions of Sailing Regulations, Nos. 11, 13 and 31, which are not superseded by the above special rules and which therefore also apply, viz.:

"XI. Boats, etc.—These boats shall not be carried below deck and must have oars lashed in ready for immediate use; each yacht shall also carry two heavy life buoys ready for immediate use within reach of the helmsman.

"XII. Fittings and Ballast.—No water shall be started from or taken into the tanks after the signal to start has been made; no more than the usual anchors and chains shall be carried during the race and these must not be used as shifting ballast or for altering the trim of the yacht; after starting the ballast shall not be shifted or trimmed in any way after starting the race; a "sailed" shall so far as this rule is concerned be considered a new race.

"XXXI. Cruising Trim.—When yachts are ordered to sail in cruising trim the following rules are to be strictly observed: 1. No doors, tables, cabin skylights or other cabin or deck fittings (davis excepted) shall be removed from their place before or during the race. 2. No sails or other gear shall be put into the main cabin in yachts exceeding 30ft. s.l. 3. Anchors and chains suitable to size of yacht shall be carried; one anchor at usual place on the bow, which anchor shall not be unshackled from the chain before or during the race."

Attention is also called to the club regulations concerning the crews allowed to be carried on club yachts while cruising which apply to these races and supersede Sailing Regulations No. 12 in relation to crews, as follows:

"Crews. II.—Cruising yachts are allowed to carry in addition to any steward or cook and sailing master (where the owner does not act as such): a. If less than 72.0ft. s.l. one hand for every 12ft. thereof and one for any fraction of 6ft. b. If over 72ft. s.l. one hand for every full 9ft. thereof."

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

THE following general orders have been issued:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.—New York, Jan. 19.—Mr. Frederic Tams, general order captain and warden, upon the discharge of his duties at once. GEORGE H. B. HILL, Com. S. C. Y. C.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.—Flagship Miranda, New York Harbor, June 15.—The vessels of the fleet will rendezvous in Oyster Bay Harbor, the summer station of the club, for the squadron cruise, on Wednesday, July 1. Captains will report aboard the flagship at 9 o'clock P. M. The cruise will last one week. The squadron will remain at Oyster Bay on Thursday, the day appointed for the special race of this club at that place. The racing will start at 10 o'clock A. M. and the inspection of the property of the club there and the site for the new club house, Captain A. P. Montant and Captain E. M. Townsend have kindly extended the use of their piers and floats to the members of the club and their guests. On Friday the squadron will proceed to Larchmont Harbor to attend the race of the Larchmont Y. C. on the 4th. The subsequent meetings of the squadron will be decided upon at the discretion of the captain. First and second prizes in money will be given to the sailing masters of the yachts declared to be in the best order during the cruise, by judges to be appointed by the commodore. Captains intending to join the squadron are requested to notify the fleet captain at the club house, 7 East 32d street, at as early a date as possible. By order of the commodore, J. FREDERIC TAMS, Fleet Captain.

The special race will be sailed on July 2, off Oyster Bay, when a prize of \$100 will be offered in a 40ft. class, and one of \$25 in the 24ft. class, or the race will be made a sweepstakes at the option of those entering. The entrance fee is to be \$25 and \$15. The courses for the several classes and other rules are:

For the 40ft. Class.—Starting between the committee steamer and a stakeboat anchored at the mouth of Oyster Bay, around red can buoy on Cow's Reef off Shippan Point, leaving it on port hand; thence around black spur buoy on Matinecock Point, leaving it on port hand; thence around red can buoy on Cow's Reef, leaving it on starboard hand; thence across the starting line—35 nautical miles.

For the 24ft. Class.—Starting between the committee steamer and a stakeboat anchored at the mouth of Oyster Bay; thence around red can buoy on Cow's Reef off Shippan Point, leaving it on port hand; thence around black spur buoy on Matinecock Point, leaving it on port hand; thence across the starting line, keeping to the northward of buoy on Center Island Reef—18 nautical miles.

The compass course from the starting line to Cow's Reef buoy is about north, and from Cow's Reef buoy to Matinecock buoy is about southwest, 3/4 west.

A one gun start will be given at 11 o'clock A. M. precisely, without regard to wind or weather, fog excepted. At 11 o'clock A. M. a blast of the whistle will be given and the club flag hoisted, this will be the starting time for all yachts.

The following exceptions to the racing rules are made for this race: Full professional crews may be carried without restriction as to number, but the helmsman must be a member of the club. No yachts may be carried under sail. Club topsails may be carried. In case of a walkover in either class the value of the prize will be reduced one-half.

LARCHMONT Y. C. SPRING RACES.—A special race will be sailed on Tuesday, June 30, open to all yachts measuring from 50 to 60ft., racing length; course about 15 miles to windward or leeward of the Larchmont measurement, rules and allowance to govern the race, except that there will be no restrictions as to sail, crew or helmsman. The club will offer a \$250 cup for first prize, with a second prize in case four or more yachts enter and start. The annual regatta will be sailed on Saturday, July 4, over the usual club courses. The club at the annual meeting directed that this regatta be a handicap. The helmsman must be a member of the club, and the crew experienced yachtsmen, selected by the regatta committee, and it is specially requested that owners intending to compete will send their entries to the regatta committee at as early a date as possible. A general compliance with this request will aid the handicapping committee and conduce to the success and interest of the regatta. C. W. Wetmore has presented the club with three cups, to be competed for by yachts of 25ft. and under, racing length. The first race for these cups will be held on Saturday, Aug. 1.

SIESTA.—The Herreshoff steam yacht Siesta, has been used by her owner, H. H. Warner, of Rochester, on the St. Lawrence River, where about a year since she was in collision with the schooner Annie Foster, of Kingston, Ont. The schooner, which was valued at \$7,000, was sunk, and a claim for that amount was made on Mr. Warner, which he declined to pay. The schooner was subsequently refloated and sailed to the Siesta, but she was not clear of Canadian waters until the evening of June 10, when she grounded near Horseshoe Island, two miles from Kingston. A boat crew pulled to Kingston for a tug, and the Olivia Gordon went to the yacht's assistance, pulled her off and towed her into Kingston, where the officers were awaiting her arrival. She was held until Mr. Warner gave bonds for \$10,000, when she steamed for American waters.

COOPER'S POINT Y. C.—Editor Forest and Stream: The fifth annual race of the Cooper's Point Y. C. was sailed on June 16 to Reedy Island and return. At 10:20 A. M. the signal was given for the start, the boats crossing the line in the following order:

Wilkins, W. Humphries 10 33 00 Eckman, D. Late..... 10 34 50 Ethel, Com. Dresser..... 10 33 30 King, W. Kinsey..... 10 34 30 Burton, G. G. Wilkins..... 10 34 30 Clark, J. Bagley..... 10 34 30 Ebb tide wind, fresh SW. The Burton took first position, reaching Deepwater Point (34 miles) on the ebb tide, a good run for any kind of a sailing craft, and four or more miles ahead of the fleet. The wind died out with the waning tide and she came to anchor. In the meantime the King, Clarke and Wilkins fishing out a light air from somewhere, came down in the slack water joining the Burton in the order named. On the beat down, the Ethel capsized below Lincoln Park 12 miles from the starting point, and the Eckman kindly went to her assistance, which virtually threw her out of the race. Just here, and as the boats progressed the wind increased and the sea ran higher. All the boats left in the race and carried all their cotton, although sometimes almost completely submerged. As the night grew, a little air sprang up from SW. and the boats again got underway from Deepwater Point. The Burton turning the flag boat at Reedy Island at 12 00 03, King 12 06 30, Clarke 12 09 00, Wilkins 12 12 00. The drift home in the stillness of the heated night without a sign of air save from the wings of hovering "skeeters" was slightly monotonous. At sun-up the heat became oppressive (97). The Burton, an amalgam of the Fowler and the King, was open to all the crew, the Burton ship taking refuge under the shady trees near by. The Clarke did the same; while the King and Wilkins continued on and enjoyed the roast, the former arriving at Cooper's Point 4:56 P. M. (17th) Wilkins 5:55, Clarke 7:23, Burton 7:28. The King made a run in 30 hours 33min., beating the Clarke's record of last year by 3 hours 25min., and the Old Man. It will be remembered that the Burton beat the Clarke in the last year's regatta, having sailed with hail and had to beat up the bay against it. Cold and severe as this was it was a luxury compared to the roasting of this. A thoroughbred yachtsman, though rubbing his nose against three score and ten glories in a stiff breeze, while "pie-plate" airs disgust him.—R. J. WILKINS, (Cooper's Point.)

CORINTHIAN NAVY REGATTA.—The open regatta of the Corinthian Navy, Long Island Sound squadron, will be sailed off New Rochelle on Saturday, 27th inst. The race is open to all classes, and will be divided into the following classes: 1. Sloop, 2. Cutter, 3. Yawl, 4. Schooner, 5. Sloop, 6. Cutter, 7. Yawl, 8. Schooner, 9. Sloop, 10. Cutter, 11. Yawl, 12. Schooner, 13. Sloop, 14. Cutter, 15. Yawl, 16. Schooner, 17. Sloop, 18. Cutter, 19. Yawl, 20. Schooner, 21. Sloop, 22. Cutter, 23. Yawl, 24. Schooner, 25. Sloop, 26. Cutter, 27. Yawl, 28. Schooner, 29. Sloop, 30. Cutter, 31. Yawl, 32. Schooner, 33. Sloop, 34. Cutter, 35. Yawl, 36. Schooner, 37. Sloop, 38. Cutter, 39. Yawl, 40. Schooner, 41. Sloop, 42. Cutter, 43. Yawl, 44. Schooner, 45. Sloop, 46. Cutter, 47. Yawl, 48. Schooner, 49. Sloop, 50. Cutter, 51. Yawl, 52. Schooner, 53. Sloop, 54. Cutter, 55. Yawl, 56. Schooner, 57. Sloop, 58. Cutter, 59. Yawl, 60. Schooner, 61. Sloop, 62. Cutter, 63. Yawl, 64. Schooner, 65. Sloop, 66. 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I put the hatches on and batted them down, I went up into Sunbury and got some mail and some news of the outside world. When I came back I sat on the shore opening my letters, and was soon surrounded with a crowd of inquiring people. My name being mentioned, I was surprised to see a friend of mine from Lewisburg, and after some hesitation on my part I decided to spend Sunday with him.

Storing my canoe in the Iola boat house, we took the train to Lewisburg, which is situated on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, nine miles from Sunbury.

Sunday was just the kind of a day I had wished for. It was raining and was very disagreeable, making it impossible to stay indoors, for I did not care to show the people the latest wrinkles in trousers, as the ones I had on were the only ones I had with me on the trip, and my sailor shirt and blouse was not the nicest suit to promenade with on a Sunday.

Monday, July 20, found us taking the train to Sunbury. Soon after our arrival at the boat house I was to be seen bowling along under full cruising sail for the breast of the dam.

The river at Sunbury, where the North and West Branches meet, is at least 1/4 miles wide, and is a beautiful sheet of water. Numerous steamers ply to and fro, some running up to Northumberland and return, carrying passengers.

Arriving at the dam, I lowered sail and went through the raft chute, which is a sort of lift, in 75, with the water rushing through like an express train. The river below the dam is very rocky, which necessitated my stowing the sail under deck. For a half mile below the dam I experienced no end of trouble with the shallow water and the sharp ledges which extend the width of the river.

Below this stretch of rocks I got into better water, where I allowed myself to loaf and enjoyed the beautiful scenery that borders the river on both sides. Cruising along the right shore I crossed the river one mile below Selingsgrove Junction, to avoid the fish dams and baskets that are thrown up promiscuously and without regard to the law on all sides. As it was about noon I made a stop on an island opposite Selingsgrove and took lunch and enjoyed the shade of some water birch trees.

Re-embarking I kept to the left shore to Fisher's Ferry, 2 1/2 miles below Selingsgrove bridge, where I again recrossed the river, having been told by a fisherman that the better channel lay on that side. I found very deep water toward the right shore and throwing in a spoon after some trolling I landed two salmon weighing probably 3 lbs. each. At Port Trevorton, 4 miles below Fisher's Ferry, I made a stop and bought some fresh bread, butter and eggs.

The old piers that supported the Port Trevorton bridge still stand like so many monuments, all the way across the river, some of them showing the work of the floods, large stones having been knocked out and the mortar and cement loosened in many places. Below the port it kept me busy dodging in and around the many fish dams that are scattered all over the river.

Working my way over to an island below Herndon, which is on the opposite side of the river from port, I hauled the canoe up on shore and made camp, as the afternoon was fast drawing to a close. In searching for firewood I struck up on a clearing on the island and down on the middle I saw that it was inhabited, as I saw a farmhouse. When I had gathered enough firewood for supper and for the night I took a tin bucket and went down to the house after milk.

While returning with my bucket of milk I was set upon by a dog, who, coming as he did from behind me and not giving me any warning, scared me so that I came near losing bucket and all. I found it hard work to keep that rascal away from me, and he only went away after I drew my revolver and shot to scare him. The report of the report then got me into trouble with the farmer, who declared I intended to kill his animal. Peace was finally restored, and I went away. With good fresh bread, butter, eggs, two salmon and coffee, what canoeist is there that handles a paddle that could not make a good supper.

The evening drawing to a close, I piled some heavy timbers on the fire and soon turned in, the night being very dark and looking like rain, not a star to be seen in the whole sky.

Tuesday, July 21, I arose about 6:30 A. M., and was not able to see an object 50 ft. away on account of the heavy fog which had settled over the river. Passing the time in numerous ways till 8 A. M., the sun coming out drove the fog before it. I left the island, and when passing the house on the lower end I fired my revolver, making the old man appear at the door in an instant.

At Georgetown, one mile below Herndon, I kept to the left shore to avoid the dangerous McKee's Half Falls, which are a succession of ugly rapids. These falls are on the other side of a large island opposite Georgetown. Many an accident has happened there, and they are at all stages of the water an ugly place to go through.

Below Georgetown the river is swift, but clear of rapids, and they are at all stages of the water an ugly place to go through. Below Georgetown the river is swift, but clear of rapids, and they are at all stages of the water an ugly place to go through. Below Georgetown the river is swift, but clear of rapids, and they are at all stages of the water an ugly place to go through.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Easter Division: John A. Lanford, Mt. Auburn, Mass., Frank H. Foster, Lebanon N. H. Central Division: Enoch Ashton, Jr., Troy, N. Y.; W. Stewart Smith, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.; W. C. Witherbee, Henry R. Neide, Port Henry, N. Y.; J. H. Grimm, Troy, N. Y. Northern Division: Wm. Bradburn, Onemee, Atlantic Division: J. Gilbert Hall, Perth Amboy, N. J.

MARINE AND FIELD AND M. A. C. REGATTA.

THE event of the summer canoe racing was the joint regatta of the Marine and Field Club, of Bath Beach, and the Manhattan Athletic Club Canoe Department, sailed on June 20 on Gravesend Bay. The details of the racing are given in the following complete summary. The day was very satisfactory on the whole, the clouds being dispersed by the warm sun early in the morning, and though there was not enough wind, the races were all sailed through. The officers of the day were: Referee, Robert J. Wilkin, Brooklyn C. C. Judges, Com. Walter U. Lawson, A. C. A.; Vice-Com. L. V. Dorland, Atlantic Division, A. C. A.; and Com. L. V. Seaver, Knickerbocker C. C. Timers, William J. Swan, M. A. C., and William R. Haviland, Yonkers C. C. Clerk of the course, Richard Hobart, Ianthe C. C. Regatta committee, C. K. Wooster, M. and F. C.; William Whitlock, M. A. C.; Arthur Hurst, M. and F. C., and Wm. S. Elliott, chairman, M. and F. C. and M. A. C.

Event 1, Twice around triangle, unclassified sailing race, 3 miles:

	No.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nomad, A. Hurst, M and F.....	21	10 16 10	11 32 00	1 15 50
Restless, H. P. Allen, M. and F.....	22	10 14 30	11 22 09	1 07 21
Kwo-ne-she, W. Brownell, Crescent.....	23	19 15 00	11 20 42	1 05 27
Vim, J. Johnson, Orienta.....	24	10 14 40	11 21 49	1 07 09

Kwo-ne-she first prize, Vim second, Restless third.

Event 2, tandem paddling race, straightaway, 1 mile:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wasp, Paul Butler, Vesper.....	12 44 35	1 16 31	50 31
Nesta, D. Goodsell, Yonkers.....	12 45 21	1 19 56	53 36
Cricket, L. B. Palmer, Ianthe.....	12 44 47	1 20 16	54 15

Event 3, Marine and Field senior sailing race, distance 4 1/2 miles, triangle three times:

Kitt, F. M. Sinclair, A. C. A.....	12 45 57	1 22 45
Tempest, G. P. Douglas, Ianthe.....	12 45 18	1 23 28
Eclipse, F. M. Dunnell, Brooklyn.....	12 48 00	1 23 39
Bonnie, C. B. Vaux, Yonkers.....	12 47 26	1 25 03
Aztec, W. W. Howard, New York.....	12 50 52	1 25 32
Eros, F. C. Moore, Knickerbocker.....	12 48 16	1 25 52

Event 4, 4 1/2 miles, triangle course, three times, Marine and Field cup race:

	Start.	Turn.	2d Turn.	Finish.
Bee, Vesper.....	3 22 24	3 35 46	3 35 46	3 49 46
Wasp, Vesper.....	3 08 30	3 22 34	3 35 44	3 49 52
Tempest, Ianthe.....	3 22 35	3 39 09	3 39 09	3 50 40
Guenn, M. A. C.....	3 24 31	3 38 26	3 38 26	3 52 06
Kitt, A. C. A.....	3 23 45	3 38 02	3 38 02	3 52 15

Foul first turn.

	Start.	Turn.	2d Turn.	Finish.
Nesta, Yonkers.....	3 23 54	3 41 41	3 41 41	3 55 33
Bonnie, Yonkers.....	3 23 35	3 38 50	3 38 50	3 54 52
Uno, Yonkers.....	3 22 10	3 35 40	3 35 40	Fouled.
Bee, Yonkers.....	3 26 40	3 42 04	3 42 04	Withdrawn.
Kitt, M. A. C.....	3 27 19	3 42 16	3 42 16	3 56 17
Eclipse, Brooklyn.....	Withdrawn.
Seabright, Brooklyn.....	3 26 45	3 41 45	3 41 45	3 56 19
Eurylda, M. and F.....	Foul first turn.
Kismet, New York.....	3 28 55	Withdrawn.
Aztec, New York.....	3 24 63	3 39 32	3 39 32	3 54 50
Eros, Knickerbocker.....	3 28 10	3 43 20	3 43 20	3 58 03

Event 5, five times around triangle, Manhattan A. C. Challenge Trophy, 7 1/2 miles:

	Start.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Finish.
Uno.....	4 25 16	4 39 24	4 53 24	5 05 07	5 18 40	5 33 31
Beta.....	4 25 22	4 41 30	4 55 15	5 08 14	5 21 02	5 37 33
Bonnie.....	4 25 20	4 40 45	4 54 02	5 09 35	5 22 30	5 37 32
Aztec.....	4 25 13	4 39 13	4 52 23	5 09 32	5 23 50	5 40 05
Kitt.....	4 41 18	4 55 50	5 09 20	5 24 44	5 40 44	...
Eros.....	4 42 19	4 56 47	5 10 36	5 25 38	5 42 38	...
Tempest.....	4 43 29	Withdraw.
Nesta.....	4 44 45	Withdraw.
Guenn.....	4 43 03	4 53 00	Withdraw.
Seabright.....	4 49 15	Withdraw.
Guenn.....	4 42 33	Withdraw.
Eurylda.....	4 40 30	4 54 04	Withdraw.
Kismet.....	4 43 02	4 57 45	5 11 10	Withdraw.

Event 6, twice around triangle, 3 miles. Consolation sailing race:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Cricket, L. B. Palmer.....	6 43 40	7 05 07	Withdraw.
Tempest, G. P. Douglas.....	6 43 40	7 04 30	7 22 30
Beta, T. S. Orholm.....	7 43 40	7 03 05	7 20 12
Bonnie, C. B. Vaux.....	6 43 40	7 05 17	Withdraw.

NEW YORK C. C. SANDY HOOK RACE.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am informed by Mr. W. S. Elliott, of the Marine and Field Club, and also by the canoeing editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, that the notice of the Marine and Field Canoe Regatta of June 20 was sent to your office prior to the receipt from me of

the notice of the New York C. C. club race to Sandy Hook for the same date, although the notice of the Sandy Hook race was published two weeks before the notice of the Marine and Field Regatta. As the New York C. C. has no desire to hold races on days claimed by other organizations in its neighborhood, I beg to announce that the race to Sandy Hook, as set for June 20, is withdrawn. W. L. WILLARD HOWARD, Commodore New York C. C. (Stapleton, S. L., June 17.)

MASSASOIT C. C. JUNE 14.

THE Massasoits held their first races of the season off the club house on June 14. The weather was good; just enough wind to make things lively and put the men on their mettle. The first event was a paddling race from the Cow Pasture to the Wigwam, and was contested by eight men. The fight, long and arduous, between the five leading men resulted in the triumph of Charles Ellis, Lyons taking second place. The course was some three-quarters of a mile in length, and the race was won in 12m. 10s.

The sailing race was over a three-mile triangular course, and was for the club perpetual challenge plate, in the possession of V. B. Johnson, owner of the Vee Bee. He was the favorite in this race until he ran on a pile of ballast and cut several holes in the Vee Bee, which were an effective drag on her speed-making qualities. The Vee Bee led the procession over the first leg of the course, followed by Sappho and Ullie A. On turning round the point between the first and second divisions of the course the Ullie A. took first position, and ultimately came in a winner, beating the Altus by 30sec. and the Frolic by 45sec. Although V. B. Johnson did not, through an accident, sustain his reputation of owning the fastest boat in the club, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the winning boat was one built by him. The second boat was also an amateur-built canoe, having been constructed by its owner, J. T. Ball. The fact that boats built by the members succeed in outdistancing professionally-built boats, is one which the members feel proud of. The perpetual challenge plate is the one presented to the club by Messrs. J. A. and G. A. Frizzell, J. J. Kelleher and V. B. Johnson, and is only to be held for two weeks without being subject to challenge and contest. The present holder's right is to be again disputed on June 30.

Several casualties happened before and during the race. Elaine (J. J. Kelleher) was prevented entering the contest by a capsize, and Landers in the Minnie E. was practically not in the race from a similar cause. The Ullie A. also had an accident, breaking her sliding seat during the race.

JAMES J. BROOKS.

NEW YORK C. C. REGATTA—AN APOLOGY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was the starter of the New York Canoe Club races, referred to in the enclosed clipping from your paper of this week. The propriety of a full apology, in your next issue, for the objectionable statements, will, I trust, be apparent to you, without argument. Very truly yours,

EDWARD C. DELAVAN, JR.

NEW YORK, June 19.

[The above letter has caused us to look carefully into the actual facts of the case, and we can only conclude that our statements were incorrect, and did an injustice to Mr. Delavan; for which we tender a full and ample apology. We are moved to this solely by considerations of justice, and not by any fear of the aforesaid club revolver.]

TORONTO C. C.—The opening race of the Toronto C. C. in the form of a sealed handicap was sailed off the Island Park on June 6 in a light east wind over the usual triangular course. The fleet got away well together, but Jacques, in the Waif soon took the lead, with Sparrow and Ford following in the order named, maintaining their respective positions throughout the race. On the handicap being opened Iredale, who sailed an open leeboard canoe, was declared the winner, with Fortier second and Ford third. The club is to be congratulated on the large number taking part, there being 12 competitors out of an entry of 14. The first of a series of three races takes place on June 20, when the new boats recently purchased by some of the members will be given a chance to distinguish themselves. The annual regatta will be held near the Island Park on the Saturday following.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Wild doves are protected at all seasons in New York State. [Other answers crowded out.]

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Naut," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Syrillene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

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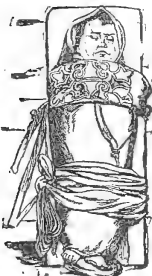
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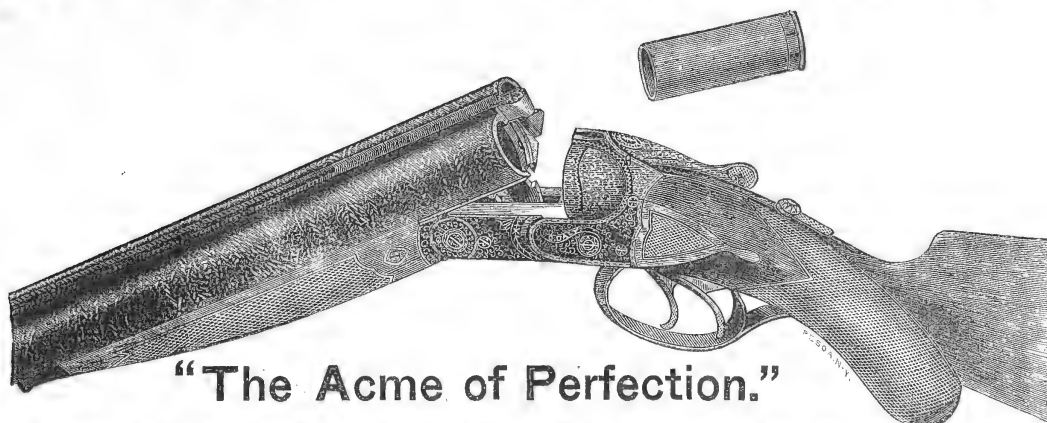
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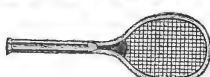
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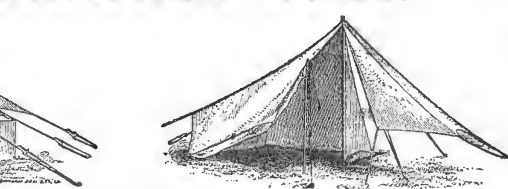
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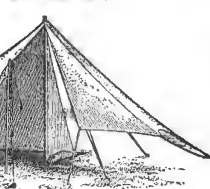
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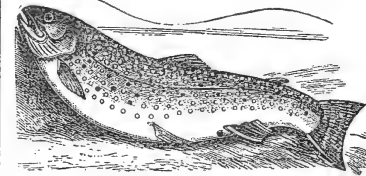
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TO A TRESPASS SIGN.

SCENE: A wood. An old man with a fishing rod speaks:

WHAT strange object is this which I behold, incongruous in its staring whiteness of fresh paint and black lettering, its straightness of lines and abrupt irregularity amid the soft tints and graceful curves of this sylvan scene? As I live, a trespass sign!

Thou inanimate yet most impertinent thing, dumb yet commanding me with most imperative words to depart hence, how dost thou dare forbid my entrance upon what has so long been my own, even as it is the birds' and beasts' and fishes', not by lease or title deed, but of natural right?

Hither from time immemorial have they come at will and so departed at no man's behest, as have I since the happy days when a barefoot boy I cast my worm-baited hook among the crystal foam bells, or bearing the heavy burden of my grandsire's rusty flint-lock, I stalked the wily grouse in the diurnal twilight of these thickets.

Here was I thrilled by the capture of my first trout; here exulted over the downfall of my first woodcock; here, grown to man's estate, I learned to cast the fly; here beheld my first dog draw upon his game, and here, year after year, till my locks have grown gray, have I come, sharp set with months of longing, to live again for a little while the care-free days of youth.

Never have I been hindered to depart but by storm or nightfall or satiety, until now thou confrontest me with thy impudent mandate, thou, thou contemptible, but yet not to be despised nor unheeded parallelogram of painted deal, with thy legal phrases and impending penalties; thou, the silent yet terribly impressive representative of men whose purses are longer than mine!

What is their right to this stream, these woods, compared to mine? Theirs is only gained by purchase, confirmed by scrawled parchment, signed and sealed, mine

a birthright, as always I hoped they might be of my sons and my son's sons.

What to the usurpers of our rights are these woods and waters but a place for the killing of game and fish? They do not love, as a man the roof-tree whereunder he was born, these arches and low aisles of the woods, they do not know as I do every silver loop of the brook, every tree whose quivering reflection throbs across its eddies; its voice is only babble to their ears, the song of the pines tells them no story of bygone years.

Of all comers here, I who expected most kindly welcome, am most inhospitably treated. All my old familiars, the birds, the beasts and the fishes, may fly over thee, walk beneath thee, swim around thee, but to me thou art a wall that I may not pass.

I despise thee and spit upon thee, thou most impudent intruder, thou insolent sentinel, thou odious monument of selfishness, but I dare not lay hands upon thee and cast thee down and trample thee in the dust of the earth as thou shouldst of right be entreated.

To rid myself of thy hateful sight, I can only turn my back upon thee and depart with sorrow and anger in my heart.

May'st thou keep nothing but disappointment for the greedy wretches who set thee here.

PRESENT PROGRESS IN YACHTING.

JUDGED by the usual standards, the present season is an exceptionally dull one in the yachting world. After the bustling and exciting era of international racing from 1885 to 1887, a certain reaction was but natural; and this, aided by the disputes over terms and conditions, has resulted in the entire cessation of international racing. With the removal of its chief stimulus, the famous 90ft. sloop class, so called, has gone out of existence as quickly as it appeared, thus robbing the racing events of New York and Boston of their most important feature. It might be supposed that, though international racing has stopped, and the special class created for it has at the same time disappeared, the result would be merely a return to the regular racing in all classes that was the leading feature of American yachting up to the time of Genesta's challenge; but so far from this being the case, it is only too evident such general racing as was in vogue even five years since has died out in America as it has in Great Britain. On both sides of the Atlantic the same state of affairs is found, the large schooners, cutters and sloops, whose names were famous up to 1884, have dropped entirely out of racing, while nothing of corresponding tonnage has been built to take their places. New boats have appeared, it is true, but only in the sizes under 46ft., the great majority in fact being but diminutive racing machines.

This year in America the largest class is the 46ft., while in England the corresponding class, 20-rating, has borne the brunt of the racing for three years.

With international racing at a standstill, with the 90ft. sloops converted into cruising schooners, and with hardly an avowed racer in the old fleet, the only hope of sport has been grounded in the new 46ft. class; and this hope has been rudely dissipated by the manifest superiority of one boat to most of her fellows. Looked at from the standpoint of large yachts and large fleets, the season is a most disappointing one, nor are the whole cause of the evil, and its complete remedy so clearly discernible as to promise much better for next year.

To those most familiar with yachting, a bright side is visible, and in spite of the decadence of racing in the larger classes it is a question whether yachting was ever more prosperous and flourishing than to-day. A proof of this may be found in our yachting columns every week in the season, especially at the dates of the summer holidays. Complete as our reports are, they cover hardly half the races sailed, many being purely of local interest, but each one testifying to the existence of yachts and yachtsmen in their respective localities. The increase in every way is noticeable, new clubs established, new houses built, new members added, new boats built and raced. Our exchanges tell the same story from all parts of the country; on the Pacific coast, on the Great Lakes, and on the rivers and other inland waters. The work is going on steadily and quietly, there is nothing sensational about it, and it attracts far less attention in print than would be accorded to the news of a new racer or of a threatened challenge for the America's Cup, but it is none the less real

The result of the great Cup races was to attract the attention of the whole nation to yachting, to bring in new recruits and to lead to such vast improvements as may be seen in every club fleet. Though the cause has ceased to exist, the effect still continues, and with renewed force; the men who found their pleasure four years since in merely watching the races of Volunteer and Thistle, have since then been busy at home in organizing yacht clubs, in providing themselves with yachts and in sailing races.

It will be a glad day for every yachtsman in the country when another international race is started off New York or Marblehead, or when the regattas of the great clubs can muster sloops and schooners in all classes in such numbers as to make a race for each class, but in the meanwhile the work has not stopped, but is going on with an earnestness and vigor that must be productive of the most important results before many years.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE communication from Gen. D. H. Bruce relative to the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game has a twofold claim to careful reading and respectful consideration. The subject is one of utmost importance, and Gen. Bruce is admirably qualified to discuss it. Closely identified with the Association in past years, he represents that class of its members who have watched with genuine regret the gradual falling away of the organization from its original purpose, its alienation of interest from fish and game protection, and its ultimate conversion into a purely trap-shooting association.

Neither Gen. Bruce nor any other friend of the Association as it was has any quarrel with trap-shooting; but all regret that this sport should have crowded out attention to the purposes for which the society was established. We believe, too, that he represents a large number of New York sportsmen who would gladly join in a movement to restore the protective features of the existing organization or to establish a new society with similar aims. We would be pleased to have some expressions of opinion from those who are interested, and particularly from the present officers of the New York Association.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE are informed by Dr. Henshall, who has charge of the Angling Exhibit at the coming World's Fair, that the manufacturers and dealers, both in this country and England, are responding nobly to the invitation to participate in that exhibit, and that it bids fair to be not only the largest, but altogether the most varied and comprehensive display of everything pertaining to angling that can be imagined. Dr. Henshall will be in New York during the first half of July and will visit the manufacturers of, and dealers in, angling goods of this city and vicinity; his address will be at the office of FOREST AND STREAM.

"When I was a boy" is a phrase which is often the key to a good story, a reminiscence, or a comparison of the old ways with the new. Those of us who use the rod or the gun are given to telling of early experiences as sportsmen or fishermen, when we tramped the fields undogged by thought of care or work and went fishing fancy free. The files of the FOREST AND STREAM are rich in these relations. And now, for a "Special Number," to be published at a date not far distant, we propose a series of such reminiscences. There must be a score or more of readers of this note, whose hairs are silvered with the years, who have something worth the telling of the fields and the streams and woods life of those golden days.

Dr. Joseph W. Alsop, of Middletown, Conn., who died last week, was identified with the Middlesex County Association, which was one of the pioneer societies to lease shooting and fishing privileges. Dr. Alsop took an intelligent interest in promoting the cause of fish and game protection, and his influence will be missed in Connecticut.

A disappointed fish peddler was belaboring his slow but patient horse in a street in Georgetown, D. C., the other day, and calling out his wares at intervals as: "Herrin', herrin', fresh herrin'." A tender-hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly from an upper window, "Have you no mercy?" "No, mum," was the reply, "nothin' but herrin'."

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—IX.

[Continued from Page 455.]

NED'S lament over his loss was truly touching, language being too feeble to express it. He said he never was so sure of a fish before; in fact, had counted him as if he had been in the boat, and was flattering himself that it would be the prize trout of the trip.

"Don't count your fish until you have caught them!"

"For if you do you're reckoning false,
Your calculation's out;
Within the boat you'll stand quite blank,
Outwitted by a trout."

"That's cruel, but deserved, for I now believe I made an awkward mistake by allowing him to get his second wind, instead of making him stand up and fight."

I agreed with Ned in this view, believing that it is always the proper tactics to make a fish fight, and not allow him to recover strength or composure by a rest.

We continued alternately fishing and resting that pool, until we had caught thirteen trout that ran from 3 to 4 lbs. It looked like a bloody slaughter of the tinted innocents, and had we only ourselves to provide for it might be so considered, but Ned being desirous of sending his family at the "Soo" a mess of these toothsome beauties, it was simply a delight that seldom falls to the disciple of the gentle art. Wicked waste we never tolerated, for time and again had we reeled up and ceased our sport when we might have quadrupled our catch.

We took our lunch on the sandy beach near the mouth of the sinuous river, and under some bright maples that were casting a grateful shade, and where a magnificent landscape of wild, entrancing beauty met the eye at every turn. Leech Island and the Lizard loomed up just south of us, with their foliaged tops in crimson; the towering mountains of granite that range toward Gargantua were regal in balsam, fir and spruce; the murmuring river gently flowed along its grassy banks o'er bed of shining sands; the great wreaths of snowy clouds lazily floated in the blue vault, while the lights and shadows develop on the high hills and in the valleys as the sun rises and courses to the west. It is here, as elsewhere, that one must have the great mental qualities of a good observation and lively imagination to enjoy such pictures as this rugged coast presents. Then the perspective of these mountainous ranges, the solitude of the deep forests and the calm and tumult of the great lake grow upon you, until you fully realize:

"Masses of crimson glory,
Pale lakes of blue, studded with fiery islands,
Bright golden bars, cold peaks of slaty rock,
Mountains of fused amethyst and copper,
Fierce flaming eyes, with black o'erhanging brows,
Light floating curls of brown or golden hair,
And rosy flushes, like warm dreams of love."

After we enjoyed an hour or two in luxurious idleness and lunch Ned, proposed that we attack the pool once more, as he thought there was still a chance of again deceiving that freckled monster with another of his lurid flies. Making no objection, we took to the boat under a burning sun and again ascended the stream to the quiet pool. On arriving we both strove hard for a rise, but it failed to materialize. Finally we bade adieu to the pool and went up to the ripples to give Joe a chance to try some of the falls about a quarter of a mile above. The road was through a tangle of trees, and we wanted none of it, but would await the boys' return. The crashing we heard them making through the dark forest, as they pushed on, satisfied us that their road was everything but rosy.

In about an hour they returned, bringing six puny trout about 6 in. long, which we regretted had not been returned to the stream when alive. Joe said there were plenty of that kind at the falls, but the flies which he used were too large for such tender infants of the brook. Not being after such Liliputians, we again turn the boat down stream, and when reaching the pool gave it our last trial, but not a ripple broke the smooth surface. Ned was of the opinion that the pool had been entirely depleted of all but his escaped trout, and he probably had retired to the great lake to nurse his wounded jaw.

We found a very quiet lake and an exceedingly hot sun as we coasted along. I did not attempt a single cast en route, having had a surfeit of it at the pool, and Ned was inclined the same way, leaving Joe to weary himself with his futile whipping of the waters.

I was much interested in the formation of the rock along the shore and in the water. There were many rounded forms of granite, gneiss and other igneous rocks, massive and grand, like mighty boulders welded together. Several places the lake disclosed the igneous rock, with the quartz veins of a few inches that ran in squares and angles, making the entire mass, in consequence of the two distinct colors prevailing, like a tessellated floor. When the water quivered from the oars or any gentle breeze, your imagination, if a lively one, could picture colossal castles and panoplied knights, battlements and arches, giants and dwarfs, forests and flowers, groves and grottoes and the like, *ad infinitum*.

It was a hot trip to camp, and more than once I bathed my aching temples with the cool water. Not a ripple or leaf stirred. It was a dead calm, and the lake a looking-glass. Joe, who had been industriously casting, yielded to old Sol's influence with the remark:

"It's too hot and quiet for trout."

I was glad when we reached camp and the shade, for the glancing rays of the sinking sun burnt us so severely that the skin peeled from our faces a day or two after.

The next morning we sent the boys with the trout to the Lizard Island, with instructions to pack them well in ice, and ship on the tug to the Soo—they being directed by card to Ned's family there—and return at once. They managed, Indian-like, to idle the entire time away, not showing up till noon.

In the afternoon we went to Sand River, some four miles distant, and fished all the way without obtaining a single rise. The weather militated against us, it being warm and breezeless, and consequently not a quiver on the lake. With this condition it is simply an accident if you secure a trout.

On ascending the river we were agreeably surprised at its picturesque enchantments. It comes from the hard

rocks of lofty hills, flavored with the cold breath of those higher regions, leaping and tumbling in rills and cascades that go joyously through sloping forests, from terrace to terrace, until it expands and becomes a torrent of no small proportions that composes itself with a quiet murmur ere it dimples the lake. In the aggregate, Sand River is a poem in foam and ripple, rock and foliage, and is assuredly in harmony with Tennyson's idyllic brook that sings its way adown the vale, "in little sharps and trebles." Here the

"Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us: change of place,
Producing change of beauty ever new.
Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
Of loving nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love!"

We made a few casts at the first falls a short distance from the mouth of the river, and had a rise or two from some of the infantile trout with which we failed to connect. Satisfied with our experience and amply repaid by the imposing beauty of the foaming river, we turned to camp, hoping that the waning evening which was now displaying a thunder cloud in the west, might reward our efforts with a trout or two.

Coming to some declivitous rocks, we went ashore, and ascending them tried hard to lure some of the dainty tribe that reposed in the creviced depths below. It was a flat failure, not a response being obtained. Once more we departed, and just as we reached some magnificent waters ahead, I received a feeble rise and was compensated with a trout of about a pound. This was all the attractive place would yield. Again we go ashore, and this time Joe, who was using Ned's rod, struck a trout, which he killed like an artist, that weighed fully 5 lbs. In speaking of the capture the half-breed said:

"I send flies way out—big fellow make water—miss 'em—me wait while and den me see 'im by rock. Me stoop down so he no see me, then me throw flies ober 'im. He take it—wait a bit—den me pull, and then away he go. Me let 'im go far as he want. Den me reel up, and by jingo he cut de water worse dan ebbor. Den me pull 'im in and he go again. Me tink neber tire fish. Me try once more and den I git 'im. Heap fun me had with 'im."

Joe gloated over him, for he had as much pride in an exploit of that kind as we had, and always looked at them with admiring eyes.

I am evidently in the *consommé*, as my favorite flies remained unnoticed. I soon tire of the weather-beaten and moss-covered rocks, and request another move. Along we go, Joe casting from the bow and I from the stern, and a moment before we reached camp I struck a 2-pounder and secured him, and Joe immediately after captured one about the same size. This concluded the sport of the day, for not another of the vermilion dye rose to investigate our tinsel and feathery deceptions.

The thunder cloud which we noticed in the early part of the afternoon had assumed a threatening appearance which indicated rain soon. The air was now stormy with a southwest wind; mists were hurrying in great armies; a blaze of quivering light comes down upon the face of the mountains and o'er the waters; while the deep blue shadows cast from the wind-tossed clouds are beautiful beyond compare. Along the stupendous cliffs the thunder rolls,

"While freighted echoes, in the gorges round,
Waked for a moment, calling each to each
With fainter voices, sink again to sleep."

The drops begin to patter, and then a retreat to the tent is made, where our supper is served. After Ned had sung a song or two and enjoyed a pipe of tobacco, we sought the comforts of the bed, where we soon fell into deep and restful sleep.

The rain had steadily fallen during the night and was tinkling away in the morning when we arose. It was evident we were to be confined to camp that day, for there was not a sign of blue to be seen, nor a ray of hope upon which to base a foundation for bright skies. We took our breakfast in tent, and as cup after cup of the invigorating beverage disappeared with the toothsome dishes, we philosophized on the unpropitious weather which was the rule and not the exception since we had been in camp. Under such distressing conditions home was talked of, and a programme made out for our return. Our boatmen, after they had satisfied their rapacious maws and cleaned and put away the breakfast dishes, took to their tents and their blankets, and there remained till it was time to prepare the noon meal.

We had our usual rubber of crib, and then sought the pages of fascinating fiction. Ned had finished his "Lorna Doone," and was now absorbed in a sea novel, the scene of which was laid in the frozen ocean, and developed the resuscitation of a bloody pirate after having been frozen over forty years. He thought it a highly absurd story, but when I gave him the tangible evidence of a scientist relative to the suspended animation of a frog entombed in a flinty rock for a thousand years or more, he then thought the forty years of the frozen slumberer a mere bagatelle, and continued the work with additional interest. I had also taken to a new work, being another of Balzac's, entitled "La Cousine Bette." I must confess a revolting feeling took possession of me as I waded through its repulsive though fascinating pages.

We made numerous studies of the horizon that morning in hopes of seeing a patch of blue or lighter clouds, but the prospects gave no indications of better weather soon, so we bade adieu to trouting for that day and possessed our souls with gentle patience. Ned tiring of his frozen pirate, left him to his slumber, and by way of relief got his little bags of tackle and toyed with them quite a while, much to my infinite amusement. That morning he had a row with Joe because he neglected to make some hot cakes, which were a standard breakfast dish with us.

Joe winced under the severe castigation, and was sulky the entire day, and no doubt only waited an opportunity to balance accounts with the fiery Ned. We had the arsenal, however, and stood ready to quench any incipient revolution he might organize. The day, however,

wore away without the red flag being unfurled, and gentle peace once more spread her wings o'er camp and court.

After dinner John came running in from the woods with a rabbit in hand, being one he had caught in a snare set the day before. It looked as if it was half-starved, so emaciated did it appear. We concluded after viewing its faded symmetry that we were not a bit fond of rabbit, and the boys had arrived at about the same conclusion, for they never as much as mentioned it, and we never ascertained what became of poor bunny. It probably was served as a midnight lunch for the ravenous twain, who were ever hungry. ALEX. STARBUCK.

IN JUNE.

"June, dear June, now God be praised for June."

IT has always seemed to me that those fair lines must have come from a true angler, and that, too, while wandering rod in hand along some purling brook "all of a summer day."

I think I can see the author of them letting his hackle float gently down into the mysterious depths of one of those gurgling caverns 'neath the alders, a second's pause, an opalescent flash in the warm sunlight, a short quivering of the rod, and the prize is his. It must, I think, have been at just this precise moment the poet uttered that tender tribute to our fairest month as he slipped the old fellow safely into his creel.

As I write, the battered case that has held my duffle for so long stands near me awaiting its annual filling; and around about it lie scattered my old friends—my rods, my corduroy coat, long ago turned to mouse color, the creel with its leather backing, and last, but not least, those ancient standbys, my wading shoes—all of them friends tried in many an hour of need and found true. It would fill a volume to give you even half their history. Many of them are getting old—worn out with hard work—and yet they seem to say "Come, try us again; we will bring you comfort—luck." It is after all your old things which are dearest to you. The new rod, spick and span in its new dress of polished metal and scarlet silk, is but an experiment—a mere apparatus—until it has become dear to you through day after day of faithful service. It is then that it becomes your friend. It is association which binds, novelty can do little more than delight. And so in a few days the kit will be packed and another fortunate mortal will be on his way to wet a line in the heart of our North Woods.

Last year my good friend the State Forester and myself found food for reflection over our last summer's trip to the headwaters of the Hudson and down Cold River. This year we intend to widen our circuit, going over our old route and continuing around to Newcomb, and so on back to Keene Valley. So you shall hear from us later.

And that reminds me that there are hours during the long, drowsy days in camp, when the sun burns hot and the big fellows seek the bottom near the cool spring. When we stretch out under the shade of our slant and listen to the yellow jackets droning over the remnants of our dinner. When the half-burned logs lie hot under their bed of ashes, and our bark roof curls under the rays that drive even the scampering chipmunk to his hole.

It is then I say that we often feel that time is being wasted and are wont to say, "Is not this forsooth a most excellent time to send a line of greeting to THE STREAM?" If you asked our excuse we would be obliged to own up to an acute attack of pure laziness, for often before we know it we are both of us snoring away, and awake only to find the pond shining in the yellow evening light, while here and there upon its placid surface a widening ring tells of some unfortunate wanderer. It is then we convince ourselves that if we want a painful for supper we must hustle.

F. BERKELEY SMITH.

Natural History.

EARLY NEWS.

The sparrow told it to the robin,
The robin told it to the wren,
Who passed it on, with sweet remark,
To thrush, and bobolink, and lark,—
The news that dawn had come again.
—Anna M. Pratt, in July St. Nicholas.

ABALONE AND SQUID.

YESTERDAY Mr. Duarte, who keeps the fish market here, kindly called at my room at this hotel to give me some information about the fish found on this coast, when I asked him some particulars about the abalone, the shells of which are found in such abundance in all the shops here, and when polished are indeed very beautiful, presenting various brilliant colors. He says: "There are two varieties of this species of shellfish found on this coast, commonly designated as the red and the blue from the colors exhibited when the shell is polished. The red is much the largest and the most abundant here, while the blue predominates further south, say in the neighborhood of Santa Barbara. Both are edible when properly prepared, but are not in common use among the Americans, who do not understand the mode of preparing them, while the Mexicans make of them a dish which is admired by all. It is tender, juicy and of fine flavor. [This I can vouch for, for I have eaten of it.] To prepare this properly the abalone is removed from the shell, to which it is firmly attached for a space of from 1 to 4 in., according to the size. It is then pounded sufficiently to reduce it almost to a pulp, but not so violently as to break it into pieces. It is then boiled from six to eight minutes, when it is taken from the pot, cut into small pieces, dressed with butter and proper seasoning and served hot. If it is boiled too long it becomes tough and practically not edible.

"They are generally taken among the rocks along the shore at low tide. The implement used is made of iron, from two to ten and even fifteen feet long. On one end a hook is turned and the other is chisel-shaped. They are found adhering to the rocks, sometimes on top, but more generally on the sides. They adhere to these seats with great tenacity. When found the shell is lifted above the rock, when the chisel end of the implement is thrust in under the shell and with a quick motion they

are readily detached, when they are brought in by the use of the hook at the other end. If the chisel is not properly inserted at the first effort, they settle down upon the rock with such tenacity that they cannot be separated from it without breaking the shell to pieces.

"When undisturbed a part of the animal extends out beyond the shell, and by this part its locomotion is effected; but when the projecting part is drawn within the cell, the latter is brought down upon the rock with a force which is truly surprising. This force I imagine to be that of suction or atmospheric pressure, and it is exerted with equal facility whether the rock be smooth or rough or indented.

"They can crawl up upon the rocks with facility, though progress is very slow. When detached from the rock they tumble about in the boiling surf, so that one would think that they must be dashed to pieces, while they seem to enjoy it. Sometimes several are found together adhering to each other for a short time.

"When brought to land and one is laid upon its back, and is allowed to be quiet for a short time, a portion of the animal will extend out beyond the shell and feel for some object to assist it, and when found it will turn itself over.

"In some parts of the coast they abound in great numbers and several hundred pounds of them are frequently captured at one tide.

"These fish have a commercial value now. They are taken in great numbers by Chinamen, who prepare them by cutting them into thin sheets when they are dried, and packed and exported to China, where they are in good demand at about 25 cents a pound. No doubt, the custom house reports would show the extent of this trade, which would be interesting, as it must be very considerable. The shells are of very little commercial value to the fisherman, as only a portion of them are thick enough for polishing. The polishing of these shells is something of an industry here and the sales to visitors is very considerable.

"I have often examined the stomachs of these animals to ascertain the food upon which they subsist. This seemed to be principally, if not entirely, vegetable. The undigested portion of the contents of the stomach clearly revealed the presence of sea weed or kelp. It may be they procure animalculæ from the water, but of this I could find no evidence, though the microscope might disclose it."

I then asked him for some information about a little fish, which I understood was taken in great numbers in this bay by Chinamen, called the squid.

"Yes," he said, "they abound here in incredible quantities and are taken with the greatest facility. They are little fellows, six to ten of which will weigh a pound. In structure they are something like the devil fish, with a number of arms. They are from two to four inches long and about as broad. These arms are short, not more than an inch long, perhaps, and have not the powers of adhesion and contraction like their great cousins, which are sometimes found in this bay. They will adhere to the finger with sufficient tenacity to raise them up, but they very soon drop off. They are captured at night by the aid of torches or lights by which they are attracted to the surface. One light is provided for three boats, and they are so attracted by this that the surface becomes fairly alive with them, when they are surrounded by a net from which they are scooped into the baskets in the boats. Only last night in this way four hundred basketfuls were brought ashore, each containing from 200 to 225 lbs. of the fish. These are dried and exported to China also, but not all. Many are thrown upon the grass to dry, but if a rain comes on them they are spoiled, and to such an extent does this occur that an intolerable stench loads the atmosphere in the neighborhood, but when properly prepared and dried a market is found for them in China. They are prepared by the women and children, who cut them open, take out the viscera, and wash them clean, when they are carefully dried and packed for export. An active woman can prepare from two to three basketfuls in a day. In Spanish these little fellows are called calamari, but here they are more generally known as squid."

Mr. Duarte told me that his oldest son, Santa Maria, is in the service of the U. S. Fish Commission, with duties to report on fishes of this coast, and no doubt his reports will embrace the subjects of this conversation with Mr. Duarte.

JOHN DEAN CATON.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

THERE is to the average boy, probably, no more fascinating recreation than collecting bird's eggs. The time was when a few blue and white and speckled eggs, strung together upon a thread put through a hole in each end, out of which the contents had been carefully removed, made a curious and pretty ornament of the country boy's home. The time also was when such a collection was accumulated by the accidental finding, at long intervals, of the nests of our pretty feathered summer visitors. Then, such a thing as a systematic hunt for eggs was not dreamed of by the breezy boy who tramped the fields for pure enjoyment. It was only when some startled ground bird or song sparrow fluttered from its nest near his tramping feet or curly pate, that he was seized with a desire to add an egg or two to the little collection hanging upon the wall of his room. Of late years, however, the city boy has caught the idea, and now it is quite the correct thing for him to exhibit to his admiring friends quantities of eggs which his acute sight and daring have enabled him to possess. Of course, it is all wrong; no one doubts that the Legislature did a wise and timely thing in putting the robbing of bird's nests, except for scientific purposes, without the pale of the law. But the healthy excitement which a hunt for eggs produces, together with the delight which all youths feel while breathing the free untainted country air, are two powerful incentives to be resisted by the boy of to-day. Then again, perhaps a certain inevitable degree of thoughtlessness is responsible for his failing to realize that when he wantonly robs a bird's nest he becomes a criminal, just as surely as does he who steals from his neighbor. I recognize the enormity of his offense, but I plead in extenuation his youth and priceless light-heartedness and love for the fields and woods. You, stern gray-haired man, whose memory has well nigh lost its record of those bounding, care-free days of yore, judge not the boy too harshly. I am competent to speak for him, and I bear witness to all the temptations which allure him out of the hot and dusty city to the fragrant retreats, blossoming orchards and

mysterious woods of the green, cool country, in quest of the unlawful prize. I know what it is to lie concealed in the tall, swaying grass and nodding flowers, upon the brook side, watching for a hint from the warbling thrush as to the whereabouts of its nest. I also know what it is to survey, in triumph, the surrounding landscape for miles in each direction from the top of some tall old hemlock or pine, which I have gained after a desperate climb, torn by sharp branches, and rough bark, and assailed by cawing crow or screaming hawk. Because for years I was one of the most enthusiastic egg collectors in our town.

I never thought of anything but the exhilaration which swept over me, as I penetrated the secret of the goldfinch or matched my cunning against that of the killdeer, and came off victor. I never thought of the black letter which made my success a misdemeanor; I never dreamed that I was a criminal, when, after an hour's struggle and many futile attempts, I cut a hole in some tall old stub, large enough to permit me to insert my hand and draw forth the beautiful eggs of the nuthatch or the red-headed woodpecker. I was a conqueror, who in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties had proven to my companion that I was a fearless climber and determined collector.

Napoleon, as he saw the flying wreck of the allied armies at Austerlitz, was no more proud a victor than was I when, after hanging forty minutes with my left hand and my feet, and cutting with a knife in my right hand at a hard walnut limb, I descended to the ground with two oriole eggs closely clenched within my stiffened fingers. It took nerve and muscle to do those things; and it took patience and skill to mark where the bobolink had hidden her nest, or where the vireo had hidden hers in the densely interwoven foliage of some mighty maple or poplar. Of course some of my acquaintances remonstrated with me for despoiling so many homes. But to all such I commended a perusal of the Great Law Giver's words upon the subject; and the twenty-second chapter of Deuteronomy and sixth and seventh verses never failed to silence even the most tender-hearted girl who endeavored to show me the error of my ways. For did it not read, "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go and take the young to thee, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days?" Of course that settled the question; and I was not again disturbed by him or her against whom I once quoted that respectable authority.

In the days when I collected I always had a companion whom I will call Norm. We were enthusiasts, and each was so peculiarly gifted as to make our "hunting in pairs" most profitable. Never have I seen in any one such wonderful sagacity as would lead my chum straight to a nest upon the ground, when no bird had risen, nor anything more than a "general possibility" given him a hint as to its locality. I have many times seen him walk almost directly up to a nest, after telling me that he should doubtless find one in that vicinity. Bobolink, groundbird, nor meadow lark, could conceal their homes from Norman's eyes. But he could not climb very well, nor could he discover a nest in a tree, if it was at all cunningly secreted, although I might try to point it out to him. On the other hand, I was a good climber, and had much the same sort of faculty that he had, but in a lesser degree and in a different direction; I could pick out the one tree in a dozen which would contain a nest, and so never took the pains to examine every one that spread its alluring branches near our path. Such absolute confidence had we in each other that as we walked across a farm, through meadow, orchard and grove, he paid no particular attention to the trees, nor would I to such birds as arose from the ground, knowing that he never failed to discover the nest; while he never undertook to search out one in the shrubs or treetops. So thoroughly did we do our work that when we came home at night we knew that it would be of no use for us or any one else to take that tramp over again. This faculty of guessing out a nest was doubtless the result of months of carefully observing the habits of the birds, united with untiring watchfulness.

What a vast amount of knowledge, long since forgotten, concerning the ways and wiles of all the birds, did we acquire; and how readily could we tell from the exterior of the nests what birds had built them. For instance, the dauntless kingbird, the most fearless protector of its home and young that I ever knew, always twined a small piece of white wool into the under side of its nest; otherwise it resembled the robin's, but I never saw one of all the dozens I have clambered for without that mark of identification. Then the cedar-bird, or, as it was known to us, the cherry-bird, made its nest almost entirely of dry grass, without the plastered, muddy appearance which marred the external beauty of the robin's nest. And here let me describe the most curious nest I ever saw. I discovered it upon the bank of the river, snugly concealed in a small clump of bushes, and at first glance called out to my companion that I had found a "yellow-bird's" nest. It was quite deep, however, and carefully removing the three little eggs, so exactly like those of the canary, I took it down and proceeded to examine it. Upon tearing off the top portion, I was surprised to see a second nest under it, containing a cowbird's egg, far decayed. I then remarked that the nest still looked out of proportion, and further investigation disclosed still a third nest under the second. This had been built by a song sparrow, and contained three of its eggs, besides that of another cowbird. The problem was soon solved; the song sparrow had deserted her home upon finding the stranger's egg therein, and subsequently some other bird had built over it, only in turn to be ousted by the vagrant cowbird. This second nest had been the ground floor for the last builder, which I suppose had deserted because of the abominable stench emanating from the structure. Had it not been for that, I should have preserved the triple nest as the greatest curiosity of its kind I ever saw or heard of. At one other time I found a double nest, it was a robin's, which had been overbuilt because of the notorious habit of the unprincipled cowbird. The latter's egg I found securely ensealed within the two mud floors, and it too was decayed and noisome.

I do not know what feelings actuated my companion in his walks with me, but it was a pure love of nature that prompted me to thus go about reading and studying the secrets of the birds. And when I was searching for

a nest, it was to me a contest between the instinct and natural cunning of the bird and my own skill and sharpness of vision, and after I had found the object of my hunt its contents were lawfully and justly mine, if I could get them. It will not be necessary for any logician to point out the fallacy of my proposition, nor to show wherein my reasoning was erroneous; it was at that time conclusive, and that is all that can or need be said.

It was always a matter for amazement to both Norm and I to note the varieties of birds which wore the plain little brown jacket of the common song sparrow. I think that our collection showed more than twenty kinds of eggs, taken from nests in trees, in holes, in shrubs and on the ground, all laid by birds which an ordinary observer would have said looked exactly alike. The eggs were all shades of blue, white and gray, and were sometimes speckled with red, yellow or black, and sometimes plain clear white or blue.

The names of some of these little brown birds we never learned, as we were not scientific collectors; but they were all of the same general size and appearance. Over 120 different kinds of eggs did we get together, if I remember rightly, while we collected; we did not buy any, and we never sold an egg, though some were given to us by friends. The collection was kept at my home, and no other hands than ours were ever suffered to touch the glass case which exposed our treasured spoils to view, yet sheltered the fragile things from harm. After a long day's tramp we would repair to my own snug little room, where the eggs were carefully blown. This was sometimes done with a small blow pipe, but usually by pricking a hole in each end of the egg and expelling its contents by blowing directly from the mouth. It was a dainty operation, requiring much time and boundless patience; and many a valued egg have we smashed by using too much force. Of course, after a few weeks the egg usually lost its bright and delicate tints; but finally we began to treat them in a more scientific manner. We put a little isinglass into a large-necked bottle and poured in enough cold water to cover it; this was allowed to stand until the next morning, when some hot water was added, which instantly dissolved the isinglass, and made a most admirable varnish for the inside of the shell. After having injected some of this mixture into the empty egg and blown it out again, the shell always retained its fresh and beautiful tints, which mark the new-laid egg.

There were in our collection many eggs peculiar for their remarkable appearance. For instance, we had a blackbird's egg upon which was a perfect likeness of a blackbird, perched upon a twig; then there was an oriole's egg showing a most wonderful picture of an oriole's hanging nest. There were few birds breeding in our locality upon which we did not levy contribution, and what rare and beautiful eggs we had. The night hawk, whose "nest" we found on the flat gravel roof of a tall building in the city, two eggs, so closely resembling the small stones that we well nigh failed to see them at all; the great-crested flycatcher, whose identity was unknown until more than a year after we had found its singular looking eggs in the top of a little decayed tree (how frightened Norm was when he drew out with the eggs half of a snake's cast-off cuticle; he always abhorred snakes); the golden-winged woodpecker, or as we choose to call it, the high-hole, whose marvelously white egg was ever a thing of beauty, all these had to pay tribute to our perseverance and enthusiasm.

I well remember the day when I brought that high-hole's egg down from an immense dead tree that rose straight in the air 50 ft. or more. The trunk was perfectly denuded of bark, and only two or three sharp, short horns showed where the last limbs had been. The nest was less than a foot from the top, and as I clasped the huge trunk, clad in my spurs, and with a large jack-knife in my pocket, preparatory to a hard climb and some harder whittling, Norm called out to me half seriously, "Good-by." The old trunk was as firm as a rock, however, until I had climbed half way up or more; then I could feel it tremble with every vigorous punch of the steel spurs. I reached the top, cut out the nest, which went deep into the tree, took the only egg it contained, and in descending came down on the opposite side to the one upon which I had gone up. Imagine my horror as I arrived at the middle of the old trunk, to find that for a space of 3 ft. it was completely hollow, and that the entire upper half upon which I had been actively at work for at least twenty minutes, was sustained in the air by a thin shell of wood, apparently not more than half an inch in thickness; while even that, for a third of the way round, was broken in. I do not think that I ever before lost my nerve while climbing, but when I made that discovery I grew faint and sick. In less than a month afterward the upper part of the old stump fell to the ground, where it was only a miracle that I had not been hurled with it. But neither Norm nor I ever met with an accident in all the time we tramped and climbed for eggs. Whether clinging to the face of some tall bluff, digging for sand swallows' or kingfishers' nests, or climbing to dizzying heights for hawks' or crows' eggs, we always successfully reached *terra firma* again. But many times our hands were torn and bleeding, and our clothing nearly ruined, from some desperate feat with the climbing irons; and how often were our most earnest efforts unrewarded by the sight of the hardly sought for prize.

Four years did we collect, and then time, advancing us all too rapidly toward man's estate, brought to us more serious thoughts, and fewer opportunities to complete the never-finished collection. Useless to narrate how accident, and decay, and vermin gradually destroyed the fruit of so much hard, yet pleasant labor, until no eggs were left but the dozen or so with which we had commenced. They, too, went finally, by theft, and never since have I taken a bird's egg from its nest. But others took our place in the fields and woods, and while I have never seen so good a private collection as our own, I have no doubt that far more eggs have been taken by individual collectors. And I have no reason to doubt that in this thoughtless passion for egg collecting, and not in the pugnacity of the English sparrow, lies the secret of the great depletion of the ranks of our feathered friends.

D. F. H.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

THE BEAVER AND HIS SUNKEN WOOD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a part of a series of articles on "Practical Trapping," published in the FOREST AND STREAM, April 2, Mr. R. V. Griffin mentioned the fact that such of the beaver as inhabit houses with sub-aqueous entrances, have a way of laying in their winter supply of food-wood by first floating it to, then sinking it in caches near and convenient to their winter quarters; but he stated that no hint had ever come to him as to how this was done. In your issue of April 16 the writer ventured to say, upon the word and observation of an old trapper popularly known as Andy Reefer, that this is no mystery, at any rate to the beaver, as they suck the air from the cells of the wood, which then, filling with water and giving the denser material preponderance, will sink it. It will be observed I was careful not to claim credit for original discovery of any kind, for as much as I have been in the woods I have never had the good fortune to observe this interesting animal alive; but inasmuch as the matter has been "scouted," I do claim now the credit of grasping the probable and practical way of doing it—and this is not much of a claim either, for it seems to me a matter that ought to be sufficiently obvious to any one versed even a "little bit" in natural philosophy.

But now comes one "Arefar" (in FOREST AND STREAM, June 11) under the caption "How Was it Done?" and treats the matter in such a flippant way that it would not be worth noticing were it not admitted into the pages of the sportsman's journal, that—with all its faults—I love the best. If this gentleman, then, will follow these instructions he will find how it is done:

Cut a clean twig of some living growth of about the same density as the wood required for beaver food—in diameter and 3 or 4 in. long will do for the experiment—and having filled a basin, or better, a stone crock, with water, submerge one end of the stick and suck with your breath at the other until the air is drawn out; then before letting it go put your mouth also under water so as to submerge the whole of the stick, making it impossible for the air you have drawn out to enter again. If the wood you have experimented upon be of the same general density as that the beaver uses for food wood (for some woods will sink quite readily and others even the beaver would hardly be able to "down" in his way), and if your power of suction has been sufficient it will sink and stay sunk until you want to raise it again.

BERLIN.

BOB WHITE IN SPRING.

IN the early twilight the heavens show no evidence of the late shower, but on earth the effects are seen in a myriad of sparkles on leaf and blade; the sun has disappeared from view some time before, but a crimson reflection still shows on the distant clouds, promising us fair weather on the morrow.

Sitting on the vine-hidden porch of the old stone homestead house, we drink in the cool, purified air, and with our eyes feast on the scene of refreshed nature as it lies before us in the verdant stretches of highland and meadow, which reaches far away to the river and mountain, the latter terminating the view.

Presently, during a lull in the conversation, we are pleasantly startled by the old familiar and well-rounded whistle, *bob-bob-white, bob-bob-white*, and we think what to us is or can be sweeter than this charming note. What renewed interest the landscape before us at once takes on, and what visions of a cozy, well-filled nest or a proud quail-mother flit through our brain!

To the sportsman, or even to the nature-lover, could anything so fully complete the outdoor picture, as the knowledge that the author of the clear, sweet call, proof positive of quail life, was included in the scene?

The next thought comes with some anxiety as to whether or not the birds are permanently located, attached by family ties, and if so, where? Whether in meadow, grain or grass field. We hope that by good luck they have chosen either of the former, and that if by an unlucky chance they have nested in the grass, trust that they and their numerous family may pass out therefrom ere the keen knives and grinding hoofs approach.

And so may they be spared till the golden fall comes round, when with wings outspread in a brave flight, fulfilling their end in the regular way, they finally enter the paradise of quail. ONYJUTTA.

THE BUFFALO IN NEBRASKA.—Chicago, June 15.—In the dispatches I notice the following: "The people in the vicinity of Blanche enjoyed a genuine buffalo hunt last Monday, says the Imperial Republican. A buffalo supposed to have escaped from Buffalo Bill's ranch at North Platte strayed into that neighborhood and an exciting chase began. After running a number of horses down the animal was captured and held for a reward. Buffalo Jones's herd of eighty bison is now grazing on land about two miles from McCook, and is attracting hundreds of sightseers." Mr. Jones is engaged in some irrigating ditch work in Nebraska, but it had not transpired earlier that he had moved his herd up from Kansas. E. HOGG.

FULVOUS TREE DUCK IN MISSOURI.—Under date of June 20 Mr. Sparks wrote us that the true locality of the fulvous tree duck referred to in our issue of June 18 was New Madrid and not New Albany, as he informed us in a previous letter. Mr. Sparks furnishes the following additional information about the specimen: "This bird was one of three that passed over a small overflow pond a few miles south of the town of New Madrid, Mo., where I was shooting. The other birds 'using' on the pond at the time were mallards principally, with a few pintails and bluewing teal. The most notable feature about this bird when flying was its great length of neck and unusual spread of wings."

COLORS OF SCREECH OWLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am busily engaged in a study of the color phases of our screech owls, and to reach anything like satisfactory results will need a large amount of material or notes from ornithologists in every section of the country, and invite their hearty co-operation in assisting me with the work in hand. No information is too meagre to be useless, and all will be thankfully received and acknowledged. I append a set of questions, the answers to which, together with any additional information, may be addressed to me at the Smithsonian Institute.

1. Give State, county and town where observations were made.

2. State number of screech owls that have come under your notice.
3. Give number of specimens in the gray, red and intermediate phase.
4. Give number of males and females represented in each phase.
5. From your observations which phase is most common in your section of the county.
6. Have you made any notes regarding breeding birds and young, as to the character of the young when fostered by a gray female and a red male; by a red female and gray male; by both parents either red or gray; or by union of intermediates *inter se*, or with either red or gray phase? If so, please give full account. E. M. HASBROUCK.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

IT may be said that every good citizen of the State of New York has more or less of interest in the preservation of its fish, game and forest from ruthless destruction. And it must be just as freely admitted that with no power to stay the hands of ravagers, certain destruction must result from their acts. Is it not, then, the duty of good citizens to interfere, to adopt and put in operation such means as shall preserve to the people that which rightfully belongs not to the few but to the many?

For many years the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" breasted much opposition in its efforts to carry out the purposes for which it was organized, and succeeded in accomplishing work that was excellent and lasting; but when it had in considerable degree triumphed over prejudice which was mere vapor, it seemed to tire of the work it had undertaken and gradually deteriorated into an association for trap-shooting, so that of late years its influence for the main purposes for which it was organized have not been much felt in the Legislature or elsewhere. This fact is deeply regretted everywhere, and the feeling is quite universal that something should be done in the way of effecting a State organization of influence and power, one which will command the confidence of the public and be felt in the Legislature.

It is one thing to recognize the importance of such an organization, another thing to perfect it. It needs to be upon a broad basis and should include strong men among its large membership. Not only must fish and game be cared for, but our forests require protection from the inroads of speculators and pest-seekers. Other and hardly less important subjects need careful attention, and the best thoughts of the best minds should be secured for the consideration of all of the many questions which would naturally come before them for determination.

If it be generally admitted, as it must be, that a State organization is essential to the welfare of the State, then the question arises, How can it best be made? Shall an attempt be made to infuse new life into the old association, or shall the Fur, Fin, Feather and Forest Association of New York, or the New York Brotherhood for Natural Protection take its place? How can the most effective elements be brought into cooperation in the most effective manner?

The association should have a large and well scattered membership, so that interest in it might be felt in all parts of the State. It should be made attractive to prominent men who are deeply interested in the subject, so that its meetings and acts might attract public attention and approval. Perhaps I can but express the outline of such an association as I have in mind, by placing the suggestions which I have to make under a series of headings, as follows:

1. Let its active membership consist of the Forest Commissioners, the Game and Fish Commissioners, the Senate and Assembly committees on game laws, its various standing committees and delegates from all of the clubs and associations in the State organized for the protection of fish and game. There are other people who are so much in sympathy with such work that they would naturally be added to such membership.
2. Conspicuous in its councils should be an advisory committee to be appointed by the president each year, whose position should be honorary. It should consist of such number of men as the president might choose to select, his choice, in the first instance, to be made from among those whose days for pleasure on field and brook have passed, but whose enthusiasm remains unabated, and in the second instance, from men of mental worth, in full sympathy with the objects of the organization, and whose attendance would not be likely to be otherwise secured. These should be selected in such number as the president might desire.
3. The State officers and members of the Legislature should be members of the association *ex officio*. They might not all attend the annual meetings, but such as desired to do so should meet with a cordial welcome.
4. There should be several standing committees—on finance, legislation, care of the forests, game and fish protection, business to come before the association, general welfare, adjudication, and others which would suggest themselves in the natural order of procedure. These committees should hold semi-annual meetings, and be active, as occasion might require, during the entire year.
5. The committee on general welfare might properly be composed of the Forest and Game Commissioners. They occupy important positions before the public, and in the discharge of their respective duties they would feel the support of an efficient association and would naturally desire its prosperity. Their activity as members would be demanded.
6. Some plan would be perfected by which those whose interests are in the preservation of the Adirondacks could be brought into active cooperation. A "hotel association" and a "guides' association" could be made to represent the Adirondack sentiment.
7. A somewhat "vexed question" in the minds of some would, no doubt, be as to when annual meetings should be held and under what conditions. There are many who would prefer them in June, with field exhibitions to follow. There are others who would be glad to have them held in Albany some time early in the session of the Legislature, so that their power might be directly felt by that body.
8. But if it should be thought that as there could be no field sports in January, attendance upon meetings would be greatly lessened, then it would be the duty of such

advisers to devise some plan under which the association could meet and transact its business with deliberation before the opening of the field sports. The business of the association must be paramount to its pleasures if it would not repeat the history of the present State Association.

9. Full reports of every meeting should be printed in pamphlet form for the use of members. If field sports should be connected with the meetings, then a full record of them should be kept, and a plan devised for recording the names of those attaining certain grades of excellence, and the giving to all such a token of the association's approval for their proficiency.

10. Provision should be made for exhibitors of sportsmen's goods at the annual meetings. It would be possible to make some exhibitions attractive, useful and popular.

11. The location of the president should not be restricted to the place of meeting. The association should be free to choose the best man for the place from any part of the State and continue him in office at its pleasure. The vice-president might properly be chosen from the locality and act in the place of the president in making local preparations for a convention.

Now, while I have not wholly divorced a business meeting of men intent upon doing good work for the people from trap-shooting and fly-casting, I am in duty bound to say that in my opinion there should be an association which will give proper support to game and forest protection, even though it must neglect field sports to do so.

Field sports must be made secondary if the good work for humanity is to be done by one and the same organization. Our game protectors need moral as well as legal support; our grand Adirondack region is going to swift destruction because public sentiment does not crystallize itself and stop it. The Legislature is more or less indifferent because there is little of political power exerted to force it to action. Indeed, politicians who care for naught but politics play with the very interests which lovers of nature should protect. If those in this State who love nature, the field and the brook, will come together resolved upon combining their influence and determined to have the rights of the people protected, they can command the action of Legislature, and effect results which all the people will applaud. We must have more and better legislation or soon we shall have ourselves to blame for the loss of nature's gifts in mountain, stream and field, all gone to the till of avaricious speculators, or to the keeping of men whose wealth gives them advantages over the poor, which makes nature herself weep.

I hope the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will interest themselves in this subject, and if they find my outline of a plan for relief from evils complained of either crude or impracticable, that they will point out the faults and suggest improvements. I am sure that no gentleman better understands existing needs than the new president of the present association, Mr. Horace White. It may be that in accepting the presidency he did so with the expectation of restoring it to old-time usefulness. He is young, vigorous, capable and practical minded, and withal full of determination, so that if he should undertake to bring the dead to life it is quite certain that a miracle would be performed. Doubtless every one of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would read with rare interest anything on this subject which he might contribute.

D. H. BRUCE.

SYRACUSE, June 27.

NEWS FROM THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About six weeks ago the Government scout and soldiers stationed at Soda Butte arrested T. S. Vandyke, a hunter and trapper who for years has been furnishing Cooke City with game. He was found asleep in his camp on Laman River—east fork of the Yellowstone. In his camp was found two beaver traps and other outfit. The party making the arrest removed his arms, field glass and Kodak. With the camera they took several shots at him while yet asleep. He was taken into Ft. Yellowstone, where he was held for 34 days and his property confiscated. He says he is loser about \$350—for that is the sum at which he values his horses and outfit.

Captain Anderson, acting superintendent, will leave nothing undone to prevent depredations in the Park.

In addition to his own troops, Captain Anderson has the assistance of Captain Frank A. Edwards and his troop of First U. S. Cavalry, who are stationed at the Lower Geyser Basin for the summer. The roads and trails are carefully guarded and patrolled by the scouts and soldiers; a sharp watch for fires is maintained, although there has been but little danger from this source since there has been so much rain lately. Rain has fallen every day for the past seven weeks, mostly in passing showers, but some days the rain would last for hours. These storms are usually snow on the higher levels of the Park. Occasionally the snow would reach as low as the altitude of the Mammoth Hot Springs—6,000 ft. The rain has been accompanied with very low temperatures, frost and ice have formed every night at many of the hotels and camps. The cold weather has kept down the insects and mosquitoes, gnats and other pests have not been very troublesome. The light snow fall of the past winter was not enough to afford sufficient moisture for the country, but now that the rains have fallen, we are having the best grass crop for years, giving abundance of feed for the game during the coming winter. Not only has the Park been benefited, but the whole country has not seen such abundance of grass for years past.

The new forest reserve is practically an addition to the National Park, making it one degree of latitude long and one and a half wide, except a corner on the northeast which was left off to avoid taking in any settlements or mineral country adjacent to Cooke City.

Within the new reserve three new mining camps have been started. One on the divide between Clark's Fork and Stinking Water. It is at the head of a stream called Sunlight, where it heads up against the North Fork of Stinking Water. This is a silver quarry camp. Very little work was done on any of the mines last year, and as they are still under snow the miners can do but little prospecting.

A placer camp has been started on a branch of Jones' Fork of Stinking Water; this stream—the branch—heads against the South Fork of Stinking Water and runs north, joining Jones' Fork a few miles east of the Park boundary.

line. Seven miles of the stream has been taken up by the miners, and quite a number of men are at work ground sluicing. From a man who passed through the Park a few days ago we learn that very little gold has been seen. One "clean-up" did not pay the miners half wages; he claims that but a small portion of the ground claimed, if any, will pay to work. He also says that this year will prove if there is anything worth working for. If not the camp will be abandoned by October. Nothing is known here about the third camp, which is said to be near the headwaters of Graybull River, and is a placer camp. It is claimed that the silver camp has some very valuable mines or prospects, and many think they will not be taken in when the lines of the new reserve are surveyed. If they are valuable mines and on the reserve, every effort will be made to have the lines changed so as not to include them.

A fire destroyed over seventy tons of baled hay at Ft. Yellowstone (Camp Sheridan) a short time ago. For a time it looked as though it would be impossible to save the buildings. Fortunately the wind was not high and in a favorable direction. This fire was supposed to have been started by tramps.

The Government is expending over \$50,000 on buildings and improvements for the new fort at the Mammoth Hot Springs. A large force of men and teams are employed laying foundations and getting material on the ground. Hundreds of men and teams are at work for the Government and contractors on the new wagon roads. More work will be done and more miles of road completed this season than ever before in the Park.

There are now at the Mammoth Hot Springs a few animals belonging to the National Zoological Park captured by the Smithsonian hunters. These are elk, antelope, bear and foxes. All animals captured will be held at the Hot Springs until after the tourist season closes. They can be seen by all visitors to the Park.

Small bands of buffalo are reported, and quite a number of young, showing the number of these animals in the Park is increasing.

I constantly see accounts in the papers about Robert Ray Hamilton, who was drowned in Snake River a few miles below Jackson's Lake, Wyoming. It is said that he has been seen this time in the National Park; the man who claims to have seen him did not speak to him. Mr. Hamilton was accidentally drowned while trying to ford Snake River last summer; his body was not found until ten days after. A party of gentlemen from New York, who were camped near where he was found, recognized the remains; the cold water had preserved them from any change. As there is no settlement within over a hundred miles, he was buried at Jackson's Lake, within a short distance of a hotel and sportsman's resort in which he was interested. Since then sensational writers have been having him appear in all parts of the world. Others have drowned him all the way from Jackson's Lake to the mouth of the Columbia River. It is a pity he can't be allowed to rest quietly in his lonely grave beside Jackson's Lake. Mr. Hamilton was the eighth man drowned in Snake River last summer. Every season sees several persons drowned in the swift mountain streams of this section, but very seldom within the boundaries of the National Park. Most of the guides know and understand the danger of attempting to ford the streams when they are at all high or deep. The parties who are drowned are always alone, are without guides, and do not know their danger or the strength of the currents.

The game in and about the Park are very kind to show themselves to visitors. Very few people have been through this season who have not seen some of the wild animals. Bears appear to congregate about Mt. Evans and the Blacktail country, eight having been seen in one day. One large one killed a small grizzly cub that was chained up at Yancey's Station. The cub was intended for the National Zoo. Another large bear that had been around the hotel at the Lower Geyser Basin was captured in a trap and sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

H.

A STREAK OF LUCK.

IN hunting, more often than in any other pursuit or recreation, does the unexpected happen, and, in fact, one of the chief charms of the sportsman's holiday is this very uncertainty as to what beast or bird of sport his next step in the jungle will bring him face to face with. Nor is the most elaborate preparation at all likely to be followed by corresponding success; on the contrary, how often does the hunter, with but a single cartridge in his belt, or with an empty rifle on his shoulder, find himself suddenly confronted by the grandest specimen of the very animal he is in search of, which a month of effort has brought into sight.

Though all lovers of the chase and of the wilderness have more days of lost toil and effort than those of bright success, yet, naturally enough, all love best to remember the red-letter days of legitimate sport, and it is these same red-letter days that are most often written up.

All this comes naturally enough, and it is one of these sunny days of the hunter's life which I wish to picture for the readers of our dear old journal.

Once again the venison had disappeared from the cabin, and the usual clamor arose from the kitchen, and although but three cartridges were found in the belt, and the sun was within an hour of setting, once more the old Sharps was shouldered and the old uncle turned his moccasined toes toward a timbered ridge to the southward of the cabin, in the hope that a deer might be found before dark. Express balls were in each cartridge, with a full shell of 120 grs. powder behind each.

The ridge was covered with scattering trees of large timber, and the intervals grown up with brush and small pines, very little open ground to be found. This dense cover made good hiding grounds for deer during the day and I hoped that as nightfall approached they might be found feeding in the openings, when the chance for a good shot was quite probable if they could be approached in silence.

Strolling slowly along up the ridge, following a cattle trail which enabled me to proceed silently, I reached a point about a mile distant from the house, when feeling one of my moccasins becoming loose I sat down upon a log to adjust the lacing.

While seated, and still busy with my moccasin, one of the wretched little red squirrels common to our pine timber caught sight of me and forthwith began to chatter loudly and persistently, and an eagle perched upon a tall tree near by noticing me now for the first time screamed

loudly; another squirrel joined the serenade and the eagle's mate just then arriving from the lake, a few miles distant, perched near the first and joined in the reigning pandemonium until the old woods rang again. (These red squirrels are one of the very worst pests the hunter in our mountains finds to annoy him. Almost invariably their chatter, which is shrill and continuous while the hunter is in sight, will "give him away" to the deer, if any are near by, as they have long since learned to regard the squirrel's chatter as a note of warning.)

Suddenly the loud snort of a frightened deer a few rods to the left notified the squirrel of the success of his mean trick of intermeddling, and as the deer dashed away I ran forward a few yards to some rising ground in an opening in the hope of getting a flying shot. Nothing was to be seen, as they managed to keep well under cover, and after waiting a long time in the vain hope of their still showing up, I slowly journeyed on, muttering anathemas at the little meddling wretches who have so often on similar occasions contrived to rob me of success at the very instant of its culmination.

The sun had set and night was coming fast. Reaching at length the crest of the ridge, where it breaks steeply down into the valley of the Colville River, I paused upon its summit and took a long and careful survey of all the hillside, far as an opening appeared among the trees and rocks. At length something was noticed about 250 yds. distant down the hillside, which in shape looked near enough like a deer to cause me to watch it intently; after a long interval of scrutiny a slight movement of its head satisfied me, and taking as careful aim as possible in the waning light I let drive.

Away went the deer with its flag bravely flying, and was soon lost to view among the trees, yet just the last jump made while yet in sight appeared to be a staggering one. Hurrying carefully and silently down the hill toward it I had gone about 50 yds. when another deer was seen to stop in its run along the hillside and stand about 100 yds. distant, looking nervously about from side to side in search of the hidden enemy. I did not want more than one deer, but I was not at all sure yet that I had got one, and taking a quick aim, fired again. The same result exactly followed. After a short run with uplifted flag it disappeared, and its last jump seemed awkward. Reloading I started in pursuit, when I saw still another deer running up the hill from below toward the one last seen, and when within about the same distance from me as was the last one shot at, it stopped. With my last cartridge in the gun I fired again and he fell in his tracks.

Hurrying down I found both the others, each within 50 ft. of the spot where last seen. While rejoicing at this unexpected streak of pure "luck," I regretted the unnecessary killing, yet of course felt bound to shoot until I felt sure of meat. And let no sportsman bewail any supposed waste of good meat. Not a pound of it was wasted, our neighbors gladly assisting us in disposing of it.

And now came, to me, the strangest part of the whole adventure. Night was coming on rapidly, and in my haste to dress the three deer I stood the faithful old Sharps up against a small pine, and hurried to the work. When ready to return no gun could be found, although I hunted vainly while the fading light lasted, and not until my son and I came in the morning for the game did we find that while busy with my work the rifle had fallen from its place and slid down the steep hillside among the brush and grass, and only by another streak of luck was it found at all, as I could not be certain which of all the trees on the hillside was the one against which I had leaned it.

ORIN BELKNAP.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

IX.—THE JOCK DARLING CASE.

NO game case of this State has enjoyed the notoriety of this, and none seems to have been less generally understood. Did it check hounding? Did it crush Darling? The full force of the negatives can be appreciated only by those very intimate with Maine game matters for the past year.

On account of the misapprehension which prevails regarding what was accomplished and the personal prejudice involved, it is of all the game cases on record the most difficult to explain. Few are so bound up in the personality of an individual, and few depend for their influence so little upon the facts and pleadings recorded by the court, so much upon what forms no part of the court record; for, as a legal decision, this case accomplished nothing of importance, but as a power to affect public opinion it had a weight entirely independent of and not commensurate with the court ruling. The case was decided in favor of the State, yet nothing that has ever happened in eastern Maine, not even the dog-killing, has done so much to hurt the Commissioners as the Darling case. The Hammond case, famous as it was, fell far short; for the injustice there, though flagrant, rested on a point of legal interpretation, while here it lay on an abuse of legal methods, for which, as the State was the prosecutor, the Commissioners were popularly held responsible.

The great interest which attaches to the case arises from the fact that with good ground for procedure, in a cause and against a man, both believed to be in the wrong, the case could have been so handled as, against popular prejudice and an adverse court decision, to win to both the cause and the man more tolerance and good will than they ever had enjoyed before. How this occurred will be shown. For the rest it need only be said that the principal charge on which the case rested was nowhere denied or doubted, and the decision of the court was manifestly just. Darling had for years been openly engaged in deer hounding. That he should be capable of overcoming the opposition which was very strong against him, of maintaining his insecure position and strengthening it, of winning good will which seems to be continually increasing, indicates an ability with which he is not popularly credited. It has been to his advantage that he has been under-rated by his enemies, but personal justification and personal conviction stand equally apart from the purpose of these papers. In speaking of Mr. Darling's character it is enough to say that he is better thought of near home than away from it; that his candor and honesty are believed in by those who know him, and that he is not and never has been an outlaw as so frequently declared. This being admitted, what follows will not be hard to understand. As a review of the principal facts of the case in hand I will quote portions of two accounts published at the time in the newspapers.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 4.—The officers say the arrest of "Jock" Darling, the Lowell hunter, whose arrest for illegal hunting was reported in the *Herald*, is the most important capture made for years. Well-laid plans were made by Commissioner Stilwell and Detective William McNamara, of Boston. They claim to have secured enough evidence to prosecute to the full extent of the law.

They were out each day with the dogs, "Jock" putting out the dogs twice each day for three days, the guides doing the business the other two days. They killed four deer, one each themselves, Darling one and a guide one. They came upon Darling after the dog had run the deer into the water, just after he had shot him. They heard the report of the rifle, which was still smoking when they came up, and the deer was still warm. McNamara says they were obliged to kill the deer to accomplish the purpose for which they went there.

As the offense was committed in Hancock county, they were obliged to go into that county to swear out warrants against Darling and his guides. The warrants were sworn out and assistants were obtained. On their way to Darling's camp they met Darling in the town of Lowell and immediately arrested him. "Jock" wanted to take his house to change his clothes and get his overcoat, which the officer consented to, but said one of them must go with him. But "Jock" insisted on going alone, which the officers would not agree to, and he was accordingly handcuffed, and Officer Davis volunteered to bring the old man to this city, while the others kept on to the camp in quest of the guides. Darling in some manner sent a warning to the guides, so they disappeared before the officers arrived. Darling had \$700 with him when arrested. Darling is charged with hunting deer with dogs, keeping dogs for that purpose, and hunting and destroying deer on Sunday.

The second, from the Calais (Me.) *Times*, gives some additional particulars. Both these extracts may be considered as official, since, aside from internal evidence, one comes from Bangor, the home of Commissioner Stilwell, and the other from Calais, the home of Game Warden French, who laid the plans, which Mr. Stilwell approved and McNamara executed. (The italics are not in the original.)

Darling's camp on Nicasotus Lake is very difficult to reach, and is a sort of stronghold for poachers. It is fifty miles from any railroad station, and to reach it one must travel over a rough road. McNamara, accompanied by Swanton, of Milbridge, made their way to the camp with much difficulty, and engaged quarters with Darling. They hired his guides and dogs to hunt deer with, paying well for them. They remained five days. When McNamara and Swanton had obtained all the evidence they wanted, enough they thought to convict Darling on some twenty or thirty cases, they left the camp. As the offense was committed in Hancock county they were obliged to go into that county to swear out warrants against Darling and his guides. Accordingly they went to Bucksport, where the warrants were obtained. Constable George Davis and Sheriff James Swanton, with a formidable party, set out for Nicasotus Lake. On their way to Darling's camp they met Darling in the town of Lowell and immediately arrested him.

Darling was arraigned at Bucksport, Monday, before a trial justice. The justice found Mr. Darling guilty and fined him \$40 for the deer which it was charged he killed, and \$10 for each of the deer which the other parties admitted that they killed. He was also fined \$50 a day for keeping dogs to hunt deer two days, the whole making \$200. On the question of costs there was some argument. Mr. Voss [Voss] suggested that the case of bringing seven men from Milbridge to Nicasotus Lake to arrest Jock Darling be charged to the prisoner, to which Col. Hutchinson [Hutchinson] objected, and said that any one officer could have arrested Mr. Darling without a bit of difficulty. The cost question finally went over for the counsel to talk over and see if they couldn't decide upon something satisfactory. The case was appealed and will come before the Supreme Court at Ellsworth on the 8th of April next. Other cases stand against Darling. The officers who went to Nicasotus to arrest the guides found that they had taken the alarm and fled. They will be captured later.

From these accounts it will be seen that a Massachusetts detective, not a Maine warden, was employed to collect proof, which of course was perfectly right; that this man then swore out warrants, which was not at all right according to our laws. Then seven men were sent all the way from Milbridge in the southeastern part of Washington county to Nicasotus Lake in the northern part of Hancock county, via Lowell in Penobscot county—a long and roundabout journey, and expensive because train communication can be had only part of the way. What the object of this was it would be difficult to discover unless to add to the expenses and force the prisoner to pay them, as was actually attempted, for there was no possible good that they could accomplish. If the object was to arrest Darling's guides by force in the woods, there were not men enough sent; otherwise there were too many, since one unarmed man with a warrant could do more than a posse. If it was supposed that this number was necessary to overpower Mr. Darling singly, there was an entire misapprehension of his character. In like manner the use of handcuffs, though probably intended as an irritation, had no sufficient excuse. It was the officer's duty to keep his prisoner securely, yet in insisting on this point there was shown the same misunderstanding of Darling's position. Resistance to authority is no part of his plan, as lack of control is no part of his disposition. His word would have been the only guarantee needed; because had he attempted escape he could have been held on a graver charge than the one for which he was arrested, and had he wished to make the attempt he could have done it as well with the manacles as without them. Finally, the refusal to allow him to change his clothes was either a piece of short-sightedness or another unnecessary annoyance. According to the report published at the time, from information which must have been derived from official sources, Mr. Darling had above \$700 on his person at the time of his arrest. From a number of sources I am informed that he offered to deposit this with the officers as security, if they would permit him to change his clothes. There is every reason for believing the statement. Without questioning the officers' reasons for refusal, it is none the less true that the favor might have been safely granted. Here was full indemnity to the State against personal loss, and no real danger of any loss. Darling knew that the charge was a violation of the game law; that the penalty could not be anything more serious than a fine. Even if he had determined to abscond, leaving his money, he would be doing it on uncertainties, since he did not know the specific charge, and would be making himself the outlaw he had falsely been declared to be, thus practically forfeiting his home and all his other property.

The indignity of this treatment, which had to be admitted, reacted strongly in Darling's favor; and his non-resistance and refusal to accept interference in his behalf left the officers to bear the odium of unnecessary severity. Then it was found that he was arrested on defective warrants, and on these warrants fined not only for keeping dogs and for killing a deer himself when in the employ of McNamara (though here the employer is always looked on as responsible for the action of the guide), but for the three deer that Swanton and McNamara killed themselves. This was outdoing justice's justice, even as we get it in Maine game cases.

But these were not all nor even the greatest of the indignities offered. I had heard from a number of sources

the account of his arrest and trial, but this winter, wishing to get a continuous and accurate account, I wrote Mr. Darling about it. He also called during the winter, the first time I had seen him for many years. From his letter and oral statement the following account is compiled. Full references were given me for substantiating the different points, and I believe the account to be correct.

"At the time Stilwell sent McNamara to Niatowis Lake to get evidence against me," he writes, "I had a sick daughter in Massachusetts. I had been there to see her, and the doctors told me that she could not live but a short time. The rest of my family was there with her. I felt so bad that I could not bear to stay there. I went home and McNamara and Swanton came to my house and wanted me to take them to Niatowis, deer hunting. I took them to the lake and stopped one day. They hired each of them a guide and killed three deer. I killed one the day I was there. They killed two on Sunday and I went home Sunday. Before I went I saw them from the house at the lake kill two. I sat on the steps of my door and saw them shoot them. McNamara stopped two days after I came down and hunted and then went directly to Bangor, etc., and swore out four warrants for me and several for other parties and then went to Millbridge and got a warden and seven men all told and started for Niatowis. I was at home watching the mail and the telegraph, expecting any moment to hear of the death of my daughter, when those men came. They told me that they had a warrant for me for violation of the game laws. I told them all right and I wished to see it. They would not, and took out handcuffs. I told them that such things were uncalled for, but they told me to have them on."

In the conversation on the subject, Mr. Darling said that he wished to go to the post office to get his mail, being anxious to hear from his daughter. He was forbidden to have his mail at all. He insisted upon it, and at last was permitted to go, the officer of course accompanying. Some men about the post office wished to remove the handcuffs, but he refused. He did, however, ask one of them to go up to the lake that day, which was done.

"They put them on," the letter continues, "and started me for Bangor with one man, and the rest went to the lake. When I got to Olamon I demanded the warrant to read it. I declined to go further until I read it." This of course was simple enough. Had he wished to do it, Darling could at any time have leaped from the open wagon, and the officer would have been unable to secure his prisoner again. At last the warrant was given him. "I read it. It was for killing four deer, and three of them was killed by them while with their guides." At Olamon they stopped for dinner. Mr. Darling requested to have the handcuffs removed while he ate. The officer would not do it. He refused to eat unless it was done, and for the third time that day the officer yielded. Before this, however, a well-known man, whose name was given me, not a resident of the place, offered to cut the link with a cold chisel. "But," writes Mr. Darling, "I wanted to let those men show themselves in full and I would not have them taken off, only when I ate dinner. I was taken to the jail in Bangor on Friday night and held until Monday, and then taken to Bucksport for trial, fined for killing four deer and keeping dogs in my possession, etc. I have forgotten the amount of the fine, costs, etc., but I appealed."

The confinement in the Bangor jail for two days was the worst part of the insult. Bail was offered by different men whom he named, and could have been had to any amount required; but it was refused. What possible excuse could there be for this? The charge was only a violation of the game laws; the fine at the most less than the amount of ready money which the officers knew Mr. Darling had in his possession; and unexceptional bail could have been obtained to any amount. The fact that the State was the prosecutor did not improve the situation. Instead of prosecution, some declared that this was persecution. Of the foul condition of the jail at that time, the insufficient food and the wretched quality of the same, and the exposure to contagious disease, Mr. Darling gave a full account, which has been fully confirmed by others, among them Mr. Robert Jordan, the secretary of the Bangor Y. M. C. A.

On Monday Mr. Darling was taken to Bucksport, in Hancock county, for trial before a trial justice. Why this particular man was chosen, whether he was there at the time or not, I cannot say, but he was not a trial justice. He had been one formerly, but had lost his commission by moving out of the county, from Bucksport to Bangor. There is no doubt of this, as it was to have been one of the fundamental points of cases to be brought against Darling in the Supreme Court. The quality of the justice rendered can be seen from the fines imposed for deer which Darling did not kill, but saw the officers themselves kill on Sunday, which being close time in this State, made them liable to the fine. The fines and the costs, I am told, were made to amount to over \$600. In addition, as has already been said, the warrants on which this was done were worthless. McNamara was not a warden, and no one but a warden has the right to prosecute in a game case until fourteen days after the offense; according to section 18 (not quoted in the *Book of the Game Laws*): "After fourteen days from the commission of any offense hereinbefore named any person may prosecute by action, complaint or indictment, unless such warden or deputy has prosecuted therefor." Yet, McNamara swore out his warrants within a week of the time that he first reached Niatowis.

At the Supreme Court at Ellsworth four complaints were brought against Darling, one for using dogs and three for killing deer. The latter were not McNamara's original cases but others substituted for them. None of these were tried, two being not prosed and one quashed as defective. The dog case was tried and the verdict given in favor of the State. Now comes the much vexed question whether Darling was fined or not. He paid \$100, which is the sum set as the maximum fine for keeping or using dogs, but he paid no costs. The case was concluded on a Saturday, the other cases were to be brought up the next week. Whether they would have gone in favor of Darling or against him, whether he would have begun action against his accusers for grounds which were certainly good, cannot be told; for the judge and the counsel on both sides after conference agreed to settle this case and dismiss the others on payment of \$100 without costs. Mr. Darling rather reluctantly consented. He had two drives of logs which needed his attention, as this was in April,

and though he wished to bring the matter to a decisive issue the loss would be more than the satisfaction to be derived. Mr. Darling himself claims, and all those not personally hostile to him grant, there was a settlement, not a fine proper. "It may be entered on the docket at Ellsworth as a fine," said his counsel, "I do not know; but it satisfied all the cases and did not include costs."

No game case that we have had, on which so much depended, ever was so indecisive as this. It did nothing. It is even a little uncertain whether Darling actually was fined. He was found guilty of using dogs which no one denied, but the possible effect of even this was neutralized by the part which McNamara played. He was to appear before the April term of the Supreme Court as the principal witness against Darling; but at that time there was some little doubt as to the value of his testimony. In February, 1890, he was tried at Ellsworth on the charge of perjury. "In summing up the evidence he [Judge Redman] charged that McNamara was an unprincipled man working for money only, and unless he were punished the life and property of any citizen was in danger. Judge Clark held that there was probable cause and ordered the defendant to furnish bonds in the sum of \$800 for his appearance at the April term of the Supreme Court." But if he were convicted, Darling could not be; if he were acquitted, unless by the fullest proof, his testimony, whether true or untrue, would fail to affect the public at large. Without entering into the details, it is enough to say that by a disagreement of the jury McNamara was qualified to be sworn as witness in the Darling case.

We need not review the various points already given, which combine to make this case unique among those that are monumental for their injustices. The effect upon a people who love to see fair play does not need to be described; but more than anything else, what affected those who had any interest in game matters, was that the same might be tried at any time upon any one, whether innocent or guilty. It was not Jonathan Darling who was ill treated, but every man against whom there was ill will or from whom there could be any profit derived. Had it been a matter of interpretation, this would not have been so; this case would be the last, and no one need fear; but this case was a precedent of the sort to be dreaded, a menace that the same might at any time be repeated. FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

OTTAWA, Kansas, June 12.—A farmer in the next county east of here was plowing in a field by the side of a brush patch, and becoming tired he sat down on a stump close to the brush to rest. In a few moments he saw a fox slip out of the brush and catch a mole close by, and it was soon followed by another fox, which tried to take the prey from its mate. Finding that quarreling over the prey was useless, the first fox, which was a female, ran off and disappeared in the brush. Watching carefully, the man saw where the fox went into the brush, and on going to the spot found her lair. He returned next day with some help and dug down to the nest which contained eight young. As foxes are rare in this part of the country he took them to town and disposed of them very easily.—F. B.

THE IDEAL MANUFACTURING Co. publish a very useful handbook of their numerous loading tools, among the new articles described being tools for loading rifle cartridges, and adjustable moulds for patched bullets, a bullet sizer and a loading flask. The flask holds 4 lbs. powder, and measures out the powder in any required number of grains from 3 to 135; it is also graduated in drams, from 4 dr. to 5 dr. The flask has many merits which must insure its general adoption and use. The handbook supplies a convenient table of dimensions of round and grooved bullets as made by the several manufacturers for different arms; and there are useful hints about loading and caring for firearms which every user of a gun or rifle will do well to read.

THE LEFEVER ARMS Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., are out with a handsome catalogue of their excellent guns. It gives full list and descriptions of all the styles of the Lefever guns, with many hints which will be valued by gun users. Here is a way to load buckshot: "First put in powder and wad as above, then procure shot of size wanted, being careful to see that they chamber a little loose in muzzle. Put in one layer of shot and fill cavities with light, fine substance, like bone dust or fine sawdust, and repeat till three layers are placed in shell. This prevents the shot from swedging or getting out of shape when leaving muzzle of gun and gives best results."

WHICH IS THE OLDEST NEW YORK CLUB?—Oswego, N. Y.—Some of the enthusiastic members of the Leatherstocking Club of this city claim theirs was the first club organized in this State for the protection of fish and game. This club was organized March 20, 1860, with these officers: Hon. David P. Brewster, President; Frederick T. Carrington, First Vice-President; John Stevenson, Second Vice-President; Dudley Forling, Secretary. Will you kindly ask members of game clubs of the State to forward to you the date of their organization, that it may be determined whether this claim of seniority is well founded?—OSWEGO.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE DEER CASE.—Berlin Falls, N. H., June 15.—Frank Lang, Jr., and Spurgeon Lockhart, of Milan, were arrested to-day, on complaint of Fish Commissioner Hodge, and brought before Judge Chamberlain. Both pleaded guilty to killing one deer last March. Fines and cost, \$65.—COOS.

J. F. IVES, formerly of Meriden, Conn., and well known to Connecticut shooters, has accepted a position with Mr. H. C. Squires, to take charge of his bicycle department.

NORTHAMPTON QUAIL.—If the writer who sent note on quail served out of season in Northampton will supply his name (not for print) the note will be published.

SUNDAY TRAIN TO MOMENCE.—The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad placed in service June 14 a Sunday train between Chicago and Momence, leaving Chicago at 5:32 A. M., and returning leave Momence at 8:45 P. M., thus affording anglers a fine opportunity to spend a day on the Kankakee River.—ADV.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE TROUT'S APPEAL.

Don't visit the commonplace Winnepesaukee,
Or the rivulet Onoquinapasekasasagook,
Nor climb the summit of bare Mousilauke,
And look eastward toward the clear Umbagog.

But come into Maine to the Welokennebacoock,
Or to the saucy little river Essiqualsagook,
Or still smaller stream of Chinquassabunticoock,
Then visit me last on the great Anasagunticoock.

—Bangor News.

CASTALIA REVERIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not for a long time read so interesting a series of articles as those of Mr. Hough, describing the most remarkable trout preserve in the country, if not in the world. It reads like a reverie of an active and gifted mind. I had last season intended visiting this celebrated preserve with a view to the securing of unmistakable evidence of the success of one of my long-time pet ideas, of the preservation of this matchless game and food fish. Painful physical disability has thus far prevented the much desired visit. My only opportunity of viewing the celebrated stream has been from a train of cars. For nearly forty years I have heard of these waters in connection with trout, although Mr. Hough, for perhaps more properly some of the Castalia club members, appear to think I am mistaken. In 1854 I became intimately acquainted with Wm. J. May, at that time, I believe, city editor of the *Cleveland Herald*. Late one afternoon he came into my office and told me if I wished to see a nice lot of my pet fish to visit a certain drug store fronting the public square. I soon went to the store, and there saw in a tray-shaped dish mixed with broken ice, some fifteen or twenty (according to my present recollection) brook trout that would average 4 lbs. each. Dr. Ackley, of the Cleveland Medical College, was present and showing them to visitors, he having caught part of them. I asked him where they were taken, and he replied that Dr. Garlick and himself caught them in Cold Stream, near Sandusky, and that they were in the habit of going there every season, and always with success. This incident is as vividly impressed on my memory now as if it occurred but yesterday, and with good reason, too, for these two gentlemen were at that very time engaged in the first successful effort in this country for the artificial propagation of fish (trout). And it was from that I received my first practical lessons in the fascinating pursuit which I have ever since endeavored to keep fairly abreast of. There is no possibility of my being mistaken in this matter of the Dr. Ackley episode.

And now I wish to say that Cold Stream and the Castalia Stream are one and the same. And I will further say, that I saw in Columbus last season some old men, interested in the lake fisheries (as I subsequently learned), and heard them say that there had been trout in that stream as far back as they could remember, and that it was no unusual thing to take them in nets off Sandusky. I asked the member of the Legislature from that district about it, and he told me that he was born and brought up in that region, that there had been trout there from his earliest recollection, and that he had heard old people say they were always there. Mr. Hough raised a query as to my age. Well, I am on the shady side of sixty-five, and I was only a student in "fishculture" when in Cleveland. I lived in Ashtabula county in my boyhood days for several years, some four miles from Lake Erie. On the farm where I lived there were two pronounced ridges, the lowest depression between being perhaps twenty feet below the highest ridge and nearly half a mile from it. In the edge of the mighty virgin forest then standing there a large spring of the purest soft cold water burst from the head of a shallow ravine, and passing along the depression nearly due west, received accessions from some smaller springs. The little stream thus formed contained some wide places of perhaps eight or ten feet, but in most places one could jump across it. It was shaded by bushes most of its length after it left the forest, and it emptied into Ashtabula Creek not more than a mile from its source. This little stream contained brook trout when I lived there fifty-five years ago. On a farm adjoining this there lived at that time an old man named Hill, the most remarkable hunter and fisherman in all the region and a pioneer settler there. He sat by our fireside many a long winter evening and told of his hunting and fishing triumphs in the region about. I heard him say that many of the small streams contained trout, but that the clearing of the land was also clearing the streams of trout; so it seems that fifty or more years ago, these matchless students of nature, the old woodsmen, understood the most prolific cause of depletion of trout streams. What was true then is true now, and to an increased extent, for the streams are not only raised in temperature to an extent fatal to trout, but they are also polluted in a multitude of ways too numerous to mention here.

How can we restore them? By restoring the streams to their primitive condition, and in no other manner. This is the gospel that I have been preaching for fully fifteen years past and I have, in consequence, been denominated a crank on that subject. I still endure, however, and have lived to see my oft-stated plans practically carried out and with phenomenal success. Of course, there are not many such locations, with accompanying conditions existing, in this country as Castalia, but there are numerous locations which approximate thereto and many of them will some time be occupied by angling associations. I have in several instances been consulted by parties who wished to organize movements of this kind and I think Mr. Hough's valuable articles will be likely to awaken an interest in this entirely practicable matter of establishing trout preserves in accordance with nature's matchless methods in many parts of the country, now almost entirely depleted of trout and where hundreds of thousands of dollars have been totally wasted by fish commission methods. And I wish to again repeat here, that artificial hatching, with all the attending trouble and expense, is entirely unnecessary.

I am writing this with physical discomfort, between intervals of couch-rest. In conclusion, I wish to say, that

there is no "mystery" about the Castalia stream and nothing "baffling or unknown" to those familiar with the geology of the region.

In looking over what I have written I find that I have omitted to mention a visit which I made to the old farm in Ashtabula county in 1862. I walked down the road which crossed the little trout stream, about one-fourth of a mile from the head spring. I think it was in July. I found at each end and under the bridge a stagnant mud hole and not a drop of water running in the gravelly bed which thirty years before contained a living stream of the purest sparkling water, through which the pretty trout darted wherever a person chanced to jump across. The timber and bushes were all gone and this told the brief story of the lost stream. I had in my boyhood days plowed and harrowed many an acre adjacent thereto and upon every square rod turned up stone implements of the aborigines, showing it to have been an ancient camping ground of those people.

MILTON P. PERCE.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

JUNE 27.—To-night a pleasant party starts to float the Kankakee from Mak-saw-ba Club to English Lake Club. There will be four boats, containing Messrs. Abner Price and John Gillespie, of English Lake, and Messrs. W. P. Mussey, W. G. Payson, Geo. Holden, Geo. Andrews, J. P. Card and John Watson, of Mak-saw-ba. Fishing and a good time for a couple of days are intended to make the features.

The Kankakee Association has gone to work. Last Wednesday State Fish Warden F. L. Buck, under direction of Mr. Cole, who is taking care of northern Illinois fishway matters for Commissioner Bartlett, started for his trip of inspection along the Kankakee. An idea of the lame and impotent condition of our State appropriation may be had when I say that Mr. Cole generously advanced the money necessary for this trip, depending upon the young Kankakee Association to reimburse him, as it certainly will do. Mr. Buck struck his first snag at Mokence, from which place he wrote as follows:

MOKENCE, June 2.—Geo. E. Cole.—DEAR SIR: There are two dams owned by W. R. Shelby, Grand Rapids, Mich., Chas. W. Cass, 10 Wall street, New York, and rented to the F. W. Cook Brewing Co., Evansville, Ind., M. Krows, manager. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R. have an injunction against them interfering with or in any manner changing the dams, and the case is now pending before the Appellate Court. H. Worcester, the agent for Cass and Shelby, says that if the R. R. Co. will release as to the putting in of the fishways, he will see Mr. Shelby and have the work done at once.

I would like to have you or some one go to the office of the C. & E. R. R. Co. in Chicago, and see if they will not release as to putting in the fishways. They have an island here where they have picnics and make the fishing a feature of their advertisements in regard to the same. I will write also to Mr. Shelby and explain the case, and see what he wishes in the matter. The fishermen are very enthusiastic in the matter and are ready to join the Association.

As regards Mr. Heimbach I think he would be just the man for the place, as he is well acquainted and I think will enforce the laws. As I can't do more here until I hear from Mr. Shelby and whether you can get the release, I will go to Kankakee. You can write to me there.

F. L. BUCK, State Fish Warden.

The C. & E. I. general solicitor was visited at once. He explained that the Mokence dams were put in 40 years ago under a State grant and thought them therefore exempt from fishway claims. He said that the injunction applied only in the summer months, when any opening of the dams meant a lowering of the water in the backwater where all the picnic parties went boating. If the fishway would not disturb this he had no objection to its going in. He would like to see a diagram showing just what the fishway would look like. Mr. Buck was at once written to and asked for a drawing and specifications, and at this time it is thought that the outcome will be that the fishways will go in at Mokence without any fight or friction.

Dr. H. M. Keyser, President of the Mokence Fish Club, takes Dr. Bartlett, of the State Fish Commission, to task roundly in a local paper for what he styles serious shortcomings in the official work. Dr. Keyser concludes:

The secretary, Mr. Bartlett, draws big pay, that is all the aid the fish clubs get. Let the fish clubs petition to the Governor for his removal, and some live active man put in his place, then you will see the fish as plenty as in former years.

I have never met Dr. Keyser, but he will not take amiss a few words on my part, which it would be much unwise not to utter. I take it Dr. Keyser does not wish to make himself a disturbing element in a movement where harmony or diligence now dwell. I take it he wishes to really protect the fish. Yet this latter he will not do, and he will really become simply a disturbing element if he insists upon such statements as the above. The Fox River and the Kankakee River associations are all the real aid Dr. Bartlett has in his work; the rest is all advice and abuse. These two associations simply swear by Dr. Bartlett, though recognizing very plainly his purely human proneness to promise almost anything to "keep peace in the family." He is a peace-loving man, albeit an honest, hard-working man. He has made this State work what it is. The State work, Commissioner and associations together, is doing splendidly now. No State in the Union is doing so much on the same amount of money. To divide the present Commissioner and the associations would be to stop the work short. It seems not to be known that the unaided State appropriations would not do half of what is doing now. Why not? Because friends of the work are working for nothing. Take Dr. Bartlett away, and you cut off these friends, these men who have worked instead of complaining. It is the right thing to leave these things all just as they are. A change would set back the work in this State ten years or stop it altogether. Now is the time, therefore, to do a little thinking about such things.

I am sure Dr. Keyser does not wish to be unfair or wide of the truth in any way. I do not believe that he wishes to boom his own chances for that "big salary." If by any chance he should happen to get that salary he would be the most surprised man on earth. The plain fact is that the drawer of this "big salary" gets absolutely no salary at all. Dr. Bartlett works for nothing, and he works hard and does more than many fish commissioners do. Is this fact known? It is true that there is an appropriation, \$30,000 to cover the work for two years, but none of this can go to Dr. Bartlett as salary. He has a little property of his own, and the U. S. Government pays him a small salary, but outside of this he does this work because he loves it. Is this the man to be "removed," and is this the time to talk about that? I don't think Dr. Keyser will think so now.

The fact is, that one man cannot cover this whole State, see to the hatchery, see to the seining of young stock fish, see to the fishways, see to all the violations of all the law in all the waters, and all that on an appropriation of one-third of what this State should make. First and most of all he needs help. The Kankakee Association, and not Dr. Bartlett, is asking cash help and active assistance of all the clubs along the Kankakee River. This help is practical. No use to complain of what has not been done. Let us go to work now and do it, so that no one else can complain. That is the idea. There never was a time like this for those who honestly wish to see the Kankakee protected. I class Dr. Keyser among those, of course, and I know he will swing the Mokence Club into line heartily and with no ill feeling toward even the much abused and yet largely innocent State Fish Commission. Word comes up from Mr. Durham, the Mokence banker, for some of the blanks for membership of the Kankakee Association. We hope up here to see Dr. Keyser's name come in among the first, and we believe that Mokence, at present at the head of fish navigation, will be at the head of the river towns in backing this protective work. It will go.

Protective matters are pushing ahead here now. The movement is revived to oust that odious anomaly, Brusewitz, game warden of Chicago. Last spring FOREST AND STREAM published the petition for his removal. This will go to Governor Fifer before the end of the month, together with one asking the appointment of Mr. M. R. Bortree as warden for this city. Mr. Bortree will present a pleasant contrast to the present incumbent incubus. He will work, and he knows how to work. Politics never did a more ridiculous act than in the appointment of the man Brusewitz as warden. The governor gets "wards" and "wardens" mixed in his mind, perhaps. Brusewitz controls about 100 votes or so. He admits that he couldn't tell a quail from a prairie chicken. The Chinese must go.

June 29.—Mr. John Henderson, of Clay Center, Wexford county, south peninsula of Michigan, writes me that a party of fishers from Cadillac lately caught 800 trout in four days on Slagel Creek, near Clay Center. Frank Wherry, late a State game warden, told me that this stream had some very heavy trout in it.

E. HOUGH.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

MANY of the later trout fishermen to return are reporting better luck, especially in larger fish. Mr. Mark Hollingsworth has got back to Boston with a big trout; in fact about the biggest of the record thus far. He took a few days before he left the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, a trout that tipped the scales at over 8 lbs. It seems that this trout was something of a lucky one to him. He, with three of his friends, formed a pool, each putting in \$5, all of which the catcher of the largest trout for the day was to have. Mr. Hollingsworth was out only a short time when the big trout was brought in, and the others cheerfully surrendered the money in the pool. There are also rumors of a trout weighing 9 lbs., taken from the same lake a few days later, but this rumor is not yet authenticated.

The devastation of the forests in celebrated fish and game sections of the Provinces is terrible, and at last reports the danger was not nearly over. In several instances the flames have burned over great tracts of country, extending over from Canada into Maine. Game and game birds and the large game animals have doubtless been destroyed in great numbers. These creatures have fled before the flames into the very face of the small settlements. At Dalhousie Junction, in New Brunswick, a large moose was driven out of the woods, and became entangled in a fishing net and was captured by the local fishermen. The worst feature of the fires raging is the claim, in several instances, that the fires were at first kindled by fishing and camping parties. Here is a very important lesson that every sportsman should heed. The greatest care should be exercised in regard to kindling fires. In fact fires should never be kindled, except from actual necessity for cooking and for comfort, and then the location should be very carefully chosen near the water's edge, where there is little material for the fire to smoulder in, and where there is plenty of water for quenching the flames on every occasion when the camp ground is to be left for no matter how short a time.

The catches of small trout from the streams begin to be reported, and it is plain that the destruction of fingerlings is not yet done. Rev. C. E. Tedford, with a Kingfield friend, is reported having taken 104 trout from Rapid Stream, in Franklin county, one day last week. A gentleman who saw the fish says that the catchers had more reason to be ashamed than proud of their fish. It seems that Quimby Pond, in the same county, is being shamefully fished for numbers this year, the record already showing over 1,000 little fish that should have been let alone altogether, or else put back after being taken. The same sort of fishing is going on in Kennebag Lake and all the ponds around, though occasionally a fair-sized fish is secured. A couple of Boston fishermen went to the ponds near to Bemis Stream the other day, and they found the trout running so small that they declined to stay. Others were taking the fish and calling it rare sport, however. The same sort of fishing is being done at Seven Ponds. There has been some pretty good fishing in the lake at Bemis. Mr. L. E. Packard has taken a trout there that weighed 5 lbs. Mr. Roberts, who was with him, took two weighing 6 lbs. each.

E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston Advertiser, lives at Beaumont for the summer. He dearly loves to take his dogs along of a morning and dig a mess of clams for breakfast, and later he will have his gun with him. He is somewhat fond of fishing, though not yet a full-fledged disciple of the gentle Izaak. He with a couple of friends went down to the sea the other day after codfish and mackerel. They started at 4 A. M. the morning after Saturday evening, and were to be back at 9 o'clock, but 4 o'clock scarcely brought them. The fact is they were in a dory rigged with a sail, and on the springing up of quite an off-shore breeze they found it rather difficult beating up against the wind. Finally an unlucky flaw of wind upset the dory and they were spilled into the water, with all of their catch of codfish and a mackerel or two. The other two could not swim a stroke, and they clung to the overturned dory for dear life. The sail completely covered Mr. Gillam, but he pluckily resolved to get out from under it, and sounded down until he found the water was scarcely up to his chin. He then shouted to the other boys not to be

alarmed, and soon he persuaded them to assist in righting the boat. This done, he dove several times and brought up a part of the lost codfish. The worst part of the catastrophe was that they were overturned in sight of their homes, and their agonized wives at first supposed that the water was very deep. Mrs. Gillam, though a great deal frightened at first, told her husband when he came ashore to go and get his hair cut in order that the next time he was capsized it would not hold quite so much salt water. He has wisely taken up with her advice. Nice fresh codfish, fried, was on his bill of fare for breakfast on Monday morning.

Mr. C. Z. Basset, of Geo. B. Appleton & Co., and his friend, Mr. G. N. Smalley, were remarkably successful on their trip to the Rangeley Lakes for trout, from which trip they returned last week. They spent the most of their time at Toothacher Cove, Cupscup Lake, and there they had their best success in fishing. Charley Soule was guide. They took five trout that tipped the balances at very nearly 5 lbs. each, and they had a number that would weigh 4 lbs. The number that they caught of a smaller size was great, but they saved nothing of less than 1 lb. Would that other sportsmen would follow their good example.

Reports have it that in Flood's Pond, in Hancock county, Me., there are trout that closely resemble the celebrated Sunapee trout of Sunapee Lake in New Hampshire. They are there termed "laker" and "silver trout." They do not generally exceed 6 lbs., but occasionally they are said to have been caught of 12 and 15 lbs. weight. Here is something for the scientists to investigate, since the reports thus far received are not entitled to the fullest confidence. A few landlocked salmon fry were put in last year, but there are said to be no togue in the pond.

Never has the registry of names been greater of sportsmen en route and returning from the Maine trout lakes. This is especially true of the Rangeleys and Moosehead. The question is, Where are all the trout to come from to half satisfy all of this motley crowd? It is of no use talking, a great many of them must go away with no trout, and greatly displeased. Such is fate. The trouting craze is on the increase, and whether it has about reached its height no man can tell.

It seems that Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has enjoyed a very pleasant fishing trip to Swan Lake, in Waldo county, Maine, and that to him too much credit cannot be given for unearthing some very remarkable fishing in that lake. It seems that for a long time it has been understood that there were big trout in the lake, though within a few miles of the city of Belfast, but that it was understood that nobody had ever succeeded in getting any of them. But Mr. Stanley's skill seems to have brought them to the net, and now others have been enjoying the sport. Report has it that one morning before breakfast Mr. Stanley took five trout from that lake, weighing about 4 lbs. each. This set the fishermen crazy, and others have had good success. Mr. Stanley has also taken a landlocked salmon from the lake weighing 7 lbs., and he considers this one from the fry that the Commission put into the lake six years ago. Here is a lesson in the value of trout and salmon culture, and one that sportsmen have got to come to acknowledge. It is stocking and restocking that is going to keep the possibilities of any fishing at all in existence, against the enormous strain of the excessive fishing that is now going on. Then when it is considered that a salmon—and the Maine Commissioners say, a trout as well—will reach the enormous growth of 7 lbs. in six years, the outlook need not be so very discouraging after all. But restocking has got to be done.

SPECIAL.

ANGLING NOTES.

IF there is any one question that troubles the fly-fisherman more than another it is why trout rise so early one day and perhaps the next utterly refuse the same fly. It is natural to suppose that they take the fly because they are hungry and want food. Yet judging from the way they act, it appears sometimes as if it were only mere caprice on their part; something like the way we pick at olives or salted almonds between the course of a dinner.

Who can explain the well-known fact that trout rise freely to a fly during a snow storm and leave off at once when the snow stops falling? Or why do they commence to rise all over a stream at a certain hour, which often happens to be right in the middle of the day, and stop as suddenly as they began?

In wild streams, where they are rarely disturbed, trout will rise to anything that touches the water, and a bit of red flannel wrapped about a hook will take as well as the most elaborate fly ever tied. But the more they are fished for the more fastidious they become, until on some streams nothing but the most delicate leaders and small, well-dressed flies will coax them.

Of course when torpid in the early spring, in streams running with snow water, the trout seem utterly to refuse all artificial flies, and even the worm or minnow must come pretty close to their noses before they will notice them. This is easily explained and quite natural, and one can also readily understand that the cool evening and early morning is favorable to fly-fishing. The reason we so readily take large trout after dark is also quite plain; these fish are old and shy and naturally lie hidden away under banks and overhanging trees, and do not feed in the daytime as a rule. When the waters are low and clear this is particularly noticeable. One singular whim that trout indulge in, is their fondness, exhibited at times, for unusually large or bright flies. I have known trout, in a small stream where flies dressed on 10 and 12 hooks were generally killing, to refuse them utterly and take a salmon fly on a No. 3 hook; but the next day when this experiment was tried it did not work, and they took only the small flies.

Certainly some flies, like the scarlet-ibis, Jenny-Lind, silver-doctor and the like, do not resemble anything in the shape of natural flies, and yet they are great killers. One of the most curious freaks is the fondness the trout in Lake Colden have for black-gnats, which fly they take at night, in preference to miller and coachman flies.

Every angler meets with many curious instances of this kind, and experience teaches us that at the end of our first season we knew (?) more about trout than we ever have since.

SCARLET-IBIS.

HAUNTS OF THE OUANANICHE is the title of a pamphlet issued by the Hotel Roberval, at Lake St. John, and containing information for visitors to the lake.

A JULY OUTING.

WE started on July 3, 1890. "We," in the present instance meant a party, some fishermen, and others not, but all bent on enjoying the hills, lakes and streams of Canada to the utmost, and consisting of Dr. W., a leading dentist of R. Miss P., of Catskill, N. Y.; Miss Emma, a cousin, and Sam and Jess, brother and sister respectively of the writer, and last, but not least, the writer and his better half, all of R. Our destination was Burleigh Falls, in the Province of Ontario, Canada, and we had decided to try and survive the discomforts of hotel life, as some of the ladies were averse to camping. We found the discomforts were agreeably absent, Mr., our landlord, and Mrs. Holmes doing their best to make everything agreeable and succeeding in so doing.

Starting from the Port of Charlotte we crossed Lake Ontario in about the worst storm I ever experienced; during the night the rain poured in torrents, and what with the thunder, lightning and the rolling of the boat we got but little rest, Miss P. getting the full benefit of a bad leak in the deck above her berth. Morning with a clear sky and a warm sunshine dispelled the gloom from the ladies' faces, and a pleasant ride of a couple of hours more brought us to the sleepy old town of Port Hope, where we spent several hours waiting for a train to take us northward. We enjoyed a pleasant ride from Port Hope to Peterboro through a country that is better to visit than to dwell in, and made another stop, finally reaching Lakefield, a small village at the terminus of the railroad at about 7 o'clock in the evening. Here we were informed that we must wait until morning before going up the lakes, and not liking the idea we skinned around a bit and found Capt. Reynolds, of the steamer *Cruiser*, willing to make an evening trip to Burleigh. Getting our outfit on board the steamer we were soon making our way up the Otouabee River. As we left the river and entered Clear Lake, the moon made its appearance, and what with the watching the shining waters and listening to Capt. Reynolds's description of points of interest on land and water, we had one of the most enjoyable rides imaginable through Clear and Stony lakes to Burleigh Falls, where we found supper and rooms in readiness for us.

The following morning found the whole party up at sunrise eager to try the bass, and being of the order of fishermen who sometimes fish with bait, we supplied ourselves with the legendary "vum" and a small quantity of helgramites or dobsons, and all went to the dam, about fifty rods from the hotel, where the bass (small-mouth) bit voraciously; and we made a good catch, the ladies getting considerable experience in bass fishing, but few bass.

The next few days we spent in finding the place where the "big ones" held forth, and found their headquarters at the mouth of a small creek at the head of Burleigh Bay.

The second day after our arrival a couple of the Queen's subjects arrived from Toronto, and showing evidence of a willingness to adopt Mr. Blaine's scheme of reciprocity we joined forces, and between us made life miserable for the fish during the day and for the inmates of the hotel at night, for we tried to sing.

The muskallonge fishing was poor, we catching but four or five during our stay, but the bass fishing was the best I ever found. Toward the last of our stay, when we had given up killing any large muskallonge, two gentlemen, Mr. L. and Mr. K., from R., came to the hotel eager for battle, and engaging a guide, started out in spite of our assurance of no "lunge" to try for a big one. They returned late in the evening, and on hearing our "I told you so," escorted us to the icehouse and exhibited to our surprised gaze a splendid catch, the largest weighing nearly 20 lbs. We wilted, but decided after a consultation to start next morning and not return until we had wiped away the disgrace of being defeated by the newcomers. Our Canadian friends joined with us, and we determined to do or die, and made up our minds that if one boat could catch six muskallonge four boats could catch four times six or twenty-four, as per Robinson's practical arithmetic. Well, we fished and we fished, but not a "lunge" did we strike; and in succession, as our strength and patience became exhausted, we returned to the boat house, leaving our English friends, who were bound to stick it out; but they too soon followed us, and their faces already well scorched by the hot sun, grew more luminous as they told the story of our wrongs.

It seems that on starting around the head of the lake just after we left them, they were hailed by a native, who exhibited a fine string of muskallonge, and offered them for sale, which offer was indignantly refused, upon which said native, thinking they were trying to beat him down on the price, informed them that if they did not take them "he could easily sell them to a couple of gentlemen to whom he had sold some the day before," and on questioning him our friends found how L. and K. had caught their fish and the kind of bait they had used. The native had the "lunge" strung on a piece of willow, and all had marks of the gillnet on them; on hearing these facts our friends speedily followed us, and informing us of the "sell," we agreed to meet the two champion fishermen in a body, and give them a rousing reception.

We had not long to wait, for L. and K. soon came in and laid before us another nice lot of fish, and looked to us for more compliments. We examined the fish, and found the net marks on all, as our English friends had said, and at an agreed signal stepped back and listened to an address from M. of our party, on the success of the "silver bait" as illustrated in the case before us, which, while not as scholarly as one of Cicero's, was at least effective. L. and K. at first denied our charges, but finding the proof overwhelming, beat a retreat and sought the friendly shelter of the bar-room, leaving M. and the rest of us masters of the field. After that we fished for muskallonge no more, nor did we see L. and K. bring in any during the rest of our stay.

Burleigh Falls is, I think, one of the pleasant spots in Canada for the fisherman and lover of woods and waters. It is located between Stony and Lovesick lakes, a short, rapid stream connecting them. The chief beauty of the place, the falls, has been destroyed by the ruthless hand of civilization and the Italian laborer, the Canadian Government having made a passageway for steamboat travel through the entire chain of lakes, and where the falls once roared and tumbled there stand two substantial locks, to let passing boats from Lovesick Lake into Stony Lake below.

The time for our outing had expired, the largest fish taken had succumbed to the superior skill (or perhaps it was the strength of the trolling line) of Miss P. The "big one" had been lost by H. My wife had eclipsed the rest in the use of rod and reel, and we rather sadly bid good-by to our host and English friends and turned our faces homeward, spending our return journey in recounting to each other experiences with fish whose weight and fighting powers increased with every mile placed between us and the scene of conflict. Not long after our return to R. we were notified of the impending union of H. and Miss Emma, which only goes to prove that fish is not the only game at Lovesick Lake.

In spite of the above, the single members of our party may decide to risk another outing at Burleigh. T.

GREENWOOD LAKE.

A WEEK ago Friday afternoon I visited this beautiful sheet of water for the first time, and I had a pleasant and successful day's fishing, making the Brandon House, which is charmingly situated, my headquarters. My valise failed to materialize, but a reel and other necessities were generously loaned me by mine host, and Saturday morning found me in a boat with a lively cargo of minnows and frogs. I had never cast with a frog before, and it took some time to get my arm, an 8oz. fly-rod and a big frog, to work as they should. My boatman quickly pulled up into an arm of the lake where the water was shallow, and I began heaving. The morning's catch was 8 bass and 2 pickerel. Two of the bass were 2-pounders and the others fish of a trifle more than a pound in weight. Two or three small ones were thrown back. One bass in particular gave me a great deal of sport. He lay under a pile of brush quite near the shore, and the way he snapped off a frog was artistic in the extreme. Four times, at intervals of ten minutes each, he rose, but I failed to hook him each time. The boatman said I did not strike hard enough. I said if I could get his nose out of water again I would strike sufficiently hard, and I did, for I broke my butt. I hooked the bass though, and pulled him in hand over hand. There may have been more than one bass under that brush, but I think not, as his method was unmistakable.

In the afternoon we drove back over the hills five miles to a trout brook, which is leased by the proprietor of the Brandon House. It is a small brook at best, and there had been so little rain that the greater part of it was unfishable, as the water was almost stagnant, not enough current to carry the bait down stream. The trout though were there in thousands, and it was worth my while to drive there just to see the fish. Out of two holes 20ft. square, perhaps, and 3ft. deep I "yanked" 16 trout, all above 7in. long, and some half-dozen nice fish, including my first rainbow trout. Further down the brook and quite near the road was a small dam, and from the shallow pool above I caught 2 fish on flies, and then we drove home. It was an interesting trip altogether, and I hope to repeat it. F. LIN.

MINNESOTA NOTES.

THE last Legislature passed a very good game bill, with the exception of allowing spring shooting of ducks and geese—otherwise it gives general satisfaction. The bass fishing opened up in fine shape in this vicinity, but for some reason the past week or so has been very poor. The first time Stephens and I went out we caught 14 in two hours in Muskrat Lake. Others did equally as well, while some strings ran into the half-hundred and over.

Becker county has passed a stringent fish law, intending to break up the netting and seining, which are doing so much damage—but probably the law will be a dead letter, as so many special laws are. Yet, unless something is done to enforce a law of this kind our boasted fishing will be only a tradition.

Otter Tail county has a very strict law, expressly forbidding the netting of fish and the shipping of any out of the county. But I saw in the daily papers this morning this item: "During the past three months thousands of pounds of black bass have been netted and seined and shipped away. Some of the best lakes are full of nets, and were even so through the spawning season."

At Preston Lake, in this State, such things became unbearable this spring, so the farmers organized a patrol, caught six of the lawbreakers and had them fined. So hope is not entirely dead.

Two or three parties are ready to start Monday morning after bass, to be gone three or four days.

Mrs. Stephens has beaten Stephens and me so far, as she has made one double catch of two bass that weighed 3lbs. each, and the other evening while we were out on Detroit Lake she caught and landed a fine small-mouth, where none have been caught in two years.

When Stephens and I returned from the North Shore we found Charlie Dix looking very blue. At first I thought it was envy—but no. "I've been down to Franklin with three other fellows for three days, and it rained all the time and the wind blew and we only caught 25 bass." His voice trembled and the tears stood in his eyes as he told the tale. MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn., June 13.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Trout fishing in Millsfield ponds has been very good the past few days. Large catches have also been made in Success and other ponds in Dummer and vicinity.

Hon. Edward Spaulding, of Nashua, has just returned from Farmachene Lake and reports excellent sport there and on the Magalloway. COOS.

MILAN, N. H., June 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must thank the FOREST AND STREAM for its notes on the Sunapee fishing. Being in this region on a visit, and inspired by the articles in the "STREAM" I came out here to-day for a short outing for the landlocked salmon, and have had excellent luck. My success, however, did not compare with that of Mr. J. P. Allds, of Norwich, N. Y., the president of the Chenango Fish and Game Association in that town. Mr. Allds succeeded in capturing a noble salmon, which when first caught weighed 15lbs., and three-quarters of an hour later showed 14½lbs., the equal, if not ahead of the Sunapee record. It was caught on a 7½oz. Abbey & Imbrie trout rod. LOGAN,

A NEW RANGELEY RAILROAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Phillips & Rangeley R. R. is now completed and trains will run regular trips by July 1. This railroad is to be a wonderful convenience to tourists and anglers visiting the Rangeley Lakes, as well as to sportsmen who penetrate the deep resources of the great forests of Maine to hunt the bear, moose, caribou and deer which abound in these regions.

We find here the largest brook trout in the known world, up to 12lbs. and over, also the *Salmo ogassua*, or landlocked salmon, in abundance, and this season especially large catches have been made all through the lake region.

Hotels are established in convenient places on all the lakes, and steamboat lines run on every lake, making such connections that parties may pass through all the lakes in a day. Thus a person may leave Boston in the morning, strike Rangeley at night, pass through all the lakes the next day and the third day go back to Boston via Bethel and the Grand Trunk R. R. or vice versa, first take the G. T. R. R. at Portland, arriving in Bethel at 9:33 A.M., reaching Umbagog—the most southerly lake of the Rangeley group—26 miles, in the early afternoon by Lane's daily stage or by private team.

But the tourist will be prone to linger on the way from Bethel to the lakes to explore the many wonderful curiosities of nature in this wonderland of Maine.

Bethel is in the midst of the White Mountain range, almost surrounded by high mountains, with hundreds of trout streams in every direction and marvelous views on every hand.

The Bethel House, kept by W. F. Lovejoy & Son, is one of the best hotels in the State, and is generally crowded in the heated season. The Grand Trunk Railroad is very popular, employing as it does the most obliging and agreeable of agents and conductors. Eight passenger trains leave Bethel daily—four going south and four north.

Not far from the village bears are very numerous, and deer come even into the very village.

The round trip to and through the lakes from Bethel and return by the Phillips & Rangeley, Sandy River, Maine Central and Grand Trunk railroads would be as interesting and comfortable a trip through a lake wilderness as can be found in any civilized country on earth.

When it becomes known to the sporting and tourist world that a round trip through all the lakes can be made, with Bethel as a southern outlet, on the Grand Trunk and Rangeley on the northern end out through the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad, we believe the trip will be very popular, and no one would think of going back the same route they went in on, but make the voyage through the lakes. J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, ME.

"QUEEN OF THE ROD."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was particularly interested in the achievement of Mrs. Geo. F. Stagg, of Louisville, Ky., with the large tarpon, and none the less so in the account of her later exploit with the 253lb. shark as recounted by W. H. Case in current issue. Well does she deserve the title, "Queen of the Rod." And if he added to this "The Expert Oarsman," "The Crack Shot," "The Perfect Camper," the list will be nearly complete, from the sportsman's standpoint. I have in mind a trip made up the Mackinac country several summers ago, and of a camping trip made by a party of us from the Les Cheneaux Islands to Spider Island, Prentiss Bay, where some tall bass fishing was done. Mr. and Mrs. Stagg were of the party, and I shall never forget her untiring energy with the oars and rod, as well as of her thought of the inner man at camp. I am with Mr. Case in being anxious to hear from Mrs. Stagg through these columns of her sport with those Southern monsters, and I am sure the readers of dear old FOREST AND STREAM would not be slow of appreciation. Will not Mrs. Stagg give us the benefit of all this sport with her description?

Here is an example worthy of emulation surely by our feminine friends. Fearless on land or water, and as ready and apt with rod, gun, rifle and oars as the next of us. W. W. BLAKE.

BALTIMORE, June 27.

RED SPOTS OF BROOK TROUT.

HOW many red spots does a *Salmo fontinalis* have? On April 29, in Big Northwest Pond, on the Megantic Fish and Game Club's preserve in Maine, I took a brook trout weighing about seven ounces. As he lay in the landing net I was struck by the number of bright red spots on his sides, and although he was smaller than I would under ordinary circumstances have kept when fishing in those waters, I killed him and carefully counted the red spots which I found ran in five rows. Not content with my figures, which were a great surprise to me, I gave the said fish to my guide when I returned to camp and requested him to count the red spots. His figures agreed with mine and were 55 on one side and 60 on the other. The next fish I took was of the same size, but had 5 red spots on one side and 6 on the other, and was like the average fish. The trout in this same Big Northwest Pond have very red flesh and are delicious eating, but do not run to any great size. Have any of your readers ever noticed a larger number of bright red spots than this record?

Had I been asked the question, "How many bright red spots does a brook trout ever have?" I should have unhesitatingly said, "Never more than 20 or 30 on a side, and more frequently less than 20." ROBT. B. LAWRENCE.

NEW YORK, June 24.

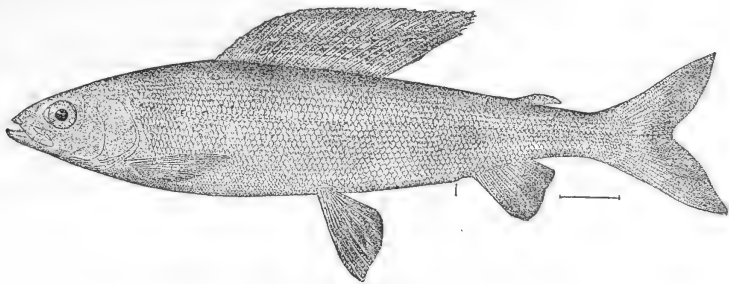
THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY publishes a new edition of its "Guide to Fishing and Hunting Resorts" reached via its lines. The information has been compiled specially for the purpose from notes furnished by the company's agents, and the localities described are Ontario, Quebec, Michigan, Maine and New Hampshire.

THE GREENBRIER CLUB, consisting of Capt. Jas. Bumgardner, Messrs. R. P. Bell, Geo. Beall, C. L. Cooke, Wm. H. Weller and F. R. Webb, with Orey Dunning in charge of the commissary department, have been on their annual pilgrimage to the upper Greenbrier, in Pocahontas, W. Va., for trout.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAYLING.

IN our issues of April 23 and May 21, 1891, we published some brief notes and queries of "T. J. A." concerning a grayling in Idaho and Montana. Our correspondent has recently forwarded a specimen of the fish for examination, and it proves to be an actual grayling (*Thymallus*

tricolor), the common species of the Au Sable River in Michigan. The individual sent was one of the two taken April 13, in the Big Hole River, Montana, with a white grub found in decayed railroad ties. In June, according to our correspondent, the grayling bite readily at the fly. We give herewith an illustration of the fish from the "Fishery Industries."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAYLING (*Thymallus tricolor*).

THE SOUTHSIDE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—We have received a copy of the twenty-fifth annual report of the Southside Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island. The club has reached the limit of its membership and is in the full tide of prosperity. The executive committee report that the number of trout killed in 1890, including rainbows, reached a total of 7,781, the largest in the history of the club; 113 quail were killed and a great many were left over at the end of the season. Fifty dozen quail were turned out during January and are being cared for by game keepers. During eighteen months the keepers have trapped and shot the following among other destructive animals and birds: 16 foxes, 24 raccoons, 110 opossums, 10 skunks, 23 minks, 17 weasels, 13 cats, 261 muskrats, 50 hawks, 11 owls, 27 kingfishers, 131 jays and 35 crows. During the open season of ten days from Oct. 1, 22 deer were shot in the immediate vicinity of the club property and two wounded ones were afterward found dead in the grounds. There are now 75 deer in the preserve, but unless the laws of the State are amended so as to protect the deer, it is probable that most of these now owned by the club will be destroyed by pot-hunters. The fish committee report the following fish in the preserves on Oct. 25, 1890: 5,616 brook trout, three years old; 6,133 two years old, 11,245 one year old, 1,070 large rainbow, 5,127 yearlings, making a total of 29,191 trout. During 1890, 7,510 brook trout, weighing about 3,000lbs., were killed. Artificial hatching and stocking of the waters was begun fifteen years ago; the fish had been almost exterminated and only about 300 fish were killed in a season. The total weight of trout killed during the fifteen years was 29,671lbs., and besides this \$5,000 worth of fish have been sold in the markets and for stocking other waters. During the last season 800,000 eggs were taken, a much larger number than could be handled in the club's hatchery, and on this account 60,000 were exchanged for 2,000 yearlings from the Tuxedo Club, and 50,000 for 10,000 brown trout.

RAINBOW TROUT IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—We have recently received from Dr. S. P. Bartlett, Secretary of the Illinois Fish Commission, a letter addressed to him by Mr. David O. Reid, of Moline, Ill., relating to the capture of a member of the salmon family in the Mississippi River at that place. Mr. Reid writes: "There was caught here on Monday, in the Mississippi, a member of the salmon family. Its length was 14in., the body completely covered with small scales, the general color white, adipose fin well developed and distinct. The tail strong and very trout-like. The fish was beautifully and freely spotted from head to tail and down to the median line with small, distinct black spots; the dorsal, adipose and caudal fins were profusely spotted. After death a faint line of color was noticed on each side of the body. Have the kindness to inform me what it is and where it came from." From the above letter, which Dr. Bartlett forwarded to us in order that the fish might be identified, there is little doubt that it was the rainbow trout, *Salmo irideus*. In a subsequent letter to Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Reid suggests that the fish may possibly have come from a hatchery in Missouri, where experiments with the trout and salmon of the Pacific slope are being carried on. Mr. Reid may have in mind the successful experiment of Mr. Montgomery, at Verona, with eggs of the rainbow obtained from the U. S. Fish Commission. The new hatchery at Neosho is having remarkable results with the same trout, having forwarded yearling examples measuring nearly one foot in length. Of all the Western trout this is best adapted for transplanting in our warmer rivers.

A CANADIAN TROUT.—Toronto, June 22.—I omitted to mention one important peculiarity of the fish referred to in my former letter of June 1, namely, that they have no scales. The adipose dorsal fin is dark brown, the same color as the back. The fish are shaped like the speckled trout. The most prominent of our fish dealers here, to whom one was shown, pronounced it a mountain trout, which, I believe, is only another name for the speckled trout. Though not claiming to be an ichthyologist I am inclined to believe that they are the speckled trout. The shading of the spots is different, but that can be explained from their habitat—a large, open, sun-kissed, wind-tossed lake. The largest we caught last May trolling weighed 8lbs., but the Hudson Bay Co. assured me they had been taken five times that weight. The ordinary brook trout is dry, but these are moist, firm and sweet and are pronounced by connoisseurs superior to their congeners of the brooks. They are caught in Lake Tamagami and one or two other lakes in the same region. The only way of getting there is by canoe with Indian guides. It is four days' journey from Sturgeon Falls, owing to the tremendous current of the rivers ascended and the thirteen portages in the route. From Mattawa a day and a half by steamer takes the tourist to the mouth of the Montreal River, which is 2½ days' journey by canal from the lake. I cannot promise you a specimen until October, when I next expect to visit the lake. Then you will have an opportunity to pronounce on what is, in my estimation, the finest fresh-water fish in North America.—S. R. CLARKE.

THE STEELHEAD IN LAKE ERIE.—On May 30 last Mr. D. P. Vroman, of Put-in-Bay, Ohio, took in one of his pound nets a strange trout measuring 17in. in length. He presented it to the U. S. Commission of Fisheries through Mr. J. J. Stranahan, Superintendent of the Put-in-Bay station. The fish was forwarded to Washington, where it was found to be a steelhead salmon, or Gairdner's trout, a California species recently introduced by the Commission into tributaries of Lake Erie. This is the first specimen of the kind, so far as known, that has been taken since its introduction. The size of the individual (17in.) and its fine condition give promise of success in the attempt to acclimate this valuable trout in the Great Lakes. The steelhead salmon, or Gairdner's trout, has been known in E. stern markets for some years, especially in the early spring months, March and April, when it figures as Kennebec salmon and brings a high price. It is very common in the mouths of rivers and is sometimes caught in the bays in large numbers, associated with the salmon of commerce. In Alaska it spawns in the early spring, continuing as late as June. In shape the adults resemble the Atlantic salmon more than any other species, but the nearest relative of this trout is the rainbow trout of California. In our Salmon and Trout Supplement, of April 4, 1889, is to be found a figure of the young of this trout and a brief sketch of the species.

PORT JEFFERSON, LONG ISLAND.—Game is doing well. I never go for a drive without seeing quail and lots of rabbits; and the other day a fine male woodcock was picked up in town, which had flown against a wire or something. I have been over to Smithtown two or three times, but did not get much; shall try it again this week if a good cloudy stormy day comes along. You are pretty sure of getting some small trout on the worm in the mill pond. I hear vague but good reports from Ronkonkoma. Will write when I have personal experience. By the way, there is a pond here alive with goldfish and carp, some of them quite large. Can any of your readers advise me how to catch them? I am going to bend on some very small hooks to fine gut and bait with boiled wheat or a paste of bread and cheese, letting the line lie on the bottom. This is a right pleasant place, and not as hot as I expected. I like it far better than the South Side. If any of your readers want information I shall be happy to let them know.—GRAY JOHN.

OTTAWA, Kansas, June 12.—There has been a club organized at this place lately for the purpose of seeing that the laws for the protection of fish in these waters are enforced. It starts out under the name of "Franklin County Fishing Club," with the following officers: President, J. C. Shomo; Vice President, I. M. Reed; Secretary and Treasurer, F. B. Hamblin, all of Ottawa, Kansas. Rewards will be paid for information leading to the conviction of any person violating the laws for the protection of fish in Franklin county, and for this purpose quite a large sum has been raised. A great part of the fish sold in this city and vicinity are caught illegally in nets, and the first work of the committee will be to see that this is stopped. This river is as good as any in Kansas for fish, and as soon as the traps and nets can be disposed of there must be a marked increase in game fish to be caught here. There has been so much high water this spring and summer that fish have had a chance to ascend the stream without much interference, and those who go fishing for croppies report favorably. Catfish and drum are the most common fish during the high water, and some very large ones are being caught this week.—F. B.

PENSACOLA FISHING.—Pensacola, Fla., June 22.—This city offers more attractions for the lover of outdoor sport than any city of its size in the United States. Fresh-water streams within distances of one to three miles surround us on all sides, and are full of fresh-water trout (bass), bream, perch, pickerel, etc., while the bay offers the finest of salt-water fishing—fine strings of trout, chapers, sheepshead (mullet with net), spade fish, in fact all fish that are usually caught in salt water. The most famous fishing ground, however, is in the vicinity of the celebrated Fort Pickens, some ten miles from here by boat, just inside the bar and opposite the Navy Yard and Fort Barancas and the lighthouse. In my next I will give you an account of some of the trips of our little club in the Pirate, our 19ft. 6in. long, 1ft. beam cat-rigged flat bottom boat. Our last catch consisted of a heavy squall from the S.W., three redfish weighing 10, 14 and 18lbs. respectively, besides any quantity of other fish too numerous to mention.—A. C.

ROCKPORT, Mass., June 9.—Hake are very common in this locality at the present time. Boys have caught as many as fifty in a short time from boats near the break-water. The fish are known here as old England hake, one of the common species of *Phycis* of this bay. Cod fish of good size are taken freely from the rocks along shore. Rev. W. B. Smith caught one at Gap Head which weighed about 9lbs.—B.

LAKE ONTARIO BLACK BASS.—Oswego, N. Y.—Fishing has been very good on the south shore of Lake Ontario in places frequented by the gamy small-mouthed black bass. It was not known until about ten or twelve years ago that bass could be taken with a rod at many places near the shore. At certain times in the season these fish appear in large numbers and take a minnow or spoon savagely. When hooked they will fight hard, jumping frequently from two to three feet out of the water, and shaking their head with the apparent endeavor to free themselves from the hook. The lake bass are lighter in color than those taken from the Oswego River. I send you herewith a photograph showing a catch made by two rods in part of two days' fishing, total weight 147lbs. They were taken by Mr. C. A. Tanner and Mr. Ball, of the Jewel Belting Co. of Hartford, Conn., in a two days' fishing trip at Dempster.—OSWEGO.

VORACIOUS LITTLE EELS.—About June 1, when Mr. Joseph Kenby was depositing a shipment of young shad in the Susquehanna River, at Fite's Eddy, for the U. S. Fish Commission, he saw a singular sight. Near the edge of the water along shore wriggled a mass of small eels containing millions of individuals. With a bucket he dipped up nearly fifty at a scoop; the creatures were about 4in. long, and were called "black eels" by fishermen. Some of them were put into an aquarium containing goldfish, which they immediately attacked and killed, penetrating their bodies at the vent. A little terrapin was next assailed, but as he was somewhat of a "tough," he was not fatally injured before rescue. After these signs of depravity the eels were dumped out on dry ground to roast in the sun; but they burrowed into the mud and were seen no more.

BLACK BASS IN NEBRASKA.—Norfolk, Neb., June 23.—I have taken thousands of pickerel in the slack waters and bayous of the Big Sioux, Missouri and Elk Horn of Nebraska, but never until this season have I had any sport with the large-mouthed black bass. My friend, Gus Satter, and I, received permission from the genial owner of a large cattle ranch, ten miles south of this town, to fish in one of his lakes. The first day's capture with only spoon hooks was two 4-pound pickerel and sixteen black bass averaging 2lbs. The second trip to this beautiful place netted us sixteen bass ranging from 2½ to 4lbs. This I think is fair for Western waters. Our generous host and the owner of the ranch and lake are the Owens Brothers, to whom we are indebted for our fine sport.—T. H. T.

JUNE TARPON.—The Tarpon Springs, Fla., *News* of late date reports lovers of piscatorial sport ought to visit the mouth of the Anclote and 'Cootie rivers if they wish to have some fine sport. A great number of tarpon have been caught this week, some measuring 6ft. Capt. Kendall and Mr. DeGollier returned from a two weeks' sailing cruise as far south as Sanibel and around Pine Island. They called at all principal shell beaches, had lots of fishing at the Passes and a thorough good time generally.

A FLY STORY.—A note from Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie's establishment the other day reported: "I caught two specimens of the 'Lord-Baltimore' fly in our store this morning with jungle-cock shoulders—complete. I think they must have escaped from our fly-drawer, I cannot imagine where else they could have come from. I have heard (I. Cypress, Jr.) that flies have been so well tied that they had taken wings and flown away. This is no 'fly story,' for I have them pinned up on the wall to prove above.—W. H."

WHITE PERCH AT RIVERDALE, MASS.—Perch were plentiful in the mill pond at Riverdale last fall, and large quantities have been caught there this spring. Two men caught 33lbs. in about two hours one morning. Some of them are large, one weighing over 2lbs. The perch seem to bite best early in the morning and at nightfall, sometimes continuing during the evening, it is said, until 10:30. Live minnows are generally used for bait, although shrimp appear to suit the fish best.—E. F. L.

ROUND MOUNTAIN LAKE, Me., June 16.—Parties now at the lake are having first-class trout fishing. The weather is beautiful in the woods. I see by the papers they are having forest fires in Canada and some parts of Maine, but there is none in this vicinity.—E. S.

POT-LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

WE have found a defect in the game law passed by the recent Legislature. Hunting quail, partridge, woodcock and other game birds with a bag of salt is not specifically forbidden and the wanton youngsters who have caused such destruction among our song birds and game birds by salting their tails can keep right on in their deadly work without fear of punishment or molestation.—*Manitowoc (Wis.) Chronicle*.

Since I became a citizen of Indiana I have traveled more than twenty-five thousand miles between New Albany and the trout streams of northern Wisconsin, and have taken many thousand trout, but while following the meanderings of the streams with rod of exquisite beauty and jeweled reel, I am no more happy than when a boy with hempen line and alder pole I made not altogether fruitless efforts to capture the beauties in the stream within sight of my happy home.—*Correspondence New Albany (Ind.) Ledger*.

No deputy game warden or local officer could be secured to punish Grand Haven fishermen who were defying the law as usual this spring, so Warden Hampton had to try it himself. He went out on Spring Lake one night recently and soon found two men in a boat netting fish. They resisted arrest, and then, taking a polter from the Itata, tried to escape, but Hampton opened fire and rounded them too. They furnished bail to appear for trial. One of the fellows remarked that he knew the warden didn't mean to shoot them, but that he feared he was such a blanked poor shot that he might accidentally do so.—*Beilatre (Mich.) Breeze*.

TO COLORADO VIA BURLINGTON ROUTE. only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 P. M. or St. Louis at 8:25 A. M., and arrive at Denver 6:15 P. M. the next day. Through sleepers, chair cars and dining cars. All railroads from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:30 P. M., St. Louis at 8:15 P. M., and Peoria at 3:20 P. M. and 8 P. M. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of agents of all roads and at Burlington route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

NEVADA FISHCULTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream

We have now in our State hatchery some 700,000 fry of the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) in a perfectly healthy condition and with extraordinary appetites, requiring them to be fed three times per diem. We are now distributing them as fast as possible to individuals and stocking public waters. Mr. B. Close, in charge of State hatchery, left here last evening with 120,000 fry for Humboldt River and its tributaries; Carson River and tributaries, Lake Tahoe and Washoe, have already received their quota. We have some 25,000 fry of the landlocked salmon still in the troughs, which will be kept until the fall and then distributed.

Some two years ago I placed about 1,000 fry of the Mackinaw trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) in a small stream in the southern part of this State; they are now being heard from in the shape of 3 and 4 lb. fish.

The Sacramento River perch, transplanted some five years ago, are now being taken in Walker Lake in large quantities, affording most excellent sport with fly; fish weighing 2 and 3 lbs. are quite common.

This fall the Commission, if feasible, will establish a branch hatchery at Elko, in the eastern portion of this State, which will have a capacity of 500,000 ova. This hatchery will dispense with the transportation of fish from the main hatchery to that portion of the State, which has always been attended with a large percentage of loss; and a greater section where streams are abundant will be reached and stocked.

The last session of the Nevada Legislature passed almost an entire new law as regards seasons, illegal fishing, etc. It gives the trout in streams from Oct. 1 to April 1 of each year as a close season; and trout in lakes from Jan. 1 to April 1 close season. This is something the State never had before; the former law permitted fishing with hook and line at any season of the year. The measure was vigorously opposed by the market fishermen and a few dealers in trout. Under the new law the Commission hopes to be able, with the assistance of the various county peace officers, to put a stop to the heretofore wholesale slaughter of trout while ascending rivers on their way to spawning beds.

The efforts of the Commission to prevent the illegal dumping of sawdust and refuse from lumber mills in the Truckee River have been in a measure encouraged, and, with the promised assistance of the Commission of our adjoining State, California, we hope to stop the practice entirely.

G. T. M.

CARSON CITY, Nevada.

HATCHING LAKE STURGEON.—In our issue of June 25 we mentioned the experiment by the Ohio Fish Commission with the lake sturgeon in Detroit River. Dr. Henshall, president of the Commission, has since informed us that the jars did not give satisfaction for this work, but in the floating boxes, used by Superintendent Lanz in Detroit River, between five and six millions of eggs were developed and the fry liberated in the stream. The water seemed to be too warm in the hatchery at Sandusky, and all the eggs sent there died. The expense of this interesting and important experiment was not over \$100. Mr. Lanz found no difficulty in getting eggs from the females by pressure alone and the breeding fish were returned to the water alive.

NEBRASKA.—The appointment by Governor Thayer of Joseph H. Blair as a member of the State Fish Commission, to succeed B. E. B. Kennedy, resigned, will meet the approval of all who take an interest in fishculture. Mr. Blair is an angler of wide experience and repute; but with his love for the sport he combines a scientific knowledge of the fishy tribe gained from much reading and personal investigation. In this Western country those having practical, useful knowledge of the science of fishculture are rare, hence Governor Thayer's appointment of Mr. Blair is most fortunate. The Commission consists of three members, Mr. Lew May and Mr. T. McBride, of Fremont, being the other two members.—*Omaha Mercury*.

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 9 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt. 1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirteenth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 41 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

THE ENGLISH BULLDOG CLUB SHOW.

IN the English *Kennel Gazette* for June appears about the best judge's report we have yet met with. This is Mr. C. F. Jackson's report of his classes at the above show. We have been asked so many times, especially by bulldog men, for some means by which they can form an adequate idea of the different winners on the other side with a view to purchase, that we think such a report as this will no doubt have a good effect and result in additional importations of the dog that some jealous people say is "all broke up" over his own ugliness. Mr. Jackson writes:

"I wish that I could have avoided having to decide against either of two such grand specimens as Bedgebury Lion and British Monarch. But I have no doubt that, in selecting Bedgebury Lion for premier position, I chose the dog of the greatest intrinsic merit. In only two respects is B. Monarch better than his antagonist, i. e., in taper of hindquarters; in B. Monarch the frontal eminences are absent, while they are very pronounced in B. Lion, whose cushion also is very near the ideal. B. Monarch is very much the wider across the shoulders, but B. Lion is sufficiently so to pass muster as a good bulldog, and to satisfy me. So often as the two dogs are allowed to move with their full freedom in the ring, with

a view to a comparison with regard to function, the issue can never be in doubt. B. Lion is simply a marvel of activity whereas B. Monarch is markedly slothful and lacking in energy. I was glad of the opportunity of showing how good a dog I consider Pathfinder by placing him in front of champion Datholite and Romance. Of his overwhelming superiority there cannot be a shadow of doubt; he is excellent in shoulders, lay-back and set-up. The others have no point in the superlative.

Dryad, alone in the heavy-weight challenge bitch class, has certainly a grandly-formed head for a bitch, but I consider the shape of her body lacks character to a very great extent.

In the light weight challenge class for dogs, Grabber came out full of years and honors, and won. If only for the narrowness across his loins, in comparison with the width across his shoulders (which I call taper of body), and for the fire and vivacity with which he shows himself in the ring, he will find a place on the head roll of fame, so long as there are bulldog fanciers. I preferred Forceps to Don Pedro for set and prize, because Forceps is shorter on leg, has more bone, and is shorter in back; but Don Pedro is certainly better out at shoulder, and has an infinitely better formed foreface, it being square instead of round, as Forceps' is. Previous to judging them together, I should not have said Enfield Grabber would be the inferior of the four, but, on comparing them, he certainly is, being very flat-sided and lacking prominence of frontal bones, and he is not sufficiently up at shoulder. He is a dog who has completely upset my early expectations of him.

Ayessha was alone in the challenge class for light-weight bitches. I can see nothing very striking about her.

Open classes: Dogs over 55lbs. weight.—No doubt it is a pity that King Orry has decided black in his coloring; but, as he is 95 per cent. white, what is so small a percentage of undesirable color in a dog whose head is certainly one of the best formed and finished I ever remember to have seen in any bulldog, let alone a big one! I certainly consider him immeasurably superior to anything else in this class. This is more than I can now write about H. M. Stanley, who is wretched in front of eye, and sadly deficient in much that goes to make a good bulldog. I am now almost sure Jemmy should have beaten him. Aston Lion has a froggy appearance. I don't say he is froggy, but he has the same outline, viewed side face, as Mr. Shirley's Firefly and Mrs. Raby's Lord Arthur, which I consider very objectionable. Boor's Czar struck me in the ring as having a head too small in proportion to his body, and his ears are not carried quite as they should be. Still, I fancy if I could have altered my awards in the calm, after judging, Czar would have gone to third prize. Big bulldogs are so wholly opposed to my fancies, so alien to all I desire in a bulldog, that probably it was only natural that I was not able to satisfy myself as to their respective merits. Rustic Sovereign and Bill Richardson were absent, so I escaped having to pass an opinion upon them. Force died on his journey up to this show, which is much to be regretted. I admired him when I last saw him alive. He was certainly much truer to type than most big bulldogs, that is to say, if he weighed 55lbs. Big Buffalo Bill I considered the *caput mortuum* of the show—he is so far from being an example of the breed that he may almost be pointed to as a warning of what breeding for size will produce.

Bitches over 45lbs. weight.—Again in this class I am not at all sure that I placed the winners in the right order. The three winners stood out distinctly from the rest of the class, but whether Carrie and Indra should not have beaten Saleni I doubt. Saleni, as she appeared before me, was a complete shock. The sight of one eye was dimmed, her jaws were in a sad state, and she was shrunken in girth of brisket. Nor was Indra produced in at all blooming condition. In fact, Carrie was the only one of the three shown fit and well. They are undoubtedly a grand trio, so that I fancy I ought to have allowed condition more influence in my awards.

Dogs over 45lbs. weight.—This class was unmistakably the best that entered the ring. If six prizes had been offered instead of four, they could all have been awarded to real clinking good bulldogs. When I saw German Monarch and His Lordship on the bench, after judging, it struck me I had gone wrong, so I had them in the ring again, when I am glad to say I was satisfied with my previous decision. His Lordship is shorter in back, lower on leg and altogether more compact than German Monarch, but he requires cushion and bone in front of the eye to make a tip-topper—points that German Monarch is richly endowed with. I admired His Lordship's air of stolid indifference on the bench, and his devil-me-care rolling gait in the ring. Guido, only fourth here, I am prepared to see shortly placed much higher, as he has been bought for a kennel from which he will be shown in a way a bulldog should be. His face and head are very conspicuous, being well high perfect, but he showed so much daylight under him that I placed him as high as his present form merited. Still, without doubt, he has the making of a really superb bulldog in every inch of him. I admired him so immensely at Manchester, where I first saw him, that I never anticipated he would have to succumb to such a dog as Phylax. The latter's form can never be improved—his faulty tail must forever handicap him. Bilali is an un-fauly dog, far above the average, and yet with nothing striking to lift him into the front ranks. His head is wide, but not sufficiently deep. Lord Trevor is accurate in conformation and should play a big part among the ordinary company seen at provincial shows. Holy Friar I discarded for the color of his nose and eyes, conveying, to my mind, a strong suspicion of Dudley.

Bitches over 35lbs. weight.—The quality in this class, I think, was disappointing. I preferred the gray-colored Peckham Lass, who looks like being a rare bitch to breed from. Armida I once much liked, but I could not form any accurate opinion of her on this occasion, as her face was swollen. She has an ugly tail, but I remember I considered her cheap when claimed at her catalogue price of £40 at the club's last year's show. I was informed, the day after judging, that no less an accredited authority on the bulldog than Mr. Vero Shaw had stated that he considered Tomsh (placed reserve in this class) was the best specimen, and should have won. Be this as it may, I cannot, by any showing, value her, with her long tail and dreadfully long back, higher than I placed her.

Dogs under 45lbs. weight.—Another commendable lot of bulldogs were to be seen in this class. Of the fact that Morris's Prince George scales less than His Lordship, the winner in the previous dog class, I am sceptical, but I was assured by the secretary that Prince George qualified to compete in this class by ½ lb. Such being the case, he, of course, smothered the class. The second prize in this class I gave to Orphan Lad, nor do I in the least repent doing so. He is fair only in face and quite up to average in skull, but his whole character is very strikingly attractive. That he is deformed in any way I deny; that he unfortunately has a trick of turning his toes in instead of out I admit; and I think he conclusively demonstrated by the freedom with which he moved in the ring that he was no cripple. Honest as the intentions of many critics may undoubtedly be, they are full of partialities and prejudices. They enter a show with their verdicts already prepared, and they can no more write dispassionately of any dog other than their particular fancy, than can a mother about her own children. Ashton Billy is a very typical light-weight dog. I wish I could have placed him higher than third, which, with Prince George in a heavier class, I could have done. The appearance for the first time of King Lud in an open class is a valuable addition to the light-weight bulldogs that are exhibited. He is a grand young dog to look at, but he spoils his chance when he

moves. Instead of a rolling gait, found with a pear-shaped front, he struts his legs out sideways in walking, so that his feet are further apart than his legs are at their setting on to the shoulders. The black and tan, Satan II., I rightly (or wrongly) refused to judge, on account of his color. If I had judged him he would probably have had a prominent position in my awards, and that would to a certainty have raised a hue and cry. Just in the same way I refused to judge Dick II., though I admire his getting, and think him a most useful stud dog. Still his wall-eye and split nostril debar him from any possible chance in an open competition. I rather fancy that in no dog in the show is physical weakness and degeneracy of pluck more exemplified than in Tommy Truckle.

Bitches under 35lbs. weight.—It was in this class that I discovered in Nina Fidget the bitch that pleased my eye best in the whole show. Granted that on occasions she can raise her ears almost to prick them, it should be remembered that these ears of hers are wonderfully small and thin, and are more often than not carried rose shape, and were so while she was in the ring. She showed such distinct excellence to any other bitch in the show that I cannot believe her victories came as a surprise to impartial men, who are strict followers of the club's standard. I have no doubt that if any artist should depict her he may very likely in future years be accused (by those who have not seen her) of having exaggerated her marvellous muscular development and compactness. It seems only fair and proper, therefore, for me to leave it on record that no artist needs to be untruthful. Rather, be it remembered, that all he did was to select an animal without a compeer among her own sex so far as typicality is concerned. Magic would have beaten Salvo for third place in this class if she could have moved her hindquarters in the ring.

Novice Dog Class.—This was headed by Orphan Lad and King Lud. Lord Yarmouth, a coarse, undesirable type of dog, was third, and Al a Mode, whose skin was in a miserable plight, fourth. The last-named is small-skulled, but his shoulders are immense, and he struck me as being a good class of dog.

Novice Bitch Class.—Was not up to average. Bar the winner, there was nothing to make me wish to break the tenth commandment. Ninepins has a nice expression, good stop and lay-back, but she is otherwise fairly all through.

Dog Puppy Class.—Quite the worst class I can remember ever to have seen at the club's show.

Bitch Puppy Class.—I cannot describe this as a strong class for quality, though the entries were fairly numerous (15). I am aware I outraged public opinion by placing the diminutive Zohara first, but, as I saw her at 7 months old, she gave distinct promise of making a bitch in every way cut out to compete in the under 35lbs. class—in which class, given average luck during the next 12 months, she will take a tremendous amount of beating. Stanford Mary is of nice type and will figure again. Sister Dora was objected to as being over age; she certainly appears so in the catalogue. Habbab, of whom great things were expected by her owner, may develop into a good one. She appears to have plenty of growth about her.

Selling Classes.—I failed to discover any brilliant bargains in either of these classes.

Stud Dog Class.—I placed British Monarch first. From his loins I am confident cannot fail to spring descendants who will, without doubt, worthily perpetuate to generations yet to come the sterling qualities of their renowned ancestor.

Team Class.—Mr. Ellis, with his glorious team, has seemed, for some time past, to have secured the fee simple of these certainly tangible prizes, but I preferred British Monarch in Mr. Woodiwiss's team so very much more than any dog in Mr. Ellis's team that I gave the first-named the call.

American Class.—This class, provided for dogs owned by exhibitors residing in "The Hemisphere that owns no King," met with a poor response. They were a sorry lot, bar H. M. Stanley. None of them have ever crossed the Atlantic, and I should question the policy of the club's repeating the experiment another year.

Special Prizes.—The long list of specials loomed up before me like a bewildering maze that I should have to plod through. These prizes, though they speak volumes for the *bon accord* existing among members of the club in giving them, and the energy of the secretary in collecting them, are growing impracticable. I know they are the panacea generally prescribed to make any show a success, and though it may appear incongruous for one who has been responsible for the issue of four schedules, certainly not deficient in specials, I have grave fears, unless, perchance, some wholesome corrective to this modern spirit is devised, that an innocent hobby for a man of moderate means may be lowered into an ill-organized scramble, a competition for kudos into a mere lust for lucre.

I will take this opportunity of saying that there are many devoted to the breed *laudatores temporis acti*, who think we might go back with advantage to the old style of light-weight bulldogs, which a certain school of fanciers have done their best to render obsolete. Though bulldogs have been longer recognized in England as a distinct breed than any other dog, it is nevertheless in this breed only that disparity in weight is allowed so wide a scope, and for no good or sufficient reason, but simply as evidence of a schism in the theory of breeding them which not only strikes doggy men, but breeders of every other animal, as an anomaly. Yet after several years of apathy on this point among members of this club, in which an ancient breed has been all but ruined by fabulous legends and gross superstitions, I hope there are now indications of the dawn of better times. May it be Mr. Sprague's high privilege—above even all the other useful things he has done for this club—to reunite breeders by lessening the extremes in weight and giving them a more definite size as a standard to breed to.

In conclusion, I have to tender my sincere thanks to Mr. Sprague for having rendered me every assistance in his power in unravelling the complex conditions under which many of the specials were offered, some being as mystic as the writing on the wall to the Assyrian Monarch. Also I feel very grateful to Mr. Smart, who most kindly acted as ring steward from start to finish, and who marshalled the dogs into the ring very promptly. CYRIL F. W. JACKSON.

SHY BREEDERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few weeks ago you gave Vero Shaw's account, from the London *Stock-Keeper*, of bleeding a bitch that had missed to several different dogs, the result being a litter of pups. As you then said you would be glad to have accounts of successful experiments, I now give my experience. Some years ago I owned a collie bitch, which I had served at her second heat. She then had seven puppies. The next time she was served she missed; I tried her again with a similar result. I then consulted "Stonehenge," and he advised me to get her in as low condition as possible, to dose her well with salts, and to take three or four ounces of blood from her before service, by opening a vein in the neck. I accordingly did so, and the result was a litter of eight. The next time I thought that she would probably breed all right and only kept her as thin as possible, but it was no use, so when she came in again I purged her well with salts, but did not bleed her, and this time she proved in whelp. After this I had always to dose her well for a day or two before service, otherwise she would invariably miss, but I never found it necessary to bleed her again. I may add that each time she visited a different dog.

E. BARDOE ELLIOTT.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., June 22,

BEAGLE TRAINING.

[Continued from Page 461.]

FOLLOW him slowly, about a rod behind, occasionally speaking an encouraging word to him and endeavor to hold him to his work, always remembering to keep him ahead of you. It is hardly possible he will run this rabbit very far before he will get thrown, but if he runs it a hundred yards, or even less, you have made a good beginning and one that will remain in your pup's memory several days at least. I don't think it advisable to make a puppy of this age do too much at first. Your time will not by any means be wasted if you do not run a rabbit at all the first time or for the matter of that, for the first half dozen times you take your pup out with you, because he will be getting more and more accustomed to his surroundings, and this means a great deal to any dog, especially if he is the least bit inclined to be timid, as very many beagles are. I will now suppose you have had your pup out several times and he has run a few rabbits in his own way and taking his own time, it is now that you step in again to your pup's advantage and aid him. Cast him off from you—he should be made to follow at heel until he gets the word to leave, and where you have only one to attend to, this is comparatively easy, especially as you have taught him that you are master when he was young and never given him an opportunity to think otherwise. Let him search the favorable places and the unfavorable ones too, as he most likely will until he strikes a trail or starts his game.

Right here let me say that in rare instances a dog will run mute or, what is worse still, will not leave your side under any provocation. In the first case you can usually overcome this muteness, which by the way is very rare indeed in a well-bred beagle, by running your puppy with an old dog—a good "tonguer." In the second instance, if by repeatedly moving yourself every time your pup sits down and calling him to you does not cure him, I would recommend the following, applied internally through the left ear in one dose: S. S. Take of Hazzard FFG, 3½ drs., insert in a U. M. C. shell, place on this one cardboard and two pink-edge wads, then put in about two dozen buckshot and discharge at short range. It is in my opinion the only remedy, and I will vouch for its effectiveness if used according to directions.

Having disposed of the mute dog and the habitually "tired" dog, I will now return to the time when your pup starts game. As soon as you are sure he is on a trail, go to him and watch him. If he is pottering round and seems to be making no headway, push him a little; tell him to go on, get out, etc., making him search new places, and here is where your control comes in. Send him into the most likely places, and if he is accustomed to obeying you he will go without hesitation, and as soon as you think he has worked a place long enough to have thoroughly covered it, call him to another, and so on, until you get him on a straight trail.

As soon as he has things straightened out drive him as fast as you can, keeping right behind him, which you can easily do with a puppy of this age, and make him run as fast as he can trail. This will be of special advantage to him when the rabbit makes a "ding," as you, being so much higher up than your puppy, can see the most likely places to cast in and thus save much time at a period when it is valuable—when the trail is hot. Keep this mode of procedure up until your puppy gets too fast for you, then only endeavor to keep within hearing and to be in at the "flings," as you can always be of advantage here whether with a puppy or an old dog. After this it is no longer work but pleasure. You have got your puppy to run tolerably well, and every time you take him out makes him better, and now you have only to teach him to "mark the hole" and the use of the gun, etc. I have purposely refrained from referring to the gun before as I never bring it into play until the puppy is otherwise thoroughly trained, for the simple reason that I believe that a puppy can be thoroughly gunbroken in half a dozen lessons at the outside. To do this I load for a 12-gauge a dozen shells with 1½ drs. of powder and three wads, and when I get my puppy on a hot trail and running well, I discharge one barrel of my gun. The puppy should not be nearer to you than 40 or 50 yds. at first, and should not see you when you fire—this last I believe to be very important. The puppy may stop and look up, and may quit altogether, but what is most likely of all, will continue with his work without making more than a momentary stop if indeed he stops at all. Should he pay but little or no attention to the report you can safely try him again, gradually coming nearer until he will stand a full charge in the open without flinching and when not on the trail. But remember to make haste slowly in this matter, as many otherwise valuable dogs have been ruined for all practical purposes by a little carelessness in the beginning.

Now I come to the dog that, as soon as he hears the report of the gun, quits his work; and here you will see the value of keeping yourself concealed from him when you fire, for if he is frightened, the minute he quits his work he will look for you, his master. If, on the other hand, he understands that this awful noise proceeds from you, he will be very apt to prefer your room to your company, and will not infrequently seek for home. I will suppose, however, that you have followed out my plan and the pup does not connect you in any way with the noise, then you should run to where he was driving, calling to him and endeavoring to excite him to run again. The chances are that you will succeed and get him to work again. Let him finish his hunting today without any more shooting, and on the following day or when next you take him out repeat, and you will soon accustom him to the light and then the full charges. I believe this plan would prove equally effective on setters, and it is certainly better than fish horns and tin pans. Your pup will now go out with you and drive his rabbit and let you shoot it ahead of him, if you wish, and will come to you when called, when not on the trail; and here is where, I think, some of your readers make a mistake in expecting to make a dog leave the scent. He should be taught to obey you at all times, excepting when on the trail; then, if you are wise, you will let him rule, or if you want him, catch him off. I believe it is next to impossible to make good beagles leave the trail unless you are within a rod or so, and not then if the track is very fresh, and should you succeed in so doing, it would result in eventually spoiling your dog for hunting purposes. At all other times he should obey you, and if taught as I have described, he will obey. You might as well ask a setter or pointer to leave his point as to call a beagle off a "hot foot."

The best way I know of to make a dog mark the hole, which is quite an important point when you come to consider that by this means you can tell exactly what has become of your quarry without, perhaps, a long tramp and a weary search for the dogs, is to get a rabbit or two every time you go out and make the dog stay and watch you. You can, of course, use a crowbar, but by far the best and easiest way is to use a ferret, muzzled. This is, I well know, against the law in some States, but it is about the only way to do if you wish to teach your dog, unless you use the crowbar, which attains the same end but is more laborious and within the law. I will suppose your dog has run bunny to earth, and by a little searching you have found the hole. Try to get your puppy to dig if you can, if not, tie him near and put in your ferret. As soon as your ferret is in untie your puppy and hold him facing the hole. In a minute out comes the rabbit almost in your face, unloose your dog as soon as bunny appears and you will see a lively chase until cover is reached. Now, as soon as your ferret appears catch him, slip him in your pocket and follow your dog. A few such experiences as these will teach your dog

to stay at the hole, and by patting him on the flanks and egging him on you can usually get him to barking. Your dog is now well trained, and having got him perfected so far, you can add such little points as your style of hunting may suggest or necessitate. Several things you should bear in mind, *i. e.*, that a dog to do good work alone must be the superior of a good pack dog, inasmuch as he must combine in one dog all the good qualities that is perhaps divided among several members of the pack, also that you should never allow a dog to get into the habit of thinking that perhaps you want him and perhaps you don't, therefore don't try to call a beagle, a hundred yards away, off a hot scent, as the chances are very likely he will not come, and you have lost just so much control over him every time you allow him to disobey you, in other words, never issue a command to your dog you are not prepared to enforce.

Much more might be said on this subject of beagle training, as probably no two men use just the same method to gain their end, but as I have no wish to monopolize this department, I will withdraw and listen to what others may have to say.

UNCLES.

PERFECT TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was agreeably surprised a few days ago by meeting an old friend here in the person of Mr. Jas. Hennessy. This meeting called vividly to mind several days of rare sport which I have enjoyed in the field in company with this friend and his dogs. For several years past I have been making trips to the South and Southwest on business, and I have timed these trips so as to get some sport. I would take with me a 12-gauge shotgun and a Hunter's Pet Stevens .22cal. On my first trip I took a dog also, a fine young Irish setter, but was unfortunate enough to lose him; since then I have omitted the dog on these trips.

Being in Little Rock with a few days' time to spare, and having heard that my friend was located at Carlisle, only thirty-five miles distant, I resolved to pay him a visit and have a few days with the partridges, as they are called in the South. At this time Mr. Hennessy had quite a number of fine dogs in his kennels. The team which we shot over during my stay of three days consisted of two English setters and one Gordon setter. The English setters were Bee, white bitch, with black head and a few black patches and ticks on the body. The dog Startle B., half brother to the bitch, was a very handsome black, white and tan patched and ticked; the Gordon was a very handsome black and tan; he was called Jim. This dog was one of the most intelligent animals I ever saw. He was one of the few really tip-top Gordons that I have seen in speed, style, nose and all the qualities that go to make up a first-class field dog. There would be no choice between this dog and the best Lewellyn setter that I ever saw turned down in the field. These three made the best working team I ever shot over, or ever saw in fact. They were fast, high rangers, perfectly staunch at point and they would back as far as they could see each other; they would also back their handler. For instance, if they saw Mr. R. stop and crouch with the gun in position for a shot, they would back instantly, and as soon as Mr. Hennessy assumed an upright position they would be off at their work again as if nothing had occurred. To check them, at the crack of the gun every dog would drop as if knocked down, and they would remain down until ordered up.

For my edification they were dropped while Mr. Hennessy went a distance of over a quarter of a mile to a pond out on the prairie; they showed no signs of impatience nor did they attempt to rise until they got the signal to do so. When a bird was killed the dog whose name was called would go to the front and retrieve; if more than one bird was down another dog would be sent on as soon as the first one had found. They seemed to understand just what was to be done by them. In order to get the best work for the gun each worked independently of the others and there was no sign of jealousy among them. The dog Jim could be sent on errands, and one day when we were about three-quarters of a mile from the house Jim was given a handkerchief which had been loaded with birds and empty brass shells, the corners of the handkerchief being tied together so that the dog could carry it handily. He went to the house on a run and soon returned with a lot of loaded shells. I was told he could be sent to much greater distances and one need not wait for him, as he would return to the spot from which he was sent and from that point trail out the party, sometimes carrying a load in his mouth. Altogether he was a very remarkable dog.

The first thing in the morning and in the evening, just before feeding time, the dogs, some seventeen or eighteen in number, were taken in a body to a piece of mowed prairie about a hundred yards from the house; this was the exercising ground. It was an ideal spot. On three sides there was a wall of timber and the ground was undulating, with here and there a patch of sumac and blackberry bushes. It was just the place for a dog to show to the best advantage. On the last evening of my stay I was invited to go and see the dogs put through their drill, and I shall always remember that evening. The dogs were kept at heel until we reached the exercising ground; they were then commanded to drop and rise several times before they were given their liberty. At the sign to go, they were off like so many arrows shot from well-strung bows, and what a beautiful sight it was to see them skimming the close-cropped grass! Some of them seemed to be flying rather than going aloft. After they had been ranging for about fifteen minutes the gun was fired, and every dog dropped as if the shot had been fired at him and had proved fatal. When the gun was reloaded some of those that were nearest showed signs of impatience and wanted to be off, but they quieted down on being gently admonished. At the signal to rise, which was an upward wave of the right hand, they were up and off in various directions, flying over the ground as before. To say that I was surprised and delighted but faintly expresses my feelings, but the greatest surprise was yet to come.

After the dogs had been allowed to range for a short time, Mr. Hennessy bade me stand where I was and watch until he advanced well into the field where he could be plainly seen for a great distance, then, at a favorable moment he crouched with gun in position for a shot. One of the dogs, who was nearest, caught sight of him and came to a stand, the others, as they caught sight of this dog backed beautifully, some at a great distance; when all were in position Mr. Hennessy straightened up, holding his right hand on a level with his face, palm to the front, and every dog held his place. After holding them there for what seemed to me a very long while, the hand that held myself and the dogs spellbound, as it were, was raised above his head and every dog sank to the ground. After holding them down a short time they were given the sign to rise, and were then allowed to finish their romp without further interruption until we reached a narrow belt of timber near the house, when all were whistled in and kept at heel until the kennels were reached, when they were put up to cool off before feeding.

Mr. Hennessy tells me he has perfected a code of signals to be given with the whistle and vocal organs, which the dogs learn to understand in a very short time. And he says they will obey more readily than if given verbal orders. For instance: One short blast on the whistle means drop, two short blasts is the signal to rise, three or four turns the dog from right to left and *vice versa*. At close work it is a hiss to drop, and a cluck to rise. These signals and the waving of the hand, Mr. Hennessy tells me, is his method of working the dogs at present. When the chicken season opens I hope to be able to join my friend for a few days, when I shall have an opportunity to see a brace of pointers at work of

which he has been telling me. I will say this before closing, the only thoroughly educated field dogs that I have ever seen have been those from the hands of Mr. Hennessy. For the past two years he has refused to take dogs to handle, as he tells me, he has quit handling for the public, giving as a reason that all of his best work was wasted. He talks of running two or three of his own in the field trials the coming season. If he should, I wish him luck.

HAL.

CHICAGO, ILL.

GREYHOUNDS AT CHICAGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of the eight questions addressed to you last week the following was fourth on the list:

4. Mr. Lacy says: "To prove that we did not mean that a greyhound should have a short back it was only the week before, while judging at Boston, that we put back an otherwise good hour, Imperator, for that very fault." Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Lacy did nothing of the sort, which is proved by his report of the greyhound class at Boston. This is what he said (FOREST AND STREAM, April 9): "Imperator by some mistake was either not in the ring or was sent out by the steward." [The report went on to say "though too short in back, etc.,"] And Mr. Lacy asks me to accept this as "proof" that "he did not mean that a greyhound should have a short back." Does it not seem strange that a judge should put a dog back for having a short back when he never saw the dog in the ring? Will your kennel editor kindly explain just where the "proof" comes in?

It will be seen from the above, Mr. Lacy, to clear himself, added the words in brackets. Now, sir, I do not object to Mr. Lacy telling us that "wonderful rib development means length of back; that Mother Demdick is faulty in ribs and back; that when Mr. Lacy wrote 'short back' he meant 'short loin';" that greyhounds of a very fast and clever family are not well let down behind; that Mr. Lacy turned out of the ring a dog he had never seen in the ring; that my questions were fully answered before they had been written, etc., etc. But when Mr. Lacy undertakes to convince me that he cannot read or quote his own reports, I feel that the time has arrived to put in a most vehement and indignant protest. The Boston report does not go on to say that Imperator is "too short in back." The Boston report (FOREST AND STREAM, April 9) does not even mention Imperator's back. It does, however, say that the dog is too short in "body." It is now in order for Mr. Lacy to state that "body" means "back" and *vice versa*, or that he meant "back" when he said "body." But "body" does not mean "back," and in view of the fact that Mr. Lacy has told us that "rib development" means length of back, there is actually not the smallest kind of a hole by which he can escape. He might spring another trap on us by stating that "short body" means "wonderful rib development," and this would clearly land him on the back. The argument, however, would hardly be a safe one. Will Mr. Lacy kindly answer this question: Why did he misquote the Boston report? The question has not been "fully answered in our last."

Mr. Lacy's summary mode of getting rid of those eight questions by saying they were "fully answered in our last," is not creditable to that gentleman, because as a matter of fact several of them had never been written, told or conceived. These are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. No. 7 had been asked, but as Mr. Lacy could not answer it in any fashion other than by admitting his inability to produce evidence, he very carefully left out any and every kind of an allusion to it. No. 8 he answered on the theory that two wrongs make a right; but he carefully shirked giving a direct and explicit reply on the question of prick-ears. To say that questions which were never asked had been "fully answered" is to take a rather-low estimate of the ability of the readers of this paper.

Mr. Lacy assures us that if I cannot understand his answer he knows of "no further remedy." The remedy is right here, plain, unadulterated and easy of digestion. Give intelligible answers to questions asked, do not evade the real issue, state facts, never say black is white and never misquote. This done, the writer and other readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be given a chance to "understand." As matters stand now, they cannot understand what Mr. Lacy cannot understand himself and cannot explain.

I am much grieved to learn that a discussion of the correct formation of the greyhound is a subject of "hardly sufficient interest to merit a newspaper controversy." The greyhound is a gallant dog. His royal lineage, his aristocratic appearance and bearing, his graceful lines and the fascinating and noble sport he gives to those who are capable of appreciating it, makes him a central figure in the world of sport. In truth, as a factor in sport he stands second, and a very handsome second, to the thoroughbred horse. His pedigree has been guarded as jealously and carefully as that of man himself. The lines on which he is built have been a worthy study for noblemen and statesmen. No society or the world is too good company for him, and methinks that his back, loin, ribs and hindquarters constitute a fit subject of discussion for FOREST AND STREAM or any other sportsman's paper on the face of the globe. However, as greyhound form is not a matter of interest to your readers, you will please consider my promise to write an article on wolfhounds canceled. There are probably thousands of greyhounds where there is one wolfhound, and in view of your astonishing statement a controversy on the latter breed would simply be a waste of paper.

CHAS. H. MASON.

[Greyhound form is a matter of great interest, but not a quibble on words as to what we wrote or did not write. There is, however, this to say regarding Mr. Mason's question about Imperator. It was a mistake on our part to say we had not seen this dog in the ring. We did see it, and did Mr. Mason so at the time and why he was put to one side, and now we candidly confess he was forgotten afterward, perhaps owing to the steward having sent him out along with one or two others, and when we came round to write our notes the mistake was rectified as far as possible. Quoting from my memory, we said "back" instead of "body" in the brackets. There is a difference certainly, and though back does not mean body, body includes back. We are sorry to lose the article on Russian wolfhounds, but perhaps some other well-known authority on this breed will help us out.]

DEATH OF DR. J. W. ALSOP.—Hulton, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: Comparatively few of the dog men of to-day knew Dr. Alsop, but many of those of six or more years ago will always remember the kindly heart, the bright, winning manners and the thorough goodness and nobility of the life that went out at Fenwick, Conn., on June 24. Never at all a public man in dog matters, none took a warmer interest in all things concerning dogs in their best relations to us, and none made himself more thoroughly a friend of his dogs. He was emphatically the kind of man we should most value and most miss. Dr. Alsop was a mastiff man, and had kept them for very many years, although very rarely exhibiting. He imported the rarely bred bitch Boadicea, by Rajah out of a Young King bitch, but her failure to breed made her importation almost barren of results as far as American mastiffs were concerned.—W. WADE.

We hear that Pittsburgh will make its claim of being the head center of "Barzoidon" certain and sure, for Mr. Hacke is in the mood to buy out a whole Russian kennel of these grand dogs. Mr. Hacke certainly deserves encouragement at the hands of bench show committees for his efforts toward popularizing this breed.

DOG CHAT.

WE hear that an American, through Mr. McNiall, of Killaloe, has purchased from Mr. C. C. Ellis the well known and excellent Irish setter Drogheda, that the London *Field* speaks of as "perhaps all round for field and show purposes, the best of his variety in this country." Considering the fact that several noted Irish setters have either been imported lately or will be here shortly, it would seem that the call for funds toward the expenses of the coming field trials will meet with ready response. We have already in the country several Irish setters which have made records in the field, so that competition in the trials should call forth the greatest energy on the part of owners, trainers and dogs. That another year there need be no necessity for separate trials, but rather shall we see the Irish setter competing shoulder to shoulder, and successfully too, with his more favored cousins the pointers and English setters. The only thing necessary is cooperation on the part of owners and trainers. Let the owners lay out as much money and exercise as much care in breeding as the owners of the other breeds have done and the trainers will be found quite as ready to devote their time to bringing out the acknowledged abilities of the Irish setter in the same way that they have done with the pointers and English setters.

We are sorry to hear of the death, in parturition, of Messrs. Luckwell & Douglass's black cocker spaniel bitch Rosedale Busy. She whelped five fine pups by champion Black Duke, none of which, however, were saved.

Both Canadian and American exhibitors will be pleased to find that, through the efforts of Mr. A. D. Stewart, there will now be no obstacle in the way of their exhibiting at the circuit shows in Canada this fall. In another column we give some particulars of the official correspondence.

We understand that Mr. Jarrett, of Chestnut Hill Kennels, has purchased from Mr. Edgar Huidekoper, the promising young collies, by Prince Charlie—Hera, shown at Cleveland. They were certainly very nice specimens when we saw them.

The prices for sensational-bred St. Bernard stock seems to increase rather than diminish, for we see that Mr. Chapman has sold three six-weeks-old pups, by Marvel out of Princess Florence, for \$850.

We hear that Dr. J. Frank Perry, who in years past identified himself so heartily with mastiffs and made his Ashmont Kennels of worldwide fame, has transferred his kennel of these dogs, together with the title, to Mr. W. B. Rolinson, of Rosindale, Mass. This gentleman was a well-known breeder of mastiffs on the other side, and many of his dogs found their way to this country. Included in the transfer is the stud dog Ben Franklin, by champion Orlando out of Wunna, dam of Lady Beatrice and other good ones, together with several finely bred brood bitches, including Ashmont Juno, who is the nearest living descendant of those pillars of the stud book, Hanbury's Queen and old champion King, for she is by Tusco out of Queen II., by Emperor out of Hanbury's Queen; Tusco, by Mack out of Nerpra, by King out of Puyllis; Mack, by Rajah out of Queen. Mr. Rolinson will retain the name of Ashmont Kennels, and no doubt, as it is Mr. Rolinson's intention to take a more active part in breeding and showing, we shall see some good results at future shows.

At the periodical sales held at Aldridge's, London, some good bargains may be picked up in sporting dogs, and most of them well trained, too. At a sale held about the middle of June Mr. F. C. Lowe sold Trip of Kippen, a well-known field trial dog and a winner of several stakes, a Derby among them, and said to be one of the best English setters in England for work, for the low sum of \$175. Mr. Bulled withdrew Devonshire Nero, Sall and Lady after \$365, \$495 and \$300 had been bid on them, respectively. Friend Mercer should have been round when a Clumber spaniel dog, Beau of Sussex, bred and broken at the Duke of Westminster's, and good enough to show and win, went for \$13. Another good one, Rene R., perfect in the field and a first prize winner on the bench, was knocked down at \$125; and a lemon and white setter by Sir Tatton brought \$57.50. From Mr. A. Fletcher's kennel in Aberdeenshire, four and a half brace of setters brought \$575. An interesting sale was that of an old dog called Major, by Count Wind 'em out of champion Moll, which fetched \$21.

The new Barzoi, Korotai, which we spoke of last week, is illustrated on the front page of *Stock-Keeper* (England) in the issue to hand. Mr. Krehl, in an interesting description of him, says he is taller than any Barzoi yet shown in England, and that he belongs to Prince Gagarin's pure strain, of which he is a highly-esteemed specimen. He was unofficially judged in Russia and scored 41 points out of a possible 45, and would only require one more point to entitle him to coveted gold medal form. His sire, Ataman, can score 33½ points and has won the silver medal at one of the Imperial Moscow Club exhibitions; and his dam, Soodarka, won the highest possible award at another time, the gold medal, obtaining 42 marks out of the 45. Ataman, though not a young dog, was sold a month since in St. Petersburg for \$835, and an Englishman paid \$575 for a first prize winner. The Russians, owing to the increasing popularity of these dogs, have correspondingly increased the price, and the best dogs cannot now be purchased.

The subject of the Lort Memorial is assuming definite shape, and the Rev. E. W. L. Popham, whose address is care of Manager, Messrs. Stuckey's Bank, Wellington, Somerset, has consented to act as treasurer. Mr. Cumming Macdonald, in a letter to the London *Field*, suggests that instead of a stained window an assurance company for aged and disabled sportsmen, to be called the "Lort Society," should be formed by subscription. It is interesting to relate, according to this gentleman's letter, that the letter written by Mr. Lort to the London *Field*, on wolf hunting, which we published, appeared as the writer "lay still in the house" beyond earthly recall.

The Kingston, Ont., dog show will be held this year in connection with the County Fair, as the Midland Central Fair will not be held. The judges have not yet been selected, but these will be decided on at the next meeting of the club. It is intended to have a Canadian for the spaniel classes, and some other judge to take the rest of the breeds. As this is the first of the Canadian circuit shows it should command a good entry.

Mr. E. H. Moore has set his face homeward, and by this time no doubt is safe within the shade of his own vine and fig tree. Our readers will remember that we last week expressed the opinion that it would be waste of money on Mr. Moore's part to try and improve by purchase the St. Bernard stock now in this country, and it would seem as if the owner of Plinlimmon had the same opinion, for he has withstood all temptations and contented himself with buying for Mr. James W. Whitney, of the Flour City Kennels, Rochester, N. Y., the young mastiff Cardinal Beaufort. The English kennel papers give notice of the sale as if Mr. Moore had purchased it for himself, but from private advice and a peep at Mr. Moore's letter we are able to give the above information. The dog will cost Mr. Whitney \$1,250, and this for a mastiff is a large price, but Mr. Moore writes he is the best young dog, barring a brindle, that he

has seen, and the brindle Mr. Whitney does not want. The London *Field* says in the Maldon show report: "Mastiffs were numerically a small lot, but strong in quality. Avshire won in open dogs, but he was shown fat, and Dr. Turner had no easy win with him; so and went to an active good stamp of dog, Mr. Court Rice's Cardinal Beaufort, and his Frigga Secunda won in the bitch class. They are of the same litter and very like each other, big, good in bone, active on their legs, but neither was in good coat, and we should like both more were they a little better in head—they appear to be rather flat on the top of the face, i. e., from the skull to the nose; a brace of very good young dogs anyhow." *Stock-Keeper* says: "Avshire and Cardinal Beaufort are both good specimens: the first-named is more furnished than the other, and with his good head, bone and size was rightly placed over him, but if the young ones does on all right he will see a better day; he is very good in muzzle." His position at this show and at Southampton, we are told, due to poor coat and condition, for he was only reserve at the latter show to the dogs he beat at the Kennel Club show at Agriculture Hall, and this shows that he must be a good one, though he is not yet developed, for he is under 18mos. old. He has a very short muzzle. Cardinal Beaufort was purchased from Mr. Court Rice. In concluding his letter Mr. Moore says he has seen nothing in mastiff bitches that can touch Caution's Own Daughter, and this furnishes us with the hope that Mr. Whitney will see his way clear to send this "best American-bred" one to England, where she would be sure to render a good account of herself.

A very interesting article appears in *Fanciers' Gazette* on "Reminiscences of Fox-Terriers and Fox-Terrier Men," by "Old Turk." In speaking of the fox-terriers he remembers in his native place fifty years ago, he refers to Squire Donville Poole who kept from fifty to one hundred of the game 'uns. He says he never saw a black or a black and tan marked one in the lot, the smooths being white with few exceptions, and these were marked with tan nearly allied in shade to what is now called the Belvoir tan, on head and ears, back and set on of stern. The ears were in some of the terriers carried erect, and in others correctly carried close to the skull. The head was smaller than that of the present day, rounder in skull and shorter in muzzle, and showing not a very remote cross of bull or bull-terrier, and weighing from 14 to 16lbs. The wire-haired were a little larger, with coats like pig's bristle in texture, and in color, white with patches of a blackish blue, grizzly mixture. Some of the smooths had plum or red-colored noses. He gives an interesting account of old times in writing of the way the pups were reared and tried for gameness—without which essential quality no fox-terrier was allowed to remain within the Squire's fold. The pups were reared at walk by neighboring farmers, and at stated times brought in for the trials, an account of which we give in the writer's own words: "Trials of the Marbury young tykes were held periodically, and these not infrequently took place on Sunday mornings, one of the Squire's maxims being, 'The better the day, the better the deed.' On these occasions the youngsters out at walk were collected together for the fray, and woe be to the tykes when the day of trial came if they did not come up to the Squire's standard! It did not matter how smart or good-looking they were, unless they answered the Squire's requirements on their day of trial, death was their doom very shortly. When sufficient game was got together to give the tykes a trial, a day was fixed, and on most of these occasions no one except the Squire and his keepers were allowed to witness it, except a rev-rend divine occasionally, and old Tom Rogers (there were two Toms—old Tom and young Tom), who was generally there at the trials. Sometimes, however, the Squire would invite a few friends, farmers who kept terriers for him, to witness the sport, and at such times as these there was always a grand field day. Old Tom was the Squire's *factotum*, and foremost with him in all his favorite sports. He did most of the business at gentlemen's residences for miles round, so that this brought him in contact with keepers, trappers of all kinds of vermin, farmers, and others, from whom he got his different kinds of game, viz., foxes, badgers, wild and other cats, fitchets, stoats, weasels, etc., etc.; and at Marbury Hall there were places where these animals were kept and well fed and attended to until they were wanted. Early on the morning of the trials out comes the Squire with his friends and retinue, and the sport begins, the vermin being placed at the far end of the receptacles prepared for them, such as troughs made of wood, with curves, etc., in them, drain-pipes of different sizes, all laid underground, tubs, boxes, and a heap of faggots, etc. When all was ready the Squire would give the signal, and an old-tired veteran would be let go, a tribe of youngsters being held round and about the entrance to show the youngsters how it should be done. Up the old tyke would go, and come back with his game most likely, and you would not hear a sound. After this the young ones were tried, either single or sometimes a brace, the keepers encouraging them, shouting, 'Run in, Buns!' Buster, Varmint, Tinker, Tancrede, etc., etc.; this, with the sharp ring of the bark of the tykes waiting for their turn to come, the yelping, etc., of those who had just tasted blood and were getting punished, together with the bottle and glass circulating freely, made one's blood all a-fire. Some of the dogs came back again quickly with their tails between their legs, others came or had to be got out hanging on like grim death to the varmint, both, oftener than not, having had enough, not infrequently one or two dead as a door nail. Those that had come out rudder down were never seen any more, while the others could not be bought. Still the Squire gave many away to friends, etc. He was a bachelor, and thought of little else except his terriers and sport. As soon as the performances were ended all adjourned to lunch, at which entertainment, as well as at these sports, I have often figured."

A letter from the Seminole Kennels informs us that their new kennel is completed, and accepting their invitation to come and see it, we shall do so in the course of a week or two.

Mr. Bremer, who is well known to many exhibitors for years past in connection with the McDord Fancy Goods Co., tells us that he has purchased the entire property and business of which he has been, since its inception, the leading spirit. The artistic designs and finish of the dog furnishings put out by this firm in the past is a guarantee that with abundant capital and enlarged facilities the business will no doubt increase proportionately.

Mr. P. H. O'Bannon, so popularly known among his fellow fanciers, has purchased from the Heywood-Lonsdale Kennels, through Mr. C. E. Buckle, the English setter bitch Sophie. She is by Rake out of Maggie, by Baron Doveridge out of Maile; Rake, by Armstrong's young Dash III. out of Armstrong's Moll, going back to Blue Dash, Drake, Rival, Tam O'Shanter and other celebrities. There is likely to be some trouble in getting her through the Customs, as Mr. Brailsford in shipping her on the City of Chicago, which arrived last Saturday, failed to either register her in the Kennel Club Stud Book or send any of the certificates necessary to pass her through. Mr. Brett, of Spratts Kennels, was asked to look after her, and he has had an annoying time of it. Application has been made to Washington for permission to release her on signing a bond.

To commemorate the visit of Messrs. Brailsford and Cameron with his team of dogs to the American field trials, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale is having the noted artist, Mr. George

Earl, paint a large picture of Mr. Brailsford with the four setters and Angus Cameron with six of the pointers. Mr. Brailsford writes that he has done his penance and Cameron is now undergoing the torture. Speaking of paintings of notable trainers and dogs reminds us of a tale that John Brett tells us. It seems when Colonel Platt's dogs, Di and Darkie, won, one a Derby and the other a \$500 cup, Mr. Earl painted a group consisting of the owner, dogs and Brett. Much to Mr. Brett's displeasure, however, the artist, to get a color note, handed him down to posterity wearing a bright red necktie. This Brett has earnestly protested against ever since, as he never wore a necktie in his life.

"Cheerful Horn" asks a pertinent question about dachshunds in the issue of *Canine World* to hand. He wants to know why the dachshund of the present day is so long in the back, as the best dogs at the Belgian trials were more terrier-like in build and very active; this he says the English show specimens are not, their chief characteristics being a body that requires six legs, a snipy face, and ears that could be ripped as easily as silk, and "swingers" in place of legs in front. This he ought to certainly know is the approved English method of improving a foreign breed.

Mr. Teague, we hear, has received his new purchase Altonetta all safe. She is a litter-sister to Col. Ruppert's Altonette, and here we may remark that the similarity of names in these two St. Bernards is unfortunate, and is bound to lead to more or less confusion in future. The other sister, now in England, is called Altonella.

At the battle of Ulundi, when the Zulu chief Cetewayo was finally routed and forced to take to cover, a curious specimen of a Zulu breed of dogs was captured. Sir Bartle Frere brought it to England with him, and it is now in the care of a Mr. Mutter. In appearance it is somewhat like an Australian dingo, but has a peculiar mane extending from the neck to the hindquarters.

We hear that Dr. J. H. Meyer has sold his Gordon setter bitch Beemont to Mr. William Tallman. Perhaps our readers will fail to recognize this gentleman's name, so we will add that he is sometimes known as "Billy." Friend Tallman will very likely run her in any special Gordon stake that may turn up this fall.

The mastiff man whom we spoke of as coming over to this country, and which gave rise to Mr. Wade's letter on "Mastiff Judges," turns out to be Mr. Joseph Evans, who owned The Emperor and Linda, from which pair he bred the celebrated mastiff Moses, which was imported to this country in the spring of 1886 by the Winlawn Kennels, but died very suddenly during the summer. He was in bad shape when he landed, and never seemed to pick himself together afterwards. Mr. Johnston, in writing of the mastiff Shah and his excellence of disposition, asserts that Moses had not the sweetest of tempers, and this we can from personal acquaintance fully indorse.

St. Bernard breeders on the other side seem to be scurrying round not knowing hardly what to buy or what to sell. Now we see that the great Salvador Rosa has been sold by Mr. J. F. Smith to Mr. Thos. Shillocock, the owner of Lord Bute and others. Many people think Salvador Rosa the best St. Bernard in England and when he made his first and only appearance at the last St. Bernard Club show, he won four firsts and numerous specials and proved the sensation of the day. Judging from several stud cards Mr. Shillocock has sent us of dogs in his kennel, this gentleman must hold a very strong hand just now both for breeding and showing.

Mr. Mann tells that the exact price paid by Mr. Chapman to Mr. Shillocock for Sir Hereward was \$1,000. As he saw the receipt or check, we forget which, this should put an end to all doubt. We give this information for the benefit of the *Stock-Keeper*, Eng., which feels rather troubled over the fact that buyers or sellers are falling into the bad habit of putting on a little bit when price gets into four figures.

Mr. Whitney writes us that he has bred the mastiff bitch Caution's Own Daughter to his Ilford Chancellor. As this will be C. O. D.'s first litter, the result is anxiously awaited and should be highly satisfactory.

Before Mr. E. H. Moore left England a little coterie of St. Bernard men captured him and a dinner was in order. The English *Stock-Keeper* says that among the amusing reminiscences related over the table, the Rev. Arthur Carter told the tale of a goggle-eyed brute he turned out of the ring when he was judging St. Bernards at a certain show. After his labors were concluded the injured owner wanted to know what was the matter with his dog, so the reverend judge pointed to its lobster eyes. "Well," retorted the proud proprietor, "that's the shape they should be, so as to look over the mountains."

We understand that the bond for costs, which Mr. Peshall had put to up before his mandamus for reinstatement could be heard has been reduced from \$500, which has generally been accepted as the proper amount, to \$250. This, in view of the several suits Mr. Peshall is bringing, is an important action. The bond will now be filed and the case brought to an issue.

We hear that a decision has been arrived at by the committee appointed to settle the question as to whether the National Greyhound Club should have a separate stud book or not. It has been decided that the Greyhound Club should be allowed to "list" their dogs by paying a fifty-cent fee, and this list will be printed as a supplement to the A.K.C. Stud Book. To secure a number, however, the man with the greyhound must still pay his dollar for the regular registration in the A.K.C. Stud Book. What the Greyhound Club gains by this is hardly discernible. The gain is rather in favor of the A.K.C., which has shown itself a benefactor to its own interests in the sense of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we notice that the Ashmont Kennels have a stud mastiff for sale; H. F. Littlefield—St. Bernards; W. H. Hyland—pointer bitch and pup; E. E. Beach—St. Bernard pups; H. D. Weeks—English foxhounds and setter pups.

PRICK EARS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Fellows's letter in a late issue is characteristic of the man. It is straight; no sharp curves. His wish not to be drawn into a controversy shall be respected. However, as he has made statements which need an answer I would like to direct attention to them. Mr. Fellows is too old and good a fancier to go off on a wrong tack. He says that Elcho "did not have prick ears when in the ring." A prick-eared dog is prick-eared in the ring or out. I suppose Mr. Fellows meant to say that the dog threw his ears back and did not give Mr. Fellows a chance to detect the fact. When he tells us that while he was taking notes of the dogs on the benches he saw Elcho's ears "elevated slightly, but not by any means a prick ear" he goes very wide of the mark, and has evidently overlooked the fact that all greyhounds with perfect ears elevate them "slightly." The statement is misleading. If the ears were elevated to a certain point and then bent over (outward), not forward as seen in the

THE REVOLVER RANGES AT BISLEY.

The writer has just been to see the revolver and "running deer" ranges at Bisley, and if there was only a 50yds. range besides (for which there is plenty of room) the revolver ranges would be about perfect. No doubt as people in England get to know the capabilities of the revolver a 50yds. range will be added. As the ranges are at present arranged for this year's meeting, the revolver range is on the extreme left, next come the "running deer" (which range is also used for the "running man" next come the stationary range for hunting rifles and next to that the 1,000yds. range. The volunteer ranges are further off to the right. By this arrangement the civilian members of the English National Rifle Association have all their ranges together, which will be a great convenience to them.

The revolver range is about as perfect (barring the absence of a 50yds. range) as it well can be. There are no disappearing targets, two stationary targets and two sliding targets, which move sideways, all at 20yds., the firing points being on a line with about 6ft. between each competitor, except at the sliding targets, where the space is some 12ft., there is no partition between competitors, which is a great comfort to competitors, as the old wooden partitions used to almost deafen one by confining the noise of the explosion to the boards behind the target and down the side (which used to add to the echo and noise) have been done away with, the boards at the side being unnecessary for safety, as the firing point is in line with the "running deer" and other firing points, so that nobody gets forward in a dangerous position.

The bullets are stopped after they go through the cardboard targets by an earth butt, covered with grass, some 12yds. behind the targets, not close up to them, as the boards used to be. This will still further deaden the noise. If only two 50yds. targets were put on the extreme left (there is plenty of room there even for two 100yds. targets besides) it would make a range hard to beat. The tickets for entries are to be sold at a little wooden house between this range and the "running deer" and the range will of course be roped off to prevent spectators getting too close to the competitors.

PEEP.

LONDON, June 9.

BOSTON, June 27.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held its regular weekly shoot to-day, and also closed the six months' record matches that have run since Jan. 1. H. Severance won the first prize in the off-hand rifle record match, and also first prize in the record pistol match. J. Francis (Rabboth) won first prize in the record 16-ft. match. The record matches for the hand and rest will open next Monday, and run three months. To-day's scores stood, at 200yds., Massachusetts targets, (R), re-entries allowed:

(R) All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.	
W Charles.....	84 M T Day.....
J B Fellows.....	83 O Moore.....
(R) All-Comers' Rest Match.	
F Daniels.....	113 W Peters.....
J R Munroe.....	111 A S Hunt.....
J Francis.....	111 J Comey.....
O Moore.....	105 A H Ballard.....
J French.....	105 M T Day.....

Winners and scores in record matches that have run for six months, prizes were won on the aggregate of each competitor's 12 best shots, only one entry each week allowed.

Record Off-Hand Match.—Positions.	
First prize, H Severance.....	11122111121—15
Second prize, W Charles.....	1123211211—19
Third prize, S. C. Sydney.....	1231122211—20
Fourth prize, J B Fellows.....	1211311212—23
Fifth prize, B Eastman.....	231222222—24
Sixth prize, B R Fuller.....	3543355421—44

Record Rest Match.	
First prize, J Francis.....	2122111111—15
Second prize, W C Prescott.....	1112112131—19
Third prize, L R Avey.....	1112222231—20
Fourth prize, J B Thomas.....	1112222222—23
Fifth prize, B R Fuller.....	1213122423—26
Sixth prize, D Martin.....	1244233111—37

Record Pistol Match, 50yds.	
First prize, H Severance.....	1111111111—12
Second prize, W Charles.....	1112122211—17
Third prize, O M Howard.....	2232323122—23
Fourth prize, G L Hosmer.....	3331433111—28

EPERATA, Pa. June 26.—The members of the North End Rifle Club were here to-day for their regular distance 200yds. shoot, this afternoon, making the following scores:	
L M Wiest.....	10 8 9 5 0 8 7 7 6 6—75
J A Stober.....	10 10 9 6 8 8 8 8 8 8—83
C Konigsmaker.....	6 6 7 7 10 11 8 8 8 8—79
W D Winters.....	6 6 7 9 6 10 9 8 8 8—82
S L Sharp.....	6 6 8 8 6 6 7 7 8 10—75
L B Lefever.....	4 5 6 6 10 9 9 8 7 7—71
J M Sheaffer.....	9 4 4 6 9 8 3 3 5 9—60
	7 6 0 0 6 6 6 7 5 7—67
	6 10 10 4 3 7 5 6 9 6—65

REVOLVER COMPETITIONS AT BISLEY FOR 1891.—There will be £150 given for revolver prizes this year at the English Rifle Association meeting; £50 for the disappearing series (first prize £10, £50 for the sliding target series and £30 for a quick-firing series, all at 20yds. Smith & Wesson and Colts revolvers may be used, if not less than .45cal. and with fixed sights (no screw adjustments allowed).

NEW YORK VS. CALIFORNIA.—In the telegraph match between the Zettler Club of New York, and the California Schutzen Verein, Wm. Hayes, of the Newark Shooting Society, will represent the California team. The teams will comprise 15 men each, and each man will fire 50 shots on the German ring target. The Zettler team will shoot its score on the Shooting Park ranges, Newark, N. J.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blank prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

July 24.—Third Annual Tournament of Canastota (N. Y.) Gun Club. E. B. Roberts, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Slater, Mo., Third Annual Tournament of the Slater Gun Club. Wm. Reid, Secretary.
 July 4.—Shoot of the South Side Gun Club, at South Norwalk, Conn.; sweeps, team shooting at innatimates, and other interesting events will be shot off; all are welcome; no one barred.
 July 4.—Third Annual Tournament of the Towanda Rod and Gun Club, at Towanda, Pa. Sweepstakes and guaranteed purses.
 July 7-9.—Wellington Gun Club Tournament, assisted by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, Boston, July 7, 8 and 9, \$1,000 guaranteed.
 July 22-24.—Pearl River Gun Club Tournament. First two days bluebirds; last day live birds. J. J. Blauvelt, Pearl River, N. J.
 Aug. 12-14.—The Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association Annual Tournament, at Lexington, Mo. G. A. Sturges, Sec'y.
 Aug. 30-Sept. 1.—Hackettstown Gun Club. Two days at targets. For programmes address James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J.

THE WELLINGTON GUN CLUB of Boston will give its Inter-State Association tournament at Wellington, next Wednesday and Thursday. The Inter-State managers guarantee \$1,000. The grounds may be reached via Boston & Maine R. R. from depot in Haymarket Square. The following list of experts will have to shoot at unknown angles: H. McMurchy, C. W. Budd, R. O. Heikes, J. E. Stice, W. Crosby, W. Volstead, John Ruble, E. D. Kelsey, H. B. Whitney, E. S. Benscotton, E. D. Whitney, W. Scott, McDonald, A. Bandle, M. F. Linsley, Frank Parmlee, Jack Winston, A. G. Courtney, W. E. Perry, O. R. Dickey, H. G. Wheeler, Mr. Stanton of Boston, J. A. Sherman, and all others who are known to be better than 90 men. As soon as an amateur proves to be shooting strong enough, he will be advanced to the expert class, and be compelled to shoot in the higher class.

DALLAS, Texas, June 24.—George Mathews and Will Allen shot a match at single and double brooks, American Shooting Association rules. Mathews broke 89 of 100. Allen withdrew when he had shot 75 birds, having broken 58.

TRAP-SHOOTING VS. POLITICS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since a sportsman as a politician in the State knows more or less of Roswell P. Flower, who will probably be the next Democratic candidate for Governor. The worst that a Republican can say of him is that he is a Democrat. He is one of the most genial, generous and companionable men that can be met in a day's travel. He attended the annual trap shoot at Rome, and took part in some of the sports, giving his whole attention to the shooting, throwing politics to the dogs. A Utica Observer man had a conversation with him, in which he touched upon various matters in a style peculiar to himself. In speaking of the tame and half-dead pigeons which were put in the traps on Friday, he said he guessed the audience felt about as he did on the subject, for when a bird would escape, the onlookers would applaud, instead of doing so when they were shot. He declared he would not raise his gun at one, and he did not. The birds did not have enough of their wild nature in them to fly when the trap was pulled. He thought it was a regular slaughter. "Why," said Mr. Flower, "it is a great deal more of a trick to shoot kingbirds than those tame pigeons." The reporter asked him if he was used to shooting, and he said he enjoyed the sport immensely, but had not done any shooting before this year, and therefore he was now all out of practice. "If you want to see me shoot, you had better come up to Watertown next week. I visit an old chum of mine just outside the city. He has a trap on his farm, and we will go out there in the field and shoot all day long, and I will break the birds in strings of twenty straight. When I am in trim I don't take a back seat for any of the boys."

Mr. Flower said he did not think such a shoot as that of Friday afternoon would ever be permitted again. Another State shoot. He was present when the Dean Richmond trophy was presented to the State Association, and if Richmond could have seen the shoot of Friday on those birds he would have raised a strenuous objection. He thought the common sparrow would be the proper thing to shoot at, and would make a much better target and one more difficult to hit.

The reporter asked him what he thought of politics this fall. "I don't think of them," he replied. "I don't think of them." The reporter said he had not formed any opinion or even an idea, but he did not think Mr. Flower would be out of sight. "Neither have I formed any idea," said Mr. Flower, "I have given politics a rest and shall keep quiet till harvest time; I am a sportsman now, and not a politician."

But the reporter wanted something political, so asked him what he thought of Hill. He said the farmers had a great deal of "hilling" to do in their business, and that he would harvest his crop with the farmers when the time came this fall; and he thought he would get a good crop, too, the way things looked at present. That is all that he would say in reference to politics.

At this point of the conversation a friend of Mr. Flower from Utica stepped up and said: "Well, Congressmen, how is politics?"

"Look," said the Congressman, "there is another bird that escaped those fellows; I wish they would all get away, but they are too tame." "Say (addressing the Utican), how many times are you fellows in Utica going to change the name of that club?" Then turning to the reporter he said: "Now, I have nothing to say on political questions, but if you want something good on me, I will give it to you."

He proceeded, as a round shooting kingbirds, and killed 10 out of 20. Mayor Kirk of Syracuse, and a gentleman by the name of Crouse, also of Syracuse, stood near me. The Mayor, of course, knew me, but the other gentleman did not, and when I was shooting Mr. Crouse said to Mayor Kirk: "Look at that old fellow shoot; he is a regular farmer. Say Kirk, I'll bet he is one of those old Lewis county farmers that has come down here to do up the Romans; he looks just like one of those old farmers." The Congressman, who was standing very much, and after he had finished shooting Mr. Kirk gave him an introduction to Mr. D. Edgar Crouse, the owner of the finest stables in the United States and many times a millionaire.

BROOKLYN TRAPS.

BROOKLYN, June 24.—The regular shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club at West End, Coney Island, to-day, was enjoyed by 28 members and their friends, as a pleasant breeze was blowing off the ocean. Besides the two medals, one given by G. Engeman as first prize, and the other by the club for the best average through the scores, prizes. The Engeman badge was won by J. J. O'Brien after tying with H. Kronika with 7 straight. He killed 3 straight in the shoot-off and Kronika missed his second bird. Six tied for the Boden medal with a score of 6. C. E. Morris killed 8 straight to J. C. Crosey's 7, and won it. The third prize was divided by J. B. Voorhees and D. E. Isadore, and W. A. Weaver won the fourth. Scores in the regular shoot, 25yds. rise. W. A. Weber beat C. Plate, each shooting at 30yds. rise, killed their 7 straight. Jericho had to kill 12 more straight to Plate's 11 before he could win it. J. Plate won the second prize.

June 26.—Frank Ibert and Peter Eppig, the Brooklyn brewers, at Dexter Park, L. I., to-day, shot at 50 pigeons each for \$200 a side, 16 ft. 3 in. rules, 25yds. rise. Eppig won the match by a score of 15 to 19.

The second monthly shoot of the Linden Grove Gun Club at Dexter Park, L. I., to-day, was fairly well attended. Twelve members shot at 7 birds each, Hurlingham rules, the gun handicapped, 25 and 27yds. rise. W. Cunningham, J. Link, Capt. Kitsoe and J. Schlemman, for the first medal on 7 straight. As the medal goes to the man making the best average through the season, it was voted to Capt. Kitsoe by acclamation. The second medal was won by F. Frank with a score of 6.

JOHNSTOWN (N. Y.) GUN CLUB.—Regular weekly shoot on their shooting grounds, June 26, at 30 kingbirds, 20 singles and 5 pairs, under a strong wind blowing, making the birds fly fast; 5 traps, known angles:

Northrup.....	1111101111111111	11 10 10 11 11—28
Banta.....	11110001100101010	10 10 10 03 10—15
Partiss.....	10101111101111101	10 10 10 11 11—24
Kennedy.....	11111000111111111	10 10 10 01 00—23
Fulton.....	10101111101111111	10 10 00 11 00—22
Borbauer.....	01001110110109111	10 00 10 01 00—21
Walrath.....	11111111111111111	11 11 11 11 10—26
L Hillbrandt.....	11110111111101100	10 10 11 11 11—25
Pierison.....	11111111111111111	10 10 10 11 11—27
Xest.....	01000011111103100	10 01 10 10 00—16
Timmons.....	01011111111111111	10 10 11 00 00—21
Chapman.....	01111111111103010	10 10 01 01 01—21
L Hillbrandt.....	01011111111111111	10 01 01 01 01—21
Lingenfelter.....	10010111111001101	11 01 01 01 01—20

After the regular shoot we had three sweeps, entrance 50 cents, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent, 5 traps, unknown angles, ties div.:
 Northrup..... 11111111—9
 Banta..... 01111111—7
 Partiss..... 01010101—5
 Kennedy..... 11111111—10
 Walrath..... 11111111—10
 Timmons..... 01011101—7
 Parviss..... 11110011—8
 L Hillbrandt..... 11110110—8
 Lingenfelter..... 10111011—7

WATSON'S PARK.—Burnside, Ill., June 23.—John A. Ruble and B. Rock vs. C. M. Powers and C. E. Stawn, 50 live pigeons a side, American Association rules:

J A Ruble.....	20011211110220222021	1—20
B Rock.....	212211210111220112120	20—40
C M Powers.....	1110121111111111111	23—23
C E Stawn.....	101011022201010212120	18—41
Hand sweep, 10 traps, unknown angles, 3 money:		
J A Ruble.....	0010101012	6
J L Wilcox.....	2221010201	6
M J Reich.....	0222122302	9
Wardworth.....	1102212101	8
Merrill.....	2101012121	7
C B Dicks.....	1212121201	6
C E Stawn.....	1212121201	7

June 27.—G. C. G. of Chicago for club medal, 10 live pigeons, each, Illinois State rules, small sweep added:
 B Rock..... 1121112121—10
 L Hillbrandt..... 1101121121—9
 A W Adams..... 1221201101—7
 F Place..... 0113012301—7
 F Hillbrandt..... 2111211221—7
 On shoot-off B Rock won medal.

Blackbird medal.
 Place..... 0101011001100111—13
 Rock..... 1011100111100111—15
 L Hillbrandt..... 0101010101101111—14
 F Place..... 1101010101101111—15
 F Hillbrandt..... 0101010101101111—17
 * Not members. In the shoot-off B Rock won, breaking 9 straight, 4 Ravens.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 27.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club the attendance and interest was good. The principal event was the continuation of the Merchandise contest. The work of each man follows:

Classification.	
Bowditch.....	35668—26
Dean.....	34565—23
M D Gilman.....	45562—26
Jones.....	34565—23
Smith.....	45562—23
Classification.	
Larkin.....	31234—13
Swan.....	45562—21
A L Gilman.....	35445—21
Howe.....	56424—21
Harris.....	25537—18
Crompton.....	12334—13
Knott.....	23444—18
Knowles.....	33444—16
Clafin.....	54354—21
Dorn.....	43553—18
Johnson.....	43522—16
Howe.....	44443—19
Walls.....	12242—11

SAN FRANCISCO, June 21.—The Lincoln Gun Club of San Francisco held its third medal contest for the season at Alameda Point this afternoon. The attendance was large and the sport thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The scores of the two classes in the match were as follows: First Class.

Kearny.....	18	Potter.....	12	Scovern.....	10
Cate.....	18	Mellish.....	18	Cod.....	20
Ford.....	18	Campbell.....	13	Foster.....	16
Parker.....	16	Venken.....	10	Malliot.....	10

Second Class.
 Fisher..... 14
 Quinen..... 13
 Cobin..... 13
 Olsen..... 12
 Franzen..... 9
 Ostrander..... 12
 Allen..... 11
 Malliot..... 10
 Ruher..... 10

Following the regular match came a 12-bird pool shoot, \$1 entrance, for which 19 members entered, scoring as follows: Cod 12, Ford 8, Cate 6, Fisher 7, Allen 9, Campbell 4, Ostrander 3, Ruse 6, Franzen 6, Cobin 8, Foster 6, Potter 4, Mellisa 9, Kearney 8, Rol 8, Smith 7, Scovern 8, Venken 5. Allen second, Mellish and Kearney div. third.

Fourteen members then made up a purse for another match at 6 singles and 3 doubles, which resulted in an equal division of the money between Cod and Kearney on 11 birds each. In another match of 12 singles, 30c. entrance, Cod took first money on 11 birds. Franzen and Kearney div. second money on 10 breaks each.

CLEVELAND, June 25.—There was a fair attendance at the Cleveland Gun Club shoot this afternoon. Rudolph won the first badge, Upson second, Jones third, and Correll fourth. The following is the score:

Rudolph.....	10111111111111111111—23
Hoyt.....	011011111101010101010—10
L Jones.....	111111010101101010101—19
Upson.....	10110101011111111111—22
Elwood.....	101000111101000110110—14
Correll.....	01110001111010111111—18
Wilson.....	11111111111111111111—22
W Tamblin.....	10111011111111111111—20
Sterling.....	11110010010110111110—16
Dallas.....	11110101010101010001—16
Barstol.....	111110001111111110001—17
Via Turner.....	10101100111111111111—16
Vis Turner.....	10101101111111111111—16

Shoot-off, Upson 10, Wilson 8.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., June 26.—The following scores were made by a few members of gun club to-day at their weekly meet at the Cazenovia Athletic Park. Three traps, known angles, kingbirds: Dwyer..... 111111111111111111—23
 Crutenden..... 111011111111111111—22
 Potter..... 011000111111111111—21
 Phelps..... 01000011000100011001—11
 Card..... 01010011111111111111—19
 Webber..... 000011111111111111—15
 Squires..... 00101111111111111101—16

READING'S NEW CLUB HOUSE.—The new club house of the Reading (Pa.) Shooting Association, which is beautifully situated a square below the Black Bear Inn, is completed, and the members of the association, 41 in number, are highly delighted with it and the surrounding grounds. The building is a frame, 14x20 ft., 2 stories high, and the first floor is handsomely furnished. There are 20 closets on the south side of the room, which will contain the targets, guns, etc., belonging to the association. This room will also be used as a meeting place. The second floor, from which there is an excellent view of the shooting grounds, will accommodate 200 persons and be used by the friends of the club, just as the first floor is used by the members. A flagstaff, from which a beautiful flag will be thrown to the breeze. It is white, with red trimmings, in the center of which are the initials "R. S. A." in blue. The flag is a gift from Mrs. H. C. W. Matz and is highly prized by the association. The grounds are 100ft. square and the back ground is the least bit rising. They are fitted up with 5 Keynote traps. The trappers are protected by 10 ft. deep and 24 in. square and iron screens are placed about them to insure the trappers' safety from stray shots. The association has adopted the Standard Keystone targets. The grand opening shoot on the new grounds will take place on July 14, when marksmen from all parts of the State will be present. There will also be a match between the members of the club on July 4. The membership fee of this association is \$1 and 25 cents for the following are the officers of the club: Pres., Henry C. W. Matz; Vice-Pres., William Bowman; Sec'y, Walter D. Eller; Capt., George Scheele. Directors, Matt Eisenise, Isaac Berg and George Scheele. These officers also constitute the executive committee and have full charge of all the association's affairs. Any member of a visiting shooting club will be cordially received by the members of this association, and entertained by them and taken to the club's new house and grounds, which are the finest of the kind in this section on the State.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 27.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club to-day. The principal event was the team match for an elegant silver pitcher. The competitors were two teams from the Wellington Club and a team from Walnut Hill. The conditions were five men to a team and 20 birds per side at 30 kingbirds and 5 pairs. The Walnut Hill team were successful and won the contest by doing some fine shooting. Following are the total scores made by each man and the totals by teams: Walnut Hill team—Barrett 28, Bowker 27, Stanton 27, Wheeler 27, Dickey 27, total 130. Wellington team No. 1—Bond 27, Gore 23, Sanborn 23, Bradstreet 21, Perry 23, total 117. Wellington team No. 2—Stone 28, Daniels 27, Lang 21, Snow 23, Cowley 23, total 122. Two sweeps followed.

NEWARK, N. J., June 27.—The strong glare and bright light combined to make the birds fly as though possessed, and keeping down the scores of the experts who were at John Erb's grounds. The main attraction was a 50-bird match for \$100 a side between Chris Reinhardt and J. E. Wheaton, the match being governed by Hurlingham rules. Reinhardt shot a strong pace in the first half of the race, while in the last half he seemed to lack nerve. Wheaton, on the other hand, steadied down to good work in the last half. The score:

Wheaton.....	302221210101231210101—18
Reinhardt.....	222111101021011221220—24
	12021111111111111011012—21
	2210120102101010101012—17—38

IOWA SHOTS.—Algona, Ia., June 23.—Match between S. Sessions and John G. Smith. Smith to kill 9 live birds out of 10, with a 74lbs. 12-gauge gun, 30yds. Sessions to pay for birds. If Smith does not kill 9 birds out of 10 he to pay Sessions double price for birds. Score: 21101112—8.

Match at Clear Lake, between Chas. Grim, of Clear Lake, and S. S. Sessions, of Algona, 25 live birds each, 30yds.: Grim..... 11111110110110110111—21
 Sessions..... 00011111110110110111—19
 S. S. S.

CHICAGO CLUB ELECTIONS.—Chicago, Ill., June 25.—The Audubon Club elected officers, President, Chas. Kern, First Vice-President, John Kleinman; Second Vice-President, Thos. Stage, Secretary-Treasurer, W. L. Shepard; Board of Managers, R. B. Organ, chairman, with F. A. Howe, J. E. Price, C. B. Dicks and Chas. Morris. Mr. Kern will offer a trophy. Grand Calumet Heights Club elected officers June 24, President, A. W. Harlan; Vice-President, A. J. Thatcher; Secretary, F. R. Bissell; Treasurer, L. J. Marks; Directors, Saml. M. Booth, E. A. Hodson, G. C. Lamphear, Walter Metcalf.—E. H.

Every week we are obliged to defer to the next week trap scores which come in too late for publication in the current issue. It is particularly requested that scores be sent us as early as possible.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1890-91.
 Commodore: WALTER U. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.
 Secretary-Treasurer: RALPH P. BRAZER, 47 Central street, Lowell, Mass.
 REGATTA COMMITTEE: J. A. GAGE, Lowell, Mass.; W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto; L. B. Palmer, Newark, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Officers:
 Vice-Com: C. V. Whinn, Albany, N. Y.
 Rear-Com: T. P. Gaddis, Dayton, O.
 Purser: Howard Brown, Albany, N. Y.
 Ex. Com: J. K. Bakewell and H. M. Stewart.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Officers:
 Vice-Com: W. H. Cotton, Kingston.
 Rear-Com: J. C. Edwards, Lindsay.
 Purser: C. E. L. Porteous, Kingston.
 Ex. Com: Colin Fraser and F. H. Gilborne.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Officers:
 Vice-Com: J. W. Cartwright, Jr.
 Rear-Com: G. L. Parmelee, Hartford.
 Purser: R. Apollonio, Winchester.
 Ex. Com: Paul Butler, E. S. Towne and Sidney Bishop.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Officers:
 Vice-Com: I. V. Dorland, Arlington.
 Rear-Com: J. D. Anderson, Trenton.
 Purser: Richd Hobart, Newark N. J.
 Ex. Com: H. L. Quick and H. M. Kreamer.

Applications for membership must be made to division pursers, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and the sum of \$2.00 for entrance fee and dues for current year. Every member attending the general A. C. A. camp shall pay \$1.00 for camp expenses. Application sent to the Secy-Treas. will be forwarded by him to the proper division. Persons residing in any division and wishing to become members of the A. C. A., will be furnished with printed forms of application by address ing the Purser.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.
 Vice-Commodore—N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
 Rear-Commodore—O. A. Woodruff, Chicago, Ill.
 Secretary-Treasurer—J. H. Ware, 130 Rialto Building, Chicago, Ill.
 Applications for membership should be made to the Secy-Treas., on blanks which may be obtained from him, and should be accompanied by \$2 as initiation fee and dues for the current year.

FIXTURES.

- JULY.
 3-17. Mohanawauk, Camp, Lake 11-23. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Oconomowoc.
 4. Lake Hopatcong, Ann., Lake 15-29. Northern Division Meet, Hopatcong.
 4. Shrewsbury, Red Bank, N. J. 23. Rochester, Sailing Trophy, Irondequoit Bay.
 6-27. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
 5. Orange, Ann., Passaic River. 10. Rochester, Fall Regatta, Irondequoit Bay.
 7. Iauthe, Ann., Passaic River. 12. Knickerbocker, Ann., N. Y.

THE MARINE AND FIELD REGATTA.—The third canoe regatta of the Marine and Field Club has proved the event of the spring season, the attendance being far above that of the regular canoe club regattas, and including two visitors, Messrs. Butler and Goddard, from such a distance as Lowell. The establishment of one important regatta which shall bring together racing men, to the possible detriment of the many regular club regattas, has been opposed by some; but on the whole the plan seems a good one, as men cannot find time to attend the regular round of regattas at distant points, as Yonkers, Newark, Staten Island and Brooklyn. If any one club is to have the honor of a yearly event of such exceptional prominence, there is none better fitted than the Marine and Field. While promoting canoeing, it is not distinctively a canoe club, and can conduct such a regatta from a more impartial standpoint than any large canoe club, which might be disposed to look first to its own interests. As it is now working in unity with the Manhattan Athletic Club, it is in a position to offer good prizes and to conduct a large event of this kind in an appropriate manner, while its sailing ground is the nearest approach to a fair and neutral course that can be found anywhere about New York. We congratulate the two clubs upon the success of the present event, and hope that it may continue as an annual fixture.

DROP RUDDERS VS. NO RUDDERS.—The recognized imperfections of the standard drop rudder, with pivoted blade, have led to the entire abandonment of the type by some of the advanced racing canoeists, who claim that the weakness, flexibility and drag of the brass drop rudder make a serious difference in speed, and that much better results can be had with a solid blade, narrow and deep, projecting some distance below the keel. In theory this view is correct; arguing from the club float, the deep fixed rudder is probably faster and more efficient than the drop rudder. When actually afloat, however, and especially in New York Bay, the matter is likely to present itself in a more practical aspect, and after running over a plank or a floating log, the canoeist may come to the conclusion that the question may be stated in another way—drop rudder vs. no rudder; and perhaps no post either. Accidents of this kind are quite frequent in the Bay, and several canoes have recently torn their rudders off entirely, with more or less damage to the sternpost.

A NEW ASSOCIATION.—We learn that the subject of a new canoe association is now being discussed in the vicinity of St. Paul, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Madison. This part of the Northwest the Western C. A. has entirely failed to reach, nor can it do so under its past and present policy. If any organization is formed in the above territory it should be a division of the American Canoe Association, as under the present division scheme the local body would have full power in all domestic affairs, while profiting from the established standing of the national body, and specially from the rules, which embody the results of a dozen years of labor and experiment. There is a promising field for a new division in the locality mentioned, and the work of organization will be easier under the name of the A. C. A. than as a merely local body.

THE FISH AND THE FRYING-PAN.—We understand that one of the cups in the Marine and Field regatta was made with a dolphin as an ornament. In view of the result of the race for which it was made, and of the future holders, the question suggests itself whether the fish should not be shown in a frying-pan, instead of disporting itself afloat.

NEWTON BOAT CLUB.—The Newton (Mass.) Boat Club held its regatta on the Charles River last Saturday, the events being as follows: Tandem, 18ft. canvas canoes—C. W. Cole and A. R. Richards, first; L. S. Drake and F. J. Burrage, second. Tandem, 16ft. canoes—H. S. Potter and George Angier, Jr., first; J. Linder and R. A. Ballou, Jr., second; F. Newhall and P. A. Warner, capsize. Rowing race—C. H. Higgins first, Newton Canoe second, B. Waterbury third. Upset race, tandem—J. Linder and R. A. Ballou, Jr., first; L. S. Drake and C. W. Cole, 2. A reception and dance was given in the evening.

UNION BOAT CLUB.—On June 17 the Union Boat Club, of Boston, started for Nahant with the barge and the war canoe Mahanazee, there being twenty-three in the party. Owing to a heavy sea the boats but in at Point Shirley, going by rail to Lynn and then across to Nahant, where dinner was eaten. Leaving at 8:30, the boats reached home at 7 P. M., the trip being a decided success.

DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

[Concluded from page 463.]

INSTEAD of going to the other shore and heeding the friendly advice, I concluded to risk it and took the middle of the river. When opposite Liverpool, which is three miles below Mahanago, on the opposite side of the river, I got into a nest of fish dams and lost an hour getting out. The river from side to side from Liverpool to Millersburg, three miles further down, is just one mass of these obstructions. The only channel is a raft channel lying close to the Liverpool shore and the one I should have taken to avoid trouble.

After reaching Millersburg I got my mail, and visiting a few friends, I again pushed across the river, using the raft channel to Bald Eagle Island, one mile below Millersburg, where I made camp. Opposite Bald Eagle Island are the noted fishing grounds for salmon and bass. The largest salmon that has ever been caught has been taken out of the river at this place. While relieving my canoe of its freight, a fisherman pushed his bateau up on the shore, and from him I purchased some lamprey eels. Toward evening I started a fire for supper, and jumping into the canoe, in half an hour I had six fair-sized salmon, all caught by trolling with lampreys.

Supper finished and the camp put in order for the night, I crossed on a small foot bridge which connects the towpath along the canal with the island, and walked up to the lock about 200 yds. above. While in conversation with the lock-keeper, I was surprised to see my friend who helped me make a portage up near Nanticoke dam. He said that their boat had been there for some time, and that they had tied up for the night below the lock, he visited me at my camp, where we sat close to a bright fire and smoked and talked, he revealing to me some of his past life and his experiences on the towpath, which were very interesting. About half after ten he left me, returning to his floating home, and after throwing several logs on the fire I turned in.

Wednesday, July 22.—I arose at 6:15 A. M. and went over to the canal to bid my rustic friend good-bye; but his boat had gone, probably starting at the break of day. Throwing off my clothes, I took a good swim in the canal before returning. On my return I scraped the hot coals together and cooked breakfast. I then resumed my trip, passing through the rapids at a great speed. Working over to Halifax, 3/4 miles below Millersburg, I made a short stop.

At Halifax I hoisted sail, and shoving my centerboard down, sailed almost directly down the river to Powell's Creek, 5 miles below. Beaching my canoe on the grassy shore, I bought some milk at a farmhouse close by and enjoyed a light lunch. Idling away the time by sailing on the head of the Clark's Ferry, I am and touting the laws of the tugboat club house, which is owned by people from Harrisburg, I used up the best part of the afternoon.

Toward evening, as the sun was setting and with a light breeze, I sailed down to the breast of the dam, lowering my sail to run through the chute. Again stepping it, I sailed across below the dam and up the Juniata, which joins the main river at Clark's Ferry, about 30 ft. above the bridge, in a grove of trees. I made camp on the mainland. My supper being next in order I cleaned two of the salmon I had caught the night before, and with Saratoga chips, bread and butter and coffee I made a good meal. After supper I strung my tent and fixed the camp for the night, making everything serene. I then walked down to Benvenue Lodge, which is a fish house situated below the bridge, and driven by Harrisburg lovers of sport. Tarrying there while I crossed the bridge to the country store and post-office at Benvenue and stayed there till 9 P. M. listening to the tales of several residents. Returning to my canoe I spread the blanket out before the fire and smoked.

That night of all nights was one not to be forgotten. The moon was full and coming up from behind the large mountain on the east, it lighted up the whole valley, turning night into day. To sit alone, with your back against a tree, smoking your pipe and watching the large camp-fire throwing the sparks through the branches of the trees and into the darkness above, and listen to the noises that are heard on all sides, while through the bright glare of the fire you see the decayed wood throwing out its ghostly and silent light, makes you wish that you could spend the whole summer in this way.

These and many other scenes are sought after by the venture-some canoeist. Cruising on the different waters, every foot as the canoe moves along reveals to him something new. Paddling along with the current, he knows nothing of the future, contenting himself entirely with the present and with the pleasant thought of the different kinds of fishing he may do. To him his canoe carries him, he thinks is all placed before him for his special enjoyment, and enjoy it he does. The roar of rapids and falls never worry him until he comes to them, and then, trusting to his paddle, but mostly to luck, he soon appears at the lower side ready for the next. The dew beginning to fall very heavily and it growing somewhat chilly, I turned in for the night.

Thursday, July 23.—I was awakened about 5 A. M. by the small noise of a conch shell horn blown by a canalboatman, to open the wickets for his boat to enter the lock in the canal on the opposite side of the Juniata.

To start a fire for breakfast I was compelled to cut up a rail from the fence close by, and while it was burning I crossed the river to buy some corn, bread and eggs. On my return I cooked breakfast, and about 9 A. M. left the shore, paddling in a small "Blue Juniata" into the main river. In a short time I passed Duncannon on my right, one mile below the Juniata bridge, the river being low and very rocky, compelling me to keep close to the left shore.

When about one mile below Duncannon I crossed the river to Cove Forge, where I met plenty of fishermen trolling for salmon, as this is the best resort for putting in a spoon, and a small fish, or stone roller as they are commonly called, attached to it, I was rewarded after an hour's paddle in and around the many rocks by the capture of one salmon and a very fine bass.

About noon I ran in on shore and took lunch, staying there in the cool shade of the trees till late in the afternoon, when I again took up my paddle, crossing the river to get the best channel. The run from Geiger's Point, which is nearly opposite Cove Forge, to Dauphin, four miles below, was made in a short time, the river being very rapid. Dauphin Rapids were soon reached, which is a nice piece of canoeing water, the river running about twelve miles an hour, making the canoe shoot around the many rocks, giving one no time to enjoy the beautiful mountain scenery that abounds on both sides.

The only channel to get through is close to the left shore, and it extends the full length of the rapids. From shore to shore one can see nothing but boulders, large and small, and on looking across the river from the shore one could hardly realize how it is possible to get through without an upset. After getting through Dauphin Rapids safely, soon heard the roar of the Rockville Falls, but these did not amount to anything, as there is a good channel close to shore. Paddling out into open water, where the river is about 1 1/4 miles wide, I got my sail out from under deck, and stepping it, gradually worked down to McCormick's Island, about two miles below Rockville, where I made camp.

After a good supper of fish, fried tomatoes, bread and butter and coffee, also fresh milk purchased from the farm on the island, I went down on the shore to clean my cooking utensils, when, looking down around the bend in the river 1/2 mile below, I saw five canoes under full sail headed for the island.

It was not long before I had my glass leveled upon them and soon made them out to be five of the members of the club. Running down to the head of the island I awaited their approach. As they neared I stepped from behind a tree and waved the canoe yell. In an instant all heads were ducked under their sails, the yelling causing several upsets. It was a jolly time as the boys came up to meet me, as they had not expected me until the morrow.

Jollification ran high that night and little sleep was indulged in. We all sat about a large roaring fire and I was plied with all kinds of questions in regard to my lonely voyage.

Friday, July 24.—This day was spent in the night races, paddling and sailing, upset paddling races, etc. The Kodak came into use at every opportunity and the day was soon spent. The darkness of night closing in upon us and being fatigued somewhat by the day's sport we all turned in.

Saturday, July 25.—The whole camp was astray at 6 A. M., and after a swim in the river and a good breakfast we paddled for home, reaching there at 9 A. M. According to the log, I had traveled 150 miles on one of the most beautiful rivers in the State and through scenery that cannot be surpassed in central Pennsylvania. M. W. F.

MAHANAWAUK C. C.—The Mahanawauk C. C. was organized March 21, at Milwaukee, Wis., with 15 members, all canoe owners, the officers being: Com., E. H. Holmes; Vice-Com., F. W. Dickens; Secy-Treas., F. B. Huntington. The club totem is the letter M in a circle. The club house is located on Milwaukee Bay, Lake Michigan. No dues have been fixed for races, but the club will camp from July 3 to 17 on Oconomowoc Lake, Wis.

ROCHESTER C. C.—A grand cruise is planned for July 4 in the war canoe Huff, to Manitou Beach. The invitations, one of which we have received, are most temptingly worded.

TORONTO C. C. June 27.—The first of the series of sailing races of the Toronto C. C. was sailed over a triangular course in the Bay on Saturday, the three classes being sent over the same course, the 1st class completing the triangle 4 times to the others 3 and 2 times respectively. The second gun, containing a poor cartridge, was not heard by some of the sailors, occasioning an unsatisfactory start to them. Another feature of the race was the disappointment of some who, starting from the club house for the starting buoy when the wind was blowing fresh, carried their small sails. The wind petered out to very light by the time the first gun was fired. The men going out later and carrying large suits having rather the best of it throughout, as the wind remained light the rest of the afternoon. Una, Colin Fraser, finished first, and Earl, W. J. Sparrow, second in 1st Class; Kulula, H. Fort, first, and Geo. Thore, F. Rogers, second in 2d Class; and Edna H. Fortier, first, and Storm, J. C. Zredale, second in 3d class. The next of the series will be sailed in a couple of weeks, when the disappointed ones may have a chance of turning the tables. Matters are looking very bright for the Toronto C. C. this season, especially in the sailing line; several new canoes having been added to the fleet this spring. The paddlers are also upholding their end of the stick, as will be shown by the number of entries at the annual regatta on July 4. Both contingents have signified their intention of sending a goodly number to the division and general meets.—W. L.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The gale of Saturday prevented the holding of the Brooklyn C. C. regatta, the following paddling races being held: Event No. 1, special paddling race for juniors; course from the club float to and around a stakeboat off the Atlantic Y. C. distance about 220 yds.; P. Vernon's No Name won, time 4m.; F. Sinclair's Modoc second; W. Ward's Red Devil with 4m. Event No. 2, senior paddling twice around the sunken course, distance about 400 yds.; J. W. Stewart's B'o Ho won, time 5m. 58s.; M. V. Brokaw's Red Devil second, time 6m.; W. W. Brownell's Modoc and A. S. Putnam's No Name also competed. Event No. 3, tandem paddling race around sloop off Sea Beach dock and return, distance about half a mile; J. B. Stewart and L. B. Palmer's Valfreya won, time 8m. 48s.; H. M. Smyth and F. M. Sinclair's Torment did not finish. W. J. Stewart and L. B. Palmer should have won, but they turned the wrong boat and lost fully 30 yds. Event No. 4, Senior single paddling, 880 yds., straightaway from the Sea Beach dock; L. B. Palmer's Cricket won, time 10m.; R. J. Wilkin's Unqua second, time 10m. 8s.; W. J. Stewart's Valfreya and H. H. Smyth's Torment also competed.

THE ATLANTIC DIVISION MEET.—The meet of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., is now in progress at Cheseapeake Creek, Morgan's Station, N. J. Vice-Com. Dorland is in command of the camp.

PEQUOT ASSOCIATION.—The new ground and club house of the Pequot Association, at Morris Cove, were opened on June 13, a very large assemblage of members and guests being present.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Northern Division: Fred W. Frank, F. C. Bloomfield, Braintree, Ont. Atlantic Division: Edward H. Weed, Newark, N. J.

THE A. C. A. BOOK.—The year book of the A. C. A. was issued this week, and has been mailed to all members.

Pachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. Seavanhaka, 48ft. and 25ft., Oyster Bay. | 15. Pleon, 1st Cham, Marblehead. |
| 3. Rochester, Cruise, Oak Orch. | 16. Massachusetts, 1st Cham, Special. |
| 3-4-5. San Francisco, Cruise, Mare Island. | 15. Monatiquot, 1st Cham, Weymouth. |
| 3. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth. | 16. Lake Y. R. A., R. C. Y. C., Tor. |
| 4. American, Naphtha, Milton's Neck. | 16. Cedar Pt., Sangauatuck, Conn. |
| 4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont. | 17. Lake Y. R., A., Queen City, Toronto. |
| 4. Beverly, 3d Sweep, Mon. Bch. | 18. American, Steam, Milton's Neck. |
| 4. Larchmont, Ann., Larchmont. | 18. Hull, First cham., 1st and 2d classes. |
| 4. N. Y. R. A., Cruise. | 18. Hull Corinthian, Club. |
| 4. Royal N. S., Squadron Prizes. | 18. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail. |
| Halifax. | 18. Beverly, 1st Cham, Mon. Bch. |
| 4. Sing Sing, Ann., Sing Sing. | 19. Cor. Navy, N. Y. Bay Squad. |
| 4. Am. Model, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. | 18. St. Lawrence, 2d and 21st. Classes, Montreal. |
| 4. Douglasson, Annual, Little Neck Bay. | 18. Royal N. S., Lansdowne Cup, Halifax. |
| 4. Baywater, Ann., Jamaica Bay. | 18. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford. |
| 4. Carolina, Club, Wilmington, N. C. | 18. Massachusetts, Ann. Cruise. |
| 4. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise. | 18-19. San Francisco, Fish, Cruise. |
| 6. American, Sailing, Milton's Neck. | 20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester. |
| — Eastern, Handicap, Marblehead. | 20. Rhode Island, Cup. |
| 7. New Rochelle, Ann., New Rochelle. | 21. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Fall River. |
| 8. New Haven, Ann., New Hav. | 21. Pleon, Club, Marblehead. |
| 11. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester. | 23. Lake Y. R. A., Oyster Covego. |
| 11. Hull, First Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. | 23. Royal N. S., Wenonah Challenge Cup, Halifax. |
| 11. Lynn, Lynn. | 25. Great South Bay. |
| 11. Corinthian, Marblehead, Cruise. | 25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester. |
| 11. Savin Hill, Cash. | 25. Quincy, Second Cham. |
| 11. Riverside, Annual. | 25. Corinthian, Marblehead, 1st Cham, Marblehead. |
| 11. St. Lawrence, 29 and 18ft. | 25. Hull, Cruise, Cape Cod. |
| 11. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay. | 25. Mosquito, Cup, Boston. |
| Classes, Montreal. | 25. Essex, Ann., Newark Bay. |
| 11. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston. | 25. Miramichi, Cruise to Nequac. |
| 11-19. Larchmont, Cruise, L. I. Sound. | 25. Pleon, Cruise, Marblehead. |
| 14. Quincy, Ladies' Day. | — Corinthian, Marblehead, Ladies' Day, Marblehead. |
| 14. Lake Y. R. A., Hamilton, Hamilton. | 25. Monatiquot, Pennant, Weymouth. |
| | 31. Carolina, Club, Wilmington, N. C. |

AUGUST.

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| 1. Larchmont, Wetmore Cup. | 15. Mosquito, Open, Boston. |
| 1. Indian Harbor, Open, Greenwich. | 15. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford. |
| 1. Westhampton, Westhampton. | 15. East Bay, Long Island. |
| 1. Hull Corinthian, 2d Cham. | 15. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead. |
| 1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich. | 15. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups. |
| 1. Beverly, 1st Cham, Marblehead. | 19. Hull, Ladies' Day. |
| 1-15. Cor. Navy Meet, Riverside. | 19. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail. |
| 3. New York, rendezvous, Glen Cove. | 19. Pleon, Club, Marblehead. |
| 3. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston. | 19. Fall River, Open, Fall River. |
| 3. Monatiquot, 2d Cham, Weymouth. | 20. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. |
| 3. New York, Golet Cup, Newport. | 20. Massachusetts, 2d Cham. |
| 8. San Francisco, Club. | 20. Rhode Island, Bay. |
| 8. Hull, S. Good Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. | 20. Eastern, Cruise, Maine Coast. |
| 8. Lynn, Lynn. | 22. Quincy. |
| 8. Savin Hill, Second Cham. | 22. Corinthian, Marblehead, 2d Cham, Marblehead. |
| 8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Bch. | 22. Monatiquot, Sweeps, Weymouth. |
| 8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Halifax. | 22. Cor. Navy, East River Squad. |
| 8. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay. | 22-23. San Francisco, Fish, Cruise. |
| 10. Quincy Third Cham. | 24. Newark, Ann., Newark Bay. |
| 10. Miramichi, Vice-Com.'s Pen. | 24. Pleon, 3d Cham, Marblehead. |
| 12. Massachusetts, First Cham, Dorchester Bay. | 27. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester. |
| 12. Pleon, 2d Cham, Marblehead. | 27. Massachusetts, Third Cham, Dorchester Bay. |
| 13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte. | 28. Carolina, Club, Wilmington, N. C. |
| 13. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth. | 28. Longstead, Long Island. |
| 13. Cedar Pt., Sangauatuck, Conn. | 29. Hull, 1st Class. |
| 15. Hull, Ladies' Race. | 29. Savin Hill, Cash. |
| 15. Corinthian, Marblehead, Mid-Summer Series, Marblehead. | 29. Beverly, 2d Cham, Mon. Bch. |
| 15. Beverly, 3d Cham, Marblehead. | 29. Royal N. S., Capt. Russell's Cup, Halifax. |
| — Corinthian, N. Y., Sweeps, Marblehead. | 29. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont. |
| | 29. Miramichi, Cruise. |

THE DEBUTANTES.—*Gloriana*, Smuggler, Mab, Chippewa, *Jes So*.—There is material for careful study in the new boats of 1891 which have come to the front in the course of the spring races in New York and Boston. First of course is *Gloriana*, fast, powerful and successful; but ugly beyond question. In her beam, draught, lead and canvas have proved the prominent factors, combined by more than common skill. Next in size is the little 25ft. corrected length racer, Smuggler, a modern and moderate keel boat with a purely racing rig, the jib and mainsail, with small sails for her length. In the races thus far sailed she has shown that the modern cutter hull with lead keel can race successfully with the old centerboard open boats. Coincident with Herreshoff's triumphs in New York comes the news of a little flyer from the same hands, a skimming dish of the lightest and most elaborate build, that has beat boats of local renown, from 3 to 4ft. longer than she. It is no great surprise that the very original Mr. Clapham does not propose to be left out in this exhibition of novelties that constitute the spring opening, and he has in fact turned up with a new "Bouncer," the Chippewa, which did so well on June 22 as to attract almost as much attention from her speed as her shape. On the same day there came out in the Pavana Y. C. regatta, her first race, another small flyer, which made a record by the remarkable way in which she beat the seven competing boats in her class; the *Jes So*, a 16ft. skimming dish with spars of incredible dimensions. A more dissimilar lot of boats could hardly be picked, and yet each promises to make a high record in her class during the season.

LENGTH OVER ALL.—While the length on load waterline is likely to remain the most important of a yacht's dimensions, the fashionable clipper stems and long counters have made the length on deck, or length over all, a matter of general interest to yachtsmen, and this dimension now invariably accompanies the others in describing a yacht. As now given, however, it is devoid of any exact meaning, the measurement being taken in half a dozen different ways by the various rules, none of which tell what a yachtsman wishes to know. The deck or over all length has long formed a factor in the Custom House rules of the United States and Great Britain, but the points to which the measurement is taken are very loosely designated, and differ, as stated, in the various rules. That commonly used in this country is taken from the inside of the planking or plating, and gives no idea of the exterior length of the vessel. The most desirable measurement for all the purposes of the yachtsman is from the extreme fore side of the stem head including the figurehead or scroll if there be one, to the after edge of the plank-sheer at the center of the stern. This measurement shows the excess of the deck over the waterline, and is the same whether the yacht is built of wood or iron, which is not the case with the present measurements. It would be a good thing if the clubs would discard entirely the present length over all which appears in each club book, and place in its stead a table of lengths taken between these definite points, the stem head and the center of the plank-sheer at its extreme after point.

STOP THE GLORIANA.—We all remember the plaintive cry which went up from Boston just two years since for something to "stop the Minerva," and *Gloriana's* performances within the week have been brilliant enough to give cause for a similar appeal. Mineola was very quickly disposed of. Sayonara perhaps promises better, though really little has been seen of her yet. From these two, however, it is safe to conclude that neither *Oweene*, nor *Ilderim* if raced, can stand long before the Bristol flyer. This narrows the field down to three boats, the Burgess centerboard *Beatrice*, the *Palme Alborak*, and the *Fife Barbara*. Before *Gloriana* is called on to start with either it is quite possible that the question may be narrowed down to one of the three. The meeting between her and the best of these boats will prove a battle royal such as no contest for the America's Cup has ever called forth.

RACES ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.—It is probable that one of the large clubs whose June regattas have been a marked feature of yachting on New York Bay has sailed its last regular race there. With the new club house in use at Oyster Bay by next spring, the race of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will be transferred to Long Island Sound, making one less race in the Bay and one more in the steadily increasing number of Sound races. The programme even now is an extensive one: June 20, Larchmont special, 46ft. class; July 2, Seawanhaka special, Oyster Bay; 4, Larchmont annual, Douglaston annual; 6, American annual; 7, New Rochelle annual; 8, New Haven annual; 11, Riverside annual. All of these are open events, besides which are the steam races of July 10 and 18, and the Cherry Diamond Y. C. race of July 25.

COMMENTS ON THE NEW CLASS.—The new 46ft. class, whose existence promises to be equally brief and brilliant, has called forth some curious comments from the yachtsmen who have watched the New York races. The class, barring *Gloriana*, has been likened to a lot of Christmas chickens whose heads were off before each was fairly out of the coop. *The Tribune* quotes the following famous couplet, which seems to fit the case very neatly:

"Since I was so soon done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

Mr. Bayard Thayer is credited with the classic remark that when his new yacht started down the Bay in the Corinthian regatta, her first race, her name was *Sayonara*, but when she came home her name was "mud."

WHO DID IT?—At one time during the winter there were several prospective claimants for the honor of suggesting and starting the new class, but in view of the developments thus far it seems probable that the claim will not be pressed, and that no one will care to face the owners of a large number of beaten boats. So far as any added knowledge is concerned, there is nothing to be learned from the new class that could not have been demonstrated fully as well in the 40ft. class, with *Gossoon* and *Minerva* and such new boats as would have been built to beat them. The cost of the same experiment in the 46ft. class will probably be 25 per cent. greater than in the 40ft., while the larger boats, when condemned as racers, will be less useful as cruisers than a 40, in proportion to the added draft.

A FAIR TRADE.—A funny yarn is flying about the Upper Bay in connection with the race of *Clara* and *Anaconda* in the Marine and Field regatta. *Anaconda* was on hand, with Capt. Ellsworth to steer her as on the previous day, but Mr. Pragne proposed to Mr. Alley, of *Clara*, to sail without clubtopsails. To this proposition Mr. Alley would not agree, but finally consented on condition that Capt. Joe should not steer *Anaconda*. Mr. Pragne agreed to this, which, by the way, was placing a rather poor estimate on Capt. Ellsworth's skill, and the race was sailed without clubtopsails before it was discovered that *Clara* had come down from Bay Ridge in the morning without her topsail yards.

A JUNE GALE.—The weather on Friday night and Saturday of last week was something almost without parallel in June. All about New York, the Sound and the Hudson, the day was fair and bright, but with a veritable gale of wind blowing from the northwest, kicking up seas that did considerable damage to piers and docks, while a number of races were entirely stopped, among them being the regattas of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, at Larchmont, and the Corinthian Navy, at New Rochelle.

THE SINKING OF THE AMELIA.—The examination of Thos. Walsh, pilot of the tugboat F. W. Devoe, which ran into and sank the sloop yacht *Amelia* in the North River, off 110th street, on the night of June 14, was begun before Justice Divver, in the Harlem Police Court, on June 26, but was postponed until Tuesday. Very damaging charges are made by the crew of the yacht.

THE OCEAN DORY RACE.—After several delays, the final start of the two dories, *Sea Serpent*, Capt. J. W. Lawlor, and *Mermaid*, Capt. W. A. Andrews, was made on June 5, at 6:30 P.M., from Ocean Pier, Crescent Beach, near Boston, both of the men being reported as in poor condition for such a trip. Their destination is Mullion Cove, Land's End, England.

LIRIS.—Though relegated to the ranks of the cruisers, *Liris* has been about the Bay during race week, starting whenever necessary to make a race in her class, and doing some very good sailing. Her appearance has been greatly improved by the higher bulwarks, the excessive sheer aft being decreased to a very pleasing sweep.

EASTERN Y. C. ANNUAL, JUNE 29.

It is not the fault of the regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. that the races thus far have proved anything but successful. The committee was at work during the winter, and special measures were devised and put in operation to promote racing in the face of the prevailing adverse conditions. Much was expected from the race on Monday, the annual regatta of the club, but like the late regattas in New York the result was a disappointment. But four schooners started, only one new 46 was ready, and she in poor form, and the 30-footers made the only interesting class. *Alborak* and *Oweene* were at Marblehead with *Barbara*, but one had broken a spreader, the second part her bobstay, and the third was out of trim, so the class dwindled down to *Beatrice*, *Thelma*, and *Gossoon*, 40-footers.

The courses were from Half-Way Rock to the Whistling buoy, off Eastern Point, thence around E. Y. C. Buoy, thence around a mark off Nahant, and home, 32 miles, for all above 80ft., the latter class going directly home after turning the club mark, making a triangular course of 22½ miles.

The start was made at 1 A. M. with a moderate N.E. wind and hazy sea. Most of the fleet covered the first leg in one long leg, the order at the whistler being: *Beatrice*, *Gossoon*, *Thelma*, *Enone*, *Mildred*, *Fancy*, *Mayflower*, *Triton*, *Hawk*, *Merlin*, *Saladin*, *Mignon*, *Harbinger*.

The next leg was before the wind, but after carrying spinners for a couple of miles the wind shifted to southwest, making a beat to the E. Y. C. Buoy, where the times were:

<i>Beatrice</i>	3 03 24	<i>Mildred</i>	3 45 37
<i>Gossoon</i>	3 03 24	<i>Merlin</i>	3 51 18
<i>Thelma</i>	3 24 01	<i>Triton</i>	4 06 24
<i>Mayflower</i>	3 31 15	<i>Hawk</i>	4 10 25
<i>Enone</i>	3 34 21	<i>Harbinger</i>	4 22 45
<i>Fancy</i>	3 46 07	<i>Alborak</i>	4 32 50

The 30-footers ran home from here under spinners, the others reaching in a light breeze for Nahant, being becalmed for a time near the Nahant Buoy. When the wind came it was very light southeast, but toward evening a strong northeast breeze sprung up, the fleet beating home just within the time limit. The times were:

FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.			
	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Mayflower</i>	11 20 31	7 30 41	8 10 41
<i>Beatrice</i>	11 20 31	7 30 41	8 05 09
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
<i>Enone</i>	11 25 58	7 42 54	8 17 54
<i>Gossoon</i>	11 34 25	7 23 40	7 50 40
<i>Beatrice</i>	11 35 11	7 20 28	7 45 15
<i>Thelma</i>	11 35 58	7 24 51	7 51 53

SEVENTH CLASS SCHOOLS.			
<i>Fancy</i>	11 38 00	5 07 20	5 21 20
<i>Mildred</i>	11 38 00	5 08 07	5 20 07
<i>Hawk</i>	11 38 00	5 33 58	5 55 58
<i>Harbinger</i>	11 38 00	6 07 30	6 29 30

Mayflower, *Enone*, *Gossoon* and *Fancy* win first prizes and *Mildred* second. *Gossoon* wins Puritan cup and *Fancy* the sweepstakes postponed from June 19. *Merlin*, *Triton*, *Wayward*, *Saladin* and *Mignon* withdrew. The regatta committee included Messrs. Wm. S. Eaton, Jr., R. D. Sears, P. T. Jackson, Jr., A. N. Rantoul and H. H. Buck.

CHERRY DIAMOND Y. C.

THIS new club, the yachting department of the Manhattan Athletic Club, will hold two regattas in July, the first on the 10th for steam and naphtha launches, off New Rochelle; the second, a sweepstakes for sailing yachts, on the 25th, off Milton Point, open to yachts owned by members of the New York, Eastern, Larchmont, Atlantic, Seawanhaka, Corinthian, New Rochelle, New York Corinthian, Corinthian of Marblehead, New Haven, Oyster Bay, American (of Milton, N. Y.), Philadelphia, Douglaston, Riverside and Hempstead Bay yacht clubs, the Corinthian Navy and Corinthian Mosquito Fleet. The entrance fees are: All schooners, \$50; sloops, 70ft. class, \$50; 53ft. class, \$50; 46ft. class, \$30; 40ft. class, \$25; 35ft. class, \$20; 30ft. class, \$15; 25ft. class, \$10; all under 25ft., \$5. Entries, including check and yacht's racing length, are to be sent to Joseph W. Gibson, Chairman Regatta Committee, No. 757 Broadway, New York, by noon of July 18.

If more than four yachts start in any class the club will add a prize equal in amount to half the entrance fee in that class. If less than four start the stakes and prizes will be divided as follows: 70 per cent. to the winner, 20 per cent. to the second boat, the remaining 10 per cent. to the yacht making the best elapsed time over the course in her class. If five or more start, 60 per cent. to the winner, 25 per cent. to the second and 15 per cent. to the third boat. No third prize will be given unless five boats start in a class. As the race is to be sailed over the courses of the Larchmont Y. C. it will be governed by the racing rules and time allowances of that club (except as modified by the special conditions of the Cherry Diamond Y. C.).

The club has offered a solid gold cup, valued at \$500, for the 46ft. class, upon the following conditions:

1. All races for this cup shall be sailed in New York or Newport waters.
2. First race, July 25 (on Long Island Sound, Larchmont course).
3. Second race, Aug. 7 (or first week after Corinthian Y. C. sweepstakes), off Newport, R. I., to windward or leeward and return.
4. Third race—The final race shall be sailed over a course to be designated by the regatta committee of the Cherry Diamond Y. C., or by its commodore, representing the Manhattan Athletic Club.
5. Any yacht of this class that wins a leg for the gold cup will be awarded a prize of \$25 or its equivalent in a trophy.
6. If she succeeds in winning the cup two consecutive times this season she will not be liable to challenge again until the beginning of the next yachting season.
7. In case the yacht that wins the first leg for the cup fails to win the second one, the winner of the second leg shall not be liable to challenge for sixty days. A challenge must then be accepted from the owner of any yacht in the same class, and the yacht must be ready to sail a match for the cup in fifteen days from the receipt of the challenge (provided the date is within the limits of the yachting season—June 1 to Nov. 1).
8. The cup will become the property of the yacht that wins it three times.
9. Entries, including sailing length of yacht, should be sent prior to July 10 to Joseph W. Gibson, Chairman Regatta Committee, 757 Broadway, New York.

On Sept. 6 a ladies' sailing and rowing race will be held by the club off New Rochelle.

HALCYON schr., has been sold by the estate of the late Mr. Henry Lipitt, to Mr. H. S. Blodgood, of Providence, son of the former secretary of the New York Y. C.

TUGBOATS AND YACHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been said a man can be a sailor and yet a gentleman, and it is quite possible also that the gentleman is the best sailor. In fact this has been so frequently demonstrated by acts of manly courtesies that the possibility is hardened down to a fixed fact. Young Tate, for instance, in the last Reedy Island race unhesitatingly gave up his chances of winning to help Commodore Dressler. That gentleman in turn thanked the youngster and bade him continue in the race, as a steam tug near by would assist him. This was done for an exorbitant money equivalent. The difference between the young gentlemanly yachtsman and the philanthropic captain of the tug is very marked.

Some years ago the writer and his "man" (a gentleman) captured a 25ft. open cut while approaching the Delaware Breakwater, and drifted out to sea on her bottom. An "Eastern oil tug" bound in took us on board and immediately demanded \$200 for saving our lives. While willing to pay \$100 for my "companion," I preferred to be put back on the bottom of my upturned boat, and my "mate" preferred my company to that of the humane captain of the schooner, and we were both set adrift. Two hours after the "take off," pilot boat Gen. Pike came alongside, righted the boat, freed her of water, and towed us under the "stone pile." Well I remember the almost savage look of that grand old pilot when I offered to pay him for "services rendered." He was a rough and weather-beaten old pilot, and a gentleman. God bless his dear old soul, now at rest in the great unknown future for big-hearted men.

R. G. W.

Captain West, of the tugboat *Irwin*, may think he is entitled to a few of those beautiful medals which the Government has struck off to be conferred upon brave and generous life-savers, but he will probably be a long time without any. Nor will the Humanitarian Society just yet hunt him out and hold him up to the admiring gaze of the public. On Tuesday last he rescued four men from a capsized yacht a few miles from Long Island Park, but it was only after he had taken advantage of the helpless condition of the yachtsmen and had driven a hard bargain with them. On that day seven open yachts started on a race from Cooper's Point to Reedy Island and return. The wind was heavy and puffy, and a very heavy sea was running. Commodore Dressler's yacht, the *Ethel*, in diving through the waves half filled with water, and was finally capsized by a particularly hard squall half a mile from shore. The tugboat *Irwin*, which was steaming slowly down the river, was signaled by the men who could barely hold on to the bottom of their boat. "What do you want?" asked Captain West. "We would like you to tow us to shore," was the reply. "What's in it?" "Whatever you think is right." "I'll take you for \$5." The price was deemed very steep and the tug started away, but returned, and after what appeared to be another hour's delay, consented to cast the *Ethel* a line for \$3. Even then Captain West insisted upon having the cash before landing the boat, clearly intimating that he would cast her adrift unless payment was made. Of course Commodore Dressler, who was one of the thoroughly soaked yachtsmen, did not hesitate to pay the amount. The yacht was then placed on a mud flat, and the yachtsmen were permitted to jump into deep water and deeper mud and left to care for themselves and their boat the best they could. Captain West of the tugboat *Irwin* is hardly entitled to a medal for bravery and generosity in saving life as yet.—*Philadelphia Call*, June 18.

AMERICAN MODEL Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a regular meeting of the American Model Y. C., held at the residence of Mr. G. W. Townly, considerable business was transacted, an important motion being made by F. Nichols and seconded by J. Sheridan that a special race be sailed on the Fourth of July after the windward races have been sailed. The third class yachts to sail to windward and return over a course of ½ mile flat, and the yachtsmen were permitted to jump into deep water and deeper mud and left to care for themselves and their boat the best they could. Captain West of the tugboat *Irwin* is hardly entitled to a medal for bravery and generosity in saving life as yet.—*Philadelphia Call*, June 18.

It may seem impracticable for model yachts to sail down the wind, but it is accomplished by an automatic tiller controlled by the mainsail, this contrivance being used by nearly all of the third class yachts, it keeping the yacht before the wind. In fact, it acts as early as a skipper at the tiller can be, and it is simply easy.

The English model yachts use a weighted rudder, one for windward work, one for reaching and down the wind, causing a loss of time in changing rudders. In the windward work of the American Club the tiller is not used, the yachts being so well balanced in relation to centers of effort and lateral resistance that it is not necessary, and the wind it is only necessary to slack off mainsheet, another sheet having the necessary length to take effect on tiller, thus jamming rudder to leeward at a sufficient angle to keep the yacht off the wind.

After the regular business of the club, Mr. Fisher offered a cup for the third class yachts, subject to donor's restrictions, to be sailed for over a triangular course on any Saturday afternoon desired by his owner. This race will require considerable skill.

The club now have a tank the dimensions of which are 7ft. x 80in. x 30in., with a thin wire stretched across one end so that when the tank is full a yacht placed in it will displace her weight of water, causing the water to flow over, retaining it on a level with wire, so that a T-square slid along a rule placed on the side of tank, an accurate measurement of the length of yacht on 1 in. can be had.

The races on the Fourth of July will be started at 10:30 A. M. F. NICHOLS, Measurer.

QUINCY Y. C., JUNE 27.—The Quincy Y. C. sailed its first championship on Saturday in a fresh N.W. breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Erin, John Cavanaugh.....	28.11	1 35 10	1 11 06
Eureka, E. B. Rogers.....	19.06	1 41 50	1 14 25
Adolph, Henry Moebis.....	22.07	1 46 43	1 18 48
SECOND CLASS			
Madge, Thayer & Poor.....	18.02	1 38 57	1 12 14
Scamp, W. S. Fox.....	18.04	1 47 05	1 18 23
Mabel, H. L. Rice.....	19.11	1 45 44	1 18 45
Helen, R. W. Sawtell.....	19.11	1 47 28	1 20 20
Niobe, A. F. Schenkelberger.....	19.03	1 42 22	1 18 45
Egret, W. P. Barker.....	19.03	Withdrawn.	
THIRD CLASS			
Rocket, H. M. Faxson.....	16.02	1 46 00	1 14 34
Bess, C. W. Cherrington.....	17.03	1 45 41	1 15 40
Flora Lee, C. D. Tanning.....	16.10	1 58 40	1 28 08
Freak, G. F. Maybury.....	15.05	2 01 02	1 29 22
Dandelion, Arthur Adams.....	17.05	2 05 18	1 35 80
Mab, John Shaw.....	16.03	Withdrawn.	

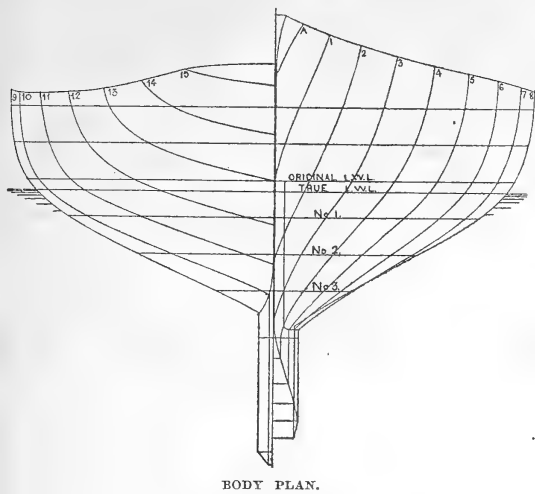
White Fawn was present, but did not start, her helmsman being a professional. Dandelion, Mr. C. F. Adams's old racer, was destroyed by his younger brother, Arthur, age 14, and John and Harvey, still younger. Mab tore her sail and withdrew. Adolph lost some time by taking the ground. Mabel protests Madge and Helen protests Madge and Scamp for fouls at the start. The judges were John Sanborn, Chas. F. Colby and E. B. Glover.

SAVIN HILL Y. C., JUNE 27.—The Savin Hill Y. C. sailed the first of a series of the races or cups presented by Fleet Captain J. H. Bearick on Saturday. The classes were: First class, over 21ft. sailing length; second class, 18ft. and under 21ft.; third class, 15ft. and under 18ft.; fourth class, under 15ft. The wind was northeast fresh, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pioneer, J. F. Turner.....	21.05	2 05 00	1 39 21
Bertha, A. C. Smith.....	21.05	2 06 10	1 40 41
Mildred, G. L. Sears.....	22.02	2 04 03	1 41 41
SECOND CLASS.			
Caprice, R. W. Bird.....	19.11	1 19 00	1 23 57
Siro, F. A. McInnes.....	19.08	2 04 03	1 39 52
Arlis, H. H. Odell.....	18.10	2 14 00	1 45 53
Lella, H. T. Washburn.....	18.10	2 07 30	1 42 30
THIRD CLASS.			
Marchioness, C. E. Hodges.....	16.01	1 58 00	1 26 27
Florrie, W. H. Bearick.....	16.06	2 01 45	1 30 46
FOURTH CLASS.			
Marigold, Earle D. Gay.....	14.09	1 46 00	1 39 41

Pioneer, Caprice and Marchioness each win a leg for the cup in their respective classes. Marigold scores no win, having no competitor. The judges were Messrs. C. E. Coffin, A. Swallow and R. K. Rice.

THE NEW HEART STEAM YACHT.—On June 28 the new high-speed steam yacht built for Mr. Wm. R. Hearst was launched by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. at Bristol. She is 110ft. over all, 12ft. 4in. beam, and 6ft. 4in. draft. Her engines are quadruple expansion, with a Thornycroft boiler.



BODY PLAN.

JACK O' LANTHORN.

2½-RATER.

THE great changes which result from a season or two of hot racing are nowhere better shown than in the new class of racing boats of 2½-rating which has grown up about Southampton and the Solent within three years. This locality was practically the only place in England where the old Y. R. A. tonnage rule was inoperative, and where beamy boats could be built and raced, the result being the creation of a class of very wide, deep and over-rigged boats, such as the Daisy, now in this country, a most undesirable type. The smaller boats in the 2½ l.w.l. class, such as Minima, were nice little cutters of the same general type as the Boston Pappoose, with full cutter rig, though in some cases pole-masted. Within the past three years racing has increased greatly about Southampton in the 2½ and 5-rating classes, equivalent nearly to 25 and 30 ft. corrected length by American rules, and a number of yachts have been built for that purpose and no other. As speed alone has been considered, over certain local courses, the build, rig and fittings have undergone great changes. Under the present Y. R. A. rule, Rating = $\frac{L \times S \times A}{6,000}$, the allowance of sail is for 24 ft. l.w.l., 625 sq. ft.; 25 ft., 600 sq. ft.; 26 ft., 573 sq. ft.; 27 ft., 555 sq. ft.; 28 ft., 535 sq. ft. These figures come within a fraction of 25 ft. corrected length when applied to the Seawanhaka rule. Experience has demonstrated that the best proportions lie very near to 26 ft. l.w.l. and 573 sq. ft. of sail, the leading boats being from 25 ft. 6 in. to 26 ft. 6 in.

The yacht whose lines are here given was designed for the class by Capt. Henry E. Bayly, of Exmouth, Eng., former owner of Buccaneer, Spankardillo and Scaramouch, to whom we are indebted for the design. Scaramouch, designed by her owner, was built in 1889 as a 3-rater, her dimensions being l.w.l., 28 ft.; beam, 7 ft. 6 in.; draft without board, 4 ft. 6 in.; with board, 9 ft.; displacement 4.5 tons, and 780 sq. ft. of sail. She was afterward reduced to 650 ft., making her rating but 2.5. She was too far distant from the headquarters of the class to be tried against the leaders, but she showed herself quite fast in the home racing, and late last season was sold to go to Odessa, in the Black Sea. She made the passage of 600 miles, from Dartmouth to Newcastle on Tyne, where she was shipped to Russia, under her own canvas late in the fall, encountering some very bad weather, but came through all right. The new boat, designed last fall and built during the winter, is 3 ft. longer than Scaramouch, but like her has a center-board, and of considerable size, unlike most of the boards heretofore fitted in English yachts.

Though differing in this respect from the majority of the class, she possesses most of the characteristics which have been called forth by the exigencies of close competition. The immersed surface has been reduced as much as possible by the cutting away of all deadwood, the hull has been lightened of all superfluous weight, the rig, as we shall show next week, has been simplified to the greatest possible degree, while the fittings are simply those of a racing boat, there being no attempt at anything in the way of accommodation below. Her dimensions are:

Length, stem head to taffrail.....	36 ft.
L. W. L.....	25 ft. 8 ½ in.
Beam, extreme.....	8 ft. 6 in.
L. W. L.....	7 ft. 8 in.
Draft without board.....	4 ft. 5 in.
with board.....	8 ft. 6 in.
Displacement, long tons.....	4 tons.
Ballast, lead keel.....	2 25 tons.
Steel centerboard.....	.15 tons.
Total about.....	2.5 tons.
Sail area, sq. ft.....	580

The construction of the hull is of the lightest, the actual weight on the scales of the wood work, without lead keel or centerboard being but 19 cwt. Though some of the class differ from Jack O' Lanthorn in having plumb stems and square sterns, they are all much alike in the cutting away of the deadwoods, the keel proper being in the shape of a very deep lead fin, practically a fixed center-board, while the rudders are of the same shape as in the drawing, the rudder stocks being of steel, 1 ½ in. diameter with steel blades.

WINTHROP Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP, JUNE 27.—The championship regatta of the Winthrop Y. C. on Saturday was sailed in a very light and fluky N. E. breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.				
Pilgrim, E. W. Dixon.....	23.10	2 50 00	2 53 03	2 27 28
Owl, J. S. Cushing.....	24.02	2 50 00	3 21 40	2 52 58
Alida, D. E. Wilmarth.....	25.06	2 50 00	3 27 46	2 59 23
SECOND CLASS.				
Auk, A. A. Martin.....	15.05	2 55 00	2 04 22	1 33 42
Erminie, A. W. Torrey.....	19.03	2 55 00	2 13 50	1 44 10
THIRD CLASS.				
Marron, Chesterton & Dever-				
aux.....	19.03	2 55 00	2 16 59	1 47 16
Mattie G., W. A. Garrett.....	18.05	2 55 00	2 18 19	1 47 39
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	20.08	2 55 00	2 20 27	1 52 22
FOURTH CLASS.				
Modoc, D. W. Belcher.....	15.03	3 00 00	1 29 53	1 05 56
Cadet, C. L. Smith.....	16.09	3 00 00	1 30 02	1 05 08
Mischief, E. S. Belcher.....	16.08	3 00 00	Withdrawn.	
Scud, L. S. Weston.....	17.02	3 00 00	Withdrawn.	

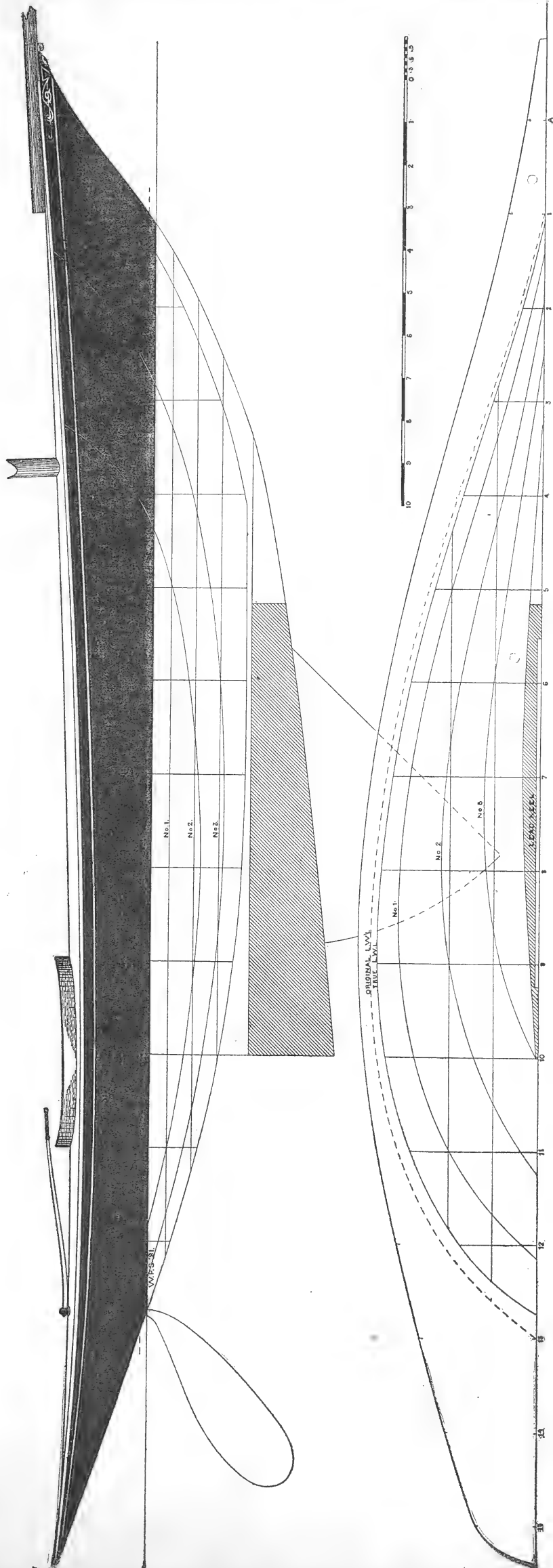
The judges were Com. J. S. Cushing, Mr. Harvey Hutchinson and Mr. Willard M. Bacon.

NEWBURGH CANOE AND BOATING ASSOCIATION.—The gale of Saturday disarranged the plans of the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association, and spoiled what was intended to be the most important regatta ever given by the club. A very elaborate programme had been arranged, including races for 40 ft. cutters, catboats, canoes and cruisers, with paddling and rowing races. On Friday night a N.E. gale came down the river, with a very high tide and a furious sea, so that few boats were ready on Saturday, while the Hudson was in no condition for boat or canoe racing. In the 40 ft. class Choctaw started, but having no competitor, withdrew. Three of the catboats made a race, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Flight, W. T. Hilton.....	2 41 48	4 35 04	1 14 51
Pauline B., Raymond & Smith.....	2 40 48	4 30 43	1 15 07
Dolphin, Beggs & Moore.....	2 45 48	4 34 39	1 17 03

The double scull race was rowed, being won by Harry Shaw and Fred Smith, their two competitors giving up. The other events were postponed. A match is likely to be made between Choctaw and Xara for July 4.

A STEAM YACHT IN COLLISION.—On June 26 the steam yacht Peerless, owned by Mr. Harkness, of Cleveland, was in collision with the tug Thos. Y. Boyd, sinking her. The yacht was bound for New York from the Sound, and at 8:30 P. M., when off the lighthouse at Hallett's Point, Hell Gate, she struck the tug, which was going through the Gate with two schooners in tow. The tug sank instantly, her crew being picked up by boats. The responsibility for the collision has not yet been determined.



JACK O' LANTHORN. 2½-RATER Y. R. A. RULE. DESIGNED BY CAPT. HENRY E. BAYLY, 1890.

AMERICAN Y. C.—A special regatta of the American Y. C. will be sailed on July 6 over courses off Milton Point, the Club station, open to yachts of the New York, Larchmont, Seawanhaka, Eastern, Atlantic, Corinthian of New York, Oyster Bay, New Haven, New Rochelle, Riverside, Indian Harbor, Corinthian of Marblehead and New Bedford clubs. Prizes will be given in each class provided two or more start, with second prizes for four starters. A special prize of \$250 will be given for the 46ft. class. The sixth annual regatta of the club will be held on July 18, over the club's straightaway course of eighty nautical miles, with a time limit of five hours, for the Atlanta Cup and the regular club prize steam yacht race, the big prize being the Atlanta Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. Jay Gould. Any seagoing cruising yacht over 100ft. of length belonging to any organized yacht club in the United States is entitled to enter. The cup will go to the yacht making the fastest time over the American course, irrespective of time allowance, but must be won three successive years by the same yacht before it becomes the property of the owner. Eighty nautical miles must be made in five hours, or should the course be changed for a shorter or longer distance an average speed of 16 nautical miles per hour. Yachts entering for the Atlanta Cup will start from stakeboat anchored $\frac{1}{4}$ knots east, $\frac{1}{4}$ north, from Race Rock, and finish off the club house. The regular prize is open to all steam yachts enrolled in any yacht club. The regatta committee includes Mr. George H. Hall, Mr. Ezra S. Connor, Mr. Wm. S. Allen, Mr. J. Howard Wainwright and Mr. Walter J. Price.

BEVERLY Y. C., June 27.—The 17th race of the Beverly Y. C. was the first fizzle in the history of the club, it was an attempt at an open sweepstakes, sailed on the basis of the old Monument Beach, and for several reasons was a failure. There were many other races the same day for larger prizes and entries were few; several boats postponed entering till the list was closed and could not be accepted. Then it blew very hard N.E. in the early morning, with a big sea, and the Boston boats were unable to get down. Hawk and Mignon were on hand in the 30ft. class, but were scared by thick weather and fear of losing sight of the E. Y. C. race Monday, and agreed to postpone. Wanda and Susie were on hand, but having walkovers did not start, and race resolved itself into a match between third-class sloops Kraken and Wraith. They started on a beat in a good S.E. breeze and Wraith at once took lead and beat the larger boat till wind died out, when Wraith caught up and drifting home with a free wind left Wraith far behind.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kraken, Percy Chase.....	26.03	2 19 15	2 11 30
Wraith, H. P. Benson.....	22.03	2 29 45	2 18 22
Course, $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.			

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The tenth annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C. will be sailed on July 8; open to yachts of the following dimensions: open sloops, 25 to 31ft.; cutters, 32ft. and under 1.v.l.; open sloops, 25 to 31ft.; cutters, 15 to 25ft.; 1.v.l. and enrolled in any organized yacht club. To be sailed over the club course, and under the regatta rules, regulations and time allowances, and under the direction of the regatta committee of the New Haven Y. C. Cash prizes will be offered in the following classes: Class 1, 40 to 52ft.; Class 2, 33 and under 40ft.; Class 3, 28 and under 35ft.; Class 4, 22 and under 25ft.; Class 5, open sloops, 25 to 31ft.; Class 6, cutters, 15 to 25ft. Length for 31ft. 1.v.l. and enrolled in waterline. The Warner challenge cup will be contested for by yachts in Class 3 enrolled in N. H. Y. C. A special prize will be offered for the yacht making best corrected time in Classes 1, 2, 3 and 4. The steamer Elm City has been chartered to follow the yachts over the course. We earnestly desire all yachts eligible to participate. For regatta and sailing regulations see N. H. Y. C. Book for 1890. Entry blanks and further information may be had by applying to the regatta committee. Entries close Monday, July 6, at 9 A. M. Regatta Committee—W. A. Foskett, Jr., chairman; L. A. Elliott, Frank P. Tyler.

PORT JEFFERSON NOTES.—Port Jefferson, Long Island.—I see you mention the old Fanny, so famous in her day. Well, she will soon be to the front again, for Capt. Bayless of Port Jefferson, has been making a new boat on the old lines, having added a fantail overhang. The old lines were closely followed, but almost all the planking is new. It will be interesting to see how she will show up under the guidance of Messrs. Fisk, her present owners. Messrs. Mather & Wager made a right good job out of *Eolus*. They cut her in two, lengthened and put on overhang, so that the schooner *Comanche*, as she is now called, is 98ft. over all. The lines show Burgess influence, and they had a good model to work from, as *Constellation* was close by all the time. The two boats were on the ways side by side this spring, and *Comanche* will be seen well forward in her class, and the crossed pipe and tomahawk in yellow on a blue field be brought home to Denver in glory by its owner, Mr. E. P. Fowler. There were a lot of yachts here this spring, but all except the *Fanny* are in the water. *Constellation* has not yet gone into commission, but is ready any moment. There has been good blackfishing and flounders were plenty. A few weakfish have been taken by spearing or in nets, but none on hook and line. No bluefish so far.—GRAY JOHN.

LARCHMONT Y. C. SPECIAL, JUNE 30.—A very fine race was sailed on Tuesday by the 46-footers for a prize offered by the Larchmont Y. C., the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sayonara.....	12 02 13	4 08 33	4 08 20
Mineola.....	12 00 53	4 10 57	4 10 04
Jessica.....	12 01 41	4 21 49	4 20 08

Sayonara wins, with Mineola second.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—The annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. will be sailed on July 7 over the regular club courses on the Sound, the classification being: Schooners—First class, all over 90ft. on 1.v.l.; 90ft. class, 78ft. class, 67ft. class, 58ft. class, all 58ft. and under. Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls—First class, all over 80ft. on 1.v.l.; 80ft. class, 70ft. class, 61ft. class, 53ft. class, 46ft. class, 40ft. class, 35ft. class, 30ft. class and 26ft. class. Jib and mainsail boats—First class, all over 26ft. on 1.v.l.; 26ft. class and 23ft. class. Catboats—First class, all over 26ft. on 1.v.l.; 26ft. class, 23ft. class and 20ft. class. In each class at least two yachts must start or no prize will be awarded for that class. The regatta committee may refuse an entry and may accept an entry made after the date of closing. Commodore Abbott has offered two prizes of sterling silver for the 46ft. class.

MOSQUITO FLEET Y. C., June 27.—The first cup race of the Boston Mosquito Fleet, for fourth and fifth classes was sailed on Saturday, over the club's course, in a light and fluky breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tantrum, J. F. Small.....	14.11	1 23 48	1 22 43
Bessie, W. L. Young.....	12.11	1 29 51	1 27 36
Nadine, D. N. Palmer.....	14.11	1 28 51	1 28 05
Nadine, E. H. Rich.....	14.11	1 28 08	Withdrew.
Nellie, J. O'Leary.....	14.11	1 28 08	Withdrew.
Nina, J. P. Bullard.....	14.11	1 28 41	1 28 36

CORINTHIAN Y. C. CRUISE.—Com. B. W. Crowninshield, of the Corinthian Y. C., has issued the following order regarding the club's cruise: "FLAGSHIP TOMAHAWK, Marblehead, June 12.—The captains of the yachts of the Corinthian Y. C. are invited to assemble at the club house Friday evening, July 3, at 9 P. M., and the fleet will start the morning of July 4 for a cruise to the eastward. The smaller yachts will be sent away each day ahead of the larger ones, and if such yachts do not care to go the whole cruise, their presence as long as possible will be appreciated. On arriving at the anchorage Friday evening, captains will report to the flagship. By order of B. W. CROWNINSHIELD, Commodore, ROBERT F. HERRICK, Fleet Captain.

THE 46-FOOTERS.—Gloriana will not start again before the New York cruise, by which time she will have a new and larger mainsail. Sayonara, Mineola, Jessica and Nautilus will race in the Sound this week and next, while Owens, Thelma, Albion, Beatrix and the 40- footer Gosson will race at Marblehead. Like Minerva and Jessica, Barbara is below her lines, being, as reported, 4in. under at the bow and 4in. aft. Jessica was lately kept in her class by a liberal use of the adze, but Barbara will require to be hauled out in order that about a ton may be taken from the fore end of her keel. She will haul out at Lawley's after the Eastern regatta.

PHILADELPHIA Y. C. CRUISE.—General Orders, No. 2.—The second cruise of the club will take place July 3 to 5, and will extend to Cape May if the weather is favorable. Yachts will rendezvous of the club house at 10 o'clock on the afternoon of July 3. Captains will report to the commodore on the flagship Norma at 3 P. M. If the arrangements are completed, the start will be made on the afternoon of the 3d; otherwise early on the morning of the 4th. By order of the commodore, W. BARKLIE HENRY, Fleet Captain.

TRIP OF THE ALLEGRO.—Col. S. V. R. Cruger's steam yacht, the *Allegro*, built by Seabury & Co., in her recent trip made 17 miles an hour for 6 consecutive hours. On June 24 last she made 4 trials of 9 miles each over a measured course. Her first run was made in 32m., second in 26.25m., third in 30m. and fourth in 28.25m. The speed guaranteed is 18 miles for 2 consecutive hours. She made 36 miles in 116½m.

OCEAN Y. C.—A club by this name has recently been organized at Stapleton, Staten Island, the officers being: Com., J. H. Boldt; Vice-Com., Geo. Michael; Sec'y, Jas. Gould; Treas., Geo. Stapleton; Fleet Capt., Chas. Randall. Fifteen small boats are already enrolled, and the club will hold its first regatta on July 4.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—An important meeting was held on June 23, at which it was finally voted to raise the annual dues from \$25 to \$50, to take effect after the present year. The initiation fee remains as at present, but the life membership has been increased to \$500.

MR. BURGESS.—The latest news of Mr. Burgess is to the effect that he is still quite ill, being very weak and delirious. It is expected that he will be able to be moved to his cottage at Marblehead in a couple of weeks.

HULL Y. C., June 27.—The ninety-second regatta of the Hull Y. C. on Saturday was a complete failure from lack of wind, the yachts starting with a light breeze which soon died out, none finishing the course.

LYNN Y. C. EXPERT CUP, JUNE 27.—A race for the Expert cup of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a light breeze, Emma L. winning, with Irene second, out of 6 starters.

CONQUEROR, steam yacht, Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt, was at Halifax June 29, from Plymouth, Eng., for Newport, with only officers and crew on board.

SALES.—Fad, cutter, has been sold to L. Boyce, of New York. Glimpe, sloop, G. E. Bartlett, Lowell, has been sold to L. B. Hallett, of Boston.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The regatta announced for June 27 was indefinitely postponed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Quincy Y. C. year book. *Annuaire du Yacht*.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

W. S. F. Kentucky.—Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York.

F. B. Kan.—You will find good trout fishing in streams easily accessible from Denver.

C. E. S., Alexandria Bay, N. Y.—Will you kindly inform me if the humming bird is migratory? Ans. Yes.

B. B.—The carp fishing is good at certain points in the Passaic River, New Jersey, in the vicinity of Little Falls.

J. S.—Chilled shot will not injure the barrels of your gun. It preserves its form better than the soft shot. The No. 9 is right for snipe.

L. P., University Club.—For bay birds try the Curruck country. Write to J. P. White, Norfolk, Va., who will post you as to exact localities.

BASSFISH, New Albany, Ind.—American black bass were imported into England in 1890 by the Duke of Newcastle, the shipment consisting of more than 1,000, collected by Fish Commissioner Blackford, of this city. The fish at last reports were doing well.

M. G., Chicago.—There are moose in Maine. For good hunting ground write to Edgar Smith, Round Mountain Lake, via Eustis, Me. The best caribou country is Newfoundland, but you should have no difficulty in striking them in Maine.

G. S. L., Catonsville, Md.—Are the squirrels, natives of Maryland, injurious to birds, their nests and eggs? Ans. The red squirrel is most destructive of bird life, the gray less so. We think that the little ground squirrel or chipmunk cannot be considered as doing much harm.

A. Z., Mechanicsville, Ia.—Barn pigeons may be captured by providing for a board or shelter to close the entrances to their coops. Standard black basses are the coachman, grizzly-king, red-bis, professor, white-miller, and red, yellow, brown and gray hackles. Dr. Henshall recommends also the polka, Oconomowoc and Henshall.

J. R., Philadelphia.—1. Please advise me whether or not the 40-83 Winchester rifle is heavy enough for deer. 2. Also, is it suitable bore for turkeys and how far will it carry accurately? Ans. 1. Suitable for deer. 2. Also for turkeys, but less powder would do. 3. Its range depends altogether upon accuracy of holding and adjustment of sights. No one can say just how far a rifle will carry accurately.

J. W. G. D., Philadelphia.—1. Where can I get a folding, portable camp bed? 2. Is there any waterproof glue or cement that is not melted by the sun's heat. I want it to fasten on decoy duck heads. 3. If the above ducks have three coats of paint could they remain in (fresh) water for 5 or 6 days at a time without being injured? They are made of white pine and cedar. 4. Would it injure a full choke Greener trap gun to shoot 2 buckshot in a load with BB. out of the same cartridge? Ans. 1. At any of the sportsmen's supply stores. 2. Try Jeffery's Marine Glue. 3. Yes. 4. It would not injure the gun but the shooting would be poor.

B. H., Tucson, Arizona.—A, B and C make a match to shoot at five bluebirds each, \$30 entrance outside of price of targets. A breaks 5, B breaks 4 and C breaks 5. A and C having tied on 5 each, they agree to shoot off the tie miss and out. In the shoot-off A breaks his first bird, C breaks his first bird. A misses his second bird and C refuses to shoot at his second bird, claiming that A was out, and that it was not necessary for him to shoot after A had missed his second bird. Ans. C should have shot at his second target, and can have no claim to money without doing so and breaking it. It certainly was necessary for him to shoot, for he might have missed too, and then A and C would have been even again.

INFORMATION WANTED.

J. F. S. wishes information about the game and fish in the regions of Namakagon and Long Lakes, Wisconsin.

Will some of your readers kindly inform me where the best fall gray squirrel shooting is to be had? I should like to go hunting this fall, and wish to find the best sport within reasonable distance of the city.—H. S.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

A GREAT DISPLAY OF BOATS.—We were much pleased and gratified in passing through the boat saleroom of Merwin, Hulbert & Co., 29 West Twenty-third street, and the styles, sizes and finish of the boats displayed therein would seem to gratify everybody's wants or pocketbook. Finely finished rowboats for family use, Adirondack boats for hunters' use, sailboats for salt waters, Indian canoes, paddling canoes; in fact boats adapted to all climates and to all waters. We think that it would pay our readers to drop in there and see this display.

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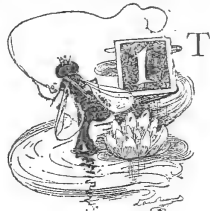
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No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted. " 3 32
No. 4, 3 joint, 6 strip Split Bamboo Black Bass Bat Rod, Raised Tie Guides, solid reel seat above the hand, extra tip, silk whippings, nickel mountings, complete in wood form, length 8½, 9, 9½, 10ft., weight 9, 10½, 12, 13oz. Price 2 72
No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted. " 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz. " 2 75
No. 8, same as No. 7, but is 3 joint. " 3 75
No. 280, 3 joint Ash and Lancelwood Heavy Salt Water Bass Rod, hollow butt, extra tip, brass mountings, 9ft. " 90c.
Brass Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Screw Oil Cup, fine finish, 25yds., 83c.; 40yds., 95c.; 60yds., \$1.05; 80yds., \$1.15; 100yds., \$1.25. Hard Rubber Multiplying Reels, Balance Handle, Sliding Click, Nickel Plated, 40yds., \$1.75; 60yds., \$2.25; 80yds., \$2.50; 200yds., \$3.75. Braided Linen Reel Lines on Block, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 300ft., 41c. J. F. M. Brand Linen Reel Lines on Block, 300ft., 9 thread, 83c.; 12 thread, 49c.; 15 thread, 46c.; 18 thread, 53c. Brass Swivels, 15c. per doz. Best Quality Hooks on single gut, per doz., 10c.; double gut, 15c. per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz. Single Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., per doz., 45c. Double Gut Leaders, 1ft., per doz., 15c.; 2ft., per doz., 30c.; 3ft., doz., 45c.

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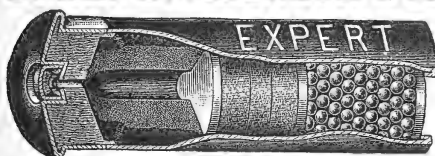
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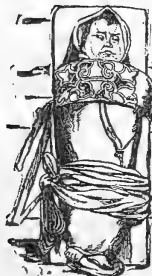
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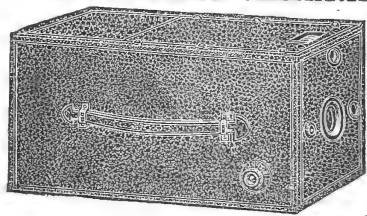
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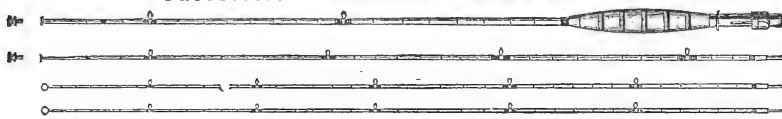
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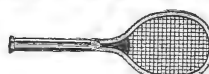
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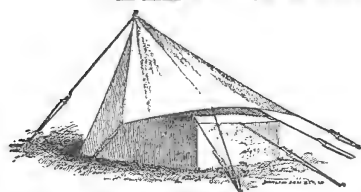
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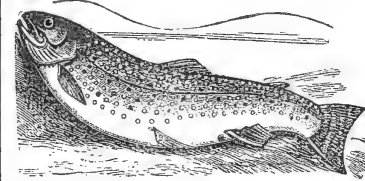
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JULY DAYS.

THE woods are dense with full-grown leafage. Of all the trees, only the basswood has delayed its blossoming, to crown the height of summer and fill the sun-steeped air with a perfume that calls all the wild bees from hollow tree and scant woodside gleaning to a wealth of honey gathering, and all the hive-dwellers from their board-built homes to a finer and sweeter pillage than is offered by the odorous white sea of buckwheat. Half the flowers of wood and fields are out of bloom. Herdsgass, clover and daisy are falling before the mower. The early grain fields have already caught the color of the sun and the tasseling corn rustles its broad leaves above the rich loam that the woodcock delights to bore.

The dwindling streams have lost their boisterous clamor of springtide and wimple with subdued voices over beds too shallow to hide a minnow or his poised shadow on the sunlit shallows. The sharp eye of the angler probes to the bottom, the green depths of the slowly swirling pools, and discovers the secrets of the big fish who congregate therein.

The river has marked the stages of its decreasing volume with many lines along its steep banks, and discloses the muskrat's doorway, to which he once dived so gracefully, but now must clumsily climb to. Rafts of drift-wood bridge the shallow current sunk so low that the lithe willows bend in vain to kiss its warm bosom. This only the swaying trails of water-weeds toy with now; these and the rustling sedges and swift-winged swallows coyly touching it. There is not depth to hide the scurrying schools of minnows, the half of whom fly into the air in a curving burst of silver shower before the rush of a pickerel, whose green and mottled sides gleam like a swift-shot arrow in the downright sunbeams.

The sandpiper tilts along the shelving shore. Out of an embowered harbor a woodduck convoys her fleet of

ducklings, and on the ripples of their wake the anchored argosies of the water lilies toss and cast adrift their cargoes of perfume. Above them the green heron perches on an overhanging branch, uncouth but alert, whether sentinel or scout, flapping his awkward way along the ambient bends and reaches. With slow wing beats he signals the coming of some more lazily moving boat, that drifts at the languid will of the current or indolent pull of oars that grate on the golden-meshed sand and pebbles.

Lazily, unexpectantly, the angler casts his line, to be only a convenient perch for the dragon flies; for the fish, save the affrighted minnows and the hungry pickerel, are as lazy as he. To-day he may enjoy to the full the contemplative man's recreation, nor have his contemplations disturbed by any finny folk of the under-water world, while dreamily he floats in sunshine and dappled shadow, so at one with the placid waters and quiet shores that woodduck, sandpiper and heron, scarcely note his unobtrusive presence.

No such easy and meditative pastime attends his brother of the gun, who, sweating under the burden of lightest apparel and equipment, beats the swampy covers where beneath the sprawling alders and arching fronds of fern, the woodcock hides. Not a breath stirs the murky atmosphere of these depths of shade, hotter than sunshine; not a branch nor leaf moves but with his struggling passage, or marking with a wake of waving undergrowth the course of his unseen dog.

Except this rustling of branches, sedges and ferns, the thin, continuous piping of the swarming mosquitoes, the busy tapping and occasional harsh call of a woodpecker; scarcely a sound invades the hot silence, till the wake of the hidden dog ceases suddenly and the waving brakes sway with quickening vibrations into stillness behind him. Then, his master draws cautiously near, with gun at a ready and an unheeded mosquito drilling his nose, the fern leaves burst apart with a sudden shiver, and a woodcock, uttering that still unexplained twitter, upsprings in a halo of rapid wing-beats and flashes out of sight among leaves and branches. As quick, the heelplate strikes the alert gunner's shoulder and as if in response to the shock, the short unechoed report jars the silence of the woods. As if out of the cloud of sulphurous smoke, a shower of leaves flutter down, with a quicker patter of dry twigs and shards of bark, and among all these a brown clod, dropping lifeless and inert to mother earth.

A woodcock is a woodcock, though but three-quarters grown; and the shot one that only a quick eye and ready hand may accomplish; but would not the achievement have been more worthy, the prize richer, the sport keener in the gaudy leafage and bracing air of October days, rather than in this sweltering heat, befogged with clouds of pestering insects, when every step is a toil, every moment a torture? Yet men deem it sport and glory if they do not delight in its performance. The anxious note and behavior of mother song birds, whose poor little hearts are in as great a flutter as their wings concerning their half-grown broods, hatched coincidentally with the woodcock, is proof enough to those who would heed it, that this is not a proper season for shooting. But in some northerly parts of our wide country it is woodcock now or never, for the birds bred still further northward are rarely tempted by the cosiest copse or half-sunned hillside of open woods to linger for more than a day or two, as they fare southward, called to warmer days of rest and frostless moonlit nights of feeding under kinder skies.

While the nighthawk's monotonous cry and intermittent boom and the indistinct voice of the whippoorwill ring out in the late twilight of the July evenings, the alarmed, half-guttural chuckle of the grass plover is heard, so early migrating in light marching order, thin in flesh but strong of wing, a poor prize for the gunner whose ardor outruns his humanity and better judgment. Lean or fat, a plover is a plover, but would that he might tarry with us till the plump grasshoppers of August and September had clothed his breast and ribs with fatness.

Well, let him go, if so soon he will. So let the woodcock go, to offer their best to more fortunate sportsmen. What does it profit us to kill merely for the sake of killing, and have to show therefore but a beggarly account of bones and feathers? Are there not grouse and quail and woodcock waiting for us, and while we wait for them can we not content ourselves with indolent angling by shaded streams in these melting days of July rather

than by contributing the blaze and smoke of gunpowder to the heat and murkiness of midsummer?

If we must shed blood let us tap the cool veins of the fishes, not the hot arteries of brooding mother birds and their fledglings.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THERE is in this State a society with an excellent title—The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. For many years the title has been all there was in the society so far as to the purpose indicated by the name. Season after season the Association has met for trap-shooting; but the delegates have had neither time nor inclination for such protective work as they might well have accomplished.

Last week we published a communication from Gen. D. H. Bruce of Syracuse urging that a new society should be formed to take up the work neglected by the old one, or that the latter should be reformed. This letter has brought out a response from Mr. Horace White, the president of the State Association. He cordially indorses the spirit of the plan proposed by Gen. Bruce; and tells us that there is still left capital material in his society to do all that the times demand. In this estimate Mr. White is without doubt correct. The Association represents a large proportion of the citizens of this State interested in shooting. Its constituent clubs are numerous and influential. In securing legislation, in aiding the State game and fish protectors, in moulding public sentiment to appreciate right protection, these clubs, welded into a State association, could be all powerful. There is here presented a magnificent opportunity for those now in control of the Association to make it in spirit and effect all that it is in name. We urge upon Mr. White and Gen. Bruce and others in Syracuse, that they discuss the subject, decide upon a plan of action and take early steps to put it into effect. Their letters give abundant assurance that Syracuse is the center to which we must look for the new movement.

And why not begin now? President White has proposed that delegates interested in the work should be sent to Syracuse next June. But there is work to be done before then. The codification bill will come up again at Albany next winter. May it not be practicable to perfect the fish and game protective organization in season to provide that the sportsmen of this State shall not be fooled with at another session of the Legislature? Indeed there are so many lines of effort, so much that might be accomplished with a proper organization, that we are most earnest in expression of a hope that our Syracuse friends will take immediate action.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Superintendent of Fish Culture for the Dominion of Canada, Mr. Charles Wilmot, believes that gill-nets have done more injury to the Lake Ontario whitefish than the pound-nets, or any other form of fishing apparatus. He states that they have already destroyed some of the finest spawning beds in the Great Lakes, and particularly in Ontario. They accomplish this extermination by taking young fish in great numbers. In Georgian Bay he says there are 1,000 miles of this destructive netting. Mr. Wilmot considers the fixed pound-nets not injurious to the whitefish, as they catch only adult fish. However this may be, the pound-net is regarded as the destroyer of the river fisheries for shad in the Connecticut and Potomac.

We have received through Mr. Wade one dollar "from a little girl" for the Helen Keller fund. In response to a remittance from us of funds collected, Dr. Anagnos writes under date of June 29:

In the absence of Helen Keller, who went home last week to spend the summer vacation with her parents, I write to acknowledge the receipt of the additional amount of eighteen dollars, which you were so very kind as to send to her for the benefit of her protégé, little Tommy Stringer, and to thank you, and through you each and all the contributors, for your continued interest in the unfortunate boy. That Heaven may bless and reward all of you for your active benevolence is the earnest wish of yours, very sincerely, M. ANAGNOS.

ANY subscriber may supply a friend with a copy of the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by sending us on a postal card the name of that friend.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A MID-SUMMER PEAN.

FROM the meadows comes faintly the sound of the mowing,
Borne up to the ear on the soft southern breeze,
The hillside in scarlet with lilies are glowing,
And the cattle lie resting beneath the broad trees.

It is mid-summer noon, and the sun in his glory
Pours down his warm rays on the bosom of earth,
Forever repeating the wonderful story
He has told through the ages since time had its birth.

'Tis small wonder, that bursting from clouds in the morning,
Or robing in crimson from victories won,
All nature with light, heat and beauty adorning,
The life-loving Greeks made a God of the sun.

When he rose from his slumbers beneath the Ægean,
How the daffodils opened their buds in the spring,
While the bees and the birds, in a mid-summer pean,
All hastened the praise of Apollo to sing.

Who else but a Deity, blessed and blessing,
Could thus condescend upon mortals to shine
With his smiles, now the tenderest flower caressing,
Now ripening the olive, the corn, and the vine.

Although Greece has long faded, with all of her glory,
The same sun sheds its beams over earth's widest range,
While no record of mortal, though ever so hoary,
Detects in his brightness a shadow of change.

Through the beauty of springtime, the splendor of summer,
The glories of autumn, and winter's long rest,
He repeats the same legend to earth's latest comer
That he told the first day when he sank in the west.

No longer we worship the fabled immortals,
Nor bow to their images, graven in stone,
But we dimly discern, as through the half-opened portals,
A power above as unseen and unknown.

While we throw to the winds mythological fables,
Cast the shackles and fetters of creeds down the line,
As we gaze on the seasons, so changing, yet stable,
Who can doubt that the author of all is divine!

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 21.

VON W.

AN OUTING IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

IT was on an April day and a party of Yankees were riding down the (almost) dry bed of the Rio Grande River, between the town of Rivas, on the shores of Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean. There were a dozen in the party, but half of them were some distance in advance. Rounding a bend in the stream they came suddenly upon a fat buck lying asleep like a pig in the water and mud of a little pond under a steep bank 10ft. high. The horses and mules were reined in promptly, while the party, who were tenderfeet to a man, told one another that the buck was dead, and wondered how it happened so, until the buck winked at them, when they concluded it must surely be very badly wounded. Thereat they proposed to rope the beast and take him into camp. The buck continued to wink while they got a rope and turned a noose into one end and one of them approached to within 6ft. of it. Thereat the buck, with a snort, that was probably its way of laughing, skipped nimbly over the 10ft. bank and ambled into the brush.

The writer was one of the tenderfeet. We had traveled from San Juan del Norte (sometimes wrongly called Greytown on the maps), Nicaragua, and were examining the work so far done in digging a canal from sea to sea. But though we were tenderfeet, we could not help seeing the game that appeared about us, nor could I, being a constant reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, refrain from making inquiries by the wayside about the sport to be found in that country. The result was that I concluded that the sportsman who would like to fish in a stream that never was fished in, to sit on a runway where no one else ever sat, to camp on a lake where no one else camped, in short, to see and bring to bag game that never was before disturbed by any human being, should go to Central America. I fancy that not many readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* will at first thought take kindly to this suggestion, for if I may judge by what I read of outings for sport, the average American finds a journey to Canada, or the Northwest at most, as great an undertaking as he is equal to. However, if there is one who has the pluck to go to Africa for game, there may be one willing to try the nearer, equally interesting and less known fields of our own continent.

About the first thing I saw when my steamer reached the dock at the canal company's settlement at San Juan del Norte was a small bear skin stretched on the side of the shed near the pier. It was a very good beginning. A few minutes later the headquarters of the engineers was reached, and there hung at least a dozen panther and jaguar skins—chiefly the jaguar, and very fine trophies they were. Thereupon we sat down upon the veranda after dinner and smoked and talked about the game of the country.

Although about a thousand men have been at work about the eastern terminus of the canal for more than a year there is a plenty of wild game within ten miles of the settlement. Indeed, some of the skins hanging about headquarters had been taken on the beach within five miles.

Ten miles back from the sea one enters the hills and mountains, and here game of all kinds indigenous to the country can be found. The best way to reach the hills is by boat up some of the rivers. One may go to Bluefields and hire a boat to carry him up, but the Rawa River offers better opportunities for wild sport because but one party has ever gone up this stream and across to Lake Nicaragua, and that was a party of British engineers under Mr. J. B. Gillespie. I saw Mr. Gillespie in Managua. He was not greatly interested in such matters, but he said game of all sorts came about his camp as fearlessly as ground squirrels about a New York corn patch. The jaguars, the panthers, and "the rare black tiger," as Mr. Gillespie called it, were seen, when in the heart of the woods, every day. This black tiger I took to be the rare black leopard of which two specimens are (or were) in the Central Park menagerie in New York. These animals came about the camp apparently attracted by the smell of

cooking meat. They were in no way ferocious, neither were they timid.

The tiger-cat and the ocelot were often seen, as well as their larger cousins, but he did not see a lynx. Of course there were plenty of deer and wild hogs. The deer are of two varieties, one of which was very small. Bears of two kinds, both very small, were seen. Here, then, was a chance for a man to get a variety of trophies, not to mention the interest one would find in tramping through an unexplored wilderness.

However, the list of game is by no means complete. There are two animals peculiar to the country, one of which they call the tepezcutintle and the other the guatusa. I saw the guatusa. It is a sort of kangaroo pig, or perhaps a rabbit pig. The head is shaped like a pig's, while its hindlegs are long, and it travels about the woods like a veritable *Lepus americanus*. It is delicious eating.

The most dangerous brute there, not excepting the felines, is a kind of tapir called the danta. I saw numerous tracks of this animal. It sleeps in the mud by day, and when awakened by the approach of man is pretty certain to charge on him, the natives said, when by reason of its strength and size it can quickly chew a man to death.

I was told of two kinds of squirrels, though I saw but one individual. It was gray on the sides and belly and a rufous brown on the back—a handsome little fellow nearly as large as our gray squirrels.

Coyotes and foxes abound in the open lands about the big lakes, while the possum is seen as often and is as toothsome as in old Virginia.

Of the birds, no game more beautiful than the wild turkey need be asked for. As I saw it the cock looked more like a peacock than a North American turkey; but served hot from a Central American outdoor brick oven I am bound to say that by any name it tastes as well as any bird that ever scratched gravel. There are really two kinds, the cock of one breed being entirely black, while the other has a white breast. Both have topknots on their heads.

I saw three sizes of doves, one being very small—smaller than a robin. But one partridge rose withing sight. It was said to be like the English pheasant.

Of ducks I saw but few, and I do not believe that there are any great numbers of them. They said that two kinds of wild geese could be found in big flocks on the waters at the end of the rainy season. The dandy snipe of the world, however, lives in Nicaragua. It is called patillos, also jacanas. The male's beak is a lemon yellow at the tip and white at the base. A bright yellow leaf-shaped growth springs from the base of the beak and covers the forehead, which is a purplish black. The back is maroon colored, the breast the same only darker, while the long feathers of the wings are a mile green, and so, too, are its legs. A peculiarity of the bird is the growth of sharp yellow spurs a half-inch long on the first joint from the ends of the wings. The natives say the birds kill one another with these sometimes in the love-making season. In their fight they at once arrest the attention of the spectator, but when they alight and hold up their wings for a moment and turn their heads from side to side while the colors flash in the sunshine, they are an animated bouquet such as I never saw equalled elsewhere. They are good eating and can be killed by the hundreds.

I did not mention the monkeys, although the red monkey is said to be most excellent eating. If one wanted specimens to mount, he would find scores of red monkeys, gray monkeys, white-faced black monkeys and the howling black congos about his camp every night. The little dog-faced monkeys are scarcer. In the trees the monkeys are delightfully graceful.

I was told that the large ones were very tenacious of life, that a cango, for instance, held on to the branches of a tree until after three bullets from a Winchester express .38cal. rifle had been sent through his shoulders, heart and lungs, but when a fourth tore his head all to pieces he fell.

The cry of the wounded monkey is heart-breaking, for it is exactly that of a child in distress. But when, one day, an expert shot in our party barked the tail of a cango, the sight of the beast as it started up in wild surprise, stopped and picked up its tail to see what the matter was, jumped again, only to stop once more and look with increasing wonder at the tail, was so ludicrous that we simply rolled over on the ground and laughed till we cried, in spite of the possible cruelty in clipping a harmless beast.

There are so many things in Nicaragua to interest one who loves animate nature that I cannot mention a thousandth part of them. The late Thomas Belt wrote a book called "The Naturalist in Nicaragua," that is a very interesting book, but it does not cover a hundredth part of what I would like to read about. For instance, he deals chiefly with insects, but a little beggar of a tick that digs a tiny crater in the fine loam by working his head catapult fashion and then hides at the bottom till something good to eat tumbles into the crater is not mentioned. I saw one that was three-sixteenths of an inch long grab the hindlegs of an ant three-quarters of an inch long, and for over ten minutes hold on while the ant pawed up the earth in its endeavor to escape. Smaller ants though of no mean pluck and strength, fell victims. Nor is anything worth mentioning said in the book about fishes; and birds receive but scant notice. The same may be said of the general run of mammals.

The fish that I saw were new to me. The only man of the party who carried a rod and reel was W. E. Simmons of New York. With a variety of lures he had a deal of sport taking a fish called the sabaleta. It was more like a bass than anything else, and had an average weight of about 3½lbs. It was of a dark greenish color on the back and white below. There were three rows of teeth, one row being very strong and in the front very like human teeth. It was a most vigorous fighter, often leaping far out of the water and shaking the hook from its mouth.

A much larger fish, and one that fairly swarmed about the rapids of the San Juan, was like a tarpon; of say 20 to 30lbs. weight. I never saw so many fish in any stream as there were of these there. They were said to be grand fish for the rod and reel—equal to the tarpon of Florida; but we had no tackle that would hold them. They bit the hook off every time they were struck.

There is doubtless magnificent salt-water fishing on both shores, but particularly in the bays of the Pacific coast. The bay at San Juan del Sur would satiate the most eager Walton that ever cast a fly. Of all that I

saw there, a barracouta was the most pleasing. Imagine a pike 6ft. long at the end of your line and the fight with the barracouta will be pictured beautifully.

This reminds me of a fish story told me by ex-Governor Pacheco, of California, now American Minister to Central America. Every afternoon at 4:30 o'clock a great shark comes in alongshore at Amapala, on the Bay of Fonseca. His appearance so terrifies the smaller fish there that they fly into the surf and are cast up on the beach by the bushel. In consequence the people of the town repair to the beach regularly at the hour named and gather in the spoils, making a great lark of the occasion. The shark is called the padre, and is well nigh worshipped by the people.

If one would go to Central America for an outing he should leave New York in February. One may go from New York to San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua, or to Limon, Costa Rica, or from New Orleans to Bluefields, Nicaragua, or Livingston, Guatemala, or Porto Cortez, Honduras. From what I was told, the best place to land is Bluefields, for from that place he can go in a dugout to other streams along the coast, and then strike up through the country on a journey that may last two weeks or six, to end on Lake Nicaragua. This journey would be through an absolutely unexplored country, but one that is certainly passable, and as full of game as all streams are of fish.

An easier journey would be by steamer up the San Juan River to Lake Nicaragua and across to Rivas or Granada. The whole territory between the lake and the Pacific is inhabited and cut up by wagon roads, but is alive with small game, deer and pigs. The feline tribe is wanting west of the lake.

The west or Pacific side is in all respects the most pleasant to hunt through. The east side is so dense that one must often cut his way with a machete through the tangled vines and underbrush. Then, too, much more rain falls on the east side, the proportion being 306in. per year at San Juan del Norte and 70 at San Juan del Sur. It rains in the dry season east of the divide. A most delightful outing could be had by going to San Juan del Sur via Panama and the Pacific mail steamers, and there hiring a coasting canoe with a native or two and so sailing back down that picturesque coast to Punta Arenas, Costa Rica, or even to Panama. The shooting would have but one drawback—the game would be too easily found and killed. The scenery is everywhere magnificent, and the weather indescribably beautiful.

Doubtless the fear of fevers has kept sportsmen and tourists from braving this untrod wilderness, but after my own experience there, and from what I was told by Americans now living there, the climate of the hills and the Pacific coast is remarkably healthy. There is as much difference between the Atlantic coast swamps and the hills of Central America as there is between the swamps of the Pamlico and the black mountains about Asheville. I have no doubt whatever that the mountains of Nicaragua will become famous as a health resort as soon as the inter-oceanic canal is opened—an event not so remote, by the way, as it may seem to be. The only danger to health which any man need fear there will be found in a lack of backbone to resist gentle temptations in the inhabited districts.

There is one other feature that might tempt a Yankee to go there—perhaps two more. The forest is dotted over, if one may judge by the explored parts, with ancient ruins of cities. Engineer Gillespie found some remarkable ruins in his survey from the Rama and Ubalde, while the gold he found was something more remarkable still. Gold mines are not usually as valuable as they seem to be, though there are placer diggings now known that yield incredible sums to native miners. But the possibility of making a collection of works of art from the ruins of an old city would certainly prove a temptation to a host of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The matter of expense is not great, say \$300 for steamer fare and \$5 a day while in the country. This would pay the expense even of a coasting trip where two natives and a big dugout were hired.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

NOTES FROM A SHEEP CAMP.

"To me are mountain masses grandly dumb;
I ask not, Whence? and ask not, Why? they come.
When Nature in herself her being founded,
Complete and perfect, then the globe she rounded,
Glad of the summits and the gorges deep,
Set rock to rock, and mountain steep to steep,
The hills with easy outlines downward moulded
Till gently from their feet the vales unfolded."
—Göthe.

JUNE has come to change the face of nature, and here among the mountains her influence is already felt. After the trial, of which I spoke in my last article, I hastened back to the realm of trout and deer, and again Ike was my host and guide. We drove out of Panguitch on the first of June in the midst of a snowstorm that lasted all day, and night found us at Henrie's camp on the Mammoth. But the Mammoth was not our destination. It is time for shearing and Ike has gathered his herds on Asay Creek, another fork of the Sevier. Tuesday was clear and warm, and Ike helped Henrie with his lambs, while I took my first lesson in holding the innocent little creatures that were having their ears slit, tails docked and being otherwise tortured to enhance their value.

At 4 o'clock we set out for Ike's camp and reached it just as the sun was going down. We left the wagon at Asay Creek and climbed up half a mile through balsams and long-leaved pines to his sheep wagon, where the main camp was pitched. Here, in company with four herders, we passed the night. We were within five miles of the summit of the great divide and the night was cold.

FOREST AND STREAM does not devote its columns to a discussion of politics, but in camp we talked about the political situation until 2 o'clock in the morning. It was a marvelous change, for generally the dweller in cow camps and sheep camps is compelled to listen to vulgar yarns that are repeated night after night until he would fain take out his blankets and sleep alone beneath the stars. But the recent disorganization of the People's and Liberal parties has made Republicans or Democrats of every one, and the boys take positive delight in talking over the situation and in making all manner of inquiries about the events of the day and the noted characters now in the political arena. I had thought the revolution confined to Salt Lake, Ogden and Provo, but it has spread into every town, hamlet and camp in the Territory, and

young Utah is confident of soon being able to take a hand in the great game of national politics.

A word as to the "lay of the land." Asay Creek has two forks, each about one and a half miles from camp. Between the two is a divide that rises almost 8,000ft. above the sea level. The bushes along the creeks are in full bloom, and along the hillsides the cacti are displaying their gold and crimson flowers. On the clay ridges are numberless deer tracks and bear sign, and the white hare dwells among the rocks. But the herder's greatest enemy is the wildcat, that annually destroys thousands of lambs. The north fork of Asay Creek is a narrow stream, that may be jumped at almost any point. It flows through a narrow, heavily-timbered cañon. The water is clear and cold and is positively alive with small trout running from 8in. to 1ft. in length. The south fork is wider. It flows through broader cañons and fertile meadows. In it are large trout, suckers and herring or dace. Never before have I seen suckers and trout associating together. But these suckers are more gamy, firmer fleshed and better flavored than their congeners that inhabit the sluggish, muddy waters of the East.

We stayed at the hilltop wagon for a week. Some days I would fish and at other times I would ramble to one of Ike's other camps and watch the docking of the lambs. Then we moved down to the north fork, and all hands turned in to build a great shearing corral. All hands but Jock, one of the herders, he would let his wethers wander away while he would cut a birch pole and stroll up and down the creek, returning at dusk with from thirty to fifty specimens of the delicious rosy-sided, speckled *fontinalis*.

The corral was completed and the boys were off with their sheep, all but Jock, who, as usual, was away with his birch pole. The sun was about two hours high. Ike and I sat alone in the tent. Jock's wethers had been peacefully grazing just above the corral, but now they had disappeared, even the tinkling of the bell had died away. Suddenly Ike spoke up:

"I guess either you or I will have to hunt up those wethers. No tellin' when Jock will show up."

Now, I was just in condition for a good walk, and I thought that in less than half an hour I would be back at camp; so I started out with neither coat nor vest. Up the creek I strolled, up among the quaking aspens. Our side of the cañon was of white sandstone, hewn and water-worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The other wall was of black, volcanic rock—the picture of desolation. From these black stones Asay Creek sprang forth a lusty stream that roared and sang with voice louder than the song of woodland bird or cry of winds among the branches. And at the black rocks by the spring I lost all track of sheep. But I kept on and on to the head of the cañon, and I knew that the wethers had not gone out that way. It would have been the part of common sense to have gone right back to camp and to have let the herder hunt his own sheep, but I hated to give up the search. I climbed the sandstone parapet and wandered along that ridge for a mile, not finding a hoof print. Then I came back to the head of the cañon and walked down the trap ridge. Just as the sun went down I struck the tracks of the herd, and the dogs started merrily along the trail to the southwest, leading me directly away from the camp.

Through the gloaming I hurried, and suddenly I came upon one of nature's wonders. The crust of the earth had fallen in, leaving a circular hole some 10yds. in diameter, and from the bottom of this hole four caves led in different directions. It was no time for exploration and I pressed on, following the barking of Nell and old Kaiser. Had I wanted to do so I could not have found my way back to camp, and no amount of money would have tempted me to clamber down the rocky wall after dark. About me the night hawk whistled, and from far away the piping of the young quail floated on the evening air. I was tired out; my shoes were cut through, and now and then a cactus spine would find its way into the ball of my foot and I would hop along in silent agony. I felt in my pocket. Not a match was there, and I remembered that my hunting knife was left by my plate at dinner.

Hark! Yes, that is the faint tinkle from the bell wether. The journey is almost done. Ten minutes more and the odor of the sheep greeted me, and the band at another one of Ike's camps, to which I had never been before, and Bert, the herder, with his dog was standing between the wethers and the ewes wearing like a pirate. To make a long story short, we drove the wethers back for nearly a mile, bedded them and I returned to Bert's wagon for supper, and in a few moments was dozing on the hard bed.

I had not lain long when there was a thud against the wagon and the four dogs ran between the wheels, then out a few feet, growling all the time. Bert sprang out with the rifle and I was not long in following suit. He said that he saw a dark object a little way off but he did not get away from the friendly gleam of the candle. The ewes and lambs now became very uneasy and I took Bert's rifle from him and started out. The moon was five days old and by the feeble light I could see a black she bear and two cubs. It was impossible to get good aim but I blazed away in the darkness and hit the brute, for she growled and turned savagely toward me, but two more shots put an end to her career and the cubs made good their escape. Then it was necessary to go around the sheep and get them quietly settled on their bed ground. By the time this was done we heard rifle shots and shouts in the distance. We answered and in a few moments Ike and Jock were with us, Ike's anxiety for my safety having brought him over the hill. We took a good smoke, laughed over our adventures and at midnight turned in for good, and so ended my first and last experience as a sheep herder.

Ike and I were up with the sun, but early as we were Jock was ahead of us, getting his wethers back to their own herd. We reached camp at breakfast time and "dad," for I, being the senior member of the outfit, have acquired this sobriquet, was made somewhat vain by the encomiums that were bestowed upon his tracking, staying and shooting qualities. At all events no one has since intimated that he was a tenderfoot.

That afternoon a party of three visited the wonderful cave. Jerome Asay, an old settler who knew every nook and turn of the subterranean labyrinth, was our guide. On the way up we managed to kill a porcupine with clubs. Had it been among the pines it would have escaped easily, but among the rocks we had the advantage.

It was the first porcupine that I ever knew to show fight, and it never once thought of rolling into a ball to escape its pursuers.

At the mouth of the cave we built a fire and lighted our fat pine torches, while the bishop picked his way down into the most beautiful of the underground avenues. This cavern was about 600ft. deep. At first it seemed like walking through a railway tunnel cut in trap rock. The floor was strewn with jagged boulders. Had this been all there was of interest, our journey would soon have been ended and my tale told. But the tunnel opened into one lofty chamber after another. Throughout the black rock an iron stain was apparent. The floors were covered with beautifully rounded yellowish stalagmites, and pendant from the roof were stalactites, black as ink, that when broken seemed in color and porosity exactly like worthless iron castings. Then the air grew colder; the walls narrowed; we were entering the portals of Dante's frozen Hell. Suddenly it burst upon us, and from the walls the light of our torches shot forth the dazzling splendor of countless diamonds, rubies and sapphires, and the reflection of our feet was as though we were walking upon a sea of glass. This was the ice cave, 40ft. in diameter and 15ft. high. There was neither sight nor sound of dripping water, but we were upon a lake of ice, and the black, rocky wall and ceiling could not be seen for their hoary covering. There were no icicles, but a uniform mass of crystal shewn, in form varied as the crystals of snow and of the thickness of a man's hand. It was the cave of Aladdin, and long we feasted on the lovely scene. I am told that the temperature of this cave is uniform during the entire year.

Back to daylight and then into another cave, the warmest of the four. Here the floor, walls and roof are a mass of vivid moss, and the transition seemed like coming from the sanctuary of winter to the abiding place of eternal spring. The bishop now told us that he would take us back to camp by a new route, but we must be prepared to crawl. Into another tunnel he went and we followed. At first we could get along on our hands and knees, but, all too soon, the roof came down and we were obliged to flatten out and "snake it" as best we could. The floor was of smooth, white sand, evidently it had once been the bed of a subterranean stream, probably of Asay Creek that was now many feet below us. The smoke from our torches would have stifled us had it not been for the frequent rifts in the rocks, that were of sufficient size to admit light and fresh air, though altogether too narrow to allow of our passage to the outside world. After an hour of this laborious pleasure we came to an aperture through which we could make our exit, and though the bishop told us that he could take us underground for yet another mile we declined his offer with many thanks, and were soon back at the tent discussing the events of the day over a mess of trout.

Were such a cave as this in any other part of the land it would be visited by tens of thousands of tourists, but I doubt if fifty persons have ever been down in its depths or if 100 have heard of it. I am told that other and larger caves are to be found in this vicinity, and I hope to see some of them before I leave; if they surpass in beauty this matchless cave of the southern Rockies, I shall think that I have discovered a heretofore unknown wonder of the world.

SHOSHONE.

ASAY CREEK, Utah, June 15.

TROUTING IN THE SWEETWATER.

ON the 15th of August last I received a message from the Sweetwater Lake region, in Colorado, that a relative of mine, who had been camping there during the summer for the benefit of his health, had become worse and needed immediate attention if he were expected to leave that country alive. Receiving this message on Saturday, a hurried packing of satchel and arranging of business affairs let me off on the 2:50 train of the next day, Sunday. The road taken to Denver was the U. P. R. R., than which there is none better west of the Missouri River. Monday morning, 9:30 o'clock, found me in Denver just in time to catch the train going to Leadville on the South Park R. R. The trip over this road to Leadville is worth a year of one's lifetime, but it is impossible to describe the beauties and wonder and grandeur of the scenery along this route without writing volumes. We arrived in Leadville at about 8 o'clock in the evening. The next morning found us steaming out of Leadville, bound for the little station I had been told to stop at, on the Denver & Rio Grand R. R.

This day's trip was another delightful one, except for the fact that we had to stop and wait two or three hours at Red Cliff for the workmen to clear from the track the debris from a heavy blast.

After a time we were started again, and soon, while I was intently watching the fishermen landing trout from Eagle River, which the road follows, the brakeman announced the fact that we had reached Dotsero, my destination. I barely had time to tumble off the train before it was under way again. On looking about me for the city and depot building, I found nothing but good solid ground and a cabin a few rods distant. This station should be named Dot, dropping the last two syllables, as they are entirely superfluous, and the first one describes the city briefly and perfectly. Well, knowing that there were fourteen miles of mountain road to be traversed before reaching the camp of my friends, I hastened to interview the inmates of the cabin to ascertain whether they could furnish me transportation, and whether there was still time to reach the camp before night.

To my intense delight I received an affirmative answer to both of my questions. The only drawback in the whole business was that a pony and saddle constituted the conveyance that I would have to take and I now weigh 210lbs. and have not been guilty of doing much horseback riding since boyhood. However, I assured the proprietor of the cabin and ponies that nothing would suit better and that something of this kind had long been an unfulfilled desire to me. The gentleman concluded to send his brother-in-law, a sixteen-year-old lad, with me to act as guide and to bring the ponies back. Well, we started as soon as the ponies could be saddled, and the first part of the journey was very nice and easy for me, as it was all up hill, and the ponies necessarily had to walk. After about an hour or so of this climbing, and when I had about concluded that horseback riding was as easy now as when I was younger we came to the top of the "divide," where my guide,

who in the meantime had discovered that my birthplace was "Down East" and had sized me up for a tenderfoot of the first water, suggested that we had better increase our gait if we wanted to reach Sweetwater before dark.

He set the pace and I followed. Things went pretty well for a few miles, and then we commenced going down, and then the trouble began for me. Riding up hill and on a level had been comparatively easy work, but this was new business for me and I soon began to feel the effects of it, but having a little stubbornness in my make-up, like all good hunters, I determined to follow the little red-headed cuss into camp at his own gait, if my back didn't break before we got there. On we went, the worse the trail the faster the little imp rode, until at last we struck the valley of Sweetwater River and commenced to climb upward again, along the edge of the valley toward the lake. As we slackened our pace my guide informed me that we were only a half-mile from camp and that we had made remarkably fast time, in fact he thought it a little the quickest time he had ever made over that trail. We arrived at the camp in just four hours from the time of starting, and that, too, over one of the roughest of mountain trails. Well, I was not so very tired, but I could stand up much better than I could sit down. There was some surprise in camp at my arrival, for a telegram had been sent to tell me the invalid was better. The telegram I never received. The welcome was just as hearty as though everything had turned out as planned, and after a hearty supper of cold venison, fried trout and everything else that is fit for a hunter's table, we gathered round the lantern, in the tent, and swapped news for fish stories. I had the news and the other four the trout yarns. They had been camped here all summer long, and had nothing to do but fish and hunt and think up stories to bury me under when I should arrive. Well, they did it most effectually, but I am not going to write anything but the truth, and only a little of that, so will not repeat any of their stories but give my readers a brief sketch of one day's trout fishing out of six, all equally good, which we had before breaking camp and starting on our return trip. After a great deal of talking and a little of sleeping it was decided that L., the veteran fisherman, should take me the next morning up the left fork of the Sweetwater River, or creek, for a day with the speckled beauties.

The next morning, not very early, found us with tackle, lunch, etc., starting from the camp, at the lower end of Sweetwater Lake, bound for the trout stream which we intended to strike where the two branches came together, a half mile above the upper end of the lake. As the lake is about a mile in length this gave us a tramp of a mile and a half before reaching the battle ground. Just before reaching there an incident occurred which seriously disturbed the peace of mind of my friend L. As we were walking along the trail, thinking of the fish we were going to catch, there suddenly came a whirr that made us jump as some dozen or more willow grouse got up from nearly under our feet and settled in different parts of two trees that were standing a few yards from the trail. Oh, how we did groan, because we had not brought the little .22 along with us, as here was the chance to add some of the finest of meat to our larder, if we only had something to shoot with. L. was not going to give it up without an attempt, at least, so collecting a few stones of proper size he commenced a bombardment of the grouse family. Some of his shots were very close, but he failed to bring any game to bag and sorrowfully gave it up when his ammunition was gone. We left the covey holding the fort without any loss of their number and tramped along a few rods further to the stream. And here our sport commenced.

The left branch of the Sweetwater River is the stream of trout streams as it comes roaring and tumbling down a deep gorge, hemmed in on both sides by rocky cliffs towering hundreds and hundreds of feet above the bed of the stream, and shutting it in so closely that at many points the only path for man or animal is the river itself. For about three miles this stream is one succession of cataracts, each one having its pool below. Fallen timber at close intervals makes the tramping up this stream very hard, but does not often interfere with the casting of the fly. At the point where we struck the stream we changed our shoes for wading boots and commenced the work of the day. I took a turn down stream for a few yards to commence with, and just where some willows shaded the water over a deep riffle I got a rise and caught a pound beauty belonging to the rainbow trout species. A second cast and his twin brother grabbed the fly. There was not an ounce difference in the weight of these two. Turning up stream at the next pool I caught two half-pounders. So far L. had caught nothing and everything was coming my way, but well I knew this would not last, as I had been fishing with the veteran before. After crawling over some fallen trees we came to a larger pool where we caught four nice ones, and one only fell to my lot and that not a very large one, while the one of immense size that should have been landed shook the hook from his mouth and went sulking under the ledge of rock at the further side of the pool.

Passing on above this pool we came to a huge tree, which had fallen diagonally across the river bed, damming the stream and making a deep pool above. Over this pool leaned another tree, making it impossible to cast a fly in any shape on this water. As we stood below the log, the water above was about even with our shoulders, so we could see into the pool pretty well without casting any shadow on it or being seen ourselves. Reeling in all of my line, except three or four feet, I pushed my rod just below the branches of the leaning tree, letting the fly strike the surface of the water and started to drag it across the pool. But the fly had only started to cross the pool when it was seized by a monster trout who started with it for the corner made by the bank and tree coming in contact. The poor chance for playing him and my awkwardness combined, allowed him to get away. Making the same cast again, the fish was hooked the second time, and again he got away. A third cast, or poke, was made, and he came at the fly this time with more vigor than ever. But this time we were more successful, for with the help of L. the brave beauty was this time safely landed. Another cast resulted in the catching of a second fish equally large. No more rises could be got from that pool, so we passed on to the next. At this pool L. caught the big ones and I the little ones, he catching three that would weigh 1½lbs. apiece, while mine weighed only half of that, and besides, I caught only one fish.

And that is the way it went, from pool to pool, until

at two o'clock we stood on a rock with a cascade falling some ten feet to a deep pool below us, while, a few feet above us, was another deep pool with a boiling sheet of water foaming into the edge of it from the rocks above. Standing on the rocks between these two pools we caught fourteen beautiful trout weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1½ lbs. apiece. Then eating our lunch of bread and butter and cold boiled trout, we proceeded to dress and count our fish. We found that we had forty-five that would average 1 lb. apiece, the largest 1½ lbs. and the smallest half a pound. The veteran scored one more than me, he having twenty-three. As we had all the fish we could use and did not want to murder the beauties for our pleasure, we concluded to quit. So we unjointed our rods, put our fish in our creels and started for camp, bravely passing by pool after pool where we knew there were fish aching to be caught. The only malignant look that flashed across the veteran's countenance on our tramp homeward was when we passed under the tree where the covey of grouse took shelter in the morning. We reached camp in time for supper, not tired, but very hungry.

And so passed one of the happiest days we have ever known, full of excitement and pleasure, with just enough hard work in it to make it enjoyable, but not enough to tire one so completely as to drive sleep from his weary and aching limbs when night comes, and he fain would drop himself into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

OMAHA, Nebraska.

Natural History.

DO CARIBOU EXIST IN OREGON?

Editor Forest and Stream:

First let me enter a plea of ignorance. Most sportsmen deny the existence of caribou in Oregon. In fact the burden of proof seems to rest heavily upon those of us that presume to adopt the affirmative of the proposition. Mr. Charles C. Ward, in his delightful chapters on "Caribou Hunting" in "Sport With Gun and Rod," edited by Mayer, says: "If the species reaches the wooded region at and west of the Rocky Mountains its presence does not seem to be well attested. * * * A competent authority doubts the existence of the caribou in the United States west of the Red River of the North."

No person can read the twenty-five-page article above referred to without appreciating the painstaking investigation given the subject by its writer. A thorough recognition of this fact on my part admonishes me that what I may have to say on the subject must be interrogative rather than assertive.

Two years ago I stopped at the ranch of a Mr. Welch at the foot of Mt. Hood, in Clackamas county, this State, near the old Barlow wagon road. The first thing that attracted my attention was a magnificent pair of caribou antlers adorning the gable end of his rustic abode. The horns were of very great size and perfect in palmation, resembling those of Newfoundland as distinguished from the Labrador caribou, in which latter the palmation seems to be confined to the times at the top of the horn.

In answer to my questions he declared that they were the antlers of a funny looking elk killed a short distance below his house. When informed that they were undoubtedly caribou antlers he wrote the word caribou down in order to remember the name and be the better able to enlighten McIntyre and others of his neighbors that had also killed "funny looking elk." It seems that doubts had arisen in their minds whether these animals were really elk.

I had almost forgotten the incident when yesterday two mountaineers, Mr. Floss and Mr. Gray, called at my office on some business matter. A pair of elk antlers hanging on my wall attracted their attention and led to conversation respecting the big game of their section. They live in this county about twenty-five miles from Portland, having settled near Gordon Creek in the Cascade Mountains, some fourteen years ago. They went on to tell me about a large herd of the same "funny looking elk" that came down to Gordon Creek during a terrific snow storm that raged in the mountains last winter, and added, "but their horns didn't look like those," referring to my elk antlers. It occurred to me that here were two witnesses for my caribou theory; so I asked them if they thought they could recognize the animal should they see his picture. Of course they could, for they had killed several out of the herd. I took three pictures, representing the elk, moose and caribou, respectively, and laid them side by side, asking my friends if either of the three represented their game. Both instantly recognized in the picture of the caribou the animal seen and killed by them. Now you will very naturally say that if caribou are so plentiful here it is strange that some are not killed. Answering, I would say that hundreds have been killed; but most of those hunting large game here are not so much interested in getting zoölogical specimens as in getting meat. Go into any fur and hide store in Portland and you will find at least a dozen pairs of caribou antlers. It is, however, difficult to find out from whence they came.

Fully appreciating the fact that we Portland sportsmen ought to be able to settle this question, I submit the testimony at hand with the hope that some of us may soon be able to add practical demonstration. As an excuse for our ignorance, permit me to say that within 25 miles of Portland, a city of 70,000 people, there are places absolutely unexplored—*terra incognita* as dark as central Africa. What, then, can be known of the more remote mountain regions? As for myself, individually, I am an angler and wildfowl shooter, and not much disposed to seek larger game and endure the attendant exposure and hardships.

All of the sporting gentlemen with whom I have conversed upon this subject, including such experienced hunters as Wm. Curry, George Stuart, H. T. Hudson, W. A. Storey, Capt. Riley and T. D. Honeyman, while doubtful of the existence of caribou in this State, seem willing to qualify their opinions a little in view of the unexplored condition of even this, our own county.

Several mountaineers have promised to send me portions of the next "funny elk" they may kill, even if nothing more than the peculiar heart-shaped hoofs, which, of course, have not heretofore attracted their attention.

PORTLAND, OREGON, June 15.

[We have no doubt that the "funny looking elk" men-

tioned by the hunters who talked with Judge Greene were caribou, though so far as we know direct evidence of the existence of caribou in Oregon is as yet lacking. By this we mean nothing more than that we know of no statement by a competent authority that he has seen this species in Oregon. We are confident that our correspondent, by a little effort, can supply the proof of the caribou's existence in Oregon, and can thus considerably extend the animal's range to the southward. Mr. Charles C. Ward's article on the caribou, in "Sport With Gun and Rod," was written a long time ago and when much less was known about the fauna of the West than at present. It has long been known that this species, the so-called woodland form, exists in large numbers in suitable localities in British Columbia, in Washington, probably in Idaho and possibly in Montana, on the western slope of the Main Divide of the Rocky Mountains. Hon. Theodore Roosevelt has killed them south of the boundary line, as have many other persons well known to us. Besides what is stated in Judge Greene's letter, there is reason to believe that they are to be found further south, especially in the higher mountain regions. Captain Charles E. Bendire, the well-known naturalist, told us a number of years ago, that he once saw at Boise City, Idaho, three pairs of caribou antlers, which were said to have been killed near that place. We have good reason for believing that a caribou was once killed on the Missouri River not very far from old Fort Peck. This animal was shot from the deck of a steamer by Mr. R. McGonigle, a perfectly trustworthy man, who did not know what it was that he had killed. He described the animal to us in great detail and we believe that it was a woodland caribou—a straggler which had wandered across the mountains and far to the south of its ordinary range. It must be remembered that, unless they have been examined by a person who has had some training in biology or is familiar with the species, the antlers are not always a safe guide in determining species. No naturalist could mistake the horns of an elk for a caribou, yet as the horns of the former are occasionally somewhat palmated toward the tips, it is not at all unusual to hear a hunter announce that he has killed a cross, or hybrid, between a moose and an elk, or a caribou and an elk. We have seen very many pairs of palmated elk antlers, but we have never seen a pair of antlers about which there was any question as to the species to which they belonged. We shall hope to hear further on this subject from our correspondent before long.]

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

THE prairie horned lark (*Otocoris alpestris praticola*) is one of the native birds of Lycoming county. Young, one of which was but a few days old, were captured early in June last by State Ornithologist Dr. B. H. Warren, of West Chester, and Prof. August Koch, of Williamsport, in fields near the city last named.

The prairie horned lark breeds sparingly in Erie county near the city of Erie, in fact nests with eggs are reported to have been taken within the city limits, and young of the year have been obtained in the vicinity of Erie by both Mr. Geo. B. Sennett, of Erie city, and Dr. B. H. Warren. This bird is reported by Dr. Livingston W. Hartman, of Pittston, to breed in Luzerne county; and it is also believed to breed in Beaver county.

Mr. W. Clyde Todd reports golden-winged and cerulean warblers to be breeding in the neighborhood of Beaver city.

The common crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra minor*) is frequently seen, singly or in small parties, in May and June in the vicinity of Williamsport. This species breeds regularly, but is not abundant, in the forests about Renovo, Clinton county, also in Cameron county, and Dr. L. W. Hartman, of Pittston, has taken nests and eggs in March in Luzerne county.

Hooded, chestnut-sided, pine, black-throated green and black and white warblers, also the American redstart, are common summer residents on the Bald Eagle Mountains, along the West Branch (Susquehanna River) near South Williamsport. In the same locality rattlesnakes, which have doubtless been driven from neighboring mountain ranges by recent forest fires, are much more numerous than for many years past.

Dr. G. A. Scroggs, of Beaver, reports quail and ruffed grouse to be quite abundant in Beaver county. In Chester county quail are much more plentiful than for several years past.

Several broods of wild turkeys have been seen recently in Huntington and Clinton counties. It is stated that a good many of these noble game birds have bred this year in the southern part of Bedford county.

The snowbird (*Junco hyemalis*) is breeding in considerable numbers in the vicinity of Bradford, McKean county.

D. A. D. Johnston, of Allegheny City, during the last of May and early part of June, spent a week in Armstrong and Butler counties, where he reports rose-breasted grosbeaks, chestnut-sided warblers and Wilson's thrushes to be breeding.

The eggs and young of nighthawks are frequently found on roofs of buildings in the cities of Allegheny and Pittsburgh.

Dr. T. L. Hazard, a naturalist of Allegheny City, has specimens of the hellbender (*Menopoma alleghaniensis*) in an aquarium with a view of making a careful study of the life history of these ugly reptiles which are so common in the Allegheny River.

BREEDING OF THE TEAL DUCK.—Geneva, N. Y., July 2.—I had a conversation with a man this morning, who told me that yesterday he saw a teal duck with nine young ones, and that "a boy caught three of the little ones, but released them on being told to do so. This proves that the bluewing teal will breed in this part of New York; and yet there are men calling themselves sportsmen who will insist on open season for ducks to May 1.—J. G. S.

FROG VS. SNAKE.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have just witnessed an incident so novel that I deem it worth recording in your interesting paper. On going to the boat landing this morning I saw a common striped snake of about 20 in. in length in the act of swallowing the head of a recently caught trout. I confess to an antipathy to the reptiles, and as this one's head lay invitingly on a flat stone I dealt it a blow that crushed it to a pulp. It was then tossed into the water, where it floated, when

an immense school of small fry attacked the bruised and bleeding part. The water was boiling under the attack. At this juncture a frog started from the shore toward it, stopping within two feet. I was wondering what the attraction was; was it to see the circus, or did he think to gobble up some of the fry so near to the surface? Presently I was enlightened, when he leaped clear of the water and pounced upon the snake near its middle. With it he started for the shore, making slow progress, as the ends of the snake fouled his legs. With his hindlegs resting in the water he made slow progress swallowing his prey, as his feet did not get a good hold. I went up the bank a few yards, when he came out on dry land and got on faster. With every effort to swallow he pulled the snake with his front feet, making such efforts once in about two minutes. At length he was so full he could eat no more, and with about 3 in. of the snake's body and twice that length of tail still protruding he crawled to the shady side of a rock near the water, seemingly content to let appetite wait on digestion.—CLAYTON BROOK.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.—The annual report of the trustees of the Museum for 1890-91 is just at hand, and shows the institution to be in a flourishing condition, the year which has just passed having been one of growth and prosperity. Through the energy of the trustees the long desired endowment fund has been secured, and the total subscriptions now amount to \$501,600. The interest of this sum will do much to provide additions to the collections in the future, and it is probable that the fund itself will be increased by further subscriptions. Among the important gifts received during the year is a magnificent collection of cut and uncut gem material known as the Tiffany collection of gems, which was on view during the recent Exhibition in Paris. This gift to the Department of Minerals is due to the generosity of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. John J. Croske's collection of land shells, which includes 2,300 species, was presented to the Museum during the past year. The increase in the collections of birds and mammals are important, numbering over 1,500 specimens for the former and 490 for the latter. An important start has been made in the establishment of an entomological collection. The library is growing rapidly and is annually becoming more valuable. On the whole the report is most encouraging.

GROUSE AND QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Editor Forest and Stream: The little grouse previously mentioned have one and all succumbed to the inevitable and gone over the divide. They refused persistently to the end to notice their foster mother in any way, neither noticing her call nor allowing her to cover them at night. Their run was enlarged and everything done to encourage them to make a success of it; but they grew despondent and pitifully turned up their little toes, *et*at three weeks. The quail eggs responded to the seductive wiles of the incubator on the 26th of June, and produced eight wee quaillets, as large, possibly, as bumble bees, which Mr. Dyer placed with a couple of bantam chicks three weeks old, in a brooder, where they are now, apparently prospering. The chicks hover the quail, or do the best they can at it; and one of them flew at Mr. D. the other day in a funny little rage when he put his hand into the brooder. When I saw them, there were three or four attempting to cover themselves with one chick, and as a concealment it wasn't an unqualified success; but the little biddies were patiently standing on tiptoe and playing mother in a very conscientious way. Long may they all prosper.—O. O. S. (Vineland, N. J., July 3).

BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, signatures of which appear at frequent intervals, contains a great deal of interesting material on North American mammals. We have received pages 237 to 306, inclusive, of No. 2, Volume III., of the Bulletin, which includes papers by Dr. Edgar A. Mearns describing a new subspecies of the eastern chipmunk from the upper Mississippi region, a new species of weasel and a new subspecies of gray fox from Arizona, giving the results of his observations on the American badgers and on the otter and skunks of Arizona. Dr. Allen contributes a series of highly interesting notes on North American mammals, in which he describes a number of new forms and treats of a number of interesting points. The Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History has become a necessity of every student of American birds and mammals.

A TYPICAL NOTE.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:

GENTLEMEN—Please continue my paper for another six months, for which please find enclosed \$2. I long for my paper every week, as it takes me (or rather makes me feel as if I were there) over and over the good old times of years gone by.

Of course I am tied down to work very much, but still I find a little time once in a while to slip out with old Dash and the gun and fool a few chickens.

There is promise of a good harvest of both quail and chickens here this season, and also law breakers. J. T. P. CORALVILLE, IOWA.

I love to lie in sylvan shades,
And watch the line that falls
Into the stream, so still and calm,
And wait for fish in heavy hauls.
I love to lie and watch all this,
Beneath the azure, summer sky,
And when to town I hurry off,
With not a fish, and people scoff,
I love—ah then, I love to lie.

—Boston News.

A gentleman suggests a way to get rid of woodchucks which are doing a great deal of damage to meadows in this county. His idea is to smear a slice of turnip with strychnine, turn another slice over it and drop it into the woodchuck's hole and then close up the hole with a stone. The woodchuck gets hungry, eats the turnip and his home becomes his grave without any further trouble.—Exchange.

FOREST AND STREAM, the favorite paper of those who handle rod or gun, never flags in interest, but keeps one in tune with wood and field, lake and brook, all the year round. The current issue for this week is an "Adirondack Number," and is in itself worth as much as a book of travel or adventure.—Baltimore Methodist.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sportsmen throughout the State cannot fail to have been impressed with the truth and importance of the suggestions offered by Gen. Bruce in his cogent discussion of the protection of fish and game, published in the last number of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. His opinions are founded on a wide experience and on long study. He has brought forcibly to the minds of all thinking men the urgent need of immediate and vigorous measures to protect our forests, fish and game. Innumerable arguments can be brought forth to illustrate the danger that confronts New York State in this direction, but they are unnecessary; every one who has given this question the slightest thought realizes the condition of affairs. The problem before us is how to render the greatest service, by what means can we accomplish the most toward the protection of our wild lands and streams.

It is undoubtedly true that the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game has to some extent departed from its original purpose. Of late years trap-shooting has largely occupied its time and attention, and yet the records of its annual meetings will reveal the fact that each year the old idea has cropped out, at each convention some effort has been made to revive the purpose for which the Association was established. At the recent convention at Rome the resolution there presented denouncing the destruction of the Adirondacks were most enthusiastically received and unanimously adopted. This shows that the State Association has not entirely forgotten its original purpose, and that the proper spirit still exists in the minds of its members. All it needs is to have its designs and efforts systematically organized and promoted under competent and interested men.

During the last five years the individual clubs composing the State Association have done good work protecting game and fish. At the hearing before the Assembly Committee in Albany last winter the prominent clubs had representatives to plead for the codification of the game laws, and central New York sent a delegation of about fifty men to urge certain provisions which they deemed for the best interest of the whole State. Several new clubs have recently joined the State Association whose sole object is "protection and preservation," who have no other purpose and indulge in no other business or sport. These facts further show the good material still existing in the old association and strengthen the contention advanced by Gen. Bruce that the State Association can bring about the desired results.

The next annual convention will be held under the auspices of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, at Syracuse. It is the club's intention to make every effort to bring together not only trap-shooters, but also a large representative gathering of sportsmen, whose main object shall be the protection of fish and game. It has been suggested that on Monday evening, the first night of the convention, all routine business be completed, and that the second meeting night be devoted exclusively to the adoption of such measures as will best carry out the Association's original purpose. Each club will be early requested to choose its delegation with this meeting in view, and a general invitation will be extended to all clubs and individuals throughout the State, not now members of the State organization, to seek such membership at the first meeting, and so be in a position to take an active part in the deliberations concerning forests, fish and game.

At this latter meeting let each club designate the man among its members best qualified (having the time, enthusiasm and experience) to occupy the position of committeeman. Let this body compose a State committee, which shall with the officers of the State Association and as a part of the latter organization have sole and entire charge of the protection and preservation of fish, game, and forests. Let this committee select its own officers and hold a meeting at Albany each winter during the session of the Legislature to decide upon its course and to urge its recommendation upon our law-makers. In this way the best men will be brought together for concerted action, and a good attendance at the Albany meeting will be assured. By this course the State Association, with its large number of members, will be directly interested, offering political advantage and influence which comes from numerous and diversified interests. The State shoot will be an attraction which, coupled with the fish and game protection plan, will give a larger field to draw from than could probably be obtained in any other way.

The various committeemen ought to be able to bring the influence and efforts of their respective clubs to bear on whatever work or plan the central committee deemed advisable, and the responsibility being thus centralized, if proper and effective results were not accomplished, it would be easy to locate the fault and to remedy it.

The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club is deeply interested in this subject, and for many years has spent much time and money in its efforts to protect fish and game. One of its objects in wishing to hold the next convention was to revive the Association's original purpose and to do all in its power to make this revival lasting. However indifferent the trap-shooters may have been to this purpose in the past, they are after all the men as a whole most interested in the protection of fish and game (they are nearly all fishermen and hunters), and with the infusion of a new element into their ranks devoted exclusively to this original purpose, a larger, more powerful body can be brought into active service than could be obtained in any other way.

If men of Gen. Bruce's type and all interested in this subject will join with us next spring in an effort to effect within our ranks an organization such as has been here scantily suggested, what would then be wanting as a nucleus, about which can be gathered power and influence enough to accomplish wise effective legislation and the efficient enforcement of the same.

But this is a question of vital importance, far-reaching in its effects, it concerns not pleasure alone but the health and prosperity as well of the whole people of this great Commonwealth, it is neglected in a way that forebodes disaster, it is indeed terrible to think of the ruthless des-

truction of fish and game that has gone on for years and is still going on. Worst of all is the devastation of the Adirondack wilderness, that great haven of rest and source of health, and whatever is for the greatest ultimate advancement of a plan or organization which will effectually and permanently protect and preserve our forests, game and fish, whether it meets our individual opinion of not, will receive the hearty support of the great majority of members of the New York State Association.

HORACE WHITE.

GUN GOSSIP.

THE pages of *FOREST AND STREAM* bear expressive witness that there are few subjects on which more diverse views are held than in matters pertaining to guns and shooting. It can do no harm, therefore, for any of us who have any opinions, solidly based on experience, to give them. Then, the novice by reading can find any style of argument that suits his own particular predilections and prejudices, and will be able to buy just what he likes.

I am not of much account as a shot, still less do I know it all; but I have had some experience, and can see an aperture in a step-ladder when it is held squarely between me and the blue ether. I have owned and shot guns of bores from 20 to 10, of lengths of barrel between 26 and 50 in.; of all patterns and actions, from the flint-lock to the "latest agony," the hammerless.

Some years ago I gave at length my conclusions as to the killing power of large and small-bored and long and short-barreled shotguns. They were, in brief, that long barrels were better killers than short, and that the small bores could not stay in with the large.

I have a great partiality for small-bore guns; and have owned three times as many smaller than 14 as I have larger. Though there is not so much difference in the penetration given by a good 20 and a good 10, as many would suppose, the latter is much the superior of the former on game. Both of the shotguns I own now are 12-bores. I wouldn't shoot either of them any more if I could find a 16 that would do their work.

Every little while the man who does not like choke-bores has his say, and we are told that the rage for choke-choked guns is subsiding. Perhaps in this, as in some other things, I am slightly eccentric; but I think as highly of the full-choke as of any modern improvement. You can't make a cylinder shoot a very close pattern, but by a proper manipulation of the wadding and lessening the weight of shot a full-choke can be made to give a sparse enough pattern for brush shooting; and it is one's own fault if he shoots his game to eternal smash.

For wildfowl a full-choke is, in my opinion, the only gun. To stop a strong-flying duck, so effectually that you can be assured of finding him within three feet of where you marked him down, requires a gun that will send plenty of shot right where you aim. Better it is to make a clean miss than a half kill. In three seasons, from '84 to '86 inclusive, I spent four nights out of each week in a famous fly-way for ducks. I shot an 8 lb. 12-bore, full-choke American-made gun. There were three other regular habitués of the place, who all used cylinder guns. In cogitating on the situation one evening, the thought struck me that if the so-called express systems were good in rifles, why not apply something analogous to it to chokebore shotguns? Straightway I set about experimenting. I finally adopted the following load, at which the brethren can laugh as much as they like—it was no laughing matter with the ducks: 4 dr. powder, 1 oz. shot, 6 in the right and 4 in the left. After that I lost just one cripple—the others lost two or three a week. I wasn't particularly noted for the number of birds I killed, but when I hit one it was twilight with him right then; and I killed at longer ranges than any one in the crowd. The gun I shot then was a peculiarly bored weapon. After I got the hang of loading it, it made a very even pattern, remarkably free from patches; yet one barrel would throw from six to ten pairs of shot in such a way that one cut about half on the hole made by the other. Wherever a pair of these twins struck the penetration was nearly double that of the rest of the charge. Where only a few pellets were taken, a gun like this would roll up a mighty record in a penetration test. It would shoot all sizes of shot well up to A; above that it was worthless.

The appearance of the modern hammerless comes in for much adverse criticism. An old proverb says, "Handsome is that handsome does." I readily admit that at first sight it doesn't impress the old-timer favorably; but now that I am used to it, to me it looks a clean, trim, businesslike weapon—the peer of any made in any age, and I have seen them all. For practical worth, it beats the collection. It is handy and safe; and you never fail to ring in that second barrel when you want it because it is not cocked. My position in connection with the hammer and hammerless actions, is something like that of the "Canny King of Kent," who, while he raised a large altar for worship, erected a small one in a corner for Satan; just to show "that he meant him no dishonor." My favorite is an American-made hammerless. The other, which I seldom use, is an English hammer, that, though in the matter of ears it might not run a jack rabbit a very close race, would certainly scorn to ask any odds of a Virginia mule. Average the two, and they make a pair of nice hammer guns.

Occasionally we hear some talk about English vs. American guns. The person of moderate means, for whom either is not good enough, is, it seems to me, very much like Uncle Lisha's customer, who objected because the old shoemaker made him a pair of "right and left" boots on a "right" last—he's "too dum p'ticklar." Ten years ago the English were far ahead, for few American makers then used even the extension rib. But between the years '81 and '87 American gunmaking advanced with a length of stride of which its friends may justly feel proud, till now, for variety and ingenuity, the American actions lead the world, in shotguns as in rifles and revolvers.

It widens a person's views a little to get out from home and see what is actually on the market. In '87 Greener was supposed to have a monopoly of the automatic ejector principle. Yet in the spring of that year I found a hammerless gun manufactured by D. Kirkwood, of Boston, well balanced, well finished and a good shooter, which would eject automatically in as good shape as any gun made. Mr. Kirkwood told me that he had been making the same gun for four or five years.

BLOOMFIELD, N. B.

L. I. FLOWER.

MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

LEAVING Lewis's Wharf, Boston, Sept. 16, on steamer Yarmouth, I arrived at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the next morning. Going out on the wharf I found Nat, who was to meet me here. Dumping my duffle into the wagon after it had been "gone through" by the custom house officer and a deposit left on the guns we proceeded at a smart pace up the hill to Jones Hotel, where, while breakfast was being prepared I put on my camp toggery.

The pleasure of getting into rough clothing on such an occasion as this is known only to those who "have been there."

Our provisions having been securely boxed and placed on the wagon we started. We stopped at Gilman's at Tushet, for dinner. Here we had the pleasure of meeting four sportsmen from Boston, and were in time to help them dispatch some trout they had just brought in. Mr. Gilman had taken them up to the Forks for a few days, where they had had good luck with the trout and partridge.

A railroad runs from Yarmouth up the west coast of Nova Scotia, this side being thickly settled, and most sportsmen go up to some of the towns there and "go in" after moose from them. I prefer going in from Yarmouth first because it is the cheapest and fewer go in from there. The Tusket River runs for many miles through this part of the country, its headwaters being in a splendid moose country. There is excellent trout fishing in the river, but the canoeing facilities are poor, owing to the many rapids, which is a lucky thing for the moose.

It was long after dark when we arrived at Rockingham, Nat's home. We were welcomed by good Mrs. Forbes, who proceeded to spread before us poor rain-soaked travelers moose steak, apple jam, hot biscuits and coffee; and to me it was a glorious repast.

Sept. 18.—Arising early I found it still raining, as it had been, according to Nat, for ten days past. After breakfast, Nat's brother John, who is to be my moose caller, came round. He is a fine specimen of the Scotch American, just in his prime, sturdily built, and with the reputation of knowing more concerning the habits of moose than any man in the country. Last spring John burned over a large tract of woods seventeen miles further in, and he was going to take me there, feeling confident we would find moose there, attracted by the tender shoots which had sprung up since. But to get there we would have to cross the Tusket River twice, and owing to the present freshet he was afraid the oxen could not make the trip. We had to take our duffle in on an ox team. He proposed that we spend a few days with a party of log drivers, and we started at once for their camp, five miles away, reaching there in time to help them dispatch their dinner of spuds, salt mackerel and tea. That afternoon John went with the loggers, and taking my shotgun I sauntered out back of camp looking for partridges.

The country here is simply barrens and swamps, huge tracts of land having been desolated by previous fires. These barrens in some places are almost covered by quartz boulders, and sometimes stretch for miles, bounded on either side by swamps covered with hackmatack. The swamps are usually narrow, and crossing one we step out on another barren which looks like the one we just left, so that it is very easy for a tenderfoot to become lost.

Tramping along the edge of the barren I came to a hard timbered ridge, and succeeded in knocking down a couple of partridges. They were so tame I could have killed them with stones. I then turned back, not caring to stray too far. On my tramp I saw at least a dozen rabbits. The last one presented such a pretty shot that I bowled him over.

It is interesting to watch these woodsmen erect a camp. They look on trees as their natural enemies and show them no mercy. Most of the timber here is spruce, pine, "fire" and tamarack.

We moved the camp on Friday morning to the two forks of the Tusket at the head of a rapids, where the logs had become jammed. The men went to work on the logs, leaving Orin and me to build camp. I held down the log while Orin did the erecting. Cutting two crotched poles 8 ft. long he jammed them into the ground about 20 ft. apart, then placed a cross pole in the crotches and then placed a number of birch poles sloping from the cross poles to the ground, binding the whole firmly together with withrwood. Over all was stretched a huge piece of No. 8 duck and bound firmly to the framework. Then breaking off armfuls of spruce branches he proceeded to shingle them into the ground, beginning at the foot, and soon had a soft mattress made, being the nicest bed I ever slept on. Then he fixed the fire for the night. Felling some large birches he drove some back stakes 3 ft. from the shanty and piled up against them four logs 10 ft. long and a foot thick for backlogs, placing near a number of logs to "nigger" in two, together with bark, deadwood and chips enough to last a week. It was a healthy, dry, warm camp, and was built almost as quickly as I can tell it.

At noon it stopped raining, the sun came out, the wind shifted to the west and John came to camp after me to go with him over to Dennis's Lake to try for a moose. Quickly tying some grub in a pair of blankets John slung the bundle over his shoulder and picked up his old Sharps .50 cal., with his caller stuck on the end of it, and we were off.

Crossing the river in the loggers' scow, we tramped three miles over barrens and through rough swamps and arrived at the lake. A little searching brought us to Dennis's shanty, containing two bunks, a stove, table, stools, etc. On the way we saw plenty of fresh moose sign. We smoked and John spun yarns until dusk, and then had supper. Starting a fire in the stove, John put on a kettle of water to boil and then discovered he had forgotten to bring any tea. So, Indian style, he made a decoction of spruce, and we satisfied our appetites with spruce tea, bread and apples. At dark we went back of the shanty to listen, hoping we would hear a moose calling, but heard none. John felt quite sure there were moose here, however, having seen plenty of fresh sign. The nights were getting quite chilly now, so going back to the shanty we kept a rousing fire going and talked and smoked long into the night.

Sept. 19.—There was too much wind this morning to expect good calling, but we went over some distance, and John climbed on to a boulder and began calling for a bull. A caller consists simply of a strip of birch bark about

10in. wide and 1ft. long wound into the shape of a funnel and tied.

After listening for some time John thought he heard something down in the swamp. After waiting awhile longer we went down there and found tracks only a few minutes old of a young bull. The bull had undoubtedly scented us and turned off at a sharp angle. John and I returned to Dennis's shanty, got our breakfast and then started back to the loggers, arriving among them at noon.

Sept. 20.—John and I walked from Nat's over to the Tusket River, about a mile, and I cast my first fly in Nova Scotian waters. We had splendid sport. I gathered forty ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1lb. in the morning's fishing. In the afternoon we took a tramp through the woods, John showing me some traps he had set for wildcats which are numerous here; one had killed six of old man Forbes's sheep the winter before.

Sept. 21.—We were up at 4 A. M. loading our duffle on the ox team and were off at 8, John, I and Sylvanus, a boy we took along to mind the oxen. The oxen have to be carefully watched. They can scent game like a dog and if they smell a bear or moose they become frightened and if loose are very apt to take a straight cut for home. They got away from Sylvanus once on this trip and it took several hours of hard tracking to find them. I have great respect for oxen, for I find they will do anything but climb trees.

Our road soon became a loggers' road, then a trail and finally a "Nessmuk" once said turned into a squirrel path and went up a tree. John then went before with his axe and when necessary cleared a road for the team.

At noon we arrived at an old Indian camp on the Tusket, called Bartlett's, where we got dinner, and then crossing the river went on. At 4 P. M. we were in what John called good moose grounds, so we decided to camp for the night.

After supper we went out and called a while, but as there was a strong wind blowing we heard nothing and so returned to camp and turned in. In the morning the wind was still blowing. Breaking camp we moved on and were soon at the headwaters of the Tusket, at Oakland. A few miles further and we put up our camp in what John called the best moose ground he knew of. Moose hunters, however, around here consider the "Devil's Den" as the best place. This is a large swampy thicket surrounded by half a dozen lakes, situated about five miles from Oakland; and a fall never passes but what a number of moose are brought out of the "den."

In the evening it began to rain. We went out on the barren and called. After a while we heard a big bull traveling by in the swamp. John called to him but he paid no attention, so I hurried down to meet him; but he traveled faster than I, evidently bent on getting somewhere, and I missed him. Returning to John, we waited a while; but as it was now raining hard we returned to camp.

Sept. 24.—Called this morning with no better luck. We then looked around our calling ground and found tracks of two bulls which had evidently answered the call last night. They came up after we had returned to camp and one of them must have stood in a clump of tamarack a hundred yards from our boulders for some time, evidently wondering where that cow was.

In the afternoon we went still-hunting and came upon one of John's old bear traps. He told me how, a few years ago, he visited this trap and found a large bear lying beside the trap with one foot caught in it. At first he thought it was dead, then something in its appearance made him think it might be playing "possum," so he started back from it, when it started up with a growl and nearly tore its foot loose in its rage. A couple of bullets soon put it beyond doing harm.

We finally struck fresh tracks of a young bull and followed them to a swamp. Leaving me posted on the barren, John went in. Finding the tracks led to leeward he came out again and skirted along the edge of the swamp, which was small, until he came to its end, and then started on a run into a thicket of young alders. I waited now with great impatience, expecting every second to have the moose come dashing out of the swamp. Suddenly I heard John call. Pretty soon he appeared at the swamp and beckoned to me. Going down he showed me the track of the bull, which was running and had gone out on the other side of the swamp. John heard him get up with a grunt when he rushed into the thicket, but did not see him.

Returning to camp we had a rousing supper, and as there was a strong wind we did not call that night. It began raining at midnight and poured steadily until noon the 25th. In the evening we went out again. Heard some hard firing a few miles away and decided some other fellows were having better luck than we were.

Sept. 26.—We went this morning two miles from camp to call. Heard a bull and thought he would come to us. Waiting a while, John went over to a ridge to see what had become of him, and found traces of a cow and bull. We followed, tracing them across two brooks. Finally they began to run, having either seen or heard us, so we returned to camp. In the afternoon we went over to Oakland Deadwater and had some sport with the trout. We hoped to shoot a few ducks, but did not see any. We met a couple of Canucks prospecting for gold, and they told us that several parties in the "Den" had hauled out their moose. I was for going there the next morning, but John wanted to wait, asserting that we had had poor weather so far.

Sept. 27.—This evening it was perfectly calm, the moon came out full and the air was frosty. Going a few yards back of camp, John called and was answered by a bull. We waited; heard nothing for an hour. I began to be impatient. John said the moose was around yet, but was timid. Sometimes they will stand on the edge of a swamp for two or three hours listening.

Suddenly from behind a big boulder stalked the moose and stopped in a clump of tamarack, thirty yards away. Raising my rifle, I aimed low down on his shoulders and fired. He gave a great bound; then John pulled and he started over the hill like lightning. John felt sure he was badly hurt and that we would find him in the morning. Returning to camp, we cooked a second supper and felt very jubilant.

The next morning we traced the moose some distance, his tracks leading to a swamp. We found where he had lain down twice a short distance from where we shot, and also found considerable blood. Feeling confident that we would find him in the swamp, we went in carelessly. He had lain down three times within a few yards

of the beginning of the swamp; and while examining one of these beds we heard him get up and "git" a little further on. John ran on and out on the other barren calling. I felt rather crestfallen. If I had not been so careless and had gone around the swamp while John went in I would probably have dropped him. As it was he got away, although badly hurt, having lost lots of blood.

As it was Sunday we loafed around the camp the rest of the day. We decided to break camp the next morning, spend the following night in the Devil's Den and then make for Nat's.

So the following day we started, crossed the Tusket and arrived in the Den in the early part of the afternoon. We camped in a swamp; saw plenty of sign. Called in the evening. Heard a cow which John thought was the calling of some other hunter. In the morning wind blowing a gale and we started home after dinner. Arriving at Nat's the next afternoon, we found that several parties had come out with moose, one party bringing out two. Nevertheless I believe our poor success was owing to the weather, strong winds blowing all the time we were out, except one night, and then we had a shot. Such is a sportsman's luck. The two nights spent in journeying home to New York were the finest I ever saw for calling. Well, the trip is over, and I am sitting before the open fire again with my pipe for company. Although I shot no moose I gained twelve pounds, and added to the bank of health no small amount.

Game or no game, I got my full of enjoyment during my moose hunting trip to Nova Scotia. B. L. L.

DR. KIDD'S WORK AND METHODS.—The Newburgh (N. Y.) *Daily News* has this to say about State Game and Fish Protector Kidd: There appeared in the last issue of the Kingston *Argus*, under the heading of "Serve all alike, Doctor," an article which read as follows: "Dr. Willett Kidd, Game Protector of Newburgh, has caused the arrest of two men for fishing for trout contrary to the law at Phenicia, Ulster county. All hail! You are engaged in a laudable work; but we fail to hear of any arrests you have made of members of New York fishing clubs who have their huts in the country, and who openly violate the Sabbath by fishing Sundays. These cheeky fellows lease streams after having been stocked by the State hatcheries, for whose support every taxpayer must contribute, and then post notices forbidding any resident of this county to catch any of their fish, while they themselves openly violate both law and decency. If Kidd will display as much energy in the future in punishing these gentry from New York, who openly violate the law, as he has in the past hunting up little boys and men ignorant of the law in the county, he will be in much better business than he seems to have been in of late." This literary effusion is merely amusing. The writer of the paragraph starts off by praising Dr. Kidd for his suits against Mr. John Quincy Adams Ward, the celebrated sculptor, and his friend, the eminent Mr. Josiah Wentworth, of New York, and winds up by talking about that official "hunting up little boys and men ignorant of the law in the county." And yet, when we consider the matter, Dr. Kidd has found more ignorance or pretended ignorance of the law (and everything else) in Ulster county than he has discovered in all four of the other counties of his district rolled into one. The fact of the matter is that the vigilant game protector has never yet started a suit against a boy. He has found many violators of the game laws in Ulster county, but they all ranged in height from 5 to 7ft. If they were giants of 10ft. he would make it just as hot for them as he does now. Some of these Ulster county men, notably Carl Smith and Smith Mance, of Ellenville, have paid the penalty by being imprisoned in the Kingston jail, while others have paid fines for their misdeeds. And, come to think it over again, Messrs. Ward and Wentworth did their illegal trout fishing last April in an Ulster county stream of the former, such as the Kingston *Argus* man refers to when he bewails the alleged fact that Dr. Kidd don't "go for" the members of New York fishing clubs. Does the *Argus* man term Delmonico, Morello and the other New York restaurateurs against whom Dr. Kidd has begun suits for alleged violations of the game laws "little boys?" No, it looks as though some friend of the Kingston editor had taken into the hands of the law through the vigilance of the game protector and that the editor was seeking to have revenge on that official, for we don't want to be obliged to think that the *Argus* man's name should be added to the list of Ulster county men whose ignorance is dense. From an acquaintance of many years standing with Dr. Kidd, we long ago concluded that he was a man of the utmost fairness in the discharge of his official duties. He shows no partiality in hunting up game law cases. But it is a very difficult matter sometimes to secure evidence in cases that come under his jurisdiction. We can safely say that if the Kingston *Argus* writer has personal knowledge of any violations of the game laws in his county and will back it up on the witness stand, Dr. Kidd will proceed as soon as possible against the guilty persons. It matters not if the violators of the law do hail from New York or are Vanderbilts or Astors.

HOW A SWAMP HAS BEEN DRIED UP.—Piper City, Ill., June 29.—A few years ago the Vermilion swamps, north of this place, furnished great sport to Chicago and Peoria hunters, who came out here every spring and killed large numbers of ducks, brant, geese, etc., and shipped them to the cities. Thousands of these birds were annually shipped from here every week during the season, local hunters sending in their share too. A great change has taken place since then. The swamps have been drained out, and where the sportsman hid in the thickets not long ago the farmer boy is "going through" his corn for the last time before "laying bye." A thirty-foot ditch is all that remains of the places where, as one writer describes it, the "birds made such an infernal racket that sleep was impossible until long after midnight. Couldn't get a wink. Just as he was dropping off to sleep a roar like artillery would suddenly arouse him, as thousands of geese rose and circled over the water, alighting again to the increased music of ten thousand rancorous throats." Our "shootists" now go to Beaver Lake, Indiana, when they want to shoot ducks. Very few have been seen the past spring. Prairie chickens and quail are plenty around here, and great sport is expected with them this fall.—H. P. B.

THE HASBROUCK HEIGHTS FIELD CLUB opened their club grounds July 4.

DEATH OF JAMES TERPIN.—Lexington, Ill.—James Terpin died at his home in Lexington, Saturday, June 20. He was a famous hunter and enjoyed the distinction of being one of the very few men in this section of the country who knew perfectly well the haunts and habits of local game. As a judge of native game he stood at the head of local sportsmen. His knowledge of the art of approaching wild game was considered very fine. Sportsmen throughout the State knew him as a quiet and unassuming gentleman. He was 37 years old.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game fish laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

KENNERLY'S SALMON.

THE smallest known salmon of the Pacific region is the one first described by Dr. George Suckley in 1861 under the name *Salmo kennerlyi*—Kennerly's trout or Chiloweyuck red salmon trout. In 1862 Dr. Theodore Gill proposed to establish for this species the new generic name *Hypsiario*, because of its "compressed body, projecting snout, etc." The remarkable changes in the Pacific salmon during the spawning season were at that time less known than at present. About 1882 Dr. David S. Jordan examined the *Salmonidae* in the National Museum in Washington, D. C., and came to the conclusion that Kennerly's salmon is identical with the common red salmon or blueback of the region (*Oncorhynchus nerka*), and this belief was generally accepted as final. The material bearing on this relationship, however, was chiefly the actual red salmon collected by Capt. Charles Bendire, U. S. A., and the individuals were considerably larger than the Kennerly's salmon to be discussed in this article. Since the time of Dr. Jordan's study of the Museum specimens we have received new material and recent information, which enable us to place the species, as I think, in a different light and to contribute something of interest to its life history. On Nov. 26, 1888, and Oct. 8, 1889, Prof. O. B. Johnson, of the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash., collected for the Smithsonian Institution a large series of these small salmon in a little stream tributary to Lake Washington, near Seattle. In March, 1891, Dr. George M. Dawson, of Ottawa, Canada, sent the writer a photograph of one of the fish which he found in Nicola Lake, British Columbia, Sept. 7, 1890. Each of these gentlemen added something to our knowledge of the habits of the species.

This recent material includes only salmon in or near the spawning condition, yet it seems to me now sufficient to warrant the separation of Kennerly's salmon from the red salmon as a subspecies at least and I would write its name *Oncorhynchus nerka* subspecies *kennerlyi*. In the first place, Kennerly's salmon becomes sexually mature when only 8in. long and seldom exceeds 10in. at any time of life. It has about 30 gillrakers, while the red salmon has about 40. Its fins are much larger than those of the red salmon. It lives permanently in fresh water, most of the year in deep parts of lakes, from which it runs up small tributaries in autumn to spawn.

Names.—Dr. Suckley first described the species as Kennerly's trout, or the Chiloweyuck red salmon trout. The Indians of the Chiloweyuck Lake region call it *Tsi mia*. According to Dr. George M. Dawson the Kamloops Indian, or true Shuswop, name of the fish is *Kuk-en-owh*. The Okanagan Indian name, *Kuk-en-eh*, slightly differs. Since the affinity of the species to the genus *Oncorhynchus* became known it has been called Kennerly's salmon.

Size.—The types of Dr. Suckley's description were 10 to 11in. in length, and there was no difference between the sexes except in shape and in the development of the jaws. Some sexually mature males and females received from Prof. O. B. Johnson were scarcely more than 8in. long. Dr. George M. Dawson wrote me that the salmon "is seldom over a foot long, generally about 10in." Numerous specimens observed by the writer range from 8 to 11in. in length. The average adult Kennerly's salmon weighs scarcely $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., while the average weight of the adult red salmon is 7 or 8lbs., and examples of 15lbs. have been reported.

Distribution.—The most southerly locality at present known for this salmon is Lake Washington, near Seattle, Washington, in a small tributary of which Prof. Johnson found the species spawning near the end of November, 1888, and early in October, 1889. Dr. Kennerly believed the fish to be peculiar to Chiloweyuck Lake (north latitude 49°), near Fraser River, and east of the Cascade Mountains. He was informed by Indians, however, that it inhabited two other lakes of the region. Mr. Gibbs had it from the Nahoi-ai-pit-kun River, west of the Cascades. Dr. Dawson wrote me as follows concerning it: "I know this fish is common in many of the large lakes of British Columbia. I have seen it in Nicola, François, Fraser and Okanagan lakes, the first three tributary to the Fraser River, the last to the Columbia. Nicola Lake is about ten miles in length, it is on the course of the river of the same name, which is a tributary of the Thompson. The lake is a little north of latitude 50°." The little river in which Dr. Dawson observed them early in September, 1876, and which connects Fraser Lake with François Lake, carries the distribution up to north latitude 54°. Prof. Macoun informed Dr. Dawson that he caught Kennerly's salmon with a spoon bait on Arrow Lakes, Kootanie Lake, and on the Columbia River a few miles below Arrow Lakes in June and July, 1890. In August, 1877, Dr. Dawson saw the fish in Eagle Creek, a tributary of Shuswop Lake, emptying near the present position of Sicamous Station, on the Canada Pacific Railway. "All the lakes mentioned," writes Dr. Dawson, "are in part of their extent deep and clear, and all are or may be reached by the salmon from the sea (generally, I think, the *saw-quit*), except Kootanie Lake, which is cut off by a fall. There is, also, in the last-named lake a larger fish, which I take to be a landlocked variety of the spring salmon [*O. chouchal*]." Capt. Charles Bendire, U. S. A., has informed me that obstructions in the Kootanie are occasionally overcome in heavy freshets and the king salmon (spring salmon of Dr. Dawson) pass up into the lake and become landlocked. It may be that Kennerly's salmon owes its origin to a similar modification of the red salmon, but of this we know too little to indulge in theories.

Habits.—Dr. Kennerly was told by an Indian that this fish never descends into smaller streams and never goes

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—X.

[Continued from Page 474.]

THE next morning disclosed a bright sky brilliant in soft feathery masses of clouds; a lake in gentle wavelets of lovely sparkle, and an atmosphere of inspiring quality. Immediately after breakfast word was given to break camp and head for Aguawa River. The boatmen moved with alacrity, for they were both yearning for the return trip, particularly Joe.

There was hardly breeze enough to keep the sails spread when we started, and resort was therefore had to the oars. We rounded into the bay a mile or two from camp, in order to give Joe an opportunity to see the Indian who had moved his quarters from Jackson's Cove and had located here. He was to give Joe a final answer about a small boat he contemplated building. The Indian was up on the high hills when we stopped at his wigwam, but a halloo or two soon brought him to the beach. He followed us along the craggy shore some distance chatting with Joe, until finally he closed the contract for the boat. We told the boatmen to push along lively, as we had had Chippewa talk enough for one day. Thus urged, they bent to their ash-blades quite lively, while we feasted with admiration on the bold and pleasing coast pictures that were continually passing in review.

By 10 o'clock we reached the picturesque group of islands that form Aguawa Harbor. They presented a grand and impressive appearance as the cheerless and blackened bulwarks of flinty granite came into view. Many of their shore lines rose from the lake as straight as a plummet falls, while others gently sloped, as if they courted companionship with the murmuring waters. Between many of these islands the channel is of sufficient width and depth to permit of the passage of steamers, which frequently pass through them when passing this way in order to give the passengers a view of the charming group. On many of the bold bluffs, like the pictured rocks of the south shore, you can find almost any design, if you are only a little fanciful. On one of these rough

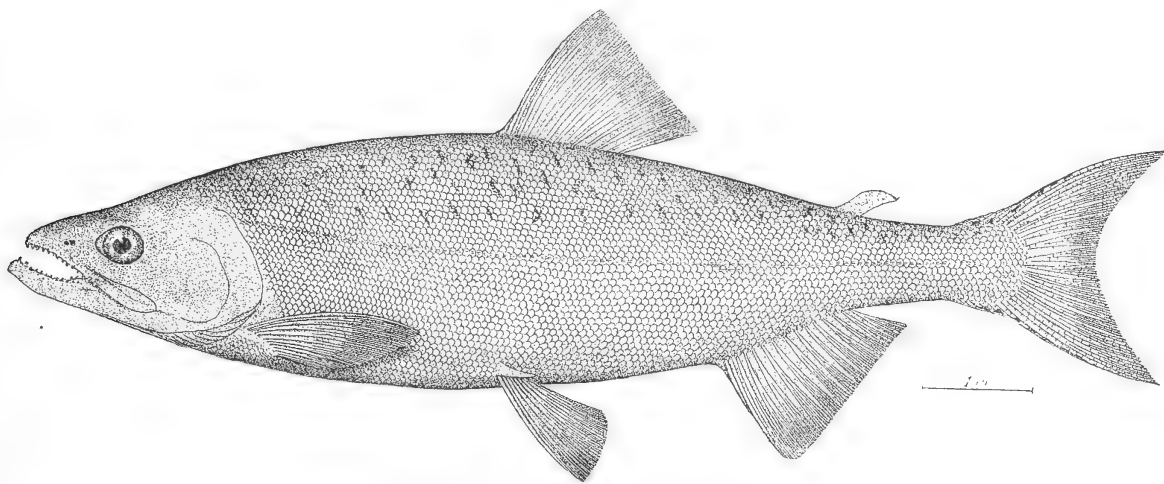
one had a bait-box strapped around his waist—a lamentable sight, I assure you. They knew nothing about the gentle art, and had no desire that way, and moreover stated they could discount all the fly-fishermen they ever saw by the use of the anglerworm. This boastful talk satisfied me that argument on the beauties of "the contemplative man's recreation" as an accomplishment would avail nothing here, so I declined discussion on the subject, knowing full well it would simply be casting pearls to pot-hunters.

I can excuse the use of the "barnyard hackle" in certain conditions, but how one can taint the crystal waters of Lake Superior or its rivers with a dirty wriggling anglerworm, when the fly will secure all the trout an angler desires, is beyond my comprehension. I should think the presiding deities of the aqueous realms would rise in rebellion at such desecration.

The anglerworm party stated they had frequently fished the river in the past, and intended going in the morning to the big pool at the falls, five miles above. They were to go on foot by the forest route, and then return in canoes with Indians which they had previously engaged to meet them there.

About 4 o'clock we took the boat and ascended the river as far as we could, about a mile and a half. We found no trout that desired to change their element, only having one or two rises from some of the fingerlings that abound in the stream.

The Aguawa is a fine sheet of water of about 100ft. in width at its mouth, and abounds in numerous ripples, rapids and cascades. Five miles above its mouth its sparkling waters come tumbling and foaming over a ledge of ragged rocks, some 75ft. in height, into a granite basin below of magnificent proportions, in which the trout, with a singular regard for picturesque scenery, love to dwell. Turn to the left, and a range of granite mountains with sugar-loaf tops confront you, with their scarred sides in spruce and fir that crowd to the very water's edge, and impress you with their singular fascination. Follow the winding river as it threads its mur-

KENNERLY'S SALMON (*Salmo kennerlyi*).

first seen by Dr. Kennerly in a small stream tributary to Chiloweyuck Lake, he reported its presence in vast numbers. In company with Capt. Woodruff and several men he went to the brook Aug. 17, and the party caught 180 of these fish with hook and line. About Aug. 10, according to the same authority, they appear at the mouths of all the small streams emptying into the lake in such immense numbers that they can be caught with the hands. Among a thousand or more specimens taken near Seattle, and observed by Prof. Johnson, the females were as plentiful as the males. In the first week in September, 1877, Dr. Dawson found the species very abundant in streams along the west side of Okanagan Lake, and Sept. 16 and 18, 1890, he noted them again, particularly in Bear's River.

Associates.—In Kootanie Lake Dr. Dawson observed what he believes to be a landlocked variety of the spring salmon (*Oncorhynchus choutcha*). Prof. Johnson noted an occasional silver salmon (*O. kisutch*) and a few large red salmon (*O. nerka*) in company with Kennerly's salmon. One of the active enemies of this little fish is the che-wagh, mentioned by Dr. Kennerly, now better known as the malma or Dolly Varden trout. In a che-wagh weighing 94lbs. the Doctor found two whole salmon of this species.

Form and Colors.—Dr. Suckley described the fish in the following terms: General color red, dingy along the back, paler on the sides, and fading to pure white on the belly, small, irregular black spots above the lateral line. Pectorals bluish, their tips slightly grayish. Dorsal and ventrals red. Tail slightly spotted. In the female the general color is red, but slightly darker than the male. In other respects the sexes appear to agree. According to Dr. Dawson "the back is dark gray, slightly reddish; the belly bright silvery, shaded with gray. Flesh red, about the same as that of the saw-gut (*Oncorhynchus nerka*). In June and July, when seen by Prof. Macoun in the upper Columbia, the back was steel-gray in color, with no trace of red. In form Kennerly's salmon is a diminutive copy of the red salmon, as will be apparent by reference to the accompanying illustration, which Mr. Baldwin has made for FOREST AND STREAM from a specimen belonging to the National Museum. As usual in the genus, males have the pectorals and ventrals longer than females and their jaws are much produced and bent, while the body is distinctly deeper and, in the height of the breeding season, has a large fleshy hump on the nape.

Mode of Capture.—Not much art is required to take a salmon that crowds up into small brooks where it can be caught with the hands; but in deeper water the fish has been readily taken with hook and line, and Prof. Macoun has already been referred to as having captured them with the spoon. Indians spear them by torchlight during the spawning season and take large numbers in weirs and traps.

T. H. BEAN.

walls, some artistic (?) Indian has completed a series of pictures by cutting away the moss that creeps o'er the rocks until the flinty surface is laid bare. In these rude sculpturings we observed a man on horseback, sailboat, canoe, bird and stars, all of which plainly indicate their origin, as these untutored savages have but one style of drawing, and it is not of the Rembrandt or Raphael school I assure you.

These islands are best seen on the approach of sunset; the combination of color and cloud are like visitations of ethereal light, which at times surpass all the resources of expression. This tinted beauty is only rivalled by the gathering and realization of a grand storm that battles over and against the massive bulwarks. "Then the sublime and the grand, and the awful and the terrible, are all wrought up to a fearful intensity at the same moment." Time and again have I viewed these storm pictures when my spirit would quail, and as often enjoyed the revelations of their beauty when the sea seemed to sleep and the sunset fires seemed burning in crimson and gold.

We ascended one of the group, the only one, Ned said, on which you can camp, and feasted for a while on some huckleberries, which grow in great abundance here. Joe suggested a lunch, but as we were only two miles from the Aguawa River, we declined, and ordered him to push ahead. His infernal gluttony so disgusted me that I gave him some emphatic talk, which he did not at all relish, and which I thought would result in a general row; but the trumpets were lulled in slumber, while the cheerful horns of peace were blown, amid which softened notes Joe declared he would depart for home. As we were not averse to it, and had had all the sport we desired, we gave him to understand that he could not lift the latchet of his door any too soon for us.

As soon as we landed at the mouth of the Aguawa we had our dinner before the tents were put in position. It took us but a moment to realize that we were in a small colony of sand flies in consequence of our being near the bush, and as a preventive against their sanguinary attacks resorted to the fly medicine, with which we generously smeared ourselves, and which gave us the appearance of a tawny savage. It drove the *brulots* away for the time being, and when another anointing was necessary never failed to apprise us of the fact.

We noticed a vacant tent on the beach in our immediate vicinity, and presumed its occupants were up the river in search of the tinted beauties. The surmise proved correct, for in a short time a small skiff, containing four men, put in an appearance at the tent, having come from the falls above. They had a couple of dozen of small trout, which they had caught with worms, they being strictly bait-fishermen, as they proudly acknowledged. They were provided with plain cane poles, about 12 or 15 feet long, and mounted as bass rods; and in addition each

muring way in curving and ragged lines, and a world of wild beauty unfolds itself which no artist's canvas ever presented. Carpets of lichen and moss, forests of birch and balsam, shadowy ravines and rocky ridges, lovely lakes and trickling rills, succeed each other in most entrancing disorder. If you know, as Emerson says, "What sweets and virtues are on the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens," you will be fully qualified to appreciate the grand panorama of Lake Superior's magnificent and sublime scenery.

After supper that evening we went to a post station of the Hudson Bay Co., a few rods away, which is kept by Wm. Fanning, a half-breed, who it is reputed rejoices in the possession of three lovely daughters of mature years. Joe had time and again spoken so highly of their peerless charms that we had an inquisitive desire to see them. Ned wanting to purchase a pair of fine point blankets at this post to take home with him, gave us the golden opportunity of gratifying our curiosity regarding these woodland nymphs of the tawny hue. Arriving at the dwelling we knocked, and one of the trinity admitted us. She was tall and exceedingly graceful and symmetrical in figure. Her face had the strong half-breed complexion, with a skin finely transparent, eyes large and expressive, and hair long and dark as a raven's plume, which, when free, rolled in tresses of rich abundance. Her dress simplicity itself, and her deportment quite lady-like. She was withal quite a prepossessing looking maiden, and many a dusty lover enamored of her winsome charms, has doubtless chanted his *chansons* of love to her in the quiet hours of the night, with a fervency relating that

"My love, she is a handsome girl, she has a sparkling eye,
And a head of flowing raven hair, and a forehead arched and high;
Her teeth are white as cowry shells, brought from the distant sea,
And she is tall, and graceful all, and fair as fair can be.
And if with art I act my part, and bravely wooing stand,
And with address my suit I press, I gain Nimosha's hand.

"Oh, I will search the silvery brooks for skin of blackest dye,
And scale the highest mountain tops, a warrior's gift to spy!
I'll place them where my love shall see, and know my present true;
Perhaps when she admires the gift, she'll love the giver, too.
And if with art I act my part, and bravely wooing stand,
I'll gain my love's unsullied heart and then I'll gain her hand."

The raven-haired beauty waited on Ned with a business-like air, but her high tariff on the blankets prevented her making a sale. As we departed from the store, which adjoined the dwelling, the other two tawny beauties appeared. They were of medium height, buxom in form, graceful in figure and possessed very agreeable features and expressive eyes. Ned said they were of the partridge style of beauty—plump—and that he admired their style much more than that of the other. Neither of us being

infatuated with these forest nymphs, our stay was not prolonged. Joe, who had a reputation as a great masher among the dusky-hued maidens, paid them a visit, but as he soon returned to camp I was of the opinion that he failed to create any great sensation in this court of beauty. He, however, made a purchase of a knife, for which he paid the munificent sum of 25 cents.

In the evening quite a number of young half-breeds, who live here, gathered around our camp-fire and remained till a late hour, chattering in Chippewa and satisfying their curiosity concerning us. There was but one among them that could talk pigeon English, and he was the brother of the three Hebes. I noticed that nearly all of them had snooded fish hooks in their hat-bands, and ascertained, on inquiry, that they used them especially for trout. The nightmare of that 18 per cent. premium on the *fontinalis* again arose in hideous proportions. Everywhere along this coast, as far as we had been, he was ruthlessly pursued with all kinds of market-hunting tactics, that fully satisfied me that this beautiful game fish would soon be a rarity here. Shame on a Government that will set idly by, with folded hands, and see such wanton destruction!

As we were to break camp in the morning and make a trip of thirty-five or forty miles, we gave orders for the boatmen to arise early, so that we could take advantage of the morning, and soon had the boys aroused, who prepared breakfast in short order, and quickly had the entire camp dismantled and ready for the boat. A few minutes sufficed for the loading, and then we were aboard, and out of the river into the great sparkling lake, with our sails spread to the balmy breeze. The morning was a poem of supernal beauty, the sky one dense uniform rose-color from east to west—soft and shimmering—and when the sun rose over the mountain peaks, the rocks and boulders glittered in opaline tints, while the lake tossed in silver ripples that sprayed from the bow in rainbow tints. It was delightful—thus slipping through the water in such magnificent weather, and Ned, who was always enthused on such occasions, charmed us with his melodious airs. His repertoire of music, which ran in melodies the most varying, seemed almost inexhaustible and unwearying. The boys were highly delighted with his vocal strains, and when he rendered one that struck their fancy they invariably requested a repetition. Joe himself finally caught the fever, and when Ned was indulging in the luxury of a smoke he would set his mournful voice to some plaintive air that was entirely too doleful for admiration.

About 10 o'clock the breeze freshened perceptibly, and then Joe declared we would have plenty of wind before we reached a harbor. He set about arranging the freight on the windward side near the stern, so as to have the bow well out of water. Every minute there was a perceptible increase, and the water was now tossing from her bow in a white foam, while her lee side was buried up to the rowlocks. Joe said we would make a harbor in about an hour and a half; time enough, Ned thought, to create a gale that would test the capacity of the boat as well as ourselves. No one was alarmed, although we all knew what a fickle dame Madame Superior was. Many a time have I seen a sea arise here in such a brief time that I have stood in perfect terror upon the rocky shore, gazing upon the mighty billows careering onward as if mad with a wild delight; while a wailing song, mingled with the tramping surf, would ascend to the gloomy sky.

Ned kept up his bravery of song in unison with the wind, selecting those that suited the occasion to a dot. He now sang:

"And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steered her toward a crimson cloud
That, landlike, slept along the deep."

We were booming along lively, with the wind whistling a merry tune in our sail, and the harbor of delight miles away. Joe had her in good sailing trim and direct to the point we were so eager to reach. She was making a splendid race, as we judged by the rocky shore line we were rapidly passing, and on which the waves were now battling furiously. Poor chance for an unfortunate there, we thought, if that were his only means of escape in storm. The crags were rugged and riven and their tops inaccessible. It was not a pleasing picture just then to contemplate, as that of a gravelly beach, and yet at times we go into ecstasies over just such a scene.

At last Joe announced that the breeze was letting down, and then we all prayed that it might hold till we reached port. Such is human nature, longing for this thing to-day and for that thing to-morrow; to change likings for loathings, and to stand wishing and hankering at venture. Evidently we are as fickle as woman, ay, as the wind.

We had now crossed that great horseshoe bend of the lake, and were close enough to the rockbound shore to observe the clearing of light among the shadows on the hillside, which made the green of the forest seem like large masses of chenille. The grand scenery that was now unfolding itself with its rocky cliffs, green forests, purple hills and wave-washed shores was woven into splendors of eloquence that excited the most sluggish imagination. What grand material for imagery of some poetic genius—"imagery sure to be vivid as that shining bloom, mystic as the interblending of those hues, soaring as that granite column, tender and pathetic, too, as that all soothing loving haze."

Rounding the point which we had so long desired to reach, we soon arrived at Mamaine harbor, which is composed of a lovely cluster of islands near the shore, upon one of which we landed and had a royal spread. The wind had now fallen to a gentle breeze and the bright sunlight which prevailed was turning wood, shore and water into glittering gold.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

A CHARMING REGION.—The Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western R. R. Co. have recently issued two little pamphlets interesting to sportsmen. One of them describes the attractions of the lake region of northern Wisconsin and Michigan, where we are told deer, trout, muskallonge and bass abound, while the other is devoted to sample scores of fish caught in the lakes and streams of the region. These two pamphlets form interesting reading for the angler. Last autumn the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway Co. sent Mr. G. O. Shields up into the State Park region to investigate its possibilities and report on it, and these papers are the result of his visit.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 30.—This week I have a lot of letters to offer, all bearing on the work in fish protection in this region. Some readers always skip the fine print and the fish protection, but in this case they should not do either. The first letter is from my old friend Col. Bond, the game dealer. It reads:

I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM that you claim the credit for the bill prohibiting fishing through ice. Give the devil his due. The game dealers controlled all legislation on game and fish in the Legislature. Our friends wired me if I wanted the bill defeated, in return I wired them to let it pass, which was done. So give the game dealers credit aside from a bill as to partridges. The sportsmen did not get a show. Now we are going to hold our meeting for uniform game laws throughout the country.—E. S. BOND.

I am not sure in my mind but that it was Col. Bond who discovered America. Anyhow, it is discovered. All last winter, when Geo. Clark, and Paddock, and Savage were shipping him black bass caught through the ice in the Fox Lake range, did Col. Bond ever say a word about stopping that practice, by law or any other means? Not that I remember. He just bought the fish. I think it was the general confusion of affairs in the past session as much as the doughty game dealers that kept the sportsmen from "getting a show." Beyond that, so far as the dealers' negative good deeds are concerned, I am willing and anxious to give the dealer his due, but I must confess the worthy Colonel's letter reminds me very much of the school boy's essay on "Pins." It ran to the effect that "pins saved a great many people's lives." His teacher stopped him there and asked, "How?" "By not swollerin' 'em," replied the boy. Col. Bond has shown great judgment by not swallowing any unnecessary pins, but the credit for the ice bill belongs just exactly where it was placed in these columns last week.

Our Chicago friends who do not often get over to the lovely Rock River for fishing will be glad at any rate to hear that the boom in fish protection is being felt along that stream also. Mr. Cole, who is attending to northern Illinois for the State Commission, has the following cheerful letter from a resident angler of that stream:

ROCKFORD, Ill., June 27.—Mr. Geo. E. Cole, Pres.: I am very much gratified, speaking for the Winnebago Fish and Game Club, to know that you are taking such active interest in securing fishways in the Rock River. The Governor has lately appointed a fish warden for this district. Mr. Jas. E. Moon, who is a very active and energetic man, and I do not believe that any spearing or seining of fish will take place in any of the adjacent waters while he holds office. If there is any done it will be detected and the parties prosecuted and fined. We shall be delighted to hear that you have heard more definitely from Sterling and Dixon. I am satisfied that the fish have been greatly benefited in the Rock River above Rockford by the fishway that was placed in our dam over a year ago. Thanking you for your interest in the matter, I am GEO. S. ROPER.

The main interest in such matters in Chicago just now, however, centers on the first steps of the Kankakee Association. The beginning of the work was mentioned last week, Warden Buck's letters about the Mommence dams being then the latest news from his trip. I will let Mr. Buck tell the rest in his own words, his letters being the official reports on the work. From Kankakee, next below Mommence, he writes as follows:

KANKAKEE, Ill., June 25.—Geo. E. Cole: I arrived here this morning. Found there was a fishway constructed in the same manner and from the same plan as you have, only the ladder is not in the dam but up side of the mill, as per accompanying drawing. Just as soon as the water gets low enough so they can commence work they will put in a wing into deep water, which, I think, will make the fishway all right. I go in the morning to Aroma to see about the dam there and from there to Wilmington.—F. L. BUCK, State Fish Warden.

On the next day he reports as follows from Kankakee:

KANKAKEE, Ill., June 26.—I have just returned from Aroma, above here. They had a ladder in there the same as I put in the Fox River. It needs a chute to deep water and then will be all right, and the fish will be put in this way. I don't think there will be any time there is a break of 70 ft. in the middle of the dam and before they shut the water off they will fix the fishway. I go from here to Wilmington to-day. Your letter and the one in regard to the C. & E. I. R. Co., at Mommence, received just now. I have written to Mr. Lyford, attorney for the C. & E. I. R. Co., in regard to the matter and if I go to Lockport, to see Capt. Lyton will go up to Chicago and see him. I don't think there will be any trouble getting this river all fixed this season, and if there was a patrol of the river for a while the law-breakers would quit along it.

At Wilmington, below Kankakee, the warden struck a whole flock of dams, but his report is not discouraging:

There are four dams near this place, one of 17 ft. about 1½ miles above the town, owned by the Wilmington Water Power Co., Mr. Clafin, Boston, Mass., Pres.; Joel Hill, Boston, Mass., Treas.; C. S. Waters, Holyoke, Mass., Sec'y. The same company own the dam 3 miles below town. That is out in several places and will not be repaired, and there is no use for the upper dam, as the water is only used for log. There is no one here that has anything to do about the dam. There is another dam about a quarter of a mile above town 34 ft. high used by the mills here and owned by H. Stewart, J. and J. Whitten, American Straw Board Co., S. H. Emery, Manager, Quincy, Ill., J. Ray and J. Campbell. This dam has a piece on an apron on the north end, so that a fishway can be made on it, and it will be done just as soon as the water goes down. The next dam is owned by the Wilmington Water Power Co., and is broken in several places and will never be fixed. The next dam is the State dam, about one mile below the Wilmington Water Power Co. dam. 34 ft. It has two or three places with slides, and fish can go over at present time. Mr. Kelly, the watchman, is fish warden, and says that fish go up at all times when the water runs over, but I shall see Capt. Leighton and have a fishway put in.

On Monday, June 29, Warden Buck came up to the city, and reported that he had only two more dams to see about, the one at Wilmington and one unvisited at Marseilles, the latter the lowest dam on the stream. Mommence dam he had all right, provided the C. & E. I. R. R. would release on their injunction against changing the dams. Warden Buck called on Mr. Lyford, the C. & E. I. R. solicitor, who by the way is a very reasonable and pleasant gentleman, and came away with the following valuable paper, which simply means that the C. & E. I. will do all it can to help along the work which will so plainly benefit the attractions of their fishing country:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss: In the Circuit Court of
KANKAKEE COUNTY, } Kankakee County.
Chicago & Eastern Railroad Co. }
vs. }
William R. Shelby et al. } STIPULATION.

It is hereby stipulated and agreed by and between the parties to the above entitled cause, that the defendants may construct in the dams which are described in the original bill herein, fishways, under the supervision of the State Fish Commissioners, as provided in the law of 1889; provided, that said fishways shall not in any way destroy the efficiency of said dams or lower the water above the dams. W. H. LYFORD, Solicitor for Complainant.

Warden Buck explained that the fishway would only need 12 x 13 in. total volume of water, and thus cleared the way to the above stipulation, which doubtless will be signed by defense also. This should obviate all difficulty in regard to the Mommence dams. Mr. Buck left for

Marseilles last night, and before going confidently remarked, "If the high water goes down, we will have the fishways in every dam on the Kankakee within 30 days." Now, if that is not a good showing for the first field week of the association, I don't know anything about it. It will go through, I believe, without a single lawsuit. It is not a hard thing to do, this protective work. When things are steadily let alone they don't get done, but the difficulties melt before energetic and systematic work. It is early in the day to talk, but we do believe here that the outlook for the Kankakee is highly encouraging. One of the most encouraging tokens thereof is the hearty disposition to help the association evinced by men resident along the stream. Warden Buck wanted a lot of blanks to take with him, and said that at Mommence Mr. Durham told him they would get together a good membership. At Kankakee town, the gun club and the fish club both promised aid, and at Wilmington also they would raise some money for the work. The scheme of this work, which I have tried to show in these columns from its first inception, is very simple. And the purpose is too good to allow the thought of failure.

July 1.—One more letter about the Kankakee Association, this time from Mr. Durham, a well-known Mommence man. The outlook at that town certainly seems good:

MOHENCE, Ill., June 30.—Wm. P. Mussey, Treas.: I hand you draft for \$30, for which kindly mail annual cards for parties whose names are marked paid. The rest are good and will collect in a day or two. I will raise \$10 more anyway, and perhaps more, as there are a number of my fishing friends who have not put in an appearance. By the way, the C. & E. I. R. R. ought to contribute, as they have had quite an income at this point for a good many years. Our boys will most heartily join in anything that will help along the fishing here. Would be pleased to see any of the club at any time.—W. M. DURHAM.

A strongly signed petition comes up from Mommence asking for the appointment of Chas. Heimbaugh of that place as game warden for the Kankakee Association, and it is likely that the committee on protection will appoint him. Mr. Heimbaugh has a steam launch of his own and can get about the river well. State Warden Buck is much in favor of Heimbaugh's selection.

The ways and means committee of the Association meet to-morrow night, and will appoint soliciting committees for work in the different Chicago clubs. This will bring in more money.

The market-shooters at Water Valley, on the Kankakee, have been shooting woodcock for the past week and holding them on ice for the opening of the season, to-day. Dick Turtle has gone for his regular woodcock hunt in that country, and it is hoped he can get some evidence against these market-shooters. A warden is sadly needed along that part of the stream. I hear that English Lake Club has a patrol out. Mak-saw-ba Club this fall will try to procure State Fish Warden Buck for a month or so of the duck season.

As mentioned last week, four boats floated the Kankakee from Mak-saw-ba to English Lake. The party got back Monday morning. They caught about 30 bass and wall-eyes, nearly all out of one hole, near Skunk Hill, four miles below Mak-saw-ba. This was in the evening, and the fish, wall-eyed pike and small-mouth bass, were taken on the frog, surface fishing, which seems a rather singular state of affairs. The water in the Kankakee is high just now.

Messrs. Fannin, White, Burbridge and Higgins, who had left for Madison lakes, should meet good luck, for the fish have been biting well there of late.

We must chronicle another cheap and pleasant angling trip out of Chicago, this time one of which my friend Mr. J. M. Clark tells me. In early June Mr. Clark, Mr. Geo. Morell and Mr. Harry Babcock took Mr. Clark's canvas boat and camping outfit, and started in at Burlington, Wis., to float down the Fox River to the main lake. Burlington is on the Wisconsin Central Ry., 35 miles above Fox Lake. This distance the party made in two days, but they say that is not time enough, and that three or four days would be better. For a two days' trip it would be better to stop at Wilmet, and take a train over to Camp Lake station. The trip from Burlington to Silver Lake can be made in one day, but it is too far to go and enjoy good fishing. This party stopped for the night about 10 miles below Burlington. They found the best fishing near Bundy's bridge. This point can be reached by wagon, about three miles from Silver Lake. The latter lake is sometimes good for some bass also. Mr. Clark says they found the river about 125 ft. wide, a very pretty stream. The best baits seemed minnows and the spoon. They caught 27 small-mouthed bass, 7 big-mouths and a number of wall-eyed pike and pickerel, the latter being very abundant. I should think this must be a very pleasant trip, though better if one has his own boat and camp outfit. It seems strange that Loon Lake, near Antioch, does not get fished out. Mr. Roth, whose 20 bass there I mentioned earlier, was up one Saturday with two friends, Messrs. Bond and Forney, and in one day they caught 28 bass, all big-mouths, of course. They say the bass were simply ferocious after the frogs, often going clear out of the water in striking.

There is a great lot of good fishing lakes in that Fox Lake country, and on the banks of many of them there dwell human sharks who make their living by running summer resorts in the summer and fishing through the ice in the winter. Last January I went up into that country, and took great pleasure in "turning over" some of these summer resort men. It may be remembered that I later published a statement from Col. Bond, the game dealer, to the effect that shipments of fish from those points in the winter were "very light." Well, to-day I saw Billy Farmer, the boy who first brought down the story of this ice fishing, and who goes regularly to Geo. Clark's place on Lake Maria. Young Farmer told me that on the last two days of the ice-fishing this spring Geo. Clark caught 98 black bass. He further said that he had seen a bill for over \$100 for fish shipped to Bond & Whitcomb, of this city, in one lot. Mr. Farmer is sincere in this, and could not well be wrong; so that the actual destruction of game fish by this one man Geo. Clark may be judged. The fish brought an average of 5 cents a pound, I am told, the bass selling for more than that. Now, what I want to ask is, Who wants to go up to Geo. Clark's summer resort place this summer, now that the fishing season has begun, and pay such a natural robber his money for board and boats? What real good sportsman will do that? Better go to Ed Howard's, or to Clarke & Neltnor's, or some place run by a sportsman and a man above this ice-fishing butchery.

The Cleveland party of eight, Mr. C. W. Burrows and his friends, mentioned earlier as en route for the muscal-

longe country, passed east through here on their return, and left the following memorandum for FOREST AND STREAM: "Arrived Manitowish Lake district, via Lake Shore & Western, Friday A. M. Had a magnificent time. Got about 60 good muscallonge; largest 23½ lbs., next 23 lbs., and so on down. Also large numbers of wall-eyed pike and bass. Largest wall-eye 9 lbs., next 8½ and 8 lbs." Well, that surely ought to be good enough for anybody on earth. The only trouble is, these grand fish are caught so easily that they are not appreciated. One good muscallonge to a week's fishing ought to be something for congratulations. It will be before long.

Mr. Geo. E. Cole returned from Fox Lake early this week, where he had been attempting to destroy and not protect some fish. The fish were "on to him," and he only caught five bass, thus retaining his reputation as a protector. But he has a lovely sunburn.

His Excellency Joseph Fifer, Governor of the State of Illinois, has gone to Minneapolis fishing. He took his gun along. His Excellency should have a copy of the *Book of the Game Laws*, unless he is carrying the gun in self-defense.

Four buffalo calves were born in the Lincoln Park herd this spring, and at last accounts were doing well, so Mr. Geo. T. Farmer tells me.

Carp Lake Club holds a bait-casting tournament on the 4th, which will be well attended, if appearances hold out. E. HOUGH.

MAINE WATERS.

THE following letter, addressed to Mr. Geo. Shepard Page, of this city, has kindly been handed to us for publication:

DIXFIELD, Maine, June 29.—Dear Mr. Page: Yours received. You ask how the fishing this season compares with former years in Maine, and I am happy to say that it has, except in a few localities, been the best for the last ten years. At Moosehead, I am inclined to think, perhaps at Rangeley also, there has been no improvement, and possibly it is not quite as good, but in other localities we more than made up the deficiency. The landlocked salmon fishing has improved wonderfully, especially at Sebago, and more than double the number have been taken than ever before. The same thing may be said of Weld Pond and many new ponds and lakes that have been stocked have shown fish this year for the first time. I was at Sebago on June 2 with a friend and stopped over night. We took 13 salmon of from 3 to 7½ lbs. Besides these we caught several smaller ones which we put back. The lake is plentifully stocked with small salmon—something I have never seen till this year, it being very rare heretofore to get one of less than 3 lbs. If you and Mr. Eugene Vanderpool had gone there in June, from the 1st to the 15th, you would have had fine fishing, I think.

There is a lake near Belfast (Swan Lake) well stocked with trout, which the residents in the neighborhood have always thought could not be caught with hook and line. I happened to be there the next day after the ice went out and trolled for them half a day. I got two that weighed 9 lbs., which set the fishermen angling, and hundreds of trout have been taken ever since, some very large, from 7 to 8 lbs. each. They are the handsomest fish I ever saw, resembling the sea trout in color, but very short and chunky. I think that they are far ahead of any trout in Maine, and if so, then in the world. I think also they are very abundant. I have been to the lake twice since I caught the first one and got them each time. Some landlocked salmon were put in there six years ago, and several of them have been taken this spring when fishing for trout, one weighing 7½ lbs. I saw the fish placed beside some Penobscot salmon, and could see no material difference in their appearance. The lake is fed entirely by springs, with no inlets of any account. A large stream flows from the lake the year around and runs several miles. In fact it is pure spring water, and one can see the bottom plainly at 20 ft. depths. It is also full of smelts, some of them 14 in. long and weighing a pound.

I have no doubt that there are trout in Swan Lake that will weigh more than any in Rangeley Lake, also much handsomer ones. This may sound "fishy" to you, being an old Rangeley angler, but you know I am the same, and am also too old to tell extravagant fish stories. I also thought Rangeley beat the world till I caught and examined trout from Swan Lake.

We now intend to build a hatching house there the coming fall and distribute some of the stock in other Maine waters. HENRY O. STANLEY.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

BROOK trout fishing in Maine waters is reported to be remarkably good, provided one has the endurance to stand the mosquitoes and black flies. Thousands of trout are being reported, and it is to be hoped that the great numbers are not made up of the usual fingerlings. A party from Auburn, Me., has been to Long Pond, Franklin county, two or three miles from Rangeley, on a fishing trip. They were so much pleased with their success that they have formed an association, and will build camps and put in more boats. They say that they took only trout of good size—from one to three pounds. Report says that over 800 lbs. of trout have been taken from Quimby Pond in that section this season.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard, of Bo-ton, has gone to his salmon river on the northwest branch of the St. Marguerite, Saguenay district, in Canada. His friend, Mr. Horace Willis, is with him for a part of the time. Mr. Blanchard is one of the few who own their salmon reservation, instead of renting it, he having procured it several years ago of the Canadian government. It is hinted that he paid a big sum for it. It is said that it is the upper and the best end of the salmon fishing of that district.

Black bass fishing in the Pennesseewassee Lake, Norway, Me., has commenced in good earnest this season. Old fishermen report the bars remarkably plenty and rising to the fly readily. The lake is well stocked, but fishermen are requested to return those they catch to the lake that weigh less than 1 lb. in order that the supply may be kept up. Some remarkably good catches of bass are also reported from Lake Coboscoontee, in Gardiner, Me. The fishing is now at its height there. One party reports catching 110 in a few hours' fishing. It is only within a week, however, that these fish have been rising, the weather having been cold. At the Winthrop Ponds above some good fishing is also reported. Mrs. E. E.

Richardson, of Attleboro, Mass., was fishing on Norway Lake the other day when she hooked a large fish. She played him half an hour, and when finally landed it weighed 5 lbs. and was 20 in. long. This is reported to be the largest black bass ever taken from the Pennesseewassee. It is being mounted.

Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, has been fishing at the Rangeleys, and has taken his string of trout. Mayor Mathews, of Boston, has been to the Megantic preserve and has taken his four-pound trout. Judge W. P. Whitehouse, of the Supreme Bench of Maine, has taken his big landlocked salmon at the Rangeley waters. Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, has been fishing at his beautiful camps on the shores of Mooselucmagantic; he goes there every year for that matter, his name being introduced here only to show how the big men do love to fish. Now comes the Hon. Nelson Dingley, ex-governor of Maine, and at present a most active member of Congress from his State, and shows a record of a six-pound landlocked salmon caught in the Rangeley Lake last week. His Excellency is greatly elated over his success. He was an hour and five minutes bringing the beautiful fish to the net after he struck him. He leaped out of the water eight times, and several times took about all the line the reel held. It is singular how these lively fish are honoring the dignitaries of the State of Maine. The landlocked salmon are the children of the State. The State has hatched them, and the able Commissioners have turned them loose in the waters of the State, and now the fish, when they have come to the years of maturity and understanding are honoring the creels of the great men of the State with their presence. They have doubtless reflected like sensible fish that they have got to be caught anyway, and for this reason they prefer to be taken by the lures of some of the great men of the State. Oh, to be a child of the State!

Two thousand five hundred young salmon have lately been turned into the tributaries of Parmacheene Lake, the first salmon, it is understood, that have been turned into Parmacheene.

The last Indian of the Magalloway River is dead. His name was Archie Annance, and he was much beloved by all who had ever had the good fortune to fish or trap with him. He disliked civilization, like the most of his race, and naturally took to the woods, though reported to have been educated in his younger days. Mr. John Danforth is reported to have in his possession one of Archie's make of bark canoes. It is entirely Indian in its construction. It is sewed together with strips of cedar bark and spruce rosin, and does not contain a nail or the least scrap of iron.

Mr. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, has been fishing again, and this time with better success. Mrs. Gillam went with him. She took over twenty salt-water perch on the Fourth while Mr. Gillam managed the boat. It was a little rough off Ocean Pier that day, but the lady, who had never fished for any sort of fish before in her life, forgot all about the rough water in the fun of taking fish. She even forgot to be seasick, and is now an enthusiastic fisherman. "So they begin, but the ending is in costly rigs and tours to the Maine lakes. The next day the Bean boys came over and more perch were taken. Geo. W. Bean, the elder, was in the party, with James W., Mr. Gillam's assistant on the *Advertiser* and a member of the Somerville Common Council, and Ed L. El took nearly all of the perch, 185 in all, while James had an account to settle with Old Neptune. Perch and mackerel fishing is very much in order off Beachmont and Crescent Beach at this time. SPECIAL.

THE WARE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

WARE, Mass., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose account of the opening of the new club house of the Ware Rod and Gun Club. Our lake has been stocked with trout, for which it is admirably adapted, there being a number of large springs. Pickerel grow by the thousands and will afford the finest kind of fishing in another year. We are also putting in white perch, the best pan fish I ever ate; grows 1 to 2 lbs. and good sport for lady fishermen. Fishing privileges in the lake are limited to one day a week. The largest trout registered this season is 8 lbs. 2 oz. The lake offers a fine feeding and resting place for ducks on their passage south and a number were shot last fall. THE FOREST AND STREAM is on file at the club house and thoroughly read. We shall another season lay out ground for trap-shooting, and develop the shooting element. The dedication is thus recorded in our local paper:

"Uncle Ike Walton has long been represented in Ware by more than the usual allotment of devout followers of the gentle fishing art, but not until about two years ago were they united by any closer ties of kinship than those which naturally draw together the lovers of any pursuit or pastime; then a rod and gun club was organized, a pond with from 300 to 400 acres flowage rights and two acres of wooded land, were leased, and active work on a fish and game preserve, with all the usual attractions, was begun. The dam was raised, the size of the pond increased to a beautiful lake and stocked with gamy fish, the surroundings and approaches put in trim condition, a handsome club house built, sail and row boats launched, horse sheds and other conveniences provided for, until now there is no better resort of its kind in western Massachusetts, if indeed there is in the whole State. The location is about three and one-half miles from the village by either one of two pleasant roads, in a picturesque and heretofore unfrequented spot. Nature has been generous in its lavishment of scenic beauty and man has adapted its work to the modern idea of an ideal retreat for the various forms of pleasure which are suggested by a summer home in the woods by still water.

"The club house stands by the water's edge on a gently sloping shore and fronts an island of wild and tangled beauty, while to the right and left a broad expanse of lake stretches away, dotted here and there with floating islands, and beyond, almost far as the eye can reach, the weather-beaten roofs and glinting windows of one or two farm-houses may be seen amid surroundings of pastoral beauty. The shores of the lake are heavily wooded, affording many a romantic spot for secluded rest or quiet picnicking.

"The club house is a spacious building of two stories and basement, the latter floor being nearly even with the water's edge and forming a wide and convenient boat landing. The second floor has an office and large reception room, with a kitchen annex, while the upper floor is fitted up with furnished lodging rooms where members of the

club may stay over night or spend a week at a time during a protracted outing. On three sides of the building are balconies affording extended views, while on the roof is a point of look-out which commands a wide stretch of land and water, hill and dale. None of the little conveniences essential to comfortable life in the woods are lacking, and here wives and daughters, sisters and sweethearts of the members may come and go and always find a welcome and enjoyment.

"Such is the home of the Ware Rod and Gun Club, to an informal dedication of which, on Tuesday evening, some 200 invitations were issued, which drew together 300 representatives of the leading families of town and many from elsewhere. It was an unusual gathering for Ware and may safely be recorded as the leading social event of many seasons. The reception was from 4 o'clock to a late hour, during which time the roads were alive with carriages. The house was handsomely decorated with the national colors and lanterns, the grounds illuminated, fireworks were touched off, a fine banquet lunch was served, and several pieces from the Springfield orchestral club discoursed sweet music for promenade and dance. The various committees were more than attentive, and the wants or pleasure of the numerous guests were anticipated beyond the point of expectation. It was a great success, and the first social levee of the Ware Rod and Gun Club will be handed down in local history as an event synonymous with all that constitutes a royal good time." G.

ANGLING NOTES.

MR. H. C. WILSON, of this city, who has just returned from the Restigouche, reports that the salmon fishing is unusually poor this season; in fact, the worst they have ever had. When he left they had only killed 17 salmon at the Restigouche Club. There are plenty of fish reported at the mouth of the river, and they will no doubt have fine sport in a few days.

Visitors from the Chateaugay lakes, Adirondacks, say that the glory of that region of trout and deer has departed. Notwithstanding the liberal stocking that has been done every year, the trout are small and scarce. The miners use giant powder in the spring holes and on the spawning beds, and the hotel keepers are afraid to complain. In addition to this, many of the residents go up the side streams and catch fingerlings by the hundred. This is always fatal to good fishing. As long as the little fish are left undisturbed, the stock is kept up; but going up the little brooks and fishing them out is killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

Collecting fishing tackle is quite a hobby with some anglers, and many of our wealthy fishermen have large and handsome collections. A letter from an English friend states that he has 241 rods, many of which are American split-bamboo rods, and he has the reels, lines, etc., to match. He thinks our split-bamboo rods perfection, and prefers them to all others.

Trout are often found where least expected, and many a fished-out stream contains a few old settlers too smart to be deceived by the average fisherman. Mr. R. B. Lawrence came across such a bit of water the other day, almost in sight of the City Hall, and took 7 fine trout on the fly, the largest of which weighed 1½ lbs.

A landlocked salmon was recently caught in Grand Lake, Me., that contained 38 smelt. The fish only weighed 4½ lbs.

A number of fine weakfish were killed near Fire Island last week by jigging (*i. e.*, jerking) a tin squid up and down. These fish weighed from 3 to 5 lbs. each. Weak-fishing at Barnegat Bay is now excellent. Down the Bay toward the inlet they run small, but big tide-runners can be caught by fishing pretty well up the Bay.

Sheepshead in large numbers are being taken in the pound nets off the Jersey coast, and bluefish are quite plenty outside, too. Very few striped bass are being caught; the largest, so far, was taken at Ocean Beach, it weighed 26½ lbs. SCARLET-IBIS.

OREGON FISH AND FISHERMEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The happiest man on earth is the man who likes to fish and has the opportunity. Therefore the Oregon angler ought to be happy. There are, of course, many sources of pleasure in this world for those disposed to enter into the spirit of the various entertainments, but from the days when the disciples fished in the sea of Galilee to the present time the angler has been regarded as the best example of human contentment and happiness; so much so in fact, that in modern times angling is spoken of as the gentle art. Nevertheless, fishermen are looked upon, the world over, as great liars. I don't know why. Anglers as a rule are gentlemen; and gentlemen will not lie. Ignorant, worldly people imagine, because the angler comes home with a basket of fingerlings and a story about hooking and losing a monster that carried away his fly, leader and may be part of his tip, that he is lying about the monster. They don't stop to consider that the big fish are more powerful, active and cunning, and therefore better able to get away than the little ones.

Sometimes it happens that the angler is able to prove what he says, although we must confess that this is the exception to a general rule. I once caught a fine 8-pounder just below a high dam. In landing him he got soiled, and I stepped above the dam to rinse him. He looked so symmetrical and handsome after being washed that I held him up for the delectation of my envious companions across the stream. How he did it I don't know, but like a flash of light he sprang out of my hands and into water 14 ft. deep. My first impulse was to go after him and I went. I got my fish all right enough, but if my statement was not backed up by good substantial proof I would not make it, for the general verdict would be, as usual, that it was another fish lie. When you consider the facts, however, there is nothing very remarkable about it. You see, the fish coming from rapid to still water in a dazed condition naturally lost his bearings and luckily, when so ardently pursued, shot directly up to and upon the sloping dam and became easy prey for the merman that was after him.

Anglers are a jolly set, and like to tell jokes on each other, even if in doing so they have to compromise themselves a little. Let me tell you a little joke that will be news to some of the parties interested. You will have to decide for yourself who the joke was on. L. S. Barin (U. S. Marshal, and an angler of the first water), Rob Roy McGregor (the boss salmon fisher of Oregon), G. A. Van Derbeck (the champion lazy man of Oregon) and your humble servant took a trip up to Willamette Falls at the opening of the present salmon season just to see if their majesties were ready to open the ball. Of course none of us anticipated any particular sport, but we wanted to find out whether the salmon had got the salt washed off their tails enough to rise. Understand, however, we were using spoons, not flies.

At about the second cast made by Van, he succeeded in hooking and landing a fifteen-pounder. Then Mac landed a beauty, which ended the salmon catching for that day so far as our crowd was concerned.

Things were getting interesting for me, for I knew Van and McGregor well enough to know that if I should not get a fish I would be compelled to endure their sympathy all the way home; and it seems that they fairly boil over with expressions of sympathy when they can get the unfortunate in a crowd. I knew that everybody aboard the steamer would know that I did not catch a solitary fish. So I felt the necessity of having a fish and good one.

It is beyond my understanding why the lazy, careless fisherman should be so lucky. The more anxious I became the less chance there seemed to be for me to get a strike. I got desperate and went around to a big rock opposite my enemies, where the chubs were thick and hungry enough to take a spoon, knife and fork. A boy came along and added to my misery by sympathizing. Some way this sympathy racket don't set well with an angler who prides himself on his accomplishments. At any rate, I informed him that his mother wanted him and went on with my vain labor. A happy thought struck me, and calling the boy back I asked him if he wanted four bits. Unlike most boys, he did. Then and there we entered into a contract. He was to go up where the old Indian was scooping salmon out from under the falls and get, at least, as big a fish as Van's and land it behind my rock, unobserved. The old Indian gave him the finest one he had and it was duly deposited. The first big chub that struck my spoon completed the programme, and after making a great pretense of playing him I jumped down behind the rock, dragged the loafer in, reached over and picked up the salmon and held him up for the other fellows to admire. Barin did not get a salmon that day; but Van and McGregor did not have an opportunity to waste any sympathy on me. Barin has the best record for a single day's catch, however, he having landed 45 salmon with hook and line in one day.

It is unfortunate that the full-grown Chinook, Columbia River and blue-back salmon of this coast will not rise to the fly, but the young are voracious fly-eaters and furnish fine sport.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, June 12.

Fishculture.

ILLINOIS FISHCULTURE.

WE have the report of the Fish Commissioners of Illinois for the period from Oct. 1, 1888, to Sept. 30, 1890.

The Commissioners record a great increase in fish distribution and a growing interest in the enforcement of protective laws and the establishment of fishways. The cooperation of the various fishing clubs and all others interested in fish protection throughout the State has been productive of gratifying results.

In this State the rescue of fishes, which are left in the overflows by freshets, is a principal feature. The U. S. Fish Commission has aided in this work by sending its cars and messengers to conduct the utilization of such fishes on a large scale. The distribution has been limited chiefly to breeding fish ranging in length from four to fourteen inches and consequently past all dangers of youth. The expense of this method is comparatively trifling and the results very great. During 1890 bass and croppie were the species predominating in the distribution. "Some idea of the number of fish that must perish annually may be had when it is known that from one point of operation alone, namely, along the Wabash Railway, opposite Meredosia, where the overflow of the Illinois River covers thousands of acres when at its height, but which, when the river falls within its banks, is drawn down into a series of lakes and flats covering but a few acres, we took during this last season over thirty car loads of game fish for distribution besides hundreds of thousands of fish which were put into the river itself." At the time of writing this report the place was perfectly dry, so that if the fish had been left there they must all have died. In twelve days time 441,700 fish were put into the river near Rapids City, Ill., by a party under the direction of Mr. D. J. Webb.

The Illinois River has been the scene of a great amount of illegal fishing, and the problem of enforcing protective laws has been a difficult one, but by the appointment of fish wardens and with the energetic help of the Fox River Fish and Game Association, together with a growing public sentiment in favor of the protection of fish, great work has been accomplished. Mr. Geo. E. Cole, president of the Fox River Association, has given personal attention to the inspection of dams, and through his cooperation and that of his representatives a good fishway has been placed in every dam on Fox River in the State of Illinois. Other obstructions have been overcome in the same way. The report contains a list of fourteen fish and game clubs, all of which have contributed to the cause of fish protection. In May, 1889, 11,400,000 pike-perch were deposited in public waters in Illinois by the U. S. Fish Commission, and in May, 1890, upward of 7,000,000 more were planted in similar waters. Illinois has thirty-two fish wardens, and the Commissioners testify to the value of their work. The railroads, as usual, have rendered valuable assistance in handling fish, especially the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and the Wabash. The appropriation for 1890 was \$7,300.

Illustrations from photographs show the method of gathering fish for distribution, and are supplemented by cuts of the black bass, calico bass, croppie, rock bass and pike-perch. The appendix contains a valuable article on the food relations of fresh-water fishes, by Prof. S. A. Forbes, reprinted from the Bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History.

SUNDAY TRAIN TO MOMENCE.—The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad placed in service June 14 a Sunday train between Chicago and Momence, leaving Chicago at 8:32 A. M., and returning leave Momence at 8:45 P. M., thus affording anglers a fine opportunity to spend a day on the Kankakee River.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

All communications must reach us by Tuesday of the week they are to be published; and should be sent as much earlier as may be convenient.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto, C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Supt.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.

Nov. 18.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirtieth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

THE GREYHOUND ELCHO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Elcho's sire is a strongly-made, good-sized brindle, his dam a beautiful fawn bitch that has won at a large bench show. After careful examination I chose Elcho when six weeks old from a large litter. He was reared very carefully and all his life has shown many qualities for which I most esteem him and for which I consider him valuable as a stud dog, viz., sound make up in general, good health, unusual stamina, and when grown, remarkable speed.

When a puppy he met with an accident which rendered one ear somewhat thicker, the dog consequently having less control over it when raised. Though under daily observation by me, I have never once seen his ears "stand erect like a rabbit's," and the difference between the one ear and the

both in England and America, possibly I may be entitled to an opinion. During that time I have learned many things about dogs and men. I regard the dog to-day as a model of honesty, straightforwardness, fidelity and affection. During this long period no dog of the many I have had has ever turned round upon me, which is more than I can say of all my friends of the kennel world. Another conviction I have to-day is that life is too short for controversies. They do little or no good, but infinite harm. This communication is not meant to be a part of any controversy or a reply to any one, but a plain unvarnished tale with a few opinions of a student of nature in general and the dog in particular tacked on. As a student of science I can understand the value of discussions in a calm, dispassionate spirit, but neither by nature nor by training have I any sympathy with the autocrat, whether he would be at the head of an empire or of the kennel world. I deeply regret the bickerings and bitterness that prevails among so many that are devoted to man's best friend; and I am sorry that any dog that I am so fortunate as to own should have been the subject of a sort of discussion which I think is to be deplored: nor should one word have appeared in print from me did it not recur that if I did not state certain facts, two respectable judges and esteemed men might in some way suffer.

Elcho I like and his regard for me seems to have greatly increased since I rescued him as often as an adherence to necessary rules would permit, from the unnatural surroundings of bench show life during the last Canadian circuit. I therefore am very glad that the dog at least is quite unconscious of all this feeling between the superior (?) animals.

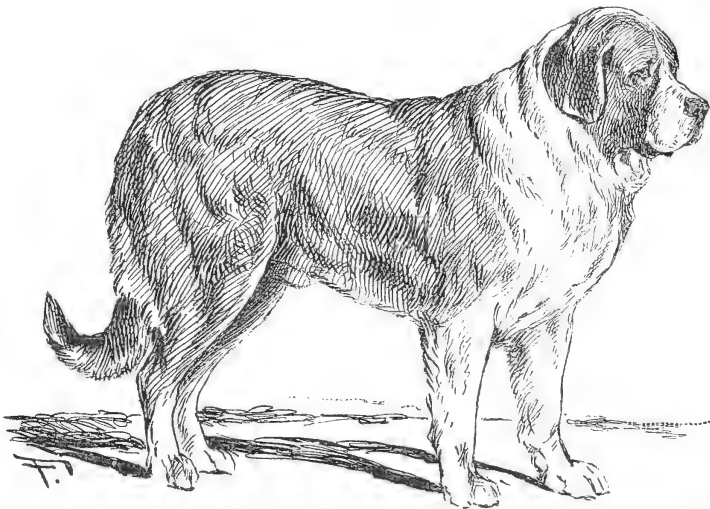
WESLEY MILLS, M.D.

MONTREAL, Canada.

IRISH SETTER TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 25, under "Dog Chat," I notice some remarks relative to Irish setters with which I cordially agree. It is not difficult to guess who the foremost breeder of "reds" is to whom you allude, and I quite indorse his opinion that "importing dogs is not sure to improve the breed," especially, I may add, when they are imported in the hap hazard, unintelligent way in which they have been lately. The pure bred Irish setter should, above all else, have a dome-shaped skull, should be fairly long from eyes to nose and square in muzzle. Is this, I ask, the style of animal your people have been importing lately? Certainly not—for to my knowledge most, if not all, late importations have heads as flat as fox-terriers and muzzles like collies; but worse even than this, some of them are the progeny of an animal which is in no sense an Irish setter, an animal as



ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD PRINCE REGENT.—OWNED BY MR. W. C. REICK, NEW YORK CITY.

other is due I believe entirely to the injury sustained. Elcho's record on the bench is as follows: Vhe, at Ottawa a year ago last fall under J. Otis Fellows, when a yearling puppy; first at Kingston last year under the same judge; second at Ottawa under H. W. Lacy; shown at Toronto and received no recognition, C. H. Mason judge; entered for New York, but withdrawn when it was ascertained that the judge was to adjudicate on dogs he had himself owned for years till a few weeks before the show.

Numerous statements, false as to facts, have appeared among other misrepresentations in the English Stock-Keeper, both as regards Elcho and his owner, in letters signed "Nutteracker." Statements have recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, both in regard to Elcho and his owner, which are not true to fact and are offensive in spirit, and notwithstanding that corrections of some of these statements have been made from several sources, the author of these statements has not as yet in any way alluded to this.

As Mr. Fellows, when judging, feels his dogs very carefully all over, he probably discovered the true nature of Elcho's ear defect—i. e., the thickening, etc.

Mr. Lacy compared Elcho carefully with the other dogs at Ottawa last year, and impressed me at that show and ever since I have known him as a competent, fair-minded judge and kindly, peace-loving man. As the judge at Toronto never laid a hand on Elcho, he could not but be ignorant of many of his qualities, including the real condition of his ears.

Thus much for the facts and the history of the dog. A few words as to opinions. I do not consider Elcho a greyhound of the highest class, like Gem of the Season; he is small, and this alone would keep him out of the very front rank as a bench show specimen; however, he is a good little one and has been much admired. His qualifications for stud purposes have already been alluded to. So far as I know, the ear peculiarity is not either hereditary or congenital; for though I have seen both sire and dam many times, their ears always seemed to be carried perfectly. Elcho has a head that could be improved some, though it suits his whole make-up very well; his teeth are excellent and meet evenly, his front is good, neck, shoulders, back, spring of ribs, loin and quarters good; lower thigh not developed enough; chest might be deeper, but is capacious. Muscling extra good, especially as to quality (hardness), which is natural—I, e., he does not grow soft when not in constant training; movements and character much above the average; quality considerable; ears defective, one slightly larger and thicker in texture than the other, to be explained by the injury that it sustained; carriage usually good, but at times wrong to a variable degree, which interferes with his expression, and should be penalized, but as I understand "Stonehenge," cannot disqualify or put the dog back appreciably except in close competition.

Such is my own opinion of the dog, and as I have been breeding dogs and other animals since my boyhood, i. e., for more than thirty years, and studied bench show dogs

as it well could be, with a great big flat head and no color. Now, sir, I maintain that the reckless importation and advertising of so-called Irish setters of this stamp cannot fail to cause untold injury to Irish setters in America, and it must take years to undo the mischief and wipe out the stain; no matter how pure bred may be the sire or dam on one side, one cannot expect success from a cross with impure stock on the other.

If these few remarks should be the means of turning the attention of Irish setter breeders to the mistake they are making in breeding to or from anything but pure bred animals of correct type, then my object in writing to you will have been accomplished.

ROBERT O'CALLAGHAN, Chaplain R. M. L. I.
BORSTA HOUSE, ROCHESTER, England.

"DOGS OF THE DAY."—We have received from the Artotype Publishing Co. the first number of a publication entitled "Portraits of Dogs of the Day," which cannot fail to interest all owners of good dogs. The work is issued monthly, and each number will contain the portraits and descriptions of four dogs. The pictures are large artotype prints—in other words, photographs in printer's ink—and the text is furnished by Mr. H. W. Lacy. Having said so much we may feel sure that both portrait and description are well done; the sun is the artist, and he neither flatters nor discriminates against his subject, while Mr. Lacy's good judgment and fairness are well known. The first number of the "Portraits" contains pictures of the mastiff Caution's Own Daughter, the English setter Count Howard, the rough-coated St. Bernard Sir Bedivere, and a group of Mr. Comstock's quaint little Japanese spaniels. Each portrait is accompanied by a page of text. These are all typical specimens and render the first number very attractive. No lover of a good dog will look at this work without feeling a desire to possess it. The size of the plates is 14x11 in., and the prints vary in size from 7x5 in. to 8x10. The paper is heavy and rich and the whole aspect of the work artistic, and the twelve numbers will make a luxurious volume. The price is \$1 per number, or \$10 for the year (12 numbers).—G.

FOREST AND STREAM, Box 2,832, N. Y. city, has descriptive illustrated circulars of W. B. Leffingwell's book, "Wild Fowl Shooting," which will be mailed free on request. The book is pronounced by "Nan," "Glean," "Dick Swiveller," "Sybilene" and other competent authorities to be the best treatise on the subject extant.

FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS DRESSING is used in the stables of the White House at Washington, and has been for years the favorite preparation in our first class stables. If you have not tried it do so at once and you will never afterward use any other harness dressing.—*Adv.*

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—*Adv.*

DOG CHAT.

MR. F. H. PERRY writes in glowing terms of a young Irish setter bitch, Rose of Claremont, a candidate for Derby honors, which we notice he is advertising in our business columns. Mr. Perry's increasing business cares make it impossible for him to give due attention to his dogs, so he thinks it the wisest plan to sell. Rancho, who is also in the market, will run in the U. S. and Irish setter field trials. By the way, Rose of Claremont was wrongly printed as having been whelped July 20, 1891, when Jan. 20, 1890, is the correct date.

We hear that Mr. Toon, of Sheffield, England, has purchased two crack greyhounds, a dog and bitch that have done some good running as well as having taken premier honors on the bench. We presume they are either for the Anglo-American Kennel or Mr. Purbeck, but have no definite news concerning them.

"We look forward to the arrival of the American mail as a weekly treat," says *Stock-Keeper*. "for there is more news pleasantly and lightly conveyed in one transatlantic journal than all our own press together can muster. We are consequently disappointed in proportion when, as is too often the case, some of our contemporaries are missing on mail day." We are pleased to note, however, that *FOREST AND STREAM* stands first on the list of the most punctual ones.

The noted St. Bernard Scout died very suddenly June 23 under suspicious circumstances. Mr. Gosling, his owner, was just starting for Bristol show when the kennelman ran in to say the dog was very sick. Mr. Sewell was sent for but the dog died before he could reach him. Poison is suspected and Mr. Sewell will make an examination. The dog has been more or less celebrated, owing to his immense bone, size and particularly fine head. Before he was twelve months old he had reached the astonishing weight of 190 lbs., and it was owing to the enormous weight of his body, being too much for his legs, that he was not straight in front. Mr. Gosling had a carriage made for him which sustained his weight of body without impeding his movements when walking. He was by Phylimon out of Lapitha and was whelped February, 1888. He was much sought after in the stud and is sire of Mr. Gosling's enormous bitch Tamora.

Through the kindness of Mr. John Brett we are enabled to publish this week a picture which cannot fail to interest those of our readers who delight in field dogs and field trials. Those who attended the field trials last fall will not need any introduction to these well-known handlers, but to those who unfortunately had to stay at home we must give their "pedigrees." The imposing figure on the left, standing with quiet and conscious dignity and withal bearing the honors of victory modestly, is Mr. Frank Richards, who guided the now well-known pointer Spotted Boy to victory both in the Pointer Derby and the final heat for absolute winner at the Central trials. At his feet lies Spotted Boy. The man with the smile, on the right, is one of England's cleverest trainers, Mr. Angus Cameron, and a man who has made himself popular in both countries. His genial countenance shows that he can accept victory or defeat with equal grace. The English setter lying at his feet is Ian, winner of the Setter Derby.

The California Kennel Club has claimed May 4 to 7, 1892, for its next bench show. Those desiring any information on the subject should write Mr. H. L. Miller, secretary, Box 2,317, San Francisco, Cal. The above dates have been recognized by the A. K. C.

Mr. Cook wrote Mr. Whitney that his Queen Alice whelped June 15 six puppies, five of which were dogs, by the latter's Ilford Chancellor. Mr. Cook adds: "They bid to make great ones. I hope to show some winners from this lot next winter; I never had a better litter."

Mr. Clutterbuck, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has sent us an illustration in a newspaper of his promising pup Prince Barry II., bred by Mr. H. S. Pitkin, of Hartford, Conn. At ten months old this youngster stands 32 in. and weighs 170 lbs.

In writing to continue his kennel advertisement, the owner of the Illinois St. Bernard Kennel says: "My kennel supply is growing short, but I hope soon to have occasion for a larger advertisement. Through your paper I have sold puppies all the way from Pennsylvania to New Orleans, and it has given better satisfaction than any other medium." Mr. Fornof is the editor of the *Free Press*, Streator, Ill., and judging from the kennel catalogue he sends us he certainly has some fine St. Bernard blood in his kennel, as we notice a number of well-known champions in the pedigrees of his dogs.

The Hamilton Kennel Club has decided to hold a four days show instead of three, as at first intended. The dates will now be September 8 to 11.

We hear that the whole of Chestnut Hill Kennels' English kennel of collies will be brought over this month and offered for sale. Among them will be included the great Christopher, a gold mine in himself for stud purposes, as he surpasses all others in this particular, and on the bench he can beat anything yet imported to this country, with perhaps the exception of the same kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie. Up to the present time, Mr. Jarrett informs us, Christopher has sired nearly two hundred winners, so that his acquisition would be an important one for the collie interests of America. Mr. Jarrett is more than pleased with their new purchases from Mr. Huiskoper, exclusive mention of which was given in these columns recently, though when he says "they are way above my expectation," we are not particularly flattered with friend Jarrett's estimate of our judgment. They are eligible for the Collie Sweepstakes next year, and some one will have to breed some pretty good ones to put them in the background.

Now there is some trouble over the three pups that Mr. Chapman sold for \$850. This week Mr. Smith writes to *Stock-Keeper* that he alone purchased the pups, two only of which were out of Princess Florence and the other out of Bessie III. by Marvel. As Mr. Shilcock wrote that paper that he and Mr. Smith had bought them, there is some confusion somewhere, and the editor strikes the right note when he says "that unless some means can be found to put a stop to this sort of thing, we are afraid the St. Bernard fancy will suffer in the opinion of the kennel world."

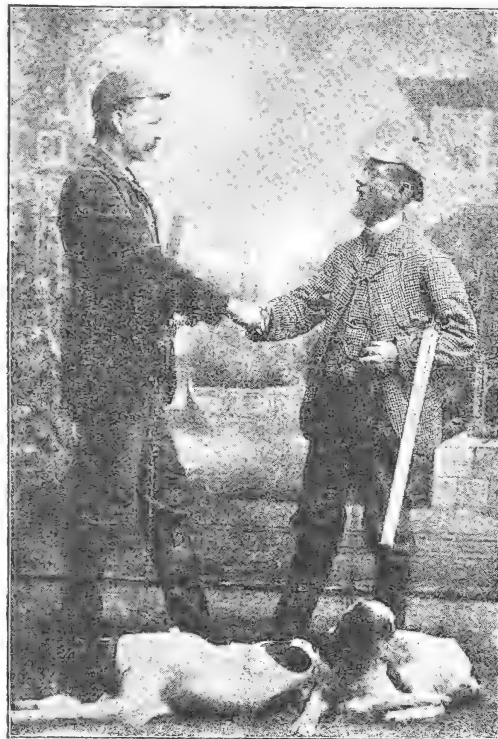
We hear that Salvador Rosa, the crack young St. Bernard, has again changed hands, Mr. Shilcock, who did not keep the dog very long in his kennel, having sold him to Mr. Sidney W. Smith.

A regular meeting of the National Beagle Club will be held at 366 Washington street, Boston, Mass., July 10, at 6.30 P. M. All members are earnestly requested to attend, as the arrangements for the coming field trials will be fully discussed.

Why should Bobtails be called Richard-tails? ask *Stock-Keeper*.

The Earl of Lonsdale is as fond of dogs as he is of his hunters, and we see he has just given \$250 for a white English setter, Fennyhurst Shot, and also purchased a "business" wire-haired fox-terrier.

Now that dog shows are becoming so numerous in this country the striving for honors in the ring will naturally lead to every endeavor to put the dogs in the best possible condition for the competitions. Although, from our experience of dog shows, we think there is very little "artificial" conditioning in this country, still in the natural order of things such conditions are at any time apt to arise. Owners of dogs who have perhaps laid out large sums of money in their kennels would therefore do well to ascertain whether the beautiful sheen on their dog's coat is procured by honest labor or the use of drugs. It is well known that many unscrupulous grooms have ruined the health of their horses by the use of so-called tonics and condition powders, which, though they may, through the use of antimony and other drugs, for a certain time give the horse an appearance of blooming health, yet it is only a matter of time when these deleterious mixtures will make themselves felt by stomachic derangements and other ills. The same reasoning may be applied to dogs. Arsenic is a drug which is freely used in some kennels, and though the animal may appear bright and animated, with coat "all asheen," after the necessity for such an appearance—the show season—is passed, the drug is stopped and the dog visibly suffers in consequence. These drugs are often given to save a little work. Owners of dogs generally place too much reliance on the outward appearance of a dog's coat as an evidence of health. This is not a reliable token, as under the pile the skin may be clogged with dandruff and dirt. A soft cloth or flesh glove will produce the outside gloss, but nothing but the brush will reach the skin and open the pores so that the system may be cleansed. A daily grooming with brushes suitable to the texture of the dog's coat is more beneficial than the occasional washing that is, by some owners, deemed the only



MESSRS. FRANK RICHARDS AND ANGUS CAMERON WITH SPOTTED BOY AND IAN.

thing necessary. Keep a dog as naturally as may be possible, aided by those simple concessions to cleanliness and comfort which civilization has taught us are necessary both for man and beast.

The American dogs Beaconsfield and Prince Regent, black and tan terriers, appeared at the Bristol, England show and were at the top of the tree. In the challenge class Beaconsfield won, and also special for best in the show. In the open class of 17, Prince Regent scored his first win. Mr. Geo. Raper was the judge. His judging was also memorable from the fact that two dogs were disqualified for having a little more color than nature intended they should have. Beaconsfield's picture, we are informed, will shortly appear on the frontispiece of *Canine World*. Mr. Toon writes that he has purchased for the Anglo-American Kennels a young dog by Beaconsfield and a capital brood bitch. An Irish terrier dog, an own brother to the unfortunate Bellman, who it will be remembered was killed by Frank Dole's bull-terrier on board ship, has also been secured, and they will be sent over at once to the Salem kennels, where they will be needed next month for breeding purposes. At the above show George Thomas handled for Joe Lewis a fine English setter bitch called Nia, which the latter has purchased, and took premier honors in the bitch class. *Stock-Keeper* describes her as "in good form, and a really good class of bitch, nice body, legs and feet, very fine head and plenty of quality, with bone and substance added to it." In connection with this show, which is considered an important fixture, no catalogues were on sale till the afternoon of the second day, and then they were full of mistakes. This is something unusual for English shows, and only emphasizes the fact that owing to the acceptance of late entries the English Kennel Club must take a leaf out of the American book and institute some such remedy as Rule XXVIII., and we are told that proposed action in the matter is now under discussion. Some of the dogs in a show held that week were not classified at all and not even in the catalogue. After all, Americans may congratulate themselves that they are not so far behind anyhow.

Another of our best St. Bernards has joined the silent majority. The rough-coated bitch champion Plevna, of the Wyoming Kennels, died on the morning of July 4 of peritonitis, caused by a rupture of one of the ovaries. She was left at 9:30 o'clock the night before apparently in her usual health, and the only warning they had of her sickness was

when Mr. Green opened the kennels at 7 o'clock and found her dead. Plevna was too well known to at this time need any special comment. Mr. Sears purchased her from Dr. George F. Inman, of England, last December, in whose hands she had won many encomiums for praise for her superior quality and merit. Great things were expected of her union with Sir Bedivere, to whom she was bred on June 1. To say that she will be missed at the kennels is only too true, for she was always playful and affectionate and always wanted petting. Next to Sir Bedivere and Lady Wellington she was the pet of the kennels. English critics say of her: "She was the best bitch that ever crossed the Atlantic." It is only necessary for some of those people who think that the dog fancy is all profit to meet with some such losses as this to be satisfied to the contrary. From Plevna's great size and bone it was expected that she would do a great deal for the St. Bernard breed in this country, and though she was not appreciated at her full value, principally on account of a tendency to curl in her coat, this by treatment was seen to have almost disappeared when shown at Lynn, her last appearance in public. Plevna was by Phylimon out of LaMascotte, and her list of prizes entitled her to the title of champion in England. Her breeder was Mr. Norris Elye, and she was whelped May 17, 1885. In the stud book she is mentioned as having five toes and dew claw on each hind leg. Her death, coming so soon after that of Hesper, entitles Mr. Sears to the sincere sympathy of all who take an interest in the "holy breed."

The Philadelphia Kennel Club's Derby entry will close Aug. 1, and the All-Aged and Members' stakes Oct. 15. Entry fee \$5 and \$10 additional to fill. A Champion Stake will also be made.

Mr. Lamb, of the Woodbrook Kennels, writes us that he has determined to run the risk of sending his St. Bernard bitch Margharite back to England to visit Lord Bute, owing to the remarkable success of the litter she had by this dog when owned in Scotland. She sails July 15 per S. S. Rossmore for Glasgow, and will there be in charge of her former owner, Mr. W. S. Clark, who will have her bred and immediately re-shipped home so that she may not run any risk of repeating the contretemps which happened when she first came over in whelping on board ship and the consequent loss of the litter. Mr. Lamb is also importing another bitch, Clydesdale Nell, which is coming over on the S. S. Rossmore to Baltimore. She is a litter sister to the dam of Lady Livingston, and has done some winning on the other side. She was bred to Lord Bute the first week in June. Mr. Lamb has therefore good reason to expect that his stock will be found well up in the prize lists of future shows.

In writing of the proposed sale of Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's dogs at Aldridge's which was to take place July 2, we spoke of several commissions having been sent over to secure some of them for this country. Mr. T. G. Davey now writes us that he has just received a cablegram from Mr. Brailsford that he secured the following dogs for him at that sale: The liver and white ticked pointer bitch Madge, two years old, own sister to Tyke, winner of a first prize in the Canadian field trials last year; Dominie, a liver and white pointer dog, by Danger out of Damask; Rhiwall, a black and white ticked English setter dog, by Downe out of Lloyd Price's Seonaidh, by Baron Doveridge; Downe, by Armstrong's Young Dash III. out of Empress Minnie, a pure Laverack bitch. This dog ran in the National field trials puppy stake this spring.

We should really like to have some cheerful news from Ottawa, but this seems altogether too much to expect. Our latest letter from Mr. Mercer reads: "More ill luck to chronicle. Snow killed all her pups but one and that died two days afterward. I did not think she would whelp that night, or should have stayed with her. On returning home at midnight I went out to the kennels, and on entering her yard she ran out to greet me and then back to her bed where she sat chewing what I took to be a bone, but going in to take it from her, I found to my horror that it was a half-eaten pup. I then saw it would be an all-night business for me as the man had gone to bed tired, so I carried a chair and table to her kennel and began one of the worst nights I ever put in. Each time it was a race between us whether she would take a bite first or I should save the pup. She won by nine to one." Unfortunately this one went too, as the foster mother Mr. Geddes had kindly placed at his disposal was not obtainable at that time of night. All the pups were sold with the exception of two. This kennel's Lady Belle, which is now in England, won reserve in a mixed class at Southport, England, show, and as several good black spaniels were against her, Mr. Mercer is well satisfied with her performance.

We hear that Col. Ruppert is experiencing some bad luck already. Empress of Contocock, that bitch of superlative St. Bernard quality, whelped last Thursday nine puppies by the late champion Hesper. Unfortunately she laid on and smothered all but one. This they hope to raise. Mr. Loveland now has charge of the kennel.

An enthusiastic meeting of the Gordon Setter Club was held Tuesday evening last at Mr. Tallman's store on Thirty-fourth street, New York city. By a unanimous vote of 29 out of 37 members, the appeal of Mr. Malcolm against the action of the committee regarding his expulsion from the club was overruled and the action of said committee upheld. Four new members were elected, and this makes a total of 21 new members elected since last October, certainly a most healthy sign of a vigorous growth. The question of field trials was discussed at length and the idea seemed to be to have them during the week between the Eastern and Central trials. A new constitution and by-laws were adopted.

Mr. Tallman did not keep Beemont, the Gordon setter, very long, for we hear he sold her to Mr. Jas. B. Blossom and received from this gentleman the bitch Perth of Beaumont, by Beaumont out of Lady Venus. This Beemont is the celebrated Scottish bitch, Heather Bee, which Dr. Meyer imported recently.

Talking of Gordons, we hear that Mr. Hunt, of Palmyra, has sold the noted bitch Belmont to Mr. Blossom, who will now have a pretty strong hand in this handsome breed of setter.

The celebrated St. Bernard Prince Regent, arrived on the Arizona last Monday morning. He is very much out of condition as far as coat and skin goes, although in good flesh. We might here remark that it hardly seems fair for a man to pay nearly \$3,000 and have the dog delivered in the shape that Prince was, and the same may be said of Scottish Prince. Want of coat is admissible, but sores are not. Prince had one nearly six inches long on his tail and another on his fore leg; that he had them when delivered on the ship is proven by the butcher, who was told to keep a bandage on the tail till the day before he landed. One would not receive a horse in the shape some of these high-priced dogs have lately come over in, and why should owners be imposed on where dogs are concerned. Prince Regent seems otherwise in good health. His records on bench and in stud are well known, and that the

public will have an opportunity to secure his services at a reasonable figure may be seen on referring to Mr. Reick's advertisement in the present issue. We are indebted to Mr. Reick for the picture of Prince Regent which appears on another page.

The English National Dog Show will be held at Birmingham Nov. 28 to Dec. 3.

The protest which Dr. Foote entered against the black and tan terriers Beaconsfield and Empress, owned by Mr. Symonds, at the Baltimore show, has been overruled by the M. K. C. We are told that Dr. Foote entered four black and tans and then was informed by the committee that his dogs were the only entries. Not wishing to rush his dogs too much, he sent his second string—The Senator and Bloomfield Madge. When, however, the classes were judged, Mr. Symonds' two dogs turned up and won. They had been entered in the Clydesdale class and we are told were so entered on the entry blank received from the Salem kennels. The outcome of the protest is unsatisfactory to Dr. Foote and he will very likely appeal the case. It was a very unfortunate go for him, for on the journey down The Senator caught cold and this, developing into pneumonia, carried him off during the show week. We know that it is customary to transfer dogs wrongly classified, at the same time this is a peculiar case, and though there is no rule under which the protest would hold, still justice seems to lean toward Dr. Foote's side of the case.

Mr. Stone writes: "The National Greyhound Club of America will offer the following specials at the coming Industrial Exhibition Association's dog show, to be held at Toronto, Canada, Sept. 14 to 18: The bronze medal of the club for the best greyhound (dog or bitch), best deerhound (dog or bitch) and best Barzoi (dog or bitch). We have to thank Mr. H. W. Huntington, secretary of the club, for his kindness in securing the above medals for this show, and they will be well worth winning. They are now in the hands of the die makers, and will be 3 in. in diameter and are considered the finest ever offered by any club. At a committee meeting held on Friday afternoon the following resolution was passed, viz.: That the thanks of this committee are hereby tendered to the American Collie Club, the National Beagle Club and the National Greyhound Club for their kindness in donating the different specials that they have given to be competed for at this show in September. By a mistake in publishing the list of classes to be judged by the different judges, greyhounds were allotted to Mr. Davidson, they should have been given to Mr. Mason. The premium lists will be ready in about a week."

A letter from Mr. Washington informs us that he has purchased from Mrs. Avis the Irish setter bitch Queen Elcho. This bitch was bred by Dr. Wm. Jarvis and is by ch. Elcho, Jr., out of Maid, and is therefore a full sister to Dr. Jarvis's Duke Elcho, that is said to be such a good one, and also a litter sister to Glen Jarvis, who took second to Beau Brummell at Pittsburgh this spring. Queen Elcho was whelped early in 1890 and may start in one of the Derbies this fall. She has been bred to Mr. Wenzel's Tim. Mrs. Avis was compelled to part with the animal on account of accompanying her husband, Lieut. E. S. Avis, U. S. Army, who has been ordered to a post in the Far West.

Mr. S. C. Bradley will handle Rowdy Rod, Harry C. and others again this year for Mr. Ewing and take full charge of his kennel.

Mr. Patterson, of Lake View, Mass., writes us that the St. Bernard bitch Mariana II., that he purchased in England recently, has been mated with Lord Bute and sailed from Glasgow July 8, on S. S. State of Georgia.

We are extremely sorry to hear that Mr. W. S. Diffenderfer has, since the death of his mother, decided to sell the farm where his kennels are situated, just outside of Baltimore. A reference to our advertising columns will show that all his dogs are now on the market. This kennel is particularly strong in good St. Bernard bitches, such as Hepsey, Lady Myra, Zenith, Prudence, Lakme, Republican Belle, etc., and he should realize proportionate prices. We do not believe that Mr. Diffenderfer will sever his connection with the kennel world entirely, as he is naturally too fond of dogs to keep out of the swim very long.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we notice several important ones. The New York St. Bernard Kennels place Prince Regent and champion Hector in the stud; Greyhound and Poodle kennels place Gem of the Season and Dexter at stud. Those who have dogs for sale are: F. H. Perry, Irish setters of well known quality; F. G. Stewart, several greyhound pups; Illinois St. Bernard Kennels, St. Bernard puppies; Frank B. Echlin, St. Bernard pups; F. E. Lamb, several fine St. Bernards; C. T. Brownell, Gordon setter pups and hounds; C. Paetzel, pointers; F. L. Cheney, several fine Irish setter bitches.

MONTMORENCY.

THOSE of our readers who are fortunate enough to own a fox-terrier, we do not mean those who have kennels full of these dogs, for they cannot naturally get such an insight into a dog's nature and individuality as the single dog man can, will fully appreciate what Jerome K. Jerome says, in his inimitable style, about the fox-terrier Montmorency in his book, "Three Men in a Boat." One can almost recognize Montmorency as a personal friend, so true to life are the scenes he depicts.

Speaking of cats he says: "The only subject upon which Montmorency and I have any serious difference of opinion is cats. I like cats; Montmorency does not. When I meet a cat I say, 'Poor pussy!' and stoop down and tickle the side of its head; and the cat sticks up its tail in a rigid, cast-iron manner, arches its back and wipes its nose on my trousers; and all is peace and gentleness. When Montmorency meets a cat the whole street knows about it, and there is enough bad language wasted in the next ten seconds to last an ordinarily respectable man all his life, with care."

I do not blame the dog (contenting myself, as a rule, with merely clouting his head or throwing stones at him), because I take it that is his nature. Fox-terriers are born with about four times as much original sin in them as other dogs are, and it will take years and years of patient effort on the part of us Christians to bring about any appreciable reformation in the rowdiness of the fox-terrier nature.

I remember being in the lobby of the Haymarket stores one day and all around about me were dogs waiting for the return of their owners, who were shopping inside. There were a mastiff, and one or two collies and a St. Bernard, a few retrievers and Newfoundlanders, a boarhound, a French poodle, with plenty of hair round its head but mangy about the middle, a bulldog, a few Lowther Arcade sort of animals, about the size of rats, and a couple of Yorkshire tykes.

There they sat, patient, good and thoughtful. A solemn peacefulness seemed to reign in that lobby. An air of calm and resignation—of gentle sad pervaded the room.

Then a sweet young lady entered, leading a meek-looking little fox-terrier, and let him chained up there between the bulldog and the poodle. He sat and looked about him for a minute. Then he cast up his eyes to the ceiling and seemed, judging from his expression, to be thinking of his mother. Then he turned, then he looked round at the other

dogs, all silent, grave and dignified. He looked at the bulldog, sleeping dreamlessly, on his right. He looked at the poodle, haughty and erect, on his left. Then, without a word of warning, without the shadow of provocation, he bit that poodle's near foreleg, and a yelp of agony rang through the quiet shades of that lobby.

The result of his first experiment seemed highly satisfactory to him, and he determined to go on and make things lively all round. He sprang over the poodle and vigorously attacked a collie, and the collie woke up and immediately commenced a fierce and noisy contest with the poodle. Then Foxey came back to his own place and caught the bulldog by the ear and tried to throw him away; and the bulldog, a curiously impartial animal, went for everything he could reach, including the ball porter, which gave that dear little terrier the opportunity to enjoy an uninterrupted fight of his own with an equally willing Yorkshire tyke. Any one who knows canine nature need hardly be told that by this time all the other dogs in the place were fighting as if their hearths and homes depended on the fray. The big dogs fought each other indiscriminately, and the little dogs fought among themselves and filled up their spare time by biting the legs of the big dogs.

The whole lobby was a perfect pandemonium, and the din was terrific. A crowd assembled outside in the Haymarket and asked if it was a vestry meeting, or if not, who was being murdered and why? Men came with poles and ropes and tried to separate the dogs, and the police were sent for. In the midst of the riot that sweet young lady returned and snatched up that sweet little dog of hers (he had laid the tyke up for a month and had on the expression now of a new-born lamb) and kissed him and asked him if he was killed, and what these great nasty brutes had been doing to him; and he nestled up against her and gazed up into her face with a look that seemed to say, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come to take me away from this disgraceful scene!"

Such is the nature of a fox-terrier, so I do not blame Montmorency for his tendency to row with cats."

The description of the packing preparatory to a camp out on the Thames, is humorously related. "Montmorency was in it all, of course. Montmorency's ambition in life is to get in the way and be sworn at. If he can squirm in anywhere where he particularly is not wanted, and be a perfect nuisance, and make people mad and have things thrown at his head, then he feels his day has not been wasted. To get somebody to stumble over him and curse him steadily for an hour is his highest aim and object; and when he has succeeded in accomplishing this, his conceit becomes quite unbearable."

"He came and sat down on things just when they were wanted to be picked, and he labored under the fixed belief that whenever Harris or George reached out their hand for anything it was his cold, damp nose that they wanted. He put his leg into the jam, and he worried the teapots, and he pretended the lemons were rats and got into the hamper and killed three of them before Harris could land him with the frying pan. Harris said I encouraged him. I didn't encourage him. A dog like that don't need any encouragement. It's the natural, original sin that is born in him that makes him do things like that."

A RUN WITH THE BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was the last hunt of the season and as I left the kennel with the beagles at my heels I was alone. But in some mysterious way the news that the dogs would not be out again had spread, and as I follow the main street of the straggling village, first one hunter and then another appears till the party is large enough to carry connotation to any unfortunate cotton-tail found out of his burrow. First I meet J. and L., inseparable friends and gunning chums, strong, good-natured fellows, ready for anything that promises sport, whether it be watching for ducks in an ice stand or breaking through a bull birch thicket to kick out a rabbit. Then comes P. with the air of a mighty hunter who knows all that is to be known of rabbit hunting and other sports afield; he glances critically at the beagles, distributes a few words of wisdom among the boys and stalks along with the air of old Nimrod himself. A little later A. completes the party: a good fellow with a "deep sea roll" in his walk for which the sidewalk is all too narrow. Having crossed the bridge and climbed the fence we sent the beagles on. Clyde and June, always together, race for the long, narrow swamp that skirts the river. Belle Ross, playful and jolly, starts with them but circles to jump over Baby Bunting and nip Grace by the ear as they hurry on behind the leaders. But we are not out for play and in a moment all the beagles are in the swamp and busily at work. P. is put on a cart path that divides the swamp and warned that no rabbit must go by him; he replies with a superior air that "there is no danger, any fool can shoot a rabbit," and is about to explain the proper way to do it when he is interrupted by a whimper from Clyde, quickly followed by his ringing call to the rest of the pack, and then comes the chorus so dear to a hunter's heart. We can distinguish Belle's deep notes and June's high clear voice, Clyde's melodious tinging and the excited voices of Bunting and Grace all harmonizing together. Like a flash of light the rabbit leaves his form, crosses the row guarded by P. before he gets his gun to his shoulder, and, giving that worthy looking rather foolish, bounds along the river bank. The swamp is long and narrow and bunny must either leave the cover or come back to the point where he started. He turns back and now we are ready for him. J. gives him a barrel and misses, P. with a "now-see-me-do-it" air fires twice and on he goes; A. adds to the racket but without effect, and the rabbit finding the swamp too hot takes to the open. The beagles are close behind him and in the field run by sight; he puts on his very best gait and reaches a clump of bayberry bushes just in time to escape June who was leading the pack; once or twice he circles in the thicket, but L. catches sight of him and a snap shot ends the race. We move along to the shore of the Seine pond. Here are two large swamps separated by a hill and surrounded by dense scrub oaks. We put the dogs in and seating ourselves on some brush in a sunny corner, wait for a start. We do not wait long; this time Belle is the first to find, the others hark to her and away they go. The hunters separate and each one chooses a favorable place for a shot. The underbrush is almost impenetrable, but the trailing is good, and the rabbit is hustled from one swamp to the other and back again a dozen times or more. In vain we try to be in the right place at the right time and get a shot; once we caught a glimpse of his white tail and again we heard him running through the brush, but he was born under a lucky star, and after leading the beagles a race for nearly two hours he concluded he had had sport enough and disappeared in his burrow, leaving five disgusted dogs barking and digging at the entrance. This run affords a topic of conversation as we move along to the next swamp. A. would have got him if he hadn't moved at the wrong time, P. would certainly have shot him if his gun had been cocked, J. and L. if the brush had not been so thick, and each of the party had an excellent excuse for failure, as indeed what true sportsman has not.

The next swamp is small, and surrounded by a thicket of bull briars—an ugly place for the dogs but a grand place to start a rabbit and one is put up immediately, all the dogs getting on at the same instant. His race is short, and J. bags him before the dogs have fairly warmed up to their work.

As we move along we miss Belle Ross and a moment after discover her working hard under the pines. True to her field trial record as an untiring worker and fine trailer, she picks out a cold track, and we watch her with interest as she

carries it slowly along under the pines to a little thicket where bunny is taking his siesta. She wakes him rudely and in a great hurry he takes the shortest possible course to his burrow and disappears just in time to save himself. It is now getting late, but we decide to keep on around the pond and soon find ourselves on an abandoned cranberry bog. It extends over a couple of acres and is covered with cedars, bayberry bushes and young pines. The dogs all work well and two rabbits are started almost at the same time. The pack is divided but one cotton-tail is soon shot and the other then has the attention of the whole pack and they make him run as he never did before. At last he comes straight for A., who has waited all the day for a shot. Eagerly watching every opening in the underbrush, he stands ready, scarce daring to move for fear of turning the rabbit; the excited dogs are close upon him and in a moment he will have a shot at the best runner on Cape Cod, when above the tumult we heard P. shout "Look out A., look out, he's coming!" The rabbit took the warning, turned sharply about and in a few moments went to earth, while A. made a few remarks, short, concise and suitable to the occasion. On our return home we have a couple more short runs, bag one rabbit and lose a white hare in a wet cedar swamp. That ends the hunt and a few days later the game law ends the open season. But there are still rabbits on Cape Cod, and we have pleasant anticipations of many a good run next fall with some of the best dogs of the National Beagle Club pack. BRADLEY.

AVAILABLE MASTIFF JUDGES.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in Mr. Wade's letter re "Mastiff Judges," what he says in regard to certain exhibitors taking the trouble to advise shows that they will not exhibit if Mr. Mason judges any breed. This should not frighten any committee who want to secure an honest, impartial and capable judge. Some of these parties tried to bluff the Buffalo Kennel Club by threats of that kind last year. Mr. Mason was engaged, and the result was 397 entries, which was about 100 more than the average of all shows of that season, excepting New York, Chicago and Boston. This in spite of the fact that we gave a much smaller amount in prizes than some of the other clubs. While some may stay at home others will make an extra effort to exhibit under Mr. Mason, and wherever he judges you will find an entry larger than the average, and the best dogs, regardless of ownership, at the front.—A. W. SMITH.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (urnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Lady Ormonde. By Fairhill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., for orange and white rough St. B. r-nard bitch, whelped May, 1883, by Monte Rosa (Alb. H. Sombrar) out of Ticon (Rousseau-H-re).

Harry P. and Winsome. By L. Gardner, M. Vernon, N. Y., for whi e and lemon English setter dog and bitch, whelped May 13, 1891, by Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg) out of Dora Deane (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge).

Sparkle. By L. Gardner, M. Vernon, N. Y., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped May 13, 1891, by Roger (Count Noble—Queen Meg) out of Dora Deane (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge).

Lady Hope. By McColloch & Hesser, Ferguson, Mo., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 17, 1890, by Rene Croxteth out of Lola Rea.

Erminie. By McColloch & Hesser, Ferguson, Mo., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 16, 1891, by Rank out of Jill.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Theo—Rattler III. C. W. Smith's (Green Springs, O.) beagle bitch Theo (champion Chimney-Blossom) to W. S. Gates's champion Rattler III. (champion Rattler—champion Music), June 16.

Nadly of Nasso—Spot Dash. Geo. H. Holtham's (Bangor, Me.) pointer bitch Nadly of Nasso (champion Nick of Nasso—Temptation) to Robt. Leslie's Spot Dash (Sir Phillip Sydney—Topsy), May 17.

Sara—Bard—Spot Dash. Geo. H. Holtham's (Bangor, Me.) pug bitch Sara—Bard (Lord Rosberry—Cora) to C. P. Kinnie's Spokane (champion Kash—Lady Thora), June 29.

Patch—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Patch (My Boy—Freckles) to their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), May 23.

Lucia—Valdemir. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) wolfhound bitch Lucia (champion Klutt—Elsie) to their Valdemir (champion Klutt—Elsie), May 27.

Elf—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Elf (Little Ned—Spangle) to their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), May 25.

Princess Irma—Valdemir. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) wolfhound bitch Princess Irma (champion Klutt—Elsie) to their Valdemir (champion Klutt—Elsie), May 23.

Harmony—Memnon. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) greyhound bitch champion Harmony (champion Double Shot—champion Clio) to their champion Memnon (Caliph—Poly), May 3.

Nellie—Tricotrin. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie (Rattler—Rose Bud) to their Tricotrin (champion Royal Krueger—Midge), April 15.

Jessie—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Jessie (Elmore's Flute—Pussie) to their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), March 28.

Baby W.—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Baby W. (champion Cameron's Racket—Pussie) to their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), March 2.

Joan W.—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Joan W. (champion Royal Krueger—Kate W.) to their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), Feb. 24.

Trissa W.—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Trissa W. (champion Royal Krueger—Pussie) to their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), Feb. 12.

Midge—Royal Krueger. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Midge (champion Bounce—Jessie) to their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora), Feb. 6.

Lady Louisa—King Regent. Fairhill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) rough St. B. r-nard bitch Lady Louisa (Huntington—Lady Linton) to Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Regent, June 15.

Bud—Bradford Harry. Michael Gougerty's (New Haven, Conn.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Bud (Snjdr—Mollie) to P. H. Ooms's champion Bradford Harry (Crawshaw's Bruce—Beal's Lady), June 16.

Topsy—Toon's Royal. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Topsy (Roy—Topsy) to their Toon's Royal (Dreadnaught—Fille), May 20.

Venus—Endcliffe Spice. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Venus to their Endcliffe Spice (Rustle—Ambrose Diamond), June 12.

Flo—Prince Al. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Flo (Bright—Fan) to their Prince Al (Sandy—Tiny), June 10.

Jenny—Toon's Royal. Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' (Salem, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Jenny to their Toon's Royal (Dreadnaught—Fille), June 24.

Pearl—Toon's Royal. G. Macdonald's (South Boston, Mass.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Pearl to Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' Toon's Royal (Dreadnaught—Fille), July 1.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Nellie. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Nellie (Rattler—Rose Bud), June 12, five bitches, by their Tricotrin (champion Royal Krueger—Midge).

Harmony. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) greyhound bitch champion Harmony (champion Double Shot—champion Clio), July 4, ten (three dogs), by their champion Memnon (Caliph—Poly).

Jessie. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Jessie (Elmore's Flute—Pussie), June 4, four (three dogs), by their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora).

Baby W. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Baby W. (champion Cameron's Racket—Pussie), May 5, six (two dogs), by their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora).

Joan W. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Joan W. (champion Royal Krueger-Kate W.), May 8, five (two dogs), by their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman-Cora).

Triss W. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Triss W. (champion Royal Krueger-Pussie), April 27, four bitches, by their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman-Cora).

Midge. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' (Covert, N. Y.) beagle bitch Midge (champion Bounce-Jessie), April 7, four (three dogs), by their champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman-Cora).

Lady Ormonde. Fairhill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) rough St. Bernard bitch Lady Ormonde (Monte Rosa-Thorn), June 25, twelve (six dogs), by Chiquasset Kennels' Sir Herbert (Plinkum-Queen Jura).

Hops. Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' (Charlottesville, Va.) pointer bitch Hops (Mike-Romp), June 23, six (two dogs), by Westminster Kennel Club's King of Kent (Priam-Kent Baby).

Rye Lily. Jas. B. Blossom's (New York) Irish setter bitch Rye Lily (champion Garrovon-Bessie), June 23, eleven (nine dogs), by his Kelsie (champion Glenelg-Glenelg).

Dolly. A. P. Lufkins's Yorkshire terrier bitch Dolly, April 16, four (two dogs), by Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' champion Toon's Royal (Dreadnaught-Fails).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Gates's Dan. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped April 10, 1891, by J. C. out of Fraulien Waldeck II., by W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O., to C. E. Phillips, same place.

Gates's Beauty. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 9, 1891, by Colonel out of Millie, by W. S. Gates, Chagrin Falls, O., to W. M. Weeks, Green Springs, O.

Hemmore Shamrock-Daisy whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1891, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to S. E. Don, Lanesboro, Mass.

Chief-Biarcene whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped Jan. 21, 1891, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., a dog to H. J. Hollowell, Conshohocken, Pa., and a bitch to S. E. Don, Lanesboro, Mass.

Barney's Sport. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1891, by Hemmore Shamrock out of Daisy, by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., to P. A. Jann, Olney, Ill.

White and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 2, 1887, by Champion Nick of Naso out of Temptation, by R. Leslie, Lynn, Mass., to G. H. Holtham, Bangor, Me.

Daniel. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped October, 1890, by John Bull out of Ruby F., by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to W. H. Shipley, Burton, Kan.

Voltare. Orange and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped December, 1889, by Rudce out of Lady Lowden, by Fairhill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mrs. Ed Shuman, same place.

PRESENTATION.

Roger-Dora Deane whelp. English setter bitch, whelped May 13, 1891, by L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Harry Freeland, Paterson, N. J.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head; we are always glad to give advice on the care and management of dogs; and we shall make this a special feature.

A. G. S. Syracuse, N. Y.—I have a mastiff bitch I purchased from E. H. Van Velder, Oneida, N. Y., named Zilda. Her dam was Honto (2780), and her sire Hero is litter brother to Hugo (4040). Zilda has a full brother in Ituba, that is registered. What shall I do to register my dogs? Ans. Write to A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York city, giving pedigree, and inclosing one dollar for registration fee.

E. P. Saugerties, N. Y.—I desire to claim names and register dog and bitch. To whom shall I apply? State cost. 2. At what age does the first heat occur in a bitch? I have a pair of young dogs, 5 and 4 months old, running and sleeping together, and I do not want to breed for over a year yet, so want to guard against any possible danger in this direction. 3. Does the registry of a dog or bitch relieve the owner from taxes on same, or must the declaration be made that they are kept for breeding purposes, and if they are, is this a relief from tax? Ans. A. P. Vredenburg, 44 Broadway, New York city. The fee for registering is one dollar; "listing," twenty-five cents. 2. About 10 months. 3. No, the law that allowed registered dogs in certain parts of this State, exemption from taxation, has been repealed.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE NEWARK SHOOT.

NEWARK, N. J., July 4.—To-day closed the very successful two days' tournament of the Newark Shooting Society, held in the shooting park here. On Friday the light was bad, and in the afternoon the wind broke very tricky. Despite this fact, John Coppersmith, of this city, distinguished himself by making 74 out of a possible 75 in three shots on the German ring target, a feat that has never been equalled upon four occasions in this country, but has never been exceeded.

To-day the conditions were entirely different, the light being first rate all day, but the wind being extremely tricky, blowing from one way and then another, besides varying from eight all the way up to twenty miles an hour. During the morning the best ring ticket was 73, by Frank Ross, of Brooklyn. About 4 o'clock this afternoon M. Dorrier, of the Zettler Rifle Club, duplicated Coppersmith's feat of the previous day and made a score of 74 on the ring target. This was the second score of 74 made by Mr. Dorrier, and he is the only man in the country to make two such scores.

The full list of winners in order in the various events is appended: Man Target—F. Campbell 57, G. Joiner 57, O. Harris 56, G. Hominghausen 56, M. Dorrier 55, Zimmerman 55, A. Begerow 54, A. Seitz 54, S. Lyon 53, B. Walker 53, G. Zettler 53, R. Busse 53, L. Vogel 53, C. Gensch 53, F. Ross 53, J. A. Boyken 52, J. Coppersmith 51, H. Holger 49, G. D. Weigman 49, H. C. Keyes 41.

Bullseye Target—Prizes for best center shots in order: G. Joiner (an exact center shot), Gensch, Hominghausen, Coppersmith, Harris, Pope, Seitz, Busse, Dorrier, Zettler, Begerow, Campbell, Zimmerman, Boyken, Hutch, Weigman, Vogel, Townsend, Walther. Premiums for most flags were won in order by Harris, Coppersmith, Campbell, Hominghausen and Ross.

Ring Target—Prizes for best five tickets: Coppersmith, 74, 71, 70, 68, 67; Dorrier, 74, 71, 70, 68, 67; Ross, 73, 69; F. C. Watts, 73, 68; H. M. Pope, 70, 67; Walther, 71, 68; Boyken, 71, 68; Zimmerman, 71, 68; Lyon, 70, 67; Joiner, 69, 68; Busse, 68, 67; Townsend, 67, 67; Weigman, 71, 64; Gensch, 68, 66; Busse, 68, 67; Keyes, 69, 61; Hutch, 62, 58; Hominghausen, 66, 64; Zettler, 63, 64; Keyes, 69, 61; Hutch, 62, 58; Weatherby, 62, 60. Premiums for best five tickets: Dorrier, 74, 71, 70, 68, 67; Harris, 71, 70, 70, 70; Coppersmith, 74, 71, 70, 68, 67; Ross, 73, 69, 67, 67; Holger, 70, 70, 67, 67; Boyken, 71, 68, 68, 67; Zimmerman, 71, 68, 66, 66, 65. On the bullseye target the special premiums for daily flags were won as follows: Friday—First flag, H. M. Pope; last flag, A. Seitz. Saturday—First flag, J. A. Boyken; last flag, J. A. Boyken.

While Coppersmith and Dorrier tied one another on scores of 74 on the ring target, the score of Coppersmith will stand really as world's record, his shots in order being 24, 25, 25, while Dorrier's were 25, 24, 25. The center shot made by George Joiner on the bullseye target is the first ever recorded in off-hand shooting.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.—Some time ago a competitive rifle match was held between four well-known military shots in this city. The defeated contestants were not satisfied with the outcome of the contest and resolved upon another meeting. The return shoot was held at General Dickinson's rifle range, at Sausalito. The contestants used the Springfield rifles, with 6lb. pull of trigger, and fired at the Blunt target, 200 yds. distant. Major R. Burdick acted as inspector and looked after the interests of all concerned. The participants were General J. H. Dickinson and P. Linville, against Colonel Beaver and Corporal L. R. Townsend. Each contestant fired 40 shots, and the scores are as follows for each 10 shots: Gen. Dickinson, 41 41 39 44—165 Col. Beaver, 43 42 44 42—172 P. Linville, 44 41 42 45—166 Corp. Townsend, 40 42 48 44—174

This was a very close and exciting match, the winning team beating their opponents by only 2 points in a match of 80 shots.

REVOLVER SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 23.—Practice for the Bisby meeting is still going on briskly, the best scores at the disappearing target, which Mr. W. W. Winans and disappears every three seconds, have been made by Mr. Walter Winans at one of his private shooting grounds near Bagshot, Surrey, he made two scores of 41 last week (equal to the "best on record" with which he won at Wimbledon in 1889), some half-dozen scores of 40 and about twenty scores of 39 (which latter is the best score made by Mr. Halg when he won last year).

It looks, therefore, that if an Englishman wants to win this competition at Bisby this year he will have to make a "highest possible" of 42 points.

In practicing for the quick-firing competition Mr. Winans is using a Rann trap and a 32-gauge shot pistol of French make (by Gastinne Renette), shooting at 12 yds., so as to have a small spread of shot and more nearly approach shooting with a bullet; he hit yesterday 22 out of his first 25 clay discs and 19 out of his second 25 in which he pulled the trap himself.

The revolver donated by Messrs. Smith & Wesson to the English National Rifle Association is going to be a 38cal. in Russian model frame.

BOSTON, July 4.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association celebrated the Fourth by holding a shoot at their range with a good attendance of rifleman. The shooting conditions were unfavorable for high scores, there being a bad 6 o'clock fresh fall wind. The two record matches were opened for rest and off-hand shooting. W. I. Getchell won the bronze and silver military medal. Following are the best scores made to-day, distance 200 yds., standard American target, re-entries allowed:

All-Comers' Rest Match.			
J. R. Munroe.....	111	W. Conway.....	101
Daniels.....	108	J. French.....	98
J. Francis.....	107	W. I. Getchell.....	96
W. P. Thompson.....	107	T. Havens.....	92
J. N. Eames.....	101	J. W. French.....	99
All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.			
W. G. Hussey.....	82	M. F. Day (mil.).....	73
A. S. Hunt.....	75	W. I. Prescott.....	72
W. Hawley.....	75	L. J. Thomas.....	63
Military Match, Creedmoor Target.			
W. G. Hussey.....	45	O. Martin.....	42
A. S. Field.....	44	A. N. Mann.....	40
Pistol Match, 50 yds.			
A. G. Stevens.....	84	C. F. Gray.....	76
A. S. Hunt.....	68		

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

July 21.—Johnstown (N. Y.) Open Tournament. F. W. Partiss, Secretary.

July 22-24.—Pearl River Gun Club Tournament. First two days bluebirds, last day live birds. J. J. Blauvelt, Pearl River, N. J.

Aug. 12-14.—The Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association Annual Tournament, at Lexington, Mo. G. A. Sturges, Sec'y.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1.—Hackettstown Gun Club. Two days at targets. For programmes address James L. Smith, Hackettstown, N. J.

THE HOLLYWOOD CUP.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 2.—About 100 sporting men and a large number of spectators attended the live-pigeon shooting match at Hollywood Park this afternoon. The match was shot just south of the Hollywood Hotel. To shelter the spectators from the wind and rain, proprietor Frederick Hoy had several large tents erected. He also provided refreshments.

The match was for the Hollywood Fidelity Stakes of \$500 and a handsome massive silver cup valued at \$500, which was presented by Frederick Hoy. There were three money prizes, \$25 to the first man, \$150 to the second and \$50 to the third. The entrance fee was \$50, and the ten entries comprised some of the leading crack shots of the country, five declared out. They were Edgar G. Murphy, Dr. G. Lee Knapp, W. C. Floyd-Jones, Walter G. Murphy, Frederick Hoy, Capt. Money, W. Brese Smith, Wm. Kent, J. Williams and H. Yale Dolan. Mr. Dolan arrived from England yesterday on the steamship City of York, and he came for the express purpose of participating in the shoot. The boundary was unusually short, only 18 yds. The wind was quite fresh from the east, though it veered around capriciously at frequent intervals. The birds were from Philadelphia and were a fairly good lot, a number being quite speedy. The wind at times favored the short marksmen, as it drove wild-birds into incomers. The majority of the birds were right quartered below the bird, Edgar Murphy ran in hard luck on the first dozen birds, having all fierce right-quarters. He hit them all, but one dropped dead a few feet outside the boundary, and he wasted his second barrel on a bird that was sitting in front of him waiting to be shot by firing rapidly and carelessly. Capt. Money was in rare luck for the first dozen, getting the easiest lot of birds. The crack harder after that, and everybody was "rooting below the bird." The crack Englishman ran up a list of lost birds. Fred Hoy had some particularly hard birds. Walker Smith was out of the race early and thereafter spent his time hunting bees. He was accommodated on all sides, and his wazering being no better than his shooting his losses in a very short time ran up in the hundreds. Dr. Knapp made the acquaintance of some vicious drivers, but did fairly well.

Kent, W. G. Murphy and "Williams" were three long shots that made things interesting for the cracks. The former made two misses in his first 10 birds, but after that took everything that came his way, drivers, quarterers, towerers, being all one to him. The Murphy boys and Floyd-Jones chased him right to the tape, but he was the last to drop. The most difficult bird of the day. The complete score is as follows:

Kent.....	11111011011111111111	23
E. G. Murphy.....	11100111011111111111	22
Jones.....	11111100110111111111	22
W. G. Murphy.....	11111011011111111111	22
Money.....	11111111111111111111	21
Knapp.....	11111111111111111111	20
Williams.....	11111011011111111111	20
Hoy.....	11111011011111111111	19
Dolan.....	11011011111111111111	19
Smith.....	00110110111111111111	18

E. G. Murphy, W. G. Murphy and Jones were tied for second and third prizes, a shoot-off took place, the Murphy brothers killing 3 birds each, while Jones scored 2. In shooting for the second money, E. G. beat W. G. Murphy by 5 to 4. The former had made a feature of using his second barrel less than any man in the contest, and it was trying to keep up his record that lost him second money, for a bird he might have killed easily with his second barrel got away when the retriever, Cartaret Gun Club, hit, still out of the race. Dr. Knapp missed and out-sweepstakes after shoot after the handicap and the betting was at high fever. Walker Smith, after his losses, seemed to have imbibed luck, for toward the close of the day all money was running his way and he retrieved his losses to a large extent. John Hoy was an efficient referee, though he had some ticklish decisions to make. The handicapping was done by three of the contestants, Messrs. Hoy, Smith and Knapp, and the committee's allotments were adjudged fair by all interested.

BOSTON, July 4.—The shoot of the Jamaica Plain Gun Club at Clarendon Hills was largely attended and some good scores were made. The contests for prizes offered by friends of the club were of special interest and the scores were close. A series of matches at 6 days and 6 bluebirds for merchandise prizes was held in the morning and afternoon. An all-day shoot was held at the Wellington Gun Club range. It was thinly attended the first part of the day, but at the arrival of the 2:45 P. M. train new life was infused by the arrival of more shooters.

NEW JERSEY.—The Riverton Gun Club has filed articles of incorporation in the County Clerk's office at Mount Holly. The capital stock is \$15,000. The incorporators are William M. Thompson, Edwin H. Smith, Charles C. Harned, Thomas S. Dando, Daniel A. Keyes and John C. W. Frishmuth.

DAVENPORT-LEIBENGER.

The second and final match of the series between the above-named gentlemen was shot at Woodlawn Park, Brooklyn, on Thursday last. The day was cloudy and threatening rain, but at 2 P. M., the hour for the beginning of the contest, saw fully 200 interested spectators upon the ground, among whom were noticed A. H. Heritage, Dr. Wynn, W. Fred Quimby, Hugh McLaughlin, J. K. Orr, Dr. Van Sire, J. A. Rapp, Chas. Barret, John Schleiman, Neuf Appar, Dick Mansees, Wm. Rich, J. Ayers, and D. Nolan. The first contest having been shot under Long Island rules, Hurlingham, according to the articles of agreement, governed the second.

The birds for the first half of the match were but an ordinary lot, but in the second half they appeared to be of the highest order. Davenport was shooting in grand form, and, as predicted before the contest began, he proved to be an easy winner. His run from the 46th to 93rd bird without a miss was as clever an exhibition as has ever been seen at the trap, and if it had not been for a vocal duet of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" that was being mutilated by two old "vets" who fondly imagined they could sing, he would more than probably have killed out straight. As it was, 96 out of 100 is fairly clever shooting.

Mr. Leibenger, although clearly outclassed, was a good loser, and expressed a willingness to shoot another match, but insisted on the game being held clearly to him.

Match between L. T. Davenport and Phillip Leibenger, 100 birds each, Hurlingham rules to govern, for a trophy, Mr. Jacob Pentz referee:

L. T. Davenport.....	12211222112211022102221	23
	21222222222221122220111	24
	1112111121222221122221	25
	2112221111110221211	26
P. Leibenger.....	0112120201111222111032	21
	1101221212122111210112	22
	2202121111112102020021	18
	c210 withdrew.	TEE KAY.

HONEYE FALLS, N. Y., July 4.—The scores are poor on account of very high wind, which came in gusts with rain. We had a number of shooters from the Victor Gun Club; they are a gentlemanly, fine lot of boys, and we hope to meet them again; also a Mr. Fred Ely, from Clyde Gun Club, who carried off the gold medal with a score of 17 bluebirds out of 25. Match for solid gold medal (value \$20), 25 bluebirds:

Dr. Weller.....	10010010111101011110	15
W. A. Hill.....	100100100101000010010	14
A. D. Martin.....	10010000110101010101	8
C. Goodrich.....	000000100100100100000	8
F. H. Ely.....	0000011010110011011010	14
F. H. Ely.....	1010101101001011010100	14
Second contest, 10 bluebirds, entrance \$1, first prize hunting coat, second 5 lbs. powder, third hand lamp, fourth tennis shoes:		
W. A. Hill.....	000111011	7
Brusie.....	0001000001	2
F. H. Ely.....	000001000	4
W. G. Hill.....	001100010	4
A. D. Martin.....	110101010	7
Ties on 7 div; on 3, Goodrich 1, Gates 3, Weller 2; on 4, Ely 4, Hill 3.		

Contest No. 3, 10 bluebirds, entrance \$1; first prize, gent's hand bag; second, 25 lbs. shot; third, whalebone whip; fourth, four-in-hand tie; American Association rules:

C. J. Wilkinson.....	111010010	5
W. A. Hill.....	110100100	5
Jersey.....	00000010	4
W. G. Hill.....	101000101	5
H. Benham.....	110101101	8
F. H. Ely.....	111111110	9
Brusie.....	001001000	3
W. A. Hill.....	00110101	3
Dr. Weller.....	0000100	3
Jersey.....	00000010	3
Rogers.....	0000000	3
F. H. Ely.....	1110010	5
Ties on 5; Ely 5, Martin 4. Other ties div.		

WALNUT HILL, July 1.—On the programme of the new shot gun match opened to-day by the Massachusetts Rifle Association is found a sentence which suggests modestly enough that among the prizes will be found "some suitable for New Year's gifts." An inspection of the prize list certainly would lead one to think so, for the 25 prizes which appear in it aggregate \$370.50 in value, and include everything from a silver tea set to a cut-glass inkstand. The new match served to attract the usual crowd of shooting enthusiasts at the first competition to-day, and the pace set was a warm one. Mr. Bowker proved to be the best stayer, and to him fell the distinction of wearing home the handsome medal, which at the end of the year will become the property of the competitor having scored the highest aggregate in the entire match. Besides the main event of the day several sweepstakes were shot. Below will be found the summary of the day's work, which was carried out under the most favorable of weather conditions. Gold coin and merchandise match: First competition, 20 Keystone targets from 5 traps, under Keystone rules; fortnightly competitions, beginning July 1, until Dec. 30, 1891; Bowker 18, Black 18, Barrett 10, Hosmer 16, Curtis 14, Snow 14, Eager 13, Nichols 13, Dann 12, J. J. Say 12, Lee 11, Thompson 10, Nelson 9, Smith 7. In the shoot-off of ties for the club medal Mr. Bowker won.

NEWARK, N. J., July 2.—Some fine shooting was done in the live-bird match at Harry C. Woodlawn Park, Brooklyn, on the East Side grounds to-day. Each man shot at 50 live birds for \$50 a side under Hurlingham rules. Chris Reinhardt was referee. At the finish the score stood Koegel 47, Griffen 45. Koegel missed his 22d, 37th and 40th birds. Griffen missed his 9th, 18th, 22d, 27th and 29th birds. Koegel used his second barrel 15 times and Griffen used his 29 times.

CLEVELAND, O., July 3.—At the weekly shoot of the Blue Rocks' shooting to-day Barney won the badge. The conditions were 25 single bluebirds, 3 unknown traps, A. S. A. rules. Following is the score: Rees 12, Hinde 14, Arnold 14, Zapf 16, Richner 14, Barton 12, Barney 20, L. W. 9. Barney beat Rees 20 to 12. Sweep shoot at 10 singles, 3 prizes: Arnold 8, Zapf 3, Hinde 3, Lewis 4, Barney 6, Jet 4, Barton 3, Arnold first, Barney second, Lewis and Jet div. third.

BRIGHTON, L. I., July 2.—One of the most interesting live-bird matches of the season was shot off at the grounds of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club to-day. It was a sweepstakes of \$20 each at 25 birds, the contestants being Mr. Dwyer, Robert Beck, of Rye Beach, E. J. Pratt and Dr. Cox. The men were all in good condition and, although they had some hard drivers and right quarters, they made excellent scores. Dwyer won with 20 killed, Robert Beck 19, Barney 19, Dr. Cox 19, and Joe Pratt 14 and Dr. Cox killed 12. Messrs. Dwyer, Beck and Joppert were then entertained at dinner by Dr. Cox.

TORONTO, June 30.—The Doverscourt Gun Club held the fourth shoot for the silver medal presented by Mr. Wm. McDowell. The following are the scores, which were made at 15 birds, 20 yds. rise: Newsom 14, Wray 13, Babberly 13, Watson 11, Sloper 10, Granger 9, Smith 7, Tarter 6. The Ayr Gun Club shot their third match for the McDowell medal on Saturday afternoon last, with the following result, at 25 bluebirds: A. W. Murray 19, Thos. Taylor 15, Jas. Bart 15, A. Matheson 14, Wm. Rutherford 14, W. E. Gimmion 14, J. H. Wadley 14, Wat Clark 12, Jas. Henderson 12, John Hinstead 12, A. Bunyan 12.

THE JAMAICA PLAIN GUN CLUB are ready to shoot a five or ten man team match with any gun club or club captain. If members of the different clubs will send the name of their club and address of their secretary to H. F. Amstern, captain, J. P. G. C., 51 Elm Hill avenue, Rosston, Highland District, their club will soon receive a challenge for a contest.

THE JOHNSTOWN, N. Y. GUN CLUB will give a day's tournament on their shooting grounds July 21, open to the world.—F. W. PARTISS, Sec'y.

THE READING A. C. GUN CLUB held a sweepstakes shoot, good work being done.

A McCloud river woodsman in the heart of Oregon cut down a big five-foot sugar pine recently which proved to be hollow for 45 ft. The McCloud Pioneer asks us to believe that in that hollow tree were five black, and seven cinnamon and three grizzly bears, and that the woodsman, after nailing slabs over the open end of the log, sent it rolling down the mountain toward the town, where it arrived in safety with the animals all alive to be exhibited.—Springfield Republican

Yachting.

BUILDING UNDER SURVEY.

RACING construction is a new thing on this side of the Atlantic, dating back no further than Liris and Kathleen, built in 1889, but enough has been seen already to show the desirability of a body which shall do the same work as the British Lloyds, and much more too; in laying down rules for the construction of yachts, and the surveying and rating of all pleasure vessels. The building to Lloyds rules is in no way compulsory in Great Britain, nor is it generally done in the case of racing yachts, but even there the desirability of complying with the rules is very evident. Even with a long experience to guide them and their strong conservatism to hold them back, British designers are pushing toward a dangerous extreme in light construction. On this side, with far less practical experience, the characteristic enterprise and recklessness of Americans are likely to carry them much further, and already there are indications that strength has been seriously neglected in the striving for a few extra pounds of lead in the keel. The practical question of the organization of such a body, with suitable rules for building, and of making it compulsory, or at least highly desirable that every racing yacht shall be built under its survey, is a most difficult one. The necessity, however, is likely to be apparent to all in two or three years more, by which time a great deal of money, and probably some lives, will have been wasted in a fleet of dangerous and useless racing boats. In the interests not of safety alone, but of yacht building and yacht racing, it is most imperative that a timely and adequate check should be placed on the extreme of light construction which is now threatened by such competition as that in the 49ft class.

MYSTERIOUS NEW YACHTS.—The New York Sun has lately called attention to two yachts now building in Great Britain, of which very little has been published, and both of which are suspected of being intended for America. The larger of the two, according to the *Field*, is a 60-rater, about Yarana's size, or about 65ft. l.w.l. She was designed by Mr. Arthur E. Payne and is building by Camper & Nicholson, though neither the new Lloyds nor the *Field* give any hint as to her owner or her class, racer or cruiser. One fact about her that is sufficiently remarkable to attract comment is that Mr. Payne's work thus far has been confined to racers of 20-rater and under, his great success in the smaller classes having thus far brought him no orders for racers of large size. It may be that the present craft is only a cruiser, which would account for her receiving no special notice before she is well completed. In any case it is highly improbable that she is destined as a challenger for the America's Cup. The other yacht is a 20-rater designed and building by Mr. Will Fife, Jr., of Fairlie, her owner being a Mr. Paterson, a new and unfamiliar name in yachting on both sides of the Atlantic. The supposition is that she may prove the half-expected dark horse for Admiral Tweed, but this is little likely if the dimensions thus far given are at all correct, as they are identical with those of the new Dragon, 49ft. l.w.l. and 10ft. 11in. beam. The boat is a 20-rater, of composite construction, and hardly such a craft as might be expected from Mr. Fife for American courses. What is still more conclusive is that even though she should sail at once from the other side, she could not be ready for a race off Marblehead in much less than two months, by which time the racing will be nearly over. It is not for a moment likely that Mr. Tweed will again try the Minerva experiment, of bringing a boat here one season to race the next, and we can only conclude that whatever surprise he may have in store, his plans have not yet been discovered.

REGATTAS AND RACES.—That good old term regatta, which has been rather set aside by some clubs of late years in favor of the more ambitious titles of race or match, is having its meaning very clearly and practically defined by the natural course of events. In every one of the large clubs, save the New York, it has been found necessary to continue the regatta as a popular fixture, but at the same time to supplement it with a special race of a very different sort. The Atlantic Y. C. held its usual regatta on June 16, open to yachts of all rigs and classes, with the usual club steamer, ice cream and band. A week later, however, it hunted up a better course down the Bay and gave a very fine race for the three classes of yachts that alone show any signs of racing life this year. The Seawanhaka followed the same course, the regatta on the Bay being supplemented by a race on the Sound a couple of weeks later for the 46ft. and 25ft. classes. The Larchmont held its special race just before the regatta, while the Eastern arranged a special handicap for the racing classes to precede its regatta, which, however, was postponed to a later date. Unfortunately most regattas prove anything but races, and at the same time a race need be in no way a regatta, but both are called for under existing conditions, and the sooner the distinct functions of each are recognized the better it will be for spectators, committees and racing men.

PRIZES FOR SAILING OVER.—The custom of giving prizes for sailing over the course when but one boat in a class comes to the line has never been popular in America perhaps for good and sufficient reasons in the past. In the present condition of yacht racing, however, it is but proper that a yacht which comes to the line for a race should receive some recognition for what she has done and not be kept out of a prize perhaps by the withdrawal at the last moment of some other yacht. The main consideration just now, and probably for some time to come, is to get starters; and from this point of view it is good policy to offer every inducement to owners to start their vessels. It is undeniable that a certain feeling exists against men, who, owning fast boats, bring them to the line for every race, whether their class is well filled or not, but it is just these men who are doing the most for racing to-day. For the time being at least we would advocate a liberal prize to every yacht which sails over without a competitor; at least half, if not the whole, regular prize. We believe that such a course will in a short time promote entries, and at least it will break up the practice sometimes indulged in of a yacht declining to start because she knows that by so doing she prevents a competitor from racing.

"KILL THE UMPIRE."—There was some grumbling about Larchmont after the first handicap race that sounded very much like this familiar cry of the ball field, and if handicap races become general the same cry will be heard again. From all appearances in the present case the committee, who for obvious reasons prefer to remain incog. like the estimable pair in "Erminie," have tried to do their work fairly, and though they made some mistakes there was really small ground for complaint as the race turned out. The task was a thankless one, that few would care to undertake as an afternoon's amusement, and the end in view was certainly praiseworthy.

THE COURSE OF YACHT RACING.—A rather sad indication of the course of modern yachting is found in the amount of space given up perforce in the *Field* to the doings of a fleet of Brats, Babes, Pups and Bains, which mongrel lot is monopolizing so much of the attention of racing men, already too few in number. Such a scaling down in size is but natural and inevitable, and the racing of small craft is a most desirable form of sport in many ways, but at the same time one cannot forget the grand fleets of old, such craft as Formosa, Kriemhilda, Iona, Bloodhound, Cetonia, Egeria, Miranda, Samena, Vanuara, Corisande, Freda, Annasona, Neptune, Vanessa, Sayonara, May, Julianar and Florinda. The development of boat sailing is a most excellent thing, but the rapid decline of yacht racing is a very different matter, and yet it is evident that the same change is taking place in America as in Great Britain. It is a bad thing for yachting when an old racing man forsakes the deck of a Yarana for the stern sheets of a Brat.

ALBORAK.—The event of the week is the defeat of the new Paine boat, Alborak, the craft that was looked to for a proof of Gen. Paine's well known views as to power. In justice to the boat and all concerned in her, Gen. Paine, Mr. John B. Paine and Capt. Haff, it must be admitted too little has yet been seen to condemn her as a failure; and she is thus far, like a number of the others, in very poor shape for racing. At the same time she has made the poorest showing in her first race of all the new boats, and there seems little probability of her ever proving the chosen one to stop Gloriana. The present week has been an off one for the laws of nature, Alborak so badly beaten by Oweene, Mineola losing her mast for the second time in two weeks, and Jessica scoring a fair win on elapsed time from Sayonara and Mineola.

VREDA AND WHITE WINGS.—The race for the Queen's cup, described in another column, brought together an interesting pair of yachts, the American centerboard sloop White Wings, designed by the late Capt. Cuthbert, and the steel 20-rater cutter Vreda, designed by Mr. Watson and sailed across last year to Lake Ontario. The performance of the two was so even that a comparison of their dimensions must be interesting. Vreda is about 46ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 2in. beam, and 9ft. 6in. draft, while White Wings is now about 42ft. 6in. l.w.l., 14ft. 9in. beam and 4ft. draft. Vreda's displacement is about 28 tons and White Wings' 16.5 tons. The sail area of the two is nearly the same, about 2,500sq. ft. by the Seawanhaka rule.

TIME'S CHANGES.—It is a curious chance that has placed Captain John Barr in temporary command of Cinderella, the yacht that he defeated so often while skipper of Clara in 1886. A race between the two now would be very interesting with Capt. Barr at the wheel of the centerboarder, provided she were in good racing form; and might possibly justify the remark of Mr. Watson on inspecting the two models in the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. rooms. He said: "I think that the greatest difference in the two is about here," placing his finger on Clara's deck by the rudder post.

LONG ISLAND SOUND RACES.

THE great change in New York yachting, the removal of the local yachting center from New York Bay to the west end of Long Island Sound, has been made so gradually that it is hard to say just when the turn of the tide occurred, but the strong set to the eastward is now too plain to be mistaken. Some of the most potent of the causes of this change are becoming more powerful each year, the increasing number of vessels in the harbor; the greater speed at which many, such as the new Sandy Hook boats, are run; the increased value of the water front, due to the demand for the great railroads, and the closing of the piers on the limited waters of the Upper Bay of these same railroads by means of wharves and piers. Staten Island, once the chosen land of yachtsmen, boating men and canoeists, has been so thoroughly encircled by the great railroads that it is no longer available for any form of water sport, and in another five years it will be far worse than to-day, while the Jersey and Bay Ridge shores are rapidly taking the same fate, the club of the pleasure yachtsmen on the limited waters of the Upper Bay of these same railroads by means of wharves and piers. Staten Island, once the chosen land of yachtsmen, boating men and canoeists, has been so thoroughly encircled by the great railroads that it is no longer available for any form of water sport, and in another five years it will be far worse than to-day, while the Jersey and Bay Ridge shores are rapidly taking the same fate, the club of the pleasure yachtsmen on the limited waters of the Upper Bay of these same railroads by means of wharves and piers.

Gradual as this change of base has been, it is marked by some prominent milestones, the organization of the Larchmont Y. C. in 1880, being the first and most important. Following this, in the years from 1885 to 1890 a number of new clubs have sprung up and thrived, the first of these being purely local, but all helping toward the ultimate development of yachting in the Sound. In 1889 the principal regular event of the year in the Sound, the annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C., was supplemented by the races of two more clubs, the American Y. C. of Milton Point, near Larchmont, which for the first time held a sailing regatta, and that of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. at Oyster Bay, this being the first time that the great race fleet of the club of the pleasure yachtsmen on the limited waters of the Upper Bay of these same railroads by means of wharves and piers. Staten Island, once the chosen land of yachtsmen, boating men and canoeists, has been so thoroughly encircled by the great railroads that it is no longer available for any form of water sport, and in another five years it will be far worse than to-day, while the Jersey and Bay Ridge shores are rapidly taking the same fate, the club of the pleasure yachtsmen on the limited waters of the Upper Bay of these same railroads by means of wharves and piers.

The present year promises to be a marked one in the history of yachting on Long Island Sound, through the return to its birthplace of one of the strongest of the New York clubs, the Seawanhaka Corinthian, organized originally as the Seawanhaka Yacht Club of Oyster Bay. Throughout its twenty years of life the Seawanhaka Club has been distinctively a racing organization, its whole policy being directed to the encouragement of yacht sailing. Of late years, with the serious drawback of no station at all, or at best, of one on New York Bay, it has been at a disadvantage in the matter of clubing; but once in its new home, in one of the finest harbors on the Sound, and with a racing course at its door it will be in a position to make its race as important as in the old times at Oyster Bay, or a few years later at Staten Island.

The calls of business are too imperative to the average American, however keen a yachtsman he may be, to permit him to take a whole week for racing so soon after the June regattas and so close to the club cruises in the latter part of July; and this is certain to act to the detriment of the later races of the series, as those of Monday and Tuesday. In spite of this, however, we look to see in a very few years a large number of races, with classes well filled in each, under the management of the Larchmont, the Seawanhaka, the American, the New Rochelle, the Riverside and other neighboring clubs, that will bring together the entire local racing fleet between the Narrows on the south and New Haven on the east.

LARCHMONT SPECIAL, 46FT. CLASS, JUNE 30.

In addition to a double race in the regular regatta the Larchmont Y. C. gave a special race for the 46ft. class, with prizes of \$250 and \$100, the latter for four starters, the course being 12 miles to windward, which race was sailed on Tuesday of last week. Gloriana was not entered, Mr. Morgan having decided to race her no more until the New York Y. C. cruise, which made the light rather more interesting between the others of the class. Nautica was at Bay Ridge for a larger mast, so the only starters were Mineola, Sayonara and Jessica. The wind was E.N.E., blowing quite strongly, the weather mark being laid down off the Cows, near Shippan's Point. The forty-footers have carried working topsails in worse weather, but this time the forty-six-footers were content with reefed mainsails, Sayonara having her topmast hoisted. Neither wind nor sea were specially bad for racing, but like most of the new boats, the new ones and Sayonara will need a deal of mending before they are fit to drive at the pace their sails and lead would warrant.

The starting gun was given exactly at noon, Mineola doing a bit of quick work as she came to the line with Sayonara to leeward that sent the other boat about and made her lose over a minute. The time was timed: Mineola 12:00:53, Jessica 12:01:41, Sayonara 12:02:13.

The two white boats on starboard tack headed for the Connecticut shore, but Jessica, on port tack, started across the Sound. Mineola very soon started after her, leaving Sayonara to work the north shore alone. Once down at her work, Mineola moved faster than the start and soon had passed Jessica. When the three met, after the next tack all around, Sayonara crossed the wake of both the others. She then held a long tack until well under the Long Island shore, where she shook out her reef, the other two meanwhile working the north shore together, Jessica dropping astern, until Parsonsage Point was reached, where they tacked and stood out to meet Sayonara, now approaching on starboard tack. The question of the leader was quite exciting for a time, but Mineola settled it by just crossing Sayonara's bows, the latter easily weathering on Jessica. Of course the two white boats could not get so close together without an interchange of compliments, and they were soon at it, hammer and tongs, Mineola having gone about on Sayonara's weather and staying there in spite of Captain Watson's efforts as the pair tacked back and forth. Finally Captain Watson made a quick tack, and the Captain Haff met by putting his boat about, only to find that Sayonara had filled away on the old tack after a long shoot and was clear of him. While Sayonara stood over toward Greenwich Point, Mineola held the port tack out into the Sound, shaking out her reef off Oyster Bay; while Sayonara set topmast and jib header. When they again came together Sayonara had the best place, holding it to the turn, where they jibed as follows:

	Elapsed.
Sayonara.....	2 35 40
Mineola.....	2 36 48
Jessica.....	2 40 31

Sheets were started and spinnakers set to port, Jessica sending up with her a spinnaker for being on the wrong tack. The wind held until half the leg was covered, when it shifted to the south, so that spinnakers came in and jibtopsails were set for a reach home. Jessica dropped astern as the other two pushed ahead for first place, the finish being very close and exciting, Sayonara winning by a few seconds on even time, the allowance not being calculated as the yachts were not measured. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sayonara.....	12 02 13	4 10 33	4 08 20
Mineola.....	12 00 53	4 10 57	4 10 04
Jessica.....	12 01 41	4 21 49	4 20 08

In the run and reach of 15 miles, Mineola made the best time, 1:34:19, Sayonara 1:34:53 and Jessica 1:41:18. Sayonara wins \$250. The regatta committee included Messrs. F. M. Scott and Otto Sarony.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. SPECIAL, JULY 2.

After paying due respect to old-time traditions by going through the form of a regatta, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., like several other clubs, has made a practical recognition of the new order of things by a supplementary race for the sailing boats, which was run on July 2, but two classes, the 46ft. and the 25ft. corrected length. The annual regatta was sailed as usual on the Bay, but the special race was transferred to the Sound, being set for the first day of the cruise, which, by the way, was a sort of quiet family reunion at the club's old, and now new home. On Wednesday afternoon there were at anchor the flagships, Miranda, Com. Hilly, Irquois, Vice-Com. Ellis, and Vandal, Rear Com. Stanton, and the schooners Montauk, Crusader and Inrepid, and the cutters and sloops Shamrock, Ulva, Kathleen, Mariquita, Jessica, Nameless and Mineola. The courses and conditions of Thursday's race were as follows:

Special race for the 46ft. class and 25ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls.—For this race the club offers a prize of the value of \$100 in the 46ft. class and a prize of the value of \$50 in the 25ft. class. The race in either class will, at the option of those entering, be made a sweepstakes, entrance fee \$25 each for the 46ft. class, and \$15 each for the 25ft. class, and in that case in either class, if five boats start, the second boat in that class will save her entrance money. Courses.—For 46ft. class, starting between the committee steamer and a stake post at anchor at the mouth of Oyster Bay, around the Red Can Buoy on Cow's Reef off Shippan Point, leaving it on port, thence around Black Spar Buoy on Matinick Point, leaving it on port, thence around Red Can Buoy on Cow's Reef, leaving it on starboard, thence across the starting line—25 nautical miles. For 25ft. class, starting between the committee steamer and a stake post at anchor at the mouth of Oyster Bay, thence around the Red Can Buoy on Cow's Reef off Shippan Point, leaving it on port, thence around the Black Spar Buoy on Matinick Point, leaving it on port, thence across the starting line, keeping to the northward of the buoy on Center Island Reef—18 nautical miles. The compass course from the starting line to Cow's Reef Buoy is about north, and from Cow's Reef Buoy to Matinick Point is about southwesterly. A one-gun start will be made at 11 A. M. precisely, without regard to wind or weather, fog excepted. A preparatory signal will be given at 10:50 A. M., by a blast of the whistle of the committee steamer, when the national ensign will be lowered. At 11 o'clock A. M. a blast of the whistle will be given and the club flag hoisted; and will be hoisted for all the yachts. In following exceptions to the racing rules are made for this race: All professional crews may be carried without restriction as to number, but the helmsman must be an amateur. Sailing masters may be carried as mates. Clubtopsails may be carried. In case of a walk over in either class the value of the prize will be reduced one-half.

The course of the club in starting its special races from one gun has met with the serious disapproval of the daily papers, both of Boston and New York, but in spite of this the regatta committee, Messrs. Walter C. Kerr, M. M. Howland, Wm. A. Haines, Wm. H. Plummer and J. Langdon Ward, ventured to try the experiment again. So far as the racing yachtsmen are concerned the start was this time a success, but the daily papers still refuse to countenance such liberties on the part of yacht clubs, and in place of the official times, only the times as taken unofficially from the crossing of the yachts were published.

The day was a most unpleasant one, rainy, and with little wind, so little in fact at the advertised hour that the start was not made until 12:30, by which time a light but steady easterly breeze was blowing. Mr. Belmont was on hand to steer Mineola, while Mr. Herman Duryea had the stick of Sayonara, and Jessica had no Corinthian helmsman. At the last moment Mr. A. P. Montant was persuaded to take the stick, though he had never been aboard the yacht. These three, with Smuggler and Nameless, made up the starters; Smuggler being sailed by Mr. Boury and Nameless by Mr. Sanderon. The starting gun was fired at 12:50, and Mineola and Jessica were the first to start, followed by the others being timed, unofficially: Smuggler 12:51:05, Sayonara 12:51:14, Jessica 12:51:20. Jessica carried a jibheader, the other two swinging club topsails, while all carried No. 1 jibtopsails for the reach. The times at the Cow's Reef buoy were:

	Elapsed.
Mineola.....	1 25 30
Sayonara.....	1 26 11
Jessica.....	1 27 07
Nameless.....	1 36 47
Smuggler.....	1 38 45

Mineola and Sayonara indulged in their usual luffing match, leaving Jessica to sail her own course as the three reached across to Matinick Point under balloon jibtopsails. The time at this mark was:

	Elapsed.
Mineola.....	2 36 00
Sayonara.....	2 36 16
Jessica.....	2 36 48
Nameless.....	2 50 50
Smuggler.....	3 01 20

There was now a fair breeze, but not sea enough to hold the 25-footers. The fleet divided, the larger boats going back as they had come, while the two little ones went directly up hill to the finish, a hard hammer in which Nameless fairly beat her rival. As long as the wind lasted, Jessica did good work on the third leg, carrying small jibtopsail and jibheader, the others carrying clubtopsails, but saving for a time with no jibtopsails. The times at the Cow's Reef buoy were:

	Elapsed.
Mineola.....	4 02 36
Jessica.....	4 13 17
Sayonara.....	4 16 55

The last leg was made with balloon jibtopsail on Mineola, and No. 1 on the other two, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Mineola.....	4 44 28
Jessica.....	4 49 24
Sayonara.....	4 42 31
Nameless.....	4 57 20
Smuggler.....	5 00 12

In the 6 miles to windward, Nameless beat Smuggler 1m. 02s., while over the course Nameless won by 2m. 52s. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mineola.....	12 00 00	4 44 28	5 54 28	5 54 28
Jessica.....	12 00 00	4 49 24	5 59 24	5 59 24
Sayonara.....	12 00 00	4 52 31	6 02 31	6 02 31
Nameless.....	12 00 00	4 57 20	6 07 20	6 07 20
Smuggler.....	12 00 00	5 00 12	6 10 12	6 10 12

The corrected times of the 46-footers are only estimated, Mine-

ola and Sayonara not being measured. Mineola wins \$100 and Nameless \$50. Jessica's Corinthian helmsman, Mr. Montaut, made a particularly creditable showing for himself and the boat, sailing her well all day.

LARCHMONT Y. C. ANNUAL, JULY 4.

For one reason or another the Larchmont has fared best of all the New York clubs in the matter of a regatta, and that of Saturday may be set down as a complete success, the only ones who were at all dissatisfied being a few unfortunate yachtsmen whose craft were loaded down with specially heavy handicaps. There were pretty girls by the hundred about the club grounds; for once they were all safely lighted out to the club steamer without serious danger of being drowned or drenched; the ice cream was not forgo ten; there was a good breeze all day; the largest display of attendant yachts that has been seen this year; a good entry list under the new handicap, making something for the spectators to see; and incidentally there was a real yacht race for the delectation of the experts. The race of the 46-footers was not only worth seeing, but it could easily be seen from start to finish by those on the judges' boat and club steamer, there being every opportunity to watch each maneuver of the boats. The chief novelty of the race was the handicapping, the work of a committee of experts, whose modesty was to induce them to withhold their names. The result was as follows:

SCHOONERS—CLASS D.

M. S.	Tempet.	M. S.
Viator.....	allows	2 40
Lotus.....	1 52	
SLOOPS—CLASS 5.		
Sayonara.....	allows	5 30
Mineola.....	1 30	8 00
SLOOPS—CLASS 6.		
Kathleen.....	allows	2 00
Senorita.....	allows	3 45
Mistral.....	1 00	
SLOOPS—CLASS 8.		
Kangaroo.....	allows	1 30
SLOOPS—CLASS 9.		
Bantam.....	allows	6 30
SLOOPS—CLASS 10.		
Smuggler.....	allows	0 45
Nameless.....	allows	
SLOOPS—CLASS 10.		
Dot.....	allows	2 30
Nellie.....	1 00	25 00
Elfin.....	2 00	
OPEN YACHTS—CLASS 14.		
Tattler.....	allows	5 00
OPEN YACHTS—CLASS 15.		
Ada.....	not measured	not measured
OPEN YACHTS—CLASS 16.		
Phyllis.....	allows	2 00

While this handicap was supposed to be based on age, condition, speed and other attributes, was not in the main unfair, there were several boats that had rather heavy loads to carry, considering the weather. Jessica was given a generous allowance of 8m. from Sayonara, Mineola got 80s. from her sister. Senorita, a new boat sailing her first race, was scratched with Kathleen, though 8ft. longer, while both gave 2m. to Sasqua, a 36ft. boat that had not done much racing, but has been known for years as one of Ellsworth's smart boats. As Kathleen is but 30ft., she was hardly able to give 2m. to so good a boat of so much greater size. Needle, the new Gardner 25-footer, received 45s. from her older sister on account of this being her first race. The most fortunate boat of the fleet was the little cruising cat yawl Mimette, who drew off 25m. from the leader in her class, which, however, she did not need, winning by nearly 3m. under her regular allowance. No doubt the handicap could be improved; there were a number on hand who proclaimed their ability to do so, but we give the committee all credit for the best intentions and an effort to infuse a new, though artificial interest into racing, in which, as the table of starters shows, they were very fairly successful. No doubt a handicap of this kind, in which the committee are bound to consider first the slowest boats that can be induced to enter, is not to be thought of as a permanent institution, to take the place of regular racing, but for an occasional event, especially for a show regatta, it was worth trying and may be worth repeating.

The usual starting line was marked off outside the harbor, the yachts of 30ft. L.W.L. and over sailing around the Hempstead mark and around the Cape, then around the Captain's Island mark and around the same course, 20 nautical miles. The smaller cabin boats sailed around the Hempstead mark and Matinicko Buoy and back, 13 miles; while the open cats rounded the Scotch Caps Buoy and the Hempstead mark, a triangular course of 10 miles. Amateur helmsmen were in order. Sayonara was sailed by Mr. Allyn, Mineola by Mr. Boddy, Nautilus by Mr. Maxwell and Jessica by Mr. Lovejoy. The new 25, Needle, came out swinging a lug mainsail, like the Solent 24 raters, Mr. W. C. Brown handling the stick, the other two of the class being sailed by Messrs. Bourry and Sanderson. The day was fair and bright as possible, not too warm, and with smooth water, the wind being a little south of west and of moderate strength.

The start was made at 11:53, Sayonara going over the weather end of the line close to the gun. Mineola was a little later, crossing near the leeward markboat. Jessica shaved the weather end of the line, while Nautilus, the last of the class to start, went over on the leeward end. All the larger boats carried No. 1 jibtopsails, Nautilus and Jessica setting balloon foresails. The start was timed:

Sayonara.....	11 53 10	Ariel.....	11 55 45
Tattler.....	11 53 32	Nautilus.....	11 56 14
Mineola.....	11 54 19	Kangaroo.....	11 56 33
Jessica.....	11 54 47	Needle.....	11 56 38
Mistral.....	11 54 52	Elfin.....	11 56 49
Mimette.....	11 55 02	Sonora.....	11 56 56
Winder.....	11 55 09	Kathleen.....	11 57 33
Sasqua.....	11 55 14	Lotus.....	11 58 32
Dot.....	11 55 18	Smuggler.....	11 58 38
Nameless.....	11 55 34	Nellie.....	11 59 29
Viator.....	11 55 36		

Zelica, Tempest, Ada, Senorita and Vanda were handicapped. Vanda was warned before starting that she carried too large a crew, but she crossed the line. Phyllis was in hard luck, coming over from Port Washington early in the morning for the race, but springing her hollow mast on the way, so that she could not start. The sailing was very even on the short 5-mile reach to the first mark, as the following times show:

Sayonara.....	12 13 15	20 35
Mineola.....	12 14 50	21 01
Jessica.....	12 15 15	20 58
Viator.....	12 15 15	
Nautilus.....	12 16 45	20 31
Mistral.....	12 18 05	
Lotus.....	12 19 00	
Iris.....	12 19 13	
Sasqua.....	12 22 15	
Kathleen.....	12 22 25	
Nameless.....	12 22 25	20 00
Ariel.....	12 22 25	
Kangaroo.....	12 23 30	
Dot.....	12 23 30	
Needle.....	12 23 45	27 12
Winder.....	12 23 50	
Elfin.....	12 23 50	
Mimette.....	12 25 20	
Smuggler.....	12 25 20	27 02

The fleet separated here, the smaller ones running well down wind for Matinicko, while the larger hauled up for the reach to Captain's Island. Nameless turned the mark just inside of Kathleen, and lost some time, while the larger boat crossed in front of her. Once clear, she eased sheet and finally set spinnaker, the other two drawing up on her a little. The larger boat's hurried off for Captain's Island, Sayonara showing the way, carrying her No. 1 jibtopsail. Nautilus set her balloon jibtopsail, running very fast under it, while both Mineola and Jessica tried spinnakers. Nautilus passed Jessica but failed to pass Mineola. The times at Captain's Island were:

Sayonara.....	1 03 10	Elapsed.
Mineola.....	1 04 53	49 33
Lotus.....	1 05 00	
Nautilus.....	1 05 30	
Jessica.....	1 05 40	48 45
Viator.....	1 06 45	49 55
Mistral.....	1 13 30	
Sasqua.....	1 14 25	
Sonora.....	1 22 40	
Kathleen.....	1 23 10	
Senorita.....	1 24 03	
Ariel.....	1 24 43	
Kangaroo.....	1 24 53	

Sayonara has lost about 10 minutes sailing only her No. 1 jibtopsail, and making a neat turn she started straight for Hempstead on a close reach. Mineola turned in good shape, but Lotus, all in a snarl, was almost on top of her as they rounded. Mineola

kept off and made a short hitch in shore before completing her tack, thus setting her to windward of Sayonara's wake. Nautilus turned short about the mark, but lost time by her sails before settling down to work. Jessica made a good turn, but stood over to the north shore.

There were some queer displays of seamanship about the mark, due to the attempts to take in kites from the weather side. Nautilus carried her silk balloon jibtopsail around the mark and it immediately flattened against the stays and headsails, so that by the time it was finally taken in the sail was ruined and the boat had lost what she gained on the run. Lotus rounded with everything adrift, sails dragging overboard, and lost some time before she was in a condition to resume her course. Viator also carried her kites around the mark, meeting with the same trouble as Nautilus, being hove to with balloon jibtopsail to windward for a time.

As the fleet came in the wind headed them, until it became a dead heat over the last half of the leg. Sayonara worked toward the Long Island shore, Mineola and Nautilus following astern of her, but Jessica sailed her own course, holding water to the north and keeping the westerly wind there as long as possible. She finally came in with the others near Matinicko Point, being well up with Sayonara. For a time the latter pained a little as she worked in shore, while Jessica made a hitch out into the tide, but as they came into Hempstead Bay Sayonara tacked and stood out after going a short distance. Jessica was following her, but instead of tacking, Mr. Lovejoy took his ship well up into the bay, in dead water and holding a nice breeze, while Sayonara was out in the strong ebb tide. Jessica held her starboard tack until she was safe to weather the markboat, then came for it with a rush. Meanwhile Sayonara was working up against the tide, being obliged to make a tack when quite near the mark. Jessica had been sailing well all day, with a fair degree of tacking both prizes on the handicap and regular allowance, but this bit of work in Hempstead Bay made her a winner on elapsed time, independent of any allowance. She turned the mark with 45s. lead on Sayonara, and with jibtopsail drawing, reached off for home. The little fellows were picked up at the mark, Smuggler having a good lead, while Needle had dropped to third place. Just at the mark the cats Dot and Elfin were doing some cross tacking, when Elfin fouled Dot, carrying away the latter's fore stay. The times were:

Smuggler.....	2 03 15	Elapsed.
Nameless.....	2 04 23	
Needle.....	2 09 50	
Jessica.....	2 24 25	1 18 45
Sayonara.....	2 25 10	1 22 00
Mineola.....	2 26 40	1 21 47
Nautilus.....	2 35 30	1 30 00

Jessica had shown great advantage on the windward work, beating Sayonara by over 3m., and this by no fluking, but solely on the merits of the boat and her helmsman; she was well sailed and she traveled very fast. The wind was streaky and uneven, varying in force and direction in different parts of the course, but at the same time every boat had plenty and there was no time during the whole day when there was not a good working breeze. Nautilus made very poor work to windward.

The reach over the last leg was a sight worth seeing. Jessica, Sayonara and Mineola in line a few hundred yards apart, and practically holding the same distance, though each was pushing at her helmsman for the finish. Of the two white boats, it was noticeable that the narrower Sayonara, carried her sail a little better than the wider. The finish was timed:

Jessica.....	2 46 04	21 39
Sayonara.....	2 46 27	21 17
Mineola.....	2 47 47	21 07
Nautilus.....	2 55 58	20 28

CLASS D—SCHOONERS.

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viator.....	11 55 36	3 03 43	3 08 07
Lotus.....	11 58 38	3 27 20	3 28 44
Tempet.....	12 03 00	3 30 46	3 45 06

CLASS 5—SLOOPS.

Jessica.....	11 54 04	2 46 04	2 43 17
Sayonara.....	11 53 10	2 46 27	2 53 27
Mineola.....	11 54 19	2 47 47	2 52 58
Nautilus.....	11 56 14	2 55 48	2 54 14

CLASS 7—SLOOPS.

Mistral.....	11 55 36	3 30 55	3 35 03
Senorita.....	11 56 36	3 47 03	3 42 24
Kathleen.....	11 57 38	3 36 43	3 39 05
Senorita.....	12 03 00	Withdrew.	
Sasqua.....	11 55 14	3 29 31	3 32 17

CLASS 8—SLOOPS.

Kangaroo.....	11 56 23	3 53 08	3 56 35
Ariel.....	11 55 45	Withdrew.	

CLASS 9—SLOOPS.

Iris.....	11 55 09	Withdrew.	
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CLASS 10—SLOOPS.

Smuggler.....	11 58 38	2 32 05	2 33 27
Nameless.....	11 55 34	2 34 00	2 38 26
Needle.....	11 56 38	2 33 39	2 42 01

CLASS 11—CAT-RIGGED.

Nellie.....	11 55 20	2 44 24	2 44 55
Dot.....	11 55 18	2 33 01	2 42 43
Winder.....	11 56 36	Withdrew.	
Mimette.....	11 55 02	2 46 23	2 51 21
Elfin.....	11 56 49	2 38 20	2 41 21

CLASS 14—CAT-RIGGED.

Tattler.....	11 53 33	2 17 57	2 25 25
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CLASS 15—CAT-RIGGED.

Ada.....	12 03 00	2 03 10	2 03 10
Vanda.....	12 03 00	2 02 53	1 59 53

CLASS 16—CAT-RIGGED.

Zelica.....	12 03 00	2 05 05	2 02 05
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Jessica wins the two class prizes on the handicap and club allowance, but the Commodore passes to Sayonara. Jessica not being enrolled in the Larchmont Y. C., Elfin and Vanda were disqualified. The regatta committee—Messrs. F. M. Scott, Harold Fordwood and Otto Sarony—were on the tug Daizell, on which Com. Lowery hoisted his flag for the day.

AMERICAN Y. C.

Though the starters were few in the third annual sailing race of the American Y. C. on Friday, there was a rattling N. W. breeze that made a splendid race. The course for the cats was the same as the Larchmont save that the start and finish were off Milton Point, the course being around Hempstead and Captain's Island mark boats and home the same way, 24 miles. The catboats sailed a 10-mile triangular course, around Hempstead mark and Matinicko Buoy and home. The four legs of the course were all reached before the windward work was done.

The starters in the 46ft. class were Mineola, sailed by Capt. Hoff, Jr.; Sayonara, sailed by Capt. Watson; Nautilus, sailed by Mr. E. A. Willard, and Jessica, sailed by Capt. Harvey. None of the own-ers were aboard their boats. In the 40ft. class were the sloops Notus, Sa-qua, Estrella and Mistral, while the cats were Ada and Winder. Nameless was present, but did not start, having no competitor, and Pongo, who started, gave up, as she was sailing alone.

The chief feature of the race was of the 46-footers, and with a lower sail breeze they made a very fine race. Mineola was sailed with a great deal of dash and very little judgment, overcanvassed most of the time, running into the weather mark; and, though most in crowding on a top sail near the finish.

The start was made at 11:46 the times being:

Mineola.....	11 46 30	Sasqua.....	11 51 21
Jessica.....	11 47 35	Notus.....	11 52 03
Sayonara.....	11 48 41	Winder.....	11 53 33
Nautilus.....	11 50 47	Pongo.....	11 55 14
Estrella.....	11 50 34	Mistral.....	11 56 02
Dot.....	11 50 34		

Pongo and Mistral were handicapped. Mineola and Nautilus carried all lower sails, the other two having single reefs, but all carrying jibheads over the first leg. The times at Hempstead mark were:

Mineola.....	12 08 27	Elapsed.
Jessica.....	12 10 00	0 22 37
Sayonara.....	12 10 25	0 21 44
Nautilus.....	12 12 16	0 21 19
Estrella.....	12 16 24	
Notus.....	12 16 33	
Sasqua.....	12 17 21	
Dot.....	12 19 19	
Mistral.....	12 29 19	
Winder.....	12 24 06	

After a jibe, each started sheets a little, all but Mineola dousing topsails as the wind increased. Mineola was first at the mark, but made a very bad turn, fouling the sailboat with her mainsail and nearly causing a capsizing. Capt. Hoff was not stopping for a little thing like this, but carried off as though Mineola was still in the race. The times were:

Mineola.....	12 51 31	Elapsed.
Sayonara.....	12 54 08	0 43 43
Jessica.....	12 54 33	0 44 33
Nautilus.....	12 56 59	0 44 53
Notus.....	1 08 14	
Sasqua.....	1 10 00	
Estrella.....	1 12 25	
Mistral.....	1 16 36	

The reach back was nearly a lee wind, and sheets were trimmed in, Nautilus setting her foresail, which she had lowered on the previous leg. The times at Hempstead were:

Mineola.....	1 57 04	Elapsed.
Sayonara.....	1 39 24	45 16
Jessica.....	1 41 28	46 55
Nautilus.....	1 45 00	48 01

It was a tack at the mark and a close reach in. When a couple of miles from home Capt. Hoff ordered the working topsail on Mineola, but as it was being set the mast gave way about 25ft. from the deck, everything going to leeward. No one was hurt, and the steam yacht Narwhal towed the wreck over to Hempstead Bay. The finish was timed:

Sayonara.....	2 06 16	26 52
Jessica.....	2 10 34	29 06
Nautilus.....	2 11 07	26 07

The full times were:

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sayonara.....	11 48 41	2 06 16	2 17 35
Jessica.....	11 47 35	2 10 34	2 22 59
Nautilus.....	11 50 47	2 11 07	2 20 20
Mineola.....	11 46 30	Disasted.	

CLASS 4.

Notus.....	11 52 03	2 29 50	2 37 47
Sasqua.....	11 51 21	2 43 13	2 41 52
Estrella.....	11 49 24	2 57 35	3 04 11
Mistral.....	11 55 00	2 58 09	3 03 09

CLASS 3—CABIN CATBOATS.

Winder.....	11 53 32	2 04 51	2 11 18
Dot.....	11 50 34	2 06 38	2 16 04

Sayonara wins the regular prize and \$250 cup. Jessica takes second prize, Notus and Dot each take first prize.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. ANNUAL, JULY 7.

The New Rochelle Y. C. sailed its 6th annual regatta on Tuesday under unfavorable weather, the day being rainy with variable winds, first a calm, then a moderate easterly wind in which the start was made following by another calm, with a streak of wind from the south and a finish in the rain with no wind to speak of. The steamer Cepheus was on hand with a large number of guests. The management of the race was but little better than last year, the timing at the start being very badly done. The work of the club this spring in search of a better measurement rule was devoid of any result, and the regatta was sailed under the club's old rule of measurement formerly used by the Atlantic Y. C.

The courses were for all above 30ft. Class: From the starting line around buoy at west end of Execution Reef, thence around buoy off Matinicko Point, thence around stakeboat anchored south of Captain's Island, thence around buoy at east end of Execution Reef, thence across finishing line; 22 nautical miles.

For 30ft. and all smaller classes from starting line around buoy at west end of Execution Reef, thence around black buoy off Matinicko Point, thence around easterly home stakeboat, thence around horizontally striped buoy at east end of Execution Reef, thence around buoy at west end of Execution Reef, thence across finishing line; 17 nautical miles.

In addition to the regular prizes Com. Abbott presented a silver trophy for the 46ft. class. Only Sayonara and Jessica started, the former was in the lead, she pulled up on Jessica and passed to leeward, but in luffing out Sayonara's rigging touched the topmast stay of Jessica.

Both were flying protest flags when they came home, but as the regatta committee did not see the foul, and the evidence was naturally conflicting, they disallowed both protests.

The old Rebecca, of Plum Gut fame, beat Viator, but was protested for carrying a topmast cross, and Capt. John Van Borskirck, the protest being thrown out by the regatta committee. The official times are as follows:

SCHOONERS—75FT. CLASS.

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rebecca.....	12 18 22	3 20 00	3 01 38
Viator.....	12 19 23	3 50 15	3 30 52

SLOOPS—55FT. CLASS.

Anaconda.....	12 18 54	3 48 35	3 29 41
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AMERICAN MODEL Y. C., JULY 4.

THE second regatta of the season was sailed on Saturday. The first heat of the third class yachts was called at 10:50 A. M. The first yacht crossing the line 11:03, the wind being very strong from the west by south, kicking up a nasty sea. Out of eight yachts, four fouled just over the line, throwing them out of the heat, the balance finishing. Electra, showing up in her old form, sailed away from the others and crossed the line as winner of the heat by 1m. 25s. corrected time, 1m. 23s. elapsed time. Ida May being second. The second heat had four yachts starters, the others having had enough of it, Electra showing her wonderful speed to windward by winning this heat hands down from the fast yacht Star, who has beaten her in three straight heats at the previous regatta on May 30.

The Star has had some bad luck taken out of centerboard to bring her to her designed level. This alteration has hurt her chances of winning from the Electra. Her owner will probably lower her weight and lengthen out her centerboard, which will improve her stability and speed in the future.

The second class race brought out a newcomer, the schooner yacht Normandie, and a handsome yacht she is. Considering this her first race, she did remarkably well, and Kate C. will have to hurry in the future.

This heat was devoid of interest, as Kate C. had a walk over, the others not being able to work up in time. Three yachts started. The second heat proved more interesting, Kate C., Normandie and May finishing in the order named, Normandie pushing the winner closely, May not doing so well as usual. Kate C. won by 37s. corrected time.

The special race, which should have brought out more talent, narrowed down to two starters—Electra and Marjorie. This race being confined to third class yachts, the course was to windward and return, total distance 1/2 mile. This windward and down wind work should be encouraged more by the owners of model yachts in the club, as it brings out the best points of the boats and taxes the skill of the helmsmen. The first heat was a straight course down wind. Electra proved herself an all-round boat, as she won this race by 22s. 1/2, her elapsed time over the course being 1m. 53s. Marjorie is a hummer down the wind, and with better handling will make it interesting for Electra in a race of this kind in the future.

Scrub races wound up the day's sport. The next regatta will be held on Labor Day, Sept. 7. The distance sailed was three-tenths of a mile less 150ft.

SECOND CLASS, FIRST HEAT.

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Normandie, C. Van Ness, 12 17 30	Did not finish.		
May, H. Fisher, 12 16 45	Did not finish.		
Kate C., J. Sheridan, 12 16 50	12 30 03	13 13	13 45

SECOND CLASS, SECOND HEAT.

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Normandie, C. Van Ness, 12 43 07	12 44 57	11 50	12 12 3/4
May, H. Fisher, 12 42 17	12 56 45	14 23	15 06 3/4
Kate C., J. Sheridan, 12 42 12	12 53 20	11 08	11 35

THIRD CLASS, FINAL HEAT.

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ida May, W. W. Neff, 11 33 00	Outside flags.		
Star, G. W. Townley, 11 33 15	11 45 02	11 47	12 07 1/2
Marjorie, H. Fisher, 11 33 10	11 46 40	12 55	13 22 3/4
Electra, J. Pfeiffer, 11 32 40	11 42 40	10 00	10 20 3/4

Distance sailed 3/10 miles less 150ft.
SPECIAL RACE—THIRD CLASS, TO WINDWARD AND RETURN.
Marjorie, H. Fisher, 2 04 23 2 24 50 20 27 20 38
Electra, J. Pfeiffer, 2 03 02 2 22 55 19 53 20 13
Course, 1/2 mile. Regatta committee—H. Melvin, F. Nichol.

THE ST. LAWRENCE Y. C. JUNE 27, JULY 1.

THE second series race of the St. Lawrence Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, three classes, the A, 20ft., and 21ft., competing. There was a strong and puffy breeze from the north, and the prudent ones put in one or even two tucks, but it was one of those days where prudence was rather an advantage, for the boats under full sail made more in the lulls than they lost in the puffs. While the fleet was boxing about the starting line, the Chaparron, then under all plain sail and with a man on her cross-trees, got a knock down that seemed to lay her flat, and which more than put her fiddle blocks into the drink. She came up, however, as fast as she went down, and although she shipped a good deal of water she crossed the starting line in as good trim as ever, a good witness to the efficacy of outside ballast, even on a lake where 3ft. is an extreme draft. The start was as follows.

Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Black Eagle, 4 02 00	Frolic, 4 03 20		
Elidra, 4 02 00	Mollie Bawn, 4 03 20		
Valda, 4 02 30	Dream, 4 04 10		
Vesper, 4 02 30	Lulu, 4 05 00		
Thorax, 4 03 00	White Squal, 4 06 00		
Chaparron, 4 03 05	Comet, 4 06 00		

Dream carried a working topsail over her lower end and never took in a reef all day. Valda set her working topsail over a one-reefed mainsail. All the rest of the fleet were content with all plain sail as a maximum, although Frolic set a jibtopsail just after the start, which did her little or no good. It was a reach to the Valois Light Buoy, during which Dream passed the fleet and took second place. Valda broke her spinnaker out of its stow in good form as she got past the buoy, all the others getting into more or less trouble with theirs, and the little white boat gained well on the leaders on the run. This gain she increased on the windward work in to Pointe Claire, after the Chateaugay Buoy was rounded, and she actually led the fleet around the Pointe Claire Buoy, the half of the course. Dream followed her closely, then Lulu, which had picked up well on the windward work; then Chaparron and the rest at regular intervals, making as fine a spectacle as has ever been seen on Lake St. Louis. On the reach out Valda was passed by Dream and Lulu, and on the beat back to the Valois Buoy from the Chateaugay mark the little Thorax, a boat of 19ft. L.W.L., rigged with two batwing sails and manned by four men who know how to hike out, passed her and secured third place. It was a close reach back to the starting point from the Valois Light Buoy and no change took place in the position of any of the boats. The time summary was as follows:

C. L.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dream, 30.5	4 04 00	5 50 15	1 52 15	1 49 11
Lulu, 29.02	4 05 00	6 00 10	1 55 10	1 49 13
White Squal, 31.01	4 06 00	6 17 25	2 11 25	2 07 23
Black Eagle, 37.07	4 02 00	6 15 25	2 20 25	2 10 25

20ft. CLASS.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valda, 24.01	4 02 30	6 03 45	2 01 15	1 56 00
Chaparron, 29.06	4 03 05	6 04 30	2 01 25	2 01 25
Frolic, 4 03 20	6 05 50	2 20 30	01 29	
Mollie Bawn, 25.09	4 02 30	6 12 20	2 09 50	2 05 40

21ft. CLASS.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thorax, 19.00	4 03 00	6 33 03	2 00 03	
Vesper, 18.07	4 01 50	6 18 30	2 16 40	
Elidra, 21.00	4 02 00	6 22 50	2 20 50	
Comet, 4 03 00	Withdrawn.			

Dream was there in the A class and won by 18sec. corrected time. Valda wins in the 20ft. class by 5.23 corrected time, and Thorax wins in the 21ft. class by 20.2 elapsed time. The standing of the winners in the series is now for the commodore's cup, Lulu has one leg and Dream one leg; for the vice-commodore's cup, Valda has scored two legs, and for the 21ft. trophy Thorax has scored two legs.

The third of the St. Lawrence Y. C. series races took place on the morning of July 1 over the usual club course above the club house at Dorval. At the start there was a light easterly breeze, which was no stronger than was necessary to enable the boats to stem the current at the line, but this freshened before the finish into a fine two-reef breeze with some strength in it. Valda was the first boat across the line of the fleet following in a bunch, and all but two with a handicap, and until the Valois Light Buoy was reached there was a good deal of blanketing. Dream drew through the fleet on the run, taking second place at the Valois Light Buoy; but it was not until the reach for that buoy on the return was nearly over that she was able to collar Valda, and take the lead of the fleet. Lulu succeeded in taking third place on the first reach to Pointe Claire, and Thorax took second place in the 20ft. class race between Chaparron and Mollie Bawn, a bad part of which was a foul, which resulted in the two boats becoming locked. It was a close reach from the Valois buoy to the finish line, during which topsails had to be struck because of the freshening breeze. The time summary of the race was as follows:

C. L.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dream, 32.6	11 00 00	12 49 42	1 49 42	1 46 28
Lulu, 32.2	11 00 00	12 54 24	1 54 24	1 49 33
White Squal, 31.1	11 00 00	1 05 35	2 05 35	2 01 15
Black Eagle, 37.7	11 00 00	1 05 32	2 05 32	2 05 32

20ft. CLASS.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valda, 24.1	10 58 30	12 51 52	1 55 20	1 50 05
Mollie Bawn, 25.9	11 00 00	1 02 50	1 02 50	1 59 10
Chaparron, 29.6	10 59 30	12 59 43	2 00 14	2 00 14
Frolic, 30.0	10 59 15	1 04 35	2 05 20	2 03 19
Breeze, 25.0	11 00 00	1 17 00	2 17 00	2 18 44

21ft. CLASS.

Vesper, 19.0	10 57 20	1 03 00	2 11 40	2 11 40
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Dream wins in A class by 2m. 5s. from Lulu, and Valda wins in the 20ft. class by 9m. 5s. from Mollie Bawn. This practically gives Valda the vice-commodore's cup, as she has scored three wins for it.

In the afternoon there was a ladies' cruise, and in the evening the commodore, Mr. A. W. Morris, and Mrs. Morris, gave an At Home in the club house.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. SWEEPSTAKES, JULY 1.

OWING to a change in the date of the cruise, the sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, originally set for July 4, was sailed on Wednesday of last week. Though by no means a conclusive one, with but three starters and light and fluky winds, the race has created more comment than even Gloria's performances in New York from the fact that the new Painé boat, Alborak, sailing her first race, was left almost hull down by one of the class, the Burgess Owens, The race was a \$25 handicap, with \$100 added by the club, there being four entries: Beatrice, owned by Messrs. Bryant and Prince; Owens, Messrs. Adams, Alborak, Mr. J. B. Painé, and Gossoon (40ft.), Messrs. Adams. After racing on the previous day, Beatrice was in the doctor's hands from that chronic complaint of modern centerboard racers, "something the matter with the board," and so could not start, a fact that was much regretted in view of her initial performance, or rather promise. Of the starters Owens was sailed by Captain Charles Barr, Alborak by Capt. "Hank" Half, the elder, and Mr. J. B. Painé, and Gossoon, as usual, by Mr. Chas. Adams. Gen. Painé was not on board of Alborak.

The start was made off Marblehead Rock, the first leg being to the Graves Whistling Buoy, the second to the new Eastern Y. C. mark and the third back to the starting line, 24 nautical miles, 8 on each leg. The sea was smooth and the wind west of south at the start, making a beat, but drawing to the eastward when little more than half sea. The first leg was sailed, making a close reach for the Graves; on the second leg it had hauled so far ahead that Owens barely made the mark in one stretch, Alborak having to tack; while on the last leg it was so far aft that spinakers and balloon jibtopsails were carried.

The start was made at 11 A. M., Owens being beautifully timed, coming for the line on the port tack and tacking as she crossed within 3sec. Gossoon was astern of her, on starboard tack, while Alborak was astern of Gossoon, crossing at 11:00 A. M. They crossed the line both Gossoon and Alborak tacked, standing inshore, while Owens held off shore alone. All carried clubtopsails and baby jibtopsails. At the end of the first short leg Gossoon was ahead of Alborak, both tacking together. When well to windward of Pinker's Island, Owens went on port tack, and by dint of her good work to windward and the favorable slant of the wind later on, she was able to make Whistling Buoy without further tacking. On the first off shore tack Gossoon did better work than her big companion, being well to windward when the two finally tacked and stood in toward Nahant. Though gaining slowly, it was not until near the mark that the big boat finally got well clear of the 40-footer. The times at the Graves were:

		Elapsed.
Oweene	12 24 46	1 24 38
Alborak	12 30 09	1 29 39
Gossoon	12 30 50	1 30 39

The second leg was made by Owens in one hitch, while Alborak was compelled to tack. The times at the E. Y. C. mark were:

		Elapsed.
Oweene.....	1 39 10	1 14 24
Alborak.....	1 56 53	1 26 44
Gossoon.....	2 05 14	1 34 24

Owens took the lead in the spinaker drill, setting her sail in 1m. 50s., while Alborak took 3m. 37s., and Gossoon 2m. 16s. The run home was without incident, save that Alborak gained on the leader, the times at the finish being:

Oweene.....	3 00 50	Elapsed. 1 21 40
Alborak....	3 13 47	1 16 54
Gossoon.....	3 23 30	1 23 25

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oweene.	11 00 00	3 00 50	4 00 50	3 58 51
Alborak.	11 00 00	3 13 47	4 13 43	4 13 57
Gossoon.	11 00 00	3 23 39	4 28 39	4 19 25

Oweene wins \$200, half given by the Corinthian Y. C. and half being the sweepstakes. The race was managed by Messrs. Geo. A. Stewart and Fred Newhall.

Owens wins \$200, half given by the Corinthian Y. C. and half being the sweepstakes. The race was managed by Messrs. Geo. A. Stewart and Fred Newhall.

BEVERLY Y. C., JULY 4.

THE 12th regatta, third open sweepstakes, sailed at Monument Beach on Saturday, was one of the best races ever sailed here, many of the new boats appearing for the first time. The day opened with a strong southeasterly, almost a gale; it was very thick down the bay, and about half the morning it rained hard. All the entries appeared, however, except Edith, who was unable to get a crew, and just before the race it cleared up, the wind shifted to S. by E., giving a good beat, and blew a strong two-reef breeze during the race.

First and second classes were sent over course No. 2, a dead beat to Scraggy Neck and Bird Island, and a run home, 18 1/2 miles. Third class had a dead beat to Pines Buoy, a long and short leg to Abial Ledge, a run home, then a beat to Pines again and came home before the wind, 8 1/4 miles, while the little fellows beat down to Pines and returned, twice round, 5 miles.

In first class the new Hector led off, much more heavily ballasted than in the last race, followed by Mattie carrying her big rig, both spinnaker reefed. Hector did much better than before and won handsly.

Eight boats entered in second class, but for some reason Bonita did not start, though she was on hand and intended to do so. In fourth class Cat, a new boat built by Holmes, met Squall, just built by Dunn. Cat was handled better than her competitor and sailed right away from her, time for first round being: Cat 2:09.23, Squall 2:13.37.

Third class next appeared in a bunch at end of first round, though Phenomenon, who had started first, had fallen back, and Puzzle, sailing wonderfully well, had come up from last place to second. Eina, who started with Puzzle, had shipped a lot of water and brought up the rear. The times of first round were: Parole 2:41.15, Puzzle 2:42.25, Buzzard 2:42.32, Tyant 2:42.42, Ashantee 2:44.41, Phenomenon 2:44.52, Eina 2:47.20.

On second round Cat gained a little on Squall, but not so much as on first round. Puzzle took first place from Parole and Eina gained on the whole class.

The finish was very close and exciting, first, second and third class finishing very close together, the leaders in these three classes coming within 14s. of each other. Anonyma sailed a splendid race and led the fleet home. Puzzle was right after her, followed by Hector and Parole within a few seconds. Moccasin was ordered and built for third class, but her builder, Crosby, got her into second class by 10in.

FIRST CLASS.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Hector, E. C. Stebbins, Sep. Y. C.	25.10	3 02 03	1 33 45
Mattie, Howard Stockton, B. Y. C.	25.10	3 03 34	1 55 17

SECOND CLASS.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	27.01	1 56 45	1 46 45
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	27.04	2 00 00	1 50 16
Mollie, F. Packard, Mon. Beach	27.00	2 00 55	1 50 50
Mist, G. H. Lyman, Jr., B. Y. C.	20.05	2 02 26	1 52 01
Eric, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.10	2 02 42	1 52 27
Crawford, H. Crawford, H. C. Y. C.	27.03	2 15 24	2 05 35
Moccasin, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	24.00	2 29 20	2 15 58

THIRD CLASS.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, Jr., B. Y. C.	22.09	1 49 08	1 37 09
Parole, W. H. Davis, B. Y. C.	22.06	1 52 30	1 40 26
Buzzard, A. B. Shipley, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 54 07	1 43 03
Edith, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.10	1 54 04	1 42 40
Tycoon, J. L. Shipkole, Jr., B. Y. C.	33.01	1 54 48	1 48 09
Ashantee, Dr. Pillsbury, B. Y. C.	21.03	1 55 10	1 43 41
Phenomenon, Hocking, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.00	1 55 39	1 43 55
Hermione, R. L. Barstow, B. Y. C.	23.00	Withdrawn.	

FOURTH CLASS.	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Cat, Bruce Clarke, B. Y. C.	19.03	1 18 50	1 09 08
Eric, G. Palfrey, B. Y. C.	19.00	1 24 22	1 15 03

Lengths of Cat and Squall unofficial. Judges, T. S. Edmonds, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Judges' yacht, Violet.

CHICAGO, June 20.—Last Saturday two rival yachts of this city, the Growler and the S. E. Gross, sailed a race five miles to windward and return, \$100 a side. Growler won, time 1h. 45m. The annual yachting regatta at Oconomowoc Lake, Wisconsin, was sailed this year on the 3d and not on the 4th.—E. HOUGH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—New York Y. C. year book, Corinthian of Marblehead, Slipican and Corinthian Navy.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA, JULY 4.

THE annual regatta given by the city of Boston was sailed on Saturday in a strong S.W. wind, the fleet being reefed, the breeze falling lighter after a time. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pilgrim, E. W. Dixon, 28.00	1 57 17	1 13 54	
Nimbus, J. S. Cushing, 32.02	1 56 30	1 19 29	
Evelva, William Sm. dl., 28.00	2 05 36	1 22 13	
Magie, E. C. Neal, 30.00	Time not taken.		
Grace, M. J. Sughrue, 34.00	Time not taken.		

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

28ft. and over; first prize \$50, second \$30.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hilda, C. R. Curtis, 31.05	1 55 11	1 15 26	
Stranger, W. H. Hodgkins, 31.00	2 12 54	1 33 18	

24 and less than 28ft.; first prize \$40, second \$20, third \$10.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger, J. R. Hooper, 27.10	1 57 50	1 10 04	
Strideaway, J. Turner, 24.03	2 03 23	1 14 49	
Minnie R. T. D. Rice, 25.00	2 03 33	1 15 27	
Awilda, J. J. Fly, 24.06	2 03 03	1 17 06	
Erin, J. Cavanagh, 26.05	2 03 57	1 18 20	
Climax, Kelly & Fitzgibbon, 25.02	2 03 40	1 19 25	

20 and less than 24ft.; first prize \$35, second \$20, third \$10.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vapita, J. Bertram, 23.00	1 34 36	1 00 13	
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell, 21.08	1 36 28	1 00 23	
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy, 22.00	1 38 38	1 02 59	
Ideal, F. Williams, 21.07	1 40 33	1 04 21	
Bureau, E. B. Rogers, 21.00	1 41 54	1 04 55	
Posy, R. C. Hull, 21.06	1 41 55	1 05 50	
Ustane, S. N. Small, 21.01	1 43 22	1 05 30	

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

20 and less than 24ft.; first prize, \$35; second, \$20; third, \$10.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Irene, Gordon & Armstrong, 22.00	1 41 10	1 06 16	
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson, 23.09	1 40 06	1 06 37	
Judith, W. B. Pigeon, 22.08	1 44 06	1 09 18	

Cat-rigged yachts, 18ft. and less than 20ft.; first prize, \$25; second, \$15; third, \$10.

Herod, L. E. Harrington, 19.10	1 48 56	1 10 17
Maple, Otis & Hyde, 19.04	1 52 58	1 13 33
Coot, T. Murphy, 19.07	2 17 40	1 37 09

KEEL BOATS UNDER 20FT.; FIRST PRIZE, \$25; SECOND, \$15; THIRD, \$10.

Vidette, B. F. Burke	19.05	1 53 30	1 14 13
Zelta, R. D. Flye	18.00	2 03 21	1 21 46
Astrea, R. M. Renner	19.02	2 03 40	1 24 00
Vespa, Rice & Reisgand	18.06	2 12 16	1 31 31



JACK O' LANTHORN—SAIL PLAN.

JACK O' LANTHORN.
2½-RATER.

THE sail plan of the 2½-rater Jack o' Lanthorn, whose lines appeared in our last issue, is of special interest just now from the fact that the same rig has just made its appearance in American waters on the new Needle, designed by Mr. Gardner. On the Solent and the Clyde the lug sail has superseded entirely the ordinary boom and gaff for racing boats. The dimensions of the above rig, compared with some corresponding measurements of the Gardner boats, Smuggler and Mr. Wetmore's unnamed craft, are as follows. Both of the American boats carry the ordinary boom and gaff mainsail:

Jack o' Lanthorn.	Smuggler.	Wetmore.
Mast from fore end l.w.l.	5 ft. 9 in.	25 ft. 7 ½ in.
deck to highest sheave. 23 ft. 8 in.	25 ft. 1 in.	26 ft. 9 in.
Boom 26 ft.	27 ft. 9 in.	26 ft. 9 in.
Yard or gaff 26 ft. 3 in.	16 ft. 5 in.	18 ft. 3 in.
Base line of sail plan 35.90	41.87	38.83
Mast, fore side to jib tack 10.40	13.45	11.45
Mainsail, area sq. ft.	480	11.45
Jib 133		
Total 618		
Y. R. A. rule 594		
Seawanhaka rule 632	668	618
Sail area, square root 25.14	25.69	24.87
L. W. L. 25.70	24.08	24.87
Corrected length 25.42	24.88	24.87

*The regular Seawanhaka rule makes no provision for lug sails, but the rule as lately adopted by the Corinthian Navy has a special proviso, by which 80 per cent. of the yard is added to the base line. In this case the actual area of sail is over-measured by 14 sq. ft. To make the even 2½ rating by the Y. R. A. rule, the sail plan will be reduced to 580 sq. ft. in place of 594.

BOUNCER BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Gloriana, the new British 2½-rater, Bouncer, and its successors, like the Arab dhows or the ancient galleys of Phoenicia, all demonstrate the virtues of their prototype, the "Flying Pontoon," first built by Mr. Clapham, of Roslyn, inasmuch as all do away with deadwood and depend on beam mainly for stability. With a scow-like disregard to perpendicular sharpness at bow, not one of them, however, has the beam designed by the inventor of the Flying Pontoon. Some day you'll see a "shovel-nosed shark" with a square deck plan that will be able to hold out a tow-rope to even the best of Herreshoff's productions. RED TIEPOLL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noting your somewhat sarcastic remarks concerning "a non-descript from Long Island Sound, one of Mr. Clapham's original 'creations,'" I will say in reply that some time ago the FOREST AND STREAM asked the following conundrum: "If Mr. Clapham thinks his light draft boats can sail with the deeper craft why does he not enter some of the regattas about New York?" So on June 22 I sailed my new yacht Chippewa in the regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. The Chippewa has a waterline length of 23 ft. 6 in., beam 11 ft., and draws 15 in. of water, her racing length being placed at 25.50 ft.

Her class competitor was a racing cutter by one of the most successful designers in the world. Her racing length is 26.71 ft. She is deep and sharp, with much lead in the place where "it will do the most good."

Well, in the race of 19 miles Chippewa beat her more than 14 m. with a good breeze blowing on every point of sailing. Not only this, but at the same time Chippewa beat, dead to windward, another extremely narrow and deep cutter measuring 36.10 ft. sailing length. Chippewa carried a very small cruising rig and no ballast at all.

ROSLYN, L. I., June 29.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

EASTERN Y. C.—A series of special races is announced by the Eastern Y. C. for July 22, the classes being: For yachts of any club in racing trim—First class schooners, over 75 ft. waterline, \$100; second class schooners, over 30 ft. and not over 75 ft. waterline, \$100; fifth class, sloops, over 40 ft. and not over 46 ft. l.w.l., \$75; \$100; seventh class, sloops, 30 ft. and not over 35 ft. l.w.l., \$75. For yachts of the Eastern Y. C.—In cruising trim with handicap allowances, first and second class schooners as one class, \$100; third and fourth class sloops as one class, \$75; sixth class, sloops, \$75. The handicaps will be posted on the evening before the race. The committee also offer to arrange sweepstakes in the racing classes should owners desire it.

CLUB CRUISES.—The fleet of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. met at Oyster Bay on July 1, waiting over until the morning of the 4th, when it sailed for Larchmont, being present at the regatta. The cruise of the New York Y. R. A. began with a rendezvous at City Island on July 4, the fleet sailing eastward on Monday morning. The cruise of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead began on July 4, the fleet sailing to Isle of Shoals, where it anchored all night. The cruise of the Larchmont C. Y. C. will probably begin on Saturday next. The Yorkville and Harlem clubs each started on July 4.

RIVERSIDE Y. C. REGATTA.—The Riverside Y. C. has issued a specially good programme for its regatta on Saturday, a large chart of the Sound, from David's Island to Long Neck Point, being given on one side. The race will be sailed under the club's new classification by corrected length, Seawanhaka rule, and will be open to yachts of the New York, Seawanhaka, Atlantic, Larchmont, Corinthian, American, New Rochelle, New Haven, Oyster Bay and Cherry Diamond clubs.

BARBARA.—A ton of lead has been taken from Barbara's keel at Lawley's, and she now floats within her class.

SATELLITE, steam yacht, has been sold by J. A. Aspinwall to Alfred Van Santwood.

ANSWERS TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

R. W. P., Island Lake, Dak.—The manufacturers have been invited to send us a gun for testing.

X. Y. Z., Oakland, Cal.—Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver, Col. once camped out a week or two with "Nessauk" in Pennsylvania, and there are other camp companions of his in Wellsboro, Pa.

Canoing.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE A. C. A. MEET.—We are reminded by the list of ten new A. C. A. members from the Mohican C. C., published this week, that now is the time for the clubs to make suitable preparation for the A. C. A. meet next month. Any members desiring to join the A. C. A. should be proposed immediately, and each club should be canvassed for men who can and will go to the meet. Arrangements for transportation, mess, etc., are to be made, and the usual supplies of club badges and lanterns are to be provided. It pays every club down to the smallest to have a good representation, no matter how small in numbers, at the annual meet.

REGATTA OR RACE.—In our yachting columns we call attention to the difference which exists between a regatta and a race, something that canoe clubs as a rule do not recognize. There may be some question as to what does constitute a regatta, but there can be no doubt that there is one thing that does not, and that is a mere display of fancy sailing and balancing in front of the house piazza for the whole afternoon, to the exclusion of all general racing.

THE CHICAGO C. C. is figuring to bring back the vast majority of the prizes from the W. C. A. meet at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, July 11 to 23. Mr. R. P. Marks, of this city, offers as a prize for a free-for-all race an elegant blanket, which must be seen to be appreciated, but which I have not been able to see yet, though Purser C. W. Lee tells me it is on exhibition at one of the large stores here.—E. HUGH.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: Rufus H. King, Jr., Thos. S. McLaughlin, Alfred S. McLaughlin, Matthew Van Alstyne, Geo. C. Halcott, S. H. Ransom, John T. Bender, D. Stewart McKinley, E. K. Palmer, Samuel Anable, 2d, all of Mohican C. C., Albany; Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich. Northern Division: Jas. E. Browne, Toronto; John O. Donnell, Bobcaygeon; T. W. Butler, Lindsay.

ATLANTIC DIVISION MEET.—The races of the Atlantic Division meet at Chesequake Creek were sailed on July 3 and 4, the camp breaking up on Sunday after a pleasant meet. The full report of the races will appear next week.

ARLINGTON C. C.—The annual regatta of the Arlington C. C. will be held on the morning of Sept. 7 on the Passaic River. The club at its last meeting elected five members, and decided that only canoes would be allowed in the boat house.

NAMES AND PORTRAITS OF BIRDS, by Gurdon Trumbull. A book particularly interesting to gunners, for by its use they can identify without question all the American game birds which they may kill. Cloth, 220 pages, price \$2.50. For sale by FOREST AND STREAM.

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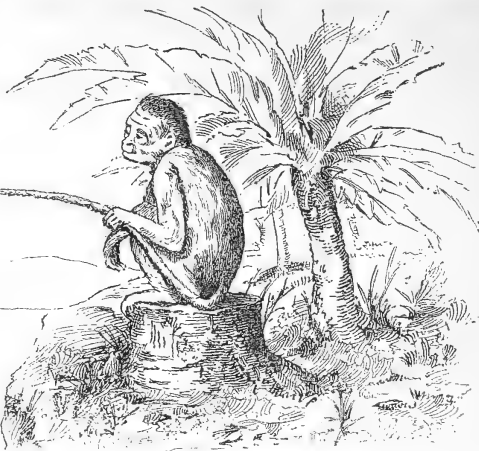


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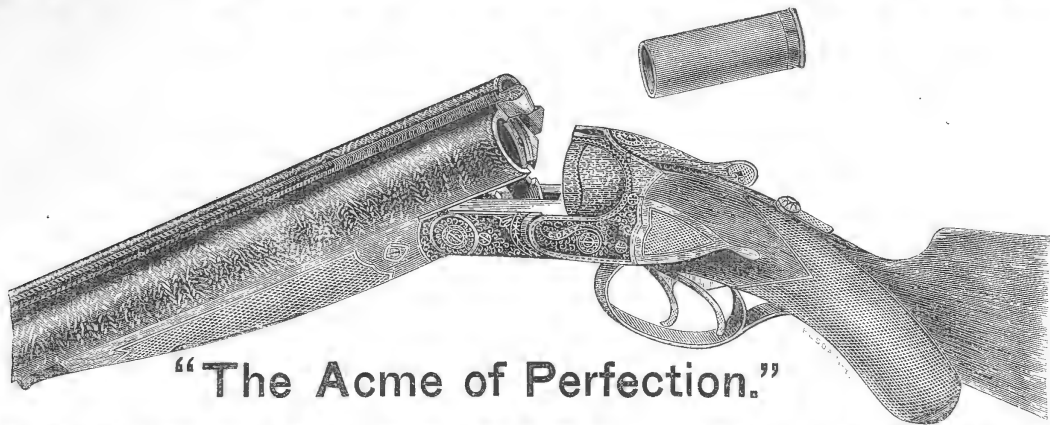
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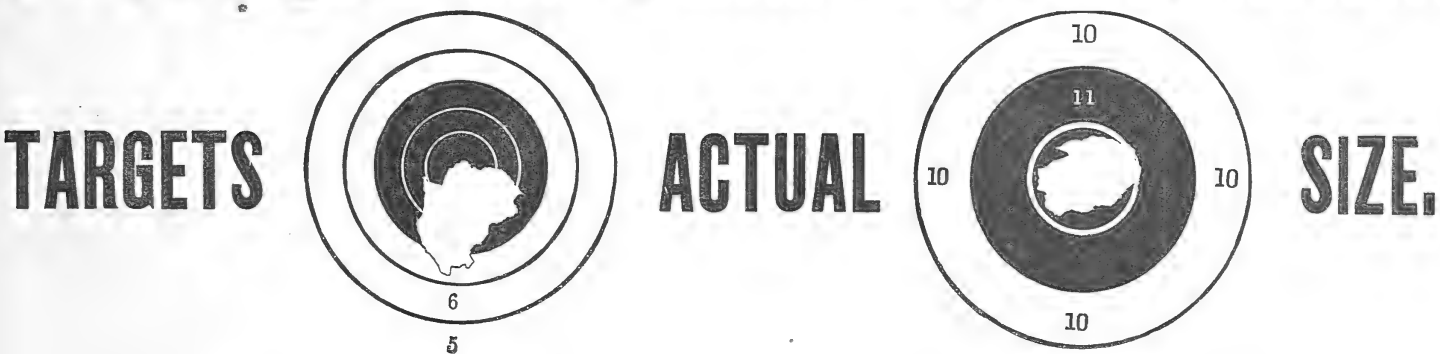
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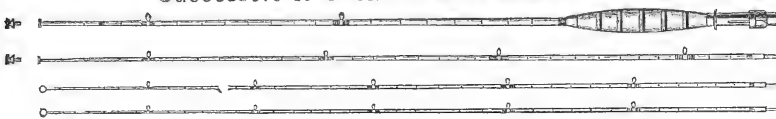
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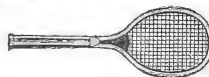
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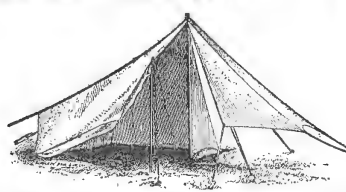
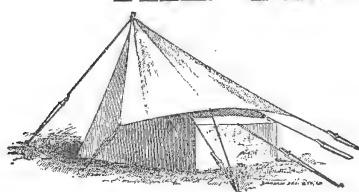
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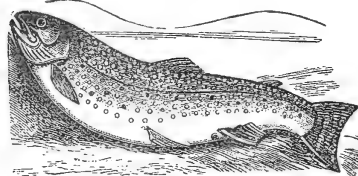
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EDWARD BURGESS.

SPECULATION is never idle on the subject of international racing and challenges for the America's Cup; every year fresh possibilities are discussed of challenges from this man or that, of new yachts intended as challengers, and of a thousand and one circumstances which may affect the racing. While for four years there has not been an occurrence connected with international yachting which has amounted to more than a matter for a few days' gossip, the present week has brought a change which has startled the whole yachting world, and which must have a most important bearing on the subject in the immediate future.

Of all possible contingencies, favorable or otherwise, that might affect the America's Cup, no one has ever suggested the removal of Mr. Burgess from the ranks of its defenders, nor has such an event seemed at all probable. Strong and vigorous, in the prime of life and at the height of his fame, prosperous in his business and most happy in his social and domestic relations, his death was almost the only contingency which had not been suggested by the busy tongues that are constantly on the alert for a new sensation in yachting.

The challenge of Genesta in 1884 has brought into well-deserved prominence a number of men who were up to that time comparatively unknown outside of their immediate localities, but who have since achieved international fame as yachtsmen. Of them all, the foremost was the designer whose fertile brain provided the yachts, which with splendid handling and marvelous performances have astonished the world.

The whole history of yachting offers no parallel to the brilliant and brief career which has closed so abruptly

this week. A student and a man of leisure, taking up the designing of yachts merely as an interesting study, suddenly called on to meet the masterpieces of the best professionals in a contest for the great yachting trophy of the world, he triumphed not only once but thrice. Following up this success, from the same drawing board has come a fleet of over 200 vessels within the brief period of six years, craft of all models and sizes, racing and cruising yachts, steam yachts, pilot boats, fishing and trading vessels. Many of these have been successful in the highest degree, Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Sachem, Titania, Pappoose, Gossoon, Wona, Fredonia, Carrie E. Phillips, and dozens of others whose reputations are more local. Within this time Mr. Burgess was in active competition with the leading designers of the world, as well as with the famous local builders of yachts, fishermen and pilot boats; many of them specialists in one particular line. The genius of the man was shown by the fact that he made a place for his name at the top or very near it, not in one branch alone, but in every one; while in his chosen specialty of yacht designing he made a name and record which are likely to stand out as brilliantly beyond those of his successors as they now outshine all who have preceded him.

SHOOTING TOURNAMENTS AND GAME PROTECTION.

THERE is no reason in the world why the membership of an effective game protective organization should not be largely made up of trap-shooters; but experience has demonstrated again and again that the two interests must be kept apart at a convention where it is proposed to accomplish anything as to protection. A trap-shooting tournament or a game protective meeting may be an entire success if held alone; but if the two are in conjunction the trap-shooting enthusiasm will absorb attention, and the other will be slighted. At every combined convention in recent years shooting has been the "circus" and protection the "side-show," and not a very great success even as a "side-show."

In the plan proposed by Gen. Bruce for the restoration of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and in the later communication from Mr. Horace White, president of the Association, it has been suggested that in addition to the present membership a new contingent be received of men who are more certainly and more deeply interested in a movement to preserve our forests and fish and game. This is highly desirable. It is the first thing to do. But we are firmly convinced that no permanent change can ever be made in this respect, until the managers of the State Association shall provide for meetings from which the trap-shooting interest shall be wholly divorced.

The Association may be converted from its present position to one of power and dignity and influence in protective work, only by such a system of separate conventions. The trap-shooters are certain to have a successful meeting at Syracuse next year. They will be out in force. The entertaining club will have all it can do well to "run the shoot." The officers will be overwhelmed with business relating directly to the shooting tournament. The delegates will be intent on shooting. Interest will center in the shooting. There will be no time nor inclination for anything aside from the shooting.

To organize a convention of representative men in the interest of concerted game protective effort is a task which in itself will require all the labor and all the time that those who are most interested can afford to give; and such a meeting may well be arranged for in the coming autumn. As was said last week, Syracuse is the point to which we must look for the first move in the work, and we sincerely trust that a call may issue from the clubs there.

THE expressive colloquialism about "paying for a dead horse" just fits the case when a man settles up by paying \$157, fines and costs, for catching trout out of season. One might expend two or three times that amount without very many legitimate trout to show for it, and not begrudge it nearly so much.

THE annual meet of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain is on this week and next at the Bisley range. Cable reports say that the attendance is not so large as usual. The Canadian contingent started in with some fine work.

SILVER TROUT OF MONADNOCK LAKE.

"TWO sportsmen from Keene," N. H., recently published an account of their wholesale capture of Monadnock Lake trout as if it were meritorious to kill 175 of these beautiful fishes even with a fly-rod. This silver trout, or Dublin trout—the present Monadnock Lake was Dublin Pond a few years ago—has been found in only a few little lakes of New Hampshire. Our salmon and trout supplement, of April 4, 1889, will enable you to tell its distribution and recognize its form, since the fish is well figured in that number. When Mr. Thos. E. Hatch was a Commissioner of New Hampshire Fisheries (in 1872) he forwarded a few specimens to Prof. Baird from Monadnock Lake, then known as Center Pond. Twelve years later, Mr. Walter J. Greenwood, of Dublin, sent another lot of the "Dublin trout" to Prof. Baird, and about the same time the fish was mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM under the title "A Peculiar Fish" (FOREST AND STREAM, March 27, 1884). Prof. Agassiz obtained specimens of this Dublin trout upward of 30 years ago and pronounced it a distinct species, but it remained for Mr. Garman to describe the fish, which he did seven or eight years ago, giving it the name *Salmo agassizi*. We call it now *Salvelinus agassizi* and recognize it easily by its entire lack of reticulated markings on the sides, as well as by characters less perceptible to anglers. It is, perhaps, needless to say that trout of this kind are not found in "a lake near the Pacific coast," as announced in a recent newspaper article.

The average length of these trout is not far from 10 in. and the weight, 4 or 5 oz. The flesh is salmon-color and excellent for the table. The fishing season is in May and June and the trout rise only too eagerly to the fly for their own good. Judging from the descriptions, the colors must be very beautiful, although the red spots are not so numerous as in the brook trout and reticulations are not present on the sides. Spawning takes place in the shallows in October.

The silver trout is a lover of very clear, cold lakes, fed by springs, and should be a favorite one for introduction into suitable waters.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Clark's Lake Anglers' Club is an association of fishermen resident in New York, Newark, and other cities, who recently secured or claimed to have secured the exclusive right of fishing in Wickham Pond, in Warwick, N. Y., in the lovely region made famous by Frank Forester. The pond is a mile in length and half a mile wide. It has always been open to the public for fishing and boating. The club secured from owners of the larger part of the lands abutting on the water a lease of fishing privileges; and the public was warned not to trespass. Residents of Warwick have not been pleased at this turn of affairs; and some of them have persisted in fishing. Last week two young men were arrested for trespassing on Wickham Pond; and a fund has been raised by the villagers for their defense. Then to make it pleasant for the club members, a warrant was sworn out for President R. H. Moses, of this city, who was taken before a justice and fined for fishing on Sunday. Mr. Moses paid up, but has appealed his case. It was said that the land owners who gave the leases to the club claim title to the body of the lake under an original patent granted in 1703; and like many riparian-rights cases, the Wickham Lake litigation may prove long and expensive.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. A man who resented his neighbor's overlooking his own house built up a huge board fence—of the style known as spite-fence—and completely cut off not only his neighbor's view but his own too, and made the whole town laugh, until a fire one night destroyed the fence and the houses, and there was nothing left to quarrel about. Very similar is the case of two brothers of the angle dwelling near a body of water back of Swartswood, N. J., which bears the poetic name of Sucker Pond. A dispute about fishing rights converted these friends into enemies, and one of them fenced up a lane across his land through which the other had been accustomed to pass to the pond. Then somebody exploded a charge of dynamite in the water, and killed all the fish. The cause of difference being removed, we see no reason why the fishermen of Sucker Pond should not resume those relations of unity which are declared to be so good and so pleasant.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE NORTH SHORE.—XI.

[Continued from Page 500.]

A CANOE containing a woman and three children, en route to Michipicoton, touched at the island while we were feasting. Joe, who knew them, met them on the beach and had quite a chat with the party. On his return to us, he said the woman was one of the wives of a noted medicine man who was cruel and wicked, and who had mercilessly killed those who offended him. On inquiry as to how he killed them he said:

"By witchcraft."

"To thin, Joe," I replied.

"You laugh, but he kill you."

"How?"

"Why he get a berry and put it in you, if you are fifty miles away."

"A sort of traveling berry, is it not?"

"He put it in you anyhow."

"What then?"

"It kill you."

"Mere baby talk."

"He dead now."

"I feel relieved."

"His boy just like him. I saw him make little wigwam shake."*

On the low bluffs we noticed an humble cabin or two that nestled in a landscape of gentle and inspiring beauty, which, lighted up by the lake, never tires, never becomes commonplace.

"Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,

Here earth and water seem to strive again."

Lunch over, we sunbasked on the boat, and going two miles reached Maimainse proper, the fishing station of the Raisaines brothers. Here we found Mr. Turner and his party, who reported that they had had no fishing at all, only catching a few fingerlings. I was astonished that they had not sought other grounds, but the veteran said his "cautious friend" had become discontented, and was awaiting the arrival of the tug to return home. We knew what a disappointment this was to Mr. Turner, who was an accomplished angler from way back, and who had fished all the choice waters in the States.

He stated that he had set his heart on this trip, and had been to the trouble and expense of going to New York and purchasing for \$1,000 the naphtha launch expressly for this outing. As he told his disappointments my heart went out to the old gentleman, who I well knew would rather catch a trout than eat. When we told him the magnificent sport we had enjoyed with the spangled beauties since we left him, the tears stood in his eyes, and I have no doubt he bewailed the unfortunate fate of being caught in company with a "tenderfoot," who would neither fish nor cut bait. We tarried but a few moments here, and then left to go into camp two miles below. We found good quarters on an elevated plateau overlooking the lake. Ned being eager for a trout soon had his rod ready and went along the rocks, sending his flies into every available spot he thought contained the quarry. I sat in my camp chair and had a

fine view of the ardent angler as he threaded his way along the flinty rocks in the white splendor of the sunset. With his snowy hair falling o'er his broad shoulders, his white beard, purity itself, tossing in the breeze, and his bronzed and rugged features lit with the earnest animation of his pastime, he presented a pleasing picture, a *fac-simile* as it were of the true disciple of the gentle art. With what delightful skill he lifts his flies from the surface, and then again sends them with unerring aim and feathery lightness to the rippling waters. Hope is in every cast, and though the reward comes not, he never loses heart, never tires, but industriously tramps along over the rocky surface, still expectant with every cast, still as ardent as ever, still true to the art he so dearly loves. I looked and looked at the persevering angler, watching each cast with eager interest, in hopes of seeing some tigerish trout break the water, but the realization came not, for Ned was compelled to retire from the contest without a trophy.

"They are not here," he says, as he joined me, and so it seemed. They had either left for their spawning grounds in the rivers or they had fallen a victim to the rapacity of the copper-colored natives, to the premium of 18 cents per pound.

That night we had a terrific blow, and when we awoke in the morning discovered that the front end of the tent had succumbed to the windy element and was fiercely flapping on the ground. The boatmen were called and soon had the tent once more in position.

We had concluded that morning to wait for the tug and take passage on her for the "Soo," and thus conclude our trip. Joe desired us to secure some ice at Maimainse and then go into Maple Bay for another week's angle, but as he declared for home in one of his tantrums we determined that should be our destination, and for once the surly half-breed was defeated at his own spiteful game. It was a bitter disappointment to him, as he wished the total value of his wages to be further increased. If Joe could only divest himself of his imperious, surly and aggravating disposition he would be one of the best boatmen on the lake; but these disagreeable qualities are so innate with him that they will never be eradicated. They may slumber for a while but are sure to develop on some trifling occasion.

About 10 o'clock that morning, growing weary of waiting for the tug, we concluded to break camp and go to Maimainse and there await her, thinking it very probable that in a severe blow she would not stop for us. Looking around for our half-breeds, to give orders for breaking camp, they were nowhere to be seen. We then thought they had gone to Maimainse and so we had to content ourselves till they put in an appearance. This absence so excited our ire that we heaped all the anathemas we could invent upon their heads. Ned said it would be the pleasure of his life if he could only bring the tortures of an inquisition upon the vagabondizing lot. I was equally as vindictive, and just then would liked to have had them over a ton of nitro-glycerine with the battery in hand.

As we arose from our seats and started for the beach, lo, and behold! there were the dusky twain in question, serenely lying under a rocky bluff not ten feet away. They had doubtless hid themselves in the wood and then sneaked under the bluff. They evidently ascertained our candid opinion of them. The situation struck me as being so ridiculous that a smile of undue proportions broadened o'er my face. Ned, not taking the situation in its humorous phase, ordered them at once to get ready for Maimainse. Joe demurred, saying the sea was rather boisterous for the trip; but as Ned and I concluded to walk over, thus lightening the boat, they at once began preparations for their departure.

Our route to Maimainse ran over hills and vales of dark rock, slashed and notched as if by the axe of an infuriated giant; by great masses of splintered granite in the most eccentric confusion, and through dense thickets of scrub spruces and junipers, and over a large quantity of decaying timber. Ned perspired freely as he clambered along the adamant route, and several times called a halt; but my impetuosity carried me on, and being in the lead several times got off the beaten track, but through Ned's superior knowledge of wood lore recovered it soon after. Our improvised alpine staffs were of great service to us through this rugged route. We brought up at a ladder some twenty feet high, and descending this were in Maimainse; and seeing the camp of the Turner party close by, gave an Arab yell that awakened the quiet party that were just then having a quiet little game of poker on a twenty-five cent limit. On going in we were given a warm reception and invited to participate in the fascinating pastime, but seeing that we could not soon become millionaires in such a small game, declined. Turner, it appears, had a bushel of checks on his side, and was rapidly cleaning the party out of their small change.

Ned, who had been on the lookout for our boat, reported that she was rounding into the dock through a very heavy sea, and Joe, when he joined us, said the waves ran "damn high," an emphatic way he had of expressing himself on all important events.

At dinner time the poker game was discontinued and not again resumed, as every one began preparations for the departure on the tug which was momentarily looked for. The veteran publisher once more related his tale of woe and disappointment, declaring that when he again selected a partner for trouting, he would assuredly ascertain before starting if he were of the tenderfoot genus or not. I must admit, however, that I was somewhat pleased with Mr. Turner's partner, as he appeared to be quite an affable and cultured gentleman; but, as he expressed it, had not only become discontented with Lake Superior trouting, but had no confidence whatever in the naphtha launch for such waters' where sudden and dangerous gales are of frequent occurrence.

Mr. Turner, I will here state, on his return home, published a very readable and instructive account in his paper of the trip with his launch. He stated that he had made a voyage of about fifteen hundred miles with the little boat, returning by way of Lake Huron, Michigan and Grand River, making the entire trip without the slightest manipulation of the machinery, except at start and finish. We take the following extract from the account:

"On the whole, the naphtha launch is 'a thing of beauty' both in model and equipment, and can be implicitly relied upon, with ordinary care and slight attention, to do its work, both in speed and seaworthiness—in which latter respect it certainly excels, by reason of

its light weight and consequent buoyancy, any other power boat yet afloat; while its speed is fully up to the promises of its builders, from seven to ten miles per hour, according to size, varying from 18 to 50 ft. in length, employing motors of from two to eighteen horse power."

Since dinner a decided change of the weather had taken place. Sombre clouds from the far west were striding across the blue vault with a swiftness that drove the fleecy folds from the azure field. About 2 o'clock a slight sprinkle set in as an introductory, and then it began to rain in earnest. We stood around under shelter and speculated as to its continuance, and the non-appearance of the long-looked-for steam tug Annie Clarke. In a few minutes the rain cleared, but a misty drizzle continued that was far from being pleasant. Some one proposed a game of whist, under shelter of a shed on the shore end of the pier, but as there were only three whist players in the party, Ned, to make the game, agreed to play a dummy hand, and so at the scientific game we went. The first game was never finished, for it began to rain again so hard that the roof, not being waterproof, leaked like a sprinkling pot, which at once put a stop to the card playing.

A Jesuit priest, Father Chinborn, was also here awaiting the arrival of the steamer. He informed me that his circuit extended from Sailor's Encampment on St. Mary's River to Michipicoton, and that he frequently voyaged by sailboat when the lake was open, and on dog-sledges and snowshoes in the winter. I have heard much of the pious courage, patience and self-devoting zeal of these missionaries on Lake Superior. They are well educated and learned men, many better educated indeed, than the majority, and yet they resign not only all enjoyment and comforts, but also all the mental inspiration and excitement of polished society. They live isolated and scattered in little log huts round the lake, often no better off than the natives. Only the thought of the great Universal Church to which they belong keeps them connected with society and the world.

Chateaubriand has described in a most attractive and pathetic manner, the labors and perils which the old missionaries patiently endured in these wild countries, that they might cultivate a garden of the Church. The good father conversed with me quite a while, and in a very interesting manner, telling me what crude minds he had to deal with, and what simple methods he introduced to make them fully understand his teachings. Father Chinborn is, as to looks, of French origin, and I presume about fifty year of age; of attenuated form and an expressive face which plainly indicates the marks of hardships he has endured in his missionary work.

Some one now discovered a tug tossing and rolling some distance on the lake, and then there was manifest interest to ascertain if it was the long-looked-for tug Annie Clarke. It was nearly an hour before she could be recognized, and then the camp was broken in a hurry and preparations made for the departure. The rain had again ceased, but still left a dirty little drizzle. When the tug landed there was hurrying to and fro of the crew, who busied themselves taking off some of the barrels of salted fish with which she was so heavily laden. A cautious person who was on the dock, waiting passage, stepped up to the captain, who was just then wrestling with a barrel, and remarked:

"Captain, I am glad to see you lightening the boat."

"Lighten her? I am just putting this freight forward so I can take on those fish cans," pointing to some near by that weighed a couple of tons each.

"Oh, is that it?"

"Yes, the Annie Clarke cleans up all freight as she heads for port."

Mr. Turner, who was standing near by, a quiet observer of what was passing, said:

"That settles it, I don't go on that boat."

Neither did he, for he remained and had his tent put up again, determined to await propitious weather and then return in his naphtha launch—the Eagle.

The captain, who had been approached a couple of times relative to taking passengers, and had given no positive answer, now that he had time, the freight being all aboard, told the anxious parties that he would take them all, including their boats, but that he could not provide them with meals. As he was to run into Bachewanaung Bay that evening and remain till morning, it would give us an opportunity to provide our own meals.

The little tug had a cargo of two hundred barrels salted fish, six cases of fresh fish in ice, three small boats in the bow, three towing at the stern and about twenty passengers besides the crew. She was evidently loaded to her full capacity, and yet had to take additional freight at Bachewanaung Bay. This was all right in fair weather, but in a heavy blow the situation was really one of hazard.

The seamen of the north shore are so familiar with danger that they have a supreme contempt for it, and never seem to realize the situation unless it is from the bottom of an upturned boat. They are as bold and hardy as the Norsemen of old, and as generous and hospitable as they are daring.

The captain stated that he had started early that morning from the Lizard, but the sea was so high from a prevailing gale, after he had left the islands, that he was compelled to return and await a lulling of the storm.

The final whistle from the little tug prompted us all to get aboard, and there we spread ourselves for comfort as best we could, some taking to the fish barrels and others to the 6x8 ft. of space that alone remained in the center of the stern. I was fortunate in getting a seat on a couple of stanchions that stood about three feet above the deck, and that ran alongside the small cabin. Several sat on the cabin deck with their legs dangling down, and those who had taken to the fish barrels tried to find comfort by sitting on the upturned heads; but the drizzle soon made their seats quite moist, and so they stood around wherever there was an inch or two of space.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

GRAPHITE PAINT.—Ordinary paint when exposed to the weather lasts from two to five years, but Graphite paint, it is claimed, withstands the elements for ten or fifteen. Well known people who have used Dixon's Graphite Paint, made by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., of Jersey City, N. J., state that this paint is not only durable but handsome, and suited for all outside metal work where a dark paint can be used.—*Advt.*

SUNDAY TRAIN TO MOMENCE.—The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad placed in service June 14 a Sunday train between Chicago and Momence, leaving Chicago at 8:35 A. M., and returning leave Momence at 8:45 P. M., thus affording anglers a fine opportunity to spend a day on the Kankakee River.—*Advt.*

*I had heard so much talk relative to the wigwam shaking business, during my two trips on this coast, that I determined to investigate the matter by a research in Indian lore on my return, and subjoined is what I found concerning it in a work called "Kitchie Gami," by J. G. Kohl, 1880:

"The Indians have for a lengthy period been great spiritualists, ghost-seers, table-rappers, and, perhaps too, magnetizers, which we have only recently become, or returned to. The lodge which the Jossakids, or prophets, or, as the Canadians term them, 'jongleurs,' by their incantations, and composed of stout youths connected with basket-work and covered with birch bark. It is tall and narrow, and resembles a chimney. It is very firmly built, and two men, even if exerting their utmost strength, would be unable to move, shake or bend it. It is so narrow that a man who crawls in has but scanty space to move about in it."

Ned said he had camped here on one of his trips some years ago, and had magnificent sport around the islands and along the shore. As it was close to Maimainse and trout brought 18 cents per pound, he was satisfied it had been pretty well fished out by Indians and half-breeds. At one time there was a large fishery at this harbor, but presumed it so depleted the lake in its immediate neighborhood, that it had either to go elsewhere for its profitable harvests or abandon the business.

"Thirty years ago," a gentleman told me who had lived much among the Indians and was even related to them through his wife, "I was present at the incantation and performance of the Jossakid in one of these lodges. I saw the man creep into the hut, which was about ten feet high, after swallowing a mysterious potion made from a root. He immediately began singing and beating the drum in his basket-work chimney. The entire case began gradually trembling and shaking and oscillating slowly and great noise. The more the necromancer sang and drummed, the more violent the oscillations of the long case became. It bent back and forward, up and down, like the mast of a vessel caught in a storm and tossed on the waves. I could not understand how these movements could be produced by a man inside, as we could not have caused them from the exterior."

"The drums ceased, and the Jossakid yelled that 'the spirits were coming over him.' We then heard through the noise, and cracking, and oscillation of the hut, two voices speaking inside, one above, the other below. The lower one asked questions, which the upper one answered."

"Both voices seemed entirely different, and I believed I could explain them by very clever ventriloquism. Some spiritualists among us, however, explained it through modern spiritualism, and explained that the Indian Jossakids had speaking media, in addition to those known to us, which tapped, wrote and drew."

"I cannot remember the questions asked and answers given, still much of the affair seemed to me strange, and when an opportunity offered, long after, to ask the Jossakid about his behavior on that occasion, he explained peculiarly favorably to the truth. I did so. Thirty years later he had become an old man and a Christian, and was lying on his death bed, when accident again brought me to his side."

"Uncle," I said to him, recalling that circumstance, and having nothing else to talk about, "uncle, dost thou remember prophesying to us in thy lodge thirty years ago, and astonishing us, not only by thy discourse, but also by the movement of thy prophet lodge? I was curious to know how it was done, and thou saidst that thou hadst performed it by supernatural power, through the spirits. Now thou art old and hast become a Christian, thou art sick and canst not live much longer. Now is the time to confess all truthfully. Tell me, then, how and through what means thou didst deceive us?"

"I know it, my Uncle, my sick Indian replied. 'I have become a Christian. I am old, I am sick, I cannot live much longer, and I can do no other than speak the truth. Believe me, I did not deceive you at that time. I did not move the lodge. It was shaken by the power of the spirits. Nor did I speak with a double tongue. I only repeated to you what the spirits said to me. I heard their voices. The top of the lodge was full of them, and before me the sky and wide lands lay expanded. I could see a great distance around me, and I believe I could recognize the most distant objects.' The old dying Jossakid said this with such an expression of simple truth and firm conviction that it seemed to me, at least, that he did not consider himself a deceiver, and believed in the efficacy of his magic arts and the reality of his visions."

"This is the entire story, and you must draw your own conclusions, as I will not attempt its revelation, though I assure you this wigwam-shaking business is a big card with the Indians on Lake Superior."

Natural History.

THE PORCUPINE.

THE remarks of "Lotor" about the porcupine rolling itself into a little ball were read with interest, as also the pertinent reply of "Backwoodsman," in your issue of May 28. I most heartily indorse "Backwoodsman" in his assertions, but want to add a few observations carefully made during the last twenty years. He says he has seen thousands of them in the pine woods, but does not give his address so we may understand where these improperly-called hedgehogs are so numerous. I live in Michigan, and though I have been a close observer, not over twenty-five porcupine have come to my notice altogether, and I have hunted and collected in both peninsulas.

The common porcupine (*Erethozon dorsatus*) is well known to persons living in wild and unsettled portions of the Union east of the Mississippi River and north of 43° north latitude. To the east it is getting scarce, and even in this State is now very rarely taken south of 42°, although formerly quite common here at Kalamazoo, 42° 20'. I am informed that it is still found in some parts of northern Pennsylvania, and, as is well known, it is abundant in Maine, northern New York, Vermont and New Hampshire in the wilder portions, while in Wisconsin and Michigan north of 44° it is a familiar rodent.

I am not aware that the porcupine ever feeds on any substances not vegetable, and therefore cannot indorse "Backwoodsman's" assertions that it will devour almost anything around camp. His observations were undoubtedly made during the winter months, as he embraces old boot packs in the porcupine's *menu*, and as my notes were mostly made in the spring and fall it follows that I may not understand the predilections of this strange creature at other times. That the animal is mischievous and disposed, like a colt, to investigate and mutilate, is true, and this characteristic may account for the habits observed around camp, when it apparently attacked anything available. In careful dissections made upon both young and old specimens, I have found the stomach to contain only vegetable matter. Leaves generally compose the fare from May till August, and I doubt not that the animal could live entirely upon this diet. The bill of fare is often varied with tender bark of young trees and shrubs, and frequently by bark not so tender, as I have seen them feeding on the inner bark of the white oak (*Quercus alba*). In season the acorns of this oak furnish food for the needle-backs, and in the fall I have shot them from immense timber-land oaks fully 75ft. from the ground. These oaks, all of 50ft. without a limb and 30in. in diameter, would seem insurmountable to animals apparently so clumsily formed, but the unwieldy creatures scale the rough-barked trees with ease, if not with the activity of a squirrel, at least with much greater ease than the woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*). The porcupine feeds largely on grass and clover when it can get it, and in this respect much resembles that other destructive rodent, the woodchuck, which has come to almost entirely select clover fields for his burrows, moving about as the farmer shifts his crops from field to field.

It is when the young are with the old one that grass and the foliage of shrubs, as well as roots, are chosen, for I do not think the young mount into trees of any size until quite half grown; at least I have never met with small ones in trees nor have I learned of their being taken there. I have never seen young so small that they were still nursing, but have thrice taken them when still in company with their mother, though they had adopted a vegetable diet. The young are undoubtedly brought forth in burrows, though as to this I cannot attest. At least they quickly hide in burrows when disturbed, as do the old ones also, although, if alone, the old ones evidently prefer hollow trees. One place that I know of where these strange animals are to be found is in a huge hollow sycamore, intricately connected with other and smaller trees by huge roots, which contain a labyrinth of passages. This sycamore is so smooth that a squirrel could hardly mount it, yet the old porcupine has been seen at the top. It always seemed to me that the animal must have climbed to the top by way of the hollow.

I have once found two young in company with the old one, and twice only one young. The litter undoubtedly consists of at least two and probably more, for I do not know of one species of Michigan rodents which brings forth less than two, and generally there are three or more in a litter.* The young run along after the mother in her search for food, and are exact counterparts of the parent when only 8 to 10in. long. At this length they are provided with spines, and will throw themselves into a defensive posture if an intruder comes suddenly on the scene, as does a kitten when disturbed by a dog.

The porcupine is a muscular but very clumsy animal. With great strength, both of jaw and limb, and undoubtedly capable of making a good defense if it were gifted with activity and courage, it is as great a coward as exists, and if prevented from seeking safety in flight offers no offensive resistance, but squats down and waits the expected onslaught, with elevated back and erected bristles. If not molested it will, upon the slightest chance being given it, shuffle off to a place of security. When in this position, although not in shape like a ball, as described by "Lotor," it rests upon its feet, which are drawn in under the body, with its head turned down, offering the best position to repel attack. Against a hunter this position does not afford it safety, as a smart blow with a stick will turn it heels up, when it may be quickly despatched; but to a dog or other animal the defense is practically complete, and the porcupine is as safe behind its impenetrable *cheveaux de frise* as if it was in its burrow or in the top of a tree. Woe to the dog that ignorantly bites at that animal in an attempt to worry it. The result is a mouthful of sharp, bearded spines or quills, from 1 to 3in. long, which are readily detached from the integument and as readily penetrate the lining of the mouth and the nose of its luckless assailant. Sometimes as many as fifty or more quills may be found sticking in the mouth and muzzle of an uneducated dog, which, maddened with pain after his first mouthful, has renewed his attack, thoroughly enraged at his quiet enemy. These quills must be drawn out, and the sooner the better for the sufferer, as they cannot be removed by the dog and will lead to frightful suppuration, and usually to death.

*Of imported rodents, I have repeatedly known of instances where the Guinea-pig produced but one at a birth.

Wildcats and even the cougar or American lion are said to have been found dead with quill-filled mouths, the result of hunger-inspired attacks on the porcupine. These quills, largest and most numerous on the back and rump, are the natural covering of certain parts of the animal and, like the intermingled hairs, spring from follicles in the creature's skin. They are readily reproduced and are undoubtedly intended for a protection of an otherwise defenseless animal. They may be readily disengaged from the integument, and the removal quickly follows the tension made on them after the point of the quill is driven into the flesh and is held there by the barbs, small and numerous, which press backward against the penetrated skin or other integument. I am thus explicit, and perhaps unnecessarily diffuse, as read by those who have examined the arrangement, because I want to mention a mooted question. There are still many who firmly believe that porcupines throw their quills, and though it is almost too simple a subject to discuss, a word may not come amiss. There are many intelligent people who could not be brought near to one of these inoffensive animals, firmly believing that the creature has the power of shooting the quills to quite a distance and with great accuracy. I have been told repeatedly, and by men of undoubted veracity, that they had often seen men, fences, dogs and trunks of trees filled with the thrown quills of the hedgehog. They were simply telling what they had often heard and had come to sincerely believe,

"Like one
Who, having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a slunner of his memory
To credit his own lie."

These people would be hard to convince of their error under any circumstances, and yet I have much sympathy for them, for there are numerous stories at present going the rounds which are much more ridiculous.

The porcupine when assailed elevates its back and makes the skin tense, so that the quills are erect and in the best position for defense. This position is followed, when an attack is made on the creature, by quick elevations or jerks upward and sideways of head and body, accompanied by floppings of its armed tail, which are made to inflict injury on the enemy, the animal in the meantime looking about for an advantage or chance for safety. There is no other time when a wild animal will fight as it will when found in company with its young, and the efforts of a female porcupine to protect her single young one called forth my admiration. The old one kept its front toward its offspring, which it placed beside a log and partially covered with its foreparts, and in addition to its bristling armor it also used its teeth, savagely biting a stick when pushed away. This old one weighed 21lbs., and its stomach contained over 1½lbs. of green vegetable material ground up as fine as good teeth could chew it. The small one weighed 4lbs., and its paunch was distended with the same food.

The senses of the porcupine are evidently very dull or else it is conscious of no danger, deeming its protection sufficient guarantee for its safety. I have more than once discovered them by the dropping of bark or acorns from the limbs where they were feeding, and have then watched their actions for some time as they continued to feed, wholly ignoring my presence. If shot at when feeding in a large tree, say 60ft. from the ground, they are not easily brought down, and when resting on a limb three or four inches in diameter, which protects the head and vitals, a good many shots are required to bring it off its perch. The quills offer strong protection against anything but very coarse shot, and even with Bs it is not readily dislodged, as it possesses great vitality and will hang till the last gasp. One that was well riddled, after falling fully 70ft., escaped me in a piece of dense undergrowth.

Having a true hunter's appetite, with addition of a great amount of curiosity, I have been in the habit of testing the edible qualities of many of the wild birds and mammals not generally in demand. Among others I tried some porcupine stew, being led to believe that it would be palatable and gamy, as it is said to be quite often eaten by our red brothers. Now, woodchuck, coon and possum go well, and I have nothing particular to say against some other animals not generally chosen, but as to porcupine, excuse me. After cooking for five hours, and still finding it not done, it was thrown to the dogs, which discreet animals elevated their noses to heaven and gave a dismal howl.

In nearly every specimen that I have examined, the intestines as well as stomach were found to be suffering from the ravages of a peculiar parasite, and, strange to say, these entozoans of singular habit were always found attacking the external lining of the tissues and were not found within the alimentary canals of the otherwise apparently healthy animal.

In conclusion, a word in regard to hedgehogs. This animal is only found on the Eastern Continent and islands. It belongs to the order *Insectivora*, and has teeth formed much after the fashion of the mole. The porcupine, so often incorrectly called hedgehog, belongs to the *Rodentia*, or gnawers, and its teeth are formed more like those of the rat, squirrel and woodchuck. It is several times the size of the little hedgehog. The name hedgehog, therefore, in no way applies to our American porcupine.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.

MORRIS GIBBS, M.D.

WHALE, WALRUS AND SEAL.

EARLY in July, 1889, the small schooner *Nicoline*, registering about forty tons and drawing only 5ft. of water, left San Francisco for the mouth of the Mackenzie River in search of the bowhead or Polar whale. The vessel was commanded by Capt. Louis Herendeen, whose brother, Edward P. Herendeen, a correspondent of *FOREST AND STREAM*, accompanied him as first mate. The crew comprised nine men, and additional help was to be obtained among the Esquimaux at Point Barrow or Herschell Island, all of whom are excellent and fearless whalers.

Many whalemens believe that the bowhead breeds at the mouth of the Mackenzie. Although many whales pass into the Arctic through Bering Strait in the spring, very few are seen to return southward in the fall during the stay of the whalers. Of course they all come south later. Mackenzie saw a great many whales at the mouth of the river bearing his name during his Arctic explorations. Near Point Barrow whales have been killed with old irons

of the Greenland whalers imbedded in their blubber. When stationed at Point Barrow with the Signal Service expedition of 1882-1883, Capt. E. P. Herendeen traveled far to the eastward and learned from the natives that whales are abundant in the locality in which the *Nicoline* and other vessels are now operating. The *Nicoline* was selected because of the advantage a vessel of light draft would have in following small leads in the ice near shore. She reached Herschell Island about last August, and the steamer *George W. Hume* and another vessel or vessels were there at the same time. While at Point Barrow illness forced Capt. E. P. Herendeen to abandon the voyage to the eastward, and he returned to San Francisco. He has taken steps, however, to secure information for *FOREST AND STREAM* and collections of natural history objects, which we hope to report upon after the return of his brother during the coming fall.

In conversation with the Captain recently we have obtained some additional interesting notes on the whale, walrus and seal, which we give herewith.

Capt. Herendeen has seen whale calves only a few days old at Point Barrow—so small that their flukes were not yet straightened out and the whole calf could be taken into a single *romiak*, or skin boat. The very young calves are not timid and are easily caught by the natives, who delight in eating them. In a short time the cows teach them to sink in times of danger and their capture becomes difficult. The whales commence going to the east at Point Barrow about April 15 and the young accompany them; they continue running until June and are seen occasionally as late as June 15.

Walrus breed on the ice and live along its southern edge, coming furthest south in winter. When the whalers catch the pups in June and July they find them pretty well grown and bearing little tusks. Natives informed Capt. Herendeen that walrus, some time ago, were taken as far north as Point Barrow in winter, and that they have breathing holes in the ice just like seals. A herd of 1,000 walrus was driven ashore and captured at Point Moller years ago; from these were obtained 8,000lbs. of ivory. A pod of 40 was started inland and kept moving for some time by pricking those that turned, in the nose with a sharp iron-pointed pole. Finally, however, they became utterly unwilling to go further from the sea and every one of the lot dug his snout deep into the moist sand, completely protecting the only tender portion, plowing as much as one foot deep, and it was impossible to turn a single individual. When walrus haul out on the land the near approach of good weather may be confidently expected; they love to lie in close contact like pigs and frequently one will partially overlap another.

In the winter of 1885 a number of seals were killed by Esquimaux while traveling over the snow from the frozen rivers to the sea. Capt. Herendeen saw the tracks of four or five that were escaping from their imprisonment in this way. About 30 miles inland, southeast of Cape Smythe, he found a seal that had been killed by a native when going out with his dog team. The seals go into the rivers for whitefish, trout, smelt and other fish; they find open holes full of food and continue their feast until the ice freezes up everything solid, and then they are forced to travel overland. The Esquimaux say they never make a mistake and go the wrong direction; the course to the sea is laid along the nearest route.

T. H. BEAN.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One Humboldt's saki (*Pithecia monachus*), one crazy bear cub (*Ursus arctos horribilis*), one golden cat (*Felis tigris*), one pronghorn antelope (*Antilocapra americana*), two Gillespie's hair seals (*Zalophus corymbosus*), one red-billed hornbill (*Trochus erythrophthalmus*), two Orinoco geese (*Chenadex jubata*) 3 and 2, five European widegones (*Marca penelope*) 2 3 and 3 2, five black snakes (*Bascanion constrictor*), one glass snake (*Ophiscus ventralis*), seven king snakes (*Ophibolus getulus*), three ground rattlesnakes (*Crotalophus mitchilli*), three copper snakes (*Ptyopsis melanoleucus*), three chicken snakes (*Coluber quadricinctus*), four coach-whip snakes (*Bascanion constrictor flagelliforme*), one indigo snake (*Spilotes ercheumus*), one common hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhynus*), one black hog-nosed snake (*H. platyrhynus abnoides*), two garter snakes (*Eutania striata*), and one boa (*Boa constrictor*). Presented—One Barbary ape (*Macacus leoninus*), twelve opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), three raccoons (*Procyon lotor*), one prairie wolf (*Canis latrans*), one red fox (*Canis vulpes fulvus*), one sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*), one mockingbird (*Turdus polyglottus*), two barred owls (*Syrnium nebulosum*), six alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), six musk turtles (*Amblocheilus odoratus*), one yellow whip snake (*Bascanion flagelliforme testaceum*), one Say's king snake (*Ophibolus getulus*), one Holbrook's water snake (*Tropidonotus holbrooki*), two Woodhouse's water snakes (*T. sipedon woodhousei*), one hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhynus*), one pine snake (*Ptyopsis melanoleucus*), and three garter snakes (*Eutania striata*). Born—One Virginia deer (*Capreolus virginianus*), one fallow deer (*Cervus dama*), one bactrian camel (*Camelus bactrianus*), one black lemur (*Lemur macaco*), one llama (*Lama peruviana*), one American elk (*Cervus canadensis*), and six garter snakes (*Eutania striata*). Exchanged—Four Bell's painted terrapin (*Chrysemys bellii*), one unarmed soft-shelled turtle (*Apomydus mutica*), and one Robben Island snake (*Coronella phocaena*).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE FULL TEXTS of the game laws of all the States, Territories and British Provinces are given in the *Book of the Game Laws*.

ANOTHER OLD STORY.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Old Captain Prout, for whom Prout's Neck, now a well-known summer resort, is named, was a noted gunner in the days when waterfowl were plenty in that vicinity. "Early one spring, 1860 or thereabouts," said an old settler to me, "he brought home from the West Indies a gun, the like of which had never been seen by the natives. It was a muzzleloader, about a 2-gauge, and weighed some 30lbs. Soon after its arrival there came a heavy storm, and the next morning a pond a couple of acres in extent back of the Captain's barn was covered with ducks so thick that another one could not possibly have been squeezed in. Here was an opportunity to try the new gun, and loading it with the regulation charge, of ½lb. powder and ½lb. shot, he sallied forth. At the corner of the barn he cocked the piece and stepped out with it held in readiness. When within about 40yds. all the ducks jumped as one bird. The Captain aimed at the middle of the mass and fired."

Here my informant stopped as if expecting some encouragement, and somewhat against my will I felt constrained to ask, "How many did he get?"

"Wal," he replied, "he didn't get any, he undershot but he picked up three bushels of ducks' legs."

MAINE.

E. W. L.

IN MEXICO.

OUR correspondent has been hunting in company with Mrs. Aztec, and thus discourse of it to his brother in "the States":

We started, J. and I, on a midnight train the night of May 25. We got to our station at daylight, and found the hacienda coach in waiting for us. We had a lovely ride of nearly ten miles in the dewy morning, and were cordially received by the young host. From then till Saturday the place belonged to us. The weather was too warm to save game any length of time, so we did not exert ourselves much in hunting. Besides the boss clerk was absent, and Don Luis had all the business to attend to, and so could not get out very often. On Wednesday he and I took a turkey hunt. He had a place baited in a cedar brake about twelve miles from the house, and we got up early and struck out, reaching the ground about half after seven. The turkeys were gobbling all around, but we sat down in the blinds and waited for them. Don Luis got an old gobbler about nine o'clock, and as we came back from our lunch where the horses were tied, at noon, there was a fine old fellow just showing up at my place, but he saw us too far and got away. About the middle of the afternoon two hens made their appearance at my corn pile.

I made up my mind to get them both, but was so well hid that I did not have good use of myself. Don Luis is in the habit of shooting with a rifle, and had put me in a blind all shut in by trees. At my first movement one of them said *put* and I jumped up. As they started to run I rolled one over with the first barrel, and just as quick as I knew how, took a bead on the other as she rose to fly. But I didn't have elbow room enough and banged the whole load into a tree just as she went behind it. She flew up to Don Luis's stand and he clipped her under the throat with his rifle, but she managed to get into the thicket. The woods were full of them, but the day before the man had left so much corn that they were not hungry.

The next day we rode around in the coach, saw sights, and in the evening had a lot of fun shooting doves near an old barn. Friday I decided I would try for a deer, as I thought I could get it home the next day. Don Luis was very busy, so I got up early and struck out with one of the men. We went about three miles from the house, and had a fine little still-hunt on the side of a mountain. It was pretty brushy and rocky, so a fellow had to be extra careful. I found fresh signs of two deer up on the mountainside and commenced to sneak around for I couldn't tell which way they had gone. They either saw or heard me, and slipped off down the hill about a hundred yards. Pretty soon I stepped out into an open place and they began to snort and jump over the bushes. The sun was about half an hour high and they were between me and below it. When they moved in the chaparral I could see them, but as soon as they stopped I could not make them out. The ground between us was perfectly open, so that there was no chance to creep up. So I lost them. They were not wild, and under the same circumstances ordinarily I should have been sure to get one of them. It was a mere accident that I did not see them sooner.

In the afternoon we went in the coach to a cane field where Don Luis had seen them come out often to feed on the cane. The sun was still two hours high, but when we reached the place there were three already out and saw us. We tried to get on them, but they were suspicious of the coach which had stopped in view, and besides, a plow-boy over in a neighboring field began to whistle at them. So we had to take a hurried shot at long range, not knowing the distance. Neither of us scored. Following them into the bushes we found them again, but got no shot, and Don Luis found a big buck which he could easily have killed but thought it was a donkey. Even a veteran hunter will get fooled sometimes.

Next day was our last and we were bound to have some meat to bring home to save our reputation. So we went for the turkeys again. I had found a caller, and told Don Luis that if they gobbled around so much again I was going to try my hand at calling one up. J. went along and stayed in the blind with me. I had loaded her little 20-gauge with No. 2 shot, and was sure that she would get her turkey if one came out. But Don Luis had all the luck. Nothing showed itself at our blind, and I didn't even hear one gobble. But at different times during the day three old fellows came to his stand and paid the penalty of their rashness. He has a fine 32-40 Ballard that is sure death to anything that comes in range.

From the woods we went to the station and found that we had to wait all night for the train. The boss of the ranch gave us a bed, and we got along finely. Our only mishap was that it was eight o'clock Sunday morning before we got home.

SIX YEARS UNDER MAINE GAME LAWS.

X.—THE ONE BEFORE THE LAST.

THE time has come to close this series of papers. Unforeseen circumstances have delayed their preparation, and other causes equally unforeseen have altered their original plan, so that they are widely different from the first design. It is therefore impossible to draw conclusions or to sum up in any orderly fashion what has been said. But there are a few additional points to be touched upon and some probable consequences—which may a better ordering of affairs avert!—that need to be set forth; and just a word may be said of what was intended but was not accomplished.

In the beginning a state of feeling was described in which a bitter and unreasoning resentment must have seemed predominant. It was planned to account for this, to show how it arose and why, and what were the principal local modifications of it with their local causes. The plan has been carried out only in part. What was said of the waste of game and non-transportation in open season applied with varying force to all the counties and has been influential in all to produce the present state of dissatisfaction. But what has been said of deer hounding and killing dogs pertains only to the southeastern counties of the State. Nothing has been said of Piscataquis and its interests, nor of Aroostook and Aroostook affairs, although the plan was to illustrate and explain the causes which had operated in these to produce a feeling substantially the same but differing in its degree. A change made last March in the law permitting the destruction of dogs, bringing new and unexpected dangers close upon us, as it was feared, caused the abandonment of the original design and a fuller treatment of topics relating to deer hounding than was at first intended or deemed

desirable, while in consequence the other sections had to be slighted.

I have said that it was not the intention to speak of deer hounding at such length. There were other topics equally interesting which did not have the peculiar disadvantages of this, namely, that whoever would speak of abuses connected with its suppression must consent to be accused of favoring the practice. Now, the practice cannot be defended in this State. As a method deer hounding may be the best or the worst, the most humane or the most cruel way of getting a deer—that is a matter of opinion; as a practice it is illegal and should be stopped. Yet it is of supreme importance that the means of suppression shall be such that those who wish to see the law enforced can honestly defend the means taken to enforce it. Who could do this of the poisoning and dog killing of years past? The extraordinary abuses connected with these methods of procedure have put them into such disrepute that neither of them can ever gain any measure of popular support. Yet this spring the law has been changed so that the killing of dogs is encouraged by the new license granted, even if it is not intended, as has been feared, to make it an official feature of the campaign this fall. Nothing could be more fatal than this. These practices may be legalized, but such is the odium attaching that they will injure the cause in which they are employed. The reaction against the last attempts has been very strong. Nearly, if not quite twice as much deer hounding was carried on last fall on Penobscot and Union River waters as ever before. Deer were dogged more or less regularly on some thirty ponds and lakes which I could name, and at Chemo Lake, only about fifteen miles from Bangor, they were run all the fall. Hounds used to run deer are openly kept in Bangor and vicinity. Men go from Bangor and surrounding towns to places where deer are dogged, the papers tell where they have gone, and what they bring back, and the deer, shot in the back of the head, are openly exhibited. There is no secret made of it. What is more, men who a few years ago strongly disapproved the practice, now favor it more or less openly. Whoever would stop hounding must overcome an opposition which did not exist a few years ago, and this can be done only by the use of fair and legal methods. Fine the men who engage in it, but give us no more Darling cases and no more dog killing. To repeat the proceedings of the few years past would give us not only more murders, but would be the speediest way of creating a general demand from this section to have a law permitting hounding.

It was planned, among other things, to speak at some length of the illegal sale of fish and game, of the number of prosecutions brought and fines collected, of certain cases tried and minor untenable interpretations of the laws, of the character and efficiency of the wardens now in the service; and facts were collected for this purpose, which the change of plan already spoken of has made it necessary to set aside.

However, that the case may not seem to go by default, we will have a word upon some of these points.

Game and fish have been illegally sold this winter, and not by any means in lone and sequestered spots. It has been done in our largest cities and in the markets, so openly that strangers have commented on it. Not to speak of what has been done nearer home, in Augusta game and fish both were sold contrary to law; and at the very time that new trout laws were under discussion, togue were openly sold in the city and were served under the name of trout on the table of the hotel where many of the senators and representatives boarded. Complaint was made but no prosecutions followed. Without discussing where these fish were taken, it was directly contrary to law to sell them, and yet while the sale was permitted in Augusta, in the eastern part of the State Pete Newell, an Indian, poor undoubtedly, ignorant very likely, was fined for selling trout.

Regarding the collection of fines and their disposition, little can be said in little space. But the aggregate of fines paid in to the treasuries is not what might be expected. In Penobscot it is too small to make any account of. From Jan. 1 to the middle of April of this year only \$40 was paid in from nearly ninety towns and townships which are included in this county. The sum for any year is very small. This would not be a disadvantage if the violations of the law were few, but they are numerous and open. Some cases come up in the higher courts of Penobscot, but very few appear in the lower courts of Bangor. The clerk of the municipal court who has been in the office many years could show me papers pertaining to only two cases, which he said were all that he distinctly remembered. One was the voluntary complaint against himself of a gentleman who killed a moose last September; the other a case against a man for netting fish last October, ending in an appeal. Some cases come before trial justices outside the city. There are a few justices in this and other counties to whom game cases are frequently carried, or who are carried to the cases, whence the nickname of "pocket justices" sometimes applied to them; and there is some particularly edifying history connected with the cases which come up before these men. The aggregate of game cases in eastern Maine for the past few years has been small when we except the seizures illegally made under the transportation fiasco and what has been done on the seashore.

Concerning wardens, we will say as little as possible. It is not fair to speak disparagingly of a whole class without bringing forward the proofs. Yet it is true that after much inquiry I have found many poor wardens and only two that could be called good ones. Good men there may be, undoubtedly are, among the hundred and fifty who are employed as wardens, but unless they live in the western part of the State or upon the seashore, they must be scarce. The majority of the more prominent wardens of eastern Maine are not only bad wardens but bad men. There is full proof of their unfitness for the place. I was intending to bring forward enough to show the kind of men into whose hands the execution of our game laws has fallen, but it would take too long to do the subject justice, and we may leave it with Charley Uter's benediction, "May the Lord think well of you"—and its logical inference.

It is of more importance just now to know that some of these men have been reappointed not once, but sometimes more than once, in spite of repeated protest. We have been told that nobody was responsible for this. The change of the law this year which requires the approval of two of the Commissioners before a warden will be given an appointment, is a great improvement. It makes

the Commissioners personally responsible for the character of the men employed, and the improvement of the service by the substitution of better men for some of those now in the service may be expected. We have been told that heretofore men had been selected for their strength and ability to shoot quickly. The authority for the statement was high, yet this may not be the real ground of selection. At any rate these would be merely imaginary advantages for an active warden. Strength may make an arrest, but it will not take a man out of the woods, and the ability to shoot quickly is merely a negative advantage, since an officer cannot use firearms except as a last resort. Plain, old-fashioned honesty is the best qualification a warden can have, and with it a man can go safely, when without it he would run considerable risk. The second best recommendation to the position should be a thorough knowledge of woodcraft and the ability to go alone through the woods instead of along highways and frequented routes.

One change in the laws this year requires some attention. Henceforth wardens may make arrests without the use of a warrant. This will be a great advantage in securing the arrest of offenders, but visitors and residents alike will need to be on their guard against those who pretend to be wardens and extort fines on false pretenses. In years past this has been done more or less frequently. I know of three cases, one of them occurring this winter, where the attempt has been made by men who were not wardens, and I have been told on good authority of another where a fine was paid only this winter to a man who was not a warden, for fishing pickerel, which it is legal to fish at any season. It is well for every one to carry a copy of the latest issue of the game laws, so that he can determine for himself just what the law is and whether he is guilty. There are many points where by mistake or evil intention a person not perfectly sure of his rights can be intimidated and made to pay blackmail by those who are not officials and have no right to interfere. How many who come here know that Sunday is close time on game but not on fish? or that until this spring deer could be legally shipped from the State provided the legal number was not exceeded, while partridges could not be? or half a dozen other points on which a case could be made or lost? The wise man, if detected in an offense against the laws, will, if possible, stand trial. He never will pay anything to settle a case, nor pay a fine to any one without taking a receipt for it. If in any case he should pay a fine to any one whom he does not know personally, he will at the expiration of two months write to the county treasurer of the county in which it was paid, to find whether it has been paid to the county, that being the limit of time which any justice or receiver of fines can keep them without incurring heavy fines. These are suggestions merely, but they are made to the wise. Never pay anything to any one who may not be an official. Never pay without taking a receipt in full. Never fail to see whether that money was paid into the treasury at the proper time unless there is no room for doubt.

The next paper, which will be the final one, will take up some of the more general evils which will follow if something is not done to improve the present conditions here. They are too serious to be neglected and should receive thoughtful consideration of both residents and visitors who are interested in the welfare of this State. It is not the game alone that makes a trip here pleasant—the game and fish are the least part of it to many who come here, and certainly are not greatly esteemed by the residents. There are other interests upon which both can unite, which now, if not actually imperilled, are at that point where the future danger can be most easily averted. It is for what will be said in this final paper, however simply and unemphatically it may be put forth, that this whole series, with all the labor and unenviable notoriety it involves, was undertaken.

FANNIE PEARSON HARDY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO.—A recent incident will show still further the necessity for some adequate protection of the game birds along the Kankakee River. The incident is the more deplorable in that the culpable party is a member of one of our regular shooting clubs. I say, he is a member, but "was a member" would probably be more correct, for by this time he has probably been expelled from the club or will be soon. The man's name is Roth, and he belonged to the Diana Club. Lately he killed 5 young prairie chickens, not bigger than one's fist, and put them on the ice at the Diana Club House, where they were seen. Mr. Henry Ehlers, a very worthy sportsman of the Diana Club, and others of our sportsmen here, instituted a legal investigation, though attorney Low told them no case would hold, they being citizens of Illinois, while the killing was done in Indiana. The matter was not allowed to rest here, however, Messrs. Henry Ehlers and John Press, the latter president of the Diana Club, have gone down to the grounds in Indiana to see if they cannot get evidence good enough for a conviction even under the absurd Indiana law. In any event, Roth will be promptly jumped from the club, and ought to be debarred from the company of gentlemen sportsmen. It is getting too late in the nineteenth century to do such things as that and still claim to be either a sportsman, a gentleman, or even a half-decent sort of half-way citizen.

A new club organizes to-night, and will next week be named and added to the galaxy of Chicago's bright particular stars. It will consist of 30 members, membership fee \$10, and will be devoted to trap-shooting solely. It will hold 12 shoots annually, and at each shoot a prize of \$35 will be shot for, and the contest settled then and there. Club medals, annual championships and all that will be abolished under this innovation, whose result is awaited with some interest. Name and members cannot be divulged now, but the latter are from our best, and the new club will be a good one.

E. HUGH.

CARIBOU IN THE NORTHWEST.—New York, July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to caribou in the far West, I can say that in 1887 we found caribou in considerable numbers in northern Idaho, at the headwaters of Kanusku Lake and the Kootnai River. Eight were killed by our party.—WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

A BOOK ABOUT INDIANS.—The FOREST AND STREAM will mail free on application a descriptive circular of Mr. Grinnell's book, "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales," giving a table of contents and specimen illustrations from the volume.—ADP.

It has become quite the proper thing this season for

the anglers at the Discharge not to recross Lake St. John, but to shoot all the passable rapids of the Saguenay to Chicoutimi and return to Quebec by steamer. No less than nine canoes made this trip to Chicoutimi last week. There is another canoe route to Chicoutimi that ought to become exceedingly popular on account of the excellent fishing to be had en route. This is through Lake Kenogami, which abounds in splendid trout. The trip would occupy two days. It was by this route that Father Du Quen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, reached the great inland sea that the Indians then called Pikonagami.

The principal topics of discussion between the new arrivals at Roberval or Quebec and the anglers just returned from the fishing grounds is naturally the nature of the sport and the description and names of the most killing flies. The relative merits of the Jock-Scot and silver-doctor—both favorite flies for ouananiche—are perhaps eagerly compared, while one angler enthusiastically dilates upon his success with the Lord-Baltimore or the Montreal, and another votes his favorite to be what was originally a coachman, but the white wings of which were entirely cut away by his guide, Johnny Morel. The clipped "coachman" is undoubtedly a good killer, its bronze fuzzy body shining with splendid effect through the brown-jackle covering. The picturesque character of these groups of anglers lounging at night about the entrance of the Roberval Hotel is usually heightened by the presence of a number of Indian and half-breed guides—some of them perhaps perfecting an engagement for a trip of a fortnight, or perhaps a month, by canoe and portage through the country lying between Mistassini and Lake St. John, giving information respecting the relative attractions of the routes up the Ashouapmouchouan, the Peribonca, or the Mistassini respectively, and relating a variety of bear stories, never forgetting that of the English gentleman who presented his guide with a hundred dollars as soon as he had killed his first bear.

QUEBEC, July 10.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A FEW weeks ago my friend Harryman and myself slipped out of town for a day of sylvan lakeside life under canvas, we being determined to try the old time joys of camping out. We went up the Chicago & Northwestern R. R. to Powers' Lake, one of the most beautiful of the lower Wisconsin lakes, perhaps the most so for it has bluff-wooded banks, sand and pebble bottom and a pretty beach in places. We were looking after new water for bass fishing near Chicago and felt very well satisfied with our "discovery."

It was raining hard when we left Chicago in the evening, and had been doing so all day, so that it looked rather blue for a camping out trip. Before our two hours' run to Genoa Junction was over, however, the rain had stopped, and before the hackman had finished the four miles drive over to the lake the sky was showing signs of clearing, although the ground was soaking and the trees dripping. We chose not to stop at the Cedar Glen House or at Benedict's place, but went into camp in Mr. Ballast's woods, on a lovely bluff just to the right of the Union Club. As we were out on a sort of experimental trip, and as we did camp dry that night and live well, there may be some who would be interested in knowing how we did it, in the absence of hay, straw, or other ameliorating circumstances. In the first place, we had one of A. S. Comstock's "Protean" tents, the sort he has patented, with one pole on the side and a three-cornered fly with which you can double the area or the thickness of your tent at will. We had our fly made extra large, so that it came clear down to the ground in front of the tent, fastening to the sides and thus practically making two tents, end to end. The front one of these, or that under the fly, we used as a store room, and the back one, or tent proper, 7ft. square, we used for drawing room and boudoir. By untying one side of the fly and throwing it back, we could break the wind, sit under cover and have a good reflector for our camp-fire. The same arrangement, thanks to our improvement on Mr. Comstock's fly, gave us plenty of shade and perfect ventilation in the heat of the day. We found we could have a whole lot of fun making new tents out of our tent and the fly, and the visitors who came were delighted with the elegance and convenience of our house.

The driver who brought us over was drunk, and when we asked for our bill all we could get out of him was that he "guessed he'd sharge four, four, four dol-dorls now, or two dorls next mornin' when he took us back." We accepted the latter alternative, and as he turned to leave us a light of great pity fell upon his face. "Most folks' comes up yer," said he, "kin'ford to sleep in th' hotels."

All the driver could see was that it was wet, and that we had two canvas bags and a bundle of rods. We jerked one of the bags open and took out from its very top a light but waterproof tarpaulin 7ft. square. Below this we found a camp axe and the tent pins. We spread the tarpaulin on the wet grass and drove a pin at each corner of it. These were for the corners of the tent, which were at once attached. We then pulled from the bag the jointed pole, set it up, stretched the guys a little, and to perfect our imitation of two men going into camp in a rain then pulled the other waterproof bag under the shelter of the tent. Thus we would have had everything under cover very quickly. We now put down the remaining pins and stretched the fly. Thus we had a good roof and a good floor, but no bed.

I often read about the downy balsam bed and the pine feathers of the East, and they figure largely in most Eastern camping stories. Plain hay is good enough for me, and I don't feel good when I can't get it. We couldn't get any hay, so started out in the newly laundried woods to get some of the blooming balsam boughs you read about. We amputated two little cedars, and that ended the balsam racket. We concluded that basswood feathers would do us. A little later we discovered that you can make a basswood bed quicker if you're not too blame particular about the size of the boughs. We had a good many boughs about as thick as an axe handle, and a great deal harder, I am sure. We carried these feathers into the tent and draped them over the tarpaulin. Then we open the other bag, the waterproof carryall, and found right on top in it the floor cloth, just 7ft. square, of 8oz. brown duck, with an eye and a rope at each corner. The tent had a regular sod cloth running around it. This we pulled in, and tying our floor fast at two corners, we strained it hard and tight over the "bed," and tied it fast, thus leaving a smooth, clean and unquestionably dry

bed, a foot above the ground. Rightly made, a bed of balsam or plain hay can thus, by the use of the two floor cloths, be made very neat, clean and comfortable. This was an idea which we evolved after studying Mr. J. M. Clark's camping outfit.

We now dived again into the wonderful carry-bag and got our blankets, one double pair, one heavy single, and a Mexican serape, sewed together on the edges sleeping-bag fashion. Below the blankets were the provisions and the tackle boxes, and below that a lantern, and below that one of Mr. Clark's compact cooking outfits, all in a little canvas bag. H. and I had gone through a regular drill in packing our outfit, and we had it down fine. It was not very many moments before we were all ship-shape, under cover, dry and comfortable, and with a ripping old fire blazing, all before the sun had set. Presently the bacon in the frying pan began to sizzle, and after a while a most delicious aroma floated up from the coffee-pot. Each laid ten years from off his shoulders and sat up to a supper in which all the zest of youth seemed come back again. And so we sat and babbled, reckless, and wondered if we had ever really put up at a hotel when we went a fishing. After all, the tent and the fire help out an outing amazingly. The city man is too apt to hurry off to a hotel, or to a boarding house kept by some resorter who fishes through the ice all winter. It was to avoid the latter man that H. and I took our notion of camping. I should think that with a light compact outfit like ours one could make these brief fishing trips around Chicago as cheaply and as comfortably, though in a little more troublesome way, as if he went to a hotel. We certainly enjoyed our night and day in camp very much, and will try it again whenever we can.

That was about all there was to our trip. We cooked and ate most of the time, we were so hungry; but we got some bass, as we have done on every trip we ever made for them around here. We only got seven bass, but that was enough. The day was very cold and the lake was rough. In good weather I think a bass fisher could get a good string there. Mr. Brodie, whose cottage is a bit further down the road, caught twenty-eight one morning the week before we were there. The water is very clear, and one needs to cast long and clean with bait. The bass are both large-mouth and small-mouth, and this is one of the few bass lakes about here where I should think it better to cast the minnow than the frog. By trolling or still-fishing some bass, also pickerel, wall-eyed pike and rock bass are caught in this lake, though we never fish in that way. The bait-caster will here, as always, catch the most bass. Our oarsman, Will Dixon, said he had never seen very many "throw a bait that way," from which it would seem that the lake is not fished by the casters. We heard of three bass caught on the fly one evening a week before our visit, and good trial might prove this a good fly-fishing lake. The bass seem to run small, not over 3lbs., but they are very gamy. This is the coldest and clearest lake I have seen in this country. The water is quite unstained, even with heavy rain and wind. We caught one small-mouthed, red-eyed, dark-spotted bass, the sort they call "tiger bass" around here. This fish when taken was light brown in color, but darkened soon to nearly black, so that the spots were hardly visible. This fish was taken over a light sandy bottom. It grew darker in the darker parts of the lake, and was nearly black when we lifted it, still kicking, from the water at the boat landing some hours after it was caught. If it had been left on the string right in the water where it was caught would it have changed color in this way?

We caught here the genuine small-mouth and the genuine big-mouth bass, and we caught also one specimen of the bass they catch around Fox Lake way, a solid green-colored fish, with a mouth about as large as that of the small-mouth bass. Whether this fish is a large or a small-mouth bass I wish some one would arise and say, if he knows. A good many don't who have pronounced on this topic.

About the Powers' Lake trip, then. The fare via Northwestern is \$2.75 round trip. Hack, fifty cents each, each way. Oarsman, \$2.50 a day. Hotel rates, \$1.50 a day. Boats not very good. Minnows or frogs the best bait, then spoon. Just across the road, about 60yds., is Benedict's Lake, smaller and muddier than Powers' Lake, but full of bass also. A little further over in the country is Vernon's Lake, and they told us that was the best bass lake of these three for bass, though we did not try it. For those who like fun with sunfish and rock bass Pell's Lake, two miles from Powers' Lake, is said to offer incessant sport. Twin Lakes, a rather well-known angling and resorting lake, is also reached via Genoa Junction. From Powers' Lake over to Silver Lake, or to the fishing in the Fox River, at Bundy's Bridge, it is only about six miles. All this is a very beautiful and kindly country, and although I have never gone into it before, it seems it certainly ought to offer attractions enough for a trip of a day, or a week or a month. The lake region above Chicago can not be fully visited or described in a summer, or two summers, or in three. It is a very blessed provision of nature, these charming bits of lake and wood right near the big city, and the city will appreciate its mercies in this wise more and more as the years roll on.

July 7.—The smoke of the glorious Fourth for the current year has been wafted down the grooves of time. So far as can be learned from those able to be at their places of business, it was a great day. The shooting clubs celebrated largely by trap events. Others went fishing. Some went picnicking. So far as can be learned, nobody at all was left in the city, there being a general exodus to the many accessible pleasure grounds about this fortunate hamlet.

A pleasant little event was the bait-casting tournament of the Camp Lake Club, at Camp Lake, the morning of the Fourth. There were 15 entries, competitions both for distance and accuracy. Mr. Ed. Sturgis won the contest for distance, with an average of 147ft. 3in. His longest cast was 148ft. 6in. His rod was a split bamboo, over 8ft., and his reel a quadruple Abbey & Imbrie. The contest for accuracy was won by Frank Stoltz, 200 out of a possible 500 points, 5 casts. He used a Clark bass rod and Abbey & Imbrie quadruple. The casting for accuracy was at 65ft., on a canvas target, bullseye 24in., to count 100; next ring 36in., count 75; next ring 48in., count 50; next ring 60in., count 25. There was some discussion whether this target was better than casting at a stake and measuring the total string. The main trouble with bait-casting contests is the time spent in measuring. This

makes the sport drag. The facts above are kindly given me by Mr. J. M. Clark, who was present, and who, after the contest, went on up to Burlington with Mr. Peck, the judge of the casting, and Charles Porter on a floating fishing trip down the Fox River. This trip they say was very delightful. They got 16 small-mouth bass and some pickerel, fishing part of two days, camping out, and ending their trip at Wilmet.

Mr. C. S. Burton and a friend or two went up to Mukwanago for their Fourth, and it seems they had good luck with the fly, though the bass, all big-mouths, ran small. Charlie is very enthusiastic over fly-fishing now. It is a form of sport all too little practiced by our Chicago anglers. The fishing in this case was done at Eagle Lake, and not at Mukwanago Lake proper. The successful fly was Parmachene-belle.

Down at Momence, on the Kankakee, or rather at the club house a mile or so above Momence, a friend and myself found Messrs. George Marshall, Sam Young and Metcalf on a little private celebration of their own. In company with a few friends they had been having a little trap shoot at live birds and targets, shooting about 300 birds and several thousand targets, besides doing a lot of boat riding with Charlie Heimbach in his steam launch. Heimbach says there have been a few illegal nets in the river above this place, and thinks he knows the parties who put them out.

We found fishing in the Kankakee not so good as usual, the water being high and muddy. My friend and I camped out about three miles below town, and had a pleasant time, but caught only a few bass, all of which were taken on the fly. The Donaldson proved the most taking fly this time. We were guided by that most kindly-hearted sportsman, Mr. Fred Duree, of Momence, who took us down the river and staid in camp over night with us. He showed us where he and some friends caught 25 bass four days earlier, but we did not strike them so well as that.

The feeling about the fishway and protective work seemed good at Momence. Warden Buck arrived at Momence Monday, but we did not see him. I might continue the story of his work along the Kankakee by quoting his reports to headquarters. On July 1 he wrote from Wilmington:

I went to Lockport and saw Capt. Leighton and he is to meet me at the State dam below this place to-day or to-morrow and make arrangements to put in the fishway there. Yesterday I went to Marseilles and saw the owners of the dam, the Marseilles Water Power Company, L. Clark, Manager, and made them a working model. They are at work now putting in new head gates and will put the fishway right in. Just as soon as the water goes down the parties will put in their ladder at this place, Wilmington. I shall go to Kankakee as soon as I get through with Capt. Leighton and fix up the matter of the Momence dam and go there and get them at work on their dams. My boat will be sent to Momence and next week I shall take a trip down the river.—F. L. BUCK.

On July 2 he reported as follows from Kankakee town:

Have just arrived here from Wilmington. I met Capt. Leighton at the State dam to-day and he said he would put the men at work the first of next week, as soon as they get through repairing the canal at Urica, and have the fishway put in at once. At Wilmington I saw Mr. Stewart, one of the owners of the small dam, and he said he had sent word to all of the others and arranged to have the work done just as soon as the water is so they can. I will hunt up Mr. Walker, the attorney for Cass & Shelby, and get him to sign the stipulation so I can go to Momence and make them get to work there. I have just heard that there is considerable seining between here and Aroma. I shall go there and see what there is in it and will most likely spend the balance of the week.

And now the work of fishways in the Kankakee gets its first and most serious setback, and that just where it was least expected, at Momence. Only July 3 the warden writes:

Mr. Wheeler, the attorney for Shelby & Cass, the owners of the Momence dam, refuses to sign the stipulation and if when I get to Momence their agent there will not get his signature then I shall serve notices on them and see if that won't bring them to time. I will look up some parties between here and Aroma that have been seining and selling the fish here in the market every week.

The stipulation above referred to is that agreed to by the C. & E. I. R. R., to waive their injunction rights as against the dam owners provided the fishway shall not lower the backwater above the dam. It seems singular that the dam owners' attorney refuses to agree on a point like this, which is altogether immaterial to his case. The law demands that the fishways shall go in, just the same as a right of way can be condemned for a railway. In nature a right of way is due to the fish. They will have it, and the fishways will go in the Momence dams, either with or without delay, or with or without a legal fight. I can't see the use in a dam owner's delaying a measure like this, when test cases and precedents show him so plainly that he hasn't a leg to stand on before the law. It would be far better and wiser for the attorney to agree at once to so obviously wise a measure. That would be sensible and courteous alike, and the sensible and courteous man is the one who will win in this world.

On July 6 Warden Buck wrote from Momence as follows:

I have sent for my boat so I can travel down the river and not have to spend so much on the cars. I was at Aroma Sunday looking after some parties who are in the habit of using a seine there, but they did not show up. In regard to the Momence matter, I will see Mr. Worcester and explain the situation of the R. R. Co. in the matter, and if they still refuse to go on with the fishways I will serve notices on them. I think they will do the work without any trouble when the matter is fully explained. All of the dams, with the exception of the ones here and the large dam at Wilmington, will have fishways without any trouble. I shall make a trip down the river in my boat as soon as I can find out what they intend to do here to-morrow, or as early as possible, for I think there is a chance to get some of the men who are using a seine above Kankakee.—F. L. BUCK.

The ways and means committee of the Kankakee Association met and appointed "hustling committees" for the different clubs, comprised as follows: Mak-saw-ba, Messrs. R. B. Organ, T. Brenton Leiter and W. H. Haskell; Cumberland, Messrs. H. D. Nicholls, C. D. Gammon, Geo. T. Farmer, Capt. Sanborn; English Lake, Messrs. Abner Price, A. M. Fuller, Chas. E. Deane and T. C. Edwards; Water Valley, Mr. R. A. Turtle; Tolleston, Messrs. F. A. Howe, O. H. Roche, W. R. Linn and A. G. Swartz; Diana, Messrs. Henry Ehlers, John Press, Henry Schaller and A. Stafford; North End Gun Club, Mr. Chas. Burneisher; Pittsburgh Club (of Pittsburgh, Pa.; grounds near Davis, Ind.), Mr. A. E. Kennedy; Prairie Gun Club, Messrs. A. M. and George Hofmann; Grand Calumet Heights, Dr. A. H. Harlan, Messrs. George Marshall and W. L. Pierce. It would certainly seem that the above corps of workers could raise some funds to protect the Kankakee. E. HOUGH.

THE DEADLY SPEAR AND SET-LINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Bass and pike fishing have been very poor here on the Susquehanna. From one to six lights can be seen nearly every night from spearing boats manned by people who don't care to fish in a legal way, and say they cannot catch fish with a rod and line. Well, I guess that is about true, for between them and another gang that makes a business of making a network of the river with set-lines reaching from shore to shore, it is plain enough that before long nobody will be able to catch any, and this helped along with now and then a fyke net and seine.

Is there some way to get at them? They claim to catch only eels, catfish and suckers, and that they have a right to spear them. I cannot find anywhere in the game and fish laws of Pennsylvania, passed 1878-89, any such privilege granted them. Of course, those fish are not protected. They claim they don't catch or spear any game fish, but that is not so, for I have found several black bass that had been speared—one that would have weighed 4 lbs., the other nearly as much. They had been speared and torn loose, or else had been thrown away to keep them out of sight of the fish wardens, who are doing all in their power to stop it. Two of them went out and found some lines, but no owners; the lines were baited with little stone catfish and anglerworms. I assure you those lines will not be set again, for the hooks were unbaited and the lines cut in a hundred pieces, and before this goes to press more of these deadly set lines will share the same fate and the owners may have to settle besides. Just think of it—line after line stretched across the river with from 100 to 300 hooks baited with all kinds of bass bait, and, with the spearing boats, the effect it will have on our game fish can easily be foretold. It is not only here, but above and below us as you ride along on the train which follows the river for about one hundred miles you can see most any night the lights from these murderous spearing boats. Perhaps even now some of our old friends with their beautiful bronze back are mutilated with the marks of the cruel spear; it may be some old warrior that you had that fight with just below there by that big rock last summer that you promised yourself you would try next time you came down that way. You are sure he would have weighed 5 lbs., and now perhaps they have killed him as you would kill a snake, without giving him a chance for his life. Is there any way to stop this mode of catching fish? This river is well adapted to bass with its rock and gravel bottom, over which, in a good many places, the water runs very swift, while in other places it is still and deep, so they can have their choice. There will be plenty of fishing for all if they were caught in a legal way. If we had some one here like E. Hough to haul them over the coals as he did those people in the Fox Lake region, through FOREST AND STREAM, I think people would come to the conclusion that it is time to use some means to stop it. A. V. R.

TOWANDA, Pa.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE best score for salmon so far reported was made by Mr. Murdock on the York River. During three weeks in June he killed forty fish averaging 21 lbs.

Landlocked salmon are taken very well at Grand Lake Stream, Maine, mostly by trolling. They are from 3 to 5 lbs. each in weight.

Mr. Henry B. Hyde has just started on a grand fishing trip through Canada. He takes his family in a special car over the Canadian Pacific R. R. to the Pacific coast, stopping at the Nipigon and other famous fishing places. He expects to be gone about two months.

Weakfish are fairly plenty, but bluefish and striped bass are exceedingly coy and hard to please. It is interesting to note in how many different ways the striped bass are fished for. The fishermen along the Eastern coast, at Newport, West Island, etc., use a short, stiff rod, casting menhaden or lobster tail bait from raised platforms into the ocean. Along the New Jersey coast they generally cast from the beach, using white or red worms to attract the fish, and they consider it necessary to have a 2 or 3oz. sinker on their line. In Barnegat Bay a long bamboo "pole" without reel is the favorite, with a light sinker and shodder crab bait. At Hell Gate the bass are taken mostly by trolling at night with a hand-line and a gang baited with sand worms. In the lower Susquehanna River large striped bass are taken by trolling with a salted eel tail drawn over a No. 8/0 spout hook. This makes a very tough and durable bait. So that it seems as if every locality had some special way of fishing, and from long experience the local anglers generally know what is best.

Prof. Bickmore started on the Portia last Saturday for Newfoundland. After visiting the different fishing stations on that coast and the coast of Labrador he intends to cross the island from Humber to Exploits River. The Professor will undoubtedly have some fine fishing, and will return well posted about the sea trout, salmon, etc., and will also probably learn something about the flies of Newfoundland.

Harper's Weekly lately devoted considerable space to an illustrated article booming the cold storage warehouses and mentioning the advantages of frozen fish and game. I take it for granted that every one knows that the keeping of game in cold storage houses is illegal, and so it is to keep speckled trout—no matter when or where purchased. This has been decided in the highest courts through the efforts of the N. Y. City Association for the Protection of Game. As for eating game or fish after it has been frozen, that is a question of taste. The finer and more delicate birds and fish are ruined for my taste. They gradually become dry and without flavor, though they may remain sweet. Again, though they may come out of the freezer perfectly sweet and healthy, the minute they thaw out they begin to spoil, so that a bird or fish that was all right in the morning may be utterly ruined for eating purposes before night and even unhealthy. The best restaurants and hotels are giving up the use of frozen fish on their tables. I was served with prairie chicken at the Hotel Brunswick last spring (for which suit has been brought) that was simply frightful, they were so musty and nasty. I cannot think of prairie

chicken without a shudder. They had been taken from the cold storage house and probably kept several days in the restaurant. So while cold storage houses are undoubtedly a benefit in some respects, the sportsman regards them as one of the greatest factors in the destruction of game fish.

SCARLET-IBIS.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRAYLING.

OMAHA, Neb., July 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: With a great deal of interest I notice in your issue of July 2 an article on the Rocky Mountain grayling.

The writer has met this game fellow frequently and under varied circumstances, but has never been able to fully identify him, and being far distant from a railroad, whenever an extra fine specimen worthy of sending to such an authority as you are was caught, have been unable to ship one to you. I have caught this grayling in streams in the Big Horn basin, in Wyoming, and in both forks of White River, in northwestern Colorado. During the winter have seen him caught (although he does not seem to be at all hungry then) through the ice with a small piece of bullpout as bait. In the early spring, during the first spring rise of the mountain stream, I have had a good deal of pleasure with these fish by casting below riffles (in the deep holes), using a very light shot to sink the line a trifle, and with crawfish as bait. From June, or after the streams clear after the June rise, they rise well to the fly. They have quite a preference, at least so far as my experience goes, for the brown-hackle, with a peacock body, and the royal-coachman. I have caught them weighing from 1 to 24 lbs.

During early August, and when the weather is very warm, these fish have a habit of becoming very sluggish and sleeping in the quiet shallow water above the riffles. When they become thus lazy the most tempting fly in the world cannot induce them to stir, and the writer has frequently touched a big fellow with the end of his rod. This is a habit which has given them a bad reputation among fellow casters whom I have met, but when the Rocky Mountain grayling is once hooked he makes a splendid fight. His flesh, though not so fine in quality as that of *Salmo fontinalis*, is very delicate in flavor.

BIG HORN.

[If our correspondent will send us a dorsal fin of the fish we can then be sure of its species.]

INGLEWOOD FISH AND GAME CORPORATION.—This club, organized under the laws of New Brunswick, includes in its membership about fifty merchants and professional men in Boston, besides several New York and Connecticut sportsmen. Its officers are: President, Andrew S. March, Boston; Vice-President, Fred E. Whiting, Boston; Treasurer and Assistant Secretary, Henry O. Cutter, Boston; Secretary, Leonard B. Knight, Musquash, N. B.; Directors: Andrew S. March, Henry P. Brigham, Leroy S. Brown, Samuel Shaw, E. Noyes Whitcomb, Fred E. Whiting, Henry E. Cobb, C. A. Hopkins, all of Boston; Joshua Knight, Musquash, N. B. House committee: Leroy S. Brown, 60 Commerce st., Boston; Samuel Shaw, 18 Beacon street, Boston; Fred E. Whiting, Boston Herald office, 255 Washington street, Boston. The directors report the securing of funds to cancel all indebtedness, and a new and long lease of property on the Musquash River, in St. John and Kings counties, N. B., containing 35,000 acres of land, with twenty lakes and connecting streams. The waters are stocked with sea salmon, landlocked salmon and brook trout. A hatching house with a capacity of 1,000,000 eggs, in which salmon, brook trout and brown trout have been successfully hatched this spring, is one of the improvements; its troughs now contain about 25,000 brown trout. The forests furnish deer, moose and smaller game. The property is accessible from Boston by Boston & Maine R. R. by two trains daily, and the steamers of the International Steamship Co. three times a week.

SPRUCE CABIN, Canadensis, Pa., was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of June 25. For many years past this place had been the resort of a number of New York lovers of sport with rod and rifle, and its destruction by fire will be learned with regret. The fire was discovered through the sagacity of a fine Irish setter named Gyp, the property of Geo. W. Blake, of the New York Sun. Mr. Blake is an enthusiastic sportsman, and has annually visited Spruce Cabin. At the time the fire broke out Mr. Blake's brother, John E. Blake, and his family were sojourning there. On the evening named, Mr. Blake's three children were asleep in an upper room, while Mrs. Blake was reading in the parlor. About 9 o'clock Gyp was heard whining and scratching up stairs. All the men were absent save a friend of the Price Brothers, and he, Mr. James Zabrieskie, took a stick and started up stairs to drive the dog away, as Gyp had never been allowed to ascend the stairs. Reaching the top of the stairs Mr. Zabrieskie observed Gyp scratching at a door with both paws, and seemingly greatly excited. Mr. Zabrieskie opened the door, when a volume of smoke and flame rushed out. Mr. Zabrieskie at once rushed to the rescue of the children, and when they were safely brought out Gyp left the burning building. Ten minutes later it was a mass of flames. The Price Brothers lost their all in the flames, but Spruce Cabin will at once be rebuilt.—KIT CLARKE.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.—Fishing has been fairly good during the past two weeks, the water in the rivers, sloughs and lakes being in fair condition. At Kid Lake the bass are taking the fly freely. Many parties have been up the Merrimac River, but no large catches have been reported. In a trip of thirty miles into the country last week I found an abundance of quail, and there will be fine shooting this fall.—ABERDEEN.

RHODE ISLAND.—A correspondent reports: "With a friend I have been trouting four times and have caught 80 trout; the largest was a 3-pounder. All together weighed over 45 lbs. Game is doing finely, and it looks as if this autumn's shooting would be good.—F. DE C.

BLUEFISHING has been capital in Great South Bay and numerous big catches have been reported. At Sayville, Islip, Fire Island and other places the returning fishermen have fairly staggered under their loads of 6 and 8 lb. fish,

THE LAURENTAIN CLUB.—The sixth annual general meeting of the Laurentain Club was held at the Windsor, Montreal, on Monday the 6th. The treasurer's report showed that the club had had a good year, and that after making various improvements to its extensive territory and erecting new buildings it still had a balance on hand. The club's prospects are very bright and its shares are in such favor that it was decided to advance their price to \$200. A resolution was passed tendering the thanks of the stockholders to all the officers, but especially to the president, Mr. T. V. R. Brown, who, because of his intention to leave Montreal, did not wish to be re-elected. For the past six years he has filled most satisfactorily the duties of his position. Directors for the ensuing year were unanimously elected: Louis Sutherland, of Montreal; W. H. Rintoul, of Montreal; David S. Cowles, of New York; George H. Seeley, of New York; Joseph W. Howe, of New York; W. Q. Riddle, of New York; Frederick Stancliffe, of Montreal; Thomas Hiam, of Montreal; T. V. R. Brown, of Montreal. At a meeting of directors held afterward the following officers were unanimously elected: Frederick Stancliffe, of Montreal, President; Joseph W. Howe, of New York, Vice-President; W. H. Rintoul, of Montreal, Treasurer; Thos. Hiam, of Montreal, Secretary. House Committee, W. H. Rintoul, of Montreal; Louis Sutherland, of Montreal; Joseph W. Howe, of New York.

LOCH LEVEN TROUT IN BISBY LAKE.—Early in January, 1885, the United States received 100,000 eggs of Loch Leven trout from Sir James G. Maitland, of Stirling, Scotland. When these were distributed 10,000 were sent to the Bisby Club, Herkimer county, New York, of which Gen. R. U. Sherman was president. The trout hatched from these eggs were reported by Gen. Sherman to be the finest he had seen. The introduction of this new fish into Bisby Lake was scarcely remembered, but early in June the General was surprised in landing a 2 lb. trout of a kind unlike any of the species known in the lake, and which he believes is certainly one of the forgotten Loch Levens. If this prove true, the Bisby Club is to be congratulated upon the success of its venture, and all who go a-fishing in Bisby Lake will applaud their enterprise, for the Loch Leven is a treasure.

HALIBUT IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.—Commissioner E. G. Blackford was informed by ex-Senator Wagstaff, president of the New York & Brooklyn Bridge, that the Hon. Joseph J. O'Donohoe last week caught two small halibut, one weighing 16 and the other 17 lbs., in Great South Bay, close to the mussel beds. He has never known them to be caught before in this locality. The halibut occasionally migrates far south of its usual haunts; a few years ago a 50 lb. specimen was caught in the Potomac River, at Colonial Beach, far above tide water.

SO ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A charming woman, but not in her first youth, had to give evidence in a French court. "Your age, madame?" To this delicate question she replied that she was 30. "But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me that you were 30 when you appeared before me as a witness about two years ago?" "I think it very likely," said madame, with a smile; "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow." I was telling this story at dinner one night, when an innocent damsel sitting next me exclaimed, "Ah! what a glorious example of truthfulness. How different are men. Why, my cousin Tom caught a trout weighing 1 lb. three years ago. Last year he said it weighed 2 1/2 lbs., and this year it has grown to 4 lbs."

"Noo, laird McGlashan, what was really the weight o' that awfu' big saumon you and Saunders killed last Saturday in the Black Dub Pool?" asked the McNab from the midst of a select company who were enjoying the McGlashan's hospitality at a rather late hour. "The weight o' man? It was —. Saunders, man, Saunders," calling to his faithful benchmark, "did ye weigh the muckle saumon, Saunders?" "Deed aw weighed it, laird." "Weel, then, tell the company a' about it." "Ye'll excuse me laird, but a canna mind thee noo to an exact pun; but aw heard ye tell Captain McPherson after breakfast that it was twenty-five pun, at luncheon time it was fifty pun, after dinner, when ye sat over the punch, it was sixty-five pun, and last thing at night when ye and the meenester wor ca'ing yin anither leears, it war twa saumon eighty pun a-piece."—Fishing Gazette.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.
DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Dog Show of the Youngstown Kennel Club, at Youngstown, O.

Sept. 8 to 11.—First Annual Dog Show of the Hamilton Kennel Club, at Hamilton, Ont.

Sept. 14 to 18.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association Third International Dog Show, at Toronto. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Mgr.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Montreal Exposition Company, at Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.—Third Annual Dog Show, in connection with the Central Canada Fair, at Ottawa, Ont. Alfred Geddes, Supt.

1892.

Jan. 13 to 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the South Carolina Kennel Association, at Columbia, S. C. F. F. Capers, Secretary, Greenville, S. C.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Inaugural Trials of the United States Field Trial Club, at Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Secretary.

Nov. 16.—Eastern Field Trials Club's Thirtieth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 12. W. A. Coster, Secretary.

Nov. 30.—Central Field Trial Club's Third Annual Trials, at Lexington, N. C. C. H. Odell, Sec'y, 44 and 46 Wall street, New York city.

Dec. 14.—Philadelphia Kennel Club's Field Trials. Charles E. Connell, Secretary.

A CURIOUS CASE.—Loyds, Va.—Editor Forest and Stream: Does a dog ever eat her own puppies when they are three weeks old? A fine collie bitch whelped four puppies under a house. They were removed on the day of their birth to a kennel prepared for them. The bitch nursed them very well until they were three weeks old. At that time a rain storm occurred one night and she carried them back under the house where they were born. She did not return them to the same bed in which they were littered but took them to another place under the building, which was quite large. The next day the puppies seemed to be whining and crawling about, although they could not be seen. Shortly afterward the bitch appeared with one of them in her mouth, dead, and the other three were never seen again. Did the dog eat her puppies three weeks old?—P. S. HUNTER. [At that age they would be able to crawl away from the nest and may have died of exposure. It is very unusual for a bitch to eat her puppies after they have been nursed.]

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The United States Field Trial Club's Inaugural Derby for setters and pointers, born on or after Jan. 1, 1890, closed July 1, with 84 entries, of which there are 26 pointers, 3 Irish setters and 54 English setters. The list is as follows:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

SANDBORN—Jos. H. and John A. Hunter's black and white dog (Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter).
 DAD'S MARK—Jos. H. and John A. Hunter's black, white and tan dog (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).
 HOOSIER GIRL—Jos. H. and John A. Hunter's orange and white bitch (Dad Wilson—Daisy Hunter).
 FIRENZE—H. J. Smith's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).
 PRINCE FONZO—H. J. Smith's lemon and white dog (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).
 RUBY GLADSTONE—H. J. Smith's black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Diamond).
 RACE NOBLE, JR.—J. E. Roberts's white and brown dog (Race Noble—Fannie S.).
 BOB COOPER—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Boi D'Or—Miss Nellie Y.).
 EVELINE—Blue Ridge Kennel's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Flame Gladstone).
 REEL—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Lufta).
 DAD'S GIRL—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).
 LUCY—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Lee Gladstone).
 HILDEGARD—Paul H. Gotzian's lemon belton bitch (Monk of Furness—Countess Amelia).
 LATONIA II.—Poston & Burdell's black, white and tan bitch (Paul Gladstone—Latonia).
 COLONEL—J. A. Balmer's black, white and tan dog (Jack W.—Stocking).
 KING BRUX—A. Corrodi & C. S. Greer's chestnut and white dog (Coin Gladstone—Blanch Roderigo).
 DRUID'S LILLY—G. A. Day's orange and white bitch (Ruby's Druid—Cricketer).
 DRUID'S PRIDE—G. A. Day's orange and white bitch (Ruby's Druid—Cricketer).
 COUNT DRUID—G. A. Day's orange and white dog (Ruby's Druid—Cricketer).
 WUX LUNG'S SISTER—S. J. McCartney's liver, white and tan bitch (Captain Bethel—Enid).
 MISS PRIM—Allen Mehle's lemon and white bitch (Roderigo—Queen Ella Noble).
 LADY FRANCES—Chas. A. Travis's bitch (Monk of Furness—Merry Girl).
 DOC QUINN—Chas. A. Travis's dog (Monk of Furness—Fanny).
 DON—J. R. Hays's orange and white dog (Don Pedro—Fanny).
 FRANK DONCASTER—M. C. Wiles's lemon and white dog (Gladstone—Ruby Doncaster).
 TOUGH—T. J. Widrig's black and white ticked dog (Ben W.—Nellie W.).
 NELLIE NOBLE—G. T. Kerr's black, white and tan bitch (Race Noble—Fannie S.).
 BOOTE—B. Ridgway's black, white and tan dog (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
 JIGERO—Bert Crane's black, white and ticked bitch (Roderigo—Maud).
 CAZADOR—Bert Crane's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Maud).
 FTEL—Bert Crane's black and white ticked dog (Roderigo—Maud).
 SAPPEO—Royal Phelps Carroll and J. M. Avent's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Ollie S.).
 IZA—Royal Phelps Carroll and J. M. Avent's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Ollie S.).
 ROBERTIERRE—Royal Phelps Carroll and J. M. Avent's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Ollie S.).
 CHAS. KEAN—J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Ollie S.).
 CAMILLE—J. M. Avent and Bayard Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Haydee).
 ILDPHONSE—J. M. Dager's dog (Toledo Blade—Lizzie Gladstone).
 MAID OF ALMA—A. J. Gleason's (agent) black and white bitch (Dan Foreman—Don's Nellie).
 BELLE OF ALMA—A. J. Gleason's (agent) black, white and tan bitch (Dan Foreman—Don's Nellie).
 QUEEN OF ALMA—A. J. Gleason's (agent) black and white bitch (Dan Foreman—Don's Nellie).
 GLORIA—A. J. Gleason's (agent) black and white bitch (Dan Foreman—Don's Nellie).
 BELLE BALDWIN—A. J. Gleason's (agent) black and white bitch (Captain G.—Queen's Blanch).
 FLYAWAY—N. T. Harris's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Dimple).
 WUX LUNG—N. T. Harris's black, white and tan dog (Captain Bethel—Enid).
 MANITOBA PET—Thos. Johnson's black, white and ticked bitch (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle).
 MOUNIE—J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
 LADY ELGIN—J. I. Case, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (King Noble—Queen Vashti).
 BOHEMIAN LASS—A. Bonstedt's lemon and white bitch (Dad Wilson—Bohemian Girl).
 PEMBROKE'S BLUE DON—W. J. Hutcheson's black, white and tan dog (Pembroke's Don—Blue Cubas).
 BRUCE M.—A. B. Morgan's blue belton dog (Richard IV.—Rural Neva).
 MAY GIRL—A. B. Morgan's liver, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—May M.).
 MARK TWAIN—Mrs. S. A. Elliott's black, white and tan dog (Ben W.—Cybella Lea).
 HOPE'S MARK—J. M. Lasseter's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lady May).
 BESSIE L.—A. M. Hildebrandt's black, white and tan bitch (Noble Dan—Tennessee).

- POINTERS.

BLACK WONDER—Jos. H. & John H. Hunter's black dog (Ike—Bang Bang's Pride).
 ABBESS OF KENT—Frederick Joy's liver, white and ticked bitch (King of Kent—Lionie Bijau).
 DUDE N.—Oug & Shuttleworth's liver, white and ticked dog (Ossian—Fancy).
 SARAH—R. A. Baker's liver and white bitch (Black Joe, Jr.—Scudder's Queen).
 BUSY CROX—Chas. A. Paetzel's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Fancy).
 SHOT S.—W. B. Sheldon's orange and white dog (Spring Bok—Flush).
 MCMAUS'S HERO—Thos. Ward McManus's black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
 MCMAUS'S ALONE—Thos. Ward McManus's black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
 MCMAUS'S COUNTESS WANDA—Thos. Ward McManus's black bitch (Black Joe—Dianorah).
 MCMAUS'S WISHBONE—Thos. Ward McManus's black dog (Black Joe—Dianorah).
 MCMAUS'S ACE OF SPADES—Thos. Ward McManus's black dog (Black Joe—Scudder's Queen).
 MY LADY—Horace F. Wood's lemon and white bitch (Shoh—Forest Queen).
 FOREST LASSIE—Horace F. Wood's lemon and white bitch (Shoh—Forest Queen).

DON—J. L. Adams's liver and white dog (Crup—Peach).
 FANNIE KIRK—Dr. J. G. F. Holston's liver and white bitch (Kirk—Croxeth Nellie).
 DOC FAUSTER—Dr. J. G. F. Holston's lemon and white dog (Count Fauster—Croxeth Nellie).
 LORD DRAKE—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Luck of the Goat—Meteor's Trinket).
 BLACK CHLOE—St. Louis Kennel Club's black bitch (Black Joe—Scudder's Queen).
 MANITOU—St. Louis Kennel Club's black and white dog (Luck of the Goat—Clary).
 PROMOTION—Dr. John R. Daniels's lemon and white dog (Lord Graphic—Belle).
 PHANTOM—St. Mark M. Mundy's liver, white and ticked dog (Krup—Zeka).
 HOPS II.—Ossian Pointer Kennels' liver, white and ticked bitch (King of Kent—Hops).
 LITTLE ONE—N. R. Fishel's liver white and ticked bitch (Nicomemus—Fannie V. Croxeth).
 ROXANNA—A. J. Gleason's (agent) liver, and white bitch (Cornerstone—Guerm).
 SENSATION PEARL—G. A. Day's lemon and white dog (Bounce—Minnie Ha Ha).
 DON OF OSSIAN—Geo. A. McLin's (agent) liver, white and ticked dog (Ossian—Cherrystone).

IRISH SETTERS.

KILDARE CARMEN—Gus Leisy's red bitch (Elcho, Jr.—Ruby Glenmore).
 ERIC MCROB—B. F. Kramer's red dog (Lee Gronse—Della).
 FANNIE—Tom Taggart's red bitch (Dick Swiveler—Frankie).

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB MEETING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The regular quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club was held on July 10, 1891, at 266 Washington street, Boston, Mass. President O. W. Brooking called the meeting to order and made the following remarks: "At this, our regular quarterly meeting it behooves me to say a few words in regard to our past and present acts. As the time is limited I will omit saying much that I would like to, and will make my remarks as brief as possible. It is with pleasure I note the amicable discussion now going on in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the training of beagles. Although I have not written anything on the subject as yet, I hope to say a few words in the near future. It is a good cause and I would like to hear from every officer and member of the N. B. C. on the subject. I have only this to add as a fundamental principle: First, never give a command unless required and then be prepared to enforce it at any cost. I thank all for the courtesy shown me and the hearty support which I have received from both officers and members."

Roll call of officers showed two absentees. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Special committee on a place to hold field trials reported progress and was instructed to go to Nanuet, N. Y., and ascertain the desirability of the place for field trials and to report at executive committee meeting as soon as possible. Special committee on incorporation reported and desired immediate action. H. V. Jameson was chosen clerk and W. A. Power, chairman pro tem. and were duly sworn.

The constitution and by-laws were read and adopted. The election of officers resulted in the re-election of the present incumbents who were duly sworn.

Amendments to constitution and by-laws were read and adopted as follows: Art. V., Sec. 3: "Seven members present and voting shall constitute a quorum of the club."

Sec. 4: "Four members present and voting shall constitute a quorum of the executive committee."

By-Laws—Art. V.—"The initiation fee shall be \$5, which must accompany the application."

Art. VI.—"The annual dues shall be \$5, payable semi-annually in advance."

Under new business the field trials were taken up and it was voted to have the following classes: Class for dogs 15in. or under, class for dogs 13in. or under, class for bitches 15in. or under, class for bitches 13in. or under and a final class to decide absolute winner.

More discussion followed about prizes and entrance fee, but nothing was voted upon. It was voted to leave all matters not provided for, in the hands of the executive committee. Moved to adjourn. HUBITE.

USE AND FANCY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letters between Messrs. Fellows and Mason are excellent in more ways than one. They are practical, instructive and of admirable tone. Mr. Mason's is particularly good in being a strong representation of his side of the question throughout. Both letters are dangerous, on the principle that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and as few readers as well comprehend the bearings of the subject of the discussion as Messrs. Mason and Fellows, the danger is that raw hands, those who have only "gone in" to fancy to the depth of their shoe soles, will not heed the lessons taught, and absorb only one side of the question. For instance, we all remember how it was when the pointer Beaufort was on the boards; unable to cope with him as a show dog, the owners of the vanquished ones relied on "Oh he is only a show dog, wait until he meets — in the field and you will see where he is!" Mr. Mason did put the dog in the field and the result is not forgotten. This was "a safety valve." Mr. Fellows keeps his fires too level to need a safety valve to his boiler, but he knows full well the number of fellows who run boilers with the water below the lower gauge cock and the steam gauge out of sight. This class of fanciers send their dogs to shows and expect to win on their field value; about as sensible as multiplying a pound of sugar to a quart of molasses. Then again, Mr. Mason's view of the case is dangerous and has wrought great mischief, the fireman filled his furnace to the top, chained down his safety valve and adjourned to indulge in other occupations more congenial for the rest of the day, and the boiler naturally "went up." To drop the metaphor, crude fanciers got their otherwise empty heads filled up with the idea that the distinguishing feature of a breed was the only one resulting in a lot of grand headed cripples, being elevated to the position of the only ensamplers of mastiff type, or "Uncle Dick's" pet abominable, the crocodile spaniel, as the genuine form of the breed.

Of course if one view is to prevail entirely, to the neglect of the other, Mr. Fellows is that one, simply because practical use is, and always will be, of more importance than fancy points, but there is no necessity whatever of any such conclusion. It should always be borne in mind that while dogs are only looked at in shows, and nothing but their appearance should have any weight with the judge, he should always look at them with consideration of what their use is, and despite all considerations of "character," most valuable as character is, the great points in a dog are those that fit him for his proper use. Take Mr. Mason's illustration of a prick-eared spaniel, such an animal would be utterly uncharacteristic; yet, should such a one compete with one radically defective in some essential for his use, the latter should be preferred. It is more in the condemnation of dogs for shortcomings than in approval of merits that this view of the question comes in, and if this is constantly kept in mind, dogs will be vastly improved in character with no loss of useful qualities, while the extravagancies of unbridled fancy, have wrought immense mischief and always will do so until a bride is fitted on.

W. WADE.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have read Dr. Mills's contribution in your issue of July 9, and am very sorry that Dr.

Mills took such grounds. Such acquaintance as I have had with Dr. Mills strongly impresses me in favor of his sincerity and well meaning, and I fully believe this letter was written in this spirit, but I would point out to him the very serious nature of his charge that statements have recently been made in FOREST AND STREAM that were false as to fact and offensive in spirit. Such a charge, under the circumstances, and with the context, can only apply to one party, and surely Dr. Mills recognizes the wrong of bringing such a charge without giving the specifications to support it? I fancy that Dr. Mills if far adrift as to the true function of dog shows. He dwells on Elcho having a thickened ear in consequence of some injury, and apparently thinks that the judge should have taken this into consideration. Now, this is utterly wrong; the judge should concern himself with nothing whatever but the dog's appearance at the time he sees it. If going beyond this and taking related matters into consideration in making his awards is to be permitted, where can we stop? Imagine the endless confusion that will result if the judges stray off into all sorts of considerations as to why the dog appears as he does. Dr. Mills's implied censures on Mr. Huntington, the judge of greyhounds at the last New York show are also unjust. Mr. Huntington was strongly averse to judging on that occasion, repeatedly urging other judges on the show, and finally consented to act at the urgent request of the club authorities and only to avoid the butchering of the classes he dreaded, and the fact of his having recently owned some of the specimens he would be called on to judge, is of no weight with those who know him. I expressly wish to be understood as writing this without any ill feeling to Dr. Mills, but such statements as his are mischievous and should not pass unchallenged. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., July 11.

AMERICAN KENNELS.—II.

ORIOLE KENNELS.

THE other afternoon, as the quicksilver was dawdling in the nineties, I thought it an appropriate time for a little sea voyage. So arming myself with a camera, it was not long before I was comfortably seated on the ferry boat Middletown, bound across New York Bay for Bay Ridge. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM are aware that on Mr. John A. Logan, Jr.'s, departure for Europe Mr. Harry E. Twyford was given full charge of his kennel of fox-terriers, and consequently they were all brought from Youngstown, O., to Mr. Twyford's home, in Bay Ridge, by the whilom manager Mr. Peck. Meeting Mr. Twyford a few weeks since, he said, "When I've had time to straighten things out a bit come down and see me." It was not long before he was ready. Arriving at Bay Ridge, I inquired the way, and soon found that both manager and dogs were well known in the village. Bay Ridge is a suburb or continuation of Brooklyn, and not far from the station, on the line of the steam cars familiarly known as the "dummy." Mr. Twyford's home is pleasantly situated in a large plot of ground with excellent shade trees all round. It was late when I arrived and friend Twyford had almost given me up, so we adjourned immediately to the kennels. Mr. Twyford is an Englishman, and has been over here several years. His brother is a well-known fancier on the other side, and he himself has always had a dog or two, so that Mr. Logan, as events have proved, did not go far wrong in selecting him to look after his interests. He has the full management of the kennels. Mr. Logan is now on the lookout for something good in the fox-terrier line, and will no doubt when he returns, towards the end of this month, bring a good bitch or two with him. As your readers are aware Mr. Thayer recently purchased Pitcher and Dono at a long price from Mr. Logan. Opening a wire door past Mr. Bernheimer's terriers, we entered the kennel yards. (Among them Baby Trigger.) At the back of the house stands a medium-sized barn, in which are several compartments, in size about 6 by 4 ft., with partitions about 6 ft. high, half wood, half wire. Although, owing to the new kennel not being completed, it is a hard matter to house all the dogs, yet by the exercise of prudence and ingenuity Mr. Twyford has managed to get them all in. I say prudence advisedly, for this is a trait that every man who essays to keep a kennel of fox-terriers should have in a superlative degree, especially when cramped for room. The reason I need not state here, the erring one would very soon find out. I could detect no offensive smell, although the afternoon was intensely hot, and was told that Walker's soluble cresote was the disinfectant used.

In the first compartment I found Valens, a dog that has won several prizes, among them first at Birmingham, Eng., in 1890. He has a white body, with almost whole tan head, which rather spoils his appearance, though his head is fairly well formed and of good punishing length. As I have said before, it is not my province to criticize dogs in these articles, that can be left until they are once more under the fierce light of public competition. Valens was whelped Jan. 31, 1889, and is by the noted sire Pitcher out of Flossie, by Velasquez out of Pickles; Pitcher by Brockenhurst Jim out of Wafodilly, by Akaley Joe out of Dahlia, by Foiler, running back still further to Old Foiler, Belgrave Joe, Brockenhurst Joe and many others noted in the records of fox-terrier lore. As might be expected, he is getting and has got some good stock. His breeder is Mr. Vicary, of England. In the next compartment four young pups by Dusky Trap were trying to worry their mother Verdict, she looking as plump and fat as a mole, as if her maternal duties fully agreed with her. The pups were lively and full of fun. One, a white one with tan patches, looks very promising, ears well carried and having lots of bone.

Verdict, the mother, is well known, having won her spurs while in the Blenton Kennels, from whom Mr. Logan purchased her. She was bred by Mr. Belmont, and is by champion Result out of Diadem, the latter, I believe, imported *in utero*, and was whelped May, 1886. She is white, with a black and tan spot on eye. As she can claim five champions in as many generations back in her pedigree, it is at once seen that this bitch will come honestly by any future winners she may produce. She is a litter sister to Tiana, which has done so much winning. Bred to dogs of Valens's style she should breed something good. Verdict was sent over to England to the Jubilee show in 1887, but failed to get into the money, taking vhc. in the open and reserve in the novice class.

"Now stand back, please," says friend Twyford, as he releases Dominica, the pride of the kennel, from durance doubly vile. Then out into the yard trisks one of the sensational bitches of the past spring circuit. This kennel had what is known on the turf as a "cinch" on the ladies' division in the fox-terrier classes at the different shows this spring with Dono in the open and Dominica in both the open and puppy classes; for it must be remembered that Dominica has kept but one birthday as yet, she having been whelped in 1890, and is by Dominica out of Daphnia. She was bred by Mr. Redmond. She will, it is believed by many good judges, pass her whilom kennel mate in the struggle for honors when she is fully let down, and this her coming litter by Volunteer is expected to accomplish. It was intended that she should be bred to Mr. Thayer's Russley Joker, but Blenton Volunteer would stand no such unfairness as that, and the promised litter will claim him as the sire; and perhaps, considering his build and his breeding, it won't be much of a *faux pas* after all.

Dominica came over with Dono and arrived half an hour before judging time at the New York show and captured, in spite of being in sea going trim, first prize in the open class for bitches. She afterward ran second to Dono, her kennel mate, in the open classes till Cleveland, where Dono moving

up into the challenge class, she took first in the open. Of course the puppy bitch class was at her mercy till Chicago, when she had reached the limit of twelve months. There is something very intelligent in this bitch's expression, something "beyond the eye" as the saying goes, and when she lets down and feels her feet, she will be one of the best in the country at present. Next to receive the welcome summons and hear the familiar sound of the door latch lifted was old champion Bacchanal, an old friend, and one I always thought a terrier from one end to the other, and had he only a new set of teeth he could still give the best of them a shake in more senses than one. His molars or rather the want of them have often made the judges turn unwillingly away to others who could show an even month. Terrier like in appearance he is fully entitled, from his illustrious progenitors, to all his good looks, for is he not by champion The Belgravia out of champion Bedlamite, by champion Joker out of Rosamond, by champion Brockenhurst Rally out of Jess; champion Joker, by champion Jester II, out of Teanty; champion The Belgravia, by Belgrave Joe out of Old White Vic. He was whelped in July 1881. The Rev. T. C. Fisher bred Bacchanal. In his list of winnings he can claim firsts in England at Oxford, Brighton, Southdown Fox-terrier Club shows in 1885, and first at Crystal Palace in 1886, and in this country firsts at New York, Philadelphia, and several challenge prizes. In color he is white with a few ticks on his ears.

Then came a terrier of a different mould, Blemton Ransack, head too thick but good in bone, body, coat and front. He is white with a black and tan marked head. He was bred

examine, and she looked in excellent shape, though showing signs of her visit to Valens, with whom she should nick well. This bitch was bred by Mr. Belmont, as her name would imply, and is now four years old. She is by The Moonstone out of Media, and runs back to champions Diamond Dust, Roysterer, Diadem, Brockenhurst Rally, etc. Her list of winnings is a fairly large one. She was second in the Produce and Tomboy stakes of 1888, and is now in the challenge class.

I must say that Mr. Twyford deserves great credit for the condition he shows the whole kennel in. I saw no signs of skin disease, and all are well muscled and fleshed up. Biscuits, scraps and meal are fed to the dogs. In front of the stable is a large yard where another kennel with eight compartments is in course of construction. These will have small runs attached to them, thus allowing the inmates continual fresh air. I asked Mr. Twyford how he managed to keep everything so quiet, for fox-terriers are proverbially noisy customers. "Well, you see," he said, "when they came here they were like a lot of savages, and I could do nothing with them, but they recognize me now as the autocrat of the kennel—you see that whip—well, thereby hangs a tale, and they've felt it." I understood. Now the dogs are as docile as possible and mingle one with the other with the greatest cordiality, while friend Twyford seats himself in the armchair in the yard and, smoking his pipe, examines every one of the dogs when the boy turns them out for exercise every morning. At night they are liable to make a noise, as the situation is rather near the main road, but a bell hangs in the kennel connected with the boy's sleeping compartment,

some dog that sires or begets the best progeny; there are many, very many, instances to prove the contrary. It is the true blood that has been instrumental through many generations in bringing any one breed to perfection, either in speed, field qualities or form; this the breeder should strive to obtain, and this is where the National Greyhound Club ought to protect present and future breeders, and are willing to do so through pure love of the breed and an ambition that America should have the best. Will the A. K. C. stud book committee find time to do as much? I think not. Then let the greyhound men have a separate stud book. Specialty clubs in England have their own stud books, and the Greyhound Stud Book has long been a treasured work of record.

The greyhound men have little to gain by an affiliation with the A. K. C., and if I can judge the feeling aright, if the A. K. C. will not let them do as they wish in this instance, why break loose and let us stand on our own bottom. If the greyhound men find they must pay \$1.50 for a registration that is verified in the A. K. C. stud book by themselves, are they not foolish to do so when with a little "refreshing independence" they can have a carefully compiled book of their own for a fee of \$1 or less?

KING COB.

DOG CHAT.

THE question is often asked at dog shows, when the Mexican hairless are seen shivering in their cages, of what possible use they can be. The answer is sometimes given "None that I know of except that they can do without any hair." The reply of Judge Masters to a reporter of the Chicago Herald would indicate that they have a hidden power little known outside their native country. This gentleman was asked what was his most novel experience in Mexico. "Hunting the pumas or spotted leopards," was the reply, and he related the following: "About a month ago we were in the southern part of the State of Chiapas, which borders on Central America. One day a party was gotten up to hunt the spotted leopards. We left the hacienda at sunrise with a pack of thirty dogs, not the American hunting dog, but those little hairless Mexican animals that you see in the streets of this city once in a while. As we rode away I asked the guides where the guns were. They said we needed no guns, and we rode on. After going a few miles we reached the celebrated ruins of Palenque. There the dogs began to prick up their ears and dash away. After a short run they treed one of the finest pumas I have ever seen. It was an immense animal, and, as he swung to and fro on a limb of a tree, his picturesque coat shining in the sun's rays, I could only think what a study for an artist. The dogs encircled the tree and began to bark. How they did yell and howl! It was the queerest, weirdest sound that I had ever heard. Standing still and looking up at the beautiful prisoner, these trained dogs howled like demons. Soon I saw the effect. The leopard walked out to the end of the limb and gazed fixedly at the dogs below. He did not appear frightened, but charmed. And he was. The leopard had been hypnotized by the dogs. The spotted beast acted like a sleep-walker, and if he had not been under a spell he would have fallen from the dangerous position that he had taken on the tree. When he was declared to be thoroughly hypnotized one of our guides went up the tree and fastened a little rope around the leopard's neck. The other end was tied to the tree. The guide patted the dangerous animal as he would his pony, and the beast did not notice it in the least. The man came down the tree, and we called off the dogs. Then the leopard came out of the trance with a start and attempted to jump away from the little grass rope on his neck. He fell downward and was hanged to death. In this manner we got six leopards that morning. It is one of the greatest sports in Mexico, and is rapidly taking the place of the bull fights. The animals captured this way are valuable, too, for their skins are not pierced with bullet holes or scarred with knives. It only remains now for owners of our exhibition hairless to develop this hypnotic power on the luckless jungle and possibly he may see his way clear while in the trance to send each dog out of the ring with the coveted blue ribbon, and what a lot of heartburning this would save.

Spaniel men seem to be in bad luck these days somehow. Friend Mercer loses his Clumbers and Friend Oldham his enticle. Mr. Wilmerding called upon the latter the other day and found him all "upset." A day or so before while driving, his horse shied at a dead cow in the road and pranced along the top of a stone wall for a mile (Mr. Wilmerding says so), in the meanwhile Mr. Oldham was acting as a brake on the wheel, and now for some time to come will eat his meals from the mantelpiece.

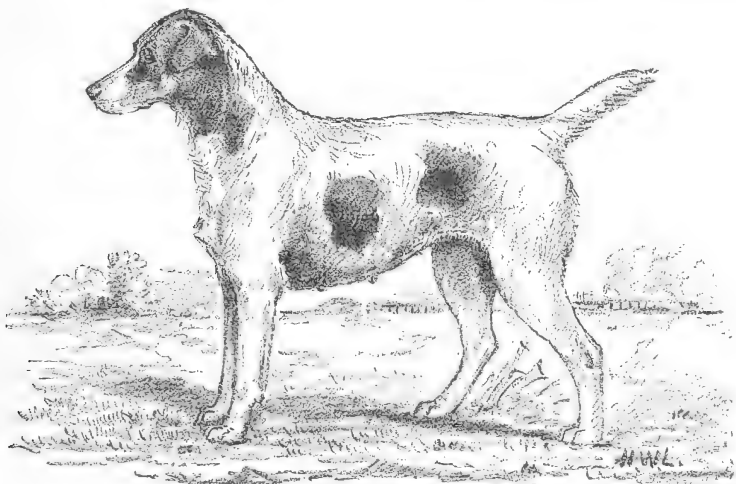
The Kennel Gazette publishes rather late in the year, two judges' reports of the W. K. C. show held in February last. Mastiff men will be interested in Mr. Marshall's defense of his judgment in those classes, and especially in regard to Beaufort. Referring to this dog he says that he made the award according to a rule which he supposed was the rule of all shows, to judge the dog as he saw it in the ring, and not from previous records, and he saw no reason in the statement made by his owner in the ring, that Beaufort was exhausted by service in the stud, why he should ignore the superior condition and action of other dogs. The dog's condition, he says, was due, not to accident or misfortune, but to an attempt to win a prize and secure several stud fees at the same time, and he therefore "placed Beaufort third because of his condition and conduct." Mr. Marshall's explanation of the statement that he had voted against the proposed engraving of the head of Beaufort on the seal of the Mastiff Club, is peculiar. He admits that the dog's head was worthy of the honor, but not that his name should be attached to it, because it might offend other owners who had dogs in competition with him. We are told that Caution's Own Daughter was put back entirely on account of her "white or pink-faced" markings, or, as he puts it further on, "the light of her countenance," and that he looks upon such dogs as freaks and in the same category as albinos.

By a transposition of the types, in our issue of June 25, we were made to say, "A writer in the English Field now proposes a subscription with a view to putting in a memorial window in the church, or brass in the graveyard of which Mr. Lort is buried." We wrote "a memorial window or brass in the church, in the graveyard," etc.

The St. Bernard Mange Cure Co. issue a very handy little pamphlet in extolling the virtues of their panaceas, and not the least interesting features to sportsmen are trap-shooting rules, a form of constitution and by-laws for clubs, and the dates of the open season for game and fish in every State.

The schoolmaster is evidently not abroad in Southampton, England, and the writer of the following address, an official of the late Southampton show, can never even have heard of "Maryland! My Maryland!" and its milk routes, for this is how he makes "assurance doubly sure" when addressing the owner of the Woodbrook Kennels: "F. E. Lamb, Esq., Woodbrook Kennels, Arlington, Md., Nr Baltimore, New York."

A correspondent writes us that Mr. Charles Searle, of Hamilton, Ont., has sold the black cocker dog King Raven (C.K.C. 1,196), by Black Duke out of Topsy, to Mr. J. Kennedy, also of that city. This dog is a full brother to Oban, which made such a good record during the spring circuit. Those who take an interest in this breed in Hamilton are



THE FOX-TERRIER DOMINICA.

Owned by Mr. John A. Logan, Jr., Youngstown, Ohio.

at the Blemton Kennels and whelped June 20, 1889, and boasts for a father none other than the well-known "as he presents himself" dog, Lucifer, or Lucifer (as in Present), as we generally find it in the catalogues, a puzzle to every one till the urbane German Hopkins vouches for the desired information as to its meaning. The peerless Rachel is his mother, and she is by champion R-sult, but Ransack hardly does either justice. His winnings need not be mentioned here. When Ransack turned in Richmond Crack took his place for inspection. He was whelped March 1, 1884, and is white with black head and patch on neck. He is by Lytham Crack out of Lytham Flo, and goes back to old Moslem II., that came over to this country in 1881. In his salad days he won several prizes at small shows in England and vhe, and he, at Youngstown, O., and Toronto, Can. respectively. He's a "thick 'un," and cannot by any stretch of courtesy be called a show dog and he's even a bit too cloddy for utility, so I really did not know what to do with him except ask Twyford to put him back again.

Then came a dog I have not seen since 1886 at the Newport fox-terrier show, where I believe he won in the veteran class for the Rutherford brothers, who owned him so long and then gave him to Mr. Logan. He is, of course, now in drivelling dotage as regards his head, blind in one eye, gray in muzzle, with teeth all gone, still he looks a terrier, and I am told is yet a sure stock getter, though he is just eleven years old this month. He is by Naller out of Active, and was bred by Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford. Wasp II. next claimed my attention, and she was whelped in March, 1883, is white with black and tan head. Champion Raby Tyrant, one of the winners of bygone time, is her sire, and Wakely Nettle her dam. Her claim to mention is that she is the mother of Raby Tarquin.

At the same time Blemton Vice ran out into the yard. Never much of a favorite of mine, as she is more suited to a lady's lap, judging from her slight build, than the duties of a terrier. She is small and lathy, but no doubt will do to breed to such heavily-built dogs as Ransack and Crack. She was bred by Mr. Belmont, and whelped Feb. 13, 1889, is white with a black and tan patch on eye. She is by Dusky Trap out of Belgrave Viola, and is full of Splinter blood. She has been placed at several shows. I saw a nice pup by Ransack out of this bitch, the heaviness of the sire being toned down by the dam.

Blemton Rapture came next; she is too lathy for good terrier form. In color, white, with black and tan markings. She is by Regent out of champion Rachel, and was whelped Oct. 10, 1887. In pedigree she goes back to champion Spice, who, it will be remembered, was imported to this country by Mr. Ed. Kelly, and almost before he had time to look around, as it were, was tipped to death between the powerful jaws of the deerhound Heather in the summer of 1886. Dusky Daze is a large bitch, whelped March 14, 1888, but I cannot say much if anything in her favor; she is too large altogether and leggy in the extreme, the fault of her sire, Dusky Trap, intensified. Her dam is Daze. Claiming Dusky Trap's pedigree on one side, she is also full of Splinter blood.

Something better than answered the whistle, Warren Vice and Warren Sparkle, both purchased at the Rutherford sale during the New York dog show in February last. The former has a niceish body but is a bit snipy in muzzle; a nice stamp of blood, but a little rough. She is white, with ears ticked. Valens is responsible for her coming litter. Warren Sparkle is by champion Splanger. Her strong point is body, legs are fair, head faulty. She was bred to Pitcher but missed, and next time she will form the acquaintance of Valens. Then two pups, by Le Logos out of Rapture, gambled around for awhile, and these were followed by a 9 months old pup by Rubicon out of Marguerite. He shows the head faults of his sire and is a bit long cast, otherwise a fair pup.

A prize winning puppy next trotted out, one I gave first to at Cleveland when a couple of months old or thereabouts, but I cannot say that it will be a hard matter to chronicle its future winnings. Blemton Brilliant was the last one to

and when that rings they know enough to keep their mouths shut. Mr. Twyford, like most Englishmen, is fond of outdoor sports, and just now cricket occupies his spare moments. So after a wash we took the cars to the cricket grounds of the Fort Hamilton Cricket Club and indulged in a little practice for the match with Staten Island that was to come off on the morrow. After an hour's play we returned, and Mrs. Twyford's kind hospitality and a pleasant chat and smoke afterward, brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

H. W. L.

GREYHOUND MEN FOR GREYHOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been watching the rather one-sided struggle which the National Greyhound Club is making to secure a stud book of their own, with some little anxiety, and I must add amusement, since I saw the paragraph in your "Dog Chat" a week or two since. As a breeder of greyhounds, and one who wishes to see this grand breed take the position it is entitled to, in my mind the foremost in the rank of sporting dogs, I think it time to protest against any such imposition as this "addendum" business. The main and vital point of the whole argument is that greyhound men require some means whereby they can be sure that the pedigrees as given in the stud book are correct. Now, is the A. K. C. stud book committee willing, and have they the facilities at hand to verify and trace up these pedigrees, and if not, why should the greyhound men have to pay fifty cents for the privilege of listing in the appendix? We might be willing to pay fifty cents extra if we could be assured that the committee would verify the pedigrees, but will they do it? Will they not rather, as at present, turn the work over to the specialty club as is customary? Then they, the A. K. C. get the money for what a few greyhound men spend many weary hours in unravelling. There are many men interested in greyhounds who do not care a rap for other breeds, and who would be willing to pay a dollar or more for a separate book, but hardly care to incur that expense for the sake of looking at the pedigrees of seventeen greyhounds, the number in the last issue of the A. K. C. stud book.

The time will soon come and is almost here now when the interchange of good running blood in greyhounds between the East and the Far West and England will become more general than at present, therefore it is very important that some such safeguard as the National Greyhound Club proposes to assume should be instituted at once. We are told by those who take little interest in the sport, that coursing in America will never amount to much, and especially in the East. This is a pessimistic view I cannot agree with, for I feel sure from present indications coursing will become a recognized sport here, and especially so if the plans of the N. G. C. are carried out as intended, so that natural coursing may be indulged in. If the A. K. C. is afraid of losing the paltry income they derive from the present order of greyhound registration, and do not wish to lose their hold on the greyhound interest, I am sure that with a fee of one dollar in a stud book of their own, the National Greyhound Club could afford to pay a percentage of twenty-five cents on each registration to the coffers of the A. K. C. This is, of course, only a suggestion, in case the club decided to still sail under the A. K. C. banner; and as a discussion is the only means of finding out the opinions of the majority, I simply advance it as such, and think that it should meet with the approbation of the A. K. C. magnates, as it secures to them an income which, I take it, is what they are after, with no trouble to themselves.

Under the present rules of the A. K. C. a winner of two first prizes can be registered in the stud book. I do not think this, in the case of greyhounds, is one to be encouraged. In looking for true blood lines the amateur breeder in the future will see this dog in the stud book, and, naturally supposing him a blue blood, will use him or his get, when for all he knows this dog may not have had a pedigree, though he be an Apollo in form, and his ancestry be such that the infusion of this dog's blood into his kennel may work incalculable harm. It is not always the hand-

pleased that this promising young dog will remain in that city.

Mr. Jas. B. Blossom has long had a kindly feeling for the handsome Gordon, and now that he has succeeded in getting together Beaumont, Belmont and Beemont (late Heather Bee), and with the aid of others in his kennels, he will be in the very front rank in the struggle for kennel prizes at future shows.

The Hamilton Kennel Club had a rousing meeting July 9, Mr. Stewart occupying the chair. The principal topic discussed was the coming bench show and the arrangements that must be made by the committee appointed. The show will be held in the Thistle Rink, and the building is said to be one of the best for the purpose, being well lighted and ventilated, with every convenience for exhibitors and the press, in the way of separate rooms. The money to be given in regular prizes amounts to \$1,200. The judges we have already announced, and the efforts of the club should meet with the support of exhibitors.

The English setter Dashing Kent, whose name has appeared in several show reports in this paper, is dead. He was a full brother to Count Howard, Sir Tatton and Monk of Furness, and was imported by Mr. Weiss, of Bethlehem, Pa. At the time of his death he was owned by Mr. I. W. Kemble, of Philadelphia.

We hear wonderful accounts of two dog puppies from Hepey's last litter by Scottish Prince. At three months old one weighed 51lbs. and the other over 48lbs.

Scottish Prince has recovered his health and will now stand at stud, as may be seen by a reference to our business columns. New York is now better off for good St. Bernard stud dogs than in years past, and we should certainly expect our St. Bernard men to show up in the prize list quite as prominently as those from the city of culture.

The Kingstou people are working hard to have a good show now that they must go it alone. We hear that \$200 has already been collected toward the expenses. It is proposed to have a regular list of about \$500. Those who are arranging the details are Messrs. J. R. Walkem, R. E. Kent, C. H. Corbett, G. O. Oldrive and Dr. Clark. The judges selected are Mr. Geddes, of Ottawa, and Dr. Mills, of Montreal, Mr. Lacy, of New York, but what breeds they will take is not yet decided. Very likely it will be Dr. Mills setters and pointers, Mr. Geddes spaniels and Mr. Lacy the rest.

The Southern Field Trials Club announce that their next trials will take place on Feb. 1, 1892, commencing on Monday. Two stakes are arranged for. The Derby, with prizes of \$400, \$250 and \$200, for setters or pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1890. Entries for the Derby close Aug. 1. The All-Aged Stake is open to all setters and pointers that have not yet won first at any recognized field trials in America; \$650 is given in prizes, as follows: \$300, \$200 and \$150. It is also announced that the club expect to have a sweepstake race for all-aged pointers, six to fill or the stake declared off. The winner is to get 75 per cent. and the second 25 per cent. The spotting system will prevail in future meetings, and the judges may announce the winner in a stake of sixteen dogs or under after the third series, and in a stake where more than sixteen are entered after the fourth series. The judges have the privilege of putting down again any dog that has been previously dropped, providing the first and second prize winners have already run as a brace. In the first series the heats shall be forty-five minutes or more.

A meeting of the National Greyhound Club is called for Wednesday evening, July 15, when several important matters will be discussed.

We hear that Mr. W. C. Reick took a trip down to Baltimore last week to see Mr. Diffenderfer's kennel, and came back the owner of Republican Belle, Prudence and Zenith. These should do well for the New York St. Bernard Kennels. It is not true that Mr. Reick purchased Altonetta, as some of our contemporaries stated last week. Speaking of this kennel reminds us of a funny coincidence. *Fanciers' Gazette* published some years since a colored plate of Ch. Plinlimmon and within three weeks he was sold to Mr. Emmett, and history repeats itself in the case of his son Prince Regent, whose picture was published in the same journal and within a week or two he came to America.

Hot weather does not seem to stop the coursing enthusiasts on the Pacific slope, for we see that a sixteen-dog stake was run off two Sundays since for a prize of \$200. In the finals Cranston's Whip beat Cronan's Dan O'Connell, thereby winning the first prize of \$100, Dan O'Connell taking second money, J. Hough's Dexter, third, and M. Tiernan's Glen Farrow, fourth. Mr. John Grace was the judge, and his decisions, as usual, met with entire satisfaction. We should think this a poor time for the hares, for surely at this time of the year they cannot do themselves justice—nor seemingly obtain it.

A notable sale in fox-terrier ranks has just been made in England, the noted Vesuvian returning to his former owner, Mr. Astley, at the same figure he was bought for by Mr. Vicary. Vesuvian as the sire of Venio, Vesuvienne, Verdad and Verdaude, is a most valuable dog in any kennel, and is said to be looking very well just now.

Good collies have always commanded proportionate prices and Mr. Megson, of Manchester, England, the owner of Metchley Wonder, has done his share toward booming them, and now he has just given \$225 for a bobtail called Challenger to Mr. Packwood, and the same gentleman also offered the latter \$1,000 for three collie puppies of one litter.

Another St. Bernard is coming to America in the dog Beauvele, which Mr. J. Green has sold to a Mr. Warren of New York city. This dog we are told is well bred, being by Plinlimmon out of Dacia, who owned Bayard as her sire. He has done some winning in England, taking third at Bristol only the other day.

Mr. Patterson's Maritana II. was to arrive on one of the steamers of the Allan State Line from Glasgow, Monday last.

Mr. W. K. Taunton, of Maryland, owner of champion Beaufort, has lost a valuable mastiff bitch in Empress of Tring, at the age of 8½ years. She was very much inbred to old champion Cardinal, who was her sire, grandsire and great grandsire, but she had nothing to do with Crown Prince.

This is a good example of cause and effect. A lady in New Haven, to be exact, she lives at 671 Chapel street, in the City of Elms, has a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from the sitting-room and took it out into the yard to play with. During his frolic the feathers were all torn out. The lady took the handle away and gave the dog a severe whipping, at the same time showing him the featherless handle. About an hour afterward the animal walked bravely into the yard with a brand new duster like the one he had destroyed in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress and meekly deposited the new brush at her

feet. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring fancy-goods store. Some people may not believe this.

Salvator Rosa, the St. Bernard, is indeed a rover. Now we hear that Mr. Smith has sold him to Dr. George F. Truman, who at one time owned Plevna. This gentleman has changed his name to Siegfried, though why we are not told. Siegfried has changed hands no less than four times in three weeks.

In a mixed terrier class at Boston one of the Anglo-American Terrier Kennels' dogs, Beaconsfield or Prince Regent, took an extra third. No other American dogs were shown that week.

Our occasional correspondent "The Onlooker," from whose pen several wise suggestions have fallen from time to time, is taken to task this week by *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) on the sportsman-fancier question. This is what we find in one paragraph: "But we think he has recently allowed himself to go astray as to the relative value of sportsmen and fanciers in the doggy world. In sporting breeds it is desirable that the fancier should be a bit of a sportsman, but we believe that a good fancier, even if not able to shoot over his own dogs or ride to his own hounds, would naturally breed for a strain to suit the work required. He knows that that is how the dogs will be judged at all events, and he will breed to suit the judge. Your self-styled sportsman generally affects not to care what his dogs look like so long as they work well. Then the fancier asks, if he can breed dogs capable of performing their natural duties, is there any harm in their being also beautiful?"

We have heard little about the dog-catchers till last Wednesday, when a lady walking along Third avenue was brutally assaulted and knocked down by these rascals. It seems almost beyond comprehension that these officials, for such they are in a sense, should be tolerated in a civilized city like this, or if tolerated they should have some respectability about them. A Mrs. Kieffer every morning took her dogs out for exercise, one is a Mexican hairless and the other some sort of terrier, both valuable dogs. Suddenly the Mexican tugged on the chain and turning round she saw a man with his hands clasped round this dog's neck. In her excitement she let go of the other dog. The man struck the woman in the chest, knocking her down, and then threw the dog in his wagon. It took four dog-catchers to secure the terrier and then the men drove off. The right sleeve of the woman's dress was torn and her right forearm was cut and bruised and covered with blood. Other parts of her body were also bruised. It is said the four men surrounded Mrs. Kieffer and crept up on tiptoe to do their nefarious work. Neither dog was muzzled or licensed, still they were on the chain and under control. The lady's husband went to the pound and heard one of the men say: "Ain't dem fine animals? I nipped them, and it was a tough piece of biz, too." This man, we are pleased to say, was arrested and is held in \$300 bail for trial, charged with assault. If these brutes would confine their attentions to the homeless curs which roam the streets in many parts of the city without let or hindrance they would do good, but as it is they are a menace to the public and we trust an example will be made of this fellow.

In the Albany suit of Gallup vs. American Kennel Club members for libel in publishing the plaintiff's name in the disqualified list in the *Kennel Gazette*, Judge Mayham has just rendered an opinion overruling the defendants' demurrer.

We hear that the Gordondale Kennels of English setters have been removed from Readville, Mass., to the Tiz. Fisher farm, 2½ miles from Attleboro post office. This is a much better location for the purposes of the kennel.

Mr. "Amazement" Bell writes us a little bad news and some good. Some miscreant on July 4 poisoned his new greyhound bitch White Wings. On the other hand he informs us that Amazement whelped on June 29 a splendid litter of all black cockers by his Obadiah. He has been rebuilding his kennel and now has only about seven. His bitch I say is only just recovering from a severe attack of distemper. She whelped on July 13, four, by King of Obos. Though she is very weak he hopes to pull her through. He tells us that Mr. W. B. Palmer of Woodstock has purchased from Mr. J. P. Willey his black cocker Jersey Boy, that did some winning in the spring.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Lamb's new bitch Clydesdale Nell arrived in such good condition on the S. S. Rossmore last Saturday, and what is of more importance, heavy in whelp to Lord Bute. She is a large bitch, standing fully 31in. and weighing about 165lbs. She has a beautiful head and excellent bone and roomy body. She is by Monarch out of Lady Floris, going back to Bayard, Rollo, Bonivard and other noted ones. She was whelped in 1886.

Mr. Mercer's Clumber Lady Belle, now in England, has, we hear, been bred to Mr. Holmes's Hotpot on June 27. We hope this will mark the turning point in "Clumber's" bad luck.

Dropping in on Mr. Tallman at his uptown rendezvous, 109 West Thirty-fourth street, we learned that he had sold for Mr. Van Zandt two Irish setters, Dennis (Darragh Pat-Ruby Glencho), to Miss C. J. Williams of New York, and a brother, of a later litter, to E. H. Johnson, Newark. He has also sold his well-known field bitch Galatea to C. C. M. Hunt, the Gordon setter man of Palmyra, N. Y.

Mr. A. W. Purbeck of Salem, Mass., is getting together an excellent kennel of greyhounds. He writes us that Mr. Toon has purchased two good ones for him on the other side. They are Onatus who won first over Gem of the Gems; he is a black and white. The other is Lily of Ganisha, who won first in the bitch class at the same show. *Stock-Keeper* says in its report: "Greyhounds a good and big class. In dogs a big upstanding black and white won well, his splendid condition and wonderful muscular development stood him to the good. The best bitch in the class was exhibited by Mr. Pickering. She is a large, roomy, deep-chested black and white, a little weak in pasterns and feet, otherwise a sterling good bitch." She won over the noted Park Lane Beauty. With Gem of the Season and the oft-times winner Pious Pembroke, Mr. Purbeck will be sure to be near when the kennel prizes are given out.

Among the new kennel advertisements this week we find that the Dutchess Kennels have placed Scottish Prince and Aristocrat at stud; and Clas. E. Bunn calls attention to his mastiff Ormonde. Those for sale are St. Bernards by C. A. Houck; Scottish and fox-terriers by J. A. Ditmas; cocker spaniels by E. Cohoon; St. Bernard puppies by G. W. Patterson; choice Llewellyn setters by Llewellyn Kennels. Attention is also called to the advertisement of "Portraits of Dogs of the Day."

THE DOG CAN BE DEPENDED ON.—Goshen, N. Y., July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have been off on a little camping trip over in Pike county, Pa., and New Jersey. I had a good time all to myself and my spaniel Hornell Sport. He is the best companion I can get, for this reason, he is willing to stay as long as I want to and is ready to

come home when I am, and always takes it in good humor and keeps his short tail wagging all the time. Most fellows I have run across are afraid to sleep in the mountains over night. Once I went out for a week's camping with two chums of mine. We made camp on a nice island down in Sussex county, N. J., and went to sleep all night, but about 10 o'clock the hoot owls began their night meeting. I opened my eyes and saw both my companions resting on their elbows, with their heads going like an old lion in a circus show cage. Pretty soon one got up on his knees, but kept his head on the swing; in about five minutes the other one came over to me and said: "What in thunder is that noise, anyway?" "What noise?" I said, "there are no wild animals around here larger than a catamount or wild cat; lay down and go to sleep." In the morning when I woke up I was keeping bachelor's hall, for they had got up and gone home, leaving me to fight my way out alone. After that I go by myself, with only my dog, and he sticks to me rain or shine, seeming to enjoy it as well as I do myself. I had not much luck this trip, too many at it.—AUSTIN VASS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (turned free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Onward, Bv G. Amory, Bourne, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April, 1891, by Wise (Croxeth—Annin) out of Nulce V. (Robert Croxeth—Nellie V. Croxeth).

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Rochelle Naddy—Buffalo General, J. J. Lang's (Buffalo, N. Y.) black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Naddy (Vortiger—Meersbrook Maiden) to A. W. Smith's champion Buffalo General (Halfax General—Lady Lottie), July 6. Maritana II.—Lord Bute. Thos. Shillcock's (Birmingham, Eng.) St. Bernard bitch Maritana II. (champion Angelo—Miscabel) to his Lord Bute (champion Saver—Sabrina), May 20. Dell—Count. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Dell (imported Everest—Sequa) to his Count (champion Apollo—champion Miranda), June 10. Belmont—Beaumont. J. B. Blossom's (New York) Gordon setter bitch champion Belmont (Dasher—Blanche IV.) to his champion Beaumont, July 1. Fly—Beaumont. Geo. Meister's (Jackson, Mich.) Gordon setter bitch Fly to J. B. Blossom's champion Beaumont, July 6. Duchess of Parma—Bo'swain. E. A. Woodward's (Chicago, Ill.) bull bitch Duchess of Parma (British Monarch—Tiney) to his Bo'swain (Grabber—Susan), April 30. Charmion—African Monarch. E. A. Woodward's (Chicago, Ill.) bull bitch Charmion (Buga Boo—Young Rocket) to his African Monarch (Claudin—Dinah), May 3. Pauline Burr—Breeze Gladstone. J. L. Smith's (Hackettstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Pauline Burr (Paul Gladstone—Latonia) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), May 29. Dorothy—Breeze Gladstone. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Dorothy (Buckyellow—Rodreka) to his Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), June 15. Lady Snowflake—Breeze Gladstone. G. W. Lovell's (Middleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Lady Snowflake (Prince Noble—Cassandra F.) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), June 18. Winnie—Breeze Gladstone. F. E. Rogers's (New York) English setter bitch Winnie (Queen—Maggie) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), June 25. Daisy Wentworth—Breeze Gladstone. J. H. Austin's (New York) English setter bitch Daisy Wentworth (Lark P.—Nellie II.) to F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), June 26. Rod's Ruby—Breeze Gladstone. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Rod's Ruby (Buckyellow—Rodreka) to his Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), July 7.

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Rhube H. Blake & Herbertson's (Detroit, Mich.) black and tan terrier bitch Rhube H. (imported Prince—Nanon, Jr.), July 4, four (two dogs), by their Sir Wallace (Mahomet—Lady). Buttercup. Blake & Herbertson's (Detroit, Mich.) black and tan terrier bitch Buttercup (Victor—Queen), June 18, two dogs, by their imported Prince (Brookfield Turk—Duchess II.). Duchess of Parma. E. A. Woodward's (Chicago, Ill.) bull bitch Duchess of Parma (British Monarch—Tiney), June 30, three (two dogs), by his Bo'swain (Grabber—Susan). Topsy. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Topsy (Black Harry—Maud S. II.), June 12, six (three dogs), by his Obo C. (champion Black Pete—Phyllis). Nellie. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (Prince Obo—Fern), June 19, seven (three dogs), by his Obo C. (champion Black Pete—Phyllis). Gypsie. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Gypsie (Jel—Vixen), June 21, six (four dogs), by his Obo C. (champion Black Pete—Phyllis). Butterfly. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Butterfly (Capt. Stubbs—Princess Obo), June 23, four (three dogs), by his Obo C. (champion Black Pete—Phyllis). Connie. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Connie (Prince Obo—Queen Bee), June 28, six (four dogs), by his Capt. Stubbs (Col. Stubbs—Maud). Dot. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Dot C. (Prince Obo—Fern), June 24, four (two dogs), by his Capt. Stubbs (Col. Stubbs—Maud). Maud S. II. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Maud S. II. (Col. Stubbs—Daisy Dean), June 30, four (two dogs), by his Capt. Stubbs (Col. Stubbs—Maud). Fern. E. Cohoon's (Franklin, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fern (Capt. Stubbs—Queen Nellie), June 30, four (three dogs), by his Obo C. (champion Black Pete—Phyllis). Front. D. Stern's (Milwaukee, Wis.) English setter bitch Front (Drake, Jr.—Daisy), May 11, thirteen (five dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue). Gussie Bondin. J. L. Sneed's (Toledo, O.) English setter bitch Gussie Bondin (Gus Bondin—Jesse Noble), May 14, eight, by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue). Donna Juanita. J. W. Wood's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) English setter bitch Donna Juanita (Rockingham—Donna), May 15, ten (six dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue). Fanny H. Osthoff's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Fanny (Buckley—Nancy Lee), June 4, fourteen (eleven dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue). Lily Bondin. N. B. Thomas's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Lily Bondin (Gus Bondin—Rodreka), June 5, six, by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue). Myra Goodwin. D. A. Goodwin's (Newburyport, Mass.) English setter bitch Myra Goodwin (Bob Gates—Flo MacLin), June 23, twelve, by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue). Rodreka. B. Mann's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Rodreka (Rodriggo—Gem), July 2, nine (seven dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application. Louisc. Red cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 18, 1891, by Darkey out of Chloe R., by Blake & Herbertson, Detroit, Mich., to E. W. Kirk, Pittsburgh, Pa. Editor's Breeze Red cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 8, 1891, by Darkey out of Chloe R., by Blake & Herbertson, Detroit, Mich., to C. W. McCauley, same place. Macie. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 8, 1891, by Darkey out of Chloe K., by Blake & Herbertson, Detroit, Mich., to Mrs. Thos. Blain, Geneva, N. Y. Beaumont. Imported black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped July 18, 1889, by Heather Grouse out of Heather Rose, by W. Tallman, New York, to J. B. Blossom, same place. Belmont. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, by Dasher out of Blanche IV., by C. C. M. Hunt, Palmyra, N. Y., to J. B. Blossom, New York. Bernard Beauty. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, by Don out of Grin, by J. F. Parker, Portland, Me., to G. W. Patterson, Lake View, Mass. Lydia. Orange rawn, white markings, St. Bernard bitch whelped Sept. 26, 1889, by Beauchamp out of Dell, by G. W. Patterson, Lake View, Mass., to G. W. Schenk, Burlington, Ia. Monte Carlo. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 21, 1891, by Alton out of Bayard, by G. W. Patterson, Lake View, Mass., to H. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa. Maritana II. Rich orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 11, 1888, by champion Angelo out of Miscabel, by

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040

Event 10, sailing, juniors:		
Tempest.....	Geo. L. Metzger.....	1 28 0
Sybil.....	E. W. Edinger.....	2 29 0
Scribble.....	W. P. Dodge.....	3 29 0

There were two races in all, this event was the only one in which the boys had never won a sailing race and the "one man on canoe" race was suspended. First prize, banner presented by F. W. Kitchel; second prize, bunger presented by W. H. Cammeyer, Jr.

Event 11, cruising trim:

Tempest.....	Geo. P. Douglas.....	2	1	10 30
Lasata.....	Geo. L. Metzger.....	1	2	17 30
Sybil.....	E. W. Edinger.....	3	3	1 23 00

There being no general-purpose canoes at the meet, the event was thrown open to canoes with cruising kit on board. Tempest won with ease, and Lasata was a good second but was ruled out for not having sufficient outfit, and Sybil got second prize. First prize, banner presented by Robt. Foeble; second prize, banner presented by F. C. Moore.

Event 12, sailing upset:

Tempest.....	Geo. P. Douglas.....	1		
Oricket.....	J. B. Palmer.....	2		
Torment.....	H. H. Smythe.....	3		
Echo.....	O. F. Coe.....	4		
Eros.....	W. L. Dudley.....	5		

First prize, banner presented by Mrs. W. P. Stephens; second prize, banner presented by committee.

Event 13, man overboard:

Tempest.....	G. P. Douglas and C. L. Metzger.....	1		
Sybil.....	E. W. Edinger and W. L. Dudley.....	2		

This was a good race and with a large entry should prove exciting and a good test. Prize, flag presented by Mrs. Charles G. Bahmann.

Event 14, unclassified boats:

Neola.....	J. H. Sipp.....	1	1	1	21 51
Wraith.....	B. Fredericks.....	2	2	2	1 25 01
Yea Yah.....	H. F. Des Brainsay.....	2	2	2	Withdrawn.

Neola started well in the lead and gained on both first and second rounds. In the third round Wraith made faster time over the mile and finally to make any difference in the result. There were no war canoes at the meet, so the race for unclassified boats was called instead. Prize, flag presented by New York C. C.

Of the appropriation of \$100 voted us, we have used but \$53.81, an itemized account of which is given below:

Stationery and postage.....	\$25 31
Man and skill, 23 days.....	7 50
Signal and messengers, flag cartridges.....	6 50
Expressage.....	1 50
Loss of watch from starter's boat.....	5 00

Respectfully submitted,

MORTON V. BROKAW, Committee.

NEW YORK, July 11.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH CANOE RULES.

WHEN we consider that the British Canoe Association has no measurement rules nor classification, the question naturally suggests itself as to what the members do when they are ashore and where they find any excitement or other than sailing, the Royal C. C., however, has rules of its own, and as canoe racing plays but little part in the meets of the B. C. C., perhaps rules are unnecessary; however, the members miss a lot of fun by not having and changing them. The new rules of the A. C. C. call forth the following comments in the *Field*, which of late has given considerable attention to canoeing:

"A new class of canoe has been established in America, called the general-purpose canoe, the intention of which is to conserve the cruising capabilities of the craft which are threatened with extinction in the racing classes. It would seem, however, that the new limitations imposed in the class are hardly as perfect as we might have expected from such a practical and able body of men as the A. C. C. committee. For instance, the width of the well opening or hatchway is set down at the well to be 16 in. The object of limiting the width of the well hatchway is to always enable the man to sit down in the canoe, the limit, therefore, should be the smallest width necessary, or roughly speaking, 15 in. Where arbitrary limitations are to be placed, it should be carefully guarded that the limitation does not adversely affect craft constructed to fit the average man. The limitations further assume that space for sleeping on board should be maintained; but quite a large majority of men owning and cruising in 16 ft. by 30 in. canoes never desire or attempt to sleep in them, but carry and use a shore tent. The space below, or well, which should be conserved in fairness in all canoes, cruisers and racers, is that which enables the man to sit below. Taking a fair average it is 4 ft. in length, which is the well or the space of center-piece case. The draft of water is limited to 10 in. What the well can draught matter, so long as the total depth of hull is limited?"

"The new limitations of the general-purpose canoe are very likely to prove far from perfect, at least such is the expectation of their framers, as they are out experimental; the special objection to the *Field* makes are, however, not very well taken. The object of limiting the width of the well hatchway is to preserve that adaptability which has always been the chief charm of the canoe, and which has very generally disappeared under the stress of match sailing. To this end a certain amount of room in the boat is necessary, enough to sit at ease, to move about for a change of position if in the boat for some hours, to carry stores and clothing in the easy way, and to take a companion at times. While 15 in. may be sufficient for such a sail, the well, it is very little room for comfort, especially for a man of more than average build; while nothing could be more embarrassing than the mishap which occurred to a well-known canoeist who once took a Class B girl out in a Class A canoe, and found great difficulty in disembarking the lady on their return. As a matter of fact, the limitation has been carefully guarded, a measurement of a large number of canoes showed that 16 in. was within the limit, the average being about 17 in.

The well in most American cruising boats is from 5 to 6 ft. long, semi-circular at after end and pointed at the fore end. The requirements are that at least 3 ft. 6 in. of length shall be not under 10 in. wide. The only objection which we find is that a man may even this rule by making his well 16 in. by 42 in.

Sleeping in the canoe has gone out of fashion here as in England, but the rule is framed to encourage the interior arrangement which has been proved the best for cruising and all general uses, the movable bulkhead above the canoeist, for tent, clothing, etc., and a similar space on each side of the centerboard trunk at fixed bulkhead for his bag and feet, may do for certain purposes, but it does not give the accommodation for storage, or the carriage of a fair passenger or fellow paddler, which should be part of the general purpose canoe. The R. C. C. rules call for the same space, 6 ft. between fixed bulkheads, the minimum size of well, 14x33 in., being so small that this space cannot be used unless the well is made larger than the minimum limit.

Why the draft was limited to 10 in., which we have suggested, at the annual meeting we proposed, in place of the present useless limit of 16 in. maximum depth inside, a limit for the general purpose canoe of 17 to 18 in. extreme depth from the lowest point of keel to the top of deck immediately above it, a limit that would conform to existing canoes and yet tend to preserve the canoe bottom as opposed to the keel or fin. At the same time the regatta committee suggested another limit of depth, not over 15 in. from lowest point of keel wherever found to lowest point of gunwale, or approximately an allowance of 5 in. foreboard and 10 in. draft. In connection with the limitation of one class, we also proposed the removal of all limits from the racing class, but the proposal was not carried. The other limit was left to the regatta committee, who finally made it 10 in. draft. The present limitation of the R. C. C., not over 16 in. depth, is entirely useless, as it may be evaded by a trick of construction, making the canoe draw 2 ft. if desirable.

It happened very unfortunately that the great pressure of business on the part of the committee prevented a careful and thorough discussion of the changes in the rules, a matter that required at least a half day, but which was left to the regatta committee to complete, against their wishes; the general outline of changes alone being indicated. The result has proved that the changes in the rules are not as perfect as they should be, while the delay in announcing them was also detrimental. The general purpose canoe is likely to make, but a poor showing at the coming meet, but it will adhere to the idea that its recognition is in every way desirable, and no matter how little good may come, no harm can follow.

Continuing further, the *Field* takes up the R. C. C. rules as follows: "The English rules are, on the other hand, far too minute, and are complicated with vexatious and, at the same time, useless limitations. The difference between the first class and the second class (which has adopted the misleading and inappropriate title of cruising class), is simply ridiculous, viz., that the second class canoe must be of 'clench' build. We have yet to learn that two canoes built to the same lines and fitted in similar manner and of similar rig, but one of which is clench built, are so different in their capabilities that the clench-built boat is entitled to rank as a cruiser and the smooth-skinned one as a racer. For some cruising work—especially duck shooting—a clench-built canoe is utterly unfitted; she is at all times unsightly, and is merely a relic of the barbaric ages of the north—the wily savage all the world over builds his canoe of smooth skin."

The distinction between smooth built and lapstrake (clench built) canoes is about as useful a basis for classification as that between varnished and painted canoes, but it has been in the rules for a dozen years. The R. C. C. rules limit sail area

to 112 sq. ft., also allowing a 50 ft. spinnaker. The former limitation, which limits the mainsail to 75 per cent. of the total sail, has been abolished. The sliding seat is entirely prohibited, deck seats not being allowed to extend beyond the side of the canoe at any time.

If British canoeists have any idea of contesting for international supremacy, or of meeting an American challenger under other conditions than the R. C. C. rules, they must consider soon the two important questions of unlimited sail area and of the sliding seat. So far we are unable to see how the American canoeist can come to American canoes through unrestricted sail area, and though we firmly believe in the limitation of sail area on yachts and most small craft, the conditions of the 16x30 one man canoe do not seem to call for it here or in England. If other necessary limitations are imposed, sail can well be left to itself.

The matter of the sliding seat is a more difficult one, it has been unquestionably the main factor in the development of the sealed canoe and the suicide cockpit; but at the same time sailing a canoe with a sliding seat is safer, far more comfortable, and dryer, to say nothing of the excitement and exhilaration which accompanies this exalted perch, and we believe now that British canoeists will gain in every way by adopting the sliding seat in the R. C. C. 14x33 in. experience. With the present limits of the R. C. C. 14x33 in. experience, the sliding seat is a most desirable, and the center of length, there can be no possible danger of the mast stroties that ornament American canoeing, and the deck seat and thwartship tiller can be safely adopted. At the same time the experience here indicates that a limit of length of slide is necessary, the one which naturally suggests itself being 30 in. for the 14x33 in. sail area. This is a safe and conservative limit, less by 15 in. than found in a morning and a night, that a desirable on trial, a longer slide can be allowed in certain races. With all that has been said against it, the sliding seat is too important a factor in canoe sailing to-day to be ignored by any body of canoeists.

Since the above was in type we have received the current number of the *Field*, in which the following appears:

"Sliding-out deck seats have not as yet been tried on English canoes in racing, owing to there being a rule against their existence; but it is more than mere speculation to assert that a sliding-out seat could not have been used effectively in any race yet sailed this season. In the two or three first races it was not wanted, in the light airs one had to balance rather inboard so as to give a list to keep sail quiet, and in the blow matches the cuts and shifts of wind have been so severe that a sliding-out slider would have quickly planted its crew in the lake. None the less, it is curious that no English canoeist goes the length of fitting and testing a sliding seat. There are several races open to anything within canoe-yawl definition; that, of course, admits sliding-out deck seats."

CANOE-YAWLS AND CANOE-YACHTS.

EXACT names and definitions are the exception rather than the rule in canoeing and yachting, there being very few terms which apply strictly to any one rig or model, or to both in combination. One of the most bewildering is the term canoe-yawl, now in such common use, but conveying no definite idea of proportions, model or rig. Before the modern canoe was well out of its crib and tucker days, about 1875, the general model of the Rob Roy was developed and expanded into a much larger model, the 16 ft. 6 in. beam, but with the lug mainsail and small mizzen, the canoe, together with other features which, in spite of its size, showed its relationship to the canoe rather than to any existing forms of sailing boats. To this craft, whose evolution was due mainly to the swift tides and rough waters of the river Mersey, the name canoe-yawl was given in recognition of its origin and rig. The wonderful growth of canoeing and yachting as distinguished from yachting in decked craft since that day, has produced a very large fleet of small craft that are neither canoes nor yachts in the strict acceptance of each term, but which have been generally classed as canoe-yawls.

It needs no proof that a vessel 20 to 24 ft. long, with 5 to 6 ft. beam and a ton of keel and rig is not a canoe, while at the same time she may be a sloop, cutter or ketch in the eyes of the law. A canoe-yawl has stuck to her. Among the many boats of this class are the well-known Viper, Vital Spark, Water Rat, Iris, Tom Boy and others, lines and descriptions of which have frequently appeared in our pages. Between these extreme craft and the canoe proper are many wide canoes, such as the Ethel, Vim, Kwaneshe, Pelican; centered on the middle of the beam, by a movable ballast, and capable of being beached or housed, though the latter two men as a rule. This class of boat has become very popular in England within three or four years; in fact, so much so as to encroach on the 16x30 canoe, being more conspicuous than the latter at the meets of the British Canoe Association.

At the November meeting in 1889, the Royal C. C. established the following limits for the class, which have since been generally built to: "A canoe yawl shall not exceed 20 ft. in length, shall not exceed 20 ft. over all in length; it shall not be less than 5 ft. in beam; it shall not be over 3 ft. in depth from top of deck at center line to the bottom of the keel, taken anywhere, forward and aft. No ballast shall be carried outside, or below the transoms, except in plates or drop keels. No counter stern or transom stern allowed. By the R. C. C. rule.

Length x Sail Area = Rating.

6,000

the allowance of sail would be for 20 ft. 150sq.-ft.; 18 ft., 166; 16 ft., 188; 14 ft., 214."

Under this rule some racing machines have been built, wide, shoal, saucer-shaped craft, one of them, the Snake, being 18 ft. 10 in., 4 ft. 10 in. beam, depth amidships to deck 1 ft. 10 in., mainsail being somewhat like the Broadway of a Humber or a small motor boat, the rough waters of the Humber and Mersey have developed the keel craft, the Thames about Oxford and London is rapidly producing a fleet of racing machines, and at the same time of cruising canoe yawls about 18 ft. x 4 ft., mere big canoes. Still another type showing up in considerable force this year about Southampton is the 16 ft. 6 in. rating class, keel racing machines designed by the leading men of the class, such as Edmonds and Payne, and of the most delicate and elaborate construction.

While the canoe yawl, as has been seen, has progressed further in England than on this side, especially from a racing standpoint, the class is growing rapidly in the United States, and is likely to become very popular in a few years, filling the wide space between the 16x30 canoe and the small singlehand cutters and the yawls, such as Windward. The rating rule, or its American equivalent, corrected length, seems peculiarly adapted for the class at large. The boats, which may be included under the present term canoe-yawl, may be broadly divided into two classes, the keel craft, with a large percentage of outside ballast, and the shoal-draft craft of moderate draft and with inside ballast, all movable.

The need of some distinction between these two classes has been apparent for some time, and to meet it we suggest that the name canoe-yawl be restricted to such boats as by their draft, model and ballasting may be beached and housed, while the other large class, such as Tom Boy, the small cutter Dodge and the St. Lawrence, and other types, which have been published on April 10, may be classed as "canoe-yachts." This term, while open perhaps to the same technical objections as canoe-yawl, is at least a fitting complement to it, and the two together will serve to distinguish with sufficient exactness for all practical purposes the typical difference between the two classes of boats. There is just now no special call for a strict definition of either term, nor is there any club or body directly interested in classifying and encouraging the boats, but they are increasing in number so rapidly that their recognition and limitation is only a matter of time, and in the meanwhile we suggest for popular use as a means of distinguishing the difference which actually exists the term canoe-yacht in addition to the established one of canoe-yawl.

THE A. C. C. YEAR BOOK.—The Year Book of the American Canoe Association for 1891 is uniform in size with those of the past three years, and contains the usual matter, the constitution, reports and racing records of 1890. The list of members is arranged by divisions, as in previous years, but in addition to the list of division officers and the clubs within the division, as well as the boundaries, are given at the head of the list of members, making a complete record of the division. The membership up to date of the 31st of December 1890 is as follows: Atlantic 292, Central 157, Eastern 311, Northern 108, and Western 108. There must be added a supplementary list of new members, making 1,011 members. Besides these are 8 honorary and 62 lady members, the grand total being 1,081. The highest number on the list up to about June 1 was 1,034, that being the number of active members enrolled since the Association was organized, in August, 1880. The number of clubs enrolled was 23, total 108. Nearly 100 of these are canoe clubs, the others being in part boat or sailing clubs. The names of the clubs, with their lotions, are printed in colors, a list of officers, stations, etc., being also given. One of Stoddard's charts, showing a portion of Lake Champlain from Plattsburg to Willsborough, is given, with a railroad map showing routes to the camp.

TRANSPORTATION TO THE MEET.

WE have received the following circular relative to the transportation of canoes from about New York to Lake Champlain. The late date at which it was sent out made it impossible for canoeists to reply by July 11, but if there is still time to make arrangements, the proposed trip by canal boat with the canoes should prove a very pleasant one for those who can spare the time:

To Member American Canoe Association:

Dear Sir, We write to ask you if you intend to take in the meet at Willsborough Point, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, commencing Aug. 6; if so, would you ask us to join us in trying to get enough canoes together to make it an object to this company to send the canoes all on one boat without carrying other freight. If we can get enough canoes together we will take them from Pier No. 6, East River, to Willsborough Point, N. Y., at \$2 each, which includes rigging of any other merchandise that can be put in the canoe.

If there are enough canoes at any club house to warrant the expense of towing the canal boat to and from club house, we will send the canal boat for them and charge each canoe her proportion of cost of towage.

If we can secure enough canoes to warrant our placing a canal boat to take the trip the American Canoe Association, we will place for the trip the canal boat C. W. Woodford, of Essex, N. Y., commanded by Capt. M. A. Knowlton, who is one of Lake Champlain's old pilots. Why we mention this canal boat in particular is, that it is the same boat and genial captain that took up the canoes in 1887, and all our patrons at that time were well pleased with the care given by Capt. Knowlton.

If you want to take up your canoe on the above plan, we would be pleased to receive your answer to that effect on or before Saturday, July 11, as it is necessary for us to know how many canoes we can depend on; and it is still more important that we should have, say, two weeks' notice, so as to arrange our freight charters for this canal boat and get her in readiness to receive in New York, say, Monday, July 27.

We also want to offer, which will be a novelty on this special occasion, of taking any canoeist of the American Canoe Association on the canal boat C. W. Woodford, which is a splendid boat, from New York to the camp on Lake Champlain, at \$2 per day, which includes passage, board and berth, which is made in a rough way, as each passenger is required to furnish his own blankets and pillow, if required for berth.

The berths will be built in main hold of boat along the sides; the boat is 93 ft. long, about 18 ft. wide; the size of hold in the main is about 75 ft. long, 16 ft. wide and 7 ft. high between decks, and perfectly dry.

The route taken on this trip is via Hudson River to Troy, N. Y., the boat being towed in a tow with about 30 other canal boats, and it takes about 40 hours from New York to Albany, N. Y., thence via Champlain Canal from Waterford, N. Y., to Whitehall, N. Y., which is towed by mules, a single boat at a time; distance is about 60 miles and takes about 48 hours to reach Whitehall, N. Y., which is on Lake Champlain, and from there the boat is towed by a powerful lake steamer in tow with, say, 20 other boats, and takes about 12 hours to reach "La Camp de Paddle Your Own Canoe" or dock of the American Canoe Association at Willsborough Point, N. Y.

A trip of this kind is very romantic and a most enjoyable time could be had, and it would be a trip that would never be forgotten. Kindly let us hear from you, fully, at an early date and oblige, yours truly,

S. R. MOE & Co., G. F. A., No. 9 South Street.

NEW YORK, July 8.

THE CLUB REGATTA.

BOYS! perhaps an old fossil, like myself, can give you a few points. It may be that you know more about it than I do. If so, it will do you no harm to hear what I have to say, and then go and do what you please.

You know who has the fastest paddling canoe in the club house, as you have often, no doubt, been beaten by it in your cruises or "club races" near home. You know very well, too, who among your members can do a half mile in the shortest time, without getting up a regatta to prove it. Perhaps there is another canoe club near yours with a strong man in it. If so, a race between your man and that club's champion will make an interesting event. Likewise you know who is the best sailor with the best boat—perhaps there are two nearly equal—and a regatta sailing race cannot add to your information. If you can get other club members to race your man, interest may be injected into a sailing race.

Generally speaking, then, the club regatta cannot add much to your knowledge about the sailing and paddling merits of your club men. How often have you had a good sailing race over your club course? Not often, I will venture to suggest. When a difference of opinion exists as to the merits of men or boats you are likely to resort to a regatta to prove it. If so, a race between your man and that club's champion will make an interesting event. Likewise you know who is the best sailor with the best boat—perhaps there are two nearly equal—and a regatta sailing race cannot add to your information. If you can get other club members to race your man, interest may be injected into a sailing race.

We are considering now a club regatta, pure and simple. What shall it be? The members want their friends to view the events and make a social affair of the whole thing.

How many of your friends—the ones you invite to view the races—know why a canoe cannot sail straight to windward in a sailing race other than seeing the pretty effect of a start? How tiresome they find it when the wind fails and the canoe simply drift about aimlessly and nothing is going on to amuse the spectators—since all the canoes are in the race.

Well! We want to have a club regatta. We want to invite our friends and entertain them. We want to have some fun ourselves, and we want to give an event on the programme off at a proper time and without too long a wait for the members. If we put on a sailing race it may ruin the whole affair for lack of wind, too much wind or too much tide. Let us omit it then. But every one likes to see a canoe under sail do something. All paddling events would be stupid. An upset sailing race can be arranged for near the club house, and can be worked off successfully in a short time, and the members will be interested. The spectators are sure to be deeply interested in the novel performance. This holds good of a maneuvering race sailing, where a paddle is thrown overboard astern at a given signal and recovered. It is well to have the paddle thrown over twice, so that a miss the first time may not prevent a man's winning. Another sailing event can be added to bring out the skill of the members in handling a canoe tag. A canoe sails across a given line and must recross within ten minutes. Fifteen seconds after the start of the first another canoe is sent off, the skipper of which must touch any part of the first canoe, man or rig, with a 9 ft. wand, padded at the end (and kept on deck), before No. 1 recrosses the starting line.

The up-and-down, hand paddling, standing up paddling, single blade paddling (to be done on one side of the canoe only without the help of a rudder), are all races that can follow one another rapidly and create considerable amusement for contestants and spectators. Canoe tricks, gymnastics, tugs of war and a tournament also help out a regatta wonderfully. Other novel events we suggest ourselves to committees according to the weather, the club and the ingenuity of the members. I have never seen a deck paddling race. Put a board lengthwise over the cockpit and sit on it while paddling.

The clerk of the course should secure all the entries early, and each man ought to pledge himself to contest the races he enters. The races should be so arranged that the same men do not come in for successive events, as they need rest after a hard struggle and need time to get the canoe ready again. The events in which the canoe is upset and gets water aboard should be put last, so no time is lost in waiting for a man to bail out before starting in a succeeding event. There are innumerable gymnastic tricks to be acquired, and many of them have been described in former numbers of this paper. Don't make a fizzle of your regatta when success is easy.

Now that many clubs have big war canoes, why not add a crew drill to the programme? Evolutions will suggest themselves to the captain of the crew, and very little training would be necessary to make an effective show. A paddling drill may also be added after the suggestions printed in your last number, Mr. Editor, by the secretary of the Hartford Club. I enjoy seeing a canoe sailing above all things; but I don't like to see a regatta totally ruined by trying to sail one under difficulties.—*Sail and Paddle*, August, 1890.

A. C. C. MEMBERSHIP.—Central Division: P. N. Jacobson, Detroit, Mich.; C. C. Powers, Rochester, N. Y. Northern Division: W. L. Wickham, Toronto; W. L. Henn, Ottawa. Eastern Division: Chas. A. Gay, Boston, Mass. Atlantic Division: A. D. King, Paterson, N. J.

TORONTO C. C.

THE race of June 27 was sailed in a light wind, the winners being: Class 1, Colin Fraser first; W. J. Sparrow second. Class 2, H. C. McLean first; F. Rogers second. Class 3, H. Fortier first; J. C. Iredale second.

The annual spring regatta was held at Center Island on July 4, in a gale with rain, but it was decided not to postpone it, as the men would soon be separated in cruising. The sailing race was won by Walf, D. B. Jacques. There were 5 starters in the open paddling, Johns on being first and Tilley second. In the decked paddling, H. C. McLean won. Three men entered for a novel contest, each using two canoes, one foot in each, with a single blade. Mr. Stotesbury won, though the wind nearly spoiled the race.

The tandem handicap had 8 starters: Iredale and Rogers, Stewart and Stotesbury, Thomson and Sanderson, Brown and Sparrow, Bell and Musson, Hackburn and Weston, Ellis and Woodland, the race was won by Thomson and Sanderson, with Ellis and Woodland second.

In the fours, three crews started: Johnston, Hackburn, Stewart and Tilley, Iredale, Ford, Ellis and Bell, R. B. Elgie, Sanderson, Thomson and Brown. They finished in the order named, the winning crew being composed of two champion paddlers, Johnston and Tilley, and two other very strong men.

R. N. Stotesbury won the paddling race in which the paddler was seated in stern to paddle stern foremost.

On July 11 the second sailing race of the series was held, with the remaining events postponed from the regatta.

The first class race resulted thus:

Walf, D. B. Jacques.....	1
Chum, Colin Fraser.....	2
Rush, W. C. Lee.....	3
Ell, J. W. Sparrow.....	4
Craw, Roy Sweeney.....	5

The second class race resulted thus:

Frio, Walter Smith.....	1
Kalula, H. C. Ford.....	2
Nemo, Fred. Rogers.....	3

The third class race resulted thus:

Edna, H. C. Fortier.....	1
Irma, W. A. Fraser.....	2
Vita, J. C. Iredale.....	3

The hurry scurry and paddling upset were won by M. F. Johnston, and the tug of war by J. E. Brown (captain), M. F. Johnston, H. R. Tilley and Roy Sweeney from J. C. Iredale (captain), T. D. Ellis, H. Ford and B. W. S. Thomson.

BROOKLYN C. C., JULY 11.—The races of the postponed Brooklyn C. C. regatta were finished on Saturday, there being a strong N. W. breeze. The only novice, Delight, Irving Ruland, was started with the unlimited fleet, sailing but one round. The starters for the two races were: Bonnie, C. B. Vaux, Seabright, W. T. Wittingham, Uaqua, R. J. Wilkin; Eclipse, F. L. Dunne; Azec, W. W. Howard. Bonnie was late at the line, but finally won after a very good race, with Seabright second. Aztec broke down and capsized and Eclipse parted main sheet and withdrew. A fine race of canoe yaws followed, being won by Tim, John Johnson, with Kwonose second and Margaret third. The last event was a paddling race for the Rudd trophy, won by Eclipse, F. L. Dunne.

HUMBER YAWL CLUB.—The Humber Yawl Club, of Hull, England, the only club which devotes itself specially to the canoe yawl, is a very lively and vigorous organization, with a fleet of 36 boats, mostly canoe yaws, from 18 to 24 ft. length and 3 to 6 ft. beam. The membership is 45. The club has two notable features—its annual cruise, usually to Holland, the boats being swung aboard a steamer at Hull and launched at Amsterdam or some other Dutch port, when the cruise proper begins; the other feature being a yearly pamphlet narrating the doings of the club, and embellished by a number of very clever sketches by some of the members. The copy for 1891, which was have lately received, contains a chart of the North Sea, the list of a canoe yawl, the list of members and boats, with numerous illustrations.

A NEW CLUB.—The London Rowing and Canoe Club of London (limited) has just received its charter of incorporation from the Ontario Government. The directors for the first year Col. John MacBeth, M. J. Kent, G. D. Sutherland, Capt. B. Cartwright, H. S. Blackburn, J. B. Kilgour, W. S. Smith, G. H. Gillespie, Jr., and W. C. L. Gill.

MAHNAWAUK C. C.—The race on July 4 on Oconomowoc Lake, Wis., was won by Lilla, F. B. Huntington, with Blackhawk, F. W. Dickens, second; distance 3 miles.

Yachting.

Model Yachts and Boats. Their design, making and sailing, with designs and working drawings. Postpaid, \$2.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

16. Lake Y. R. A., R. C. Y. C., Tor.	20. Rhode Island, Cup.
16. Cedar Pt., Saugatuck, Conn.	21. Fall Riv. Ladies' Day, Fall Riv.
17. Lake Y. R. A., Queen City, Toronto.	22. Plover, Club, Marblehead.
18. American, Steam, Milton's Neck.	23. Lake Y. R. A., Oswego, Oswego
18. Hull, First cham., 1st and 2d classes.	23. Royal N. S., Wonomah Challenge Cup, Halifax.
18. Hull Corinthian, Club.	24. Great South Bay.
18. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.	25. Dorchester, Open, Dorchester
18. Beverly, 1st Cham., Mon. Beh.	25. Quincy, Second Cham
18. Cor. Navy, N. Y. Bay Squad.	25. Corinthian, Marblehead, 1st
18. St. Lawrence, 2d and 21st. Classes, Montreal.	25. Hull, Cruise, Cape Cod.
18. Royal N. S., Lansdowne Cup, Halifax.	25. Mosquito, Cup, Boston.
18. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford.	25. Essex, Ann., Newark Bay.
18. Massachusetts, Ann. Cruise.	25. Miramichi, Cruise to Nequac
18-19. San Francisco, Fish Cruise.	25. Plover, Cruise, Marblehead.
20. Lake Y. R. A., Rochester, Rochester.	25. Corinthian, Marblehead, 1st
	25. Monaquot, Pennant, Weymouth.
	31. Carolina, Club, Wilmington, N. C.

AUGUST.

1. Larchmont, Wetmore Cup.	15. Mosquito, Open, Boston.
1. Indian Harbor, Open, Greenwich.	15. New Bedford, Sweeps, New Bedford.
1. Westhampton, Westhampton	15. East Bay, Long Island.
1. Hull Corinthian, 2d Cham.	15. Eastern, Sweeps, Marblehead.
1. Indian Harbor, Ann., Greenwich.	15. Savin Hill, Fleet Capt's Cups
1. Beverly, 1st Cham., Marblehead	19. Hull, Ladies' Day.
1-15. Cor. Navy Meet, Riverside.	19. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
3. New York, rendezvous, Glen Cove.	19. Plover, Club, Marblehead.
6. Mosquito, Pennant, Boston.	19. Fall River, Open, Fall River
6. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.	20. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
6. Monaquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.	20. Massachusetts, 2d Cham.
7. New York, Golet Cups, Newport.	20. Rhode Island, Open.
8. San Francisco, Club.	20. Corinthian, Cruise, Maine Coast
8. Hull, Second Cham., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th classes.	20. Cham., Marblehead.
8. Lynn, Lynn.	22. Monaquot, Sweeps, Weymouth.
8. Savin Hill, Second Cham.	22. Cor. Navy, East River Squad
8. Beverly, 4th Sweep, Mon. Beh.	22. Royal N. S., Ruth Cup, Halifax.
8. Royal N. S., Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.	22-23. San Francisco, Fish Cruise
9. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.	23. Newark, Ann., Newark Bay.
10. Quincy Third Cham.	23. Plover, 3d Cham., Marblehead.
10. Miramichi, Vice Com.'s Pen.	23. Dorchester, Club, Dorchester
12. Massachusetts, First Cham., Dorchester Bay.	23. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
12. Plover, 2d Cham., Marblehead.	23. Massachusetts, Third Cham
13. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.	23. Dorchester Bay.
13. Monaquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.	23. Carolina, Club, Wilmington,
	23. Hampstead, Long Island.
	23. Hull, All Classes.
	23. Savin Hill, Cash.
	23. Beverly, 2d Cham, Mon. Beh.
	23. Royal N. S., Capt. Russell's Cup, Halifax.
	23. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
	23. Miramichi, Cruise.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.	12. New Bedford, Annual, New Bedford.
2. Plover, Sail-off, Marblehead.	12. Lynn, Cup, Lynn.
5. Monaquot, Sail-off, Weymouth.	12. Massachusetts, Open, Dorchester Bay.
5. Hull Corinthian, Open.	12. Savin Hill, Cham, Sail-off.
5. Beverly, 5th Sweep, Marblehead.	12. Royal N. S., Handicap, Halifax.
5. Larchmont, Fall, Larchmont.	
5. Bay View, Cruise.	10-20. San Francisco, Cruise.
7. Fall River, Club, Fall River.	19. Beverly, 3d Cham, Marblehead
7. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.	21. Miramichi, Open.
7. N. Y. R. A., Ann., New York	21. Beverly, 3d Cham, Mon. Beh.
7. Corinthian, Marblehead.	26. Savin Hill, Fleet Captains Cup, Sail-off.
7. Lynn, Open, Nabant.	26. Royal R. S., Lord Alex Russell's Cup, Halifax.
7. Mosquito, Open, Boston.	26. Bay View, Club, Boston Bay.
11. Massachusetts, Fall, Dorchester Bay.	
12. Beverly, 6th Sweep, Mon. Beh.	

OCTOBER.

7. Brooklyn, Fall, Gravesend	17. San Francisco, Closing Day.
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MR. BURGESS' WORK.

THAT republics are not always ungrateful has been very clearly proven in the honors of all kinds that have been showered upon Mr. Burgess by Americans; honors such as have never before fallen to the lot of a designer. While his efforts have received the heartiest recognition of American yachtsmen, the real magnitude of the work that he has done is still unappreciated by the majority. The fact that he has been the means of defeating all challengers and keeping the America's Cup in New York is indeed a very small matter in itself; the great point is that to him is chiefly due the credit for forcing American yachtsmen to accept a type of yacht which, however good for them, they did not want. Puritan herself was the outcome of years of hard fighting against the heaviest odds on the part of a small handful of "cutter cranks," with whose leading principles Mr. Burgess was at least in strong sympathy, if he was not one of them. The faults and dangers of the American type of yacht, together with the advantages of the lead keel and the cutter rig, had been proven beyond question long before Puritan was dreamed of; and yet Americans as a body held firmly to the old type, and would have none of the new-fangled British innovations.

So far as practical demonstration of the truth of its principles, the work of the "cutter cranks" has been successful; but it had stopped far short of a complete and popular success, in that yachtsmen still hesitated from motives of prejudice and local feeling from adopting features which were so prominently identified with the yachts of another nation.

To such an extent did this feeling prevail even so late as 1884, when the necessity for a Cup defender was apparent, that with a full knowledge of the value of the lead keel before it, the New York Y. C. in deciding on the type of yacht which should defend the Cup, was true to its principles and built a steel scow, with inside ballast and slo' rig. The club is a progressive body; it had got beyond Pocahontas, but not very far, and it still held to the old ideas of model, rig and ballasting.

Educated, liberal and progressive, Mr. Burgess was quick to perceive the opportunity, and to avail himself of it. Unhindered by the narrow bounds of mis-called patriotism, and fully appreciative of the fact that the truths of science have no political nor geographical limits, he used to the utmost the whole range of advantages and appliances open to the yacht designer. Whatever the origin of her lead keel or her cutter rig, the Puritan was distinctively American, in that she represented thought, enterprise and progress; the same restless, energetic effort which has achieved success in so many other fields.

With her success, the work of the "cutter cranks" was fully accomplished, the day of the wide, shoal and dangerous sloop was ended and a new era of better and safer craft, whose design was based on principles and not on prejudices, was begun. The success of Puritan at once opened an easy way for the general adoption of lead ballast and a different rig on American yachts; an opening that has since certainly been utilized to its fullest extent. The mere retaining of the cup by Puritan was a comparatively small matter, it is not unlikely that had she not been built Priscilla might have defeated Genesta. Had such been the case, however, the fleet to-day would have been composed of a very different class of boats: the old ideas would have hung on, with a new lease of life; and inside ballast and the sloop rig might even now have been found in a large number of recently built craft.

Whatever objections may fairly be made to the extreme racing craft of the day, there is no proof needed of the radical improvement in the whole fleet of American yachts, from the largest schooners on the coast down to the smallest catboat or sloop on lakes or millponds, and the birth of this new era, the popular recognition of a new order of things in yacht designing, dates from the advent of Mr. Burgess as the expounder of more advanced and liberal ideas.

MATCH RACES.—Two match races have been arranged by Fleet Captain Peabody, New York Y. C., for the schooner Marguerite, R. S. Palmer. One is with Huron, cutter, Rear Com. W. B. Duncan, N. Y. Y. C., and the other with Iroquois, schooner, Vice-Com. Ellis, S. C. Y. C. Both will be sailed off Newport after the New York Y. C. cruise. The match with Huron is for \$250, the loser to pay the expenses of the contest. The New York Y. C. rules will govern, except that there will be no time allowance; the time limit is six hours, the yachts will start on one gun, and there will be no restrictions, except that clubtopsails are barred. The course will be 10 miles to windward or leeward and return. The conditions governing match with Iroquois are the same, except that there are no restrictions as to sails and time limit is fixed at five hours, for a stake of \$500. It is probable that both races will be sailed immediately. In either match if one boat should break down within thirty minutes from the start, she will be given forty-eight hours in which to make repairs and come to the line again.

OBIGIN OF GLORIANA.—A very fierce tempest has been waging in a very small teapot as to whether the entire credit for ordering a 46-footer from the Herreshoffs should be given to Vice-Com. Morgan, or whether the boat which has proved such a flyer was first ordered by Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll; the order being countermanded and the boat finally completed for her present owner. If almost any other yachtsman than Mr. Morgan were concerned, there might be some ground for such a dispute, but in view of the money he has spent and the spirit he has shown in building new boats, the present discussion seems entirely unnecessary. Leaving Gloriana entirely out of the question, Mr. Morgan's reputation as a plucky, persevering and spirited racing man was established before the 46ft. class was thought of.

COLORS OF YACHTS.—It seems curious that, with all shades of color to choose from, but two, white and black, have proved at all suitable for yachts. Blue has been tried at times, as on the little steamer Aida, and on the royal yachts of Great Britain, but it has not come into general use. It is proposed in one of the small

classes in England to paint each boat of a distinctive color, after the plan of racing jockeys, and the effect should be pleasing when a number are seen in company. In these days of decoration and high art the yachtsman might get some valuable hints in painting his boat from a professional artist, at least something better than dull white.

RIVERSIDE Y. C.

THE third annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 11, on Long Island Sound, starting from off the club house, at Cos Cob, Conn., the courses being: For schooners, sloops and cutters to Black Buoy, off eastern point of Little Captain's Island, keeping it on starboard, thence around a mark off Matinecock Point, keeping it on port hand, thence around a mark off Centre Island, thence home, seventeen miles. For classes under 30ft. to Flat Neck Buoy, keeping it on port hand, thence to Cow's Buoy, off Shippan Point, keeping it on starboard hand, to a stake boat anchored three and one-fourth nautical miles southwest by west of that buoy and thence home; eleven miles.

The wind was very light from the east all day; the schooners Princess, Rebecca and Victor being unable to reach the start in time. The full times were:

SCHOONERS—17 MILES.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Nirvana.....	12 35 40	4 39 49	4 04 49	4 04 49
SLOOPS—45FT. CLASS.				
Alcedo.....	12 31 57	4 45 25	3 43 32	3 41 14
Eurythia.....	12 27 50	4 23 11	3 55 71	3 51 58
Wayward.....	12 30 57	4 24 03	3 53 06	3 53 06
SLOOPS—40FT. CLASS.				
Doctor.....	12 30 12	4 22 16	3 52 04	3 52 04
Viking.....	12 31 57	4 36 00	4 04 03	Not meas.
Kathleen.....	12 35 59	4 35 29	4 01 30	Not meas.
SLOOPS—35FT. CLASS.				
Vorant.....	12 28 36	4 20 17	3 51 21	3 51 21
Marie.....	12 32 04	Not timed.		
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—30FT. CLASS.				
Chippeway.....	12 26 23	3 08 13	2 41 50	2 41 50
Sirene.....	12 29 14	3 17 20	2 48 06	2 47 41
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.				
Nameless.....	12 26 38	3 36 53	3 03 45	3 03 45
Needle.....	12 33 30	3 40 14	3 06 44	3 06 44
YAWLS—25FT. CLASS.				
Merope.....	12 30 29	4 00 15	3 38 39	3 38 49
Ganuet.....	12 27 39	Not timed.		
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Dot.....	12 27 03	3 51 05	3 04 00	3 01 49
Neille.....	12 26 38	3 58 27	3 11 49	3 11 49
Waverly.....	12 27 18	4 13 00	3 45 42	Not meas.
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Nahma.....	12 27 27	3 33 38	3 46 11	3 03 17
Mimette.....	12 23 47	4 17 50	3 49 03	3 42 53
Pearl.....	12 27 44	4 17 01	3 49 17	3 49 19
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Tattler.....	12 35 00	3 09 10	2 34 10	2 34 10
Vanda.....	12 35 00	3 30 04	2 55 04	2 50 36
Gertrude.....	12 35 00	4 13 15	3 38 15	3 32 05
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.				
Zelica.....	12 34 46	3 32 53	2 58 07	2 57 07
Jewel.....	12 34 28	3 33 16	2 58 48	2 58 48
Elfie.....	12 34 20	3 33 30	3 03 10	3 03 50

The boats were classed under the corrected length system lately adopted by the Riverside Y. C., the result being very satisfactory so far as the proper grouping of the various yachts in classes is concerned. The Clapham boat Chippeway beat the fast open boat Sirene very badly. The regatta was very well managed by the committee, Messrs. F. B. Jones, W. A. Hurlington and C. E. Wilson. The steamer J. G. Emmons carried a large party of guests over the course, the day closing with a dinner and dance.

LIGHT DUES FROM YACHTS.

THERE is more trouble ahead for yachtsmen at the hands of the Commissioner of Navigation, Mr. W. W. Bates, as will be seen from the following circular:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9, 1891.

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, New York, N. Y.: Sir—this office is in receipt of your letter, dated the 21 inst., requesting instructions whether dues are collectable under section 4,225, R. S., as light money from vessels arriving from domestic ports.

The bureau held Oct. 23, 1887 (S. 8,508), that such dues accrue, under section 4,225, R. S., on undocumented foreign built vessels owned by citizens of the United States and on undocumented domestic built vessels similarly owned, whether used for purposes of trade or pleasure, on their entering the ports of the United States, and whether or not they carried a bill of sale or otherwise; and that they should be collected in the same manner and under the same regulations as tonnage dues—that is, by the customs officers, who would give receipts.

This decision covers the case of vessels entering any port of the United States, whether from a domestic or foreign port. The ruling is in accordance with an opinion of the Attorney General dated Aug. 19, 1875, in which he stated that certain foreign undocumented vessels when found trading between district and district are liable to such dues under sections 4,219, 4,225 and 4,371, R. S. It should be noticed that the act of June 19, 1885, section 7, repealed section 4,371, R. S., only so far as it related to vessels entitled to be documented as vessels of the United States, the intention of Congress having been to leave it operative as regards other vessels. Respectfully yours, W. W. BATES, Commissioner.

Section 4,225 of the Revised Statutes reads thus: A duty of 50 cents per ton, to be denominated light money, shall be levied and collected on all vessels not of the United States which may enter the ports of the United States. Such light money shall be levied and collected in the same manner and under the same regulations as the tariff dues.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

THE following general orders have been issued by Fleet Captain Stephen Peabody for the New York Y. C. cruise: FLAGSHIP ELECTRA, NEW YORK Y. C. HARBOR OF NEW YORK, July 8.

- GENERAL ORDERS No. 2. 1. The vessels of the squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove on Monday, Aug. 3.
2. Captains will report aboard the flagship on the same morning at 11 o'clock, when the future movements of the squadron will be considered. Yachts will be in readiness to start on signal from the flagship immediately after the meeting, if so ordered.
3. Special attention is called to the race for cup presented by Capt. Ogden Golet, which will take place at Newport on Friday, Aug. 7, unless otherwise ordered.
4. During the cruise the Owl and Game Cock colors will be raced for by the four-earred gigs and double-souled cutters and dingies belonging to the yachts of the squadron, and the holders will be subject to challenge at any time after the day's notice.
5. There will be also a race for the steam and naphtha launches belonging to the squadron, the time, conditions and prizes for which will be hereafter announced by the Commodore.
6. The routine and rules contained in the club manual will be observed during the cruise, attention being called to the changes that have been made in the manual and club signal code during the past winter.
7. There will be special cups given for competition, dates of which will be announced by the Commodore.
8. Yachts when in squadron will take their ships' time in striking bells from that of the flagship, and in no case anticipate it.

CAROLINA Y. C.—Regular regatta, July 4.—Club course, Wrigtsville, N. C., distance 8 miles, weather fair, wind moderate E.S.E., tide high.

FIRST CLASS.				
Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.	
Phantom, R. L. Williams.....	17 11	4 34 26	6 12 57	1 38 31
Vixen, John H. Daniels.....	19 03	4 36 11	6 09 39	1 33 25
Mascotte, Geo. D. Parsley.....	20 00	4 36 30	6 15 31	1 39 01
SECOND CLASS.				
Little Alice, F. A. Lord.....	15 05	4 32 01	6 24 00	1 51 59
Lillian Florence, H. Bowden.....	16 02	4 32 40	6 19 36	1 46 56
THIRD CLASS.				
Bubble, Clayton Giles, Jr.....	18 45	4 30 00	6 25 27	1 55 27
Hermitt, J. B. Motts.....	14 00	4 30 37	6 30 00	1 59 23
Mamie B. H. L. Fenell.....	14 11 1/2	4 31 35	6 19 53	1 48 18

By special order all boats were cat-rigged. Regatta committee: J. M. R. Cowan, H. N. Parsley, M. S. Willard, Judges: George Rountree, W. C. Jones, D. M. Williams.

EDWARD BURGESS.

"SMALL YACHTS."

MASSACHUSETTS Y. C.—The race of the Massachusetts Y. C. to-day, for the 46th. class over the 24-mile triangle of the Eastern Y. C., is likely to have as scateris Beatrice, Owe-ne, Alorak, Sayonara, Theima and Barbara. Gosson, 40-footer, may also start. A strong effort has been made to induce Vice-Com. Morgan to send Gloriana around the Cape for this race and the one of the Eastern Y. C. on July 22.

Mr. Burgess was never idle, he was instructor in entomology at Harvard for many years, while a great deal of his time was given to mathematical studies, but it was not until the failure of his father, about 1880, that he went into business, forming with his brother Sidney the firm of Burgess Brothers, yacht designers and



EDWARD BURGESS.

agents, at 13 Exchange place, Boston. His skill, as a yachtman and as a ship designer naturally led him to select a vocation so closely allied with his talents, and to a firm, in the nature of the firm, which was practically Mr. Burgess alone, his brother soon withdrawing, was merely buying and selling yachts. His first order for a design was in 1884, when he turned out the cutter *Rondina*, a staunch little cruiser that has won her name known along the coast of eastern coast, for Dr. W. F. Whitney. When, in the same year, the *Yacht Club* challenge for the fastest cutter in Great Britain for the America's Cup, held by the *Thetis*, was made, Mr. Burgess had nothing more imposing to show of his work than this same little cutter, but he had among his friends men with the pride of Boston and the East at heart, and with sufficient common sense to venture with his aid on a task that was commonly condemned as presumptuous and absurd. Although a part of the credit must be given to his associates, who shared the risk and cost, the leader among them being Gen. Paine, to Mr. Burgess was intrusted the task of designing and superintending the new venture, soon to become famous everywhere as the *Puritan*. It is strange to find a name to York almost unnoticed, save for the snickers of some of the papers, and the commonest "punchline" of the yachtsmen, "how she carried all before her in the last races" and later on defeated *Genesta* twice; how she was followed next year by *Mayflower* and a year later by *Volunteer*, each repeating the victory of *Puritan*, is a tale too familiar to need to be told again. After the *Puritan* came the schooner, *Titanica*, cutter, *Popo*, cutter, *Yankee*, and the *Syngam*, that was crowned within last season closed by little *Gossow*. Of the work it is too early to speak yet, not until the season closes can the final result be known, but the few whose accounts are already practically closed through the short life accorded to all modern yachts, and by the early life accorded here, have made a reputation for their creator, which is only a year's yacht has sailed. Though his fame rests chiefly on his yachts, Mr. Burgess has had equally good work in different lines, fishermen, pilot boats and other craft. In 1887 he was appointed by Secretary Whitney as one of the commission to pass upon the designs of new warships, of the naval office, until his death. He was one of the first members of the Eastern Yacht Club, and for a year the secretary. In 1888 he was appointed permanent chairman of the *Long Island Sound* Yacht Association. That Mr. Burgess's home life was peculiarly happy will be readily apparent to all who knew his kindly, gentle and agreeable disposition. His winters were spent in a handsome house in Beacon street, Boston, and his summers in a large cottage on Weymouth Neck. He leaves two children, William Starling Burgess, about 13 years of age, and Charles Paine Burgess, about 3 years.

HULL Y. C., JULY 11.—The first championship race of the Hull Y. C. for third, fourth, fifth and sixth classes was sailed on Saturday over the regular club courses in a strong south wind, the times being:

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posy, R. S. Hunt.....	22.08	1 46 49	1 12 01
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw.....	24.08	1 45 25	1 12 59
THIRD CLASS KEELS.			
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson.....	24.07	1 42 44	1 13 27
Echo, Burwell & Isham.....	24.06	1 46 39	1 15 17

FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Edler, F. L. Dunne	1 14 59
Eureka, E. B Rogers	20 07	Disabled.

FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Egeria, F. Ware.....	19.11	1 15 48	0 52 41
Magpie, H. S. Otis.....	19.09	1 17 21	0 54 05
FIFTH CLASS KEELS.			
Composite, J. McIntyre ..	16.04	1 30 52	1 04 07

SIXTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Rocket, H. M. Faxon.....	12.02	1 22 58	0 56 01
Mab, John Shaw.....	15.09	1 25 03	0 57 36
Crickett, E. B. Lambert.....	16.08	1 26 19	0 59 57
Europe, started her bobbing. 16.08			

Eureka parted her bobstay, Cricket made a bad start and was handicapped. The judges were Messrs. J. R. Chadwick, J. B. Forryth, H. S. Woodbury, R. C. Poor, J. A. Stetson, W. A. Cary, H. P. Smith, G. W. Keats and W. E. Sherriff. The regatta committee included Messrs. E. L. Burwell, J. J. Souther, H. W. Lamb, E. F. Souther and I. R. Burwell. A hop was given in the evening at the Club house.

PEQUOT ASSOCIATION, JULY 4.—Appropriate and patriotic exercises were enjoyed on the "Glorious Fourth" by the Pequots seeking pleasure at their club house, Morris Cove, New Haven. Baseball, tub racing, sailing, and other sports were enjoyed.

baseball, bill racar, sailing, driving, illuminations and firework galore; still it remained for the last number of the interesting programme to properly round off a finished day, with beautiful music and partners in the animating pleasure of the evening's sport. Mention should be made of the excellence of Steward Rogers' café service to the horde of hungry Pequots and (whisper it) of the 26 applications for membership, which appreciation of the club's efforts prompted. The Pequots are anchored to stay.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—The tenth annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C. was sailed on Wednesday, July 8, in a moderate W. N. E. wind. Owing to the strong wind of the previous day a number of unlicensed starters from other clubs did not arrive. The regular club sailed starters sailed: From Ford's Bar buoy to and around mid channel buoy entrance to Housatonic River, return same course, distance 20 nautical miles. The full time was: were:

	CLASS 1.		
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Concord, H. C. Roome.....	51.60	Did not start.	
	CLASS 2.		
Notus, Wm. H. Rowe.....	41.25	Did not finish.	
Rival, P. G. Sanford.....	39.25	3 56 59	3 56 59
Mariota, Vice-Gom. Harris.....	35.10	4 33 14	4 29 29
Florida, Rear-Com. T. F. Hammer.....	35.15	4 02 01	3 58 00
Cario, W. E. Baker.....	35.20	Did not finish.	
Hazel, Geo. W. Poucher.....	35.60	Did not start.	

CLASS 3.		DIX 105 STATE	
Nautilus, John B. Haskins.....	32.50	Did not start.	
Sau Belle, Com. Seyman.....	32.50	4 51 53	4 51 53
Jewel, Geo E. Dudley.....	31.60	Did not start.	
Portia, S. H. Mason, Jr.....		Did not start.	
Wanda, C. R. Waterhouse.....	29.55	4 36 23	4 32 38
Aria, C. B. Warner.....	31.40	4 35 46	4 34 23
Stranger, J. N. Macauley.....	28.00	4 11 16	4 05 22

CLASS 6.			
Dare Devil, C. C. Andell.....	177.50	Did not finish.	
Champion, F. Burritt.....	177.00	3 55 55	3 55 55
Winners: Derby Silver Co. challenge cup class 9 Rival: Winner			

Challenger cup, class 3, Stranger; special prize for best corrected time, classes 1, 2, 3, Stranger; class 2, first prize, \$30, Rival, second prize, \$10, Flora; class 3, first prize, \$30, Stranger; second prize, \$10, Wanda; class 6, first prize, \$20 Champion. Regatta committee, W. A. Faskett, Jr., L. A. Elliott, Frank P. Tyler. Judges, E. F. Mansfield, R. B. Parren, A. W. Adams.

Mr. C. R. Waterhouse, the owner of the sloop yacht Wanda, entered a protest against the decision of the judges in awarding the Warner challenge cup to the Stranger. She was entered in class 4, but owing to the fact that the rules sailed in class 3 by assuming the minimum time allowance, she was placed in class 3. It was when she made the best time of any of the boats in class 3 she was given the first prize of \$30 and no protest was made on that point. The claim of Mr. Waterhouse is, however, that although the judges made the mistake of placing her in class 3, she could not be justly admitted in competition for the cash prize, she could only have been entered in class 4. The judges gave her the challenge cup. The question now is did or did not the Stranger gain all of the rights of a boat which belonged to the class above. The judges decided that she did. The appeal is from the decision of the judges to the regatta committee, and their decision is not yet announced.

The following orders have been issued for the cruise:

FLAG SHIP SEA BELLE, July 6, 1891.
General Orders No. 2.—The squadron of the New Haven V. C. will rendezvous for the annual cruise, Saturday, July 18, 1891, at Thimble Islands, anchoring off Money Island. The plan of the cruise (subject to change) is as follows: Monday, July 20 to New London; Tuesday, July 21, to New Bedford; Wednesday, July 22, to Nantucket; Thursday, July 23, Newport; Friday, July 24, New Bedford; Saturday, July 25, Vineyard Haven. Per order Commodore Seymour, MYRON R. DURHAM, Fleet Captain.

MOSQUITO Y. C. OPEN JULY 11.—The open r-gatta and pennant race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. of South Boston was very successfully sailed on Saturday, the courses being: From judges' boat off foot of K street, southward; back to starting point, to club barrel N W, of middle shaft; back to starting point, to between the judges' boat and stakeboat, leaving everything on starboard, and repeat. In the open race the classification and prizes were as follows: First class, all yachts measuring 21ft. and not over 26ft., sailing length, prizes, \$12, \$8; second class, all yachts measuring 19ft. and not over 21ft., sail length, prizes, \$10, \$5; third class, all yachts measuring 15ft. and not over 18ft., sailing length, prizes, \$8, \$4. The race was sailed in a strong south wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ustane, S. N. Small.	21.27	1 40 07	1 03 55
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	21.10	1 37 45	1 03 36
Wapiti, James Bertram.	21.04	1 36 48	1 02 50
Ideal, F. Williams.	21.10	1 42 36	1 06 44
Sideways, J. W. Gammon.	21.10	1 41 38	1 09 23
Monterey, George F. Curry.	22.01	1 54 58	1 19 26
Gilt Edge, D. C. Whittemore.	21.06	1 34 30	1 02 07
Fannie, E. P. Sharp.	21.06	Disabed.	

SECOND CLASS.		Disabled.
Auk, A. Martin.....	18.07	1 50 18
Mcmen'o, J. F. Small.....	20.10	1 50 00
—, Ballard Scott.....	19.04	1 57 35
Helen, R. W. Sawtell.....	19.11	1 57 11
Trifle, J. F. Cashin.....	18.06	2 00 16

True Blue, H. Hutchins.....	17.10	1 51 46	1 09 55
Bess, W. C. Cherrington.....	17.03	1 59 53	1 17 00
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning.....	16.10	2 02 58	1 19 20
Mamie, H. T. Bowers.....	17.08		
		Disabled.	

MOSQUITO CLASS.		Disabled.	
Bessie, W. L. Young.....	12.11	1 03 08	1 00 03
Nina, J. P. Bullard.....	14.11	1 02 12	1 01 07
Nadine, D. N. Palmer.....	14.11	1 02 03	1 01 58
Nellie, J. O'Leary.....	14.11	1 02 12	1 02 07

The judges were T. W. Fisher, chairman; W. W. Ransom, J. F. Barry, W. H. Ransom and W. O. Elliott.

OYSTER BAY Y. C. ANNUAL, JULY 11.—The ninth regatta of the Oyster Bay Y. C. was set for July 4, but was postponed on account of the death of Mr. Alfred Roosevelt, a member of the club, who was killed by a train at his home, at Mamaroneck. The race was sailed on Saturday, the times being:

	St. Pl.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mirth.....	10 48 11	2 39 08	4 03 09
Indolent.....	10 49 52	2 41 10	4 08 42

SECOND CLASS—30FT. AND UNDER 35FT.			
Jeunesse	10 50 00	2 52 22	4 02 22
Nadjy.....	10 50 00	2 39 40	4 11 40
THIRD CLASS—25FT. AND UNDER.			

Yodo.....	10 47 00	2 47 50	4 00 50
Marion.....	10 50 00	N	imed.
Meteor.....	10 47 07	2 38 45	4 12 01
Simbad.....	10 47 37	2 48 25	4 07 09

The winners were Mirth, Natty and Meteor. The regatta committee included Messrs. E. Townsend, Wm. Tuckerman and J. A. Roosevelt.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.—Fleet Captain Church has issued the following orders:

ATLANTIC Y. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,)
FLAGSHIP CHISPA, July 8, 1891. (

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.
The fleet of the Atlantic Y. C. will rendezvous for the annual

The starting signal during the cruise will be the firing of a gun from the flagship and the display of the code signal indicating the port to which the fleet will sail, after which vessels of the fleet may get under way for the port of destination at their convenience.

On Saturday afternoon, July 18, at 2 o'clock, the fleet will sail for Greenwich, Conn., anchoring on arrival off the Indian Harbor house.

On Monday, July 20, the fleet will sail for Morris Cove, anchoring on arrival off the P. quot Club house.

On Wednesday, July 22, the fleet will sail for Shelter Island, anchoring on arrival in Deering's Harbor.
By order of the Commodore. GEO. H. CHURCH, Fleet Captain.
LARCHMONT Y. C. CRUISE.—The annual cruise of the Larchmont Y. C. will be held on Wednesday, July 22, sailing at 10 A. M. for Shelter Island, anchoring on arrival in Deering's Harbor.

Mont Y. C. began on July 11, the following yachts competing the regatta: Leona, Rear Com. Joseph H. Sterling; Dauntless, C. H. Coltr; Phantom, H. S. Parmelee; Gevalia, H. W. Coates; Tempest, S. M. Roosevelt; Princess, Wilson Marshall; Clochette, E. L. Bushe; Iowa, S. L. Husted, Jr.; Nonpareille, Trochilus, H. W. Bronson; Clara, C. C. Monroe; Heedless, C. L. Burger; Harriet, Ed J. and

TIDAL WAVE.—On July 13, at noon, the schooner yacht *Tidal Wave*, Dr. A. L. Ranney, New York Y. C., ran ashore in a dense fog on Pasque Island, Vineyard Sound. Dr. Ranney and his

family were landed safely, but the yacht lies on the beach with several holes in her hull and full of water. I is hoped to lighter her off with no worse damage than the loss of her cabin fittings and furnishings by water.

THE PRIZE STEAM LAUNCH.—The \$900 gift launch of the Davis Boat & Car Co. will be completed within a week's time, and the weight and the name of the person winning the same will be published in this paper in the second issue from this date.

DOUGLSTON Y. C. ANNUAL, JULY 4.—The newly organized Douglaston Y. C. sailed its first annual regatta on Saturday, the affair being quite a success, although the Larchmont regatta kept away some that would otherwise have entered, including the 25ft. class. The course was from Douglas Dock, in Little Neck Bay, around Old Tom and the gangway buoys, a 15-mile triangle. The wind was strong from W. The flagship Ada lost her mast. The times were:

CLASS A, CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 19 TO 27ft.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merope, W. S. Gilmer.....	2 19 45	2 19 45	2 19 45
Dustce, F. Crabbe.....	2 23 07	2 23 07	2 23 07
Alice, A. N. Holden.....	2 21 19	2 21 19	2 21 19
Estelle, R. F. Corry.....	2 23 00	2 23 00	2 23 00
Gleam, Banquard & Mahler.....	2 25 48	2 25 48	2 25 48
CLASS B, CABIN CATBOATS 19 TO 31ft.			
Archer, E. T. Smythe.....	2 25 11	2 25 11	2 25 11
Isuit, E. Ebersbacher.....	2 23 37	2 23 37	2 23 37
Mollita, C. H. Chelborg.....	2 33 57	2 33 57	2 33 57
Whim, W. R. Sainsbury.....	2 35 14	2 35 14	2 35 14
CLASS C, OPEN CATBOATS OVER 23ft.			
Edna, George Grieves.....	2 09 50	2 09 50	2 09 50
Myra, G. K. Rosenquest.....	2 11 23	2 11 23	2 11 23
Lily, J. D. Sparkman.....	2 18 59	2 18 59	2 18 59
CLASS D, OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 23ft.			
Sadie, B. M. Wallace.....	2 12 47	2 12 47	2 12 47
Minnie, A. S. Robbins.....	2 13 10	2 13 10	2 13 10
May, G. A. Conroy.....	2 21 06	2 21 06	2 21 06
Julia, Walter Ely.....	2 24 47	2 24 47	2 24 47

The regatta committee were J. D. Sparkman, W. R. Sainsbury, E. Ebersbacher and J. R. Adler.

BAYSWATER Y. C. ANNUAL, July 4.—The Bayswater Y. C., of Far Rockaway, sailed its annual regatta on Saturday in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—CATS.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bonnie B.....	5 01 10	7 35 00	2 35 45
Edith.....	5 00 30	7 41 08	2 40 38
SECOND CLASS.			
Mattie.....	5 06 30	Did not finish.	
Lelure.....	5 00 00	7 48 45	2 48 45
Bertha B.....	5 05 28	7 52 10	2 46 42
THIRD CLASS.			
Meta.....	5 10 26	8 13 10	3 02 50
Gelias.....	5 11 20	Did not finish.	
FOURTH CLASS—SHARPIES.			
Lizzie H.....	5 15 30	7 26 45	2 11 15
Maggie.....	5 15 32	7 22 15	2 06 43

The regatta committee included Isaac P. Hubbard, Edgar H. Mott, John M. Fuchs and Walter P. Walsh.

KILL VON KULL Y. C., JULY 4.—The second annual regatta of the Kill Von Kull Y. C. was sailed on Saturday off Elm Park, Staten Island. The times were:

CABIN CATS—25ft. AND UNDER.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Foam.....	1 07 15	2 54 55	1 47 43
Ceyx.....	1 07 40	3 11 15	1 59 08
OPEN CATS—OVER 23ft.			
Tarpon.....	1 03 55	2 49 10	1 45 35
Bessie D.....	1 06 50	3 14 45	2 07 07
OPEN CATS—20 TO 23ft.			
Playmate.....	1 04 20	3 01 25	1 54 45
Catseye-a-eye.....	1 05 20	3 01 00	1 54 14
Bonten.....	1 05 35	2 46 00	1 39 48
Torment.....	1 05 35	Withdrew.	
OPEN CATS—UNDER 17ft.			
Hope.....	1 03 56	2 36 05	1 32 09
Edna.....	1 05 10	2 30 00	1 24 30
Florence.....	1 08 00	2 28 00	1 19 50
Gallawater.....	1 09 20	2 33 33	1 36 33
Gracie.....	1 03 30	2 28 32	1 17 22
Dove.....	1 03 30	2 28 28	1 23 38
CABIN SLOOPS—OVER 27ft.			
Restless.....	1 19 30	3 07 50	1 37 13
OPEN SLOOPS—20 TO 26ft.			
Just Woke Up.....	1 05 45	2 54 55	1 45 00
Viola D.....	1 05 20	Disqualified.	
OPEN SLOOPS—UNDER 20ft.			
Tom Boy.....	1 09 35	3 14 51	2 03 16
Maggie P.....	1 09 50	Withdrew.	

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C., JULY 4.—On Saturday week the Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race for 21-footers in a gale, the times being:

Elapsed.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gwendoline.....	2 05 12	2 05 12	2 05 12
Widgeon.....	2 13 39	2 13 39	2 13 39
Edna.....	2 32 50	2 32 50	2 32 50
Caprice.....	Did not finish.		

On July 11 the postponed race of the 30ft. class was sailed, the only starters being Samoa, Wona and Erma. Samoa beat Wona by 40min. Erma broke her mast. A race for 25ft. class was also sailed, the times being:

Elapsed.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hilda.....	1 47 08	1 47 08	1 47 08
Ariel.....	1 46 58	1 46 58	1 46 58
Kelpie.....	1 49 06	1 49 06	1 49 06
Imogene.....	2 19 06	2 19 06	2 19 06

AMERICAN Y. C. NAPHTHA RACE.—On July 4 the American Y. C. held a race for naphtha launches in two classes, under and over 30ft., the course being from off Milton's Point around Execution Light, about 9 miles. There were sixteen starters, all but one finishing, though the smaller boats had a wet time of it. The official table is as follows, being computed by the Isherwood formula, the relative merit being represented by the speed in knots divided by the cube root of the waterline. Olive and Victory were not measured, so the winner in the class was not known:

CLASS ONE.			
Time.	Speed in Knots.	Relative Merit.	
Louise, G. C. Smith.....	1 04 14	7.473	2.4835
Marianna, J. L. Motte.....	1 05 43	7.305	2.4277
Maspeh, H. Offerman.....	1 04 43	7.433	2.3864
Whitecap, W. G. Brokaw.....	1 07 49	7.079	2.3526
Cherry Diamond, W. J. Swan.....	1 13 29	6.552	2.1705
Olive, C. S. McLoughlin.....	55 28	8.655
Golden Rod, A. E. Watt.....	1 06 24	7.575	2.2212
Victory, W. L. Boyle.....	Did not finish.		
Banshee, W. T. Coale.....	Did not finish.		

Sweetheart wins a silver flag and Sans Souci \$25. The prizes in first class are a silver model of a launch and \$25. The regatta committee included Messrs. G. W. Hall, W. S. Alley, E. S. Connor, J. H. Wainwright and W. J. Price.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—The annual regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed on June 24, the courses being for classes B, C and D, around a stake boat anchored off the Yonkers Corinthian Y. C. house, at Yonkers, and return. Classes F, G and H—cat and open job and mainsail boats—twice around a triangular course from Seventy-sixth street to 130th street, thence to the Jersey shore and home. The wind was strong N.W. The times were:

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS, 36 TO 42ft.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Notus.....	11 15 00	2 52 32	2 58 01
Mistral.....	11 15 00	3 37 32	3 39 12
CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS, 30 TO 36ft.			
Portia.....	11 10 54	2 56 45	3 45 51
Blaze.....	11 12 48	3 13 20	4 00 32
Agnes S.....	11 20 03	3 03 00	Did not finish.
Nautilus.....	11 13 50	2 55 00	3 38 10
CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS, 20 TO 30ft.			
Coria.....	11 14 50	3 36 40	4 21 50
Brant.....	11 14 55	3 33 40	4 18 45
CLASS E—CAT-RIGGED CABIN YACHTS.			
Uncas.....	11 21 45	2 09 35	2 44 50
Eleanor.....	11 21 00	Did not finish.	
CLASS F—JULY AND MAINSAIL, OVER 20ft.			
Ronafide.....	11 21 35	1 29 10	2 05 02
One of the 400.....	11 21 35	Did not finish.	
CLASS G—OPEN CAT RIGGED, 19 TO 22ft.			
Alice K.....	11 23 08	1 47 15	2 24 07
Mystic.....	11 25 06	Did not finish.	
Chas. T. Willis.....	11 20 36	1 32 06	2 11 30
CLASS H—OPEN CAT RIGGED, UNDER 19ft.			
Novice.....	11 23 08	3 12 00	2 48 52
Miriam.....	11 21 25	Did not finish.	

The winners were as follows: Class B, Notus; class C, Nautilus; class D, Brant; class E, Uncas; class F, Ronafide; class G, Charles T. Willis; class H, Novice. The Willis prizes, presented by ex-Commodore Charles T. Willis, were won by the Ronafide, Charles T. Willis and Novice.

QUEEN CITY Y. C., JULY 11.—A very good race for 21ft. class was sailed by the Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, on Saturday, the times being:

Start.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Caprice.....	2 55 00	4 50 12	1 55 12
Enid.....	2 55 00	4 55 07	1 57 07
Widgeon.....	2 55 00	4 56 40	1 58 40

LYNN Y. C., July 11.—The third race of the Lynn Y. C. for the Expert cup was sailed on Saturday in a strong N. E. wind, the times being:

Length.			
Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Irene, W. B. Gordon.....	22 05	1 20 45	1 05 52
Nellie Farley, E. C. Smith.....	20 05	1 31 12	1 08 31
Astrea, R. M. Benner.....	19 02	1 35 51	1 12 03

SIREX.—This yawl has lately been chartered by Mr. C. O. Iselin, owner of Titania, now in England, and is fitting out at Gosport for his use. She is an old boat, designed by Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne, of composite build, and 76ft. l.w.l. by 18ft. beam.

A YACHT WRECKED.—Yefira, sloop, Mr. W. W. Carlile, is reported ashore at Fairport, N. J., Delaware Bay, having been run ashore after being disabled and partly waterlogged in heavy weather on the Bay. Her crew are reported safe.

HORNET.—Mr. J. B. Paine has sold the 20-footer Hornet, designed by him last year, and raced so successfully, to Mr. H. P. Benson, owner of Wraith, who has sold the latter to Mr. H. L. Higginson.

VERENA.—Mr. J. A. Beebe has sold his c.b. 40-footer Verena to Mr. W. O. Gay, owner of Nomad, sloop.

SHIFTING BALLAST—PROFESSIONAL SAILORS.—San Francisco, June 19.—Editor Forest and Stream: The rules of the Corinthian Y. C., of this city, state that no boat shall shift her ballast inside of 24 hours of the starting of a race. A protest has been filed here that the sloop Cyrella shifted her ballast inside of the 24 hours of the start of the race. What she shifted was her cabin fixtures, such as blankets, stoves, pictures, cushions, etc. The question arises, are the fixtures that she put ashore ballast? Another question which has caused quite a discussion in yachting circles here is the definition of a professional man aboard a boat. If you could decide the above questions you would confer a favor on a number of "Prize" yachtsmen.—YACHTSMAN. [The term "ballast" as used by Eastern yacht clubs applies only to such articles as anchors, chains and the regular lead, iron or stone carried in the bottom of the boat. It does not apply to furniture and fittings, bedding, stove, etc., and these are very frequently set ashore on the morning of a race unless special conditions for cruising trim are imposed. The yacht has a right to be measured in such trim as her owner desires, and after measurement she is allowed to decrease her length, but never to exceed it. The term "shifting" applies most particularly to moving heavy weights to windward on each tack, and not to the addition or removal of weight of any kind prior to starting. We know of no definitions of a Corinthian or professional which are in any way complete, but there can be no question that fishermen, boatmen and all who sail boats for pay, hire or passenger fares must be classed as professionals.]

NEW YORK Y. R. A. CRUISE.—The fleet of the New York Y. R. A. met at the appointed rendezvous, City Island, on July 4, where the flagship Edith, Admiral Prime, was at anchor. On Monday the fleet sailed for Norwalk Islands, the yachtsmen attending a hop in the evening at the Roton-Point Hotel. On Tuesday the run was made to New Haven and on Wednesday to Saybrook. On Thursday the run to Shelter Island was made, the fleet disbanding there.

RICHARD POILLON.—On July 4 Mr. Richard Poillon, of the firm of C. & R. Poillon, died of heart failure at his residence in Brooklyn, aged 74. The Poillon family have carried on the business of shipbuilding for a hundred years at the old yard, foot of Bridge street, Brooklyn, the building for the past thirty years being mainly yachts, among which are Sappho, Fortuna, Montauk, Grayling, Coronet, Intrepid, Noma, Norseman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. S. W., Baltimore, Md.—Write to Wm. English Co., Peterboro, Ont.

L. H. T., Philadelphia.—The Coast Survey charts cover a great part of the Delaware River; we know of no good chart of the Susquehanna. Camp kits can be had of Ward & Averill, 23 William street, New York.

S. T., Philadelphia.—1. Will a patched give better results than a grooved bullet? 2. Will a .22cal. rifle shoot as well with a 24in. barrel as with a 28 or 30? 3. In a .32-35-165 or 185 cartridge, which weight bullet will give the best results as to penetration, accuracy, etc.? 4. Which is the better cartridge for small game, the .32-20 W.C.F., or .32-35-165 or 185? Ans. 1. Yes, when carefully loaded. 2. Yes, except in extreme ranges. 3. The heavier bullet is steeper in wind. 4. .32-20 best and most agreeable for short distances and .35-165 for general use.

THROUGH VESTIBULED AND TOURIST SLEEPERS BETWEEN CHICAGO AND TACOMA, WASH., AND PORTLAND, ORE.—The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Tourist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Oregon. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 P.M. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Coliseum Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 265 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth ave. and Harrison st., Chicago, Ill.—Adm.

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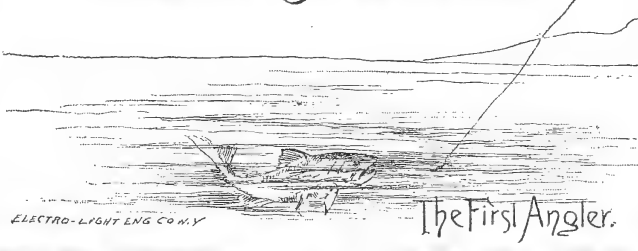
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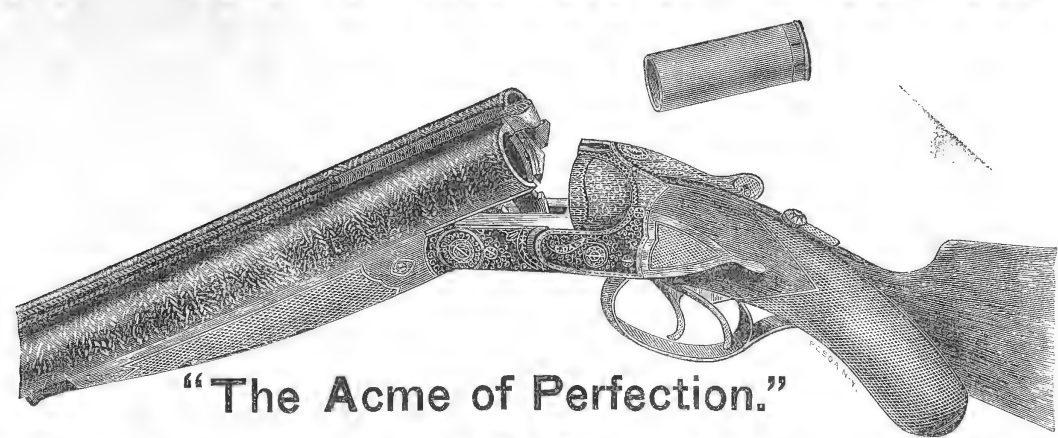
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No. 1, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted	" 3 22
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No. 4, G, same as above but is German Silver Mounted	" 3 32
No. 7, 6 strip Split Bamboo Salt Water or Lake Trolling Rod, 2 joint, solid reel seat above the hand, double tie guides, nickel mountings, length 8ft., weight 20oz.	" 2 75
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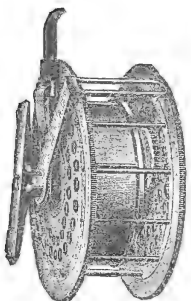


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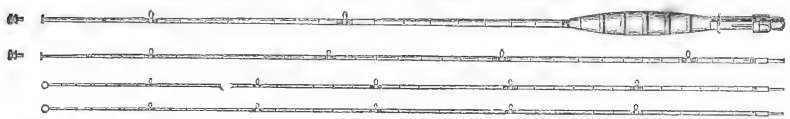
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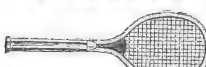
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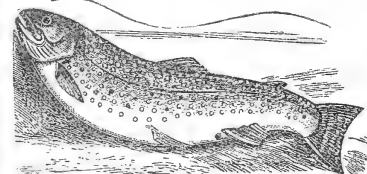
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